The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXI.—NO. 38. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1896. 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.

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Editor and Proprietor.

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OFFICE—Main Street, third door south of Presbyterian Church, Acton.

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Victoria Chambers, 51 Victoria St. TORONTO.
Telephone 897.
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OFFICE—Corner Mill and Main Streets above Kopman's store, Acton.

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Private Office. Free Press Office, ACTON

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ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 628, or telephone 58, will be promptly attended to.
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Meets every Tuesday evening. All Young People invited.

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10,000 ROLLS, 10,000

For a Starter
Just Received . . . .

Call and be surprised. We can't give it room.

The prices are just the way you want them.

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DAY'S BOOKSTORE,
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Day Sells Cheap.

DON'T YOU WANT . . . .

Wall Paper,
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LOWEST PRICES ? ? ? ?

Go direct to
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NEAR POST OFFICE GUELPH.

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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'.
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WILLIAM WILLIAMS,
Mill St. - ACTON.

Custom work and repairing promptly attended to.

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OF BEST QUALITY.

The whole to be sold at prices never before known in Ontario.

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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.

—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 6:15 p. m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

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.
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The Traders' Bank OF CANADA.

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Capital Paid-up 700,000
Rest 85,000

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YOU MAY BE GOING . . . . . OUT WEST ?

Perhaps taking out a carload of effects. If any

HARDWARE

Is required you may get it at

A SPECIAL DISCOUNT.

If you haven't time to call write us. We'll quote you right figures. Please mention this ad.

J. M. BOND & Co.
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

OUR NEW SPRING GOODS ARE NOW IN STOCK

They're nice.
Cheaper than usual.
Call and see them.

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Merchant Tailors, GUELPH.

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Annual Stock Taking
SHOE SALE
Now going on.
Women's, Misses', and Children's Boots 20 % off.
Women's Butt Tip, $3.50 for $2.50
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Misses Fine Tipped Butt $1.35 for 95c
All flannel lined Shoes 20c. off every $
Come before Feb. 10th while we have all sizes. See our Bargain Tables
W. McLaren & Co.
The Leading Shoe Store.
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 STEAM
-LAUNDRY-
A. COOK, Proprietor.
First class work guaranteed in
Family Laundry Work
Shirts,
Collars,
Cuffs, Etc.
Work called for every Monday and Thursday and delivered every Thursday and Saturday
A. COOK.

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

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

Poetry.

THE CONTRARY BOY.

I am the queerest sort of boy the world has ever seen—
In fact, I don't suppose before my likeness ever been.
Because, from early dawning to the setting of the sun,
I always want to do the things that really can't be done.

For instance, when the summer comes, I sit down by the gate
And almost tear my hair with rage because I cannot skate.
And through the heated August nights I often lie in bed
And moan and groan because I can't go coasting on my sled.

Then when the frigid winter's here, and things begin to freeze,
I feel as though I'd like to climb up in the apple trees
And pluck the blossoms from the twigs, but blossoms none are there
When winter winds are blowing and the apple-boughs are bare.

At breakfast-time I sit me down, and often deeply sigh
Because there's toast, and buckwheat cakes instead of pumpkin-pie.
Yet, when at dinner-time we've pie, my tears come down like lakes
Because by that time I've a taste for toast and buckwheat cakes.

And I would say to other boys who think it's fun to be
Contrariwise that they would best take warning now from me,
Because I find the habit leaves me always dull and sad,
And makes of me a very drear, ill-natured sort of lad.

Harper's.

Select Family Reading.

Hawaii, the "Pearl of the Pacific"

THE SEVENTH OF A SERIES OF LETTERS BY JOHN R. MUSICK.

(Copyright, 1895, by PUSH & WAGNALS COMPANY, New York.)

Coffee is said to be the hope of the Hawaiian Islands, as it will bring emigrants of a class greatly desired. Many of the sugar plantations are of no advantage to the country save for the taxes they pay. One of the largest sugar plantations in Hawaii is owned by non residents. The manager and every white man on this plantation are citizens of California, and every laborer is a Chinese or Japanese. The plantation has its own store which all the employees patronize, so that, year by year, every dollar of the products of this plantation of twenty thousand acres is sent out of the country to the United States, to China and to Japan.

Sugar plantations, it is claimed, must be conducted by large corporations, no small cane grower has ever been found who could successfully conduct the business. But with coffee it is different. Coffee is the "poor man's crop." From five to ten acres may be cultivated by one person, and a single crop has been known to yield five hundred dollars per acre.

