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., M. D.
Acton.
GRADUATE TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
OFFICE—Main Street, third door south of Presbyterian Church, Acton.

VETERINARY SURGEON.

ALFRED P. HUSBAND, V. S.
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.

DENTAL.

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

DR. F S. MERCER,
DENTIST.
Graduate of Toronto University and R.C.D. S
Office over Drug Store, Acton.
VISITING DAYS—THURSDAY AND FRIDAY.

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

LEGAL.

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

DOUGLAS & MURRAY,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
OFFICES:—1206 Queen St., Parkdale.
Victoria Chambers, 51 Victoria St.
Telephone 297. TORONTO.
JOHN DOUGLAS. A. G. MURRAY.

A. J. MACKINNON,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
OFFICE—Corner Mill and Main Street above Kopman's store, Acton.

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

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

HENRY GRIST.
OTTAWA, CANADA.
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.

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER,
Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario.
(Over William's Store.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
H. P. MOORE,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued residence in the evening.
Free Press Office, ACTON.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor.
ARE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse-shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repairs performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gumming and filing done.

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 628, 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 sums, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and pwards.

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 on hand.
Telephone communication.

AISNAP IN
SHEET MUSIC
Popular Prices, Full Size, Good Paper.
Old Fashioned Price, 30c., 40c., and 50c.
DAY'S LOW PRICE 5c.
ANY TEN PIECES 25c.

Washington Post March—By Sousa.
Liberty Bell March—By Sousa.
High School Cadets—By Sousa.
Manhattan Beach March—By Sousa.
Darkies' Dream—By Lansing.
Bon Ton Gavotte—Society Dance.
Dancing in the Barn—Scheottische.
Rastus on Parade—March—By Kerry Mills.
Love Comes like a Summer Sigh—Waltz—By Spencer.
Princess Bonnie Waltzes—By Spencer.
Yale Society Two Step—By Yann Barr.
In the Lead—(The Favorite Two Step)—By Bailey.
When the Girl You Love is Many Miles Away. —Song—By Koppen.
I Love You if the Others Don't—Song—By Blandford.
Hen Holt—for voice and piano—The Favorite English Ballad.

DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
GUELPH.
Day Sells Cheap

Stewart's
Cloudy Household
Ammonia
—FOR—
TOILET, BATH and LAUNDRY.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid cleansing preparation for the Hair.
Makes Hard Water Soft.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Washes Flannels and other Woollen Goods.
Restores the Color to Carpets.
Cleanses Woodwork, Plate and Jewellery.
Price, 25c. a Pint Bottle.
ALEX. STEWART,
Manufacturing and Dispensing Chemist,
Guelph - - Ont.

Wedding Presents.
UP TO DATE
Frames, Pictures, Artists' Supplies, Fancy Goods.
GOOD VALUE.
WATERS BROS.
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, GUELPH

J. H. Hamilton,
- - DEALER IN - -
Marble and Granite,
Hamilton's Block
GUELPH.
Having on hand a large quantity of
Scotch, Norway, Swedish and Russian
GRANITE
And in order to dispose of it to make room for spring stock now purchased I wi sell at a reduction of
20 PER CENT.
And will allow all expenses to customers to and from our works.
JOHN H. HAMILTON

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
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.

Main Street
PLANING MILLS,
ACTON, ONT.

John Cameron,
Architect and Contractor.
Manufacturer of Sash Doors Frames Moulding in all styles
DRESSING, MATCHING, and MOULDING
to order on short notice.
Well assorted stock on hand at prices to suit the times.
JOHN CAMERON,
Proprietor

GUELPH
Business College,
. . . AND . . .
Shorthand Institute,
GUELPH, ONT.
SUPERIOR FACILITIES for thorough and practical courses of Study. Bookkeeping, Shorthand and Typewriting courses a specialty. Graduates assisted to positions.
FALL SESSIONS commences Sept 1st Write for circulars.
J. SHARP, Principal

