The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXI.---NO. 25. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1895. PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

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

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
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.
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:—1296 Queen St., Parkdale.
Victoria Chambers, 51 Victoria St
Telephone 937. 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.

T. G. MATHESON, & J. B. McLEOD.
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS
Georgetown and Milton.
Money to loan at lowest rates.

JOHN DAY,
ARCHITECT,
GUELPH, ONT.
OFFICE:—Wyndham Street.

HENRY GRIST.
OTTAWA, CANADA.
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

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.

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.

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 726, or telephone 66, 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 "Fonthill 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. Assistive ushers at the door.
Epworth League of Christian Endeavor
Miss Maggie H. Matthews, President
Meets every Tuesday evening. All Young People invited.

We Have the Best Stock.
Not a Store in town can touch us in
LOW PRICES.
—AT—
DAY'S.
Dolls, Toys, Games, Children's Books, Bibles, etc. Neck Tie Boxes, Leather Goods, Pocket Books, Purse Cases, Japanese Goods, Fancy China, Toilet Goods, Smokers' Sets, Iron Toys, Glove Boxes, Dressing Cases, Building Blocks.
One thousand and one other things for Xmas presents.
Cards, Calendars, Booklets.
Full up of nice New Goods, and our low prices win right along.
DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
GUELPH.
Day Sells Cheap.

...Guelph...
WATERS BROS.' XMAS CARDS
WATERS BROS.' BOOKLETS
WATERS BROS.' PICTURES
WATERS BROS.' FRAMES
WATERS BROS.' GLASS GOODS
WATERS BROS.' CHINA "
WATERS BROS.' LEATHER "
WATERS BROS.' PLUSH "
WATERS BROS.' BRASS "
WATERS BROS.' BRONZE "
WATERS BROS.' CELULOID "
WATERS BROS.' BAMBOO "
WATERS BROS.' JAPANESE "
WATERS BROS.' 3 STORY STORE
St. George's Square.

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 single to be sold at prices never before known in Ontario
Call and inspect.
J. H. HAMILTON

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

EVERTON MILLS.
EVERTON, ONT.
Wheat grists of 10 bushels or over ground at Everton Mills on Miller process for 10 cents per bushel.
FLOUR, BRAN, SHORTS, CHOP FEED, ETC.
Chopping every day at 5 cents per bag
Cash for Wheat.
HENRY HORTOP.

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA.
Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid-up 700,000
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.

CHRISTMAS
Is just around the corner.
We won't have another chance to speak to you about present buying.
The best thing you can do is to come in and see us. Let us show you around. Probably we will be able to help you with a few suggestions.
Please remember you are under no obligation to buy.
We Wish you a Very HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

BOND & CO.
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

Handsome Panels
GIVEN FREE
With Shoes bought during
XMAS WEEK
—AT—
The LEADING SHOE STORE
Guelph.
Fancy Slippers, Moccasins, Rubbers and Overshoes.

LOWEST PRICES.
All suitable for Xmas Boxes.
W. McLaren & Co.
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

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 the trains between 9 a.m. and 8 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order
The waste 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 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 a hand.
Telephone communication.

Poetry.

WHEN THE WIFE HAS GONE AWAY.

When the wife has gone away, they tell me that I seem
Like some one that's a walkin' an' a talkin' in a dream;
I move so quiet roun' the house, an' speak so soft an' low
Or sit there by the winder, where her sweet geraniums grow
Or take the willer rocker by the old time fireplace
An' stare about the mantle where I see her pictur'd face;
For hours and hours together! I'm "strange," the neighbors say,
An' they don't know how to take me when the wife is gone away!

The mockin'-bird keeps singin' in old mulberry tree,
An' from the little garden all the roses nod to me;
The mornin' sky is jest as bright, ain't anything to blame
It's jest my heart ain't beatin' right, jest me that ain't the same!

You see, when folks has lived so long together through the years
That sometimes brought them gladness, and sometimes sighs an' tears,
They kinder feel like they was one, and hard it is to part;
An' they time each other's absence by the beatin' o' the heart.

