The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick reets, Acton.

A. S. ELLIOTT, M. B.
Acton.
OFFICE—Main Street, third door south of Presbyterian Church, Acton

J. E. WILKINSON, D. D. S., L. D. S.,
DENTIST.
OFFICE. Over the Drug Store, ACTON.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST,
GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

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Barristers, Solicitors Notaries, Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan.
Office:—Town Hall, Acton.
WM. A. McLEAN. JNO. A. McLEAN.

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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
OFFICES:—1298 Queen St., Parkdale
Victoria Chambers, 61 Victoria St.
Telephone 207. TORONTO.
JOHN DOUGLAS. A. MURRAY

E. W. BOYD,
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MONEY TO LOAN.
Office—Booth's Block, Main St., Milton.
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Palace Bakery Block, Queen Street.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER
OFFICE—Corner Mill and Main Streets above Kopman's store, Acton.

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ACTON ONT

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(Over Williams' Store.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done

JOB PRINTING,
INCLUDING Books, Pamphlets, Posters Bill Heads, Circulars, &c., &c., executed in the best style of the art, at moderate prices and on short notice Apply or address
H. P. MOORE
FREE PRESS Office Acton

TOM. MORTON'S BARBER SHOP.
Opposite Drug Store,
MILL STREET ACTON
Open from 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. Wednesday and Saturday evenings later
Ladies' hairdressing in any style

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 799, or telephone 68, will be promptly attended to
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph.

WM. HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Fees reduced to
$5.00 FOR FARM SALES
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor.
ARE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery, and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam fitting, horse shoeing and general blacksmithing Woodwork repaired in a satisfactory manner We can repair any machine or implement of any make Saw gumming and filing done.

WANTED.
A GOOD MAN in your district to represent the "Foothill Nurseries of Canada," over 700 acres the largest in the Dominion Position permanent. Salary or Commission to right man.
With the increasing demand for fruit, a position with us as salesman will pay you better than engaging in farm work Send us your application and we will show you how to earn good money.
School teachers! the just the thing for you during the summer Write for particulars
STONE & WELLINGTON
Toronto, Ont.

THE METHODIST CHURCH
ACTON.
REV. J. E. HOWELL, M. A. Pastor.
Parsonage, Bower Avenue.
Public Services 10:30 a.m., and 6:30 p.m. Sunday school 2:30. Bible Class conducted by the pastor. All cordially invited.
Strangers and visitors always welcome. A cative usher at the door.
Epworth League of Christian Endeavor.
MISS MAGGIE H. MATTHEWS, President.
Meets every Tuesday evening. All Young People invited.

We have about
200 Teachers' Bibles,
assorted sizes, which will be sold off
AT COST
And some of them away below cost.
First come gets the best value.
DAY'S BOOK STORE.
GUELPH.
DAY BELLS CHEAP

WILLIAMS' Boot & Shoe Store
OUR POLICY.
We operate our store on a determined policy of fair, square dealing backed by resources and ability This means that we give the customers the benefit of the lowest prices possible every time We do not slaughter our goods, nor sacrifice any special line to bolster up another, but purchase carefully, buy closely, and are thus enabled to sell on narrow margins of profit. We have won a reputation for reasonable prices that we intend shall stay with us and this principle is in operation in every department and on every article in our stock. It pays to trade here, because you get what you like and what you need. It saves you to deal here, because there is a fixed honest system of value
Our Stock is complete in every line of the latest and most fashionable styles in
Men's Ladies', Girls', Boys' and Children's
Boots & Shoes
WILLIAM WILLIAMS,
Mill St. - ACTON.
Custom work and repairing promptly attended to.

