The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick Streets, Acton.

A. S. ELLIOTT, M. B.
Acton
GRADUATE TORONTO UNIVERSITY
OFFICE: Main Street, third door south of Presbyterian Church, Acton

J. F HALSTED, M. D., P. L. U. C., M. C. P. and S. ONT.
OFFICE—Medical Hall, Main Street Acton
Patronage Solicited
Rheumatism and Catarrh Specialties

ALFRED P. HUSBAND, V. S
Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College Honorary member of the Veterinary Medical Society
OFFICE Wm Husband's, lot 21, con 4, Nassagaweya.
Calls day or night promptly attended to

DENTAL.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST, GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S. DENTIST, BROOMVILLE
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY
Work made Satisfactory Prices Moderate.
VISITING DAYS Tuesday and Friday of each week

D. I. S MERCER, Dentist.
Graduate of Toronto University and R.C.D.S
Office over Drug Store, Acton
SPECIAL DAYS, MONDAY, TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

LEGAL.

McLEAN & McLEAN
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan.
Office—Town Hall, Acton
WM. A. McLEAN. JNO. A McLEAN

DOUGLAS & MURRAY
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC
OFFICES—Hyde Queen St., Parkdale
Victoria Chambers, 64 Victoria St
Telephone 2277 Toronto
JOHN DOUGLAS. A. B. MURRAY

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

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

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

MISCELLANEOUS

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

THE PALACE BARBER SHOP
MILL STREET, ACTON
WORDEN BROS., Proprietors
An easy shave a stylish hair cut a good washing, an exhilarating shampoo, always given Razors honed and put in first-class condition Ladies and children's hair tastily cut

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER
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Account Books of all kinds made to order Periodicals of every description carefully bound Ruling neatly and promptly done

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H. P. MOORE,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Private Office No witnesses required Can be at residence in the evening
Free Press Office, ACTON

JOB PRINTING,
INCLUDING Books, Pamphlets, Posters Bill Heads, Circulars, &c. &c. executed in the best style of the art, at moderate prices and on short notice Apply or address
H. P. MOORE
FREE PRESS Office Acton

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan Any communications forwarded to my address Box 620, or telephone 58, will be promptly attended to
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph

WM HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Fees reduced to
$5.00 FOR FARM SALES
Also money to loan on the most favorable rate, and at the lowest rates of interest, to the of $500 and upwards

GUELPH
Business College
AND
Shorthand Institute,
GUELPH, ONT.
SUPERIOR FACILITIES for thorough and practical courses of Study. Bookkeeping Shorthand and Typewriting courses a specialty Graduates assisted to positions
FALL SESSIONS commences Sept 7th Write for circulars
J. SHARP, Principal

Banqueting Lamps

VERY HANDSOME.

Wild Rose Pattern for 75c. to $5.
Prices very low. Designs new.
Call and see.
Fine Albums, Toys, and Games.
Stock Up-to-date. Prices away down at

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

WILLIAMS'
Boot & Shoe Store

OUR POLICY.

We operate our store on a determined policy 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', Boy's and Children's
Boots & Shoes

WILLIAM WILLIAMS,
Mill St. - ACTON
Custom work and repairing promptly attended to

J. H. Hamilton,

DEALER IN
Marble and Granite,
Hamilton's old stand,
GUELPH

Large New Consignment.
Just Received a Large Consignment of
Granite Norway, Swede, Russian, English, Irish, Scotch,
OF BEST QUALITY.
The whole to be sold at prices never to be known in Ontario
Call and Inspect. J. H. HAMILTON

Georgetown Electric Works

T. J. SPEIGHT, Proprietor

Manufacturers of
DYNAMOS,
ELECTRIC MOTORS,
WATER MOTORS, etc.
HYDRAULIC RAMS

Being equipped with a first class brazing machine prepared to do brazing on Bicycles Frames, etc. Wheels converted from Direct to Tangent Spokes. Handle Bars bent to any desired angle Full line of spokes kept in stock. Satisfaction guaranteed Bicycles enamelled in any color

T. J. SPEIGHT, Georgetown

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 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 At drive ushers at the door.

Epworth League of Christian Endeavor.
Miss Mamie H Matthews, President
Meets every Tuesday evening. All Young People invited.

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 engine or implement of any make Saw sniithing and Rivetting.

