The Acton Free Press.

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

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

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Wellington Mutual Fire Insurance Company. ESTABLISHED 1840. INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications for warded to my address Box 528, or telephone 56 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 enable 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. Sawgumming and filing done

SALESMEN WANTED. Pushing, trustworthy men to represent us in the sale of our Choice Nursery Stock. Specialists controlled by us. Highest Salary or Commission paid weekly. Steady employment the year round. Outfit free; exclusive territory; experience not necessary, big pay assured workers, special inducements to beginners. Write at once for particulars to ALLEN NURSERY CO. Rochester N. Y.

We are Selling ... THE ... Wall Paper.

Busy Every Day.

We buy lower and sell cheaper. We have a better and a larger stock. 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 New Consignment Just Received. Norway, Swede, Russian, English, Irish, Scotch Granite OF BEST QUALITY. Call and Inspect. J. H. HAMILTON

Main Street PLANING MILLS, ACTON, ONT. John Cameron, Architect and Contractor. Manufacturer of Sash Doors Framed Moulding in all styles. DRESSING MATCHING and MOULDING to order on short notice. A 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 all ways be Secured. At his 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

THE METHODIST CHURCH ACTON. REV. E. HOWELL, M. A. Pastor. Parsonage, Bower Avenue. Preaching services 10:30 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Sunday school 12:30. Bible Class conducted by the pastor. All cordially invited. Strangers and visitors always welcome. Ushers will show members at the door. Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, Miss Maggie H. Matthews President, every Tuesday evening. All Young People invited.

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.

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

GUELPH Business College AND SHORTHAND INSTITUTE GUELPH, ONT. Superior facilities provided for thorough and practical training in Commercial and Shorthand Courses of instruction. Individual tuition. No classes. Write for circulars. Graduates assisted to positions. J. SHARP, Principal.

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 ¾ 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.

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We ... PROPOSE To save you money on your building Hardware. Suppose you try us. Pleasing prices and the Best Hardware should make it interesting to you. You know the spot! J. M. BOND & Co. HARDWARE GUELPH.

W. McLaren & Co. GUELPH. A Host of Bright New Things in TAN SHOES. Farmers should see our Plough Bootsat $1.00 and $1.25. They Wear Well

SNAPS FOR THE Spring Time

Timothy Seed, $2.25 a bushel
Red Clover Seed, $5.35 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 Reed, 8c. lb. or 13 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 SEEDSMAN. Market Sq. & Macdonnell St. GUELPH, ONT.

OUR NEW SPRING GOOD ARE NOW IN STOCK. All cordially invited to call and see them. Shaw & Turner Merchant Tailors, Guelph

Corn! Corn! I have the following varieties of Ensilage & Fodder Corn: Mammoth Sweet, White Cap Yellow Dent, Yellow Dent, Cuban Giant, Extra Early Leaming, Early Butler, Crosbyton's Early, Thoroughbred White Flint, Stowell's Evergreen, Longfellow. And all kinds of tender Corn. My Corn has all been tested and you can rely upon getting the right article. All the latest and best varieties of Turnips, Swedes, Carrots, Mangels, Sugar Beets, Hungarian, Millett, Raw Tares, etc. All kinds of Seed for permanent pastures. Come and see my goods and get my prices as I can sell as cheap as any in the business.

The Mammoth Flour, Feed and Seed Store. JAMES HEWER, 45 Macdonnell Street East, Guelph, Ont.

Poetry.

WAITING UPON GOD.

As those that watch for the day
Through the restless night of pain,
When the first faint streaks of gray
Bring rest and ease again—
As they turn their sleepless eyes
The eastern sky to see,
Long hours before sunrise—
So waiteth my soul for Thee!

As those that watch for the day
Through the long, long night of grief,
When the soul can only pray
That the day may bring relief—
When the eyes with weeping spent,
No dawn of hope can see,
But the heart keeps watch intent—
So waiteth my soul for Thee!