J. H. Hamilton,
DEALER IN
Marble and Granite,
Hamilton's Block
GUELPH.
Large New Consignment
Just Received a Large Consignment of
Granite Norway, Sweden, Russian, English Irish, Scotch.
OF BEST QUALITY.
The whole to be sold at prices never to known in Ontario
Call and Inspect.
J. H. HAMILTON

SEASON---1895
WHILE returning thanks to our many patrons for their liberal support in the past we wish to inform you that we have entered into an arrangement with R. Stewart, Guelph, to keep constantly on hand a full stock of the ordinary sizes of
Sash, Doors, Etc.
and will also supply any special sizes on short notice at Guelph prices.
Frames of All Kinds
made to order. We also keep in stock a line of Base, Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, &c.
Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait
Price - $1 50 per M.
PUMPS
being better able than heretofore, we will supply either wood or iron pumps promptly All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere
THOS. EBBAGE Manager
Acton

EVERTON MILLS.
A most grists of 10 bushels or over ground Everton Mills on Roller process for 10 cents per bushel
FLOUR, BRAN, SHORTS
Cash for Wheat
Everton Mills Flour for sale at A. Ellis's FLOUR & FEED Store, Acton
HENRY HORTOP

Acton Flour Mill.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE,
Proprietors.
We have our roller mill now in complete and satisfactory running order and are in a position to supply the wants of the public with
FLOUR, BRAN, SHORTS
and all kinds of Feed,
AT RIGHT PRICES.
Every order will receive prompt attention and will be delivered to any part of the town
Our terms are cash and one price for all
Don't forget to patronise home industry Give us a fair trial and we will leave the matter for you to decide as to the quality of the goods we manufacture.
Orders taken at the Mill or at J. V. Kennedy's Drug Store.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE.

W. BARBER & BROS.
PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
—AND—
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.
The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.
WM. BARBER & BROS

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA
Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid up 607,400
Rest 85,000
GUELPH BRANCH
3½ PER CENT INTEREST paid on sums of $1 and upwards from date of deposit to date of withdrawal, or compounded half yearly on 31st May and 30th November.
Deposit Receipts issued.
Farmers notes discounted.
The collection of sales notes a speciality.
A general Banking business transacted.
A. F. H. JONES,
Manager.

Next Time In Town . . . .
Drop in and see our
LAMPS.
See the prices.
Open your eyes at the values — Maybe you don't want to buy—All right—
Come anyway — Always pleased to show you goods.
BOND & CO
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

GUELPH CLOTH HALL
We are doing the same creditable class of business that we have always been noted for, and will be glad to see our Acton friends who are in need of good Fall and Winter Clothing.
Yours respectfully,
Shaw & Turner
Merchant Tailors
Railway Fare Cheerfully Refunded

FALL SHOES . . . .
NOW IN STOCK
Water Proof Boots
Every Pair Guaranteed
It will pay the Acton people to buy your shoes in Guelph
Leading Shoe Store
W. McLaren & Co.
GUELPH.

Main Street
PLANING MILLS,
ACTON, ONT.
John Cameron,
Architect and Contractor.
Manufacturer of Sash Doors Frames Mouldings in all styles
DRESSING MATCHING AND MOULDING
to order on short notice
Always carried stock on hand at prices to suit the times
JOHN CAMERON,
Proprietor.

ACTON
LIVERY
AND
BUS LINE.
Respectfully solicits a share of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables A comfortable bus meets trains between 9 a.m. and 8½ p.m.
Careful attention given to everyone
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met
JOHN WILLIAMS
Phone

W. H. WALKER,
Painter, Paper Hanger, Decorator, Etc,
Has returned to Acton his former home, and will give the benefit of his large experience to those who desire first class and artistic work in House Painting, Paper Hanging, or Decorating, in all its branches
Satisfactory work always guaranteed and at most reasonable prices
Orders left at Pearson's Hardware Store, or at my residence will receive prompt attention
W. H. WALKER,
Bower Avenue.

Acton Saw Mills,
COAL AND WOOD YARDS
JAMES BROWN
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Coal and Wood
Coal and Wood always in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices
Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always on hand.
Telephone communication

Poetry.

THE MAPLE LEAF.

In days of yore, from Britain's shore
Wolfe, the dauntless hero came,
And planted firm Britannia's flag
On Canada's fair domain!
Here we wave, our boast, our pride,
And joined in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine
The Maple Leaf forever!

