The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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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

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Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Honorary member of the Veterinary Medical Society.
OFFICE—Wm. Husband's, lot 24, con. 4, Nassagaweya.
Calls day or night promptly attended to.

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GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

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BROOKVILLE.
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VISITING DAYS. Tuesday and Friday of each week.

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

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

DOUGLAS & MURRAY
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
OFFICES:—1296 Queen St., Parkdale
Victoria Chambers, 61 Victoria St
Telephone 897. TORONTO.
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A. J. MACKINNON,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER
OFFICE—Corner Mill and Main Street above Kopman's store, Acton.

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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS
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OFFICE—Matthews Block,
ACTON ONT.

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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.

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An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good sea foam, an exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.

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Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario
[Over Williams' Store.]
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Rulling neatly and promptly done

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H P MOORE,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening.
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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 536, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph

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

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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. 1st. Write for circulars.
J. SHARP, Principal.

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—FOR THE—

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Prices to Suit the Times at Day's.

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Scott's Novels, 12 Vols. Paper Binding	90
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Wilson's Tales of the Borders 12 Vols.	6 00

All Complete. Good Type.

Store is full of Books. Prices lower than ever

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.

STEWART'S
Baking Powder
—AND—
Flavoring Extracts

Stewart's Baking Powder is manufactured every week. You never get from us baking powder that's stale. Our baking powder is always the same. It has made a reputation which we are bound to sustain

STEWART'S
FLAVORING EXTRACTS

Have a rich full flavor, are much stronger and consequently more economical than inferior extracts.

FLAVORS.

VANILLA,	PINEAPPLE
LEMON,	RATIFIA,
ROSE,	or
STRAWBERRY,	ALMOND,
RASPBERRY.	PEPPERMINT

ALEX. STEWART,
Pharmaceutical Chemist,
Guelph.

Have You?

Got an Organ or Piano? If not, call at Moffat's Music Store and see his stock of

Dominion Instruments

They are nice toned, well and carefully made of good material, and will be sold at prices to suit the times

I have also a select stock of

Small Instruments

at reasonable prices. Also strings of best quality for all stringed instruments

Musical Sundries of all kinds.

Visitors are always welcome and will not be urged if not prepared to invest

N B Orders taken for Piano Tuning

Moffatt's Music Store
Next Door to Symon Bros. ACTON

Fall Campaign

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We would call your attention to the fact that we are prepared to supply you with lumber of suitable length for your Barn Doors, viz 10, 12, 13 or 14 feet also

SASH
DOORS
FRAMES
MOULDINGS.

etc for building. Storm Doors put up at as low a rate as possible.

PUMPS.

Repair your pumps or put in new ones before it is too cold. WE CAN DO IT.

Shop at foot of River Street, ACTON

THOS. EBBACE
Manager.

Georgetown Electric Works
T. J. SPEIGHT, Proprietor.
Manufacturers of
DYNAMOS,
ELECTRIC MOTORS,
WATER MOTORS, and
HYDRAULIC RAMS.
Pipe and Steam Fitting and General Repairing. Being equipped with a gas brazing machine I am prepared to do brazing on Bicycles Frames, &c. 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—
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.

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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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Manager

It Pays

To trade with us.
It's simply a matter of leaving a trial order, that will convince you. Just now we're showing some special values in Table-ware, the Victoria silver kind, very low in price. Try and arrange to call and see us.

"Money back if you're not suited."

J. M. BOND & Co.
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

The . . . Doctor's Advice.

Your feet the cause of your cold.

Keep your feet and your children's feet warm and dry,

Only one way to do it buy the best shoes you can get.

Only one place to get them.

At the old reliable shoe store, Guelph.

W. McLAREN & CO.

A New Merchant Tailor

H. W. Strasser has opened out a general merchant tailoring business in Mrs. Secord's Block, next Mrs. Adams' and is prepared to meet the public wants in

High class English Irish and Canadian Suitings.

Beaver, Milton, Freize Overcoatings in Latest Styles.

The public are cordially invited to call and inspect our Fall stock which we are sure will please the most fastidious taste

We have secured the services of Wm. Lee who formerly conducted a business here. Perfect fit guaranteed.

Prices to suit the times.

H. W. Strasser
Mrs. Secord's Block, Acton

Acton Saw Mills,
and Wood Yards.

