The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick roads, 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.
Special office days Monday, Tuesday and Friday.

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.

DOUGLAS & MURRAY
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
OFFICES:—1206 Queen St., Parkdale. Victoria Chambers, 81 Victoria St.
Telephone 807. TORONTO.
JOHN DOUGLAS. A. MURRAY.

E. W. BOYD,
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.

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

R. J. McNABB,
Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance. Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc.
OFFICE—Matthews' Block,
ACTON ONT.

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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS
Georgetown and Milton.
Money to loan at lowest rates.

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Solicitor of Patents, for Invention, etc
Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American, and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks. Send for pamphlet. Thirty-two years experience.

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER,
Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario.
(Over Williams' Store.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Rulling 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 797, or telephone 56, 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 repairs performed 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! 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. MATTHEWS, President
Meets every Tuesday evening. All Young People invited.

Christmas No.'s '95.
London News.
Graphic.
Black and White.
Ladies' Pictorial.
Holly Leaves.
Pear's Pictorial.
Chatterbox, &c.,
—AT—
DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
GUELPH.
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 whole to be sold at prices never before 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. EDBAGE, Manager
Acton

EVERTON MILLS.
Wheat grists of 10 bushels or over ground at Everton Mills on Roller process for 10 cents per bushel.
FLOUR,
BRAN,
SHORTS,
CHOP FEED
Mill going every day at 8 cents per bag.
Cash for Wheat
Everton Mills Flour for sale at ARTHURS 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. Kapnawis'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 700,000
Rest 80,000
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. E. H. JONES,
Manager.

The . . . . .
Holiday Season
Will soon be here. Don't leave off buying your presents until the last moment—Come in and see us—We've lots of pretty and useful things for Christmas. It will be a pleasure for us to see you whether you buy or not. Please remember this.
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

Warm and Warm Lined
Boots & Shoes
Comfortable
WINTER SHOES
- FOR -
Men, Women, and Children.
FROM
35C. UP.
The Leading Shoe Store
W. McLaren & Co
GUELPH.

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

—ACTON
LIVERY
AND
BUS LINE
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage 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 8:15 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
Phone 84 Acton

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.

"TIME AND TIDE WAIT FOR NO MAN."

Once there roved a pirate captain
In his vessel out at sea,
And he heard a ship was sailing,
Stored with gold and ivory.
If he could but overtake it
Ere it reached the port, and make it
Yield to him its treasury,
He a happy man would be.

"Ho! ye seamen, hoist the canvas,
And the heavy anchor weigh,"
See the vessel plough the waters,
Cleave the billows, churn the spray.
How it heaves upon the ocean,
Now with gentle, gliding motion,
Now it rushes on its way,
Like a war horse to the fray.

"Who is he that made the proverb,"
Quoth the dauntless rover Roe,
"Time and tide they wait for no man,"
Time and tide shall wait for me."
While the ship still onward rushing,
Every wave to foam was crushing,
And the pirate laughed with glee,
This, his vessel's strength to see.

When the ship the cape had rounded,
There they saw, miles out from shore,
Was the prize that they had sought for,
How the captain cursed and swore,
Near the wealth for which he hankered,
Two great warships lay there anchored,
They must quickly sail them back,
Ere the foe was on the track.

Then the vessel turned about,
And fast and faster flew,
Like a fox unto his lair,
When a pack of hounds pursue,
While the clouds their forces mustered,
And the winds in fury blustered,
And silent worked the crew,
While the air still denser grew.

Then appeared the yellow gloom,
And the breeze, the chill, the hush,
Then the lightning pierced the clouds,
And the wind began to rush,
Loud and louder roll'd the thunder,
While the sky was rent asunder,
And the rain began to pour
Harder, quicker, more and more.

Still the vessel kept its course,
Still onward, onward sped,
And the sails were stretched their utmost
On the tall masts overhead.
Quick and quicker, fast and faster,
Till at last, O fell disaster!
See, the ship has struck a rock,
And is sinking with the shock!