CHORUS.
The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever!
God save our Queen and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!

At Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane
Our brave fathers, side by side
For freedom, homes and loved ones dear,
Firmly stood and nobly died,
And those dear rights which they maintained
We swear to yield them never,
Our watchword everymore shall be
The Maple Leaf forever!

Our fair Dominion now extends
From Cape Race to Nootka Sound,
May peace forever be our lot
And plentous stores abound,
And may those ties of love be ours
Which discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'er Freedom's home
The Maple Leaf forever!

CHORUS.
The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever!
And flourish green o'er Freedom's home
The Maple Leaf forever!

On merry England's far famed land
May kind Heaven sweetly smile,
God bless old Scotland evermore
And Ireland Emerald Isle.
Then swell the song, both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver,
God save our Queen and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!

Select Family Reading.

Was It Worth Having?

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BAKER.

The look of annoyance on John Fulton's face vanished quickly on entering his wife's cozy sitting room, where he found that matronly-looking little body entertaining a half-dozen or more of her relatives.

John rubbed his hands with evident satisfaction, exclaiming:

"I am very glad to see you very glad! In fact, I never was so glad before!

And around from one to the other he went, shaking their hands, and really looking just what he said

"What an amount of travelling around you have all saved me by this opportune visit, he continued. "I want to make a present. I should like you all to share it, but as I can present it only to one, to hold and to keep, I am in rather a delicate position I don't want to show a preference, not even in favor of my wife Now, who is to have it? It is something of value, upon my word."

"Give it to me!

"No, to me!"

"I am the oldest!

"I need it more than the others.

These were the cries all around. And Mrs. John, being too polite to urge her claims in preference to her guests, only looked what she thought that John was not a bit smart or he would have kept whatever it was, and said nothing about it until the folks were all gone and then have given it to her.

"Well, now, what am I to do? Here you are, nieces, nephews, cousins, first, second and third, all speaking at once, and all eager to have what I have to give, no, there is one silent enough Why little Lou don't you chime in? I suppose you think you will stand no chance with all these matrons, or are you so content with what you have now, you want nothing more? Ah, those tell-tale blushes. Well, I must be hunting up a wedding present, perhaps this might not be apropos. But now to business. There is but one way to decide this. You will have to draw lots Every one before drawing, will have to promise to be fully satisfied with the result."

"All right!" was the simultaneous answer

John went to the table, cut several slips of paper wrote on one, and rolling all alike placed them on a waiter, and presented them first to his buxom cousin, Mrs Hartly, saying.

"Now cousin, as you occupy so many important positions, I suppose it is but proper to give you first choice Do not open yours until all are drawn Now, Kate as you are sitting next, you shall draw next. Although I do not know but etiquette would put you last Draw now, Lou, I want you to promise to let me share with you if you get it

"Yes, indeed, Cousin John But I'd rather not be the fortunate one Indeed if I do draw it I shall not keep it if anyone else wants it," Lou said in a decided tone.

"In other words, if no one else, Lou thinks it worth having, and you I take it, you will?" John said

"Yes I only think.

"Well, there is no accounting for tastes Maybe it may be your lot to have the prize."

The fourth to draw was Mrs. Worth, a widow, gentle and kind, with an ample amount of worldly goods. As she drew out the little roll, she said.

"If I should be the fortunate one I will give it if worth giving, the prize to dear little Lou"

Lou smiled sweetly in acknowledgment of the kind intention

"You can afford to be generous, said John's wife,

At length all were drawn All were eager to know their fate. John gave the word, and quickly the slips were unrolled.