—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Authorized Capital..... $1,000,000
Paid up Capital and Surplus..... $785,000
Assets over..... $6,300,000
Guelph Branch
3½ Sums of $1 and upwards received on deposit and 3½ per cent. interest paid or compounded half-yearly.
Deposit Receipts issued for large sums deposited.
Advances made to responsible farmers on their own names.
No charge made for collecting Sales Notes if payable in Guelph.
A General Banking Business transacted.
A. F. H. JONES,
Manager

You are thinking and planning about a Bicycle. Of course you want the best value for the least money. We've thoroughly up-to-date Wheels—both ladies' and gentlemen's—all latest improvements and fully guaranteed at $70, $60, $50 and $40, others'll ask you $85, $75, $65 and $55. This $15 saving is worth considering, of course these are cash prices. Couldn't sell at any such figures on time. Suppose you write or call. No trouble to show wheels.
J. M. BOND & Co.
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

STYLISH SPRING SUITINGS.
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.
SHAW & TURNER,
Merchant Tailors, - Guelph

. . . THE . . .
J. N. Stinson Store
ROCKWOOD
NEW SPRING GOODS.
Suitings, Pantings, etc.
Specials: 4 ply Linen Collars, 10c. each. Ties, all shapes, 7c. each.
These are all new goods.

More Than Half - - -
Your life is spent in your shoes. Then why not have them comfortable! The ease of a shoe depends on the material and fit. That is the reason our shoes give general satisfaction. All grades of Boots and Shoes in the latest spring styles and best quality, at
W. Williams'
BOOT & SHOE STORE
Mill Street, ACTON.

E. B. COLLINS,
. . . Butcher
Desires to thank his numerous customers for their liberal patronage since he commenced business last January and hopes that by careful and courteous attention to merit a continuance of their custom.
A complete assortment of first-class Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Pork, Fresh and Salt, Hams, Sausages, Poultry, Lard, &c., in season.
Prices always as low as consistent with the best quality.
Prompt delivery. Fat stock wanted.
E. B. COLLINS

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

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

Poetry.

AN EVENING HYMN.

BY AMY PARKINSON

Slowly the sun descends
The western sky
The shadows longer grow,
The breezes die;
Homeward, on willing wings,
The birds now fly,
For night is nigh,
And soon will draw her veil o'er earth and sky.

Then, while the world lies still
And tries to sleep,
While all the land is wrapt
In shadow deep,
Watch, with Thy waking ones
And those who weep,
Do Thou, Lord, keep;
And guard from danger those who fall asleep.

And if we wake to see
Another day,
Give still Thy needed help:
Go all the way
With those who work for Thee;
And with those stay
Who wait for Thy
Long for Thy presence all the weary day.

Soon will our day of life
Draw to an end,
And thickly round its close
The shades descend;
Homeward through gathering gloom
Tired spirits wend.
Oh, watchful Friend,
Guide, guard, and keep us to the very end.

—Toronto, Ont.

Select Family Reading.

The Reward of One Woman

"Oh, gemini, is this a bean? Let me see him again. Ha; I find a bean is no such ugly thing, neither.'—Sheridan."

The girl leaned both her hands on the little rickety, hand-painted, looking house table, and looked up with laughter and mock admiration in her eyes at her lover, who came and stood before her. But the man looked down at her in eager pleading.

"Ursula, darling, how can you talk in that way—now?"

"How can I? Why with a pretty grace, I hope."

"Ursula," cried the man, "don't have that mood! It hurts me. It maddens me to waste our minutes so. Oh, my darling, have you no sentiment in you?"

"Sentiment," she began, lightly; but her word trailed off into a sob. "Bertie—"

The man caught her hands quickly.

"What, darling?"

She dropped her head on his breast and her breath came fast.

"You have thought me unsentimental, matter-of-fact, even hard—yes, just a little bit hard—ever since you first knew me; while you were so—so—otherwise."

He held her tightly to him and waited.

