

The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXII.---NO 33.

ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1897.

PRICE THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

Free Press Printing Office, MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

Terms of Subscription.—One dollar per year in advance. All subscriptions begin with the first issue. For those who have not subscribed in advance, the subscription is paid in advance. The subscription is paid in advance. The subscription is paid in advance.

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1 Line	3.00	1.50	0.60

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H. P. MOORE, P. M.

Business Directory.

- J. URREN, M. D. C. M.**
Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick Streets, Acton.
- A. S. ELLIOTT, M. D.**
Acton.
GRADUATE TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
OFFICE—Main Street, first door south of Presbyterian Church, Acton.
- J. F. HALSTED, M. D., F. R. L. U. C., M. C. P. and S. Ont.**
Office—Medical Hall, Main Street, Acton.
Patronage Solicited.
Blindness and Cataract Specialties.
- VETERINARY SURGEON.**
ALFRED P. HUSBAND, V. S.
Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College.
Hospital member of the Veterinary Medical Society.
Office—Wm. Husband's, lot 24, con. 4, Nassagawans.
- DENTAL.**
L. BENNETT, D.D.S., DENTIST.
Guelph, Ontario.
- J. M. BELL, D.D.S., D.D.S.**
DENTIST.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
Work made Satisfactory. Prices Moderate.
TUESDAY EVENING—Tuesday and Friday of each week.
- D. F. & M. MEROER.**
DENTIST.
Graduate of Toronto University and R.C.D.S.
Office over Druggist's, Guelph, Ontario.
VISITING DAYS—THURSDAY AND FRIDAY.
- LEGAL.**
M. LEAN & M. LEAN.
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &c.
Office—Town Hall, Acton.
- Wm. A. McLean, Jno. A. McLean.**
- DOUGLAS & MURRAY.**
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
Office—105 Queen St., Toronto.
Victoria Chambers, Victoria St., Toronto.
JOHN DOUGLAS, A. G. MURRAY.
- A. J. MACKINNON.**
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
Office—Corner Mill and Main Street above Robinson's Store, Acton.
- T. G. MATHESON, & J. B. McLEOD.**
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, GOREWATERS and MILITARY.
Money to loan at lowest rates.
- R. J. McNAB.**
CLERK, Fourth Division—Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Notary Public, and general Insurance Agent. Money to loan, etc.
Office—Victoria Chambers, Guelph, Ont.
- MISCELLANEOUS.**
HENRY GRIBB.
Solicitor of Patents, for Invention, etc.
Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American and European Patents Offices, and general Registration of Trade Marks, and for Patents. Thirty-two years experience.
- FRANCIS NUNAN.**
BOOKBINDER.
Wendham St., Guelph, Ontario.
(Over William's Store.)
- Account Books of all kinds made to order. Office of every description carefully bound, ruled, neat and promptly done.
- MARRIAGE LICENSES.**
H. P. MOORE.
ISSUES OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. Issued residence in the evening. No witnesses required. Acton, Ont. Free From Office, ACTON, Ont.

A SNAP IN SHEET MUSIC

Popular Prices, Full Size, Good Paper. Old Fashioned Price, 30c, 40c, and 50c. DAY'S LOW PRICE 5c. ANY TEN PIECES 50c.

Washington Post March—By Sousa. Military Band—By Sousa. High School Cadets—By Sousa. Marching Band—By Sousa. Danes—In the Hall—Schottische. Danes in the Hall—Schottische. Danes in the Hall—Schottische. Danes in the Hall—Schottische.

Price 5 cents each. Any 10 pieces on the list 50 cents. Mailed, post paid, same price.

GUELPH.
Day's Low Price.

TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

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

Guelph Branch
Deposits of \$1 and upwards received on deposit and 4% per cent interest paid or compounded half-yearly.

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

Here's a Good Tip!