"Prize!" sang out Mrs. Hartly

Exclamations of disappointment escaped the lips of all, save Mrs Worth and little Lou

"What is it? Do show it, or tell me what it is? exclaimed Mrs Hartly, eagerly

John drew from his pocket a letter Opening it, he said

"I cannot show it just now, cousin. But don't be uneasy, you shall not lose what you have fairly won. In a few days, I hope to put you in possession of the prize This letter will explain what you are anxious to know

John read out

JOHN FULTON, Esq

DEAR SIR I am the medical adviser and friend of Miss Eliza Wall Some years ago I had the pleasure of meeting you. Although you are not a relative of the above named lady, I have determined to take the liberty of writing and informing you of her destitute condition I am entirely unacquainted with any of her kindred. I believe your wife is nearly related As I have long informed, several of Miss Wall's nieces and cousins who are residents of W—, are in affluent circumstances, I have no doubt but when advised of her helplessness and extreme poverty they will come to her relief. She can during this mild weather be removed. The distance not being great, will not be too fatiguing. You will understand that I wish to suggest a home with her kindred being offered. Hoping to hear at your earliest convenience, I am

Very respectfully yours,
GEORGE GOODMAN.

For several seconds after the letter was folded and returned to John Fulton's pocket not a word was spoken. At length Mrs. Hartly began to comprehend the situation.

"John Fulton," she exclaimed, "you have deceived me! I think you have acted very ungentlemanly. In your own house, too! To impose on a guest's confidence! Well, sir, as there was no prize, nothing of value to be won, I think I am free to decline receiving the burden you wish to shift from your own shoulders and impose on me. I shall not consent to it.

"My dear, I think we might. We have ample room—" began Mrs Hartly's husband

"You think! interrupted Mrs. Hartly. "I know it is simply impossible. What with my duties as president of the Ladies' Home Mission, vice president of the Benevolent Society, and secretary of the Sewing Circle, every moment of my time is taken up, every dollar that I can spare, John Fulton, take Aunt Eliza yourself."

"If Kate wishes, I will certainly relieve you," began John.

"Oh, indeed, indeed, I cannot. John, what are you thinking about? Men nowadays do have the least consideration for women How can I have her? I only keep one servant, and with six children, too. I cannot stand any additional care And, John, if you have any money to spare I wish I had known it before. Your children, every one of them need spring clothes I'll not put off going shopping another day Take Aunt Eliza! when the best dress I have got to my name is a seventy five cent alpaca Now, Mary Hartly, you ought to stand to your word, you could if you choose But if you won't, Ellen Maynard, you surely can. You have no children, and your husband is doing a good business.

"Yes, Nellie, dear, do relieve these poor people's minds We can take care of Aunt no, she is your cousin, I believe You know we can

"I know you want to kill me Harry Maynard True enough, men have consideration enough for all women but their wives You know how feeble my health is, and what the doctor said about the importance of my being kept from any unnecessary excitement As far as the money question is concerned, I am willing to help her Emma Worth, you take her, she is nearer related to you

"I wish I could If it depended upon me I certainly should, but Robert would never consent Sons nowadays have too much consideration to visit me They seem to consider it incumbent upon them to think and act for their mothers Robert will not have any change in our domestic arrangements I believe, if I should have Aunt Eliza come, he would go But as you say, Ellen, money I can and will gladly give"

No one would have her All had spoken except little Lou Hayden

Poor Lou, she was an orphan Her home was in two rooms in the fourth story of a lodging house, but the landlady was kind hearted, and Lou was well satisfied, and lately very happy in the possession of Charlie Dawson's love

Lou was a saleswoman in White's, and received ten dollars a week She lived comfortably on that amount and had saved something for her wedding clothes, which folks said would be needed soon Silently she listened until all had spoken, then, with tears in her soft brown eyes, she asked

"Cousin Emma, did not mamma live with Cousin Eliza, once, before her marriage?"

