The Acton Free Press.

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

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Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

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Office and residence Corner Mill & Frederick Streets Acton

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

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Office, Medical Hall Main Street Acton.
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Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c.
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Victoria Chambers, 9 Victoria St. Toronto
Telephone 257
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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, &c.
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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS
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ACTON

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Next to Mrs. Adams' grocery,
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Open from 8 a. m. to 7 p. m. Wednesday and Saturday evenings later
Ladies hairdressing in any style

THE OLD RELIABLE
Toronto Advt.
J. F. WORDEN
Who has always been Acton's popular barber when in business here, solicits your patronage satisfaction always guaranteed
Shop over ARTHUR'S FLOUR AND FEED STORE
MILL STREET ACTON

JOB PRINTING.

NEATLY DONE Books, Pamphlets, Posters, Letter 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

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER
Wyndham St. Guelph
(Over Williams Store)
Account Books of all kinds made. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Binding neatly and promptly done

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H. P. MOORE
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
Private Office. No witnesses required at residence if desired.
Free Press Office, ACTON

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

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. All communications for wardeo to my address Box 620, or telephone 36 will be promptly attended to
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph

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

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 of stove length always on hand
Telephone communication

We are Selling
THE
Wall Paper.
Busy Every Day.
We buy lower and sell cheaper
New Styles and Combinations for 1896.
We will show you our papers and low prices with pleasure.
Don't part with your money until you see the big value Day is giving.
DAY'S BOOKSTORE,
GUELPH.
Day Sells Cheap.

DON'T YOU WANT.....
Wall Paper,
Room Moulding
Pictures
Frames
Cornice Poles
Artist's Materials
etc., at
LOWEST PRICES
?
Go direct to
WATERS BROS.
NEAR POST OFFICE GUELPH

J. H. Hamilton,
DEALER IN
Marble and Granite,
Hamilton's Block
GUELPH.
Large Now Consig... Just Received ... Norway, Sweden, Russian, English, Irish, Scotch.
Granite
OF BEST QUALITY.
... to sell at prices never ... since in Ontario
Call and Inspect.
J. H. HAMILTON

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

THE METHODIST CHURCH
ACTON.
REV. J. E. HOWELL, M. A. Pastor
Parsonage, Bower Avenue
Public services 10.30 a. m. and 6.30 p. m. Sunday school 2.30. Bible Class conducted by the pastor. All cordially invited
Strangers and visitors always welcome. A cordial welcome at the door
Epworth League of Christian Endeavor Miss Maggie B. Matthews, President. Meets every Tuesday evening. All Young People invited

Acton Flour Mill.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE,
Proprietors.
... our roller mill now in complete ... factory running order and are in a position to supply the wants of the public with
FLOUR, BRAN, SHORTS
... all kinds of Feed,
AT RIGHT PRICES.
... and will receive prompt attention ... 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. Saunders's Drug Store.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE.

ACTON
LIVERY
AND
BUS LINE
... respectfully solicit the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can at all ways be Secured
At the stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 9 a. m. and 8 p. m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

W. 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.

Authorized Capital	$1,000,000
Paid up Capital and Surplus	$785,000
Assets over	$6,300,000

Guelph Branch
3½ Sums of $1 and upwards received on deposit and 3½ per cent interest paid or compounded half yearly.
Deposit Receipts issued for large sums deposited
Advances made to responsible farmers on their own names.
No charge made for collecting Sales Notes if payable in Guelph
A General Banking Business transacted.
A. F. H. JONES, Manager.

The newest and brightest thing under the sun will be your Home if you come to us this Spring for your Ready-mixed Paint
J. M. BOND & Co.
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

A Host of Bright New Things in TAN SHOES.
W. McLaren & Co.
GUELPH
Farmers should see our Plough Bootsat $1 00 and $1 25
They Wear Well