20% off the price of every Lamp in this Store. March 1st starts our stock-taking—we don't want to have these Lamps then. It's a chance for you—Lamps that were \$1.50, now yours for \$1.20. No chestnuts. Every Lamp Fall 1896 style, the latest.

J. M. BOND & Co.
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

Half Sick People

Just sick enough to feel heavy-headed, hazy and listless, to have no appetite, to sleep badly, to get what you eat feel like lead in your stomach.

Don't let your doctor tell you to eat or drink anything. Just stick to **Take a Tonic**.

That's what you ought to do—a good sensible tonic that will sharpen your appetite and put new "go" in your nerves and muscles. If you are not coming to Guelph, send for it. By doing so you may avert serious illness.

50c. a Box.

Prepared by
ALEX. STEWART,
Chemist,
3 Doors South Post Office, Guelph.

Wedding Presents.

UP TO DATE

Frames, Pictures, Artists' Supplies, Fancy Goods.

SHAW & TURNER,
Merchant Tailors, Guelph

Boots & Shoes

Here's a Fact.
St. Williams has the largest and most varied stock of Shoes in town.

Here's an Opinion.
St. Williams doesn't believe he can be undersold.

Here's a Promise.
St. Williams will meet any honorable competition.

Here's an Admission.
St. Williams wants your trade very much.

Here's a Statement.
St. Williams will prove pays to deal with.

Here's an Explanation.
St. Williams saves for you in price and gains in quality.

Here's a Grand Idea.
Try Williams just once when you need Shoes.

Here's a Memorandum.
St. Williams Boots and Shoes are found at his store on Mill Street, Acton.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS
Mill Street ACTON.

Coal & Wood

John McQueen
Furcase Coal
Stove Coal
Chestnut Coal

OF BEST QUALITY.

Orders given to be personally or left at KANNAWIN'S DRUG STORE will be promptly filled.

JOHN McQUEEN

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.

Handbook and sales catalogue length always at hand.

Telephone communication.

JOB PRINTING.
INCLUDING BOOKS, Pamphlets, Posters, Bill Boards, Circulars, etc., printed in the best style of the art, at moderate prices and short notice. Apply at address.

H. P. MOORE
Free Press Office, Acton.

Job Printing

Wanted—Several, PATTIN, MEN ON HANDS. WOULD BE RESPONSIBLE AND reliable in Ontario. Salary \$700, payable in 12 months. Good references. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National Star Building, Chicago

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ANNE CARROLL

Joanna shook her grizzled head. "That ain't no easy job for a girl like me. If you was working women, now, like me—"

"But we mean to be working women," said Dorothy, quickly.

"Only we know how," sighed Hector. "Haven't heather then as helps themselves," said Joanna, as she carried off the tray.

An' looks after 'em."

"For what you're like, Miss, but a big rough gossamer. F'r to write an' agit; but for love-talk to you."

"You're about as much at a gyp as I am," said Dorothy, looking at her. "Oh, these ewe-sty things, by your precious ways ain't no use."

"This is my 'Annie' darling. I don't feel like you."

"Well, 'cause your love doesn't come at me like mine."

"I'm not a gyp, but I'm a strike."

"Some sort of a blow."

"I know well—I know."

"Such a sweet, thin red lip as you could have."

"Don't you know, Miss, that it ain't the most cruel."

"Though she's a million of miles far above me."

"But, oh, don't you try—it isn't the most cruel."

"Hecter set forth the next day to look for music paper. One or two of her old schoolmates were married and living in New York, and she had heard of "Educational Bureau," which she fondly supposed to be stripping stones to ultimate success. Mr. Jack Durrance snatched along by her side.

"It's no use to have something alive in the old house," said he. "My uncle's awfully jolly, don't you know, but he's always in the clouds; and the time does drag so awfully!"

"But," said Hector, "aren't you doing anything?"

"Looking for something to do," said Jack Durrance. "Been at it for a year. Give you my word it's the hardest work going!"