An' so, I'm always lonesome when the wife is gone away;
It seems jest like it's winter roun' the roses o' the May;
An' there ain't no joy in livin' an' there ain't no peace or rest,
'Till once more we are united, an' I fold her to my breast!

—FRANK L. STANTON.

Select Family Reading.

"Fifty Cents a Ticket."

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

She was spreading towels and table-cloths on the crisp, short grass to bleach, when he saw her first—a slim, Diana like young creature, with large, limpid eyes, a brown skin not entirely innocent of freckles and a mass of jetty, shining hair, which had broken loose from its coarse horn comb and fell in ink black ripples down her back. There was a little brook twining its transparent sparkles around the gnarled roots of an ancient tree, and a background of black green laurel, which, with the sun bathed meadow in front, made a sort of rustic picture that struck Paul Gessner's artistic fancy as he crossed the wooden bridge.

"I should like to sketch her," he thought to himself. "I wonder, now, what she would say to it?"

But before he could get his pencil and null boards out the young Diana had poised her empty basket lightly on her head and was gone.

"I'm sorry for that," soberly pondered Gessner. "She had a brilliant Charlotte Corday sort of a face that would have stood the test of perpetuation on paper!"

And then Mr. Gessner went into the inn and set himself at work to elaborate the notes of his lecture on "The Literature of Queen Anne's Time" which was to be delivered the next evening at the village hall.

There were plenty of people at the inn. Brookbridge was a wild, sylvan sort of place, which attracted people in the summer season. Every farm house and cottage in the vicinity was crowded, and a "Lecture" was something to stir the quiet stagnation of their every-day life. Moreover Paul Gessner had a reputation for scholarly polish and graceful wit which had reached even to Brookbridge. In our New England villages, the cooks are often sympathetic, and the hired men critics, and everybody was talking of the Lecture.

Can't I go?" said Natty Purple. "Oh, I wish I could go!"

The towels and table-cloths were all bleached whiter than snow, between the daisied grass and the July sunshine, and Natty was sprinkling and folding them now, with quick, deft fingers, in an obscure corner of the kitchen.

"You go, indeed!" said Miss Carrie Pelham, who condescended to wait at table during the crowded season. "You've too much to do in the kitchen, and besides, the tickets are fifty cents each!"

Natty Purple sighed dolorously.

"Fifty cents!" she repeated. "Oh then of course it's out of the question!"

For Natty's slender wages were all of them expended in the support of a good-for nothing old grandaire who, when he was not drinking a great deal too much whiskey, was suffering unheard-of agonies with the rheumatism. She never wore anything but calico, and drudged away in the mean kitchen like a modern Cinderella, without any of the modern *eclat* which, in ancient story, appertained to that young person.

But, later in the evening, the head stable man looked into the kitchen where Cinderella was darning a well worn table napkin, and Mrs. Podham was preparing brook trout for a breakfast for the morrow's early travellers.

"Where's Jim?" said the head stable man.

"Gone out," said Mrs. Podham, curtly.

"I want some one to row one of the boarders out on the lake," said the stable-man. "He's a picter painter, I guess. He wants moonlight effects, he says" (with a chuckle) "I'd a deal rather hev feather pillow effects, myself. Then where is Dick?"

"Dick's never on hand when he's wanted," Mrs. Podham replied. "I haven't seen him since supper."

"Then he'll lose a fifty cent job," said the stableman. "Well, I suppose I can hunt up someone, somewhere."

"Fifty cents!" cried Natty Purple, springing to her feet. "I'll go, Thomas! I'm handy with the oars, and I'm just perishing for a breath of cool air from the water."

"Them napkins isn't mended," croaked Mrs Podham, discouragingly.

"I'll finish 'em when I come back," said Natty, coaxing. "Do let me go, just this once!"

So that when Mr Gessner came out to the edge of the lake with his picturesque Spanish cloak thrown across one shoulder, and his sketching apparatus under his arm, Natty Purple sat in the boat ready to row him whither he would go.

"Hallo!" said Paul. "Why, you're a girl!"