Naught to save the wretched crew,
Miles too far from friendly bank,
Crying, howling, screaming, yelling,
Cursing, shrieking, down they sank
Ceased the storm its noisy riot,
And a voice from out the quiet
Spake in solemn, awful tone,
"Time and tide they wait for none
—BY W. F. CHISHOLM.

Select Family Reading.

A Prejudice Removed.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS

"Do take this chair," said a young lady rising from the only rocker which the steamer Sticklebat afforded. "I'm quite rested and want to walk about."

The old lady to whom she spoke looked at her curiously.

"Well, if you are rested," said she, "it's real pretty of you to offer it, anyway, real pretty. And I am tired. 'Tisn't so much tired either, I've got something on my mind."

She took the chair, and the girl walked away. However, the old lady somehow impressed herself on her mind. What there was in her face that reminded her of some one she knew, she could not say, but it existed. Shortly she returned to the cabin with a glass in her hand, and offered it to the old lady.

"Why, thank you, but what is it, dear? said the occupant of the rocker, looking up.

"It's only lemonade," said the girl. "I always have lemons with me when I travel lemons and a little sugar and a glass; and ice-water is usually to be got."

"Thank you. I never saw anybody with such pretty manners," said the old lady, taking the glass. She sipped the lemonade with a little gesture of appreciation. "Mixed so good, too; neither too sour nor too sweet, nor anything. Most folks' lemonade isn't worth tasting."

"I am glad you like it," said the girl. She sat down at the old lady's feet, on a little hassock, as she spoke, and began to pick away some little seeds that clung to the flounce of the black cashmere dress.

"Beggars' Harvest they call this where I come from," said she.

"Yes," said the old lady. "There's lots of it in our lane. Usually I hold up my skirt, but for once I never thought about it no more than if I'd been a savage. I've got trouble, I can tell you. I've got to break up my home and go and board with my sister d'rectly as family. I shan't like it, but it is better than my other alternative. Oh, dear, what a world this is!" And the old lady groped wildly over the length and breadth of her skirt for something.

"Your pocket must be under the drapery behind here, said the girl.

"So it is," said the old lady. "I forgot. Miss Miching told me always to look for it there, but it does seem so unnatural a place. Get it out, dear."

And the girl, who knew the pocket handkerchief was the object for which search was being made, produced the article in question forthwith.

"I never saw such a nice girl," said the old lady. "I wish I had a daughter like you. I do, indeed. I had two sons." She paused. "I oughtn't to say 'had,'" continued she. "They're living and good young men, both of 'em.

"But your daughter is your daughter all your life.

And your son is your son till he gets a wife.

"That's a verse my ma used to quote and now I'm quoting it, to my sorrow."

"A woman who does not behave well to her husband's mother cannot be" began the the girl, but checked herself.

"Anne Selina, that William married is real good, too," said the old lady. "She asks me to tea and sends over everything she has that's nice but it's not the same. He's hers, not mine, now. But I wouldn't mind William, it's Jack that grieves me. Jack was my youngest. The apple of my eye, and he's been to college and going to be a dominie right where I live, and I calculated to be happy, and felt so proud to think he had a call to Tinkertown, and now he has written to say that he is going to bring a wife with him. I'm going away. I'm going to sister Prudence's."

Here the old lady applied her handkerchief to her eyes in earnest. And it was all so lovely, and my old parlor carpet fitted the parsonage dining room and we were going to get a new one for the parlor, and the congregation all congratulated me. Oh, it is dreadful, it is dreadful!"

"But why not stay and see if you don't like the new wife," said the young lady.

"I never shall," said the old one. "Never. She's a vulgar, low-down, ignorant, ugly servant girl."

The young lady only made a little motion with her head and listened.