"I should think so," observed Hector.

"Good morning, I have an errand in this nearest house, and must see to it now."

"And I'll be gone," said Dorothy, as she went out. Dorothy stayed at home, ventured to dust Uncle Vanderlyn's books in his absence, helped Joanna to make a real country syllabus—'er—'er—'er—and then wrote to everybody else, making little bits of paper as she went along, and so her situation in a school.

"That was their first and last day of situation hunting. Uncle Vanderlyn was brought home towards dusk in a carriage. He had been attacked with paralysis in the very street, and had been carried home."

"Dorothy asked," said Jack Durrance. "What are we to do with the old duffer?"

"Why, put him to bed at once, and send for the doctor," said Hector, shortly.

"I suppose," said Jack, "there is no way of getting at his money? He hasn't left any, has he?"

"What do we want of money?" said Dorothy, lifting her calm, clear eyes. "My uncle isn't likely to want any at present, is he?"

"Other folks may, though," said Jack ungenerously. "But I suppose he'll come to after awhile."

Mr. Vanderlyn, however, lay unconscious for weeks. Weeks stretched themselves into months, and still he lay there. And when at last something like reason and sense returned, he lay by far too weak to ask any questions.

"It's Dorothy, isn't it?" he said, one day, after he had looked long and earnestly at the young girl who sat at her needle-work beside her head.

"No, uncle; it's Hector," she answered.

"That's long," said Hector, "but I'm here."

"Oh, a long time, now."

"I remember it all now," he said, restlessly stirring among his pillows. "They told me the news long ago. That my name had been forged to false checks. We give the guarantee of a reliable banking firm that neither the trimmings nor workmanship will be slighted in any particular."

"Some can," said Mr. Vanderlyn, ignoring his niece's remark, "have recourse. Men can have originality. Men can seldom be taken at a disadvantage. I wish, girls, had added with a gloss of mild depression at them, that you had had the look to be in men-childers instead of women-childers."

"Thank you, uncle," said Hector, exercising a low courtesy.

"If you really are so disappointed in us," said Dorothy, "perhaps we had better go away. There's plenty of room in the old house; food costs but little; and I suppose you have plenty of clothes?"

"Yes, uncle," faltered Dorothy, looking down at the well-worn mourning gown.

"No, in the present," said Hector, who, if she was anything, was truthful. "You can have the big, third-story back room," said Mr. Vanderlyn. "Tell Joanna to make it ready for you. My nephew, Jack Durrance, occupies the front room. I use the entire second story myself."

So George Vanderlyn's two orphaned nieces sheltered themselves, like a pair of frightened birds, under the roof.

"Oughtn't to stay, Dot?" whispered the younger one, in a sort of panic.

"I don't know what else we can do," said Hector, who was the sorrowful reply.

"Do you think he is glad to see us?"

"No, Dotty—since you ask me—I don't think he is."

"That we have no money left. Oh, dear! how hard it is to be poor!"

Hector sighed.

"I must look out for music paper," said she. "But New York ain't a big city, and there are so many teachers of music."

"And of anything else," said Dorothy, bursting into tears.

Old Joanna brought a cup of tea and some punch set, cake up to their room that first doleful evening.

"Don't fret, Misses," said she. "Mr. Vanderlyn speaks about, his bark is worse than his bite. You'll find that he'll be good to you."

"Joanna," said Dorothy, timidly, "is my uncle rich?"

"Well, I calculate he's well off, Miss."

"What does he do, Joanna? Is he a Wall Street broker, or a lawyer, or a merchant?"

"Neither one 'em, Miss," said Joanna. "He's got a pile of money invested, and just lives on the interest; and he makes a tiny bit besides by translating learned French books for the publishers."

"Oh!" said Dorothy.

"And he'd be right well off," asked Joanna, standing with her hands on her hips. "If it wasn't for that never-ending novelty of his which is always spending money and never bringing any in. I've no patience with Mr. Jack. He's a regular parasite."

