The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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Accounts payable monthly.

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

DR. DRYDEN,
EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE,
McLean's Block, Douglas St., near P. O., GUELPH.
OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 3 to 6 p.m
SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

VETERINARY SURGEON.

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

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DR. F. C. 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. DENTIST, BROOKVILLE.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
Work made Satisfactory. Prices Moderate.
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DR. G. H. COOK, DENTIST,
Cor. College St. and Spadina Ave., TORONTO.
Will visit Acton on the first and third Saturday of each month.
Office—Acton Hotel.

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

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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
OFFICES:—1296 Queen St., Parkdale.
Victoria Chambers, 66 Victoria St. Telephone 267.
JOHN DOUGLAS. A. G. MURRAY.

A. J. MACKINNON,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
OFFICE—Mill Street; in Matthews' Block, Upstairs.

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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS Georgetown and Milton.
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OFFICE—Ferryman's Block,
ACTON ONT.

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

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

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

MONEY,
FARMERS, if you wish to reduce your interest or secure a fireboless loan of money at low interest and on easy terms of repayment call on me. I make a specialty of lending money and have plenty of funds. I also lend on village property.
W. C. JACKSON,
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OFFICE: Wyndham St., near City Hall, GUELPH

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 636, or telephone 58, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

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

JOB PRINTING,
IN BOOKS, Pamphlets, Posters, Bill Heads, Circulars, &c., &c., executed in the best style of the art, at moderate prices and on short notice. Apply or address
H. P. MOORE,
Free Press office, Acton

Bibles, Satchels, Games and Wall Paper.

We have just opened up a large line of Bibles, which we will sell at plunder prices.

SATCHELS—We have the largest assortment, all sizes and colors, and are giving the best values in the city. A call will convince you.

GAMES—We have a complete line of up-to-date evening games, including fourteen cases of Crokinole Boards which we just received and will sell very cheap.

WALL PAPER—In that department we are having the best fall trade in years. Why? Because we have the largest assortment of up-to-date Wall Paper and Room Mouldings in all shades and colors; at the lowest prices ever offered in the city, and for the next few weeks we are prepared to reduce our stock at the following prices:—35c. paper for 20c.; 25c. paper for 12½c. and 15c.; 20c. paper for 8c. and 10c.; 10c. paper for 5c.. We have the papers and are doing this for to make room for our next season's stock.

—AT—

Day's Bookstore, Guelph.

DAY SELLS CHEAP.

Stewart's Perfumed Cloudy Ammonia

USED IN THE BATH
Makes hard water soft, promotes a healthful action of the skin, and renders the bath tonic, refreshing and invigorating.

USED IN THE LAUNDRY
You do not require to rub your woollens and flannels to fragments in order to get them clean. Besides being a powerful cleanser it prevents woollen goods becoming harsh and hard.

USED IN THE KITCHEN
For washing crockery, woodenware, tinware, walls that are painted, woodwork, etc, saves time and labor and does the work more effectively.

Price—25c. a Pint Bottle.

SOLD ONLY BY
ALEX. STEWART,
Dispensing and Manufacturing Chemist,
Guelph - - Ont.

Wall Papers
AT WHOLESALE PRICES.
WATERS BROS.
Are selling their handsome stock of Wallpapers at wholesale prices to make room for their Christmas Fancy Goods.
THE PICTURE GALLERY, GUELPH
"Pretty as a Picture."

Ramshaw, Photo Artist.
MILL STREET, ACTON,
Has a well established reputation for superior work in
Family Groups.
Social Groups,
Individual Portraits
Of all Styles, Shapes and Sizes.
Babies and Children,
Life Size Portraits, &c.
We can assure work equal to that of the cities
Flashlight Pictures of the Interiors of Homes Is a Special Feature.
Prices always reasonable.
Call and have a talk about that portrait.
H. RAMSHAW.