"But"—and it was she who spoke passionately now—"I was only acting, Bertie; only showing you a surface heart. And now—now you are going away, and for so long, I am sentiment—silly sentimental, if only you knew. I did not show it—I don't know—I was shy, I suppose, I thought you would not care for it—that you would laugh at me."

"Oh Ursula, Ursula!" he exclaimed.

"I believe you would laugh now if you knew how ridiculous I am—how much I love you. And now I have broken down—you have made me break down. I can never unsay my confession. I have humbled myself. I have laid bare my heart—"

"Ursula, my own! Why did you never confess before? I laugh at you! Oh, my darling I have hungered to say such words."

The eyes of the girl were love-steeped, and her lashes wet, and she raised her head and looked up at the man.

"All this past year you have made me happier than I ever dared hope to be," she whispered trembling—"the happiest woman in the whole world, I think."

And the man bent and pressed his lips to hers. "But I want to make you still happier," he said passionately. "I want to take you from all the care and drudgery; to have you all to myself; to guard you, to cherish you—never to part. Oh, if only I had money! This waiting, waiting, is awful; and the hope so small, the reward so slow."

"Am I really small—and slow?" she asked, softly.

He laughed back at her. "Not you, dearest, but the getting on, and the pittance; it all seems so endless. Even now I am holding you only to part from you—to go back to the grind. And worse than all is the knowledge that you are also drudging, and I cannot prevent it.'

"As there must be waiting, dear, I am glad of the work to fill my time. And," with a soft blush, "I shall be saving for my trousseau."

"Don't Ursula—don't go hoarding your shillings and denying yourself. Some day I will make my pile, and you shall walk in silk attire; and we'll leave the work the trouble and the care, and go off a-wandering in Italy and Greece and Algiers, and every place we've ever set our hearts on"

The hollow sounding clock upon the painted marble piece struck five metallic strokes.

"Five o'clock already! This is awful! For a whole year, or longer. Say it again, Ursula—that you love me."

"I love you, Bertie," she said, slowly, and quite solemnly. "I love you. I think I would die for you quite willingly."

"Darling, darling, for a long year—" He caught her up to him in a passionate embrace, his lips met hers again and again; then he turned quickly and went toward the door.

"There will be the letters," she said in a voice which strove to be steady and cheerful, for his white, hopeless face hurt her heart. An I then he was gone.

Three hours later the man sat at a cheery little dinner in London, a little farewell meal with a few old college friends. After which he went on board his steamer and walked the deck in the starlight, with a pipe for consolation, as he thought of the poor and lonely girl he had left, and longed for money to bring him his desire. And so absorbing were these thoughts that the pipe went out, and still he paced to and fro, unheeding, until, at last, his elbow being jogged accidently, he came back to the near present again, and, taking the cold pipe from his lips, tapped it out on the rail. Then, while the ashes were yet floating down to the waters he went below to his berth and slept soundly.

And the girl Ursula sewed and sewed all the evening by the light of the cheap oil lamp, and smiled stiffly with her lips, and tried not to depress her mother. And then she went to her room and packed her box to go a-governessing on the morrow. And after a while she went to bed, and there she lay with wide eyes and watched the moonlight on the window, and her heart felt widowed, hopeless, and would not be cheered.

"Your letters are so friendly, dearest, so abominably friendly; they verily starve my heart. Oh, why am I not rich enough to throw up this drudgery and come home to you and hold you in my arms again, and make you say you love me? I have to go over our parting again to make myself believe that all you said then is really true. Write me a real love letter next time, darling to help me bear up."

The girl's cheeks were flushed and her eyes held happiness as she sat by the schoolroom table, with the piled up work basket neglected before her and read the words again and again.

And the days and the weeks and the months and the years passed on, and the pile of love letters that came to the girl grew in bulk. Sometimes they are despondent, sometimes cheerful, sometimes hurried, sometimes tender, and sometimes the treasured space was overful of new friends and strange places. But the letters never failed to come, and the man never failed to long for the riches which could bring him to the girl's side and make life happy for them.

