The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

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Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick sts., 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

McLEAN & McLEAN
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—1256 Queen St., Parkdale
Victoria Chambers, 61 Victoria St
Telephone 257. TORONTO.
JOHN DOUGLAS A. MURRAY

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Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Conveyancer
MONEY TO LOAN.
OFFICE—Booth's Block, Main St., Milton
Office at Streetsville each Wednesday afternoon
Palace Bakery Block, Queen Street.

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

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Account Books of all kinds made to order Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Binding 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
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ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 726, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to
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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 "Foulsh 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! its 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. Active ushers at the door.

Epworth League of Christian Endeavor
Miss Maggie H. Hawkins, President.
Meets every Tuesday evening. All Young People invited.

"THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE"

SEQUEL TO

"BONNIE BRIER BUSH"

Received this morning at

DAY'S BOOKSTORE.

LOWEST PRICE.

Day Sells 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, Swede, Russian English Irish, Scotch
OF BEST QUALITY
The stock to be sold at prices never equaled in Ontario
Call and Inspect
J. H. HAMILTON

SEASON 1895

W. BARBER, returning thanks to his numerous friends for their liberal support of the past, desires 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

Cheaper and better than heretofore. We also supply other wood or iron pumps at cut prices. All work guaranteed satisfactory.

Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere

THOS. EBBAGE, Manager
Acton

EVERTON MILLS.

Highest grade of all kinds of flour always on hand. Everton Mills on Roller process for all cereals per bushel.

FLOUR
BRAN
SHORTS
CHOP

Cash for Wheat

Good Milling Wheat for sale at all times. FLOUR AND 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 patronize 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. Kannawin'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 65,000

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

Our Oilcloths and Linoleums

are bought direct from the makers in England and Scotland. The large increase of sales in this dep't shows that our customers appreciate the excellent values we are giving them

A special room on St. George's Square devoted to this department exclusively

BOND & CO'S
Oilcloth and Linoleum Dept
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

We will pay the Acton buyer of boots 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.
Well seasoned stock on hand at prices to suit the times
JOHN CAMERON,
Proprietor.

ACTON
LIVERY
AND
BUS LINE

Horses and rigs respectfully solicited from the public, and information furnished.

Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs on a ways be Secured

At his stables. A comfortable bus meets trains between 9 a. m. and 8 p. m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS
Proprietor

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 A. 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.

COURTING IN THE LANE.

MOTHER.

Come tell me where you've been so long?
Ah, you cry, blushing, Jane!
And tell me who it was I saw
Walk with you down the lane.

DAUGHTER.

Why, mother, it was only John,
As he came by the farm
We met, and so I saw me home
Ah, mother, where's the harm?

MOTHER.

No harm, perhaps, yet hear instead
That idle people talk,
For you and John are often seen
As in the lane you walk.

DAUGHTER.

But you and father I am told,
Oft in the years gone by,
Strolled in the twilight down that lane
Why should not John and I?

MOTHER.

We were betrothed. The neighbors knew
I was to be his wife,
And as we walked and talked we made
Plans for our wedded life.

DAUGHTER.

Well, mother, you can say that John
And I will wed next year,
If you consent. See here he comes
To ask you, mother, dear.

Select Family Reading.

The Shower of Roses.

BY MARY E. MOLESAY

An aged woman was sitting by the window of a model cottage. She was rocking back and forth in a low wicker easy chair, and as she did so she crooned softly to herself the words of an ancient ballad. Her voice, though tremulous, was sweet, and the contrast between her withered face and the romantic love song which had thus lingered in her memory since the years of her early youth, was strange enough to draw forth a wondering remark from her little grandchild, who had stood beside her peering into her face as she sang.

"Granny," she asked, "where did you learn those pretty words?"

"That's only one out of many like it, was the sententious answer.

"Please sing more. I love to listen."

"Aye, aye of course, darlin, I'm old and I not only loved to learn the like in my young days, but I acted one. I tell you, child, such is life."

