## The Acton Free Press

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, -AT THE-

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> Editor and Proprietor Business Directory.

J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M. Streets Acton.

S. ELLIOTT, M. D. M. B., GRADUATE TORONTO UNIVERSITY. OFFICE-Main Street, third door south of Prosbyterian Church, Acton.

DR. DRYDEN, EYB, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE, McLoan's Block, Douglas St., near P. O. OFFICE Houns-10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 3 to 6 p.m. SUNDATS-10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

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ACTON

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Wyndham St. (Over Williams' Store.) Guelph, Ontario. Account Books of all kinds made to orde Periodicals of every description earefully bound Buling nearly and promptly done MARRIAGE LICENSES.

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THOLUDING Books, Pamphlets, Postors Illi Heads, Circulars, &c., &c. erecuted in the best style of the art, at moderate prices and on H: P. MOORE Para Paras office, Acton

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Reduced Prices IS STILL ON.

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Day's Bookstore, Guelph.

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Is nothing to the difference between Stewart's Baking Powder and other makes. The man with an extra inch on his nose is only one inch ahead. Stewart's Baking Powder is so far ahead

"Out of Sight" in the Lead.

Think we would make so much talk about our Baking Powder if we didn't have a good

20c. a Pound EVERY POUND 16 OUNCES

Manufactured by ALEX. STEWART.

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Millinery, Mantles, Dress Goods, Gloves, Hosiery, Corsets, Underwear, &c. Fresh Groceries always on

Try our Blue Ribbon, Kurmah and Japan Teas.

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Wilkinson Ploughs Last longest, work easiest, and draw Points and Soles LAST TWICE AS LONG. All cast parts have our name and address in full on them. See that you get them. It will pay you.

**Ensilage Cutter** 

The strongest and simplest Pneumatic

an hour and deliver 40 feet. Full line of Straw Cutters and Root Pulpers. Roller Bearings. All kinds of Wheelbarrows. The Wilkinson Plough Company

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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, 18 or 14 feet also SASH.....

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

Repair your pumps or put in now one before it is too cold. WE CAN DO IT. Shop at foot of River Street, ACTON THOS. EBBACE

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uthbrized Capital \$1,000,000

-THB-

**Guelph Branch** Sums of \$1 and upwards received on deposit and highest current rate of interce

paid or compounded half-yearly." -Deposit Receipts issued for large sun Advances made to responsible farmers

on their own names.

No charge made for collecting Sales Notes f payable in Quelph.

A. F. H. JONES. Manager

The Lamp Season is here and finds us prepared for your wants with a stoc to suit all tastes. Reasonably high priced Lamps for those who can afford them and less costly ones for those of simple wants are prettier than ever this year and lower in price, too. Suppose you call and see

us first opportunity. J. M. Bond & Co., Hardware, Guelph.

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AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

WATERS BROS

Are selling their handsome stock of Wallpapersat wholesale prices to make room for their Christ. mas Fancy Goods.

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Every person who does not have to pay storage on his money familiar with the difficult problem of making a small income advanced times. Footwear is one of the unfailing necessities, and it costs a good deal in the course of a year-if you get the wrong kind e don't keep the wrong kind. Not that we are more honest than the other dealers, but our long experience has taught us how

This knowledge is necessarily of benefit to our customers, because the cheaper a shoe firm can buy, the cheaper it can afford to

"Cheap" doesn't mean poor quality, however, for if it did, our shoes would not be "cheap." We keep no poor quality goods, no matter what the grade. For present roads and weather we can recommend

Our Fall and Winter Stock You want a pair of Rubbers? Call and get thom.

W. WILLIAMS, THE PRACTICAL SHOE MER-CHANT, ACTON. ALACANA ALACANA

Winter is Here

Cooper & Akins

Winter Suitings, Winter

Overcoatings, &c. -Wo have a very fine assortment in all lines Since commencing business in Acton we have had assurance, from all customers that the garments turned out by us have given entire satisfaction from all standpoints.

Fit, style, prices and enduring qualities. Your patronage is solicited. Cooper & Akins Main Street, Acton. .