"You mean parasite?" hazarded Hector.

"Well, where's the difference? That's what it is—exactly," nodded Joanna.

"I thought," said Dorothy, with a curling lip, "that may always vindicated themselves. Yes, Joanna, we are very much obliged to you. The tea was delicious—so were the peaches."

"Bragging parson, Misses, for what many seem a liberty, but ain't intended as such," said old woman, "but be ye going to stay here for good and all?"

"We don't know," said Hector.

"We want to care our own living if we can," said Dorothy, and said uncle Vanderlyn.

AWAY FROM THE AULD HAME.

The two old bodies, John and Jean, have been notified that they must leave the old home of their forefathers I care they adhered to the Free Church. The countryman is born and bred and married and dies on the old farm. His roots are stuck deep into the soil, and if you tear them up, his heart withers and dies. It is not a home his father leaves, it is life.

"Barbara passed through the kitchen on his way out, and an old chair by the fire made him a laddie again, gathered with the family on a winter Sabbath evening, and he heard his father asking the chief end of man.

"The first use on the farm was open at a touch, and he remembered this was his father's night and he found the wedge that changed the elevation of the hinge. That was a joke he built in his youth, and there was the stone he blasted out of the field, for the hole was still open. Dorothy in the meadow that used to be a pond where he was almost drowned seventy years ago, but he had grown fat, and the corn upon the place was drawing rank. This was the little bridge he had mended for his bride's home coming, and from that rock his old father had directed him with keen interest, and in that clump of trees, alone before the dawn, the great event of his soul had come to pass. He had often thought that some day he would be carried over that bridge, and trusted he was sorry.

"He thought out Jean on his return, and found her in a little summer house which he had built the first year of their marriage. As they sat together in silence, each feeling for the other, Barbara's eyes fell on a patch of annuals, and it seemed to her as if they made some letters. Barbara looked at his wife: "Is that our lassie's name?"

"Aye, it is. A'ye sown it many a year, but this is the first summer 'a'ud read it plain and the last 'a'ud sow it in our garden; an' yon's the apple tree we planted the year she was born, an' the blossom was never seen bonnie as this year."

"The Baxter ground lay in a corner where the sun fell pleasantly through the branches of a beech in the afternoon. The gravestone was covered on both sides with names. The last name was that of a child.

JEAN, THE DAUGHTER OF JOHN BAXTER, FARMER OF HURNBURN, AGED 7 YEARS.

There was no beloved, nor any text, but each spring the primrose came out below, and all summer a bunch of pink touched the "Jean" with their fragrant blossoms. Her mother stopped to read a line among the flowers and wiped the letters of the name where the moss was gathering, then she bent her head on the grass, and wept, and said, "Jeannie, Jeannie, my bonnie lassie!"

"Dinna greet, Jean, as though we had no love left," said Barbara, "for there is naething here but the dust. Ye mind what the minister read that day, 'Ye shall gather the lamb with his arms and carry them in His bosom?' Be thankful ye have the lower ladders—speak, an' deen't say naething more, for ye're here, an' I'm here, an' me together still. We've had many mercies, Jean."

"A'm no denying that; John, an' a'm proof of the ladders; but there's na' a'ay at dinnis missie's lassie, an' a'm hear her saying 'Hie, hie, when-when' in the fields and a'm alone. We've na' a'ay for her, for her grave when we're far awa' it's no lightness to leave the house where we've lived so long, but the fids ye leave look at 'er dead."—From "The Minister's Days of Auld Lang Syne."

LOVE'S SWEET WORK.