As those that watch for the day
Through that deepest night of all,
Then trembling and sin have away,
And the shadow of thy absence fall—
As they search through clouds of fear
The Morning Star to see,
And the Light of Life appear—
So waiteth my soul for Thee!

As those that watch for the day
And know that the day will rise
Through the weary hours delay,
As they pass under midnight skies—
Through the Sun of Righteousness
Only Faith's clear eye can see,
Because Thou hast promised to bless,
Lord Jesus, I wait for Thee.

Select Family Reading.

Our City Visitor.

Our folks expected a visitor from the city. The young lady's name was Clara Osgood. Her father and mine had been friends in boyhood, and the friendship had always continued, and now Mr. Osgood had written to ask father if his daughter might come and spend a few weeks with us, and see if the country air would not improve her health, as she was drooping in the close atmosphere of the city.

The Osgoods were very wealthy, and we were ordinary country people, but father did not hesitate a moment. He wrote a warm invitation to Clara Osgood to come at once and see us, and we would make her as comfortable as our means would allow. So she wrote that she would be with us on the 18th day of July. (You see I remember the date.)

My mother and the girls dreaded having her come, I know, for we lived in the very plainest style, and of course she would be proud and "stuck up," but father talked to them and got them to feeling better about it. He said that we need not be ashamed of our circumstances because we are poor, and if she despised us on that account, she wasn't worth minding.

As for me, I was in perfect agony. I was a great, tall, awkward six footer, as bashful as I could be, and just twenty two. It was as much as I could do to hold a conversation with one of our country girls, to say nothing of making the acquaintance of a city belle. At first I thought I'd clear out and leave home, but then I had promised to work for father that season, and I couldn't back out very well. But I manfully resolved not to speak to her the whole time notwithstanding. I had to take her out from Hattie and Elsie every morning and evening, about being polite and paying attention to her.

"Now don't you act as you commonly do. Will," they would say, "but help us to entertain her. It won't be fair to throw it all on us."

My sisters declared that I would be decidedly handsome if I was properly rigged out, but that was all in their eyes. I guess girls are apt to think their brothers rather good looking.

Well, the long expected day arrived at last. The girls self that I must come home from my work about the time for the stage to arrive, and be there to welcome her, but you didn't catch me doing that. I was away off in the farther field, at work, about that time, and my sisters had to receive her themselves. When I came home I dreaded going in worse than a whipping. I did all the chores that were necessary, and some that were entirely unnecessary before I went near the house, though the girls called me several times to come to supper. Then I went up stairs and slicked up a little. I put on my second best pants and my linen coat, and washed my face, and combed my hair.

I didn't have the slightest intention of going where she was, though.

By that time it was nearly dark. I went down stairs the back way, and listened at the kitchen door for a moment, but hearing them talking in the front room, I ventured in and flirting the table cleared away, I slipped into the pantry to get something to eat.

I had a huge piece of bread and butter in my hand and was devouring it eagerly, when suddenly there flitted into the kitchen the prettiest little fairy I ever saw in my life. She was dressed in white, with the most beautiful yellow tresses floating over her shoulders, complexion of the purest white and red, and a mouth so sweet and kissable it was enough to set a fellow. She came out to the water pail, which was just in front of the pantry door, saying:

"Here is where you get water, isn't it?"

Before I could possibly shut the door, she raised her pretty blue eyes and saw me. There was I saw an amused sparkle in her eyes, and a little dimple came and went in either cheek, but she drank as quickly as possible, and went back to the front room with mother and the girls.

If I could have had the floor open and let me through, I'd have done it in a moment. I felt perfectly "awful." The sweat stood in great drops all over my face, and my appetite was entirely gone. I could no more swallow the remainder of my bread and butter than I could have swallowed chips.

The girls came and tried to get me to go into the front room, but I declined. I'd as lief have faced a cannon's mouth as that little blue eyed, fairy-like creature.

"What makes you act so, Will?" said Hattie. "You will like her ever so much. She isn't stuck up a bit, as I thought she would be. Do come in."

But I wouldn't.

