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Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. For changes oftener than once a month the composition must be paid for Changes for contract advertisements must be n the office by noon on Tuesdays. H. P. MOORE Editor and Proprietor

> Business Directory. MEDICAL.

F. UREN, M. D. C. M. Office and residence-Corner Mill & Frederick

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sidence in the evening Free Press Office, AUTON AUTON Machine and Repair Shops

HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor A RE well equipped with all the machinery

oryrand agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse-shooing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repairs performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gumming and filing done. Wellington Mutual

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SHEET MUSIC Popular Prices, Full Size, Good Paper.

Old Fashioned Price, 30c.; 40c., ond 50c. DAY'S LOW PRICE 5c. ANY TEN PIECES 25c.

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rinces Bonnie Waltzes-By Spensor.
ale Society Two Stop-By Van Barr.
ii the Lead-(The Favorite Two Step)-By Balloy. hen the Girl You Love is Many Miles Away

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Stewart's Cough Elixir Is not a Patent Medicin

Cures when other remedies fail. Is an article of real Is pleasant to the

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Price-25c, and 50c. a Bottle.

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Frames, Pictures, Artists' Supplies, Fancy Goods.

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Here's a Fact.

Williams has the largest and most varied stock of Shoes in town. Here's an Opinion. Williams doesn't believe he can I

Here's a Promise.

Williams will meet any honorable com-

Here's an Admission

Here's a Statement. Williams will prove it pays to deal wi

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

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

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

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SUPERIOR FACILITIES for thorough and practical courses of Study. Bookkeeping, Shorthand and Typewriting courses a specialty. J. SHARP, Principal

Authorized Capital..... \$1,000,000 Pald up Capital and \$785,000

\$6,300,000

Manager

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Sums of \$1 and nowards received on deposit and 31 per cent. interest paid or compounded half-yearly.

Deposit Receipts issued for large sums Advances made to responsible farmers

No charge made for collecting Sales Notes payable in Guelph. A General Banking Business transacted. A. F. H. JONES,

Clearance Sale of Lamps.

We have no "old fashioned" lamps to sell. You can rely on nice new styles. save 20 cents on the S and get lamps that are everything you are looking for. If these lamps were good value before what must their value be now? Our Lamp windowthe south one-gives prices.

J. M. BOND & Co.

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> Our stock of new Spring Goods is now complete. . They are all choice

goods, and we would respectfully suggest an early selection. Prices right; also styles.

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JAMES CLARK PROPIETOR, Having leased the above mills for a term of years I am in a position to supply the

wants of the public with the best qualities of Roller Flour, Cracked Wheat, Mill Feed. and all kinds of Chopped Feed required All our Flour will contain the proper

percentage of No. 1 Manitoba Hard Wheat. My long experience in the milling busi-I will be pleased to meet all old customers

of the mlil and many new ones. I am prepared to pay the highest current prices for Wheat, Oats and peas for use Telephone town orders from Brown'

Exchanging Wheat and Chopping specialty.

James Clark.

The Campaign ... Prepare for Winds

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 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 on

Coal & Wood

THOS. EBBACE

John McQueen

Having purchased the Coal business hereto-fore carried on by James Brown, I am prepared, to supply all orders for

Furnace Coal Stove Coal

Chestnut Coal OF BEST QUALITY. Orders given to me personally or left a

JOHN MOQUEEN

WANTED-BEVERAL PAITHFUL MEN OR Wwomen to travel for responsible estab-lished house in Ontario. Halary \$780, payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Poetry.

God bless our Canadal Glorious Canada! Land of our birth. Proud let our pation be.

Gem of the parth ! Land rich in stream and lake, Land of wild brush and brake, . Moadow and grove. May God rich blessings pour On thee, from shore to shore,-Thou whom our bearts adore.

Blessod in its liberty.

In praise we sing of thee,

May thy sons honored bo, Far over land and sea, Whore'er they roam; Tell by their bearing high, Their tone of chivalry, Their love of purity, Thou art their home,

Our country's leaders bless !