"Yes, I'm a girl," apologetically confessed Natty. "But I'm a good hand to row, and I know all about the lake. I can take you straight to Echo Cove, where the waterlilies grow thickest, and past the Old Indian Rock, and—"

"Agreed," said Paul, good-humoredly. "But was there no man about the place to undertake this disagreeable job?"

"Oh, it isn't disagreeable," said Natty, earnestly. "I like to row. And, besides, I do so much want to earn fifty cents!"

"Do you?" said Paul, as the little boat, propelled by Natty's skillful strokes, vanished into the deep shadow of the overhanging birches that fringed the lovely lidos. "May I venture to ask why?"

"Oh, yes," said Natty. "It's no secret. I want to go to the lecture to-morrow night."

Paul Gessner smiled to himself in the moonlight, as he sat there like a Spanish gondolier.

"Do you suppose it will be so very interesting?" said he.

"Interesting!" echoed Natty. "Of course it will be. Haven't you heard? Mr. Gessner is to deliver a lecture on the 'Literature of Queen Anne's time.'"

"And who is Mr. Gessner?" demanded the young man.

"If you don't read the magazines, of course you can't be expected to know," said Natty Purple, with some natural impatience. "But I have read everything he writes. He's stopping at our place now they tell me."

"Is he?" said Paul. "You are the landlady's daughter, I presume?"

"No, I am not," acknowledged honest Natty. "I help in the kitchen. I am Natalie Purple."

"Well, then, to be honest with you, Miss Purple," said Paul, really feeling a sting of conscience, "I am Paul Gessner!"

Natty gave such a start that the boat careened dangerously to one side.

"You!" she cried.

"Yes, I! Now, if you will take me safe to Echo Cove, I will give you a complimentary ticket. So, there!"

"No," said Nattie, with true womanly pride, "I accept no favors, even though I am nothing but a working girl. If I am to have a ticket at all, I prefer to earn it."

Paul was silent. In truth, and to fact, he felt a little ashamed in the presence of this flute voiced, independent young beauty.

"You must have read a great deal," said he at last.

"Oh! I have," said Natty. "We are not so busy in winter, you see; and besides, all the girls lent me their newspapers and magazines. But I never expected to see a gentleman who wrote books."

"I hope he comes up to your expectation," said Paul.

"I must have time to make up my mind about that," said Natty, with all good faith.

And once again our hero found himself at a loss for something to say.

But when he came out into the moon bathed glories of the Echo Cove, where all the world was steeped in silver softness and the matted masses of waterlilies were swinging to and fro on the tides like emerald carpets, his tongue was loosened once again, and before they came back he and Natty Purple were on terms of the pleasantest acquaintanceship.

But he had not sketched half as much as he had expected.

"The light was so uncertain," he said "he could reproduce it better by the next day's memory."

Natty went to the lecture with her fifty cent piece, and listened with a grave and critical intentness, which spurred Paul Gessner on to his highest elocutionary effects.

"It was very good, she said, the next day, "very good indeed. It has given me something to think about. And, oh! dear, I have so much time for thinking!"

"Natty," said Mr. Gessner (everybody called the girl "Natty" here,) "I have been wondering why you stay here at all."

"Where else should I stay?" she questioned him, with simple directness.

"Why do you not go to Boston and teach school?" he questioned.

"Oh!" cried Natty, clapping her hands eagerly, "do you think there would be any possibility of my obtaining a situation there?"

"We must see what can be done," said Paul, reflectively.

So Grandfather Purple was left in charge of a thrifty neighbor, and stayed by himself that winter, while Natty went to Boston to try her luck in one of the grammar schools. In the spring she came back, apparently transformed into a new creature.

"I didn't want you," growled the old man. "The Widow Malley takes good enough care of me. To tell you the truth, we was married last week, and Mrs. Purple she don't want no step grandaughters around."

"Oh, grandfather! I am so glad!" cried Natalie, turning pink and white in one breath. "Because I am not coming back to stay. Mr Gessner—"

"Oh, I understand," said Grandfather Purple, chuckling hoarsely. "You're going to be married, too."