And the girl longed and longed that she might meet her lover, if only for a day; that they might look into each other's face, and renewed hope might start afresh. Some cynic told her that love was fleeting, a question merely of propinquity; but that cynic had not meant to bruise the girl's endearing heart. Besides, the cynicism was not always true, for this girl's love was as strong as ever—stronger. Why should not the man's be the same? He was better equipped for fighting doubts and fears. But the waiting was bitterly long.

At last when endurance was becoming a habit, there came a shock—a shock of joy. Just a business matter, just money, just repentance to the amount of five hundred a year from an earnest while unforgiving uncle. But five hundred pounds a year to a little governess, to a waiting lover. It was ecstacy.

The schoolroom was as a paradise that morning; the voice of the children as angels' songs. For the waiting the drudgery, the anxiety were over. Bliss lay within a blue envelope; joy was inscribed in straight lines of copper plate caligraphy. But the girl uttered no word of happiness; it seemed too wonderful, and she wanted to realize it and think.

A deed of gift. An anonymous deed of gift—that would be the thing, the girl decided. She would not keep one penny of it back. There seemed something calculating and mercenary in setting aside part for herself; besides, it would be all the same in the end. A deed or gift of five hundred pound a year to Bertie! It was worth all the waiting and the pain and the work. This was her reward.

So the girl carried out her secret plans with a light heart and a happy brow, and the joyful message went across the sea to the man, in the copper plate caligraphy of the lawyer's clerk; while the girl herself—in the wilfulness of near bliss—sent over the sea also a scrappy little letter, the most matter-of-fact she had ever sent, cheerful and friendly, telling of outside pleasures and daily trifles, of a little pic-nic in the wood and a village concert—a little letter that would bring back loving remonstrance in the midst of the tale of good fortune, and which would be a joke against her afterward when the happy secret was known to the full. And she smiled as she sealed and sent it on its way. And then she waited.

There were four and twenty days of the waiting, and the girl never forgot them—never quite lived down the strain of the painful joy, the rapturous anguish as she pictured her lover's pleasure and endured all the minutes which were bound to pass before she would receive a sign.

"What will he say? Will it be wonder? Will it be only happiness? Will it be—himself?"

At last it came—the first sign of her sacrifice. It was a letter, rather short, because written in a hurry by a busy man; and the girl was able to read it in the ten minutes which were her's before morning lessons:

"DEAREST URSULA—This letter will be only a scrap, I'm afraid, but I know that you will forgive that, and I will make up next time. Truth to tell, I am dreadfully pressed for time. I've had a little windfall left me in rather an odd way, and I've accepted it. Some one has taken a fancy to me, I suppose. (You can understand that, can't you?) So I am going off on a good long tour, to see all the places I've wanted so long to see—Italy, Greece, and I don't know where else. It's jolly to have some money at last. Rather a large party of us are going—the Gleesons, the mother and daughter I've written about sometimes—and some friends of theirs I know fairly well; so I expect we shall enjoy ourselves. So glad you are having such a good time, my dear. Pic-nics and concerts are pleasures which seldom come my way. I will write again as soon as I can, but am uncertain when and where we halt. Yours, in haste.

BERTIE."

"A little windfall!" "And I have accepted it!"

The woman's limbs shook and her face became awful as she read. Then she shivered; and then the children came in to lessons.

One more letter crossed the sea from the woman to the man on his wanderings.

The word "good-bye" was written across a bare sheet of paper, and the man considered that he had been uncivily treated, and he felt very sorry for himself; but he never looked on the woman's face again.

The silly tale leaked out in time, and the world laughed at the comedy of it. But the woman failed to see the humor, and it was the tragedy which lay at the back of her eyes in all the long years till she died.

—*The Sketch.*

SANKEY'S NEW SACRED SONG.