A NEW FIRM
....OF....
Tailors
Cooper & Akins
Have purchased the Merchant Tailoring business of E. H. Schlimme, next door to Mrs. Adams, and will continue the business with energy.
JUST OPENED
A nice assortment of Black Worsteds, Tweeds, Overcoatings, &c.
Call and examine our fine assortment. A perfect fit guaranteed.
Cooper & Akins.

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 8 a.m. and 8:8 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

GUELPH Business College & Shorthand Institute
Bookkeeping, Penmanship, Shorthand, Typewriting and Actual Office Work especially.
Write for Circulars.
J. SHARP, Principal
Guelph.

—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Authorized Capital..... $1,000,000
Guelph Branch
Sums of $1 and upwards received on deposit and highest current rate of 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

A Carpet Sweeper
—saves the back—
—the carpets—
—is dustless—
—and workless—
The "Best" Sweeper in all sweeperdom is the "Bissell." It easily leads the van in everything that is first-class and up-to-date in sweeper making. The littleness of the price is an added satisfaction.
J. M. BOND & Co.
HARDWARE,
GUELPH.

25 per cent.
OFF.....
Summer Suitings.
We have 25 Scotch and Canadian Tweed Summer Suitings, this season's goods, which we will sell at a discount of 25 per cent. for CASH ONLY.
These goods will be well trimmed and made up in our usual first-class style.
When we advertise a discount sale we mean it.
See the goods and prices in our windows.
SHAW & TURNER,
Merchant Tailors, Guelph.

Awnings, Tents, etc.
PIKE & ROBERTS
147 Brunswick Ave.,
TORONTO
.. .. are expert makers of .. ..
Awnings,
Tents,
Tarpaulins,
Fly Screens,
Balcony Curtains,
Storm Sash, etc.
Their work speaks their merit.
Examine the awnings just put up a "Moorecroft," Acton.
Orders promptly filled.
Prices reasonable.
Tents to rent for all purposes.

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 will sell at a reduction of
20 PER CENT.
And will allow all expenses to customers to and from our works.
JOHN H. HAMILTON

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.

WANTED Agents for "Queen Victoria, Her Reign and Diamond Jubilee." Overflowing with latest and richest material. Contains the endorsed biography of Her Majesty, with authentic history of her remarkable reign and full account of the Diamond Jubilee. Only $1.50. Big Book. Tremendous demand. Outfit for Agents. Commission 50 per cent. Credit given. Freight paid. Outfit Free. Duty paid. Write quick for choice of territory. THE DOMINION COMPANY, Dept. T 355 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Poetry.

DUCKING FOR APPLES HALLOW-EVE

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

A vast old kitchen, with warping floor,
And a rattling latch on the creaky door,
And blackened rafters, from which down swing
Bronze-brown hams, and many a string
Of rosy onions, and apples dried,
And garnered herbs on either side.
And flanking the great, old, moon-faced clock,
(That tick and took, and tick and took!
Says ceaselessly, and solemnly
As reverent monk his rosary),
The candles stand in sticks of brass
To light the moments as they pass;
And from the fire-place gaunt and grim,
Driving the shadows into dim
And distant corners, firelight flows
In golden billows flecked with rose;
And in its radiance, oh, believe!
Is royal fun on Hallow-Eve!

Of "puss in the corner"—"blind man's buff,"
The blithe young people have had enough;
They've tried the charms of water and ring,
And wondered what the year would bring;
Two and two, they've burned the nuts
Deep in the crimson roads and ruts
Of the fateful fire; and whispered o'er
Many a story told before;
And now the mirth has furious grown,
And into the shallow tub are thrown
Apples golden, green and red,
Bubbling down in a silvery bed,
Have you ever at dawning heard
Chatter and chirp of many a bird,
Quarrelling under your window sill
In the shrill, sweet way that martins will?
Then you know how words did weave
Merriest music on Hallow-Eve!