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

GUN SALE

Need a gun?
We've too many.
Guns all right but we bought too freely and must let them go like this:

Guns that were	*$18.00 now*	*$12.50*
" "	$16.50 "	$14.00.
" "	$12.00 "	$10.50
" "	$11.00 "	$ 9.00.
" "	$10.00 "	$ 8.45

This chance should not be let slip. Fuller description by mail if you want it.

J. M. BOND & Co.
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

Full Shoes, Cheaper Prices at
W. McLaren & Co.
CUELPH.

Everyone knows how WELL and to SHOES WEAR. It is needless to say that the SAME care has been exercised in our Fall Purchases of
SHOES
RUBBERS
OVERSHOES
We are in a better position than anyone else in the trade to give you the BEST MAKES at LOW PRICES. Just allows and we feel go together you know what follows

A word about RUBBERS. We are handling the BRANDY and CANADIAN RUBBERS the best in the market. A special invitation is extended to the people of Acton and vicinity to have a look through our NEW STOCK

The Leading Shoe Store
W McLAREN & CO., Guelph

at
Moffat's Music Store
ACTON, ONT.
You can purchase the world famous
DOMINION
Pianos AND **Organs**
ALSO
Mouth Organs, Violin Strings, Violin Bows, Concertinas, Autoharps, Accordions, Mandolines, Guitars,
and every thing in a first class Music Store. Anything not in stock will be ordered.

Also For small instruments etc., call at Moffat's Music Store for Pianos and Organs, to suit terms and parties

MOFFAT'S MUSIC STORE
Next Door to Symon House

—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 all trains between 9 a.m. and 8.30 p.m
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met
JOHN WILLIAMS
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.

WANTED SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN OR women to travel for responsible established house in Ontario; salary $780, payable $15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National Star Building, Chicago.

Poetry.

CUPID'S DAY.

If Cupid calls, early or late,
Put up a board upon the gate,
Turn not the key within the door,
Close not the shutting window blind,
If you to love should prove unkind,
He may resolve to call no more.

Should you his ruddy cheeks behold,
His dimpled chin and hair of gold;
His stringed bow and shining dart,
Be sure 'tis safest on that day
To give to him the right of way
For when he shoots he hits the heart.

His arrows pierce the thickest shield,
When he commands 'tis best to yield,
All who resist his winning way,
And thus ignore him when he calls
At last may, when he wounded falls,
Feel the sweet pain many a day.

In form he's neither tall nor great,
Yet there's no earthly potentate
That has the power to put him down,
For with his single arm alone
He can the proudest king dethrone,
And bear the head that wears the crown.

Put not his valor to the test,
Make him to day a welcome guest,
Ye beaux and belles, act not as foes
If he has wounded you before,
Be kind, and he may wound no more,
And leave his blessing when he goes.

Should you his ruddy cheeks behold,
His dimpled chin and hair of gold,
His shining bow and shapen of arrows,
Be sure 'tis safest on that day
To give to him the right of way,
Whose team is snow white doves and sparrows.

BY GEORGE W. BUNDAY

Select Family Reading.

How Culture Came.

Aunt Jane was certainly generous with her money. She had known indigence so long that when her snug little inheritance came she made haste to follow out many of the suppressed longings of a life time.

One of her hobbies (hobbies are among the first privileges of the rich) was the use of money, for things more esthetic than useful. She belonged to a Society of Something or Other which promulgated this doctrine. They gave great pots of pink hyacinths to the denizens of Angel Alley, I believe, and framed copies of the Boston Bambini Madonna to give the sweater girls.

One Christmas Aunt Jane gave us a very handsome Venus de Milo in Parian marble, some twenty four inches high. I know that before giving it she had a colloquy with her conscience, or perhaps with her society, which ran somewhat as follows:

"I suppose those Peterbys would like me to give them a red plush parlor sofa, or a silver plated water pitcher. I don't approve of plated things, they are demoralizing. or a dozen handkerchiefs for each of the seven, but I shall do nothing of the kind. Let them buy their own handkerchiefs, would they take that money and put it in a Venus? Not much, Jane Coddington! So if you don't raise the standard of that family above red plush and plated silver they'll die in their grossness, and heaven, in its absence of red plush will mean nothing to them!"

So the Venus de Milo was our Christmas present from Aunt Jane. When it came we all admired it duly. Finally Mary, my better half, admitted:

"I was hoping she'd send us some steel tea spoons, but, of course, this is very handsome, and perhaps we'll get the spoons anyway."