"She was hired help where the college is in that town," said the old lady. "He says she is perfect and lovely and good; but I know the sort she is. A great red-faced thing, with a turned up nose and impudent eyes, and teeth that stick out and red hair and laced up so she can't breathe. Why, I wouldn't have one of them in my kitchen; and she'll ride over my head. No, best think of my Jack as dead to me, and never see him any more than stay to quarrel.

"It is very hard for you," said the young lady. "If I were in that girl's place, I think I would say to your son, 'I will go back to service; I will not break your mother's heart.'"

"But if she would, why there's Jack," said the old lady. "When a man is set on a girl, he's wretched if he don't get her—and I don't care how soon I go to heaven now. My work is done."

She bemoaned herself again and the girl left her once more and paced the deck a long while. This time she seemed to have a cause of her own for trouble, but the sea breeze blew it away if it were really so, or perhaps she carried her grief, whatever it may be, to God, in one of these wordless prayers, which all who believe in Him must utter at times.

Later, she returned to the old lady. The boat was fast nearing the dock, and the old lady was getting her bundles together.

"I stop at Tinker's farm," said she. "I wish you were going to live near me. I'd like to have you call. I suppose you've had quite enough of a gabbling old woman that couldn't keep her trouble to herself, but you've done me good. Where do you land?"

"Here," said the young lady. "I'll help you with your parcels. I'm to go to the hotel, Mrs. Spicer's."

"Yes, I know her. She's old Captain Spicer's widow," said the old lady; "but now, dear, can't you just take tea with me? I'm all alone, and afterward Tom shall drive you to the hotel. There's my light waggon and the man Tom, now."

The girl looked at her with a curious little smile. "Well," said she, "I shall be glad to go, but you know I'm a perfect stranger. I might be a servant girl for all you know."

"If ever there was a lady with pretty manners, you're one," said the old lady. "I know nice folks when I see 'em. I'm Mrs. Decker, Aunt Hannah Decker, folks call me sometimes, and Jack he is going to be dominie down to the church with the white steeple. We're proper nice folks for for any one to visit, only I'm too talkative as you know."

"People usually call me Sara," said the girl. "Will you?"

"Why yes, dear," said the old lady, "come in and take your things off."

"Yes," replied the girl, "I will come in, for I want to tell you something. You have your troubles, I have mine, and you look so much like some one I love dearly that I feel as if you would be able to help me."

"Why, if I can, dear knows, I will," said the old lady. "Come up into my bedroom. The help can get tea, and nobody can hear you there."

The two women went upstairs together after this. The neat old fashioned room was odorous of rose leaves and lavender, and the big chintz armchairs invited the weary to repose upon their cushions.

Divested of their hats and wraps, Mrs. Decker and Sara took possession of them, and Sara began, without preface

"This looks like my mother's room—like her room in my old home. How often have I curled myself up in just such a chair while she told me stories, sewing all the while at some pretty garment intended for my wear. My father came home at dinner time. Afterward, if possible, we took a walk or went to some concert, or my mother read some interesting book aloud. But sometimes we were alone all night, for my father was a village doctor, and his practice extended over miles of country. We were, however, always happy, though we could not have been very well off. I remember so well the day on which my little baby sister was born. She was a beautiful little creature, and I loved her dearly; but my mother was never quite as strong afterwards. I knew my father was anxious about her. I was twelve years old and old enough to know this by his expression and by the questions he asked; but I believe my mother would have recovered in time but for the terrible blow that befell us in the course of three years. Yellow fever broke out upon a vessel in our harbor. The captain, a friend of ours, was taken ill. My father attended him. Alas! it was at the cost of his own precious life. One day he sent us word that he would not be able to return that night. Two days passed, then they brought us the terrible news that he was dead! He had sent this message to my mother:

"We will meet in heaven, darling."

"All she answered was

"God help us!" and I think it will be soon."