"Your turn first!". "No—mine!" "I'll try!"
"You cannot get one!" "Cannot I?"
Then down in the water young heads dip,
To fling up conquered and all adrip,
With laughing eyes and kindling cheek;
While, with a flurry and feigning shriek,
From spattering water draw the girls,
Who will not wet their braids and curls
In breathless diving underneath
To catch the fruit in their snowy teeth.
Rings a shout that seems to rot
The onions dancing a minuet
Up in the rafters! as, with a shake
Of his crisp head that sends a quake
A thousand diamond drops, Bob springs
Gayly up, and loyally flings
His trophy, with a hearty heave,
To his pretty sweetheart on Hallow-Eve.

Of all the pleasures that life can hold,
Born of leisure or bred of gold;
Nights of magic, days of art,
Balm of conscience, passion of heart;
Growth of intellect, revel of life,
Brilliance of battle, sweetness of strife;
Dancing, dalliance, wit and ease,
Pride and place, and power to please,
None can be so bright, so dear,
So gleamful, glowing, crystal-clear,
As those old nights of mad delight,
Rattled with frost, sparkled with snow,
When with a happy, heartsome din
We laughing children gathered in
The vast old kitchen—and about
The big tub drew with jest and shout;
And best of all fun did believe
Bucking for apples, Hallow-Eve!

Select Family Reading.

A Hallowe'en Joke.

"Well, I am done for now," said Arthur de Grasse to his friend and fellow stock broker. "I suppose I have just about ruined my chances of winning the sweetest girl alive."

"How have you offended her?" asked his friend.

"Oh! I haven't offended her, its her old uncle I have offended."

"What has he to do with it?"

"He is a wealthy old bachelor and Ella is his heiress. She had no property of her own, and he has been a father to her ever since her own parents died. He knows about our fondness for each other, but he wasn't willing to give his consent to the marriage until he had first seen me, when he could judge for himself whether I was worthy of such a peerless treasure as his niece."

"Well?"

"Of course, since I have offended him, I'm too much of a man to hold Ella to her engagement, and thus put her out of the handsome fortune that will come to her when her uncle dies."

"Then you've met him."

"Yes, and under the most unfortunate circumstances. To-night, you know, is Hallowe'en?"

"Yes."

"Well, just before the Exchange closed to-day, one of the fellows called my attention to the fact—business was dull and we concluded to have some fun. About twenty-five or thirty of us rushed out and each provided himself with a bag of flour. We came back quietly, concealing the flour under our coats, and at a given signal rushed in among the 'bulls' and 'bears' on the floor, scattering the flour over everything. A scene of wild confusion followed, and in the midst of it, I noticed a dignified looking party making towards the door. I selected him as a victim, rushed toward him, knocked his tall hat over his eyes, and covered him with flour. He turned upon me like a tiger, and will you believe me it was Colonel Benson! I recognized him by the photograph which hangs in the parlor at Ella's house."

"Did he recognize you?"

"No, but he will, when I present myself before him to-night. He feels pretty sore over the matter as you will see by reading this note, which I have just received from Ella."

Carl took the dainty missive from his friend's hand and read as follows:

DEAR ARTHUR—Uncle Sam has arrived. He called on you at the office, but you were on 'Change and he went down there. He had a terrible adventure there and came near being robbed and murdered. A man attacked him, threw flour in his eyes and tried to steal his watch and pocket-book. Uncle turned upon him, however, and the bold rascal fled. He caught a glimpse of the fellow's face, though, and says he will know him among a thousand. He is very anxious to meet you and we will expect you to dinner this evening.—Hastily,

ELLA.

"It's a bad sort of scrape, old fellow," said Carl, musingly, returning the letter.

"Bad? Why it has just ruined my chances," cried Arthur, despondently.

Carl made no answer, but after a moment of silence he sprang to his feet with a joyful exclamation.

"I have it, old fellow!" he cried. "Listen, and I'll tell you how you can pull through alright and save yourself."

"Do!" said Arthur, "and I'll promise you my everlasting gratitude."