"I told her I was saving up to buy a set of Dickens and was in hopes she'd take the hint," said Tom, our eldest boy, who had gone into business when he was fifteen and was trying to read up a bit in the evenings.

"I'm sure we need a parlor clock worse than a statue of Venus," sighed Susan.

And there we let might have been drop.

On Christmas day Venus stood on the parlor table, but it soon became evident that that was no place for a well regulated statue to stand. Mary said we must have a pedestal for it, and after much debate and demur a pedestal we had before a week was out. It was ebony, and I had scoured every store in town to see if I could get one for less than fifteen dollars; and after four rooms of five minute lunches and fifty five minute pedestal hunts, I took home the one I had seen first, and the next night Venus was properly enshrined to greet me when I came home.

The neighbors called and commented, and we were becoming used to having a Venus among us, when one night Mary came out of the parlor wearing a troubled look.

"Dick," said she coming to me where I sat comfortably reading my paper in the sitting room, "Dick, the parlor paper is positively frightful. I did not notice it so much until that statue came, but I declare that dead white thing makes the walls behind it look too grimy for anything. We have to do them in the spring anyway, so why couldn't we do them now? It would not cost any more, if as much, and I do declare they are an awful eyesore."

I was not prepared to paper so soon after the holidays and the "extra of the pedestal," but I got up and followed Mary into the parlor, and, sure enough, the walls did look dingy beyond compare.

I was going to get a new suit of clothes that week, but I thought I could do with them temporarily, anyhow, so on the next Monday two men came in and ordered all our belongings out, and after pulling the old paper off the parlor and sitting room, and washing the kalsomine off the ceilings, they departed on some mysterious errand, leaving a cart load of planks, buckets, ladders, etcetera, in our rooms.

The next day at noon a man came and brought a bundle of rolls of paper and on the morning of the third day there two mysterious persons came back and began their cutting and pasting. It was a whole week before our rooms were straightened out and habitable again, and then, when Mary was showing our good brown rep parlor suit into the clean room, with its white and gilt walls, she wrung her hands in despair at the dismalness of the old fashioned rep, and the upshot of it all was that after some ten days' discomfort the children agreed to put together twice of their savings and buy a new parlor suit.

Mollie teaches school, Grace is a book keeper, Tom is in the house where I am head cashier, and Albert is a thrifty lad although he is only on an eight dollar wage, so among them they contributed quite a respectable sum for the purchase of a wee, spindle legged thing they called a settee and two spindly chairs in pale gilt and upholstering.

The night they came home new Inlaid ture always came home at night, when the neighbors can't see it the suppressed excitement turned to spoken dismay in the space of half an hour, for no one had remembered the carpet was old and dark in pattern, and the delicate furniture was mocked by its pink an neighbor.

We endured the carpet for a while; then one day, when no one had dared say "carpet" for a long time because every one knew there were no more resources Mary startled the family at dinner by offering the seven of us one small steak.

"Spring is coming on," she explained, undaunted by our protests, "and it is not fit for us to be eating so much meat as we do. Why, I know families larger than ours that never have more than one steak among them. It's all nonsense our having two big ones every time; we'll get our blood overheated and bring on spring diseases and steak at eighteen cents a pound, too!"

The last clause gave us all a clew for we had never gone on half rations any other spring, and we couldn't even imagine what the disorders were which came of boiled beef.

In four weeks we had a new Wilton rug of pale ecru coloring, and every time we looked at it we thought of all the steak and roast lamb and frizzled chicken we had gone without to get it.

Our parlor began to look very attractive now. We needed new lace curtains badly, to be sure, and Grace said our specimens of art were "a sight to behold," while Sue, our school girl, could not forget the clock that our mantle shelf literally cried for.

"We need a pretty lamp with a fancy shade," said Mollie.

"And a palm everybody has a palm now," added Grace.

"I wish our piano was not an old clumsy square," sighed Mary, capping the climax; "uprights are so much prettier."

Tom bought a clock out of his first savings, presumably at the expense of lunches, car fares and neckties, and Mollie said she knew where she could get a brass lamp with a big crape paper shade for just what she had contemplated spending on her Easter hat.

"We always thought we spent too little on our homes and too much on our backs," she said bravely, making over the bows of her last year's hat.