The next morning I made out to come to breakfast. I wouldn't have done it, but I knew I never could exist without eating, and I thought I might as well come to the table as to have her find me eating in the pantry. That morning she was dressed in a blue wrapper, with a snow white collar and coral pin, and she looked just as I have imagined angels look. She seemed already acquainted with the rest of the family, and was as sociable and merry as if she had always made her home with us.

Elsie introduced me by saying, "This is my brother," and Miss Osgood gave me a sweet little bow and smile that made my heart beat like a trip hammer.

I remember if there was one awkward thing in the world that I didn't do that morning. I tipped over nearly everything on the table; when mother requested me to pass the bread, I passed her my cup of tea, spilling half of it; when our visitor asked for the butter, I handed over the salt; and, finally, when I went to get up from the table, my chair went over backward with a terrible bang, capping the climax of my mortification.

The days passed on, and Miss Clara made herself perfectly at home in our old farm house. She helped the girls to wash dishes, make bread and pies, and I would often come in and find her with an immense apron on, engaged in some culinary operation. Sometimes she and the girls would come out in the field and rake hay, and he did not even take pains to cover her hands to keep them from tanning.

"You will get your hands as brown as a gipsy's," I said to her one day.

"I don't care," she said; "it will be all the more fun."

She was the daintiest, prettiest, sweetest little creature in the world, and if I hadn't fallen in love with her I should have been more than mortal. I did. You may believe it didn't improve my manners to be in love. If I had been awkward before, I was three fold more so now. I never could do anything as I wanted to.

One day we didn't have so much to do as usual, and the girls declared that I must take the team and let them all go huckleberrying. I was willing, so I tackled up Dobbin, and took our wagon, and off we all started for the pasture.

Clara looked prettier than she ever had before. She wore a gipsy hat, with a broad rim, a calico dress which she had got since she had been with us for she didn't bring any calico with her, and she had on an apron as white as the driven snow.

I told her she ought not to wear such a white apron huckleberrying, it would get all stained with berries, but she said she didn't care, as there were plenty more aprons where that came from.

We had a gay time berrying. We broke down bushes and sat under the trees the most of the time, for Clara declared she couldn't stand it to have the sun beating down on her head, and as it would not of course answer to leave her alone, I broke down bushes enough for us all. We picked a good many berries, though I should say, judging by appearances, that more went into Clara's mouth than into her basket.

Sure enough, thy white apron was covered with great black stains before night, and Clara's mouth had a very marked appearance. Her fingers, too, showed her occupation to say nothing of her hand being scratched with briers, and her hair being one mass of tangles.

We rode home in the merriest kind of mood. Clara insisted on occupying the front seat with me and I continued to talk quite sociably. When we drove up to the gate, whom should we see but some strange fellow, talking with father, in the door yard. He was all dressed up, and looked exceedingly stylish in his fine broadcloth and glossy stove pipe hat.

Clara colored up as soon as she saw him, and I mistrusted in a minute that it was some city chap that she was acquainted with, perhaps her beau, though it made me feel dreadful to think of that. He looked at Clara as we drove up to the door, and for a moment he seemed puzzled. I didn't wonder at it, for she didn't look so fine in her present plight as she did when she was all dressed up in her city clothes. But when I helped her out he seemed to recognize her, for he went up to her and shook hands as heartily as could be and said:

"Miss Osgood, I am delighted to see you."

I could have kicked him with a good grace, but as it wouldn't have been exactly polite before the ladies, I didn't do it.

Clara introduced him as Mr. Taylor. He didn't seem particularly cordial to any of us, but he was all attention to Clara. I couldn't tell whether she was glad or sorry to see him. She was rather stiller than usual, I thought, and she went upstairs and fixed up, and came down looking as fresh as a pink.

"Can you make out who that fellow is, Hat?" said I, when we chanced to be alone together a minute after supper.

"Why, it's Clara's beau, you bothy," said Hat. "It does seem as if you fellows can't understand anything. Here, Will, where are you going? Don't go off in that style. Come back and help entertain the company."