Evangelist Ira D. Sankey, the singer and composer, has written a new sacred song for the April *Ladies' Home Journal*. He has given it the title of "The Beautiful Hills," and considers it superior to his famous "Ninety and Nine." Mr. Sankey wrote it with the especial view of its appropriateness for outdoor choral singing—for camp-meetings an other religious and semi-religious gatherings.

The Obedient Doll.

A little girl was overheard talking to her doll, whose arm had come off, exposing the sawdust stuffing: "You dear, good, obedient dolly! I knew I had told you to chew your food fine, but I didn't think you would chew it so fine as that."—*American Kitchen Magazine.*

FACTS ABOUT A WATCH.

Open your watch and look at the little wheels, springs and screws, each an indispensable part of the whole wonderful machine. Notice the busy little balance wheel as it flies to and fro unceasingly, day and night, year in and year out.

This wonderful little machine is the result of hundreds of years of study and experiment.

The watch carried by the average man is composed of ninety-eight pieces and its manufacture embraces more than 2000 distinct and separate operations. Some of the smallest screws are so minute that the unaided eye can not distinguish them from steel filings or specks of dirt. Under a powerful magnifying glass a perfect screw is revealed. The slit in the head is two one-thousandths of an inch wide. It takes 303 000 of these screws to weigh a pound, and a pound is worth $1585. The hair-spring is a strip of the finest steel, about nine and one-half inches long, one one-hundredth of an inch wide and twenty-seven ten thousandths of an inch thick. It is coiled up in spiral form and finely tempered. The process of tempering these springs was long held as a secret by the few fortunate ones possessing it and even now is not generally known. Their manufacture requires great skill and care. The strip is gauged to twenty one-thousandths of an inch, but no measuring instrument has yet been devised capable of fine enough gauging to determine beforehand by the size of the strip what the length of the finished strip will be. A twenty one-thousandth part of an inch difference in the thickness of the strip makes a difference in the running of a watch of about six minutes an hour.

The value of these springs when finished and placed in watches is enormous in proportion to the material from which they are made. A comparison will give a good idea: A ton of steel made up into hair-springs, when in watches, is worth more than twelve and one-half times the value of the same weight in pure gold. Hair-spring wire weighs one twentieth of a grain to the inch. One mile of wire weighs less than half a pound.

The balance gives five vibrations every second, 300 every minute, 18,000 every hour, 432,000 every day, 157,680,000 every year. At each vibration it rotates about one and one fourth times, which makes 197,100,000 revolutions every year. In order that we may better understand the stupendous amount of labor performed by these works let us make a few comparisons: Take for illustration a locomotive with six foot driving wheels. Let its wheels be run until they have given the same number of revolutions that a watch does in one year and they will have covered a distance equal to twenty-eight complete circuits of the earth. All this a watch does without other attention than winding once every twenty-four hours.

HIS CANDID OPINION.

The most ordinary facts may be presented in such a light as to be scarcely recognizable, and thus presented they are likely to occasion highly original and unexpected comments.

A prominent physician of this city, says the Washington *Star*, owns a farm in New England, and whenever he gets tired of his fashionable patients he goes there, puts on his oldest clothes, lays in a stock of corncob pipes and rusticates. One day last summer he was jogging lazily along a country road in a rickety old cart drawn by a horse almost as rickety. A countryman walking on the same road asked for a lift, and the two fell into conversation.

"Who are you workin for?" asked the countryman.

"Oh, I'm working for Dr. J. down there," answered the physician.

"What doin?"

"Oh," went on the doctor, "I do everything for him! I take care of him, you know. I dress him and feed him, and I even wash his face and put him to bed. I do everything he needs done."

"How much do you get for it?" asked the native.

"My board and clothes."

"An' you do all that for him—wash him an dress him an feed him an all that?'

"Yes."

The countryman looked at the doctor a moment in silence. Then he leaned over the wheel and spat solemnly.

"Well, of all the fools I ever see!" That was all he said.

PRIZES FOR TWO INVENTORS.

One for a Bicycle Brake and the Other for a Monkey Wrench.