Grace sent a palm home from the florist's one morning, and a jardiniere up from the china store next day, and said nothing of what sacrifice it represented, and on Sue's birthday, in April, Aunt Jane gave her a photogravure of Bastien Lepage's "Jeanne d' Arc," handsomely framed, which was a great ornament to the walls and good company for Venus; although, as Sue expressed it, "it made Burne-Highland Mary," and "Washington crossing the Delaware" look sick.

Joe Jefferson came to May and we had planned to all go, believing it the second duty of every American citizen to see Rip Van Winkle the first being to see Caleb Plummer but Mollie said she did not see how anyone could feel justified in spending money on the theatre for the pleasure of one night, when those dreggy old Nottingham curtains confronted them every day of their lives."

So none of us went, and by saving seven dollars here and seven dollars there we bought two pairs of very decent Brussels curtains for our windows and tried to feel that we had been extremely wise. Venus looked on with more approval than she had been able to manifest heretofore, and we began to feel that our parlor indicated a new era of culture for the Peterbys.

In June we took out "Washington and "Highland Mary," and substituted copies of "The Angelus," and a landscape of Landseer's, and Grace said she had found out it was "hygienic" to go without a Venetian rose bowl. We stood home all summer, and effected an exchange of our old piano and our outing for a new upright and some to be paid instalments. Sue helping on this transaction by not taking any lessons from May to October.

In September, when people were coming home from a good rest, and airing their shut up houses, Mary said she felt as if we ought to do something about our dining room and bed rooms.

"It is an indication of vulgarity," said Mollie, "to have everything in your parlor."

It began to look as if culture were about to extend to the Peterbys utmost belongings, and Richard felt that his time had come.

"I rise to proclaim," said I, brandishing my carving fork "that if I see any instances of culture proceeding past the parlor of this house, I shall take Venus and 'punk her.' What we want now is less culture and more food and clothes!"

That night I took my family, to a good show, and on the way home treated them to ice cream.

It is said that Aunt Jane never approves sending us a cut glass salad service to elevate the tone of our table and our eating but she she'n't invade my house with it not much, Richard Peterby!

HIS TRIVIAL QUALIFICATIONS

All a fellow has to do to run a newspaper, says an exchange, is to be able to write a poem, discuss the tariff, umpire a baseball game, report a wedding, show wood, shoot a lawyer, describe a fire so that the readers will shed their wraps, make a dollar do the work of ten, shine at a soiree, abuse the liquor habit, lost whiskey, subscribe to charity, go without meals, attack free silver, defend bimetallism, sneer at snobbery, wear diamonds, invent advertisements, overlook scandal, praise babies, delight pumpkin raisers, minister to the afflicted, beat the devil, hunted, fight to a finish, set type, mould pathos, sweep the office, speak at prayer meeting, and stand in with everybody and everything. An editor hasn't to do much, has he?

MUSIC FOR THE BABY.

One of the native Hindu princes is determined that his infant heir shall be acquainted from his earliest days with English luxuries and Britannic ideas. For the convenience of this fortunate child a perambulator has been constructed which will play, as the wheels go around, all kinds of British airs lullabies, when the infant wishes to go to sleep, and martial strains when it is in a wakeful mood.

He is not much of a man who for policy's sake is honest, but it is better to be honest for policy's sake than not at all.

Disease attacks the weak and debilitated. keep yourself healthy and strong by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A HAPPY MISTAKE.

"It might not always be pleasant to be taken for some one else," said the man who was asked for an experience, "but in my case it was the most delightful incident of my life. You see it happened in this way. I was going to visit an interior town of some size, and my neighbor, old Joe Peters, who was rich and crabbed and eccentric, but not a bad sort withal, asked me to call on a sister he had living there.

"I'm't seen her in twenty years," he said to me, "and like enough she don't care a pinayune whether she ever sees or hears of me or not, but I'd kind of like to know how she's fixed since her husband died, a spell ago. You might just skirmish around and see how the land lays."

"When I reached F., the western town in which Peters' folks lived, I attended to my business first and then went to call on his sister.

"Now I am not in the habit of using cards when I make a call, like swell folks, but I had a business card and it struck me it would be about right to send that in to the folks and wait in the parlor to see what came of it.

"Well, such screeching and shouting I never heard in my life, and I began to think I had struck a lunatic asylum, and a few minutes later I was sure of it, for three women came rushing into the room and they all began calling me "Uncle Joe," and hugging me within an inch of my life.