Main Street ACTON, ONT.

John Cameron, Architect and Contractor

MATCHING, and MOULDING to order on short notice. Well asserted stock on hand at prices lose JOHN CAMERON

Poetry.

MAXIMUS. I hold him great who, for love's sake, Can give with generous, carnest will; Yot be who takes for love's sweet sake

I how before the unble mind That freely some great wrong forgives; Yet nobler is the one forgiven Who bears the burden well, and lives. it may be hard to gain, and still

A crown whose fustre is not less.

. A thing I hold more generous still.

To keep a lewly, steadfast beart; Yet he who loses has to all A harder and a truer part. Glorious it is to wear the crown Of a deserved and pute success; He who knows how to fail has won

Great may be he who can command And rule with just and tonder sway; 'Yot is diviner wisdom taught A General Banking Business transacted. Better by him who can obey.

> -APELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR Select Jamily Reading.

Blessed are they who die for God,

Yet be who lives for Ged may be

A greater conquerer in his sight.

And earn the martyr's crown of light;

Mrs. Sloage's Bloomer , Party.

BY MARY JOSLYN SMITH. It was on the morning of the fifteenth of August that there was a great chattering in the Somers' kitchen-all about the city folks that had taken the Burr place for the | would say, "Oh, this is nothing like the and moderate means. Lamps summer. The Somers' kitchen wasa won- Lime of the great alarm !" Her memory derful place. Mr. and Mrs. Somers always called each other pa and ms.

This particular morning pa did not feel very well, was threatened with ague chills, and sat in the kitchen as near the stove as ma would let him, considering it was one of her bake days. They did their own work | Long sgo, when I was a girl, an anony but then there was a regular slew of women folks in that house.

Mrs. Somers made the fried cakes, for in that house they had fried cakes summer and winter. Then she made apple pies. and Lawton blackberry ples that morning, getting the fruitall from their own place. Cousin Liza was making her summer visit there, and when she came she made soft ginger cake. They had her receipe written n a book, with all the particulars, but no one could make the cake with just the tremble and the shake that Cousin Liza could. The receipe was plain:

Two eggs; butter the size of an egg; tablespoon of ginger: cloves; cinnamon; nutmeg to taste; a cup of dark molasses cop of brown sugar; a good bowl of sour milk with dessertspoon of sods and flour to nake a thin dough. Cousin Liza said maybe the flour business made the trouble; some peaule put so

much in that it made a stiff cake, or so little that it would fall flat as a pancake inthe big dripping pan in which it was to be be baked. Or it might be the oven, for it needed a good deal of judgement about the The pitcher of sall-rising emptings was in a pail of warm water upon the high oven, and soon after dinner that would

and thought he could est no other bread. Aunt Lols lived there too, and she was martyr to dishwashing on these important She started in promptly after breakfast to wash dishes, and there would be an additional pyramid from the baking department every now and then, until at half-

white broad it was! Pa had the dyspensia

past cleven she sometimes had the thickest of them cleared away. Mrs. Somer's daughter Jane was putting the house to rights, and after a little would come to iron with the baking fife, for fire wood was never wasted in that house. The three sons were up on the farm.

mile away, tending to the hay and mend ing the fence, and at moon would come down, hungry as sharks, in view of which a big kettle of boiled vituals was being prepared; but with all the work, there was a babel of talking. Liza did not know any thing about the newcomers from the city, so overything had to be explained to her. "Pa, how many calves did you say had must have calver'-head jelly, you know,

to be killed by the butchers in the two villages when the Sloanes were getting ready for that tally-bo party from the city?" called out Mrs. Somers. "They and, positively, they expect that cream flows almost in the streets here. It is al right to sell to them, but you can't sel what you want yourself, at least I'm not going to," rattled on Mrs. Somers; never waiting for any answers to questions. Mr. Somers roused herself and spoke up :

"What are you women always bothering your heads about these people for? Why don't you let them alone : What basstart-