Coffee lands would disgust even Connecticut farmers. How it would be possible to produce anything at all from the stone and lava would puzzle anyone fully conversant with the stony lands of New England, and yet the best coffee trees are found growing out of this same rock and lava. A gentleman who has been making some scientific investigation into coffee growing, says that lava covered soil is the very best in which to plant coffee. This gentleman has a coffee plantation of forty acres, with over one thousand trees to the acre, and his trees yield two pounds to the tree. The blights and the fungus which is the result of the blight, has injured the trees to a considerable extent, and at one time threatened the destruction of the industry, but it was discovered by spraying young trees with resin water and potash, the blight could be destroyed. Then the ladybird was introduced, and has proven a destructive enemy to the blight.

There is great rivalry between the Puna and Kona districts in coffee growing. The latter is the older district, and claims to produce a superior article and more to the acre. On the other hand Puna coffee growers claim a better soil than Kona, and the work, so far as they have gone, is certainly promising. Puna district is, to a great extent, a wild, unexplored region on the great island of Hawaii, and has but two thousand inhabitants, most of whom are natives living in their aboriginal style in grass huts. The district is capable of supporting in comfort and prosperity one hundred thousand people, as it has been discovered that in these islands one acre of good land will support eight people. The Puna district is about ten miles wide and fifty long, so one can understand what an enormous population it is capable of sustaining. Puna, like most of Hawaii, is very rocky and sterile. The northern part is covered with a dense lauhala forest, and is very thinly inhabited.

This district is covered with ancient lava flows. The only flow of recent date is that of 1840, which flowed under ground for many miles, and then burst forth in the woods and went down to the sea, overwhelming a small village in its course. In the course of this flow may be found lava vases and trees made by the hot tide rushing like an avalanche down the mountain side, and striking a tree with such force as to splash the molten lava up one side sometimes to the height of a hundred feet, where it cooled and hardened, and, after the wood burned out in the centre, it left a lava tree.

There is something remarkable about the fertility of Hawaiian soil. Lava flows are soon covered with ferns, which are great fertilizers. Then follows a dense growth of forest vines and thickets forming an impenetrable jungle, so that one is compelled to cut his way through.

Deep unfathomless chasms and caverns are quite abundant in Puna. Some of these caverns extend miles underground with many branches leading off from the main entrance. It is not safe to venture into the cave without a competent guide.

Mr Wright, of the Wilder Steamship Company, has incorporated a coffee association with a paid up capital of $6,000 for the purpose of opening up the coffee country in Puna. The company has purchased three hundred acres of the best lands in Puna, to be divided into ten acre lots, and it is intended to induce industrious Americans of small means to emigrate to the islands and engage in coffee growing. It is proposed to give them one plantation in return for improving one for the company. The company itself will have one hundred acres in coffee, fifty in cocoa, ten to twenty in citron roots, and will utilize the balance of its three hundred in fine apples and guavas for jelly.

Kona, the rival of Puna, is about as barren and sterile a country at it has been my lot to see. One travels over miles and miles of blackened rocks and lava flow, called by the natives "aa." On the first day we crossed the flow of 1887. This is black, but after a travel of ten hours, the color changes. The flow is older, and trees are found growing on it. Occasionally the dead branches of monster oha trees could be seen sticking up from the lava which is piled up in a wall on either side.

For hours at a time we wended our way up hill and down, the roadbed often choked with great stones over which the tired horses could hardly step. Whenever there was a smooth bit of road, the guide uttered a shout; "Wicike, wicike!" and put the horses at a gallop. This was only for a short time, however, for there is not a strip of good road fifty yards in length in all Kona, after you have left the sugar plantations.

People in Hawaii seem to have no more idea of miles than they have of the cardinal points of the compass, and that is nil. When we were half a day's journey from a village or plantation and I asked the distance, the answer would be: "Oh, it is too far!" If the place was only two or three miles away, the answer would be: "Oh, it's not too far." White men seem to have succumbed to this custom of the natives. I asked a Norwegian the distance to Hookena, and he answered:

"Four hours."

"But how many miles?" I asked.

"I don't know," he answered. "We never reckon distance by miles, but by the hours it takes to reach a place. It may be eight, may be twelve miles, may be six but all the same it will take you four hours to make it."

At Hookena I met several coffee growers.

"You want to know something about coffee, do you?" said a man in linen ulster and broad Panama hat.

"Yes, I have come all the way to Kona to see the celebrated Kona coffee, which is said to be the best in the world."