"Yes, dear child, answered Mrs Worth

"And mamma loved her I think then if no one else wants her, I do I will willingly have her come, she hesitated "if any one of you will bring her to me I can not leave my business, and can hardly spare the money it would take to pay for a conveyance, Lou said looking timidly from one to the other

Exclamations of surprise came from all remonstrances from one or two but it was pretty generally agreed that Lou should take the aged relative

"She will be company for you, said one

"And can mend up your clothes said another

"And keep house while you are away chimed in a third

"I will stand by you, said John Fulton

"Don't hesitate about the expense, said you wish But I will not ask that I will attend to all the extra expense, said Mrs Worth

And so it was One week from that evening poor Aunt Eliza with all her worldly possessions, consisting of a feather bed, bolster and pillows, a half dozen of patchwork quilts, a pair of well worn and darned blankets, numerous old pieces of cut-glass and china, remnants of better days, and relics of departed friends, eight silver spoons, not particularly heavy to hold, arrived at Lou's humble home

Aunt Eliza grew very happy with the dear, good girl, and for several months proved no burden John Fulton and Mrs Worth true to their promises, came often, and never empty handed

Lou's wedding was fixed for June With the first approach of warm weather Aunt Eliza's strength visibly failed, and Lou's sweet face grew daily paler All day she worked at the store at night watched and waited on her poor old aunt She began theel to feel her Aunt Eliza a burden, oh, no, she never thought of her thus, but a very great care

Mrs Worth was out of town, and John Fulton's limited means were taxed severely Mrs. John's failing health made a change of climate necessary A new baby, requiring a nurse to go with the invalid mother, and an extra servant to take care of the children at home, increased John's expenses to an alarming extent,

Lou knew all this, and she would not let him know how much she needed help The noble girl kept up a brave heart and cheerful smile, and carefully kept her anxious thoughts from all but Charlie Dawson

"We cannot be married Lou, Charlie, she said, her lips trembling a little

"Oh, Lou, you will not treat me so cruelly," Charlie answered, his fine eyes full of reproach.

And then the brave little heart failed, and dropping her head on Charlie's shoulders, Lou sobbed forth her sorrow,

And Charlie, brave fellow! wanted to take his dear love all the more, and right away wanted to shoulder the burden himself.

Earnestly he pleaded, but Lou grew firmer. She would not add an extra care to so true a heart. Yet gently she put him off saying:

"We will see; wait a little while."

But then Aunt Eliza grew so ill there was no chance for thoughts of the happy time. One day she called Lou, and said;

"My darling, good, little Lou, I wish I could leave you something, to prove how much I love you I've only the little things I fetched here. You must have all, all I've got; but" —the poor, blue lips, so thin, and tightly drawn, quivered—"but Willie's picture—I want to take that with me Put it with me, dear. We missed each other here maybe we'll find each other in heaven I don't just know what sent him off. I used to think he loved me Some one told him false, I think. But never mind that now." All is yours but that. Is Charlie down stairs?"

"Yes, aunty; do you wish to see him?"

Aunty assented, and Lou stepped quickly out. A few moments more, and Charles Dawson stood with Lou beside the bed.

"I want you to write my will," Aunt Eliza whispered, feebly. "I ain't got much, but I want Lou to have what there is, and no trouble about it. Can you do it?"

"That is my profession, aunty," Charles answered.

"Then write you know what to say. Be sure all I've got, and and all I may ever have. Put that word in—ever have. Who knows? who knows?" she whispered.

Willing to humor her, Charlie did her bidding, and in a few moments told her it was all right. Aunt Eliza's mind was clearer than they thought. She insisted that the landlady and her son be sent for to hear the will read, and witness it. That done, Charlie supported her while she wrote her name. Frequently murmuring, "Who knows?" she soon fell into a quiet sleep.

A few days after came the day which was to have been Lou's wedding day. Aunt Eliza seemed passing gently away. The low, soothing tones of the man of God had just ceased, when a slight knock was heard at the door.

Charlie Dawson opened it to admit a stranger to all. A few hurried words of explanation, and the stranger approached the bedside.

"Aunty, this gentleman wishes to speak to you? Are you able to listen?" Charlie asked.

The half closed eyes opened, with more intelligence in them than for many hours.

The stranger, who was a lawyer, drew nearer, and told her he brought her tidings from one who had but lately passed away.

"From Willie?" Aunt Eliza murmured, in a scarce audible voice

"Yes, from Willie," the lawyer told; and then producing a document, he read it, while the wondering friends involuntarily drew nearer to watch the effect of the strange news on the dying woman.