SNAPS
FOR THE
Spring Time
Timothy Seed, ... a bushel
Red Clover Seed, $3 35 a bushel
Alsike Clover Seed $4.75 a bush
Mangel Seed, 15c a pound
Field Carrots, 35c. to 50c a lb
Turnip Seed, 15c. a pound.
Rape Seed, 8c. lb or 15 lb. for $1.00.
White Seed Corn 55c a bushel
Yellow Seed Corn 50c a bushel
Land Plaster, $7 50 a ton in sacks.
Bbl. Salt, $1 00 a barrel
Cooper Sheep Dip, 50c a package
Little's Sheep Dip $1 00 a tin.
McDougall's Sheep Dip, $1.25 a tin
GEO. J. THORP
SEED MAN
Market Sq. & Macdonnell St.
GUELPH ONT

OUR NEW SPRING GOOD ARE NOW IN STOCK.
... fall to ... ... us
Shaw & Turner
Merchant Tailors, Guelph
NEW
IMPLEMENT WAREHOUSE
Main Street, Acton.
JOHN McQUEEN
Having leased the warerooms of Mrs. Stuckey has a full assortment of Agricultural Implements from the celebrated works of
Frost & Wood, Smith's Falls
ALSO
Coulthard & Scott, Oshawa,
DRILLS AND CULTIVATORS
Fleury Plows,
Fleury Plowshares to fit all kinds of Plows
Call and Inspect
JOHN McQUEEN

Poetry.

SPRING.

Jean Blewett's success in winning the first prize offered by the Chicago *Times-Herald* for a poem on Spring has already been noticed, and as many readers will be curious to read the Canadian production which outstripped all competitors it is given hereunder:

O, the frozen valley and frozen hill make a coffin wide and deep,
And the dead river lies all its laughter stilled, within it fast asleep
The trees that have played with the merry shining and freighted its breast with leaves, Give never a murmur or sight of woe, they are dead no dead thing grieves.
No carol of love from a song bird's throat, the world lies naked and still,
For all things tender and all things sweet have been touched by the gruesome chill
Not a flower, a blue forget me not a wild rose, or jessamine soft,
To lay its bloom on the dead river's lips that have kissed them all so oft.
But, look, a ladder is spanning the space 'twixt earth and the sky beyond
A ladder of gold for the Maid of Grace the strong, the subtle, the fond.
Spring, with the warmth in her footsteps light, and the breeze and the fragrant breath,
Is coming to press her radiant face to that which is cold to death
Spring, with a mantle made of the gold held close in a sunbeam's heart
Thrown over her shoulders, bonnie and bare see the sap in the great tree start
Where the hem of this flowing garment trails, see the glow the color bright
A stirring and spreading of something fair, the dawn is chasing the night
Spring with all love and all dear delights pulsing to every vein
The old earth knows her and thrills to her touch as she claims her own again.
Spring, with hyacinths tilting her cup and the violet seeds in her hair
With the crocus folding its satin head to her bosom warm and fair
Spring, with the daffodils at her feet and jasmine ribbons in her eyes,
Spring, with enough of the Gold in betwed to make the dead to arise
I'm sure as she bends over the coffin deep, the frozen valley and hill
The dead river sighs Ah! that thing long kissed is making its heart to thrill
And then as she closes and closes leaves to stray from its snowy shroud
I frightened a moment then rushing away, call ing and laughing aloud
The hill where she rested is all astir, the wood is green as of old
And wakened birds are striving to send their songs to the Maker of gold.

Select Family Reading.

The Guardian

... sir, lend me a quarter."

It was a small, ragged boy that ... a request, addressing a number of passing men one winter night. Some of the men shook their heads, others passed on with out noticing the appeal. Finally two men who were walking together stopped

"Why don't you ask me to give you a quarter?" one of the men questioned the boy.

"Because I'm goin' to give it back to you was the prompt reply. "I ain't a beggin."

The man who had asked the question laughed, not altogether pleasantly.

He no more intended to be ... with ironical emphasis to his friend. To the boy he continued

"Look here, little man, I don't see any only on good security. What security can you give me?"

"Security" repeated the boy helplessly Then two eager eyes brightened as the meaning of the word was suggested, and he added "I can't give none only my word and my willin'ness to work

The man laughed a great hawl, haw "Good" You've earned your money, little Ready Wite," he said, as he tossed a quarter to the boy, and started up the street with his friend

"Please sir you ain't told me your name yet, nor where you live," pursued the boy

"Get done with you, boy!" said the man sharply as he stopped again "Are you getting up a directory in the interests of beggars, boy?"