"First," said Carl, "you must write a letter of explanation to the young lady and lay the matter before her. In the second place, you must conceal your identity under a disguise. A little paint, a wig and a false beard will so disguise you that even your affianced will not recognise you."

Capital, capital!" cried Arthur, entering at once into the spirit of his friend's suggestion. "I'll write the letter."

When it was finished he read it to his friend. In it he apologized for the liberty he had taken with the wealthy colonel, excusing the seeming outrage by confessing that it was a joke. In conclusion he said:

"You may expect me to dinner, but I shall come disguised, and you must not express surprise at my changed appearance."

Promptly at six o'clock, Arthur presented himself at Mrs. Llewellyn's, the widowed aunt with whom Ella Benson lived. Ordinarily his face was familiar to the servant, but the man stared at him in surprise when he coolly hung up his hat and walked into the parlor.

Colonel Benson was standing at one of the windows. He turned as Arthur entered the room and started at him enquiringly.

"This is Colonel Benson, I presume?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer; "and you I suppose, are Mr. Arthur de Grasse, of whom I heard so much?"

Arthur acknowledged that he was the individual refered to, and the old gentleman wrung his hand vigorously, staring into his painted face in a way that made him quake with fear, lest his disguise should be penetrated. The colonel at once launched into a discussion of the state of trade; and Arthur did his best to make a good impression on his affianced uncle.

Presently the young lady herself entered the room. She greeted Arthur cordially, managing to whisper that his disguise was so perfect that even she would have failed to recognize him.

"By the way, Ella," said the colonel. "I have just been looking over your album, and I think the face of the brutal coward who assaulted me this afternoon in the exchange is there."

"Impossible, uncle!" said Ella. "None of my friends could be guilty of such rudeness."

"Humph! was the colonel's comment, and opening the album, he pointed to Arthur's photograph. "That is the villain?" cried the colonel hotly. I would know his face among ten thousand. Who is he?"

Arthur glanced appealingly at Ella, and she flushed guiltily.

"What's his name?" continued the colonel, glaring at the pictured face.

"Ah—that—ah—is a Mr. Smith. He's a chance—just an acquaintance," she stammered.

"Smith," eh?" repeated the colonel. "Very common name, and a very common sort of man. Where does he live?"

"He—ah—I think—yes, I know—he stops at one of the hotels."

"Well, if you're the sensible girl I think you are, you won't allow his idiotic face to longer disgrace your album."

"I'll take it out at once," cried Ella eagerly, anxious to direct her uncle's mind from the painful subject, and she glanced hopelessly Arthur.

The young man was so confused that he could hardly make answer to the questions that the colonel addressed to him, and the fifteen minutes that intervened before dinner was announced seemed to him interminable. During the meal he recovered his composure, and when they adjourned to the parlor he was himself again.

Ella entertained them at the piano, and they sang duets together which put the colonel in good humor. Finally he begged Ella to ring for a servant. When the ring was answered, he requested the man to bring a large tub of water and some apples into the parlor. Ella looked surprised at the strange request, and the colonel smiled at her bewilderment.

"Young folks," he said, "it is Hallowe'en. When I was a boy we used to play all sorts of tricks this night, and as the sight of your young faces and loving happiness has made me feel young again, I'm going to revive one of the old time games for our amusement this evening."

Two servants came in, bearing between them them the tub of water and the colonel directed them to place it in the centre of the room. His eyes twinkled merrily, and taking one of the apples that had been provided, he dropped it into the water, where it bobbed up and down like a cork.

"This is an old Scotch game," he said, getting down on his knees in front of the tub. "The object is to dive into the water and seize the apple with your teeth."

With this observation, he plunged his head into the water, and after one or two unsuccessful efforts succeeded in seizing the apple. He rose to his feet, and shook the water from his gray hair and beard.

"Your turn, Ella," he said laughing, and she fell upon her knees and plunged her face into the water. She was less adroit than her uncle, and nearly strangled herself in an effort to seize the apple. She finally succeeded, however, and the colonel applauded the act.