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

Poetry.

THE CHILDREN.

Only to keep them so—
Soft, warm and young—
The wee, feeble fingers,
The babbling tongue,
Teary that we kiss away,
Smiles that we win,
Curtsies of knowledge,
As guilt's we of sin.

Only to keep them so,
Frank, true and pure,
Of our full wisdom
So lovingly sure,
Our frown all they shrink from,
Our flat their law,
Our step whence all gladness
They fearlessly draw.

Only to keep them so—
Sweet hands that cling,
Sweet lips that laugh for us,
Sweet tones that ring
Curls that we train to wave,
Feet that we guide,
Each fresh step a wonder,
Each new word a pride,

Only to keep them so,
Mourn and men
Are the times that circled us
Lovingly then,
Gentle and good to us,
Patient and strong,
Guarding our weakness,
Bearing us long.

—*London Tit-Bits.*

Select Family Reading.

Susie's Hysteeriks.

Jean Todd carried on a dressmaking busiuess in the east-neuk o' the toon, an' was an acquaintence of mine—neither mair nor less Kennin' that she wearied by herself in her bit shoppie, an' that she had aye cosy corner at her fireside, I took the liberty o' drappin' in to see her—occasionally, mebbe twa three times ilka week, an' wad lend her my assistance in threading needles, cuttin' claith, makin' up parcels, and dreein' odd jobs o' that kin'. Mabbe we had a bit flirtation atween oorsel's at times—as freen's, ye ken—just for wha's something else to take up oor attention, but that didna happen often never mair than three or fewer times a week at the outside.

Jean's dressmaking establishment consisted o' a single end, wi' a shooing machine in the middle of the flair, and twa chairs an, a table, and some odds and ends scatter'd about here and there. In the corner there was a cupboard-shaped recess wi' a screen in front o't, that gied it the appearance o' a Punch an' Judy box—Punch's opera, she ca'd it. Its contents consisted o' a long shankiet besom, a coal scuttle, a shovel, ed l clippings o' claith an' the like.

An nicht Jean an' me were sittin' cheek-for-chaw in front of the fire, with oor heids close together, whisperin' awey in an earnest an' confidential way, aboot aboot politicks, or something when we were suddenly brocht to oor senses by a vigorous rap at the door.

"Gund life," cried Jean, bouncin' up. "I'll lay my lugs that's Susie Broon. She spake o' comin' alang the nicht to fit on her new dress. I wadna for the warl' she got ye here. What'll I dae?"

Noo, Susie Broon was the last wumman I wanted to meet wi' in close quarters, for I had been strivin' for twa months too keep oot o' her gate, and no without guid cause. Susie an' me had been keepin' company for a while, an as nicht as we were comin' hame after being oot for a dander thegither, she nudges me i' the ribs wi' her elbow, an' she says

"Div ye ken what the folks are sayin', Sandy?"

"That you and me's gettin' married."

"Eh! What? What gars them say that?"

"Seein' us see often thegither, I suppose," said Susie.

"Weel, they're wrang," said I. "Can a man no tak' a wumman out for a walk but they maun say he's gettin' married".

"Tak' my word for't, they'll be chosted; ay wull they. They maun think I've puir taste."

My vocabulary's no comprehensive enough to include even a sixteenth part o' the language Susie flung at me in reply. Suffice it to say that it was baith forcible an' expressive, an' after she had wound up wi a peroration that wud hae done credit to a play actor bodie, she stamed me hame to my mither's door, like's I was a stray cat, so that ye can understand I had guid reason for avoidin' her.

"Never let dab that I'm here," said I to Jean. "I'll hide in Punch's opera, an' she'll no be ae whit the wiser."

"But I canna fit on her dress an' you staunin' in there like a skeleton in a cup board," Jean protested. "Ye micht keek out."

"What! Put my head i' the lion's jaw. Never, Jean. I ken Susie's lang tongue oor wool to gie her even a loop hole for scandal."

"An' are you shair you'll be quate?"

"As a mummy," said I, slippin' ahint the curtain.

"Dinna keep her sittin' a' nicht, but get her awa' as quick as ye can."

Efter satisfyin' herself that I was completely hidden frae view, Jean opened the door and admitted Susie.