A London paper according to the Central Agency, tells the touching story of Prof. Herkimer. His aged father, who lives with him in his splendid home at Dushy, used to nod to elay in his early life. He has recently taken to it again, but his feet are stiff—his hands are stiff, and he can't get his work done. He is the work of his imperfection. It is his sorrow. At night he goes to his early rest and when he has gone his talented son goes into the studio, takes up his father's feeble attempts, and makes up his beautiful work as usual. When the old man comes down in the morning he takes the work and looks at it, and rubs his hands and says: "Ha! I can do as well as ever I did!" May not we believe that the hands of divine love will thus make over our feeble work for God till it shall bear the light of day and be perfect to all eternity?

"ALL I HAVE TO SAY."

A number of young men were one day sitting around the fire in the waiting room of an English railway talking about total abstinence societies. Just then a policeman came in with a prisoner in handcuffs. He listened to the young men's conversation, but did not give any opinion. There was also in the room a Mr. McDonald, a minister of the gospel, who, hearing what the young men were saying, stepped up to the policeman and said: "Pray, sir, what have you to say about temperance?"

"Well," replied the policeman, "all I have to say is that I never took a totaller to prison in my life."—Exchange.

WANTED TO KNOW.

Tommy—Are my lips preterogative?
Mamma—Why? Why do they rise?
Tommy—Cause I saw Mr. Stixley's kinsin' sister, and he said in was just exercising his prerogative.—Philadelphia Times.

"I HAD NO FAITH."

But my Wife Persuaded Me to try the Great South American Rheumatic Cure and My Agonizing Pain Was Gone in 12 Hours, and Gone for Good.

J. D. McLeod, of Leith, Ont., says: "I have been a victim of rheumatism for seven years—confined to my bed for months at a time; unable to trust myself. I have been treated by many physicians without any benefit. I had no faith in rheumatic cures I saw advertised, but my wife induced me to get a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure from Mr. Taylor, druggist, in Owen Sound. At that time I was in agony with pain. Inside of 12 hours after I had taken the first dose the pain had all left me. I continued until I had used three bottles, and I now consider myself completely cured." Sold by A. T. Brown.

DRIP YOUR BUCKET WHERE YOU WANT

"Oh, why ain't you out the cry?"
"Oh, give us water or we die!"
A voice came over the water fall.
"Just drop your bucket where you are!"
And then they dropped and drew their fill of water fresh from used old bills.
And then they drew their fill upon the broad mouth of the nation.

Or tossing wastes we all cry:
"Oh, give us water or we die!"
On high, relentless waves we roll
Through cruel climates for the soul:
"North Atlantic seas we want for breath
South with the third that brags to death,
To drop our buckets where we are."
Oh, why ain't you're sailing?
The broad mouth of the nation:
Whose mighty currents flow and stage
Of mortal screams and inland springs
Of night-blasted increasing day bill:
Of Justice's place in the earth or star:
Just drop your bucket where you are.
Suck not for fresher fountains afar,
We'll drop your bucket where you are;
And while the ship drifts onward haply
Uplift it from exhausted doops:
Track not your life with dry despair:
The broad mouth of the nation grows ever
So, under every sky and star,
Just drop your bucket where you are.
—K. W. Foss.

PAY AS YOU GO.

This is a good time—the eve of a universal revision, for merchants of all classes, to prepare the way for the introduction of the cash system, says Mercantile Journal.

It cannot be done all at once—all economic reforms are evolutionary, not creations, but a beginning can be made by limiting credits and making them dependent upon prompt payment of specified periods.

Practically, the parent of cash payment; and limited credits is not materially different from credit. The one soon merges into the other.

Prospects are that the people will soon have full employment at good wages, when they will have no reasonable excuse for running bills. It is greatly to their interest to pay as they go.

The past three or four years have been very trying on retailers, especially grocers, who have found it impossible to collect outstanding bills for goods for which they had to pay cash. This severe experience should admonish them to be more cautious in the future.

The cash system does not benefit the dealer so much as the consumer. The latter gets his goods cheaper, because they can be sold cheap. It enables the dealer to get into the open market and buy to the best advantage, often making an extra profit. This he shares with his customers.