"Now, then, sir," he said, turning to Arthur, "try your luck."

Arthur stammered and hesitated, but the colonel, good naturedly, forced him down beside the tub, and with an inward groan, the young man thrust his bewigged head beneath the water.

When he raised it again his disguise had disappeared. The beard and wig were floating in the tub, and the water trickling down his cheeks washed the paint into muddy streaks.

He presented a pitiable appearance, and Ella uttered a frightened scream. The colonel, however, burst into a roar of laughter, and clapped the young man vigorously on the back.

"You'll play Hallow'e'en jokes will you?" he cried.

And then, as Arthur stammered out an apology and explanation, the colonel shook his hand heartily.

"You're forgiven, my dear boy!" he said; "although I was furiously angry at the time. You are pretty skillful at disguising yourself, but I saw through the paint and powder, recognized you at once, and determined to have my little joke. I don's mind a bit of fun, any more than the next one, and I was young once myself."

They parted good friends and when the wedding took place at Christmas the colonel told the assembled guests the story, laughing heartily as he described Arthur's appearance after he ducked for the apple.

THAT'S DIFFERENT.

She—"I don't see how you have the face to ask me to marry you."

He—"Why not?"

She—"Because you told Mary Gadder that I wasn't the kind of a woman you would have thought of marrying a year or so ago."

He—"Well, it is true. I thought I would have to marry somebody a million times your inferior if I ever married at all, and I may have to now if you say no."

She—"Oh, that's different."

WHAT CURED HIM.

"You see I haven't a particle of rheumatism," said the man with a florid face and a voice that was intended by nature for campaign purposes.

"I feel like a two-year-old. Never have an ache or pain. Don't care a particle for east winds, rains or changes in the temperature. Eat three meals a day and sleep like a top. A year ago I went around smelling like a bottle of horse liniment. One time I'd be on crutches. Then I'd have an arm all drawn out of shape or a shoulder that was no earthly use. The last spell I had was with my back and I was about ready to throw up the sponge.

What did I do for it? Everything under the sun. I had horse chestnuts in every pocket. I carried potatoes till they petrified. I ate lemons till I was as sour as I looked. I took more kinds of medicine than you could find in any one drug store. I was in a boiled state for six months from hot baths. I was massaged into a pulp. I travelled three hundred miles to have the disease charmed away and had it worse coming back than I had going. One day I met a little old man who must have been a hundred. He was as spry as a kitten, yet assured me that from the time he was from fifty to seventy there was nothing of him but rheumatism. Even his hair ached. He advised me to steal a disheloth and rub myself thoroughly with it every morning. There was no virtue in the treatment unless I stole the rag.

I would have robbed a bank to get relief. One afternoon I slipped through the back door of a house into the kitchen, grabbed a dish rag and started to limp away. A 200-pound hired girl let out a Tipperary screech and took after me with a mop stick. By the time she had clouted me once or twice I was running like a professional and at the end of half a block I was out of the reach of her weapon. I've never had a twinge since. I don't know whether the hired girl, the pounding, the running or the dish rag cured me. I'm rather disposed to think that the rheumatism got scared out of me."

SHORT OF S's.

"We are thorry to thay," explained the editor of the Skedunk *Weekly Newth*, "that our compothing room wath entered lath night by thome unknown thcoundrel, who thole every "th" in the eththablithment and thucceeded in making hith ethcape undetected.

"It hath been impothible, of courthe, to procure a new thupply of otheth in time for thith ithue, and we are thuth compelled to go to preth in a thituation moth embarrathing and diththrething, but we thee no other courthe to purthue than to make the beth thtanger we can to get along without the mithing letter; and we therefore print the *Newth* on time, regardleth of the loth we have thusthained.

"The motive of the mithcreant doubleth wath revenge for thome thuppothed inthult. It thall never be thaid that the petty thpite of any thmall-thouled villian hath dithabled the *Newth*, and if thith meet the eye of the deletthable rathcal we beg to athure him that he underthtimateth the rothourcath of a forth-cloth newthpaper when he thinkth he can cripple it hopelethly by breaking into the alphabet. We take occathion to thay to him furthermore that before next Thurthday we thall have three timeth ath many etheth ath he thole.