"One at a time," I said, for though the mother was handsome, the girls were just peaches and cream, and it was hard for me to tell them that I was not Uncle Joe. I had sent in his business card instead of my own, and that's how they made the mistake. The girls seemed to think it a good joke, but the widow was awfully flustrated. However, the next time I kissed her it wasn't any mistake."

HIS RING.

At nine o'clock last Saturday evening Algernon stood at the front door of the house of the girl he loved, but to whom he dared not say a word, says the New York *Sun*.

For a long time he had been sparring for points, but to the bashful these things do not appear in a clear light, even though they clearly exist.

He had rung the bell once, twice, thrice, but there had been no answer.

Nervously he stretched forth his hand to ring again, when the door was opened by the one being in the world who made his life worth living.

"Why, Algernon, she exclaimed "if I had thought it was you I wouldn't have kept you standing out in the cold so long."

He thought of how long he had been standing out in the cold and wondered when the courage would come to him to go in out of it.

"You know," she continued, as she drew him inside and closed the door, "that the servants are out to night, and some of the family have to answer the front door bell."

He thought he saw a chance to make a start in the right direction, without alarming her. That had been the trouble all the time with Algernon, he was in moral terror of frightening the girl by some emotional precipitancy or other, and thus destroying his hopes forever.

"Why, Miss Dora," he said, in tender, insinuating tones, don't you know my ring yet?"

She looked down at her empty fingers where no jewelled setting shone, and then looked up into Algernon's face.

"No, Algernon," she said, blushing "I do not. But don't you think it is almost time that I did?"

THE NEW MARRIAGE ACT

Tribulation of a Timid Young Man in Search of a License.

The provisions of the new act relating to marriage have not yet been studied by those young men who are contemplating marriage. The issuers of licenses in Woodstock say that all sorts of misapprehensions exist in the minds of those who come to purchase the necessary document which entitles them to take unto themselves a wife.

A young man called on one of the license issuers alone the other night and asked if it was not within the power of the license seller to give him a license. He gave his address as Ingersoll and said that his intended was living in Stratford. He desired to avoid publicity in Ingersoll and was equally anxious on the same score that the license should not be purchased in Stratford where his and his intended were known. He was told that the rule was cast iron and that the only way he could get a license would be to bring his intended down from Stratford. He promised to call again.

The same official said the first license since the new act came into effect last night at ten o'clock. The young couple called and complied with all the conditions but raised a big kick when told that the particulars of the proposed marriage would have to be forwarded on an open post card, to the Attorney General's department. They gave special instructions to the official not to give any information to the press and they had a vague fear that some one might see their names on the postal card as it went through the mail. Woodstock *Sentinel Review*.

A CURIOUSLY NAMED GARDEN

There is a garden in Britain kept by an old gentleman which presents some curiosities in floral nomenclature. The owner has been seized with a desire to label his flowers after the manner of botanists, but knowing nothing of scientific terms, has suited an acquaintance. The result is more amusing than appropriate, and proves the folly of wisdom where ignorance is bliss. Scientific names have been affixed to all the flowers, but strictly on the principle that a rose by any other name will smell as sweet. One row bears the inscription *Nux vomica*, another is boldly labelled *Non Prime*, a third is affirmed to be *Ipecacuanha*, and another to be *Paris rejo ornamis*. The amateur gardener is exceedingly proud of his collection, and no one has enlightened him on the incongruity of the descriptions. London *Telegraph*.

GRACE LEADS.

Grace leads the right way; if you choose the wrong, take it and perish, but restrain your tongue; charge not, with light sufficient and left free, your wilful suicide on God's decree. Cowper.

A YOUNG PREACHER IN JAIL.

BY HENRY C. FITZGERALD.

In an old southern city, on a hot Sunday afternoon in the year 1852 a young preacher was holding service in one of its suburbs. But he failed to get there.

This is how it happened. A few weeks previous the city had been shocked by a tragedy. One Saturday night a well known and popular school teacher was stabbed to the heart by a friend who was crazed with strong drink. The murderer was quite a young man, not more than twenty five years old, and of good character. When he awoke next morning and found himself in jail and handcuffed, he was dazed, having no recollection of the tragedy of the night before. His horror and remorse were dreadful.

Public opinion in that community, and the courts of justice which are so largely influenced by it, had just then one of those periodical fits of extra severity by which somehow men seem to think they can condone for their habitual indifference and laxity in the administration of justice. The young man was prosecuted vigorously and defended feebly. Being duly convicted he was sentenced to death by hanging. He was in jail awaiting the day of his execution. As the jail was in the direction he must take to reach his appointment the young preacher with a warm pity in his heart for the condemned man, who was about his own age, called to see him. The jailor, who was just ready to go to his dinner, said to him:

"I will have to lock you in the cell with the prisoner while I am gone, but I will soon return."