Why, pa, don't you know about our invi-

tation? You must get over your ague be fore to-night if you want the honor of paying a visit." "What now?" asked pa. "Martin Shafer stopped here going to

her work in the tallor shop, as said that she had been directed to ask all the neigh-Are well prepared for it, having just she had been directed to ask all the neigh-opened a fine new stock of cloths specially bors to go to lire. Sloan's to-night; we should oull around any time convenient that we were to see Mrs. Sloane in bloomer

> Aunt Lois explained to Cousin Liza that Mrs. Bloane was a big fleshy woman, and would look about as graceful as a cow in

"Pity, isn't it, such people don't have some work to do, so they wouldn't make themselves so ridiculous getting up things !" was another of Ma Somers' wise sayings, as she added more and more to her store

In the afternoon the neighbors dropped in to Mrs. Somen' as a sort of headquarters and talked over the whole question of dress and of city people thinking country people did not know anything.

They decided they would not go near the "Did you hear the joke on Mrs. Bloane?" sked one of the neighbors. "No, what was it ?" all exclaimed.

"Well, she was at the Corners, and asked if there was a library, here. Joe Green of course, was on hand, and he said, yes, he believed there was, and that it was charge of the cobbler over the way." Mr. Forbes, the oobbler, told the rest the story the other day. He said she came and asked him, and he said he reckuped

of the way, until it was put in the cellar there of the old house where he has his shop. He got a candle and told her to come on in the cellar and not fall over the old stairs, and then he put his hand into an old cheese safe and hauled out two musty books -the 'Life of Washington' and 'Life Among the Mormons.' And will you believe it, she took home 'Life Among

that, do you think ?" Mrs. Somers suggested that Mrs. Sloans just wanted to see what they lind there, and by and by would make out' they were a sort of heathen.

the Mormous.' What did she want of

Pa Somers tried to quiet the jargon by saying that the city lady seemed very kind and nice to bim. But he was silenced by a volley of words from his wife, who said that Martha Shafer and pa seemed to be champions of the new

people, and must be they expected pay for

their trouble. However, pa ventured once more to say that Mr. Sloave talked of boying the Barr place, and if he did that he would likely do something nice for their town if the women did not make it too uncomfortable for his his family.

"What if we write an anonymous letter to-Mrs. Sloane, and tell her we have some sense and don't need to be invited to see ber in bloomers?" said one of the afternoon visitors.

Grandma Somers, a lady of the old school, sat in her corner mending, and oalm as a Jane day. Nobody ever remembered to have seen her stirred np. In the Civil-War days, when there were war meetings and people were excited, she went back to that time. She seldom joined in the conversation when the neighbors gathered in; but now she raised her head from hor work and said :

"You better go to Nrs. Sloane's to-night and decide afterward about your letters mous letter was considered a mark of ill breeding. I don't know what people would think about them nowadays; did not know but what they were a lost art."

Evening came, and they did all go to Mrs. Sloane's, and she had a beautiful cereus to show them. It seemed that in the morning she fel sure that the plant would blossom that night, and she told her coachman to have any come to see it who wished to do so.

The coachinan saw Martha Shafer, and

thought it would save him all the bother if he told her to tell the people. Martha said, in explanation, that sh told it as she understood it, and she was sure she was not hard of hearing. Nobody could ever make out how "Night blooming cerens" could sound like "dressed

cluded to be friends with Mrs. Sloane, if she would let them from that time forth. CERTAIN IRISH STORIES.

in bloomers to night;" but the party con

A Roman deacon was sont for to baptize a baby. In the cabin he could find no water, but there was a pot of tea. "Tea," he reasoned, "contains water, the rest is but accident," and proceeded to pour out a cup. But it was strong, even to blackness, so he went in search of water, and, having huff up and be made into loaves, and what found some, watered the tes down to more reasonable color, christened the baby with it, and reported the circumstance, as case of conscience, to his superior.

had not occurred to him, having found the water, to use it by itself. A tutor's letter of condolence was cent to bereaved perent. This was unkindly attributed to Oxford. The tutor wrote "I am eincorely grieved to hear the sad news of your son's death. But I must inform you he would have had to go down in

examiners in classical moderation." One other story I may add hore, as serves to illustrate a certain disparity often. noticeable between Saxon and Celtic wordvalues, and also the way in which Irish orators discount their own rhetoric. Home Ruler was harauguing on English terrerism, and after drawing a horrid picture of babies speared on the points .o bayonets, etc., he concluded: "If that's your civilization you may keep it. I call it most improper."-Cornhill Magazine.