"I'm gled I've gotten ye yer lane," said Susie, as she entered an' plaukt herself doon on a chair in a manner that plainly indicated she wad be in nae hurry to rise again. "It bein' Friday nicht ony mair than ony ither nicht?" inquired Jean, wi' assumed indifference, an' a sly glance at Punch's opera.

"Dinna haver us," said Susie, wi' a toss o' her heid. "What aboot that auld lad o' mine, Sandy Grant! I'm surprised ye would tak' ither folk's leavin's."

"Oh, yer quite mista'en there," said Jean. "Sandy Grant only vexits me oot o' freenship."

"Freenship!" echoed Susie. An' hina wakin' ye oot twice ilka a week, an' on Sundays forbye. Close freenship that."

"It's true the same," said Jean. "He just comes efter me becos—becos he kens my mither, that's a'."

"A heap he cares for yer mither ony mair than yersel'," replied Susie, "an you'll no be lang till ye find that oot. He's a polished scoundrel, an' he's chok' fu' o' conceit, and stuffed to the ruff o' the mouth wi' ignorance and impidence."

"Wheest, Susie, wheest, said Jean. "Sometimes we's hae cares, ye ken, an' there's nae sayin' wha' micht be listenin' to ye."

"I'm no carin' though he was staunin' there the noo," said Susie. "Ye can tell him ilka word I've said gin ye lik, an' gie him me compliments at the same time. He shuld be tarred an' set fire to. The, brk."

"Mony a lassie wad be glad o' him," said Jean, tryin', puir oratur, to pit in a word on my behalf.

"Weel, sho'd be fond of a poultice," said Susie; "but if she was auld, like yersel', and had nae ither chance, an'—"

"Auld like myself," replied Jean, firin' up. "Susie Broon, div ye ken what yer sayin'? Auld like mysel'! It'll be a wheen 'ears yet afore I'm sae auld as you."

"A wheen 'ears.—Come, come, Jean, dinna mak' yerself out a bairn a' thegither. Though yer wee an' stumpit, yer nae chicken. Hoo auld are ye, na?"

"A hantle seat younger than you," replied Jean. "I was a wean in long clean when you were a muckle lassie at the schule, sae yer mither an' mine's lovers!"

"Haud yer tongue, Jean Todd, an no blather havers. What is your age? Wumman, yer fear's to own it yer that auld. Hoo auld are ye? I was thirty-fower past at Martinmas."

Oh! cochouchis faced jaud. Thirty-fower! Twa months before she telt me she was only twenty-three. It's wunnerful what a skeleton in a cupboard can hear.

"Thirty fower dear me. Ye'll soon be as auld a my granny," said Jean, wi' a provokin' lauch.

"Ye wee, insignificant oddity o' a oratur," said Susie boilin' wi' passion, "if ye was the heicht o' a woman I'd wring the peg nose off ye."

"Has a care o' what ye're sayin', Susie" said Jean, nettled. "I pit up wi' a guid deal frae some o' my customers, but I'll no tak' that aff you. Ye shudna be sae spited becos Sandy Grant gied ye the slip. I canna help it."

"Sandy Grant," echoed Susie, in accents o' witherin' scorn. "The puir fashionless oratur. I wudna dicht my bannies on him. What are ye aye lookin' at that curtain for? Whas's ahint it?"

"Oh naething—naething but rubbish," sai l Jean trembling violently.

This rud len allusion threw me aff my balance, and I tripped mysel' owre the besom an, played clash on the flair, takin' the coalscuttle an' aboot hauf a hunnerweght o' coals alang wi' me. Shame faced an' cowed I rose to my feet, an' was wunnerin' hoo I wad ack noo, when my glance met Susie's, an' I smell't mischief. I smelt it afar off as the steeds do battle. Susie never hesitated a mennit; doon she drappit on a chair, cuist the white, on her een up to the roof, an' screamed, and screamed an screamed. Nae petty squeak, but a succession of guid, all-round, prolonged hysterical shrieks, fully matured, an made for the occasion. The blast o' a new patent steam whussle was naething in comparison. She screamed, an' she screamed, an' she screamed.

"Oh wheesht, Susie, wheesht!" cried Jean, wringin' her hands as burstin into tears. "It's naething to fricht ye. It's just puir, harmless Sandy Grant, that cudna fricht a craw. Oh look at her een: she's gaun to faint. What'll I dae.