"I won't," said I as sagely, walking off with rapid strides.

I went to Squire Morgan's and spent the evening, and stayed till eleven o'clock, and the girls couldn't guess which of them I came to see. There were five of them in all.

I went home and dreamed of taking Mr. Taylor to the horse pond and throwing him in and punching him back with a pole when he attempted to swim out.

The next day I was in a desperate frame of mind, and it didn't improve my condition when I saw from the field where I was working, Mr. Taylor and Clara, walking together in the orchard. I would like to have my dream come true just then. If he had stayed long, I should have done something desperate, I know, but he went away next morning.

I was rather surprised that Clara did not go back with him, but I supposed she had concluded to wait till next time.

I was as moody and sullen as I could possibly be the next few days. I didn't take any notice at all of Clara, and went to Squire Morgan's almost every evening. They began to think I went there to see Maria, the old maid.

One evening I had just put my hat on, just ready to start, and was standing in the door when Clara sidled up beside me. Raising her sweetest of blue eyes to my face she said:

"Will, are you mad at me?"

"Mad at you? How can you ask?"

"Because you act so strangely. You won't hardly speak to me. Have I done anything to offend you?"

"No, but I thought Mr. Taylor would be about all you could manage for the present," said I growing angry as I thought of my rival.

"Mr. Taylor was married long ago. I don't know what he has to do with me or you, either, for that matter. But I sometimes are just as hateful as you can be, and if you want to get mad you may, and stay and the little lips were pouted, and tears fell, one by one, from little eyes.

"Let me go, you bad boy!" said she try ing to release herself from my grasp.

"Not till you tell me one thing?" said I. "Isn't Mr. Taylor your lover?"

"No, and never will be," said Clara veiling her eyes with the long lashes. "I perfectly detest him."

"Clara," and my face grew very hot, while every vein in my whole body was throbbing wildly, "supposing an awkward, homely, country fellow should tell you he loved you, and asked you to be his wife, what would you say?"

"I will wait till one asks me before I tell that," said she, pouting.

"I love you, Clara. Will you be my wife?"

Just one lifting of the long lashes, one glance from the pretty blue eyes, and the next moment the sweet face was hidden entirely from sight on my bosom. In my transport I clasped her frantically in my arms, and not satisfied with a silent consent, I made her say that she loved me; and then I stole a kiss from the pretty lips that had uttered such sweet words.

It was too good to be true, almost, but as I glance at the little lady opposite me, looking at me with those small blue eyes, I realize that my happiness was not all a dream. I have found out, by actual experience, that city girls make most excellent farmers' wives.

MUCH THE SAME.

Same old issues, same old fight,
Same old "wrong," same old "right,"
Same old "mask," same tough "crow,"
Same old dodging they used to know,
Same old plotting, same old fun,
Same old foemen on the run,
Same old quibbles, same old lies,
Same old trimming, same old cries,
Same old voting, same old way,
Same old trick and games to play!

—*Buffalo News.*

SATISFIED.

"Things might have been so different for me."

The day had been long and wearisome and full of vexations for poor, tired and overworked little Mrs. Mayne.

All her days were full of toil, but to-day the "daily round" had been harder than usual.

The baby had been peevish and fretful without any apparent cause. The other children had been more exacting and frequent in their demands for attention. Her husband had once or twice spoken in an irritable tone. So many things were undone that she had hoped to find time to do that day!"

And now, at ten o'clock at night, when John and the children were in bed, she sat alone in a room made so disorderly by childish hands.

A great pile of laundered but unmended garments was on her work table, with a half finished little dress for baby, and a little jacket for Johnnie needing the finishing touches, and everything might have been so different for her!

In another part of the town, on its most fashionable street, was a beautiful mansion of which she might have been the mistress had she not refused its owner ten years before. She sat in her shabby little home to night contrasting its faded carpets and poor furniture with that of the fine house on the hill.

She wondered how it would seem to wear the silks and jewels his wife wore, and to ride in the carriage in which his wife rode.