"I have no objection to that," he replied, and he was locked in.

The jailor failed to keep his promise to come back. The two young men passed the whole of that long afternoon in that cell together. Overcome by the heat and a heavy dinner the jailor had fallen asleep, and slept on during all those long hours.

It was a memorable interview for both of them. Touched by the genuine sympathy of his visitor, the broken spirited young murderer made a clean breast of the whole trouble, breaking down utterly when he spoke of his widowed mother and sisters who were residents of a northern city and who were crushed with grief and shame on his account. Forgetting all about his engagement outside, the young preacher read from the Book of God words of mercy and hope, and told him of the love of Jesus for sinners. Then they prayed together to him whose ear is never deaf to the cry of a broken and contrite heart. A seal was sealed then and there. The young man was converted, his blood guiltiness and all his sins forgiven, and the fact certified to his conscious soul by the immediate touch of the Holy Spirit.

A clearer convertion is not recorded in the experience or observation of the young preacher who held that service in jail that day, though he has had a varied experience of over forty years in the Christian ministry.

With the kindly aid of others the young convict's sentence was first commuted to imprisonment for life and then he was granted a full pardon.

On his release he at once returned to his home, and took upon him the support of his mother and sisters. He prospered in business identifying himself with one of the churches, he became an active and efficient Christian worker, superintendent of a Sunday school a helper of every good cause. Remembering his own early misstep, he was a friend to every man in trouble. He lived a good life, and made a good end.

Two souls were blessed in the prison that day. The murderer found his Saviour, and the young preacher a lesson he can never forget.

If there be a moral in this story, the readers for whom it is written will see it. It is this. You can't keep genuine Christianity out of jail. It has had a large jail experience of its own from the days of St. Paul to John Bunyan. It was thrown into dungeons at the start that it might know what it had to do as the liberator of humanity. Read the closing verses of the twenty fifth chapter of Matthew especially the forty fifth verse.

SCOTTISH RESERVE

Miss M. A. Waddell Rodger, writing to the *Chautauquan* for October of "Life in a Highland Shooting Box," speaks thus of a Scotch "gillie" and his sister:

Their reserve and lack of demonstration were truly Scottish. I happened to be present when their brother, a theological student and the pride of the family, came home from Aberdeen. His sister had not seen him for a year, and instead of rushing into his arms and welcoming him with kisses she reached out her hand and giving him a vigorous shake said, "How's a' wi' ye?"

Her love for and pride in him were limitless, yet both would have blushed and been half ashamed had either one offered any osculatory demonstration. It made credible the story of the good deacon who after being long engaged to a bonnie Scotch lassie at last summoned courage enough to say, "Noo Jennie, dinna ye think I might hae a kiss?" Jennie assented and the deacon said, "But we maun first ask a blessin." That being done and the kiss given he remarked, "Ah, Jennie, but that was unco guid and noo we maun return thanks."

A GOOD WINDMILL MADE BY YOURSELF.

I made one of the peerless wind mills which I saw recommended in your paper recently, it only cost me $2.10 and is a splendid mill my well is deep, but it pumps it all right and with very little wind, the neighbors all like it, and as I am a kind of a carpenter, I have started to put up nine mills already, on which I can make a nice profit, and there are many others for whom I can put up mills this fall. I don't see why every farmer should not have a wind mill, when they can make it themselves for less than $10, any one can get diagrams and complete directions for making the wind mill by sending 18 two cent stamps to pay postage etc., to E. D. Wilson & Co., Allegheny, Pa., and there can be dozens of them put up in any locality by any one that has the energy to do it. A Farmer.

Folly always deserves its misfortunes.

Crudeness should not be despised as long as it is the right kind of raw material from which a good business man can be made.

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY.

Will some wise man who has journeyed
Over land and over sea,
To the countries where the rainbow
And the glorious sunsets be
Kindly tell a little stranger
Who has oddly lost her way
Where's the road that she must travel
To return to Yesterday?

For you see, she's unfamiliar
With To-day, as I cannot read
What its strange mysterious signposts
Tell of ways and where they lead
And her heart upbraids her sorely
Though she did not mean to stay
And she longed Yesterday.