A highly interesting competition between a large number of new inventors has just been decided by a very distinguished Board of Awards, and a handsome cash prize and solid gold medal awarded as the result of the decision. For some time the patent firm of John Wedderburn & Co., of Washington, D. C., have given a monthly reward of $150 to the inventor who should submit the best invention from the standpoint of simplicity, novelty and utility. The Board of Awards, composed of Senator William Stewart, of Nevada, Chairman; Representative Claude A. Swanson, of Virginia; Mr. John C. Eckloff, cashier of the Second National Bank of Washington, and Messrs. A. C. Moses, of W. B. Moses's Sons, and Frederick E. Woodward, of Woodward & Lothrop, two of the leading merchants of the capital city.

This Board has just selected the prize winners in the contest participated in by inventors who submitted their devices during the month of January. The prize of $150 goes to William Taylor, of Kearny, N. J., the inventor of a bicycle brake of simple construction, and the gold medal to Theodore G. Thomas, of Lamarque, Texas, for a monkey wrench of novel design.

PRELIMINARY WORK.

Marjorie is five years old, with sharp eyes for seeing whatever goes on and a bright way of describing it afterward in her somewhat limited vocabulary. The other day her father was taken ill suddenly and a strange doctor was called in. It chanced that the medical man had an impediment in his speech, and the moment Marjorie heard him talk she was all attention, for it was the first time she had ever met with a person who stuttered. After the departure of the doctor Marjorie, who had thought it all out in her own mind, made even her sick father laugh by saying:

"That doctor couldn't remember the words he was going to say, so he talked a little while before he said them."

SOME FAMOUS BELLS.

The heaviest bell ever made in the United States was the alarm bell formerly in the City Hall in New York. It weighed 23,000 pounds. In 1867 it was broken and recast in smaller fire-bells.

The most celebrated bell in the United States is that known as the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia. It was imported from England in 1752, cracked by a trial stroke, and recast in Philadelphia by Isaac Norris. On the Fourth of July, 1776, this bell announced the signing of the Declaration of Independence. It was again cracked while being rung in honor of Henry Clay's visit to Philadelphia, and since then has been on exhibition in Independence Hall. It bears the following inscription, taken from Leviticus, twenty-fifth chapter, tenth verse: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

On the largest of the three bells placed by Edward III. in the little sanctuary, Westminster, are these words:

King Edward made me thirtie thousand weight
and three;
Take me down and wey me and more you shall
find me.

On a bell in Durham Cathedral is inscribed:

To call the folks to church in time
I chime.
When mirth and pleasure's on the wing
I ring.
And when the body leaves the soul
I toll.

On a bell at Lapley, Staffordshire, England:

I will sound and resound to thee, O Lord,
To call thy people to thy word!

In Meivod's Church, Montgomeryshire:

I to the Church the living call,
And to the grave do summon all.

The following motto may still be seen on some of the bells that have swung in their steeples for centuries:

Men's death I toll by doleful knell;
Lightning and thunder I break asunder.

HE CONVINCED THEM.

Some time ago a number of choice spirits were enjoying a little supper in a certain northern town.

When the cloth had been removed and the usual toasts honored, some one suggested a song. The efforts of the first gentleman who volunteered to oblige the company met with such a hearty reception that others were induced to sing.

In the end it was discovered that every one had contributed to the evening's enjoyments with the exception of the medical gentleman who occupied the vice-chair.

"Come, come, Dr. X—," said the chairman, "we cannot allow you to escape."

The doctor protested that he could not sing.

"As a matter of fact," he explained, "my voice is altogether unmusical, and resembles the sound caused by the act of rubbing a brick along the panels of a door."

The company laughed and attributed this to the doctor's modesty. Good singers, he was reminded, always needed a lot of pressing.

"Very well, gentlemen," said the doctor, rising to his feet; "if you can stand it I will sing."

Long before he had finished his audience was uneasy. The unwilling singer had faithfully described his voice.

There was a painful silence as the doctor sat down, broken at length by the voice of a braw Scot at the far end of the table.