"Do you mean granny that you ran away with your lover, like the bride of Lord Lochinvar?"

"Aye that I did. But to my cost I was a poor boy that wooed the grand young lady away from friends and home. But I never saw the day that I was sorry. My Roland was ever kind and true, and we were as happy a couple as ever the sun shone on."

Elsie's eyes opened very wide.

"Were you a rich lady granny, with horses and lands?"

But the response the question elicited was a shake of the head, and:

"You are not to trouble that little head with such fancies. It would have an ap setting effect to give you an idea that you belonged higher than fortune had placed you. I am getting old and childish, or I should have been wise. Forget it, Elsie."

Just then a tap at the door interrupted them. Elsie opened it, and drew timidly back to her grandmother's side. A stately lady stood there. She had just stepped from her carriage, the door of which had been held open for her by an obsequious footman, in a showy livery.

The visitor was dressed in a costume of rich dark velvet. Diamonds glittered in her ears, and shone from a pendant attached to a heavy gold chain which encircled her neck. She would have been beautiful with the mature comeliness of middle age, had her face not worn such a cold, haughty look. It chilled little Elsie. She did not wait for an invitation to enter. Drawing up the long court train of her costly robe, she advanced toward the old grandmother, behind whom Elsie had taken refuge.

"Is this the home of a girl they call Meriot?"

Elsie did not give her grandmother time to answer. She sprang forward and pointed with an eager gesture towyrd a huge tree in the rear of the house. The lady looked in the direction indicated, saw a young girl seated in its shadow, working away industriously at some lace whose pattern was stretched over a huge cushion which she had in her lap.

With a start of surprise at the beauty of the picture upon which he, eyes rested and a murmured "I wonder no longer at Reginald's infatuation," she left the house and walked slowly toward her.

As she approached, the young lace maker rose, and stood with down dropped eyes awaiting her. A happy thought was in her heart, warming it, and coloring her smooth cheeks with a swift coming dye of carmine, as soft as the shade of a rose petal.

She had seen that beautiful lady before, and as she had watched her leaning back amid the soft cushions of her luxurious carriage, she had thought of words which pered in her ear by an impassioned voice.

"Love conquers all, my own darling and in neath its rule all must bow, even my lady mother. I am her only child, and my chosen wife must be accepted, even though she springs from an humbler rank than mine."

And had she now come to prove the truth of what Reginald had said?

But when the voice, sweet as a bird's in its cultured tones, but cold—cold as ice, as that it seemed to freeze the warmth from Meriot's heart, said:

"So you are the girl who has presumed to listen to words of love from the heir of a noble house! Have you realized the consequences which must ensue if you are married to my son? The scorn and contempt with which his family will regard you? and, what is of equal importance, my son's loss of property? Have you thought of it all?"

As Meriot listened, her face turned as white as the petals of the daisy-cluster which she had pinned on for a breastknot. Her violet eyes grew dark, for they were almost hidden by the intensely black pupils, those infallible tell tales of sudden emotion, be it of joy or sorrow. But her quivering lips asked no question. She stood in mute distress, awaiting what other unkind words might fall upon her ear addressed to Reginald's betrothed bride by his mother.

Elsie, accustomed to follow out any caprice which might attract her fancy, had chosen to walk in the stranger's footsteps, and thus learn what might be the cause of her seeking out her sister. So, to Meriot's surprise, it was Elsie's voice that took up the dropped link in the chain of speech.

"My granny was a great lady, too. She said so."

"Hush, Elsie, you must run into the house right away. It is naughty for you to speak without being spoken to," said Meriot hastily.

It was Elsie's turn to be astonished. Never had she heard her gentle sister speak with such decision; and her cheeks changed so strangely from white to red. What had come over her?

But she obeyed her, and turned and ran away, feeling as though her heart would break at being so peremptorily dismissed.

The lady turned to Meriot.