Land of our love.

'Gainst "groed of gold's" excess Firm let them stand. Loud them in paths aright! Keep them from sin's foul blight! Thou, the All-Infinite ! . . God blass our land. -Clara H. Mountcaslte (Carls Sim

Select Familg Reading.

Caught at cast.

"Get out of this house, Jack Alden! Get out, I say!" A woman stood in the single room of rade cabin on the edge of a mining camp On her arm she carried an infant, and her right hand asse clenched and raised.

Near the door stood a young man, roughly clad, his face covered with several day's growth of board, his cheeks red from the effects of a recent, debauch, his eyes inflamed, and his expression dazed and His attitude of stupid silence further

swiftly and picked up a heavy stick that had been used for poking the fire. "Get out of this house !", she said. want you to leave here, Jack Alden, and never let me see your face again, or I will strike you to the ground !"

"Do you mean it, Jenny?" asked the

enraged his wife, who crossed the room

man half looking up. "I do mean it. I have borne from you and for you all I can bear. I have been tied too long to a worthless drunken wretch and I mean to be free. Gol and never darken that door again I'

"Good bye, Jenny!" he muttered, and left the cabin, closing the door behind him. He looked up as the fresh, cool air struck his cheeks, and drew his hand scross his eyes, as if to dash away a mist. Then he set his fucb westward, and

walked slowly but steadily along the ridge.

At the distance of half a mile from his

cabin he came to Pat Killeen's "Joggery," where the door stood invitingly open, disclosing a tempting array of bottles. He halted, but only for a moment. "Never again!" he muttered, and reso

lutely trudged along. Afoot, bungry, without a coin in his pockets, he steadily journeyed toward the setting sun, leaving Misery Gulch and his wife and child behind him When her husband had left the cabin

Jenny Alden's first impu'se was to sit down

and have a hearty ory. Feeling relieved by this indulgence, she arose and straightened up her room, making everything in the cabin (herself included) as noat and tidy as it was possible. "When he comes back," she said to

herself, tit will make him feel better to see everything in order." On the third day she went down into th gulch, and wandered all over the straggling camp, inquiring for her missing husband, but got no nowe of him, except from the

man who had hailed him, and had last seen him walking westward. She saw but one thing she could do-she could wash for the miners. But she was strong and healthy, and was handsomely paid for her work, and she had her child to live for, and little Emmy grew strong and healthy like her mother.

but with a look of the father in her face than often brought toars to the mother's There was one thing that she might have

She might have married again. Women were scarce in that region, and s andsome and hearty specimen, such as Jenny Alden, did not need to look for ad-

But she would have none of their consolations. She was free, as she had told her husband she meant to be: but she would not choose another husband. She had lived alone with Emmy a little

more than a year when she received now of her husband. A letter came from a distant mining region, telling her that he was dead, and that he had directed his eavings to be sen to her at Misery Gulch.

It was only a few thousand dollars, but that was a little fortune to Jenny. She made many enquiries regarding her dead husband, but could only learn that he had been an industrious man; reasonably prosperous, he died of lover and had been properly buried.

"Did he die sober ?" she asked "He was nover known to drink while h was with us," replied the messenger. . Then there came a general change to Misery Gulch.

mining camp became a city, and adopted the name of Ophirville. Jack Alden's claim proved to be a valuable one, and Jenny sold it at a high figure, retaining an interest in the profits. Four years after Jack Alden had been driven from his cabin on the xidge, Jenny was living in a pretty cottage on the outskirts of Ophirville, and Emmy was run-

Rich discoveries were made, and the

ning about and talking. Everybody wondered more than ever why the widow Alden did not marry. Bhe had plenty of money, was a woman of consequence and was universally admired If she had told the truth she would have said that her heart was buried out yonder with her hunband.