"No, sir," replied the little fellow respectfully "it's in the interest of ... you"

Both men laughed.

"Well, my name is John Throckton ... and I live at No. 10 Fairview avenue, ... the giver of the quarter

Mr John Throckton's house was large and handsome and full of fine furniture and works of art. He was very rich, but by no means generous with his money. He had given in this instance merely out of caprice. The boy's manner of asking had amused him very much. Seldom did he give so much as a quarter for charity. Meanwhile little Bernard Wells had invested the borrowed quarter in a loaf of bread a little piece of meat and a little paper of tea and carried the provisions home. His home was a single room in a poor tenement house. His father was dead and his mother made a living by sewing on shirts. This week, however, she had been too ill to work, and her money was all spent.

"O Bernard where did you get these things" Mrs. Wells asked when her son came in

Bernard told his story

"We must return the money as ... as possible," said the mother

But Mrs. Wells was not able to go back to her work. Bernard carried a little money now selling newspapers, but this was needed to buy food and coal. Finally Mrs. Wells died, and a brother of Bernard's father, a poor hard workingman, came forward and offered the little boy a home. Bernard worked for his uncle, who kept a little store. But the boy was not given any money. Once Bernard asked for a quarter that he might pay Mr. Throckton, and was laughed at by his uncle.

"John Throckton has too much money already," the man said. "He's one of the richest men in town and one of the meanest. I guess I don't want him to get any of my quarters."

A year passed. Bernard did not forget his obligation to Mr. Throckton. Many were the plans that he had made for redeeming his word.

One day when he was passing along a crowded street it was his good fortune to find a pair of eye glasses that a lady had accidently dropped, and the lady rewarded him with a quarter.

Bernard sat out immediately for No. 10 Fairview Avenue. How pleased mother will be! I hope she knows! he thought to himself as he hurried along with a light, springy gait. His steps were not lighter than his heart. It was about five o'clock and Mr. Throckton had returned from his banking house, and was in his library. He was not particularly engaged, and he told the serving man to show the boy in.

"I came to pay you the quarter, Mr. Throckton," said Bernard advancing into the splendid room, and holding out the money. "I'm much 'bliged to you for trustin' me. I couldn't get it for you no sooner."

Mr Throckton gave Bernard a searching look. "Have you not made a mistake, my boy?" he asked. "I never lent you a quarter to my knowledge, nor do I know you."

"It was on the street, sir," said Bernard, one night

"O, ho, yes, I do remember you now! Well, well, well!" Mr. Throckton laughed again as the recollection defined itself more clearly. "So you are the little boy that wasn't begging?"

"Yes, sir, I'm him," and Bernard laid the silver coin on the table beside Mr. Throckton's hand

The man of business appeared to be interested. "Well, my little fellow," he said, "I confess you have taken me by surprise." He leaned back in his armchair and regarded the boy narrowly while he slipped the quarter into his vest pocket. Mr Throckton liked to investigate the motives of action that seemed strange to him. Directly he resumed

"Now, little boy, if you don't mind telling me, I should very much like to know why you return this money. Didn't you understand at the time that I never expected to see it or you again?"

"I kind of thought that a-way, sir," said Bernard, but I didn't low as that made any difference"

"Yes I see," said Mr. Throckton "you wanted to feel that you were honest and it isn't a bad thing to plume one's self on, either. Was that it?"

"No, sir, I don't know as I was," answered little Bernard, thoughtfully looking at his questioner. "It was more this a way: If I hedn't brought you back your money you would have thought I was deceiving you Then, 'spose somebody else would ask yer for somethin some one as was real honest and needin', and you, thinkin' of me and the mean trick I'd played on you would say 'No' to the other fellow, then I'd be 'sponsible fer want of food, and I'd be 'sponsible fer makin' you mean and 'spicious and on feelin' see"

Mr Throckton did not smile now His fine, self satisfied face flushed as he looked at the earnest little speaker before him He was perhaps more surprised now than he had ever been in his life. He was touched too The idea of this crude little common street boy considering himself responsible for the doings of John Throckton! The man felt his hardness ebbing away, and in its place there came to him a desire to do something good and worthy with his money And what better thing could he do, he reasoned than to care for the child that had been the means of saving him from his own selfishness?