"Let me tell yer somethin', young man," the gentleman said, advancing to me and laying his hand on my shoulder. "I have the only coffee plantation on the island." He held the air of a millionaire of vast importance, as he stood with his hands in his pockets and a look of superiority on his face.

"How large a plantation have you?" I asked.

"Well, I have four acres of bearing trees," he answered, but I am going to plant forty more."

Hookena is on the coast, and back of it is a great forest in which wild coffee trees are growing. These wild coffee trees are valuable, as they have been known to yield three pounds of coffee to the tree. Two miles and a half from Hookena by the Mauka road one enters upon the Morgan & McStocker plantation, which, though it has only forty acres in coffee, yields twenty thousand dollars worth per annum.

Though it was late in December when I rode up to the manager's house and dismounted, the day was hot as one in August in the temperate zone. Mr J. M. Davis, the owner of the plantation, was reclining on the piazza in his shirt sleeves, in a steamer chair.

"So you have come to look at my coffee, have you?" he said, starting to his feet at my approach. "Well, come in and have a cool drink. This delightful weather must be a little hard on you northerners until you get used to it. I am a New Yorker myself, but I think this the healthiest country in the world."

After a few moments rest we took a stroll through the coffee trees, and then went to the mill and looked into a great box in which several thousand pounds of coffee had been put. "By the next steamer we ship one hundred and fifty bags," said Mr. Davis.

After leaving this plantation the road for miles led through a forest of wild coffee, ferns and ohia trees. Thousands of Japanese were busy gathering coffee, and piles of bags of freshly picked berries were lying at every mile. There was coffee everywhere, until it seemed as if there was enough to supply the world. The bushes grew so dense on each side of the road that we could not see ten paces into them, but the chattering of Japanese as they picked the berries could be distinctly heard.

We passed the Claghall plantation, owned by a Scotchman, father of the crown princess who, since the revolution that overthrew monarchy, has lived in Scotland. This plantation contains seventy acres, and produces some of the finest coffee berries I have ever seen.

Passing through the famous orange orchard of Mrs Greenwell, at Kalu Kalu, where grow the finest oranges in the world, we arrived at sunset at Kailua. This town is in the heart of the coffee country, and is the shipping place for the Hawaiian Tea and Coffee Company, the McBougal, Moller, Judge Clarke, Dr. Capron, and Barlett plantations. Many of these plantations are well established, and yield thousands of pounds annually, while others are just beginning to bear. In five or six years tons will be shipped to the pounds now taken from Kailua.

The young coffee trees are planted in the stone. A crowbar or drill is used instead of a hoe, a hole made, and the young tree planted. If there is any particle of soil, it will grow. I have been told that trees thrive best where there is a surface of lava above and a rich soil beneath. The great art skill in the growing of coffee is the selection of land. If the land is suitable and the trees planted, the soil grow whether they are cultivated or not, but they yield best, of course, under cultivation.

JOHN R. MUSICK.

Camel Steak for Picures.

Parisians are to have an opportunity of tasting a dish hitherto practically unknown in this country. It is announced that some Algerian butchers have made arrangements with two Paris firms for furnishing camels' flesh to the capital. It is said that the meat is very similar to beef, though shorter and whiter like veal, and contains great nutrious qualities. Among the Arabs the hump is looked upon as a great delicacy, and scarcely tempts the swarthy epicure. But it remains to be seen whether camel steak will be as much appreciated in France as on the other side of the Mediterranean.

A BOY'S READING.

How many men can look back over their own lives and see, with a shudder, the time and energy they wasted on the "penny dreadful"! They have not yet forgotten the numbers of these wild tales they read on the sly in the unguarded hours of their youthful pastime, and, perhaps, they will remember how careless father and mother were in regard to the books their boys perused. The kindly interest and delicate control was not present to prevent the sowing of the tares or the whirlwind. No warning hand pointed out, in a friendly way, the dangers of this exciting pathway; no directing finger directed latent ambition to better spheres and more profitable employment. They were allowed to wallow in the reeking filth of a criminal and blasphemous literature, to engender a taste for that which satisfied not, for an opiate which lulled the sense only to destroy them. A proper appreciation for the real, the natural and the simple was destroyed by a constant vision of the unreal, the unnatural and the complex and imaginary sets of circumstances.