"We have reathon to thuthpect that we knew the cowardly thknunk who committed thith act of vandalithm, and if he ith ever theen prowling about thith eththablithment again, by day or by night, nothing will give uth more thatisfaction than to thoot hith hide full of holeth."—*Boston Transcript.*

THE PATH OF LIGHTNING.

If lightning should strike a telegraph wire it often prefers to jump to neighboring parallel telegraph wires rather than to follow the first wire to the ground, although this latter path may be of far less resistance than the path it takes through the air. If a lightning rod should form a V shaped loop, the branches of the latter being of considerable extent, the discharge will not often follow the branches, but will jump across the opening of the V, thus cutting out the loop from its path. We have learned since the time of Franklin that lightning rods on high points do not necessarily protect lower lying points near them; a man may be struck while walking on the street near a church spire, for instance, and we know that complete protection from lightning can only be obtained by getting inside a large cage of metal. The men below deck on an ironclad are probably in no danger of being struck by lightning.—"What we have learned about lightning," by Prof. John Trobridge, S. D., in *The Chautauquan* for November.

A MATTER OF OPINION.

She had been having fun with Dudekins right along and he made up his mind that he had to get even. It took the form of a brilliant and cogent conundrum, whose answer Dudekins thought was locked in his manly bosom.

"I have a conundrum for you, Miss Fannie," he said when he saw her next.

"Ah," she replied, what is it? Who gave it to you?"

"I made it up myself," he asserted, bridling somewhat.

"Indeed? What is it?"

"Why are my clothes like the moon?"

She hesitated a moment and Dudekins began to look triumphant.

"You may think," she said slowly, and Dudekins somehow felt the sand slipping from under him, "it is because they have a man in them; and you have a perfect right to think as you please, but, Mr. Dudekins, opinions differ."

RESPECT FOR ONE'S POWERS.

We should always be learners, gladly welcoming every help and respecting every personality. But should also respect our own, and bear in mine that, though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to us but through our toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to us to till. To undervalue our own thought because it is ours, to depreciate own powers or faculties because some one else's are more vigorous, to shrink from doing what we can, because we think we can do so little, is to hinder our own development and the progress of the world. For it is only by exercise that any faculty is strengthened, and only by each one putting his shoulder to the wheel that the world moves and humanity advances.

A HALLOWE'EN NUT PARTY.

AGNES CARR RAGE.

"Nut-crack night" is a very old name for Hallowe'en, and a nut party is a most appropriate entertainment for October's last mystic day. If written invitations be sent, they should be inscribed on brown paper and an acorn or chestnut burr outlined in one corner. Then for each guest fashion a tiny booklet of small sheets of brown paper, cut to resemble the leaf of a chestnut or some other nut bearing tree, and daintily tied together. English walnuts, too, should be prepared beforehand by halving them, extracting the meats, inserting a piece of paper bearing a conundrum and its solution, and then glueing the shells together again. Any riddles may be used, but among them should be some such appropriate ones as: "What nut suggests a portion of the body?" "Chest-nut." "What nut would make the best fence?" "Wal(l) nut." "What nut is nicest with bread?" "Butter-nut." "What nut do you dislike on your feet?" "A-corn." And there are others of the same kind that will readily suggest themselves.

As the company arrives, each person is presented with a booklet, a nut and a small nut-cracker tied with bright ribbon, and the matching of these gay bows determines the partners for supper.

Meanwhile, during the evening the ladies crack their nuts, and going in turn to the men, each one states the puzzle given her and asks for its solution. The answers are written down in the little book, and each one signed by him who gives it. The gentlemen then do the same with the ladies, and at the close, prizes are awarded the one of each sex who has supplied the most correct guesses. A pin-cushion in the form of a prickly chestnut burr, ornaments of pine cones, an acorn thimbleholder, all make suitable favors.