"That day she took to her bed and sank rapidly. We were soon orphans and alone in the world. I was fifteen; and my little sister was not quite three years old. The house was only a hired one. The sale of the furniture brought very little money. I was not old enough to know what to do, and I heard our neighbors wondering what would become of us. Had I been older and my education finished I might, indeed, have taught in a school or gone out as a governess, but I was a mere girl. And there was little Lily. We boarded with a woman who had washed for us, until the last dollar had been changed into quarters, and on that day one of Mrs. Sullivan's customers stopped in her carriage to enquire if she knew of anyone who desired a place as waitress. I heard, and taking my courage in both hands, offered myself. The lady's answer was

"I will try you on Mrs. Sullivan's recommendation."

"Her air was haughty, her manner cold, but I felt that I must insure my little sister a home. I went to the house. It was one occupied by a family who knew nothing of the village. I made no explanations. I never said, "I have seen better days." I set the tables, dusted and swept. Very soon the lady found I was handy."

"I should think so," cried Mrs. Decker.

"And I tried," said Sara, "to put down my pride. After all housework is no shame." I said, "and I do this for the sake of little Lily."

"And you were noble," said Mrs. Decker. "I'm proud of you. Why I never heard of anyone I felt to be more proper good, and I hope Lily is grateful."

"Lily is at a plain boarding school, now," said Sara. "I am twenty years old and I am still in the same place; but a great trouble has come upon me. I engaged to a young man whom I love dearly."

"That isn't trouble," cried the old lady. "Is it, dear?"

"Ah, yes, it has turned to trouble," replied Sara. "His mother has written to him. She is very angry because I have been a servant. She is ashamed. She has quarreled with him."

"The nasty, disagreeable old thing, and you so nice," said the old lady. "A perfect lady, looks and manners and all, and so noble."

"I have only done what I could," said Sara. "But I have tried to keep the manners and habits of a refined woman. I have read and improved my mind when I was able, and I will never marry my betrothed husband unless his mother approves."

"If she can see you and not approve, she must be made of something besides flesh and blood," said Mrs. Decker.

"She did not know me when she wrote to him that she would not live under the same roof with a servant girl," said Sara.

"Eh?" cried Mrs. Decker, flushing to her ears. "Did she write that?"

"Yes. So he sent me—my Jack sent me to see—"

"What a wicken old creature I have been! Why, you are the dearest girl I ever knew!"

"And Jack may marry me?" asked Sara, laughing and crying together. "You—will let us be happy?"

The old lady took the girl in her arms and kissed her, and so Jack, arriving at this opportune moment found them, to his great content.

And, of course, the story ended with a wedding, as love stories should.

MERE SPARKS.

Whenever you are tempted to think of yourself more highly than you ought to think, look up into the face of the Infinite God, and get the true measure of your own littleness.

That is a queer moral process by which some men persuade themselves that the meanness of others is a warrant and justification of their own evil conduct.

To keep back the sharp word which you are tempted to speak may require more grace than to face a great danger or resist a terrific temptation.

When you find yourself inclined to think ill of everybody else, you would do well to make a close examination of your own moral state.

Fill your mind and heart with choice passages from the Word of God, and there will be no room left for evil thoughts.

Every sin that you commit creates a fresh difficulty to be overcome in prosecution of your religious life.

One of the best ways to cure an old feud is to quit talking about it, and to quit listening when others talk.

To play the hero in a great emergency is easier than to be a true man on the dead level of everyday life.

To begin any day without prayer is to leave yourself exposed to the assaults of the devil.

The hardest of all hard tasks is to be tolerant of intolerant people.

When troubles come upon you, draw humbly close to Almighty God.

A middling good man is no better than a middling good egg.

JUDGE DUDLEY'S CHARGE.

Daniel Webster used sometimes to read the conclusion of a charge by Judge Dudley, a trader and farmer, a manuscript copy of which he had for many years in his desk. It was a treat to hear him read it, in pure and undefiled English, as it doubtless came from Judge Dudley's lips.