"Yes," said Natty, "I am going to be married."

Thus ended the little brookbridge idyl. Natalie was happy. So was Paul Gessner. As for Grandfather Purple and his elderly bride, let us hope that they were not very unhappy. For the roses and nightingales of life cannot be enjoyed by every one, and the spring tide of the world comes but once.

MOST EXCELLENT ADVICE.

The art of advertising is making long and powerful strides, and the man who fails to keep up with it well, the sheriff will get him if he don't watch out. Two things are certain. Spasmodic news paper advertising doesn't pay, and experimenting with all kinds and styles of newspaper advertising fails to bring the best results.

Have an unvarying style of your own, a distinctive, characteristic style. Have an exclusive border or exclusive type, if possible. Let the people learn where to look for your ads, and have some feature about them that will make people read them. Describe your goods in a brief, breezy, catchy way.

Then let others wrangle about what constitutes good advertising, while you make money. Brains.

In Time to Kiss Their Mother.

The attention of a little girl having been called to a rosebush, on whose topmost stem the oldest rose was flaring, whilst below and around it three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, she at once and artlessly exclaimed, "See, Willie, these little buds have just awakened in time to kiss their mother before she dies!"

A WARNING CRY.

One of the most terrible warnings against cigarette-smoking was given not long ago by a choir-boy in one of the Brooklyn churches, who died in great agony at St. John's Hospital. This is the story as given in the "Laws of Life":

Almost his last words were: "Let any boy who smokes cigarettes look at me now, and know how much I have suffered, and he will never put another into his mouth." He was a bright boy, an exquisite singer, and had many friends. He lived with his grandmother, and worked in a chandelier factory.

Here is his story as he told it to his nurse, Sister Cornelia: "To me he confessed that this trouble had originated from cigarette-smoking. Some days he said he smoked twenty cigarettes. At first he kept his grandmother in ignorance of his indulgence. As he continued to smoke, the appetite grew upon him with such force that he could not break it off, and it began to affect his constitution."

"Why," I asked him, "did you not stop when you saw what it was bringing you to?"

"O, I could not," he replied. "If I could not get to smoke I almost went wild. I could think of nothing else. That my grandmother might not suspect me, I would work extra hours instead of spending my regular wages for cigarettes. For months I kept up this excess, although I knew it was killing me. Then I seemed to fall to pieces all of a sudden."

His disease took the form of dropsy in the legs, and was very painful.

Sister Cornelia continues the story: "During all his sufferings, he never forgot what had brought him to this terrible condition. He kept asking me to warn all the boys against their use. A few days before he died, he called me to his bedside, and said that he thought he had not lived in vain if only those boys who are still alive would profit by his sufferings and death."

There is no other form of tobacco so dangerous as cigarettes, because the nicotine in the smoke is not absorbed in the loose tobacco, smoked clean up to the end, but is taken undiluted, into the lungs. It was not the poison in the paper, but the poison of the tobacco which killed this unfortunate, and is ruining the health of thousands of other pale-faced boys. *The Congregationalist.*

INSCRIPTION FOR A RING.

"You keep rings here, don't you?" he asked in a Woodward avenue jewelry store.

"Certainly," replied the clerk, "something for yourself?"

"No. I'm thinkin' of getting something for my girl. Got anything for about two dollars?"

"Yes, I can give you a plain ring at that price. Here is something very neat."

"I guess that would fit her all right. Kin I have suthin' engraved on to it?"

"Of course—what is it?"

"Wall, I want you to put on it. 'From Thomas J. to Helen H., who is not only the best lookin' but the smartest girl in the State of Michigan. My love will never, never grow cold, and should death overtake me, my last thought will be of you. Be good and you will be happy, and please accept this as a token of love.' That's what I want you to put on."

"Good gracious, but you can't get all that on a ring!" exclaimed the clerk.

"Must have it on or I don't want a ring!" was the firm reply.

"But the usual way is simply to engrave 'T to H' with the date after it."

"The usual way may be all right with some girls, but it won't work with mine. What she wants is sentiment—heaps of sentiment. So you can't get it on?"