After this any of the regulation Hallowe'en auguries and games might be tried, as "The Fateful Ear" drawn from a basket of unshelled corn, a fine full ear predicting a year of glad prosperity, a tasseled ear rare joy, a short one a gift, a red or yellow one "no luck at all." "The hazel-nut prophecy," and prettiest of all, if there be a brook or river near at hand, the "Lover's Candles." For this, each man and maid should have two wreaths of flowers or chestnut leaves. With a candle in the centre of each. These they carry down to the water, and naming them, place them flat upon the surface and light the tapers. Away they float, and should they keep together the course of true love will run smoothly, but should they drift apart, neither lives nor hearts will be united, while should the lights go out, hope too, vanishes with them.

The gay party will then be ready for the supper, the menu of which, should, to a certain extent carry out the keynote of the whole affair, while autumn leaves and clusters of chestnut burrs, with the brown nuts peeping out, form the decorations for the table.

ILLEGIBLE HANDWRITING IN LETTERS.

The pleasure of reading a letter depends upon the ease with which one follows the thought, and the necessity for any effort mars the enjoyment and the sense of personal communication. This being so, the handwriting is of prime importance. Nothing can be more exasperating than an indistinct, illegible letter, along whose highways one must toil and struggle, never quite sure of being on the right track or of having arrived at the proper destination. There is absolutely no excuse for inflicting such discomfort on one's friends, and it is far better to take refuge in the characterless productions of the typewriter than to put friendship to such a strain.

The story has been told that Vanderbilt once dismissed an officer for gross misconduct and dishonesty but the only legible part of the document being the signature, the man used it for years as a free pass on the railroads. Another case I have personally known: A letter containing quite full business details was received by a man in a small community in western New York. He managed to decipher the body of the letter with some approach to assurance, but a much-underscored postcript defied his interpretation, assisted by the united wisdom of all his neighbors. The conundrum was finally submitted to a young lady visiting at the place and reputed to be skilled in tongues, who immediately translated it: "P. S. Be sure you keep this matter a profound secret." The writer had only received his just deserts in having his secret put at the mercy of a whole neighborhood.—*The Chautauquan.*

LEARN TO GRAFT.

Every farmer who has an orchard should learn to graft. It is much more satisfactory to do the work than to hire it done, and besides, at the rate which most grafters charge, the labor, though simple, and not hard, is better paid than most work that farmers do.

A top-grafted tree, if a considerable number of grafts are put in, comes in to bearing quickly. If you hire the grafts put in, most will try to do with too few, leading to a large wood growth and delaying fruiting. There is still another point in promoting early fruitfulness. In selecting the graft choose new growth on the end of bearing limbs. Trees from the nursery are usually root grafted, and as it is much more convenient to take scions from nursery stock that has never born fruit these are usually chosen. This is believed by many to be one why young trees now do not come into bearing as soon as they used to do, when nearly all the trees were grown from seed and top grafted.

DIDN'T APPROVE OF IT.

The lesson was from the prodigal son, and the teacher was dwelling on the character of the elder brother.

"But amid all the rejoicing," he said, there was one to whom the preparation of the feast brought no joy, to whom the prodigal's return gave no pleasure, but only bitterness; one who did not approve of the feast being held, and who had no wish to attend it. Now can any of you tell, me who this was?"

There was a breathless silence, followed by a vigorous cracking of thumbs, and then from a dozen sympathetic little geniuses came the chorus:

Please, sir, it was the fatted calf."

Coughs, colds, pneumonia and fever may be prevented by keeping the blood pure and the system toned up with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Its an animal's tale.

In many cases, the first work of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is to expel the effects of the other medicines that have been tried in vain. It would be a saving of time and money if experimenters took Ayer's Sarsaparilla at first instead of at last.

OCTOBER.