WHY SWEAR AT ALL. Washington and Beecher never swore but once, and Thomas Jefferson and U. S Grant never swore. The Japanese and Indians have no oaths in their language. The North American Review once gave expression to the following: "The fierceness of men's profabily is in inverse ratio of the affluence of their ideas. The profauest men within the circle of your acugaintance are all afflicted with a chronic weakness of intellect. The utterance of an oath, though it may prevent a vacuum in sound, is no indication of sense. It requires no genius to swear." If this were known of all Americans henceforth there would not be any swearing outside of our lunatio asylume. In his "Norwood' Beecher gives atterance to the following needed lesson: "There is much pious swearing. A bold man means 'swear' and save it. A timfd man mean means swear and says 'gracious.' 'All interjections are swearing-a kind of latent oaths. Legion Is the name of methods for breaking men of their profanity." Soldiers of our colonial days received for every oath 25 lashes. P. T. Barnum was cored of this habit by having to pay a fine of \$20.

WOMAN'S RULING PASSION. The kind women of the church had helpd their poor sister through a long illness. They had hired a physician for her, had seen that his prescriptions were filled, had brought her broth and jellies, had oleaned her tenement, and, finally, when she was on the road to health ogain, had made upa parce for her. A comple of weeks later one of them happened to call to see how their protega was getting along. She discovered the cretwhile is valid very "low in her mind" and also in her larder. "Why, Mrs. Hendrio" I" she exclaimed

you comfortably for a while. Have you spent the whole \$15 ?" "Yes," eighed the beneficiary. "How ?" demanded the inquisitor. "Well, bein' sick so long that time taugh me a lesson about not havin' a decentnegligue, they call them, I think-to my name. When I was just able to sit up thought how fine twon ! be to liave some thin' more tasty-like than, an ole shawl to put over my shoulders. Bo the first day Seems the old library that was sharfed and wrepper just in case I should be sick used.

"We surely lent you enough money to keep

MAKING THE OLD PARLOR NEW. MARY CLARKE HUNTINGTON.

How tired she was of the prim parlor | admits he who is now a proud busband and with its greenish cast of wall paper and father. "I fell in love without having the argot, and the laded green cambric shades supreme attraction of wealth. Nell was that since her carliest recollection, had not sordid enough to consider this defect a served to shut out the sunshine and to give | serious objection, but she was the daughter a bilious complexion to such guests as were of a man who did the thinking and diotating formally entertained. The cane seat chairs | for the whole family. When I asked bim to and haircloth sofa, the two starougd fidles, secept me as a son-in law ho used the fewthe motto, "Home, Sweet Home" ever the est words possible in telling me that I was high, bare mantel, even the oval-framed a pauper, and that my prospects were not ploture of Lincoln's plain, grand face served | worth considering, and that I was positiveto irritate her as sho looked about.

But a week ago she had returned from a the subject in hand. Nell had always been visit to a city friend, whose artistic rooms drilled to implicit obedience and would not made the home parlor seem more stiffly hear to a marriage without her father's unpleasing than ever. She pulled up a consent. shade, threw open the window, and in came a cool north wind, bringing sweetness of mind to watch and wait. Accidently I clover fields over which it had blown on its | discovered a plot to rob the old gentleman's way from the reservoir of sun-dappled bills. Such beautiful bills! Where else in all New England were hills more superb ? put in an appearance, and he jumped to "This room needs the 'outdoorness,' first of the conclusion that I had created a false anything," she said. A moment later came her mother,

amazed at seeing every window of the sacred (partment open, the sun streaming in and Carol perched on the sofa arm. "What are you doing, Carol?" "Doing interior decorating with fresh air," said Carol. "Mother, I want you to

lend me this parlor." "Lend you this parlor?" "Yes, to make pretty like Rita's."