"What does the child mean? Is it true that the handsome old woman who was sitting by the window, and who is, I infer, the granny she spoke of—is it true that she comes of good stock?"

"I don't know much about it, madam, for that subject is seldom mentioned; be that as it may if it is true, it is none the less a fact that her husband came of the class in which I have been born and bred, and of which none of us are ashamed, but I think Elsie spoke aright."

"Then, as you are properly not "ashamed, I hope you will not overstep the boundary line which divides your class and that of my son. If he and you marry I shall never look upon his face again, and he shall not have one cent of the vast fortune which belongs by right to me, and which I can will where I choose. Think well of it before you allow him to mar his future for love of a pretty face."

It is truly said that "blood will tell, and Meriot must have inherited some of the bluest of the precious current, judging by the grand poise of her beautiful head as she turned upon her tormentor.

"Madam, will you tell me this? Would your son marry me knowing that he would lose all else that he values in the world?"

Struck in spite of herself by the girl's majestic beauty, for Lady Vane was a connoisseur of all things rare and exquisite in still life, and why not also of a perfect form moulded by the Great Architect of the universe? she answered as though to to a lady born.

"I very much fear that he would not long throw aside all for you."

"God bless him! Then I will give up all for him. I will never willingly set eyes upon his dear face again. He shall not lose mother love, fortune and friends for me."

"Then it is a promise!" exclaimed Lady Vane her face kindling with joy. "I have faith that you will keep it. I see it in your eyes. You are a noble creature, and I wish you had been born my son's equal. But."

Meriot had grown of a deathly white as Lady Vane spoke, and now she fell forward as silent and inert as though heir of life.

Lady Vane forgot all for the moment but that Meriot was a sister woman, and that she was suffering. She sprang forward, lifted her in her arms, and carried her tenderly into the house and laid her upon the lounge. Then, when with a faint gasping sigh the white eyelids quivered and unclosed and the great violet eyes gazed up into her face, she swept out of the room with out daring to trust herself to speak, her woman's heart was so strangely touched through all its coating of pride.

But caste prejudices must not be disregarded, even though happiness be sacrificed. So she entered her carriage, the liveried footman shut the door with a sharp click just as she was closing her heart against Meriot, and the impatient horses who had been champing their bits at the delay until their glossy coats were flecked with foam, started off with proudly tossing heads, their every footstep seemed to strike upon Meriot's crushed heart, as she lay like a pale lily beaten down by the storm, all the rich color blanched out of her beautiful face.

"See, sister, I waited till the fine lady had gone to bring you these," and little Elsie rushed in and covered Meriot with a shower of roses. They were of a kind that grew nowhere in the whole country round excepting within the boundaries of this cottage garden. They looked like the darkest crimson velvet and a thin white streak ran down the middle of each petal. Their perfume had a delicate spicy pungence, more like the odor of a carnation than of a rose. People had come from far and near to ask for a cutting, but in vain. The old grandmother would always refuse to sever a slip from that bush.

"Ask anything else and I will do any you may, but I have my reasons for not giving aught from that."

Now as Elsie came in and laid the roses on Meriot with the fragrant flowers it seemed to startle the aged woman into some recollection of days gone by.

"Child!" she exclaimed, "you are telling your sister a story upon her." It is a well known rhyme to my family, that when

A Finder [illegible]
[illegible]
Her sister leaves the walks, destiny grows.

And that was the truth with me. I was a gay young lass, thinking naught of love but my sister covered me one morning with roses that had blossomed on the parent stem from which I afterwards took the slip which has grown to such size in my garden. That very day I saw for the first time my handsome suitor lad. "Ah! but I had to go through fire and water to get him; for our boat was shot at, and we met with a storm which almost swamped it."

Meriot had caught the meaning of her words, and she raise l herself up with an eager question.

"Granny tell me where you were before you married my grandfather. I have ask you but once before, and that was when I a tiny girl like Elsie. You said then that some other time you would answer me, and I want to hear all of it now."