Mr Throckton's acquaintances were considerably amazed when they learned that the bright faced little boy that appeared so often in Mr Throckton's company was an orphan whom the rich man had adopted A friend said to him one day

"I wonder you were not afraid to assume so great a responsibility Mr Throckton as the guardianship of a child"

"My little boy was my guardian fear answered Mr Throckton, with a smile

New York Observer

NAPOLEON THE FOURTH

A Boy Who May Some Day Become Emperor of the French

In a big old chateau just outside of Paris lives a 17 year old boy who may some day be the Emperor of France The latter country is so unsettled in its politics and there are so many of its inhabitants who would rather be ruled by an emperor than by a president elected by the people that it is not wholly impossible that the youth here described may some day be an imperial successor to the throne of the great Napoleon I Indeed the boy is none other than Napoleon IV legitimate son of the late prince imperial

Very little is known in or out of France about the little fellow who has a kingly prospect One thing is certain, Empress Eugenie is very fond of Napoleon IV whom she tenderly calls her grandson and it is she who is providing the boy's education an education that is fitting him for statesmanship politics and diplomacy Although he may never sit on the throne of a new French empire it is just as well so his guardians think to have the boy in perfect trim for the high position which he and his followers covet

The young Napoleon is a black haired lad, manly in his bearing and of robust health The greatest possible pains are taken in his training, and special tutors are engaged to teach him special studies Even if he can never become a great monarch, he will at least be a polished gentleman and scholar The boy lives, modestly with a Dr. Evans, whose son he is supposed to be, and who is looking after the would be king's health and training once a month The boy's mother visits him sometimes in the company of Empress Eugenie The mother of the new Napoleon is a bright little English woman, who sings divinely and is loved even by the silver haired old empress

Such is the true story of Napoleon IV He may yet be one of the foremost figures in France He is the last hope of the Napoleons Will he ever realize his lofty ambition? Future history will record the facts

IT WAS THE SCALES

Mrs Black "Oh! Henry, you must send for the doctor at once I believe I am getting the dropsy Don't delay a moment"

Mr Blank "Why, what put that idea into your head?"

"Dear me, will you never be satisfied that what I say is true? I got weighed to day, and it's awful I weighed 300 pounds"

"Great Cæsar a ghost! Where did you get weighed?"

"Calm yourself, my dear Your weight is exactly 150 pounds."

A woman never realizes how clumsy a man is until after she has married him

NEP.

BY HELEN STRONG THOMPSON.

Hello! Gimme ride. Yo' can easy tote me wid dat hoss." I drew rein and looked at the ebonsel holding onto my wheel. Was it human, elf, or imp, this black sprite, hopping on one foot and saucily demanding a seat beside me?

The morning was cold, though the woods were ablaze with color. Ice had formed in the gutters, and the fur robe, seldom used, was tucked closely about my feet. The midget was barefooted and had on but two garments: a straw hat, and a flimsy cotton dress buttoned from neck to feet, save where the buttons were gone. The hat was minus a crown, the black wool sticking up through the rim and the curlycue braids beneath in a fantastic style.

"Climb in," I said, inwardly deprecating her muddy feet on my robe.

"Aren't your feet cold?"

"Nurr."

"What is your name?"

"Nep."

"Where are you going?"

"Yer Rattle Snake town."

"That must be a bad place to go."

"Tis dat," (laconically).

"Why do you go there?"

"To finder place for live."

The elf was not communicative, but settled her cold feet into my robe with a sigh of comfort. Presently she asked, "Whar you gwine?"

"Only riding."

"You dun keep shop?"

"No."

"You car' do mail?"

"No. How old are you, Nep?"

"Dunno. Reckon mebbe I'm two"

"O, midget, you are older than that, being in reality 10 or 12.

"Where do you live, Nep?"

"Nowhar."

"Where are your father and mother?"

"Got none. Mam's dead, and daddy sol' nothing bout me, nohow."

"But where do you sleep and eat?"

"I sleeps in de haystack an' eats what dey gib me bite. Goin' ter fin'er place purr."