She had nover forgiven herself for the

him away from her About this time Ophicville was stirred to the centre by the arrival of a mining onvelope. The National, Star Building, Chicago | buildings, and had bought the Jack Alden | more.

mine with the laten ion of working it to Little Emmy Alden, chancing to stray

outside her mother's gate met this impor-Attracted by her pretty face, and spright

As soon as she told him her name, dived down into his pocket and broughtforth a package of candica for her. In a few minutes, holding Emmy's harfd, he walked up to the house and she led him in at the front door without ceremony.

"I met your little girl in the street," he

answered, in reply to Jenny's look

surprise, "and learned from -her that this

was the house at which I wanted to call. He was a tall and well-formed man with silver white hair and a heavy gray. beard that nearly govered his face. "What may be your business, sir ?"

"I have bought all the shares in the Alden mine except . yours, and mean t re open it at once and work it for all it's worth. The old company searcely skimmed it, and the best ore has not been touch ed. I will buy your shares, if you wish but you may prefer to go in partnership with me, and I have called to offer you the

Jenny did not hesitate to admit that th

partnership would please her, and an striking. arrangement to that effect was speedily The partnership caused bim to visit quently Jenny Alden's protty

tage-more frequently, in fact, than-the business really required, and it was remarked in Ophirville that the widow Alden had only been waiting for a rich suitor, and had "struck" him at last .-Part of the rumor, at least, was true. Herman Stecker, after showing ber the

great results and the splendid, promise of

their business transactions, 'had formally

proposed a more intimate partnership. "It will be quite eati-factory to me," Jenny replied-au-if-an-ordinary-business transaction had been presented to her. Her tone seemed to disappoint him, but

he took it as coolly as she did.

This engagement was as business-like as their court-hip had been, and Jeupy did not seem to wish to-enquire tuto the past life of her future husband. She insisted upon being married by Episcopal clergyman, and according to the

ritual of that church. ---As she stood before the altar, when it came to her turn to speak the binding words she clasped Stecker's hand tightly, looked him full in the face and said : "I, Jenny Alden, take thece, John

"Why, Jeany I did you know me?" he "Do you suppose I could have married another man?" she replied. "I knew you as soon as you entered my door."

ON THE MEMORY. Who does not know that to succeed in any task, in any occupation, in any art, we are secretly sided by men whom we have seen successful therein. These live in our memory and are inspirations at times dangerous, but often fruitful. An orator carries in himself the recollection another orator who once roused his enthusiasm. Comedians are haunted by certain glorious examples which inspire them. Every one of us in his daily conduct secretly takes his bearings from some ideal, real and seductive, that he has sometime met with. Influences felt in youth are the most powerful and the most durable. Sometimes three or four personalities that we then admired accompany us all our lives, ruling in our, memories; in

these men speak in us, that they are really present in us, that we are only one with them, that we are they. Indeed into all our most brilliant qualities the functions of the memory enter as an essential element. These functions are and give it back to me as hard as you got. much more precious than we generally believe. I should like to prove now that do that." it is they which form the accuracy of the mind. It is clear that in order to judge we always rest upon our recollections. It is an axiom of common sense that in order to ripen the judgment experience is necessary Our opinions, our convictions, our theories have value only from the experience that theyeum up. When I put forth an opinion on life, on men, on women, on art, that opinion has no interest unless it is based on

observed. If I assert at random my asser tion may be correct, just as one may hit the target if he fires with his eyes shut; but this has no value. Our practical judgments, especially our judgments as to the conduct to be chosen in a certain case, are worth just the amount of experience they stand for; my resolution is the wiser according as I his obliging compliance, and then said have before my mind the consequence of

The Chautauquin HER LITTLE BROTHER'S BET.

Little Tommy was entertaining one his sister's admirers until she appeared "Don't you come to see my sister?" he

"Yes, Tommy, that's what I come for "You like her immensely, don't you?" "Of course I admire her very much Don't you think she's nice?" "Well, I have to, 'cause sho's my sister but she thumps me protty hard sometimes But let's see you open your mouth once

Now shut it tight till I count ton. There -I knowed you could do i' I" "Why, Tommy, who said I couldn't ?" "Oh, nobody but sister !" "What did she say?" "Well, she said you hadn't sense enough

to keep your month ellet, and I bet her

two bly apples you had; and you have, haven't you? And you'l' make her stump | creation. up the appler, won't you?" "The young man did not wait to see whether she would "stump up" or not. THE PROGRESS TO REMORSE.