"Slap a wab o' claith in her mooth," said I. "She's only actin', the imposter. Wumman, ye'll alarm the neeborhood."

It was a' to nae purpose. She screamed an' she screamed, and she screamed. A crood was gatherin' outside the door. I cud hear the hurrying o' feet an' the soon' o' voices, an' shrieks o' "murder" an' "fire".

Something had to be done, an' that quickly, if the hail toon wasna to be wauken'd wi' her din, an' I had just made up my min' to gag her, an' was lookin' roon' for something handy, when simultaneously a polisman came in by the door an' a fire brigade man thro' the window, wi' looks on their face that spelt business.

"What's the matter? demanded the polisman, flourishin' his baton, while the fire brigadier stood ready wi' an axe to second his efforts. Susie still screamed, an' screamed, an' screamed, an' waived her airms frantically in the air. Foamin' at the lips wi' rage, an' maist burstin' wi' passion for I kent she was shammin' a' the time. I cried.

"It's that mad dog there," pointin' to Susie.

"A mad dog," cried the polisman, wi' a scared look.

"A mad dog repeated the fire brigade man, backing to the door.

"A mad dog echoed the crood, an' before ye cud cough, there was a stampede, an' polisman, fire brigadiers, an' the crood awa' helter skelter as fast as they cud run. This was a turn in the tide o' events that I never expeckit. The prospeck o' hydrophobia waana an invitin' ane to them.

"Ye'll shairly be pleased noo sweet thirty fower," said I pittin' on my hat an surveyin' Susie, wha by this time had ceased to bawl thro' sheer exaustion.

"A fine ongaun this Ye thocht, I suppose, to raise a buzz thro' the toon about Jean an' me, but ye've goupit a bees' bike aboot yer ain lugs instead. Wuman ye ocht to be ashamed o' yersel'. The lees ye've telt this nicht wad sink a boat nae wunner ye took the hysterickes. Ye've a grand voice for a a menagerie, just shooperb. Oh, dinna begin again. Keep a calm soogh, in case the brigade comes alang an' plays the hose on ye. Guide nicht wi ye Jean. I'm thinkin' it's no ae mockle a new dress as a straicht jacket that Susie's needin', an' if ye oud fit it on at once, ye wad render the toon a guid service." Wi' which partin shot I cam' awa', whusslin' "After the Bawl is Over".

CHARLES D GRAHAM

A MEAN HUSBAND.

Mr Soundmoney (who is a Republican) to his wife "Are you writing to your mother?" Mrs. Soundmoney "Yes, my dear." Mr Soundmoney "Well, give her my love and invite her to spend a month with us as soon as Bryan is elected." *Texas Siftings.*

The hardest things that can be said against a competitor are too soft and weak to be used as business building material.

WITH A CALENDER.

All these calendar leaves my friend,
Are alike as to the spot on,
Yet finely unlike from beginning to end
In words that line their faces

So, though all days of the year must be
Of the four and twenty measure,
Not wide may be their diversity
For other behoof and pleasure

Need life be a rueful in motione
Because of its pain at sorrow?
Those are the pillars of Wisdom's throne
Whereon to day and to morrow

We can inscribe some word or deed
That shall spur a soul to duty,
Shall hearten its toil or sweeten its meed
Or lift it up with beauty

THE SECOND MARRIAGE.

"How cosy you do look!" I could not help saying as I sank into an easy chair opposite my two old friends whom I had not met in five years.

"We are enjoying our second marriage," answered my friend with a merry laugh.

"Your second marriage!" I looked at her in amazement. I knew she had never married any man except the one beside her, and she has been his wife over thirty years

"You see," she continued, tucking a silvery hair neath the dainty cap, "when Will and I first married, we had only each other to think of and care for. To this day I love to think of those first two years. Then a little one came to share our affection. What with making dainty little dresses and keeping busy hands and feet out of mischief, I could not always think to have my husband's slippers by the fire, or his hat and gloves in just the right place. As the years passed and our children grew, our interest was centred in their welfare; we had less time to think of each other; now they are married and settled in homes of their own, and we have gone back just where we started, with only each other to care for."

"And do you enjoy it the same?" I asked.

"More," she answered quickly; "then we had to learn each other's likes and dislikes; now we know them and can gratify the other's wishes, almost before they are spoken."