"You have heard, gentlemen of the jury, what has been said in this case by the lawyers, the rascals! But, no. I will not abuse them. It is their business to make a good cause for their clients, but they are paid for it, and they have done in this case well enough. But you and I, gentlemen, have something else to consider. They talk of law. Why, gentlemen, it is not law that we want, but justice. They would govern us by the common law of England. Trust me, gentlemen, common sense is a much safer guard for us than the common sense of Raymond, Epping, Exeter and the other towns which have sent us here to try this case between two of our neighbors. A clear head and an honest heart are worth more than all the law of all the lawyers. There was one good thing said at the bar. It was from one Shakespeare, an English player, I believe. No matter. It is good enough to be in the Bible. It is this "Be just and fear not." It is our business to do justice between the parties, not by any quirks of the law out of Coke or Blackstone, books that I have never read and never will, but by common sense and by common honesty, as between man and man. That is our business, and the curse of God is upon us if we neglect or evade or turn aside from it. And now, Mr Sheriff, take out the jury, and you, Mr Foreman, do not keep us waiting with idle talk, of which there has been too much already, about matters which have nothing to do with the merits of the case. Give us an honest verdict, of which, as plain, common sense men, you need not be ashamed."

WOULDN'T USE FALSE KEYS.

The notion that alcohol may do good because for an instant it "seems" to do good, was well answered by a physician's response to a man who was too much given to the pleasures of the table. The man had said to the doctor:

"What do you think of the influence of alcohol on the digestion, doctor?"

"I think its influence is bad," said the physician.

"But a little whiskey taken just before a meal is the only key that will open my appetite, doctor."

"I don't believe in opening things with false keys," answered the doctor.

This response was particularly applicable, for a falsely stimulated appetite is a sure prelude to indigestion. One very hopeful feature of temperance reform is in the fact that thirty nine out of the forty five States have made scientific temperance education mandatory in the public schools.—*New York Examiner.*

A LAST EXPEDIENT.

When Grant received Lee when he came to Appomattox to surrender he was dressed in a private's faded blouse. Smoke and rain had corroded his major-general's shoulder strap to a dingy brown. He wore no sword. Lee was all in gray in a beautiful new uniform which he had just received from Richmond. It was not like Lee, but his old uniform, worn from Gettysburg to the Wilderness had dropped in tatters and he had to put the new uniform on.

When I asked General Gordon, Lee's chief-of staff, how the remnant of the rebel army looked he said:

"They were hatless and shoeless. Their patriotic services had been given as free as the gospel—without money and without price. Even our battle flags were tattered and torn into shreds. We knew the end had come, but we were so poor that we could not find in the army a piece of white cloth big enough for a flag of truce."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"Why, I was positively bewildered. There was Sheridan waiting for our flag of truce and Major Hunter of my staff ready to carry it."

"Well, major," I said, let the white flag go forward."

"But general, said Major Hunter, we have no white flag."

"Well, get one somewhere. Sheridan is waiting for it."

"But I've been looking for white cloth enough to make a flag of all the morning and it isn't in the army," pleaded Hunter.

"Then take your handkerchief, and put it on a stick, and go forward," I said.

"I have no handkerchief, general," said Hunter.

"Then borrow one, and go forward with it."

"General, said Hunter, the tears almost coming to his eyes, "there isn't a handkerchief in the whole staff."

"Then Major, use your shirt, I said.

"You see, general," said Hunter, "that we all have on soiled flannel shirts."

"How did you finally manage it?" I asked.

"Well," said the general, laughing, "at last we found a man who had a white shirt. We tore off the back and tail and rigged that peaceful emblem to a hemlock stick, and Major Hunter carried it sorrowfully toward the Yankee lines."

"That simple soldier's shirt on a hemlock stick, general" I said, "brought more joy and glory and gratitude to the saved republic than all the gilded emblems and bespangled banners of heraldry and kings since the world began:—ELI PERKINS.