"Who raised you, Nep?" (not being the phrase in Tennessee trying to elucidate something from this mystery

"Jim Burns."

"Who is Jim Burns?"

"O, de 'terian preacher

"Do you mean the Rev. Dr. Burns," I asked laughing.

"Yep"

"You should be more respectful, child, he is a fine minister"

"Yis He can out pit I pit my daddy an he whip me once My daddy tan fuss as good as anybody He gave himself clean outen de Meffodist church He did dat"

While digesting this astonishing speech, Nep was twirling a small, rusty penknife. Suddenly, rolling the whites of her eyes, she whispered, "I saw a tramp back thar. He dassent touch me. If he did, I'd stick him. No tramp cum foolin' roun' me, if he dus, I cut him wid dis yer knife.

"Oh, no, midget, not with that little knife"

"I'd stick him don, dat way, making a dart at me. "Folks spute to my ignacy kase I got no home, but I knows a heap. That's dat Topsy you've hearn of her who 'spect I growed." I knows better n dat De Lawd makes me He did dat! My mammy done gone seen de Lawd, an she tell fust 'fore she goed, he got a place for Nep up dar"

"He certainly has Nep if you are good and obedient

"I's bodient I is I gits ah my marbles away"

"What do you mean, child

"Why Miss Burns she reads Bible what it says "Marble not I say unto you." I's powerful sorry, I is, I had pocket full, but I gits 'em all awa'! I's 'bedient!"

The tears stood in the child's eyes and in my own also, but as if half ashamed she commenced singing in the gayest manner, shaking her woolly head, swaying her body and keeping time with her feet under the robe

"De cat bird happy when de cherries gittin redder
De sheep mighty lively when de grass in de medder
But two little niggers sattin down together
Jes happy as a cricket in de sunshiny weather.
"Do you say your prayers, Nep?"

"Yaas, I pray de Lawd my soul to tak
Hi O Jesus
Listen to my song
Hi O Jesus
To comin straight ..."

Gaily Nep sprang to her feet ... ing melodious call. "Cur roo ... ! (some sound) and leaped to the ground

"That's Jim Burns's voice Miss ... had her a long name Mebbe I get sold later Lize mowher, but I's bodient as preacher sez ravens feeds each I's mighty glad ifd seed dat raven."

Clear as a whistle floated back Nep's song as she turned away striking into the forest

... ...
To bring us dere
... roll up yer sleeves an ... hoe ...
Dat's de way
Make it pay
Whip up yer hoss an ... and ...
Hi O Jesus
Sep's comin right along

... days after this scene our cook said I was leaving the breakfast room for my morning ride. "That's a possumthing dying of nummy (pneumonia) in the backy barn on Preacher Burns's place, an she call all night for de lady wid de gray fur robe She ain't got de sense of an injun, po thing, had no raisin, jes growed, an thar she hes talkin 'bout ravens an gray robes an de baptism and her mam died dis yer fo' year, an all time stickin her fingurs in her ears (ears) to shet out her dad's cussin'

"Why, it's Nep," I said hurriedly "I am going to bring her right here."

"Sho, Miss Helena, it's too late," which was plain when we entered the barn. Spreading my robe on the ground, I fitted her gently onto it, such a little thing grown suddenly grave and old. Her breath came so labored that I raised her head to my lap. With a pleased look, she nestled against it and said

"It am dark, missie."

"But light is coming, Nep"

"Comin soon?"

"Yes, very soon"

"De raven bring it? Reckon he earn't fo me in de yer barn an' hangs my breakfo on de tree. Hark! Ma'm's callin' her Nep! Hyas! I's comin, I's 'bedient, I is" Raising her little arms with a flutter ing sigh, Nep was gone.

It is pleasant to be called a man even by a small boy.

THE BIG TROUT OF KANE'S HOLE.