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather;

When loud the bumble-bee makes haste
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And goldenrod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When gentians roll their fringes tight,
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie,
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are loaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brook
In idle golden frolighting,
Bright leaves sift noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;

When comrades seek sweet country halls
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers, hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

The influence of music upon the respiration, the heart and the capillary circulation is the subject of a paper, by M. A. Binet and J. Courtier, in the *Revue Scientifique* (February 27). Experiments were made upon a well-known musical composer, and the investigators endeavored to determine the effects produced by musical sounds alone, as distinct from those due to emotions aroused by pieces associated with dramatic incidents or words. Isolated notes, chords in unison, and discords were first tried. Both major chords struck in a lively manner and discords quickened the respiration, the latter more especially. Minor chords tended to retard respiration. When melodies were tried it was found that all, whether grave or gay, produced quickened respiration and increased action of the heart. The lively tunes produced the greatest acceleration. Where the sound was wholly uncomplicated by emotional ideas, as in single notes or chords, the heart's action was accelerated, but not in so marked a degree as when a melody, either grave or gay was played. During operatic pieces, or those well-known to the subject, the acceleration obtained its maximum. The influence of music on the capillary circulation was tested by a plethysmograph attached to the right hand. The capillary tracings showed that a slight diminution of pulsation was usually produced by musical sounds, the effect being very small when sad melodies were played, but very marked when lively airs were played.

CANADA'S EXALTED POSITION.

Sir Wilfrid Labrier, in the course of his speech at the reception tendered him in Toronto recently, said:

At the present time we can say, and say truly, that Canada occupies a higher position than it ever occupied before, not only within the empire, but throughout the world at large. There are many countries before the month of June last in which the name of Canada was simply a vague expression of some kind, scarcely conveying any meaning. There were countries in which Canada was simply held to be, or supposed to be, some glacial zone around the Pole, inhabited by Eskimos and white bears, in which a few Europeans might be struggling for an existence. To-day I can claim that Canada is acknowledged to be amongst the civilized nations of the earth. It is acknowledged to be one of the lands of promise; by all the world it is acknowledged to be a land which at this moment offers more of prosperity to those that toil than perhaps any other land. That has not been done through my own efforts, but in whatever has been done towards bringing up the name of Canada to the level which it should hold I have done what little I could do.

COURTESY.

A young lady, who came out from a house in the west end of London, when hastening round a corner, ran against a little street arab. She said, "My poor boy, I hope I have not hurt you. I'm very sorry. I beg your pardon." The little chap was quite astonished. Taking off the three-quarters of a cap which he had upon his head, he made her a grand salute, and said, "You can hev my parding (for that's what he called it), miss, and welcome; and the next time you run agin me, you may knock me clean down and I won't say a word." And then, when the lady had passed on, he turned to his chum, and remarked, "I say, Jim, it's the first time I ever had anybody ask my parding, and it's kind o' took me off my feet."

A WOMAN'S TRIUMPH.

SHE MANAGED HER WORK SO WELL THAT IT EQUALLED THE EFFORTS OF PROFESSIONALS.

While it well known that any woman of intelligence can do as good work with the Diamond Dyes and at less than half the cost charged by professional dyers in city steam dye-houses, yet there may be some people who doubt the statement. The following extracts from a letter written by Mrs. J. Gardener, of Owen Sound, Oct., prove that Diamond Dyes are unequalled:

There was a man in our town going from house to house taking orders for a Toronto dye house for the dyeing of all kinds of garments and clothes. I had just taken off my line some goods that I had dyed with Diamond Dyes, and showed him that I could do as good work as any dye-house. He honestly admitted that I was right about my work with Diamond Dyes.

Having a large family I use Diamond Dyes to economize. I always have the best of success with your dyes, and must say that I am more than delighted with your colors for dyeing cotton."

Margery—Does your papa read fairy tales to you, like my papa? Jennie—Yes. He read a fairy tale from a Jungle Book. Margery—That's not a fairy tale! That's about animals. Its an animal's tale.