Somebody must pay bad bills. The dealer cannot lose them. It would break him up. It is done indirectly, by increasing the price of his goods. There would be no necessity for this if the cash system prevailed.

As a matter of economy consumers should study this matter for themselves. If they will do so they will find that they can make a fair profit by paying as they go.

SEEING THE POINT.

A boy returned from school one day with the report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average.

"Son," said the father, "you've fallen behind this month, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

"The father knew, if the son did not. He had observed a number of dice novels scattered about the house; but had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A fitting opportunity should offer itself. A fitting opportunity should offer itself. A fitting opportunity should offer itself."

OVERWHELMING ARGUMENTS.

Two well-dressed boys had come out to the street to play horses. They had gray little harness, hung with bells that tinkled softly. There was a dispute as to which one should drive. One of the boys was less strong than the other, but he won his point by diplomacy.

"You must be the horse, Tom," he said, because we are going to play truck-horses, and you are very strong. I must be the driver, because your father is a minister, and you can't sweat."

The minister's son put on the harness.—New York Times.

"That's a life-like picture of your little boy."

"I don't think so. The photographer made him sit too still."

A BOON FOR EVERY HOME

EVERY WISE WOMAN SHOULD SEE THAT SHE GETS THE BEST.

In special cotton colors the Diamond Dyes far excel all other dyes. These special cotton dyes are recent discoveries of the best dye chemists in the world, and are remarkable for fastness against exposure to strong light and for standing up to repeated washings with soap.

Special attention is directed to Diamond Dye Fast Black for Cotton and Mixed Goods. This marvellous black has proven its title to first place as a dye for all cotton and mixed goods. One package of this dye will do as much work as three of any other kind of dye.

The Diamond Dyes are first, best and the cheapest to use.

Tell your merchant that you must have the "Diamond."

Machine and Repair Shops

HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor.

ARE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to do all repairs to machinery, and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of engineering. Woodwork repaired blacksmithing. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gumming and bling done.

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 60

INSURANCE ON Coal and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, 105 Queen St., Toronto, will be promptly attended to.

JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph.

W. M. BARRER & BROS.

PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers

HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.

The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.

W. M. BARRER & BROS.

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Select Family Reading.

Uncle Vanderlyn's Verdict.
BY ARNOLD BOND.

"Girls," said Mr. Vanderlyn, sententiously, to two nieces, "are a mistake!"

Dorothy hung down her head, evidently much humiliated by this view of the matter. Hector colored up, as red as the raddest geranium blossom in the window. "If you will kindly tell us how to set ourselves right, uncle," said she.

"Oh, I don't say that it's your fault, personally and especially," sneered Mr. Vanderlyn, with a little contemptuous sniff, "except as you belong to a class."

"Oh!" said Hector.

"I'm sure you are very sorry," murmured Dorothy, with a quivering lip.

"After now, if they are left unprovoked for," went on Mr. Vanderlyn, still looking straight before him, as if addressing an imaginary audience from a desk, "can always do something for themselves."

"Some can," skeptically observed Hector.

"Men," said Mr. Vanderlyn, ignoring his niece's remark, "have recourse. Men can have originality. Men can seldom be taken at a disadvantage. I wish, girls, had added with a gloss of mild depression at them, that you had had the look to be in men-childers instead of women-childers."

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"You mean parasite?" hazarded Hector.

"Well, where's the difference? That's what it is—exactly," nodded Joanna.

"I thought," said Dorothy, with a curling lip, "that may always vindicated themselves. Yes, Joanna, we are very much obliged to you. The tea was delicious—so were the peaches."

"Bragging parson, Misses, for what many seem a liberty, but ain't intended as such," said old woman, "but be ye going to stay here for good and all?"

"We don't know," said Hector.

"We want to care our own living if we can," said Dorothy, and said uncle Vanderlyn.

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