But, my child, pretty things cost money." "I have ten dollars." "Yes dear, but ten dollars would do X stands for the unknown quantity, said Carol gaily. "Given-a nice, old

and an X, and the result will be the envy of all the country round." "Well, you may eee what you can do

ou won't spoil apything." Looking about with a sense of proprietor ship, Carol decided that the dark green and salmon of the carpet harmonized well with the wall paper, which was a pattern of loosely sketched brown daisles on a silvery green ground. The carpet itself was not bad, the figure being a small lattice work with leaves straggling through it. She felt new entistaction in the high-ocilinged parlor, with its handsomely cased summer-

ree and corner posts. That afternoon she made a trip to the village, seven miles away, coming back with a large packing box, and many mysterious bundles. For ten days she spent her spare time in the parlor, which she kept looked to everyone. And when at the nvitation to "walk into my parlor," the room seemed transformed, indeed !

"How did you do it?" cried Jim and "I don't see but two things that I know, said her mother. "The marble-top center table and Lincoln's picture."

"I hope you haven't run into debt

daughter," said her father. "Not a bit of it," replied Carol. "I just waved my magic wand and presto-change ! But listen : First were the shades. They are nice ones, but I got them for fifty cents spicee because there were some tack holes in them and they were sold as damaged The drapery ourtains cover the poles, and are of scrim-at five cents a yard-twelve yards for the three windows. The polesare cheap, as they are pretty-stained pine at twenty-five cents apiece. The windows took two dollars and eighty-five cents out of my X. I paid a quarter for the charming artotype of Bouguereau's "Fisher Girl" in the old motto frame over the mantel, and the rest of my money went for cretonne and palots. The bookcase was given me any case, as he had failed to satisfy the where I made my purchases it is a packbox into which I fitted shelves, painting it in white and gold, as I did these chairs and this little stand, which I dragged from the

attic. The mirror I took from my room

and gave its tarpished gilt frame a coat of

itto frame is also enameled, as you see. "But the rugs, the bookcase curtain, the tand cover-" "Oh mother mine I the stand cover you night to recognize as the little shawl Greataunt Martha gave to wrap about my infant shoulders on occasions of state. The bookcase curtain is that old broche shawl of yours which you said I might make into anything I liked. The roge are our wornout lap robes. I sewed the good bits together, and put pinked red felt on for an edge. The headrest and onehion for the rocker are made of what was left of the broche shawl, and the other chairs are seated with crotonne such as I used for the sofa. The two gorgeous fans and the photograph of Longfellow on the mantel were given me by Rits, before I came away; the teapot and china plate set on the bookcase are what belonged to grandma and have been hidden away as choice ever since I can remember. The pink rose bowl on the center table I bought while I was with Rits, and the plush photograph case and the tiny casel on the square stand she gave me also; now doesn't X stand for the

mother--that you come in here and sit awhile every day as tribute to my genius. FAULTY SPELLING.

unknown quantity in comething beside

algebra? And haven't we a pretty parlor?

But there's one thing I shall insist on,

Not long ago a man in the suburbe had a small house to rent, and he got a pain brush and board and hung out a sign reading "To Wrent." Everybody who passed by smiled at the orthography, but it was three or four days

before the owner ventured to ask of

neighbor, "Say what on earth makes everybody grin at the sign ?" It was explained that "Wrent" was hardly as Webster would spell it, and the man went off mumbling "Well, if they are so particular about it, I can change it." And he did. Within two hours there was new eign up, reading "Two Let." the inscription ran :

MORE USEFUL.

An intropid courage is at best but a holiday-kind of virtue, to be seldom exercised, and never but in cases of neons sity. Affability, mildness, tenderness and word which I would fain bring back to its original signification of virtue, I mean good nature, are of daily use; they are the bread of mankind, and staff of life.