"Man," he exclaimed, "your singin's no up to much, but your veracity's just awful! Ye're richt aboot that brick!"

THE SCOTCH WOMAN'S BANK NOTES.

A poor old widow, living in the Scottish Highlands, was called upon one day by a gentleman who had heard that she was in need. The old lady complained of her condition and remarked that her son was in Australia and doing well. "But does he do nothing to help you?" inquired the visitor. "No, nothing," was the reply. "He writes me regularly once a month, but only sends me a little picture with his letter." The gentleman asked to see one of the pictures that she had received, and found each one of them to be a draft for ten pounds. This is the condition of many of God's children. He has given us many, "exceeding great and precious promises," which we either are ignorant of or fail to appropriate. Many of them seem to be pretty pictures of an ideal peace and rest, but are not appropriated as practical helps in daily life. And not one of these promises is more neglected than the assurance of salvation. An open Bible places them within reach of all, and we may appropriate the blessing which such a knowledge brings.—DWIGHT L. MOODY.

EXCUSES FOR NOT GOING TO CHURCH.

Overslept myself; could not dress in time; too cold; too hot; too windy; too dusty; too wet; too damp; too sunny; too cloudy; don't feel disposed; no other time to myself; put my papers to rights; letters to write to my friends; mean to take a walk; going to take a ride; tied to business six days in the week, no fresh air but on Sundays; can't breathe in church, always so full; feel a little feverish; feel a little chilly; feel very lazy; expect company to dinner; got a headache; intend nursing myself to-day; new bonnet not come home; wasn't shaved in time; don't like an organ; don't like singing without music, makes me nervous—the spirit willing but the flesh weak; dislike an extemporary sermon, it is too frothy; can't bear a written sermon, too prosy; nobody to-day but our minister, can't always listen to the same preacher; don't like strangers; can't keep awake when at church—fell asleep last time I was there—shan't risk it again.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat? Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2—a total of 10 only. Now, we figure the thing differently. Eve 8 and Adam 8 also—total 16. We think the above figures entirely wrong. If Eve 8 and Adam 82, certainly the total would be 90. Scientific men, however, on the strength of the theory that the antediluvians were a race of giants reason something like this—Eve 81 and Adam 82—a total of 163. Wrong again. What could be clearer than if Eve 81 and Adam 812, the total was 893? I believe the following to be the correct solution: Eve 814 Adam, Adam 8121 Eve—total 8928. Still another calculation is as follows: If Eve 814 Adam, Adam 81,242 oblige Eve—total, 82069.

One hundred doses one dollar is peculiar to and true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is economy to buy Hood's.

MOTHER EARTH'S HOUSE CLEANING

AGNES CARR SAGE.

The spring was late, and Mother Earth
Did sadly fume and fret;
And to the little vernal months,
She cried aloud, in angry pet:
"Come, come, ye naughty sloppy heads,
What means these lazy, loitering ways!
Still lingering in Nurse Winter's lap,
When 'tis the Year's house-cleaning days!

"Up, Master March, and wield your broom,
Your stoutest broom of stiffest breeze,
To sweep off February's snows
And make the sap spin through the trees!
You, April, now must shower and wash
The world quite clean, my woe care-taker;
While May cuts out Miss Violet's frock,
For she's the flow'rs' own dressmaker."

"Whew!" whistled March, in sore affright,
"Good-bye; I go!" And off did scamper,
To blow and brush the dust afar,
While April's tears made all things damper.
Then May fashioned her Rose's gowns,
And curled the gallant Prince's Feather,
And Mother Earth upon them beamed,
For 'twas, at last, ideal Spring weather.

MINING AND SMALL INVESTORS.

There is no doubt that Canada's mines are numerous and valuable, that during the next fifty years the quantity of gold and silver taken from them will be very great, and that many men will, because of their mining investments, become very rich. There are exceedingly valuable mines in different parts of British Columbia, in northern and eastern Ontario and in Nova Scotia. They have been waiting a long time for railroads, and capital, and proprietors. Now these have arrived, the boom is on, and Canada is contributing at an increasing rate to the sum total of the world's wealth.