William Garner's will it was. All of his immense fortune he had left to his only love. In the advent of her death to those dearest to her.

"I always thought Willie loved me I'm so glad to know he did he does," Aunt Eliza whispered, a soft, sweet smile settling over the aged face. Eagerly her eyes sought Lou's, then Charlie's.

They drew nearer. With feeble effort she tried to join the hand of each, and whispered the minister's name.

All present understood the unspoken wish. With clasped hands Lou and Charlie stood before the clergyman.

A little while more and Charlie led his bride closer to the bed, placed her hand again in Aunt Eliza's, and in a low, earnest voice, said,

"Thank you, auntie

"Bless good children! Glad for your sake" Aunt Eliza said, her voice growing almost too faint to be understood.

Slowly the eyelids drooped again

"Willie loved me" Lou heard again.

A smile, a gentle sigh, and Aunt Eliza's spirit was with Willie

"Who would have thought it?" said John Fulton's wife

"If I could only have known" said Mrs. President Hartly "Dear! dear! just to think what might have been But how could one dream of such a thing?"

It is just what you might and ought to have known" said John Fulton "Hearts like Lou's will surely meet reward here, as well as hereafter"

TITLES AND HEIRESSES

The English newspapers are kicking because English dukes marry American heiresses, and we are kicking because American heiresses marry English dukes

They think that their daughters ought to become duchesses, and we think that our young men ought to become the husbands of our heiresses

They are quite right, and we are quite right

But what of it? The impecunious English duke will still sell his title, and the American heiress, or her mother which is the same thing will still buy it, and, so far as our kicking goes, we might just as well receive our recalcitrant energies for something in which their exercise would be more effective Cholly Knickerbocker in New York *Recorder*

ICE-CRUSHING STEAMERS

The Detroit Dry dock Company, will build on the shores of Lake Baikal, Western Siberia, three great ice crushing transit ferries to operate in connection with the Great Siberian Road, for the Russian Government The vessels will be modeled after the St Ignace and Sault Ste. Marie, which were built for the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic Road for all year use across the straits of Mackinaw Here they are often compelled to break ice windrows five feet thick, which they do with ease. The vessels are built with two wheels, one as ordinarily at the stern, for propulsion, and another smaller one at the stem, working against the propelling force to create a current under the ice ahead to break it up The boats carry 30 loaded cars and make 10 miles an hour through ice a foot thick. They have never been delayed more than a few hours. The new Russian vessels will be larger and will have 7,000 horse power each. All machinery for the Lake Baikal vessels will be built at Detroit

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

The man stood by the window, looking out upon the street that was still noisy in spite of the Sunday pause in its traffic. Up town, perhaps, there were church bells ringing; out in the blessed country he knew just how the clear, sweet call rang across the farm lands from the little white meeting house, but down here was no suggestion of such music. The Sunday shave had brought out all the furrows of his weather-beaten face, and the leisure of the day allowed a weary, disappointed look to settle about his close shut mouth and faded blue eyes.

He was looking at the dingy lace curtain, with a bunch of paper flowers pinned smartly against against it, that flapped and fluttered before an open window across the way, but his heart saw a very different picture—a small county farm-house, miles and miles away, and a clean, bright window gay with scarlet bloom and vivid greenery. The mouth shut a little closer, and the knotty fingers drummed a nervous tattoo on the widow-ledge that drew a troubled glance from a sweet, serene woman, who was moving quietly but briskly about setting the room in order, putting away the breakfast dishes, and doing the score of small, unnoticeable things by which the true homemaker sets her seal upon her domain.

"Now father's thinking about old times again," she said to herself, "Seems he never can git wonted to living in town."

Still the nervous beat went on, and presently she spoke.

"I guess I better git on my things It's consid'rable of a piece to church You got a clean han'kerchief, father?"