HALF-PRICE.

It is very difficult even for a dealer in cheap clothing to get the better of Pat, as the following story told by a London journal, well illustrates.

Pat was a witty Irishman, who had just arrived in London from the Emerald Isle. He was aimlessly wandering about the town, when he perceived a suit of clothes at a shop door inscribed: "This superior suit for half price." So in Pat walked and inquired the price.

"Just sixteen shillings sir," replied the shopman.

"Begorra, that's chaps enough!" said Pat. "I'll take it."

When the parcel was tied up he put it under his arm, and laying eight shillings on the counter, was going out at the door, when the shopkeeper intercepted him, and demanded another eight shillings.

"Didn't you say, you spalpeen, that the price of the suit was sixteen shillings, and sure haven't I given you the half of it? And by this and by that, I won't give up my bargain!"

A scuffle then ensued, and Pat was taken to the police court, where he pleaded his cause so ably that the magistrate dismissed the complaint, and advised the tailor never again to ticket his goods with "Half-price!"—*Harper's Round Table.*

PEPPERED WITH ADJECTIVES.

"I notice, my dear," said Uncle Allen Sparks, to one of his nieces, "that when you have a toothache it's the worst you ever had. The young man who was here last night was the ugliest fellow you ever saw. According to your statement a little while ago it took you forever and a day to learn how to make a sponge cake. The house, you say, is full of flies. You have just declared that the room is as hot as an oven, you have the dreadfulest headache you ever had in your life, and the boy across the road is making the fearfulest racket a boy ever made. Don't you see, my child, this sort of thing won't do? Some time in your life you will really have an experience requiring the superlative degree to describe it, and you won't be able to convey any idea of it. You will have used up all the adjectives. That is all. You can go to thumping the piano again."—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE BEST HE COULD DO

The *Telegraph Age* tells how a telegraph editor in a Boston newspaper office wrote a note of remonstrance to the typewriter operator, because the latter in his copy had entirely omitted the letters "f" and "k" where they should have appeared. The operator replied to this note as follows:

"Mr Editor Mistakes are liable to happen in the best of regulated phamilies, and to typewriters as well. It is, indeed, a very unphortunate aphair, but the "eph" and "osy" phell out and are lost. This morning I called at the office of the gentleman phrom whom I rent this outphit, but phailed to phind him in, in phact the "ophice cid" says he will not return phor phour or phive days. I do not hope the loss of this variety of spelling myselph but will get the specials aphix a phasion. I myselph consider this no joque, but a serious aphair. Phaithphully yours,

J. LOCK."

SELECTIONS

It is a noteworthy and significant fact that two writers on vegetarianism, its cause and its cure, in two different magazines of recent date, should agree in putting strong drink as first among the causes, and the suppression of it as the first step in the purgative process. The articles referred to are those of Professor McCook in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and Mr. Josiah Flynt in the *Century*. Both of these men have made a special study of tramp life, and the conclusions arrived at are the result of thorough investigation.—*Christian Work.*

Nervous women will find relief in Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it enriches the blood and thus strengthens the nerves.

THE BEST OF MEDIUMS.

You may talk about your posters and your ads upon the fences,
But they ain't the kind of mediums that appeal to common sense.
You may talk about your dodgers and your circulars and such
But I calculate they don't assist an advertiser much:
And especially in winter, when the snow is on the ground,
I wonder where your posters and your dodgers can be found?
But within the cozy homestead when the parlor stoves a-glow,
The newspaper is read aloud to everyone we know.
The farmer sees the patent I sign upon the barn and grains,
Two dollars yearly for the space he usually wins,
And there his interest in the ad begins and there it ends,
And the same is true of nearly all his neighbors and friends,
But they read the local paper every day or every week,
And in its welcome columns all their information seek,
And you may be quite certain that the ads therein displayed
Are sure to read with interest and are sure to make some trade.
It stands to reason anyhow, that what a fellow buys,
He's going to read and get his money's worth, if he is wise.
The father, mother, uncle, aunt, the daughter and the son,
Are going to read the newspaper, and so is every one,
So it also stands to reason that a local merchant's ad
Will there attract attention to it either good or bad
And the newspaper as medium leads all other kinds with ease,
For that is where the multitude the advertisement sees.