"Couldn't possibly do it. You'd want a surface as large as your hand to get that on."

"Say!" exclaimed the young man, after a moment of reflection. "I have it! I'll buy her a silver belt buckle instead of a ring, and I'll have 'em put on all I said and add to it, 'You are never absent from my thoughts, and a vision of your dear face rises up before me a thousand times a day. He true! Virtue is it's own reward and your mother kin live with us after we are married. No more at present good bye!" Detroit *Free Press.*

A QUAINT MUSIC TEACHER

A Highland piper, having a scholar to teach, disdained to crack his brains with the names of semibreves, minims, crotchets and quavers. "Here, Donald," said he, "tak' yer pipes, lad, and gie us a blast. Ho, verra weel blawn, indeed; but what's a sound, Donald, without sense? You may blaw for ever without making a tune o't, if I dinna tell you how the queer things on the paper maun help you. You see that big fellow, wi' a round, open face (pointing to a semi breve between two lines of a bar), he moves slowly from that line to this, while ye beat aneath your fist and gie a long blast, if, now, ye put a leg to him ye mak' twa o' him, and he'll move twice as fast, and if ye black his face, he'll run four times faster than the fellow with the white face, but if, after blacking his face, ye'll bend his knee, or tie his leg, he'll pop eight times faster than the white faced chap I showed you first. Now, when'er you blaw your pipes, Donald, remember this: that the tighter those fellows' legs are tied, the faster they'll run, and the quicker they're sure to dance."

ENGLISH PROFITS IN AMERICAN BEER.

Those who are in a position to know say that English citizens have invested $91,000,000 in American breweries, and that last year they drew from this country as profits on their investment $6,100,000. Think of this immense sum drained in one year from this country! Then, too, remember that for all this sum the country receives in actual value not one cent. On the other hand it does receive from it a vast array of drunkenness inefficiency of capacity to labor, and earn an honest living, crime, cost of criminal prosecution, broken up homes, degradation and death! *Temperance Advocate.*

KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

"Ain't a dollar pretty high for a meal like that?" asked the tourist.

"I don't mind ownin' up that it is," said the landlord of the Cowboys' Rest, "but them meals costs me seventy-five cents apiece."

"But I happen to know that you sell a ten-meal ticket for $5."

"Yas, I know I do, but about half the fellers that buys them tickets gits killed before they have eat two meals."

IN A CANDY FACTORY.

From top to bottom the floors of the factory are covered with tiles, and I noticed that there were people engaged in all parts of the building scrubbing and washing those tiled floors. For a candy factory it was the least sticky or smeary place I ever saw. Absolute cleanliness and sweetness was the rule. There was a slight drift of sugar about, as in a mill where wheat is being ground, and your coat might get a little powdered, but there always was sweeping going on.

Chocolate making I need not describe, only to state that everything was done here by machinery, for the chocolate as produced enters for a large percentage into the bonbons manufactured.

In the sugar-plum departments hand work seemed to be constant. Tidy looking young women, all with caps on, were working away, each one with a little saucepan before her full of sugar; the sugar was in a pasty condition, the heat being derived from steam. In these saucepans were colored sugars of all the hues of the rainbow. The workwomen would take up an almond or a pistache nut, and drop it in the saucepan, then fish it out with a bit of wire fashioned in a loop form. The art was to get just the proper coating. Then with a dexterous motion of the wrist the sugar-plum would be placed in a tin pan, and with a deft motion of the wire loop a nice finish would be given to the top of it. There were some very small sugar-plums, and it would take two hundred of them to make a pound. They were all exact in form. These little things, so the foreman told me, had gone through ten processes before they had arrived at their present condition. Some of the sugar plums were made in moulds. There was pure legerdemain about these. A man took a funnel, and dropped the sugar, just at the crystallizing point, in moulds. They were very small things, not more than an inch long by half an inch wide, but the confectioner never poured a drop in the wrong place. Dear me! if I tried to do that, I should make a precious mess of it.