Fate seemed to her to have been so cruel in its decrees regarding her own life. Everything might have been different if she rose suddenly and began to gather up the things lying around the room, a book here, a pile of blocks there, a little stocking with a hole at the knee in the middle of the floor, a little rocking chair overturned in a corner, a ragged pair of tiny trousers dangling from the back of a chair, a tiny shirt lying just where its owner had stepped out of it.

Slowly and mechanically she began gathering up the little garments, and with them in her arms she passed into the next room, where her husband and three little ones were sleeping.

A dim light was burning, it threw a soft gleam on the face of her baby lying in his little crib with one pretty round arm lying on the quilt. Her boy of five lay in his little bed with the tiny plump hand of his sister of three years clasped in his own, a smile upon her pretty face.

Her tired husband slept peacefully, his toil worn hands clasped above his head.

For a moment she stood quite still, her head bowed almost to the little garments in her arms, she raised them tenderly and pressed them to her lips, and then stole softly forward wondering at nothing now but the wealth and beauty and blessedness of her own life.

On her bended knees she kissed the lips of her babies, and softly patted their cheeks with a hand worn hard in loving service for them. She longed to clasp them to her heart and feel their arms around her neck. On her knees she prayed to her husband's side, and lightly kissed the honest, kindly face, the eyes did not open, but the lips murmured, "precious wife."

With a heart full of gratitude she arose, saying softly to herself, "With children and love the wealth of the world is mine, without them what would the wealth of the world be?" *Household.*

A SUPRISED GUARDSMAN

A French paper tells the story of a lady who entered one of the cars of a train holding in her arms a dog. This was against the rules. Dogs must be paid for in their travel on trains in France. The trainman announced:

"Dogs must be paid for."

"Not mine," said the lady.

"No exception can be made, Madam."

"I always carry it in England."

"You cannot in France. You must give up the dog and pay."

"I will not pay. Can I leave the dog?"

The guard held out his hand and took the dog. It was stuffed!

SHAMEFUL POVERTY.

Mamma, said little Helen one day on returning from school, "some little girls asked me to day if I had any little brothers and sisters, and I just ran away without saying anything."

"Why did you do that, dear? Why didn't you say no?"

"Because, mamma, I was too ashamed to tell them that we were so poor that I was the only little baby we had ever had at our house."

Impoverished blood causes that tired feeling. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies enriches and vitalizes the blood and gives vigor and vitality.

VICTORIA REGINA.

Her Seventy-Seventh Birthday Anniversary to be Celebrated Next Monday.

The 24th of May is again at hand, and "God Save the Queen" will resound around the world with more than its usual significance and perhaps with a note of anxiety in it, for the good Victoria, in passing her seventy-seventh milestone, marks the completion of a long stage of a journey the period of whose completion no man can fix. But this sober reflection is parenthetically crowded out of the thoughts of her people, who, on the festal day, wherever they may be, give vent to their gladness that she is yet spared to reign over them. The boom of cannon, the chime of bells, the shouts and hurrahs, the waving of flags, the parades, the reviews, the feasts and all the other joyful demonstrations that enliven this gala day wherever Great Britain's colors float and but transitory symbols of the deep reverence and love that bind to this gentle sovereign her poorest and humblest subjects.

Queen Victoria is unquestionably the best known woman in the world, and her reign has been longer than that of any other living sovereign. Her career has been remarkable in many ways, although it has been for the most part singularly placid.

The Queen was born on May 24, 1819, at Kensington palace and was the only child of the Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III. At the time of her birth there seemed to be little prospect that Victoria would ascend the throne, but by strange chance all her father's older brothers died childless, leaving this young girl to carry upon her shoulders the responsibility of a nation's welfare. How well she has borne it the years have shown.

Queen Victoria numbers the eighth in a direct line from James I, the intervening space being filled by seven of her kindred. She is fourteenth in descent from Edward VI, twenty eighth in descent from Henry I, thirty fifth in descent from Alfred the Great, of time division and burned cakes memory; thirty seventh in descent from Egbert, the first sole monarch of England. A great number of branching lives connect her with other distinguished and illustrious personages of different nationalities.