A troubled look came into the withered face, then it passed away.

"I will please you, Meriot; for you are a good child, and as sick of my race but you and Elsie have gone to their rest, it will harm no one. My handsome sailor boy, whom I ran away to marry, has long since found a grave in the deep blue sea, and your father, who was his very picture, has followed in the same way. Your mother, too, is not living to feel hurt at me for putting ideas into your head which might make you feel above the station in which you were born. I was the second daughter of Lord Finderne. Those roses are our family flowers, and that is why I never suffered one of them to root and grow for a neighbor. No one has a right to them but the lineal descendants of our ancestor—Sir Geoffrey—who brought them with him from the Holy Land."

An unnoticed auditor had stood silently within the doorway, as the feeble, old voice commenced the romantic story, and as it had gradually gained in strength as the memory of youth came back with each succeeding word, Reginald Vane's eyes grew bright with joy.

The tale ended he came forward.

"Then you, Meriot, and your little sister here are the heirs for which notices have been kept in the papers for months. The Finderne property is in want of an owner, the last baronet having died without leaving issue, and, in default of heirs, it would before long have lapsed to the crown."

"Then I am a match worthy of you!" exclaimed Meriot, joyfully. "But I must not talk to you. I promised your mother never to see you again, and I meant to have gone away where no one could ever have found me."

"But do you not see? Things are changed by the story of those lovely roses. Hurrah, I say, for the whole family of roses, and especially for the Finderne."

"A promise is binding, Reginald, and I shall keep mine until your mother comes and absolves me from it."

"That will be as soon as I can get to her and back here again, you cruel girl."

And Reginald said truly. The "fleirese of Finderne" and "Meriot the Lace Maker" were two widely different persons in Lady Vane's estimation. And Meriot was too fond of her young lover to remember the words spoken by his haughty mother when she considered his chosen bride so far beneath him.

She only thought, with proud humility:

"Reginald stooped to choose me when I was "Meriot the Lace Maker." None other was fair in his eyes then, and none other to me is as noble and handsome as he is now, though all the gallants in the world should bow down at the feet of the newly discovered heiress."

And so the stream of life runs on and Love is master, though Gold tries hard to over balance the scale of destiny.

HOW THEY DIFFER

A man is a creature of cast iron habits, woman adapts herself to circumstances, this is the foundation of the moral difference between them.

A man does not attempt to drive a nail unless he has a hammer, a woman does not hesitate to utilize anything, from the heel of a boot to the back of a brush.

A man considers a work-saw absolutely necessary to open a bottle, a woman attempts to extract the cork with a pair of scissors, if she doesn't succeed readily she pushes the cork in the bottle, since the essential thing is to get at the fluid.

Shaving is the only use to which a razor puts a razor, a woman employs it for a chiropodist's purposes.

When a man writes everything must be in apple-pie order, pen, paper, and ink must be just so, a profound silence must reign while he accomplishes this important function. A woman gets any sheet of paper, tears it perhaps from a book or portfolio, sharpens a pencil with the scissors, puts the paper on an old atlas, crosses her feet, balances herself on the chair, and confides her thoughts to paper, changing from pencil to pen and re-[illegible] from time to time, nor does she care if the children romp or the cook comes to speak to her.

A man storms if the blotting paper is not conveniently near, a woman dries the ink by blowing on it waving the paper in the air, or holding it near a lamp or fire.

A man drops a letter unhesitatingly in the box, a woman ponders the address, assures herself that the envelope is sealed, the stamp secure, and then throws it violently into the box.

A man can cut a book only with a paper cutter, a woman deftly inserts a hairpin, and the book is cut.

For a man "good by" signifies the end of a conversation and the moment of his departure, for a woman it is the beginning of a new chapter, for it is just when they are taking leave of each other that women think of the most important topics of conversation.