Her husband put his hand in his pocket mechanically and turned to face her. "I was thinking," he said slowly, "I dunno's I care very much about goin' to meetin' this morning. Somehow I don't seem to feel to home" He stopped, swallowed hard, and cleared his throat.

"Taint in natur' we should, livin' all our lives in the country," assented the woman, "and I do s'pose it comes harder on you than me. Home is home to wimmen folks wherever 'tis, and you've always been so stirrin', but if I didn't go to meetin' I sh'd feel as if I got into a treadmill, and was jest goin' round an' round forever. I thought the singin' was real uplifin' last Sunday."

"Did ye? Well, sometimes I am reely afraid I've fell from grace, the things that gits to goin' through my mind right in meetin'. And las' Sunday I couldn't think of a blessed thing but that there piece that Ducey Simmons spoke to the sociable. Kind of silly I thought it was then, and not any ways suitable for church fixin's, but it just run in my head till I didn't de'st to jine in the doxology, fear I should sing: "Let's go a visitin', back to Griggsby Station."

He laughed and looked at his wife in a shame faced fashion, then he wiped his eyes on his clean bandanna handkerchief, and blew his nose vigorously The good woman laughed also, but she had her back toward him, taking her best bonnet from the top drawer of the bureau, and she only said, "What a memory you have got for verses, father! That piece ain't exactly pious, but I dunno as they's any harm in it, and it is real touchin'"

They went down the narrow, dark stairs and out upon the street, and nothing more was said for some time But when they were walking through the park they always went that way to see the sparrows flutter like drifts of brown leaves about the gravel walks and the smoky evergreens the wife said gently, "I tell ye father, how I do I just make b'lieve to my self I've come here a-visitin', and don't call'late to stay long. And if things don't suit, I say, 'Well, I can make it do till I go home,' and so I don't settle down to feelings as if I wa'n't goin' back. I don't s'pose a man could do that way but you know Paul kep' up his sperrits by sayin' he was jest a sojourner, without any continuin' city."

It was an unfashionably early hour when they reached the church and slipped quietly into a pew near the door The janitor glanced critically at them as he came into their neighborhood to get the box of flowers sent by the florist for the pulpit decorations. A tall, beautiful girl in black took the flowers at the altar and rapidly arranged them in two slender vases, and, as she lifted them from their safe covering, the whole church was filled with a rich rose odor She looked from time to time at the strangers, especially at the woman, whose eager eyes followed every motion of her fingers, and when her work was completed she came rapidly down the aisle with the empty box and one pale pink rose in her hand Opposite the pew she hesitated an instant, then her face flushed and she went on

"What a lonesome looking old couple she thought, stopping at the door to look back upon them. "I wish I dared"—and then she did dare She went back to the pew again, and said gently "I think you are strangers Would you not like to come further to the front, away from the draught of the door? I should like to take you to our pew."

The old couple, quite accustomed to sit in the place of honor through all the years of that blessed country life, followed her without protest to one of the chief seats in the synagogue. The hassock was arranged for the tired feet, the hymn book with large print, selected for the eyes that had 'lost their keenness of vision, and the lovely rose laid gently upon it.

It was a very little cup of cold water but its refreshment was like a spring in the desert to soul and body

"First time I've reely enjoyed service, said the man, as they went back through the park "Don't it seem to you, mother, that young woman sort of favors Clarissa Eastman, or is it Delia Price?"

"She couldn't very well favor 'em both," said his wife, peeping into the folds of her handkerchief to see if her rose was safe, "seein' one's light an' the other's dark complected. I guess it's jest 'cause she seemed like your own folks, 'down to Griggsby Station'"

He looked at his wife in mild astonishment that she should show a frivolous spirit on Sunday, and then a responsive twinkle came into his own eyes.

"She's the fust one that's 'peared to realize she was any kin to us," he said with a whimsical sadness. *Kimly Hunt ington Miller, in the Congregationalist*

Borrowed troubles are the heaviest

Exposure to cold, damp winds, may result in pneumonia unless the system is kept invigorated with Hood's Sarsaparilla

THE FAULT OF THE AGE.