Here were sugar-plums of many shades, every workwomen seeming to have a specialty. It was something not alone requiring alertness of hand, but constant watchfulness as to the condition of the material used. If it had been too soft, the bonbon would have run and been out of shape. If the sugar paste had been too hard, it would have been intractable. How they managed not to burn anything was a wonder.

SHE DID HAVE THEIR MOUSE.

A summer girl came out of a city residence the other morning and noticed on the pavement two men, who acted as if they were trying to catch something. She gave them very indifferent attention, but as she stepped out of the gate she heard one of the men say, excitedly:

"There, Miss, it ran under your dress."

"Ran under my dress?" she cried, with a lively jump, "what ran under my dress?"

"Why, a little mouse," he answered. "We upset our cage of them out here and have caught all but one the one that is under your dress."

The summer girl scampered back into the house and came back shortly quite indignant.

"It is not so, she said. "Your mouse didn't get on me at all. I examined my dress thoroughly, and it was not there."

"All right," the man said. "I saw it go under your dress, we have lost a white mouse, and you have got it."

Still indignant, the summer girl walked down the street. Several squares away from home she felt a queer wiggling sensation on her person just under the clothes at the belt. She grabbed the spot and dashed into a doctor's office, which was fortunately at hand.

"Oh, please," she hurriedly exclaimed to the doctor, "won't you call your wife? I think I have a mouse on me."

Mrs. Doctor came to the rescue, and sure enough, snugly hidden in the folds of the summer girl's duffy gown, but quite dead from the hearty squeezing, was the poor little lost mouse.

NOT THAT KIND OF A RUDDER

Although a sailor can "jockey" a yard arm gracefully, he is anything but impressive in that sense on horseback. Yet one of the first things that a man o' war Jack steers for when he gets on shore with liberty money in his pocket is a livery stable, where he can mount the hurricane deck of an animal.

During the time that one of our vessels was at anchor off Newport liberty was given, and two of the seamen agreed to spend their limited amount of money on horse flesh. One of them negotiated with the liveryman, and soon appeared on the street perched in the saddle. When out of sight of the stable keeper, Jack's companion hove alongside and mounted behind his mate. In this fashion they sailed down Main Street until the square was reached where Commodore Perry's statue is placed.

"I say, Bill," cried the sailor in the saddle, "put your helm aport, and let's go up and have a look at the statue."

"All right, my boy," answered Bill. Then he reached back of him, caught the horse's tail, pulled it hard around on his left, and awaited developments. After a minute he sung out:

"Something's the matter with the steering gear, Jack; she won't mind her helm."

THE MEN THEY FEAR AND HATE

Liberty Bell, an organ of the liquor trade says: "We have every respect for a minister of the gospel who attends to his own business. Many of these we believe are sincere in their belief. It is their duty to preach, and so long as they preach salvation we don't care, but whenever they go howling about the liquor traffic and gambling and horse racing, and about saloons being the curse of the country, and even condemn dancing and such like innocent amusements, it's time for a halt to be called on them. But there are a class of preachers—and we are sorry to say their number is increasing—who are not content to stop at this, but have the audacity to declare from the pulpit that no man can consistently serve the Lord and vote with any political party that does not in its platform condemn our business, these are the men we fear and hate."

Rheumatism is caused by lactic acid in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla neutralizes this acid and cures rheumatism.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC MUST BE ANNIHILATED.

There's many a mother and sister and wife,
Heart broken and bur dened and weary of life,
Who weep for their loved ones, sigh over their fall,
Such wailings and anguish God pity them all.
A child has been seeking from morning till noon,
Who's that they have pushed out of yonder saloon?
All covered with blood, and with eyes staring wild
It is my father, my father! God pity the child.
No one had a husband, I confess I say,
More noble than mine, ere the drifted sand,
I sit in sackcloth, oh! friend of my life,
Through drink he has fallen God pity the wife.
Of earthly dependence my life is bereft
Oh! spare me my darling, for all I have left.
Alas! he is ruined, my last earthly joy
God pity the widow! God pity the boy!
I hear the sad wailings of those stricken ones
I hear the doom spoken to widows and wives
"The business is legal you have no redress"
He laughs at their anguish and mocks their distress.