I watched them during the day, and noticed how careful he was to do all little errands, to save her steps, and how quietly she arranged everything for his comfort. When he praised the lunch her eyes brightened, just as I imagine they did in those first years. We lingered long at the table, chatting of old times and old friends. His voice was as strong, and his laugh was as hearty and fresh as years ago, while she had lost none of her peculiar powers of entertaining.

I wondered then, and many times since, why there could not be many more such second marriages. Why, as the years pass instead of drifting apart, husbands and wives could not be drawn more closely together, helping and cheering each other in their declining years, until they pass over the river and sit down to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

ONE WOMAN'S WAY.

A woman carrying a fan, an umbrella, a pocketbook, a handkerchief, and a loose glove stood on a Bank street cross walk and waited for a car. Twice she was forced by approaching vehicles to run back to the sidewalk, and once she dodged a wheelman so awkwardly that he was obliged to tumble off his wheel to avoid running over her. While she stood on the crosswalk she dropped her handkerchief twice and her umbrella and glove once each. Then it must have occurred to her that her hat might not be on straight and so she shoved the umbrella under one arm and the fan under the other, and putting the pocketbook, the handkerchief and the glove between her teeth, made out to clutch at her hat with both hands. This spilled the fan and umbrella, and in picking up these she must have coughed or sneezed, for the rest of her movables promptly fell from her mouth to the pavement. Of course when the car came along she was on the wrong side of the street to take it and, after she had walked around, she must have remembered she had forgotten something. Anyway the car went on without her and she returned to the sidewalk, dodging carts and pedestrians and dropping something every two or three yards.

"And yet," said the philosopher at an upper window, "they claim that the average duration of woman's life is greater than that of a man." Cleveland *Plain Dealer.*

CAUGHT BY A DREAM.

He had been paying attention to her for a long time and seemed to be slow in putting into practice any of the beautiful theories of love and domestic comfort and all that sort of thing with which he had very often beguiled the happy hours. She thought she might bring him to the scratch but she did not want to make it altogether too plain. She thought that under a kind of allegory she might "fetch" him. So the next time he came he found her in the garden reclining in the hammock. An open book was lying beside her, her hand carelessly resting upon it, the other hand was gracefully posed pressing her back hair, her eyes were fixed dreamily on the cloudless blue, seen through the interlaced foliage of the trees. He approached. Apparently he heard her not. He looked at the picture a moment while she was steeped in reverie. He spoke

She gave a little start, and gently rubbed her eyes.

"Is it you George, is it?" she cried softly. "I was dreaming."

"Dreaming! And what were you dreaming of?"

"It was silly, ridiculous. I won't tell you."

"Do tell me."

"No—it was so silly."

"Do tell me what it was."

"Well, you won't laught at me, she said coyly.

"No, indeed I won't."

"I dreamed that I was married, and I was living in a pretty little cottage all covered with honeysuckle and wodbine and roses, and my husband—"

"What was he like?"

"He was a very nice looking man. He had beautiful dark hair and eyes and he was tall."

George made no remark. George was blonde and short.

"But you know, George," she said, after a pause had grown a little awkward, "dreams always go by contraries."

George saw the point

GREETINGS.

Two Americans when they meet say, "How do you do?" Frenchmen say, "How do you carry yourself?" for they are vain of their appearance. Germans say, "How goes it with you?" for in Germany the going is slow. Italians say, "How do you stay?" Russians, "How do you live?" because they are fond of good material living. People of Anglo Saxon extraction say "How do you do?" because doing is their life, their faculties are concentrated upon work.

Don's daily with rheumatism. Purify your blood and cure it at once by taking a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla

WHY HE LET THE BABY FALL.

A young curate, who had recently taken orders, was appointed to a church where the vicar was extremely energetic, so much so that when he had been there six months he had never had a chance of preaching. This, he thought, was very hard lines, as he felt sure he had the making of a great orator in him. One day, however, his vicar told him that there would be a child to christen the next Sunday afternoon, and that as he (the vicar) would be engaged elsewhere, it would be left to the curate to conduct the service. "Now," he thought to himself, "if I am not allowed to preach, I will at least avail myself of this opportunity to let some portion of the congregation know what my oratorical powers are." The eventful afternoon arrived, the child's father, mother, uncles and aunts, godfathers and god mothers, stood around the front. The service went very well until he had to take the child in his arms. He took hold of it as though it were a torpedo, and then delivered himself to this oration:

"My dear brethern, before I proceed to christen this child I would like to address a few words to the sponsors as to its future welfare. It is an old saying and a true one that the child is father to the man. Now, this infant I hold in my arms may, if properly trained, rise to great eminence. He might one day, if well brought up, get into parliament and become a second Disraeli or Gladstone, and pass such laws as would be of benefit to the whole of the British Empire. Or, again, he might become a great soldier and emulate the deeds of Bonaparte or Wellington. Should he go into the church he might eventually become Archbishop of Canterbury or a great missionary, and be the means of converting thousands of souls. If he enters the medical profession, why should he not be a Jenner or a Pasteur or a man like Harvey who discovered the circulation of the blood? Should he turn his attention to commerce, what is there to prevent him from becoming Lord Mayor of London? As a scientific man he might be a Newton or a Faraday. What is the child's name?"

"Mary Anne, please, sir."

The baby fell.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

The Sunday School needed money, and Mr. Smart, the superintendent, had a new way of getting it, says London *Tid Bits*

He proposed giving each boy half a crown. At the end of the month the principal, together with what it earned, was to be returned to him.

The scheme was good, but it didn't work quite as Mr. Smart had anticipated.

The fourth Sunday found the superintendent ready to audit the profit and loss accounts, and he commenced with Johnnie's class.

"How have you done, Johnnie?"

"My half-crown had earned another one," said Johnnie, with the air of one having an option on a halo.

"Good!" said the superintendent. "Not only is Johnny a good boy in helping the school, but he shows business talent. Doubling one's money in a single month requires no common ability. Who can tell but what we may have another budding Croesus among us? Johnnie, you have done well. And now, Thomas, how much has your half crown earned?"

"Lost it," said Thomas.

"What! not only failed to earn anything, but actually lost?" said Mr Smart. "How was that?"

"I tossed with Johnnie," was the reply, "and he won."

WHISTLED WHEN TROD UPON.

A little rubber doll with a whistle in its stomach was all that saved the residence of Mr Frank Steubling, who lives at 1313 Quincy street, Louisville, Ky., from being ransacked by thieves at an early hour.

The other morning Mrs. Steubling came to town and bought the little India rubber hero, and took it home for her 3 year old child. The little girl played with the article all day long and at night, when she retired, the doll was left lying upon the floor.

At about two o'clock in the morning Mrs. Steubling's son, Jacob, who was sleeping in the room where the doll was lying, was abruptly awakened by a loud whistle. He jumped up and saw a negro glide hastily out of the room. He had awakened Mr. Steubling by stepping upon the whistle in the doll's stomach. The thief was followed to the back yard and then chased over the commons for several squares, but finally outwitted his pursuers. Had Mr Steubling not been awakened the thief would have have carried away all the valuables in the house. He had already packed a bag full with some table silverware and had it near the door.

THE QUEEN'S REIGN.

The Queen is now busily engaged in drawing up the programme for the fetes attendant upon the celebration next June of the sixtieth anniversary of the accession to the throne of Her Majesty. The celebration will be conducted on a grander scale even than was the Queen's jubilee in 1887, and besides the presence of the reigning sovereigns in any way related to the Queen, Her Majesty desires that representatives shall attend from all the various colonies of the British Empire. The state pageants will last a month. It is stated that Emperor William and the Czar have already accepted the invitation. As an indication of the scale upon which the fetes will be given, her Majesty, in declining to be present at the School Board function, took the ground that the demands which will be made upon her time and powers in 1897 will preclude her attendance at the ceremony referred to.

A GREAT QUEEN NEEDED.

A teacher was going over the good old story of King Solomon, and his wisdom.

Now, dears, who was the great Queen who travelled so many miles and miles to see the King?

Silence prevailed in the class.

"Why, you do know, all of you. The Queen who came to see the King."

The name had been forgotten by the class. In order to help them the kind but misguided teacher began to offer a little assistance.

You do know, I am sure. The name begins with an S, and she was a very great Queen

Just then up shot a little hand and out spoke the triumphant voice of the little auburn haired girl

I know, it was the queen of spades.

WHY HE MARRIED HER.