The fault of the age is a mad endeavor
To leap to heights that were made to climb,
By a burst of strength or a thought that is clever
We plan to outwit and forestall time.

We scorn to wait for the thing worth having,
We want high noon at the day's dim dawn,
We find no pleasure in toiling and saving
As our forefathers did in the good times gone

We force our roses before their season
To bloom and blossom that we may wear,
And then we wonder and ask the reason
Why perfect buds are so few and rare.

We crave the gain, but despise the getting,
We want the wealth, not as a reward, but dower,
And the strength that is wasted in useless fretting
Would fell a forest, or build a tower.

To covet the prize, yet shrink from the winning,
To thirst for glory, yet fear the fight—
Why, what can it lead to at last but sinning,
To mental languor and moral blight?

Better the slow old way of striving,
And to count small gains when the year is done,
Than to use our forces all in contriving,
And to grasp for pleasures we have not won

TRUE COURTESY.

General Lee was in the cars going to Richmond one day and was seated at the end farthest from the door. The other seats were filled with officers and soldiers. An old woman, poorly dressed, entered at one of the stations, and, finding no seat, and none having been offered to her, approached the end where the General was seated. He immediately rose and gave her his seat Instantly there was a general rising, each one offering his seat to the General. But he calmly said, "No, gentlemen, if there was no seat for the infirm old woman, there can be none for me" The effect was remarkable. One after another got out of the car. The seats seemed to be too hot for them. The General and the old lady soon had the car to themselves.

The Hon. Daniel Webster was walking with a friend in Washington, when a colored man passing by bowed very low to him Mr. Webster returned as deep an obeisance "Do you bow in that way to a darkey? asked his friend. "Would you have me outdone in politeness by negro?" replied the great statesman. And in his reply there is great wisdom. None of us can afford to be outdone in this by one or either a poorer or richer courtesy.

A WISE BIRD.

At the Columbian Exposition, in one of the galleries of the electrical building, I came across an exhibit that would attract general attention, I think, but which greatly interested me.

It was a section of a redwood post that had been part of a telegraph pole on one of the Pacific lines. The post was literally honeycombed with holes; and in many of them was closely fitted an acorn, either entire or partly decayed.

I should have been at a loss to understand the meaning of this curious inlay had not a card which was tacked to the post enlightened me.

The holes, it stated, were made by the woodpecker, and the acorns placed in them by this provident bird in order that it might obtain food when winter was at hand, and the deep snows of that region covered the earth.

The woodpecker does not eat the acorn but lets it remain until it begins to decay Then insects of various kinds feed on it, when the bird visits its store of acorns and dines at will off the living creatures he finds there,

A wise and ingenious bird, is it not?

DR. BRIGGS' LOGIC

When they were trying Dr. Briggs before the Presbytery they asked very hard questions.

"Dr. Briggs," said the Moderator, "do you believe the Holy Scriptures contain the word of God?"

"Yes, as translated by men"

"Do you believe that Moses wrote the Pentateuch?"

"Not all of it."

"Didn't write all of it? Moses didn't write the Pentateuch?" exclaimed the Moderator, while several auditors cried "For shame!"

"What part didn't he write? continued the Moderator, thinking the liberal thinker had walked into a trap

"Well er er, the account of his own death" and then the doctor looked nervously at the floor while ripples of laughter greeted the solemn Moderator

A SUCCESSFUL BOY

A man in Tolland, Conn found a small potato in one of his pockets which he came in from his work "Here" said he laughing, to a boy twelve years old who lived with him, "plant that, and you shall have all you can raise from it until you are of age"

The bright little boy cut the potato into as many pieces as there were eyes in it and planted them In the autumn he dug and laid by the increase of it and planted them in the following spring Next year he planted the larger crop gathered the previous autumn The potatoes grew healthily, and did well, and his fourth year's harvest amounted to four hundred bushels. The farmer asked to be released from his bargain, for he saw the boy's planting would cover all his land

And yet it is quite common to despise the day of small things." Exchange

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