A woman tinkacks her bible trying to mend a broken object, a man puts it aside and forgets that for which there is no remedy. Which is the superior? Alfonse J. Conrad, in *Lippincott's*.

LOVE LIGHTENS TOIL

How easy it is to work when we are happy! How delightful when we are happy to work for those we love.

A life of constant toil, merely for one not once is very hard and sad. No heart can bear it. The strain will break the courage and sour the temper of anybody. There must be before the worker some better reward than the supply of his mere physical wants or he will become a discontented being.

He must work for love more than for money or he is miserable. The thought of loving hearts at home nerves the strong arm of the man at his toil and sends the warm blood singing through his heart. The wife, in her household labor, is happy thinking of the evening hour, when she may sit down with her husband and be rewarded by his loving companionship for all that during the day, she accomplishes or endures for him and her little ones.

She knows not how hard she works, as long as she is happy in him. She would if need were, kill herself with hard labor for his sake, and not dream that she was dying. And he if a true man would do the same for her. For what do warm, fond hearts know of what they endure for each other?

"Granny, tell me where you were before you married my grandfather. I have ask you but once before, and that was when I a tiny girl like Elsie. You said then that some other time you would answer me, and I want to hear all of it now."

A troubled look came into the withered face, then it passed away.

"I will please you, Meriot; for you are a good child, and as sick of my race but you and Elsie have gone to their rest, it will harm no one. My handsome sailor boy, whom I ran away to marry, has long since found a grave in the deep blue sea, and your father, who was his very picture, has followed in the same way. Your mother, too, is not living to feel hurt at me for putting ideas into your head which might make you feel above the station in which you were born. I was the second daughter of Lord Finderne. Those roses are our family flowers, and that is why I never suffered one of them to root and grow for a neighbor. No one has a right to them but the lineal descendants of our ancestor

OVER AND GONE.

Summer is over. Where has it gone? It was only yesterday that we held with equal surprise that it was here.

Of course we may have some warm weather yet, but warnings have been given us that it will not last.

We hated that frightful summer weather, did we not? But we feel uncomfortable when we think how many months of cloll and shiver, bare boughs and unwholesome heated air lie before us now. We all wish we had been more like the shepherd of Salisbury plains, and thought "any weather good the Lord pleased to send," and half fancy that summer's departure is a judgment on us for our discontent.

How we went about saying: "What frightful weather!" and fanning ourselves and envying savages who could costume themselves with a feather, or so, and some bits beads. Won't we think of it when our sealskin sacques—if we are lucky enough to possess any are not thick enough to keep us from shivering?

How chilly the cream colored dresses look! What a shabby look has a muslin! We begin to admire cardinal reds and hunter's green and dusky blues, velvets cease to make us shudder, and we even shake out our strip'd flannelette, and rejoice in them.

You look for the woods and wilds again, but remember that they were getting dreary when you left them, and full of heavy odors, too. Dead leaves in the woods, dead peaches on the ground in the orchard, dead apples dropping from the boughs, and the foliage of the wild flowers eaten into skeleton leaves that have no beauty in them, by some creeping enemy.

You do want summer back again, so do I, but we cannot have it. We may say "It will come again next year," but it will not. That will be another summer. The same balminess or humidity, the same splendid skies or furious thunder storms will come no more. No day in any one man's life is ever the same, even in temperature. The same sunset is never repeated, nor the same sunrise. The moon has a different aspect every summer night. We may have seasons of a quality yet undreamed of, summers more delightful or more frightful than we ever knew before, but this is gone. We sigh and think we shall take a lesson, and never cease to rejoice when summer is with us, never again say we wish it were over, but we shall.

A Man is a discontented animal, and and woman resembles him greatly.

HOW CHINESE USE BAMBOO.