A GEORGIA EDITOR'S SALUTATORY.

Bright and breezy, with sails all spread and our colors nailed to the mast, we bear down on you this morning.

Here is news for one who wants to keep up with the times, social chit chat for the gossip lover; politics for the public minded, facts and fancies for the farmers, fun for the frolicsome, and pathos for the poetical.

It is chock full of readable matter, and he must be an unappreciative cuss who fails to be amused and entertained, instructed and interested by perusing the columns of the dandiest weekly in the crackingest town in Georgia.

The children cry for it, and the old folks are puckering up their mouths for a regular boo boo because they have't got it.

Along next spring, when you get bilious and wake up in the morning feeling swell eyed and hateful, this paper will come to you with its sides bulging out with laugh and song, and you will grin so loud and so wide that you will have to carry an umbrella to keep the sun from shining down your throat and warming your ribs.

We don't mean to claim that this is a humorous paper, still it is a humorous paper, after all, but there is a heap of solemn features connected with it. (We put this in in to catch the hypochondriacs who don't know any better.)

There's many a laugh that sounds wildly hilarious, that if you but knew it, has a discordant ring as were some unseen hand strikes a cold iron railing around a tomb.

We will take almost anything, except contumely or cussing, in payment for subscriptions, corn, cotton, potatoes, syrup, cattle, hogs, horses, farm lands, city lots or general merchandise. Come in and see us, whether you want the paper or not, for we are worth looking at. Then you might give us some valuable hints and suggestions as to the best way to run a paper.

Now, we hope you feel better. We are done, and you can go ahead with your rat killing, but don't forget that the *Guardian* is your friend, and will love you when you are old and ugly, and everybody else hates you.

Adieu, ta ta, pis cum a rotten Cedartown *Guardian*.

THE QUEEN'S TENDER HEART

Hundreds of instances have been recorded illustrating Her Majesty's kindness of heart. Here is one typical of all. One day her Majesty and Prince Albert were visiting Chatham for the purpose of examining the invalid soldiers there. Among the wounded, one, whose arm was off from the socket, attracted the special attention of the Queen, who asked him what his name was.

"Breeze, your majesty," replied the soldier, who was a magnificent looking fellow.

"Where did you lose your arm?"

"At the battle of Balaklava."

"Poor fellow! I hope they'll behave well to you." What regiment did you belong to?"

"Prince Albert's Eleventh hussars, where I have served as sergeant for the last 12 years," was the soldier's reply.

Her majesty at once turned to the Prince and said, "My dear, you must do something for him." Then, nodding to Sergeant Breeze, she said in a most pleasant manner, "You shall not be forgotten."

Immediately on her return to Windsor her majesty gave orders that Sergeant Breeze should receive 5 shillings a week out of her private purse, had him appointed one of the yeomen of the guard and procured him a government pension of 2 shillings a day for life.

A Child's Quaint Saying.

The Rev. David Macrae has brought together in a most interesting little volume entitled "Quaint Sayings of Children," a number of stories, many of them old, but nearly all of them good. There is one, evidently told in print for the first time, of a little girl in Aberdeen who brought a basket of strawberries to the minister very early on Monday morning.

"Thank you, my little girl," he said, "they are very beautiful. But I hope you didn't gather them yesterday, which was the Sabbath day?"

"No, sir, replied the child. "I pulled them this morning. But they was growin' all yesterday."

THE BIRDS.

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud
Filled all the blossoming orchards with glee;
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be
And hungry crows assembled in a crowd,
Clamored their piticous prayer incessantly,
Knowing who hears the raven's cry, and said
"Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread."

Do you never think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ever think who made them and who taught
The dialect they speak, whose melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than the instrument of man ever caught!
Whose habitations in the tree tops even
Are half way houses on the road to heaven?

Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf latticed windows of the east,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old, melodious madrigals of love?
And when you think of this remember too
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

A CLEAR CASE.

A bright clergyman once worked upon a guilty conscience in his congregation in the following way.

"Last Sunday," said the clergyman to his congregation, "some one put a button in the collection plate. I won't mention names. I will merely say that only one individual in the congregation could have done so, and I shall expect the same individual, after the service, to replace the button with a coin of the realm."

After church, a well to do but close fisted individual sought an interview with the clergyman in the vestry.

"I or," he began, hesitatingly, "must apologize, sir, for the button incident, which I can assure you was an accident. I happened to have the button in my waist coat pocket together with a shilling, and took out the former by mistake. However, sir, here is the shilling.

"Thank you," said the clergyman taking the shilling and gravely handing him the button.

"By the by, sir," said the man, "I can not understand how you should know that it was I who—er—committed the—er—much to be regretted mistake."

"I didn't know," replied the clergyman.

"Didn't know! But you said, sir, that only one individual in the congregation could have done so."

"Just so. You see, sir it is scarcely possible that two individuals could have put one button in the plate, is it not?"

SPEAK KINDLY

A man was once saved, by a very poor boy, from drowning. After his restoration he said to him:

"What can I do for you, my boy?"

"Speak a kind word to me sometimes," replied the boy, the tears gushing from his eyes, "I ain't got a mother like some of them."

A kind word! Think of it. This man had it in his power to give that boy money, clothes, plaything, but the little fellow craved nothing so much as a kind word now and then. If the man had ever so little heart that boy must certainly have had the wish granted. A kind word! You have many such spoken to you daily, and you don't think much of their value; but that poor boy in the village, at whom everybody laughs would think that he had found a treasury if someone spoke a kind word to him.

WHY DO WE APOLOGIZE FOR LAUGHING

Did you ever notice how people will apologize for laughing? Let anyone relate how at a certain place, and upon a certain occasion, their mirthful nerves were tickled by some circumstance or unique combination of circumstances, and nine times out of ten he will say "I laughed, or I had to laugh I couldn't help it."

"I laughed, says the independent man of business "I couldn't help it." "I laughed," says the jolly matron. "I couldn't help it." "I had to laugh," says the giggling school girl. "I couldn't help it, you know." Rare indeed is the person who will say, "I laughed and let it go at that. It would seem, sometimes, that "laughed" and "couldn't help it" are wedded and inseparable.—Boston *Globe.*

IT NEVER FORGOT HIS KINDNESS

A touching instance of insect instinct has just been published. A writer says: "I found a cockroach struggling in a bowl of water. I took half a walnut shell for a boat. I put him into it and gave him two wooden toothpicks for oars and left him. The next morning I visited him and he had put a piece of white cotton thread on one of the toothpicks and set the toothpick on end as a signal of distress. He had a hair on the other toothpick and there that cockroach, sat a fishing. The cockroach, exhausted, had fallen asleep. The sight melting me to tears. I took that cockroach out, gave him a spoonful of gruel and left. The animal never forgot my kindness, and now my house is chock full of cockroaches."

GERMAN JUSTICE.

A little girl of Metz 14 years old, has recently been condemned to eight days imprisonment for having insulted the German emperor. The insult consisted in writing a private letter to one of her little friends, in which there was something disrespectful to his majesty. It is said that such sentences are common in Alsace Lorraine.

THE BEST OPINIONS!

SCIENTIFIC MEN SAY DIAMOND DYES ARE THE BEST

The best analytical chemists in the world affirm without hesitation that Diamond Dyes are the purest and best dyestuffs for home dying. All the colors are fast to light and washing and will color more goods, package for package, than any other dye in the world.

As there are many imitations of the popular Diamond Dyes, ladies should be ware of dealers who attempt to recommend the worthless goods. It should be remembered that the imitation dyes are made up of poisonous and dangerous adulterations, and the hands are often ruined by their use. Diamond Dyes are so easy to use that even a child can work with them successfully. See that you get the "Diamond Dyes" and refuse all others.