Hood's Sarsaparilla la propared by experienced pharmacists who know precise-

CONVINCED AT LAST. "I had a hard time getting my. wife," ly forbidden to bother him any more about

"I was discouraged, but made up my bank and informed him in time to have a guard on hand, but the burglars failed to alarm for the purpose of furthering my own cause. I rescued his daughter in a ranaway accident, but he insisted the whole thing was a put-up job, and set me down a few pege lower in his estimation. I helped his son beat off some footpade, but the father thought these seini tragical occurrences were coming too often to be untural, and was more determined than ever that I should not marry into the

family. "One of his favorite pastimes was sailing and nearly every evening he was navigating a catboat about the bay. I happened to be sitting on the shore meditating on my hard luck when I saw a vegrant poff wind capaize the old gentleman's craft. He was not far from shore, but in deep water and deep trouble, for he could not swim. ashioned room, a girl with an artistic eye tossed off most of my clothing, and soon had his scant crop of bair in my hand as I pulled him to the surface. I grimly asked him if the affair was pre-arranged, if he had conspired to help me in my suit, if it was only romactic folly on his part and other like questions. 'For heaven's sake, young man,' he said 'get me ashore and the girl is yours. This is no time for argument.' I landed him, landed the daughter, and finally landed the bank."

NOT AT ALL NEW.

"How absurd it is to speak of a bioyel a a modern invention." "Isn't it comparatively modern?" "Not at all; not at all. Why Richard Gifford, a post of the latter part of the last century, speaks of a girl who 'revolves the violesitudes of things' as 'she turns the giddy wheel.' To what under the sun can last the door was opened to the family with | these vicisaltudes refer if not to the bioycle? I'll bet if I had all he ever wrote

> ers. And he's not the only our, either." "Well, I should say not. You can olear back to the Old Testament and find the case of a mun whose tire was punctur ed in some way, while he was trying ! cool his brow with the contents of the old caken bucket. It in Ecclesisstes zii, that you will find the mention of the whee broken at the cistern.' And Pope knew o

here I could find some reference to bloom-

"How do you know?" "By his prologue to the satires, in which be asks: "Satire or seuse, alas, can Sporu feel! Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel? Of course it's a fool question, because no one breaks anything upon a wheel if he can help it. They are too hard to clean. But it shows that you couldn't fool him on the subject of bicycles anyway. Then the Old Testament bobs up again with a mention of 'a wheel in the midst of a wheel,' which is so clearly a reference to the aprocket

wheel that it seems almost like a waste of

time to explain it. There is also a line

about a bicycle that needed oiling." "In 'The Brookside,' a poem by Lord Houghton. He writes of wandering along by the brook and then intimates that he white with gold tracings all over it, and the had a equeaky wheel and that something noisy wheel was still.' Even Disraell compared the world to a wheel, and Milton spoke of the wheels of Phoebus, who was evidently the first person to start a bloycle livery. Why, it makes me tired to have people acting and talking as if no one previous to this generation knew anything."-

Chicago Post

BRIGHT RETORTS. The late Dr. John Ritchie, of Edinburgh keen total abstinence advocate, was forced by a beavy shower to take shelter in a roadside public-house where he met a number of carters similarly sheltering. He remonstrated with them for drinking, and told them that drink was their worst enemy. Observing the doctor's clerical garb one of them replied boorishly that this kind told them to love their enemies. "Yes," replied the doctor, "but

with the house ?"\_ "No, sir," she replied; "I am to be let alone."

A gentleman went to look over a house

that was being let furnished. He was pil

sted through the bouse by a very pretty

housemaid. As he was leaving he turned

to the girl, saying, "And are you to be let

not to swallow them."

CLERICAL DOOR-PLATE. A correspondent of the Boston Globe say that he last saw ex-Provident Hayes at the annual convention of the National-Prison asociation, over which he was presiding showing just what any woman with intelli At that time Mr. Hayes related with much glee a story told to him by the Rev. F. C. Wines, son of the founder of the associa-

Doctor Wines had been formerly the principal of a boys' school. One day he had occasion to "trounce" a boy, and it is o be supposed aid the work thoroughly. The lad took his revenge in a way that the loctor himself could not help laughing at. picture number two. Doctor Wines' front door bore a plate on which was the one word "Wines." The boy wrote an addition in big letters, so that

> WINE AND OTHER LICERES. HE PITIED THEM.