A spring morning clear and fresh, with the leaves just bursting forth, and the early songsters whistling in the alder along the banks of the old Town brook, and casually hinting at the speckled beauties that lie hid in the cool depths below, is an inducement that is not to be resisted and I promptly decide to go a fishing. With my trusty little lancewood, stiff enough for bait-fishing and still not too stiff to throw a fly, a 40 yard click reel, with a fine but strong colorless silk line, a stout three foot leader, half a dozen No 6 single snell hooks, an assortment of dark colored flies, and I am ready to do battle with the wariest old warrior in the stream. Starting at the pool just below the old mill, a fat wriggling angleworm brings out three little fellows with a rush, but farther down in the ripple above the old bridge, 10 minutes' careful work brings nothing, until I try a brown hackle and a professor, with two plump half pounders as the result. Cautious work in the pool at the foot of the falls, and patient, careful effort beneath the big sunken log nets me five, and then follows a fruitless half-hour. Preferably I fish up stream, as trout invariably lie head up and are less liable to take alarm, but in this case I am fishing down stream, and by 10 o'clock have reached the broad green marshes where at every bend of the creek are deep, dark holes, famous for their big trout.

In one of these, known as Kane's hole, there is an old veteran whom I have tried, and tried again, without success, and I scarce hoped for better luck to day. Quietly and cautiously I approach until within throwing distance, and try him with a worm. It is useless, and every fly and combination of flies in my book give no better results. A minnow brings a strike, a miss, a half hour of quiet, and then I try shrimp. There is a moment's pause, then a rush that takes a clear 20 yards of line, and the fight is on. What an indescribable thrill rushes through you with the knowledge that you have hooked a big one, and know that it is a slender bit of wood, a mere thread and your own skill, against the weight and cunning tactics of an old veteran, with the odds in his favor. Foot by foot, yard by yard, the line is taken, and it is with fear and trembling that I give him the but. Nobly the little lancewood bows and bends and steals the strain, and the first mad rush is checked. Then 12 minutes of fighting and sullen sulking at the bottom of the hole, and he lies in the water at my feet, conquered. But not! As I stoop to lift him out there is another fierce rush, and it is another 10 minutes before I finally land him. And what a beauty he is, tipping the scales at 4½ lbs. with his silvery speckled sides shining in the sun, and why should I not feel at peace with all the world as I hie me home over the marshes and green meadows, with the knowledge that the big trout of Kane's hole is mine, fairly won in a fair fight? Waldo.

THE ART OF PUTTING ON A STAMP.

"When you put a postage stamp on an envelope," said a precise man to his son, "you should put it on square and true, in the upper right hand corner, and as near as possible to the margin of the envelope You put it on at the right hand corner for the convenience of the stampers in the Post Office, so that it may be uniform in location with the stamps on other envelopes and so more conveniently and expeditiously stamped, you should study the comfort of others as well as yourself You should put it as near as possible to the corner, so that the cancelling stamp will be less likely to deface and so perhaps obscure the address on the envelope

"You should put it on square and true, because that is the methodical and proper way to do. Many persons are disturbed by the appearance of a stamp put on in a careless and slipshod manner. And I can easily imagine that such practice might work positive injury to you You might have occasion to write to a man on a matter of business that was of importance to you You might compose and write this letter with faithful care and set forth what you had to say with commendable clearness and precision, and yet upset it all by slapping on a stamp carelessly, the recipient might judge you by the one slight act done naturally rather than by the studied work done with a purpose

"My son, don't do it put the stamp on where it belongs so that the little touch of color will grace the envelope and not deface it." New York Sun

FOLD OF INDIGO SNAKES

The student of animal life at these ... gardens is startled frequently by the remarkable display of sagacity that is sometimes made by the inmates of that interesting place says an English writer What, for instance, could be more clever, more thoughtful or more amusing than the action of the indigo snake when cold weather comes on? It was illustrated recently The first breath of cool air that was wafted across the garden informed the indigo snakes that a cold wave was at hand They could not hide their heads under their wings, like the robin of the nursery book They could not take violent exercise and warm up their blood, for their blood will not warm So they settle the problem by swallowing each other in turn One indigo snake will swallow his better half, for example, until she becomes thoroughly warmed up and then she will swallow him until he feels comfortable

A VOLCANO FOR SALE

People who would like to buy a ... may now do so if the advertisements in some of the London dailies are bona fide Among other advertisements of auction sales the island volcano situated on the Lipparian Archipelago, is announced for sale to the highest bidder at auction during the next month The crater on this island has been slightly active for a number of years past, though no immediate danger of an eruption is feared

Naming the Baby.