It is related as a fact that about a year

ago a house in Wichita, Kan., was entered by a burglar and a pocket-book containing a sum of money was stolen. A few days harsh words with which she had driven ago the owner of the purs received a letter through the mails enclosing a \$10 bill and the following note: A year ago I stole a pocket-book from you containing \$60. capitalist. Herman Stecker by name, who | have been sick and remorso has been gnawcame to the city proposing to settle there. | ind at my heart, so I send you \$10. When He was about to erect mills and other | remorse gnaws again I will send you some

SEEKING HER BOY. A New York Physician relates the fol-

A few weeks ago he was 'called to the

owing fact :-

help of a man who was mortally wounded in one of the low dance halls or "dives" ly ways, he stopped and made friends with | that city. When he had attended his patient the doctor looked curiously about him. The wounded man lay before the bar, against which lounged some drunken old-sots. -- In the next room a few -young men, flushed and bright-eyed were playing cards, while the gaudilydressed bar-muids carried about the liquor. But neither the gamblers nor the women nor the drunkards paid any attention t the dying man on the floor. They squab blod and laughed, deaf to the groans. The proprietor of the dive, a burly follow , who had been a prize-fighter in his younger days, having seen the police secure the murderer, had gone back equietly to his work of mixing drinke. Death, apparently, had no interest or terror for these people. Buddouly a little old woman with white hair, a thin shawl about her, came to the street door. Her appearance produced startling effect. The besetted old men a the bar put down their glasses and looked uneasy; the card-players hastily shut the door to keep out the sight of her; and th bar-maids huddled together in silonce; but the change in the brutal landlord was most

> He rose hastily and came up to her, at expression of something like terror on her "Is James hero?" she asked cently.

"No, no; he is not here. I do not know where he is," he said hurriedly. She looked around bewildered. said :-"I was sure he was here. If he comes,

"Yes, yes," he said-and that-man urg ed her out of the door. The physician soon followed and saw her going into another and another dive and grog-shop along the street.

"Who is she?" he asked of a policemen

outside. "Is she in no danger?"

will you tell him his mother wants him.

The man shook his head significantly "They will not harm her, sir. They've done their worst to her. She is the widow of a clergymau, and she had one son, a boy of sixteen years. They lived happy and comfortable enough till he took to going to pool rooms, and then to variety theatres and at last to these dives here. He was killed in one of them in a fight three months ago, in that very one-you was just in now, and was carried home to her bloated from drink, covered with blood and dead. She only remembers that he came to these houses, and she goes about them searching for him every day. They are afraid to see her. They think she brings a curse on them. But they won't barm her; they're done their worst to her.' This is a true story: How many sons of loving mothers are going down like this

THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

boy into these dark places to day ?- Yorth's

Sir Edwin Arnold, in the volume autobiography which he has just published tells the unique story-of how, as muster the Birmingham grammar echool, he was caned by one of the boys. The class was engaged on Cicero. Some

disorder occurred near the master's chair,

and, seizing the cane he 'gave a nasty cu

spon the too tempting back of a youth, who

seemed to be the offender." "If you please, sir," said the boy equirming, "I did noth ng. It was Scudamore that kicked me in the stomach, underneath the desk." The statement was true. Scudamore had demanded from his peighbor, quite certain circumstances we see them come illegitimately, the explanation of an obscure out of the darkness and act before us; and passage, and not being attended to, taken this much too emphatic means of enforcing attention. Having called the class up Arnold said to the doubly wronged boy

who was still rubbing the place: "It was !

who are most to blame for having dealt

you an undeserved blow. Take that cane

"No, sir," the lad answered, "I can't The whole great school-room was now istening, masters and all. Arnold insist ed: "Jones, you must obey me; and if you disobey, I am sorry to say I shall make you write out that page of Cicero

three times, staying in to do it."