An eminent preacher who prided himself

upon his ability to discourse without the aid of notes, once got into his pulpit, but when he found himself face to face with his congregation his ideas vanished and his mind was a blank. He tapped his forehead, but in vain; his ideas would not come. "My friends," he said, "I plly you -you have lost a fine sermon ;" and he sanded the pulpit steps. - San Francisco

MY MITHER'S WEE BIBLE. This woo clasping Bible, my mither's wee Bible, My ain faither bookt when he made her his And when she good frac me she haunded it tae

And hoped I would study to make it my guide. The auld chair she sat on and mony times grat When thochts o' the dead brocht the tear to

ber e'e; And all round the dwelling, dear, dear tae a My woo clasping Biblo is present with thee. The woo clasping Bible, this tear-drappis Bible.

I've borne at her side to the kirk with the lave. When ofttimes she sauntered, until the kirk entered. And mournfully gased on my father's green

Her voice, sweet and calm, age I bear in the Ayo, it comes like the tone of a spirit sair voxod-

And the streaket sparmint leaf slippet in at the text. This woo clasping Bible, this procious woo Bible, On dark, dusy corners maun nover be cast:...

And still see her lean, with her hauns ou her een,

There are jewele within it, and treasures Will buy you all crowns when life's trials are

Bairns, let it direct you, the world may reject But firm on its promises over rely; This battle well over, bright spirits will hover

-Scottish American.

To hall you as conquerors home to the sky.

A QUEEN'S TACT. Of all the qualities once essential to a overeign, the one most useful now is tact. Queen Margherits, of Italy, who belongs to a house trained to kingeraft for more than a thousand years, is said to be wonderfully skilful in dealing with social difficulties. An incident which occurred at one of her trawing rooms illustrates her readiness and

The persons who are to be presented at the Roman court are arranged in a large semi-circle in the throne room. The Queen enters and passes around the line, each person adding usually a word or two to give the Queen some idea of their claim to notice. Bhe asks a question or makes a remark to each and passes on. On this occasion there was in line a

and terrified glances at the Queen drew nearer. At last the reached him and stopped. He heard his name, saw her smile. There was a roaring in his care; his knees shook. Every eye was bent upon him with amused interest, his terror was

"From Brazil?" she asked. "And what

young man from South America whose

embarrassment showed itself in pale cheeks

own in Brazil is your home, signor?" "l-Your Majesty-I don't know!" he The whole circle smiled, but the Queen's face was calm as marble. "You mean that our beautiful Italy has already made you forget your home? Ab, signor, you are a skillful courtier! You flatter us too much !" and playfully shaking her fan at him she passed on, leaving him wondering how he came to make so brilliant a response, while the crowd looked at him,

respectfully bewildered, also .- Youth's Com-

NO ONE LIKE FATHER. Years ago a neighbor of mine had two oys of about my own age, who, it seemed o me, bad an ideal father. He was a busy man but comebow always found time to participate in the sports of his boys, to be one with them, and more than that, to be heir leader. Saturday afternoops, when the weather was warm, he went swimming with them, and Bunday afternoons they always went together for a long walk in the woods. Evenings after supper, so long as the light lasted, he played ball with them and in a hundred other little

ways manifested a genuine interest in what

interested the boys. The result was soon pparent and is the same to this dayhere is no one in the world like father. On the other hand, a number of my echoolmates had no idea what it was to have their fathers as members of their own company. They loved their fathers and their fathers loved them, but there was one of that precious comradeship later in life to be treasured as the most precious legacy of early years. When the boys wanted to go swimming they were told that t was upsafe unless some one older was wish them, but there was no one to go and the boys learned on the ely. The same was true when they were old enough to want a gun. Those boys grew up to love and respect their fathers but there was not that bond of sympathy that in the former case caused the father to place his confidence in his boys in business affairs, and that taught them rarely to make a move in business matters without first consulting ather and considering his opinion.-Waldo

> TWO PICTURES. Bright and

Cheerful; the Other

Gloomy, Dark and

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