Printer's Ink.

OUR ADVANCING PHYSICIAN.

Great are the achievements of contemporary science in the department of therapeutics. No one who has undertaken to raise a family can fail, or at least should fail, to be thankful for anti toxine. It has really annihilated the worst terrors of diphtheria, and grateful voices rejoice in it whenever it has been used. Its success revives hope that the wise men will presently learn to deal effectually with the bacilli of consumption, and of cancer, too, if it should turn out, as bright to be suspected, that cancer is a communicable disease.

Every great medical discovery seems to tend to run itself somewhat out of breath at the start. After the operation for appendicitis was invented it was thought that skilful surgeons who knew how to do it were somewhat too willing to perform it, and slit open a good many people who would have got on better unopened. One hears now that as the novelty of the operation has worn off, and the doctors have grown more used to it, it is used with a riper discrimination than at first, and has grown surer and safer and a little less frequent.

Just now the medical novelty seems to be the pursuit of the microbe. It is carried on with an ardor that sometimes makes both laymen and doctors smile. One hears such stories as that of a man who went to his physician with a slight sore throat, left a little of the lining of it to be examined, got a gargle and went home. That night he went to the theatre, but was called out in the middle of the performance and told that the membrane from his throat had diphtheritic microbes in it, and that he must go home, which he did, but all the folks with sore throats in the audience who happened not to have seen a physician stand the show out.

We laugh at the multiplication of precautions, and think our medical masters aspire for us to an impracticable degree of security. But we don't laugh very hard, and we do as we are told, confident that after all that is known has has been done for our protection there will still be a great plenty of chances for us to take.—*Harper's Weekly.*

FROM A RELIABLE EYE WITNESS

A small tent blossomed on the village green the other day, and upon a flapping canvas blazed forth the words

THE MUSEUM OF ...

Moreover, there was a freehand representation of a marvelous monster done in yellow paint—no doubt the identical calf in question.

I saw old Uncle Abel Dudley coming out of the tent, and when he crossed the street I said,

"Has it really a human head, Uncle Abel?"

The old man stood a flat side for other hand

"Human head be jiggered!" he snorted in a tone of intense disgust. "Didn't no more a human head than mine is."—*New York Recorder.*

WHAT HOT WATER WILL DO

According to a prominent New York physician, it

Will cure dyspepsia if taken before breakfast.

Ward off chills, when one comes in from the cold.

Stop a cold if taken early in the stage.

Relieve a nervous headache.

Give instant relief to tired and inflamed eyes.

Prove efficacious for sprains and bruises.

Frequently stop the flow of blood from a wound.

It is a sovereign remedy for sleeplessness.

Cause wrinkles to flee and backaches to vanish.

"Oh, boy, I'll give you a dollar to catch my canary bird." "How's just caught, ma'am." "Where where is the precious pet?" "Black cat up the road has got 'im."

CONTINUOUS SUFFERING UNNECESSARY

One or Two Doses of South American Kidney Cure will Give Relief in the Most Distressing Cases of Kidney Trouble.

It is a fallacy to argue one's self into the belief that suffering when it comes upon us must be patiently endured. Usually suffering can be removed, if one knows of the means and way. Much trouble is borne by those who are troubled with kidney disease. The distress at times is keen. But in South American Kidney Cure, medicine that is a kidney specific and nothing more though nothing less, there is a speedy remedy is to be found. Relief comes in less than six hours. Sold by all druggists.