Parents should provide their boys with literature suitable to their ages and dispositions, so grading their reading that they will desire better books as the years are added. This literature is plentiful and inexpensive. In almost any town, the boy who desires books may get them from the Sunday School libraries or the Mechanics' Institutes. The trouble with the Sunday School libraries is that those who buy the books for them, are unable to distinguish between good fiction and bad and hence taboo a great deal of the best of world's literature by condemning all fiction except the story of the boy who got converted and went as a missionary to Fiji Islands. The fault of the Mechanics' Institutes and Public Libraries is that too often they are not free. They should be supported by a general tax on the community so that the poor man's son may have an abundance of wholesome mind food.—The Editor in the January *Canadian Magazine.*

LORD SALISBURY, PREMIER OF ENGLAND.

Personally Lord Salisbury is a deeply read and cultured man. He spends a good deal of time in his laboratory, is very fond of chemistry, possesses much practical knowledge of electricity, and has delivered more than one able address before such bodies as the British Association for the Advancement of Science. He is not physically as strong as he looks, and the immense volume of work he accomplishes, coupled with very little exercise, makes him in reality a somewhat delicate man. In appearance he is impressive without being handsome, and his ordinary demeanor is one of apparent indifference and aristocratic *hauteur*. Take himself in character, his oratory is imperious, forcible, and effective. At his famous seat in Hertfordshire—Hatfield House—Queen Victoria has been more than once entertained by Lord Salisbury, as in a past century his ancestor entertained Queen Elizabeth, and there he thoroughly enjoys, whether in or out of power, the generous country life and open hospitality of the historical and typical "fine old English gentleman."

Taken altogether the present British premier is an extraordinary and interesting figure in the politics of this period. His patriotism is strong as a tower, but it rests upon the forms of the constitution and upon loyalty to the crown rather than upon the modern principle of loyalty to the immediate and changeable will of a popular democracy. And Lord Salisbury in this case undoubtly embodies the natural, hereditary, and inherent conservatism of the English people. For that reason and none other he to-day controls for good or ill, for greatness or weakness, the destinies of the British Empire. J. Castell Hopkins, in the *Chautauquan* for March.

THE SULTAN'S JOKE.

"Did you ever hear the story of how the Prince of Wales asked the Sultan to go and see the Derby run?" said Orlando Jones recently. "Well, it was this wise: The race for the Derby was about to be run, and as the Sultan was then visiting England the prince sent one of his lords in waiting to enquire if the eastern potentate would like to go and witness the classic contest. The Son of the Moon and Stars was seated propped up by cushions, smoking placidly, when the royal emissary was ushered into his presence.

"His royal highness bids me ask your majesty if it would please you to witness the race for the Derby?" said he, bowing low. "Does his royal highness mean that I should go and see a horse race?" inquired the Sultan blandly.

"He does your highness."

"Tell the prince that I cannot do so," replied the ruler of the faithful. "Why should I want to go? All men who are not fools know that some horses are swifter than others."

A MAN OF FORESIGHT

Senator Kyle a secretary is a canny Scot, Macfarlane by name, who has a dry sense of humor. Recently he injured his thumb, and the matter became so serious that he went to a physician. He was told he would have to undergo an operation.

Macfarlane consented to stand the operation. "He was ready to have it performed then and there. The physician asked him whether he wished to take chloroform or ether.

"Will it make me lose my senses?" asked the Scotchman.

"I should say so," said the doctor.

Macfarlane deliberately thrust his hand into his pocket and began to count his change.

"There's no hurry about the money," said the doctor, "you can count it out to me after the operation is performed."

"But you said it would make me lose my senses to take chloroform or ether, didn't you?" asked Macfarlane.

"Certainly," said the doctor, "it will make you unconscious."

"Then excuse me," said Macfarlane, with a twinkle. "I'd rather count my money now."

He Drew the Line There.

"Jack, your fame is spreading wonderfully. Only this afternoon a friend of mine asked me to try and secure your autograph for him."

Successful author. Why, sure, Tom, glad to oblige him. Who is it?

Unsuccessful author. Isaacstein, the money lender. He wants it on the back of my promissory note.—*Amusing Journal.*

THE DETECTIVE MIRROR.

The latest and cleverest thing in roguery has been discovered—where nearly everything that is new comes from—in Paris. It seems that one of the largest restaurant firms of the French capital, an establishment that has its eating houses in all parts of the city, has recently been losing its silver in the most unaccountable way. A number of waiters were discharged and detectives patrolled the restaurants without avail, until finally the trick was discovered.