A mother recently said to her five year old daughter: "What shall we call the baby, sister?" "Call her Early, mamma, that's a pretty name." "Early! That's not a girl's name." "Oh, yes, it is. Don't you remember you read to me about the little girl who was to be May queen, and who wanted her mother to call her Early?"

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NEW EVERY MORNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning
Every morning is the world made new
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning
Here is a beautiful hope for you,
A hope for me and a hope for you
All the past things are past and over
The tasks are done and the tears are shed,
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover,
Yesterday's sorrows which smarted and bled
Are healed with the healing which night has shed
Yesterday now is the part of forever
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night
Let them go since we cannot relieve them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone
God in his mercy receive, for them!
Only the new days are our own
Today is ours, and to day alone
Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all reborn,
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun and share with the morn
In the clarion of day and the cool of dawn
Every day is a fresh beginning.
Listen my soul, to the glad refrain
And sprite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted, and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again!

—BESSIE GOODLOE.

DO YOUR BEST.

Say, Ben, let's pitch in and tidy up the shop before one o'clock and give the boss a surprise when he comes back."

"Did he say so?"

"No, but the shop needs cleaning up, and I'll bet he would like to have it done."

"Well, if you are green enough to go to putting in your noon hour working for old Markham without extra pay, go ahead, but not any of it for me You'll never get any thanks for it, Tom, and if you begin working over time that way you'll have to keep it up, and the speaker, a lad of some eighteen years, stretched himself out on the work bench for a noon time nap.

"All right," good naturedly replied his companion, a boy some two years younger, "I'll do it myself then, for I don't like to work in a place littered up like this, and there won't be time after the men get back, with all those frames to get out this afternoon."

So saying he went briskly to work, and by the time the one o'clock whistle sounded, the carpenter shop was neatly cleaned.

That was fifteen years ago. Those two apprentice boys are men now The older one, who refused to help clean up the shop for fear of doing something for which he was not specially paid, is still a journeyman carpenter in his native village, barely able to keep his family supplied with the necessaries of life

The other boy but nothing by his willingness and the interest he took in his employer's business. Mr. Markham noted his disposition and gave him an extra opportunity to master the trade Soon he was given the superintendence of small contracts, and his absolutely reliability caused him in a few years to be made foreman of of the little shop. Then came those larger opportunities and increased advantages that so often fall in the way of men who can be trusted To day, Tom Archer is one of the wealthiest and most reliable contractors and builders of a large Western city

When will our boys all learn that it pays to be faithful in little things, and to take a personal interest in their employers business

It is the boys who do this that climb to the top in every line of business, while the sulkers and growlers, who are always afraid of doing too much are pretty certain to remain well down toward the bottom of the ladder

OLD-TIME DEFENCES

Our colonists nowadays do not appear to build walls around their settlements, even in new countries A handful or thin line of brave men seem to be as much protection as is considered necessary for the boundaries of them. As far back, however, as the days of the ancient Briton in this country the accepted idea of security was a circular rampart thrown up around the cluster of huts that formed a town When the Romans came stone walls became the order of the day around every town and across the island The Normans, too, put their faith in walls. In the days of the Plantagenets wall building was carried on to a still greater extent Ingenuity was taxed to the utmost to devise special machines by which to counteract the strength of their defenses such as huge catapults that threw enormous stones over them the movable Sultzvanne that was the same height as the walls and enabled besiegers to stand on a level with the tops of them as well as the sap that undermined them and the battering ram that overthrew them

Famine in the end was generally the seal for that caused those they shelter. To capitulate. In those days, in other particulars, the defense was stronger than the attack The besieged had a plan of throwing out temporary overhanging wooden galleries through the flooring of which they dropped stones, molten lead, burning flax and other trifles on the heads of those who approached sufficiently near, and when a breach was likely to be made at any point they built up hastily behind it a fresh barrier those who entered found themselves confronted with it, and still on the outside of the inclosure *Cornhill Magazine*

Dress Well and Stylishly and Save Money.

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There are vile and worthless imitations of Diamond Dyes, therefore see that your dealer supplies you with the "Diamond" Common dyes are sold for the sake of large profits.