Whother it was desperation at this dreadful alternative, or the sparkling eves of his class fellows, evidently longing to have the good luck themselves of "licking" know not. What I do know is that I reached forth his hand, took the cane and dealt me no sham telling cut over my shoulders. I had no idea that the ridiculous instrument could sting, as it did. like a scorpion. Rubeing the place in my own turn, I managed, to thank Jones for him : "Break that detestable weapon across similar resolutions .- CAMILLE MELINAND, in | your knee and throw it out of the window clover parrot I oven naw .- Songregationalist Noveragain will we have anything to do with auch mothods here." Bir Edwin Arnold adds that corporal punishment is, in his view, a cowardly and clumsy expedient and that "he who can not teach withou

> the stick had better get some other businese." TOASTS TO WOMEN.

Woman-The sweetest creature the Lord over made. Woman-The source of help, happiness Woman-She needs no eulogy; sh speaks for herself. Woman-A creature "nobly planned, to warm, to comfort and command."

and here she is! W man-The tyrant we love, the friend Wuman-God bless her, the queen of al Woman-The fairest work of the great

A DECIDED SUCCESS

Author; the edition is large, and no man

should be without a copy .- Baltimore

World.

Dora-"What is that D.R A. that you Clara-"The Dancing Reform Associa tion-gentlemen dance with gentlemen and ladies with ladier."

"Yes, indeed. At our last dance no on

danced at all. We just promenaded about

"Is that idea a success ?"

PATRICK THOUGHT IT WAS THE

GOT RILED. Au amusing scene occurred in a quiet plown street last night. A young Irishman who is courting a rosy-oheoked servant n one of the houses in the thoroughfare called about his usual time in the evening Just as he opened the iron gate leading into he basement yard lie heard a voice say, "Hullo Pat!"

VOICE OF HIS RIVAL AND

"Hullo, yourself," replied Pat. Hullo, Pat," said the strange voice

Pat gazed all around'him, but could see obody, and once again he heard the voice say, "Hullo, Pat." "Is that all you can say, 'Hullo, Pat! Where the divil are your anyhow?"

"Begorra, you're a liar, whoever ye be." shouted Pat, us he looked blindly around for his insulter. 'Pat, you're a fool," again uttered the

'I'm no fool, whoever ye are," called ou

"Pat, you're a fool," said the voice.

answered Pat.

at, wild with anger, "an' if yez will show yerself; I'll prove it to yez." "Pat, -you're a fool," came the reply accompanied by a hourse chuckle. Pat was furious and thoughts of 1 rival, McCurthy, immediately came in his

"Pat, you're a fool! Pat, you're a fool io, ho, ho! he, ha!' shouted Pat's tor-

By this time Pat's coat and lay on the ground and he had his sleeves colled up to his elbows and was tearing around like a hen on a hot griddle There's no telling what would have happened, as it was nearly the time for the policeman on the best to pus that way, when the basement door opwed and Pat's sweetheart came out. On sering Pat she attered a little scream and exclaimed 'Are you crazy, Pat ? An' what has come nto you the night ? Put your clothes or

"Pat, you're a fool? Ho, ho! ha, ha! said the mysterious voice out of the dark "Do yez hear the blackgoard? Oh if

can lay me hands on him !" foamed Pat, as he continued his war dauce. "Ah, you musu't mind that, Pat;" said his sweetheart. "Why its only one of the young men's parrots which they brought iome with them over the sea. It's an illmannered bird, and do swear dreadfully. Mistress won't have it in the house, so the boys hang up the cage out of the window of their room upstairs."

Pat became slowly appeared, and as h

out on his coat, he said, "I don't migt

what a buird says, Molly, but begorra,

thought it, was that sneak McCarthy .-

New York Tribune. A CLEVER PARROT.