Just go and look at your long slender bamboo fishing pole and try to fancy what a house would look like built of that sort of thing. Yet when a Chinaman wishes to build a house he doesn't hire an architect and look up a contractor, and turn grey over plumbers and decorators, he just merely goes and plants a few bamboo roots. Then he goes on quietly attending to his business and lets them grow. In a few months he has a fine forest of bamboo from forty to eighty feet high, and with stalks ranging from half an inch to eighteen inches in diameter. He digs a trench the shape and size he wishes his house, and proceeds to cut the trees he thinks the proper size, and set them up in this trench, which he fills up. With the slenderer stalks he makes the rafters and shingles it with bamboo leaves. The windows are delicate lattice work of bamboo and the furniture is of slender bamboo bent and curled and plaited. His water bucket is a good big stalk, sawed off just below the joint, and made as deep as he needs above it. For a bottle he takes a slender piece and treats it in the same way. If in the confusion of building he mislays his knife, he just takes a good sharp edge of a bamboo, and it does just as well for everything, except cutting bamboo, as if it were Sheffield steel. While he is building he keeps off hunger by cutting the little tender shoots just as they peep from the ground, and cooking them like asparagus.

PAYING 100 CENTS ON THE $

Mark Twain in writing of his financial embarrassment due to the downfall of the publishing house he was interested in, says:

"The law recognizes no mortgage on a man's brain, and a merchant who has given up all he has due, take advantage of the rules of insolvency and start free again for himself, but I am not a business man and honor is a harder master than the law. In cannot compromise for less than one hundred cents on the dollar and its debts never outlaw. The present situation is that the wreckage of the firm, together with what money I can scrape together with my wife's and will enable me to pay the other creditors about 50 per cent of their claims. It is my intention to ask them to accept that as a legal discharge and trust to my honor to pay the other 50 per cent as fast as I can earn it. From my reception thus far on my lecturing tour I am confident that if I live I can pay off the last debt within four years, after which, at the age of 70, I can make a fresh and unencumbered start in life."

A CHERRY LITTLE LAMB

Rev. Dr. Meredith a well known clergyman, tries to cultivate friendly relations with the young members of his flock. In a recent talk to his Sunday school he urged the children to speak to him whenever they met.

The next day a dirty faced urchin smoking a cigarette and having a generally disreputable appearance accosted him in the street with

"Hullo, doctor."

The clergyman stopped and cordially inquired

"And who are you, sir?"

"I'm one of your little lambs," replied the boy, affably. "Fine day."

And, tilting his hat on his head, he swaggered off, leaving the worthy divine speechless with amazement.

YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO DO IT

Endorsing other people's notes is a risk that no man should take who has a family to support or his own credit to maintain. No father of a family has the moral right, says the *American Grocer*, to risk the welfare of his children in going security for his friend or neighbor. No merchant is at liberty so long as he has outstanding obligations, to lend his name to assist another financially. His creditors should be his first concern, and to see that they are paid his first duty.

BUSINESS AND GAMBLING.

You go upon the Board of Trade
Where margin merchants meet,
And take some little options
On January wheat.
You watch the little ticker
Till the hands swing round the long
Then you find your little bagatelle
Has gone a glimmering.
That's Business.

You go into a faro bank
And buy a stack of chips,
And watch the cards come from the box
While the dealer deftly flips
When your head is dull and aching
At the breaking of the day,
You see that tight fortune
Has gone the other way.
That's Gambling.

Columbus Enquirer.

A TALE OF A BOY AND A CIGARETTE.