But, at the same time, the usual quota of rogues has appeared. Locations which are not mines, and never will be, are being capitalized by incorporated companies and the stock being sold to the ignorant ones—the small investors. The small investor is always with us. He goes to the races, takes a 20 to 1 shot and loses. He draws his money out of the chartered bank where he is getting three and-a-half per cent, and puts it into the private bank, or gives it to the big man of the neighborhood and—loses it. He invests his few hundreds in mining stocks at ten cents a share, a 10 to 1 shot, and—he will lose them.

The men who have gone to Rossland or Rat Portage and have seen the mines, have bought wisely and well. They will, when the returns commence to come in, be found to have secured a profitable investment. The men who have officered joint-stock companies and received free of charge 10,000 shares out of the million which the company has issued, and then turned round and sold that 10,000 at 13 cents a share, will be found to have made profitable speculations. But the man and the woman who have stayed at home and read the daily papers—those most unsafe of all guides—and have invested fifty dollars here and fifty there, to them will come the cruel awakening. The shares in good companies are worth ten cents apiece, but they are seldom offered at that.

The politicians are busy with the grinding of their own axes; the high-browed, blue-blooded citizens are busy with Society, and Titles, and Victorian Orders, and Indian Famine Funds; the newspapers, the much-vaunted watch-dogs of freedom, are in their kennels gnawing the toothsome bones supplied by the advertisers of mining companies—and who is there left to guard the interests of the people? The question echoes down the avenues of silence.—March *Canadian Magazine.*

SHE DIDN'T KNOW "DEM WALESES."

It was in Maryland. She was a member of the F. F. V.'s, or the Maryland equivalent, and she was about to give a dinner. That was a simple matter on ordinary occasions, but the cook was ill and only the Maryland equivalent of the F. F. V.'s of the colored race could cook a dinner which would be fit to set before her guests.

There was just one person who could do it, and to her she went. No "low-down" white "trash" would be at the dinner, and she could count on her cook.

"Mary," she said, "you must come and cook my dinner for me. You know all the people who will be there. There will be the Goldboroughs, the Lloyds, the Tilmans, and,—to put in a comprehensive and impressive way the one New York woman who was to be the guest of honor—"and, the Princess of Wales."

"Yes," said Mary, suspiciously, "I knows the Goldsboroughs an' de Lloyds an' de Tilmans, but I don't know dem Waleses."

COLORING EASTER EGGS.

Easter Eggs can be colored with aniline dye. It should be diluted to the proper shade and the eggs boiled in it. Green, the color of hope and resurrection, is particularly appropriate, but a variety is pleasing—red, pink, blue, pale yellow and purple. Eggs can be boiled hard, and painted in water colors with a single spring flower, as a primrose or a butterfly, also a symbol of the resurrection. They should be arranged in nests of moss. German children believe that the Easter eggs are laid by hares, so representations of this little animal are often placed on them or near them. Painted butterflies, mounted on wire, can be made to hover over the nest.

STONE BEDS.

"Tell me something peculiar to Vermont," said the teacher.

"Dey all sleeps in stone beds," said Hans.

"Why, how do you know that?" asked the teacher.

"The book say 'great beds of rock is found dere,'" said Hans.—*Youth's Companion.*

HEAVY LOSSES AND NO INSURANCE.

The women of Canada lose thousands of dollars every year by having valuable garments and goods ruined by adulterated and imitation package dyes.

There being no security or insurance against losses resulting from spurious and deceptive dyes, defrauded women cannot claim damages or expect to be recouped by the makers of the common dyes.

Let it be understood perfectly that every package of Diamond Dyes is fully warranted to do what is promised for it.

The manufacturers of Diamond Dyes are the only responsible makers in the world of package dyes for home dying, and they succeed because their dyes are pure, strong, bright and never-fading, and the easiest to use.