Having occasion recently to pass over the Vermont Central Railway, Light in with a very clever parrot. A lady occupied a seat nearly opposite the one in which I sat acd the parrot was in a cage in a seat which was turned to face hers. Suddenly the bird called out, "Polly wants to go upstairs." His mistress said to him. "Polly want a cracker?' To our surprise the bird answered, 'No, no, no, no.' Pretty soon, having evidently repented, the bird osiled out, "Polly wants a cracker. Polly wants a cracker." As there was no repouse to this, he shouted again, "Bad boy, naughty girl, bad boy, naughty girl." The brakeman entered the car and called in the tone which only a brakeman can possibly assume, "Northampton." Cocking his head on one side, the parrot called, in the same drawling tone, "North-hamp-ton." There was a general laugh following this

An old gentleman was present who was seriously afflicted with a cough. The parrot listened for some time and finally after the gentleman had had a spasm of newspaper wrappers for one dollar per coughing, exactly repeated the sound. In thousand. ame the brakeman and called "Change for Turner's Falls." The parrot at once repeated the same. After this out burst there was a period of silence on the part of the bird, and the car became quiet, each one reading or busy with his thoughts. Imagine the surprise of the people in the car when the parrot called out, striking the first two notes of the long meter Doxology exactly, "Praise God." The amusement

when to our surprise. Polly doubled himself

up and laughed just as the people in the

and surprise of the passengers were expressed in many loud laughs, which Polly When the lady alighted at Greenfield she asked the brakeman whom Polly had imi ated so many times, if The would kindly assist her in getting off the train. He replied :- I will take everything you have off, but the parret. I will not touch him. He seemed to feel that there was something uncanny about the bird, and I am not sure but we all somewhat sympathized with him. It was the brightest and most

FOR FUN AT A PARTY.

Fill a tiny tumbler with water and cover t with a bowl. Then tell the company that you will drink the water in the tumbler underneath without moving the bowl. Of course no one will believe you, and you ask all to turn their backs, or close their eyes, if they will promise not to look, until one of the party counts ton. Immedintely they have turned their eyes you pick up another glass of water and hastily afterward, knowing that I sell only the swallow a few mouthfuls. They hear the Diamond Dyes." sound, but no one can look until ten i counted. By that time the glass from which you drank-is hidden again and the company catches you wiping your moist Woman-Once there was a woman, sir, lips, Undoubtedly one of the number will be so suspicious that he will lift the bowl to see, and then is your opportunity, for you at once pick up the glass and drink saying as you put it down : "I didn't touch

> TOO THIN FOR A STATUE. Cultivating literature on a little oatmon may be well enough but when it comes to

the bowl."

perpetuating the fame of authors by statues there are certain inconveniences attending too thin a diet. One of the objections made to having a statue of Stevenson erected to him in Edinburgh is that Stovenson was too thin to appear well in a statue. Thin authors will please take notice and at once lay in a supply of certain foods war ranted to produce a pleasing roundity of form .- Chicago Record.

parilla, which makes rich, red blood, | Heart disease will kill if not oured. there is little danger of sickness.

Only a glass of sparkling wine

but it led its victim down the path Of sin's most deadly way; It turned the channel of one young life Into paths of drepest woe,

Only a glass of wine, alas It was a most fatal start For it turned to a demon a fair young And broke a fond mother's heart :

.It darkened a young wife's happiness. And gave her but pain and woe; . -

Only a glass of glowing wine ! 'Tie a'little thing, but, thep; It turned a bright and snnny home.