The venerable and familiar moral tale of the bad little boy who offered the circus elephant a chew of tobacco is far surpassed in ethical force by the new and strictly truthful story of seven year old Harry Manning, of Waltham, Massachusetts. Harry has been learning to smoke cigarettes, and one afternoon about a fortnight ago he was sitting on a barrel behind Northrup's grocery practising, when he heard footsteps. Not caring to smoke in company, he politely dropped his lighted cigarette into the bung hole of the barrel on which he sat. The statement is that when the moral elephant in the other story received the chew of tobacco he seized Tommy, the evildoer, by the coat collar with the thumb and finger of his trunk and threw him heavily out through the roof of the circus tent. The event in Harry's case was still more precipitous and surprising. The barrel he sat on held contained naphtha and rejected the lighted cigarette with an instantaneous burst of spite, too which succeeded its hopes and gave Harry all the symptoms experienced by the boy who stood on the burning deck whence all but he had fled. Happily Harry came down on the same township in which he lived up and was identified and is still living with his parents, but another time he will drop his nose into an empty barrel before he drops his cigarette into it. The narrative of his adventure is here cheerfully recorded as a warning to boys who smoke cigarettes and for use in schools. *From Harper's Bazar.*

FIGHT FOR THE STABLE

Intelligent dairy farmers know that it is possible to have a stable light and well ventilated, and at the same time so warm that water will not freeze in it during the coldest weather. Plenty of windows are needed, and it is well to whitewash the whole interior at least once a year. To accomplish this at the least expense of time, make a whole barrel of whitewash and apply it very thick with a broom. Begin by sweeping the sides, partitions and ceiling. Where the surface is uneven a force pump with a spray nozzle is excellent for applying the whitewash. The whitewash must first be rubbed through a sieve to remove the lumps, or they will clog the valves of the pump. Keep the windows from being splashed by tacking bags or blankets over them. Lime is purifying and disinfecting, and makes it easier to keep the stable clean and in order. Another reason for providing abundant light is to promote the health and vitality of animals. A cow in the winter dairy is like a person engaged in a sedentary employment. She cannot receive the stimulus to her vitality that a horse, for instance gets from being in the sunshine. A cow can not do her best unless she is made comfortable in a light and cheerful stable.

MOLLY'S CHURCH BENEFIT.

Parson—Well Molly did you like my sermon this morning?

Molly—Oh, yis sir, it was mighty improvin.

Parson—And what part of it did you like best, Molly?

Molly—In truth, parson, I mean no offence, I don't remember any part exactly, but altogether it was mighty improvin.

Parson—Now Molly if you don't remember it how could it be improving?

Molly—Now, does your reverence see that linen I have been washing and hanging on that hedge there?

Parson—Certainly Molly.

Molly—And isn't the linen as white as iver for the claan?

Parson—Needless, Molly.

Molly—But and a thousand pardons, and wather stays me! Well, sir, all the same thing wid me. I'm a sinner of the warmint stayes to me. But I am all the better and clanner for it for aver.

THE NEWSPAPER OF 1815.

A [illegible] newspaper published [illegible] of his religion.

"A child is born the day [illegible] same gets a 2d. [illegible] the child [illegible] and gets [illegible] the [illegible] and gets one. It matters not the minister gets another 2d. the editor gets a piece of cake or one.

"In the course of [illegible] the doctor gets from 2s. to 50s. and the [illegible] hope gets another 5s. the [illegible] 2s. 6d. the editor prints [illegible] of death and an obituary two columns long, and a set of resolutions of some lodge, or association to which the deceased belonged. And receives for his pains the postage of running a free card of thanks and a lot of poetry besides."

POSITIVELY PLEASED.

"Excellent old gentleman. What's your mother, my little man?"

Tattered Tom—Hooch. [illegible] the dime my mother gave me [illegible] some bread.

Benevolent Old Gentleman—Well never mind, here's another dime for you. Where did you lose it?

Tattered Tom—Just around the corner shootin' craps wit Mickey the Mug.

I don't believe he played square.

Catarrh can be successfully treated only by purifying the blood, and the one true blood purifier is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Another Hamilton Citizen Cured of Rheumatism in Three Days.

Mr. I. McArthur, 270 Wellington street, Hamilton, writes: "For many weeks I suffered intense pain from rheumatism, was so lame that I could not attend to business. I procured South American Rheumatic Cure on the recommendation of my druggist and was completely cured in three or four days by the use of this remedy only. It is the best remedy for rheumatism.