For she left a deal neglected
That she really should have done
And if she fears she's lost some favors
That she fairly might have won
So she'd like to turn her backward
To retrieve them if she may.
Will not some one kindly tell her
Where's the road to Yesterday?

RUSTIC WIT.

In the town of B., Connecticut, there is a factory where yarn is made. A stranger, approaching the town one day in a buggy, pulled up his horse and accosted a farmer who was digging potatoes on the other side of the fence.

"Can you tell me where the yarn mill is?" inquired the stranger.

"Certainly," was the reply. "Keep straight on till you come to the drinking fountain. Right opposite is a wooden block with three doors. The middle door is the one you want."

"Thank you," said the stranger and drove on. In due time he came to the fountain and sought the middle door of the wooden block, and it led him upstairs to the office of the local newspaper. The other yarn factory, the one for which he was looking lay half a mile beyond.

It takes a business man to describe a costume to his wife. A busy son of commerce, after seeing a very taking dress on a very taking young lady recently, informed the partner of his joys that: "It was fine. The dress was made of some kind of cloth, with some kind of trimming. It was sorter lilac, or shrimp pink in color an I has for waist some sort of basque that was indescribable. She wore one of those hats you sometimes see on women, and altogether gave an effect that I wish you could have seen."

"My dear, come in and go to bed," said the wife of a jolly son of Erin who had just returned from the fair in a decidedly how do you come so state, "you must be dreadful tired, sure, with your long walk of six miles." "Arrah, get away with your nonsense," said Pat "it wasn't the length of the way at all that fatigued me 'twas the breadth of it."

THE PUNISHMENT WENT FAST AWAY

An exchange prints a story about Doctor Miller, at one time a popular Congregation al preacher in England.

He had been holding services at a village in Yorkshire, and a heavy rain having come on had accepted an invitation to pass the night at the house of one of the villagers. The good hearted host, seeing the minister's clothing drenched, brought out a suit of his own and sent his guest upstairs to put it on.

The good man had made the change and was on his way back to the sitting room, when the woman of the house came out of another room holding in her hands the big family Bible, out of which the doctor was to be invited to read a chapter before the family retired.

At the same time she was not in a very amiable mood. Careful house wives are apt to be put out of sorts by the advent of unexpected company. Seeing Doctor Miller in his borrowed garments she mistook him for her husband, and as he passed in front of her she lifted the book and brought it down pretty smartly on his head.

"There," said she, "take that for asking him to stay all night."

BAD MANNERS.

The girl who misbehaves in public displays bad manners and calls attention to the fact that neither her head nor her heart has been trained at home.

The other evening a girl of eighteen came to an entertainment, accompanied by two boys of about her own age and her mother. The young girl sat between the two men. It was evident that she was in a state of mental elation, and believed that the dual attendance was a mark of her great attractiveness.

She carried on a running conversation with her escorts that compelled one man to leave his seat and solicit her attention to hear the lecturer, and subjected her neighbors to great discomfort and annoyance.

What can be done to train mothers to train their daughters to avoid promiscuous in public? What can be said to the girls of this country that will make them see the absolute bad manners of dressing or acting in public in a way which reflects on their training.

NOT SURPRISED

"John has broken the record," said the proud father.

"I expect so," said the mother, resignedly. "He's broken the front gate, and three places in the hedge, and the cat's back, and the croquet set, and his collar bone, since he began to ride, and I'm prepared for anything."

WISE WOMEN SPEAK.

THEY USE ONLY THE DIAMOND DYES.

Mrs. Thos. Miller, St. Helens, Ont., says: "I have used your Diamond Dyes for many years and am delighted with them."

Mrs. Ryan, Head Lake, Ont., says: "Entirely pleased with Diamond Dyes, they give complete satisfaction. I would not use any other after my experience with the 'Diamond'."

Mrs. A. R. Steeves, Meadow, N. B., says: "Diamond Dyes give love colors, they are easy to use and very reliable. I highly recommend them."

Mrs. Charles Gagne, St. Chrysostome, P. Q., says: "Your Diamond Dyes are splendid and should be kept in every home."

Mrs. R. J. Hannah, Poplar Point, Man., says: "Diamond Dyes are a perfect success and no trouble."

Mrs. A. F. Davis, Knowlton, P. Q., says: "I use Diamond Dyes with great success. I can re-color old dresses and make them look as good as new ones."