I married my wife, why?
Listen and I'll tell you,
Not because she makes good pie,
They she can, I tell you,
Not because she's a wondrous wise,
Versed in Greek and Latin,
Not because she likes to dress
In fine silk or satin,
Not because she rides a wheel
I still wear the bloomers,
Not because in kindness
All my crotchets humore,
Not because on politics
She always keeps posted
Not because she knows how I
Like my steak well roasted
Not because of beauty rare,
That is quickly over,
Not because while she works hard
I could live in clover,
Not because she does possess
Fortune that's immense,
Simply just because she's got
Good sound common sense

LIFE AND REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

It was by the purest chance that the infant received the name which has since been given to the age in which she lived. The Duke of Kent, with a watchful eye to the future, wished to call her Elizabeth, thinking, rightly enough, that such a name would help to endear her to a people whom he firmly believed she would some day rule over. Of an athletic physique, which he had never deranged by dissipation, he even thought himself to have a good chance of coming to the throne. "My brothers," he once remarked, "are not as strong as I am, and have not lived so regular a life. I expect to outlive them all. The crown will come to me and my children." But in the matter of the name he was over-ruled, and it was decided to call her Alexandrina, after the Russian Emperor, and Georgiana, in compliment to the Prince Regent. Fortunately, at the last moment, the latter objected to his name being given second place, and suggested in its stead the name of the Duchess of Kent Victoria. And so the child of many hopes was christened, with the words of its grandmother in Coburg yet ringing in the mother's ears: "May God's blessing rest on the little stranger! Again a Charlotte, destined, perhaps, to play a great part one day, if a little brother is not born to take it out of her hands. The English like a Queen, and the neice of the ever lamented, beloved Charlotte, will be most dear to them. I need not tell you how delighted everybody is here." From MR. CASTELL HOPKINS' Book published by the Bradley-Garretson Co., Toronto and Brantford, Ont.

HIS ONE GREAT TROUBLE.

An old, bedridden fisherman at a fashionable watering place, was frequently visited during his last illness by a kind-hearted clergyman, who wore one of those close-fitting clerical vests which button behind.

The clergyman saw the near approach of death one day in the old man's face, and asked if his mind was perfectly at ease.

Oo—ay, I'm a' richt came the feeble reply.

You are sure there is nothing troubling you? Do not be afraid to tell me.

The old man seemed to hesitate, and at length, with a faint return of animation said: Weel, there's just sae thing that troubles me, but I dinna like to speak o't.

Believe me, I am most anxious to comfort you, replied the clergyman. Tell me what it is that troubles and perplexes you.

Weel, sir, its just like this, said the old man, eagerly. I canna for the life o' me mak' out hoo ye manage tae get intae that westcoat.

COUNTRY WIT.

Anyone who has ever been rash enough to attempt to make sport of the street gamin of a large city knows only too well what a fatal mistake it is, but one is not so well prepared to be made the victim of his own joke by an apparently unsophisticated country boy.

A lad of fifteen was driving along a country road, taking a load of calves to market, when he chanced to meet a company of young folks, who were evidently out for a pleasure excursion. The young men of the party, thinking to amuse themselves and their companions at the boy's expense, began to imitate the bleating of the calves.

But their merriment was of short duration, for without a moment's hesitation he called out to his would be tormentors, as the vehicles were passing: "Oh, I know what you were before." Atlanta *Constitution*

CHEERFUL GIRLS.

Good and healthy girls are almost always cheerful. No novelist would consider his youthful heroine complete if a "ringing laugh" were omitted from the list of her charms, and in real life the girls who do not laugh now and then are seldom trusted or liked by their companions. Even beauty will not save them. A belle who fails to understand the jest of her admirers and smiles in amiable bewilderment while other people are laughing is soon left with no consolation save to wonder what any body can see in her rival, a girl with "tip-tilted" nose, perhaps, and a large mouth and freckles, but the happy possessor of a pair of merry eyes and a cheerful mind. The gift of gayety is indeed of great value, but it must be gayety which originates in a kind and cheery heart, not that which is born of mere excitement of gratified vanity

YOUR OWN ARTIST.

A CHILD CAN USE DIAMOND PAINTS.

You can gild, silver, bronze or copper fancy baskets, frames, emblems, gas fixtures, lamps, furniture, household ornaments and statuettes by using Gold, Silver, Bronze and Copper Diamond Paints, which are manufactured by the proprietors of Diamond Dyes

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