It was found that in each case a respectable-looking person entered the restaurant and gave his order for dinner. During the meal he conveyed one or more articles to the underside of the table, fixing them there by means of wax, with which he was provided for the purpose. Should the servant who waited upon him miss any of his spoons or other articles, the rogue was in no danger, and offered himself to be searched with perfect impunity, and an air of injured innocence.

Of course he was allowed to depart, but immediately after, an accomplice entered, seating himself at the same table, whence he removed the secreted articles to his pocket, taking care that the waiter should not miss any articles from the table as served before him. There was no reason for suspecting this individual, who departed to share the booty with his confederate.

The way in which the trick was detected is an instructive illustration of the ingenuity of the criminal pitted against the superior skill of the detective. The officer of the law, who was on watch in a restaurant in the Place de la Madeleine, noticed the disappearance of some silver at a certain table. He had the diner searched with the usual result, and was compelled to tender his profuse apologies to the indignant guest.

Returning to the table in no very good humor, the disciple of Lecoq seated himself with his back to the table and buried his face in a newspaper. A large pier glass was affixed to the wall on the opposite side.

Soon a gentleman (the confederate) entered, seating himself at the table, and, while taking his soup, began his work, little dreaming that the peaceable looking person opposite with his back toward him, was watching every movement in the looking-glass through a hole in the newspaper which he held before his face, pretending to read. It was as good as a play, and the detective was obliged to restrain himself or he would have laughed outright.

No sooner had the rogue succeeded in transferring the last of the forks and spoons to his pocket, than he rose very leisurely walked to the cashier's desk, and took out his money to pay for the meal. But at the same moment there was a hand laid upon his shoulder, and the detective slipped a pair of handcuffs upon his wrists.

The missing articles were found in his pocket, and he was marched off to the city prison.

HUMOROUS.

A leap year opportunity. She—Do you think it would be unmaidenly for a girl to propose to a man?

He—Certainly not, if she is rich enough for two.

"I want an additional clause put on the smoke ordinance," said Caswell. "Go on, said Dukane. "I want every cigarette smoker to be compelled to consume his own smoke."

He—I'm afraid the coming woman will swear.

She—O, no, she intends to run things so well that there won't be anything to swear at.

Small boy—I don't wonder that women's heads so often ache.

Little girl—Why?

Small boy—Every time they see any of their children they've got to think up some reason for not letting them do what they want to.

"I want a quarter from you for that starving family on Bottle alley."

"Mercy! I can't spare a cent. My dress for the charity dance will cost me $200!"

Bacon—Let me shake your hand, dear boy, this is one of the happy days of your life.

Egbert—You're too previous, old man. I'm not to be married until to-morrow.

"That's what I say. This is one of the happy days of your life."

Not a Bad Idea

In Germany when a man is convicted of the offense of beating his wife he is not locked up at once, but is allowed to continue at his work all through the week. At the end of the week he is looked after by the police, who put him into prison until Monday morning. His wages are taken from him and delivered up to his wife. On Monday morning he is handed over to his employer. If he will not then work, he is thrown into jail again, where, says the *Newcastle Chronicle*, there is no doubt he will have to work a great deal harder than he does when at his usual employment. In some countries this would be regarded as intolerable paternalism.

Thoughts By The Way.

Let your light shine. God expects that the man who loves him will find a way to show it.

There is no promise in the Bible for the man who is not willing to trust in God and do right. *Ram's Horn.*

A LONG FAREWELL.

The Frenchman's politeness sometimes serves him in good stead to point a rebuke. A Frenchman who was staying at a hotel in Edinburgh asked, at the cashier's desk, how much his bill was, and was astonished to find how great an amount he had been charged.

He felt that he had been plundered, but he paid the bill, and then asked to see the proprietor. Presently the landlord came down in response to the call, all beaming with smiles. The Frenchman rushed up to him exclaiming:

"Ah, let me embrace you!"

"But why do you want to embrace me sir? I—I don't understand."

"Ah, saire, but look at zese beell!"

"Your bill? Yes; but what of it?"

"Vot of it? Vy it mean ask I s'all nevaire, nevaire see you again, saire!"

Thousands have tested the great building up power of Hood's Sarsaparilla and have found renewed strength, vigor and vitality in its use.

JUDGE NOT.

Don't ye judge a feller by only what you see,
Don't ye jump at guessin' what his character may be.

The snow drifts may seem chilly where ye meet them from stoves
But they're keeping warm the roses an' the violets that they love.

Whilst the sun that comes so genial and a foot a full o' fun
Will scorch the blossoms out of sight before their time is done.