SMITH'S CAKE.

"Madam, you don't know how to make cake!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, throwing a lump of half-cooked dough across the room at a cat. "You never knew how to make cake. I'd rather eat wet sawdust. You ought to have seen the cake my mother made—that was cake!"

"Your mother again always your mother!" retorted Mrs Smith. "Pity she didn't teach you something!"

"What do you mean, madam? I'll warrant I'll make better cake myself than you any day."

"Why don't you try? You'd find every thing in the kitchen."

"Well, I can."

"Well, why don't you? You are all talk!"

Smith found himself cornered and felt very uncomfortable, as he had either to surrender unconditionally or to make good his boast. He hadn't never made a cake in his life, had no idea how cakes were compounded, but thought he knew what was in them.

"I'll make the cake," he said.

"Well, come into the kitchen and make it," proposed his wife.

"What, now?"

"Yes, now. I'll get the things for you."

Smith took off his coat, his collar and necktie and rolled up his shirt sleeves. They walked to the kitchen together, and Smith said:

"What shall I mix it up in?"

"Oh, you're doing it!" Mrs. Smith replied.

"Ah, this will do," he said taking up a bowl. "Now bring me some water, now some raisins and currants, sugar and ginger, and allspice. There that will do." He put them all into a bowl and mixed them with a spoon. "They don't seem to stick together," he said. "Looks more like a thick soup than anything else. Fancy I've got too much water." Smith drained off some of the water, and was about to put the cake into a pan, when his wife said:

"Didn't your mother use flour?"

"Oh, yes, yes—ah, yes flour, of course." Then he mixed in flour until it was so stiff that he could hardly knead it. "Now," said he, "I'll take this cake round to the baker's and have it baked properly." He started off, and, when he reached the baker's, he said:

"Will you just throw this stuff away, and put in its place one of your best plum cakes."

That night at supper Mrs. Smith had her mother and sister with her. She had told them of the cake, and they were expecting great fun at Smith's expense. The cake did not come until supper time. Smith took it from the boy and said:

"This is my cake something like a cake!" He carried in the cake and placed it on the table.

"Here's a note in the paper," said Mrs. Smith, "I'll read it."

Dear Sir, I am sorry we are all out of plum cake, so I send you a pound cake instead. Yours obediently, S. Brown, Baker.

PAPYRUS AND PAPER.

There is no evidence that papyrus was grown for commercial purposes outside of Egypt during the whole Roman period and the industry of its growth and manufacture must have been a large and profitable one. In the time of Tiberius a sedition was nearly caused by a scarcity of paper and a rebellious paper-maker, in the days of Aurelian, boasted that he could equip an army from the profits of his business and did it, too.

Parchment was invented by the Greeks when papyrus was scarce, and the middle ages re-invented it. There is evidence that linen rags were used in papermaking as early as the eighth and ninth centuries. In paper of that period the fibre was chiefly linen, with traces of cotton, hemp and other fibres. The known specimens are of oriental origin, and appear to have been glazed, like modern papers, the material used being a starch paste manufactured from wheat. The oldest manuscript written on cotton paper in England is in the British museum, and dates from 1019 A. D., and the oldest on the same material in the Paris National Library is dated 1050. In 1085 the Christian successors of the Spanish Saracens made paper of rags instead of raw cotton which had been formerly employed. *Pa Pa Your Record.*

WOULDN'T HAVE IT

And you think, she murmured, that we could be happy on your present income?

Yes, replied the young man. I am sure of it.

"And you will not ask papa for any?

"No. Your father and I played poker last night. I likes his changes his class of the game I won't have to ask him for money. Washington Star.

The knowledge we have acquired ought not to resemble a great shop without order, and without an inventory; we ought to know what we possess, and be able to make it serve us in our need. Leibnitz.

Another Hamilton Citizen Cured of Rheumatism in Three Days.

Mr. J. McFarlane, 276 Wellington St., Hamilton: "For many weeks I have suffered intense pain from rheumatism, was so bad 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 I ever saw." Sold by J. V. Kannawin.