REFORM IN DINNER GIVING.

dinner enen einent, no matter whother the dinner be large or small, formal or informal; is the most exacting of social obligations," writes Mre. S. T. Rorer in the February Ladies' Home Journal. "Indeed I always feel a double sense of obligation when invited to a small dinner. In selecting the guests for the small dinner choose those who are congenial. If among your friends you number physicians, lawyers-or-politicians-do-not invite one of each class, nor all of one class, simply because their professions are the same, but select congenial spirits. Ten small dinners; well arranged, are much more enjoyable than one large conventional dinner served to sixty ill-selected people. The food is better, service better and digestion better, and even when trained help sanuot be employed the hostress may enjoy the occasion as well as the guests: Theart

of during, remember is quite upart from the art of giving dinners. "A reform in dinner giving is being in stiguted. Simple dinners are now "the elegant dinners."- The man who has studled the art of living lives frugally. A hostess must know during the short time her guests are under her roof she is responsible for their happiness and comfort A huge dinner of twelve courses of badlyblended food is not conductive to either. Savarin said, "The dinner table is a place where men are never bored for the first hour; the insinuation that a second would prove a bore is rather prominent. If people in the ordinary walks of life are to make such entertainments a success they must never try new or elaborate dishes, or even new ways of serving; they should simply add an extra plate or two to the usual number, and invite their friends."

A POINTER FOR BOYS.

E-Iward W. Bok, editor of the Cadica Home Journal, gives the following, among other 'reasons' for having never tasted iquor: "Another thing which led me to make up my mind never to touch liquo was the damage which I saw was wrought by it upon some of the finest minds with which it was ever my privilege to come into contact, and I concluded that what had resulted injuriously to others might prove so to me: I have seen, even in my few years of professional life, some of the smarteet, yes, brilliant, literary men dcthroned from splendid positions, owing to othing else than this indulgence in wine. have known men with thousands of dollars per year, occupying positions which hundreds would strive a lifetime to attain, ome to beggary from drink. Only recent y there applied to me, for any position ould offer him, one of the most brillians editorial writers in the newspaper profession-a man who two years ago easily com manded one hundred dollars for a single editorial in his special field. That man became to unreliable from drink that the editors are now afraid of his articles, and although he can to-day write as forcible au editorial as at any time during his life, he

HOW TO READ A MODERN NOVEL

sits in a cellar in one of our cities writing

A rather clover young lady has been explaining to "an inquisitive librarian" the way-in which she reads her novels. While the majority of people are content to begin with Chapter I and work on conscientiously to the inevitable marriage at the c'ose of Volume III, she adopts the original procedure of beginning at the last chapter and reading backward. By so

doing she finds that she obtains a continual

s easier to anticipate the close of a novel

from its beginning than from its close. The

here and hereine may be in themselves

'nolther rich nor rare," and the "situa-

tions" may be hackneyed, but read back-

fund of excitement, for, as she remarks,

word, the problem "how the dickens they got there"-into the said situation-is intricate enough, in her opinion, to make the dul'est novel "go."-London News.

CROSS WOMEN A druggist doing business in a larg Intario town recently wrote as follows: "I have lately met with some very croswomen. For reasons best known to themsolves they purchased common packagedyes instead of the reliable and never-failing Diamond Dyes for home Dyeing. They were sorely disappointed in results, and had their goods spoiled. They, came to me

Moral: When you are coloring goods at

The man who always does just as his

home use the "Diamond" that guarantees

success; rofuse all imitations.

tion Resident from Heart Disease. Not an exceptional case of heart disease but very distressing was that of Mr. L. W. Law, of Toronto Junction, Ont., who was obliged to be propped up in bed with pil lowe for eighteen mouths, because of smoth ering spells that would come over him whonever he attempted to lie down. No treatment had done any good until he tried Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Ifeart, and here one dose gave complete relief, and one bottle cured bim, and to-day he enjoys the If the system is fortified by Hood's Sar- | pleasures of good health as other people do.

PRICE THREE CENTS

ONLY A GLASS OF WINE. When the tempter's power held sway,

And blackened one poor heart that one Was as pure as the whitest snow.

It brought her, instead of a loving cares A curse and a cruel blow.

Into a drunkard's den!' ...

And sounded a funeral knoll; It placed the wrock in a drunkard's grave And led to a drunkard's hell.

wife wants him to saves a lot of controversy, and he comes out in the end about as well as if he had always pleased him-COULD NOT LIE DOWN FOR EIGH-TEEN MONTHS. The Sufferings of a Toronto Junc-

It blasted forever a precious life,