An' many men that strikes ye with a reckless sort of air
Fur cherishing homes an' little ones is savin' up their care,

While others that is open hearted, sunny by the day,
Don't notice, while the blossoms they should shelter fade away.

So, don't ye judge a feller by only what ye see
Don't ye jump at guessin' what his character may be.

REFORM IN TAXATION.

A petition is now being widely circulated throughout the Province asking the Legislative Assembly to reduce the taxation on buildings and other improvements, or else to allow the Municipalities so to do.

The reason the advocates of this reform urge for such a change, is the manner in which the present law discriminates against those who employ labor in improving their property, or in the manufacture of goods. It is pointed out that there are two methods of securing wealth from the land. One method clears, fences, erects buildings or manufactures goods. The man who thus uses the land is by every productive act industriously, honestly and beneficently adding to the prosperity of the nation, and if a man thus acquires wealth, he does it in a way that injures no one.

On the other hand a man may keep land in idleness, employ no labor, add nothing whatever to prosperity; but he may actually injure the country, by retarding and scattering settlement, and by keeping labor in enforced idleness. He may simply wait till increased settlement and the industry and enterprise of his neighbors have made that land valuable, as is always the case in growing cities.

Now, here are two uses, or rather a use of land and an abuse of land. One man uses land to beget wealth by his industry the other uses it to secure wealth at the expense of others. The one use is beneficent and should be encouraged, the other is injurious and should be discouraged. It is claimed that our present laws encourage this misuse of the land, for, if a man improves his land in any way, the law insists that his taxes must be increased, so that the better a man does for his country, the worse the country does for him. The speculator on the other hand by avoiding improvement, keeps down his taxes.

It is further claimed that in our large cities the land value rises to such enormous figures, that the land owner may collect from $10,000 to $50,000 per acre per annum, and such is the relation that this begets in society that while the farmer must toil industriously to raise a crop every year or humanity will starve, the collectors of these land values need provide nothing for humanity, and yet reap the profit of many farms. Thus while one part of the community must toil energetically to maintain the burden of society, including the taxation for Government, and yet enjoy but little of its benefits, another class may enjoy the blessings of civilization to overflowing, and yet be relieved in perpetuity from any of its burdens. And it is further pointed out that the making of public improvements, such as highways and other means of communication, while increasing the burden of taxation on industry brings additional fortune to the ground lords who collect the enhanced land values in the centres of commerce. Thus the burden to one part of society means riches to the other part.

This inequality it is sought to remedy by asking the Legislature to diminish the taxation on buildings and other improvements and thus increase taxes on land values.

ALL SMITHS THERE.

They tell the story in Dalton of a recent revival meeting in one of the rural districts of Whitfield county. In the middle of the services the preacher said:

"Will Brother Smith please lead in prayer?"

Seven men arose and began praying at once.

This embarrassed the preacher, and he said hurriedly:

"I mean Brother John Smith."

At this announcement one sat down and five more got up and began praying. The preacher saw his mistake, said nothing and let the 11 pray it out among themselves.

Atlanta Constitution.

Botanical Clock

Among the curiosities which have been found in the Isthmus of Tehuantepec lately explored by naturalists, is a botanical clock. It is a flower somewhat resembling in its habits the chameleon, although more methodical. In the morning it is white, at noon it is red and at night blue, and the alternations of color are so regular that the time of day can be told from the tint of the flower. It has been suggested that if it could be acclimated in a temperate zone it would be a very useful flower in public parks.

A Rumor Made Useful

Does ye hyah much bout whut's goin on in Tuhky lewel dese days? asked Sal Jenkins. "Deed I doesn," replied Erastus Pinkley, in timid consternation. Folks does tell me dat you done got engaged." "Me? Engaged?" "Yass, indeed." "Go 'long. Who to?" "Hannah." "Deed, I hasn' hyah a word 'bout it." "Neither haf I. Dats why I done as yer. I thought mebbe I was missin' some er de news." Invitations are now being engraved.

Years of Suffering from Rheumatism Relieved by one Dose of Medicine.

"For many years," writes Mrs. N. Ferris, wife of the well known Birch manufacturer, of Highgate, Ont., "I was sorely afflicted with rheumatic pains in my ankles and at times was almost disabled. I tried everything as I thought, and doctored for years without much benefit. Though I had lost confidence in medicines, I was induced to try South American Rheumatic Cure. To my delight the first dose gave me more relief than I have had in years, and two bottles have completely cured me. You may publish this letter." Sold by J. V. Kannawin.