The Acton Free Press

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ngly. Transient advertisements must be paid u advance. Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. For changes oftener than ence a month the competition must be paid for Changes for contract advertisements must be n the office by noon on Tuesdays. Accounts payable monthly.

Business Directory.

H. P. MOORE

Editor and Proprietor

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

S. ELLIOTT, M. D. M. B., GRADUATE TORON TO UNIVERSITY. OFFICE-Corner Mill and John Streets

R. DRYDEN, EYE, EAR, THROST AND NOSE, McLean's Block, Douglas St., near P. O. QUELPH.

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L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST, J. P. COGHLAN, D.D.S., L. D.S., WORK CAREFULLY DONE. PRICES MODERATE OFFICE OVER BROWN'S DRUG STORE. HOURS-EVERY DAY PROX 9 TO 6.

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Propares Applications for the Canadian, American, and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks. Bend for pamphiet. Thirty-two years experience. TRANCIS NUNAN BOOKBINDER,

Guelph, Ontario Wyndham St., Over Williams'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, PRITED OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. Private Office. Nowitnesses required. Issued nco in the evening. Proo Pross Office, ACTON

W.M. HEMSTREET, LICENSED AUCHONEER or the Counties of Wellington and Halton Orders left at the Fren Passe office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly at-ended to. Fees reduced to \$5.00 FOR FARM SALES.

Also money to losn on the most favorable ums of \$500 and pwards Wellington Mutual

Fire Insurance Company ESTABLISHED 1840 I NSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, nor telephone 58, will be promptly at-

JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph AUTON Machine and Repair Shops

IENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor. A RE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all inds of steam-fitting, hors ash ooing and general lacksmithing. Woodwork repairs performed in a satisfactory manuer. We can repair and machine or implement of any make. Saw gumming and fling done.

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All kinds of Wood in stook and promptly delivered to any part of the town at

Hardwood and slabs out slove length always

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HAMMOCKS 24 Hammocks from 70c.

A large quantity of Sponges at half price.

The store is full of Summer reading-the latest pubavorites.

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Full Stock

Best Qualities and . . **Lowest Prices**

...at ...

NORVAL, GEORGETOWN ACTON

ROBT. NOBLE.

Latest and Best Designs of MONUMENTS IN GRANITE AND MARBLE AT

20 to 30 per cent. Reduction J. H. HAMILTON PROPRIETOR

Granite & Marble Works, CUELPH is the only direct importer of Marble and Granite west of Toronto and north of Hamilton. Come and see the largest and best imported stock in the Dominion. Prices for granite imported stock less than others ask for the commonest Can-

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ACTON, ONT.

Manufacturer of Sash Doors Frames Mouldin in all styles DRESSING, MATCHING, and MOULDING

to order on short notice. Woll asserted stock on band at rrices losu JOHN CAMERON

Proprietor

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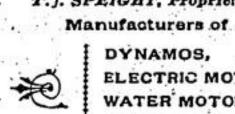
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT. Authorised Capital - \$5,000,000.00

Ten-year maturity shares are paid in Monthly Instalments of 50c, per share for

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Pipe and Steam Fitting and General Repairing. Being equipped with a gas brazing machine I am propared to do brazing on Bicycle Frames, &c. Whoels converted from Direct to Tangent Spokes. Handle Bars bent to any desired angle. Full line of Spokes kept in stock. Satisfaction guaranteed. Bicycles enamoled in any color. T. J. SPEIGHT, Georgetown

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BUS LINE The undersigned respectfully solicits the patron age of the public, and informs them that ways be Secured

Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can al At his stables. A comfortable bus meet al'
trains between 9 a.m. and 8:18 p.m.
Careful attention given to everyorder
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met. JOHN WILLIAMS

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PUPILS Who are about to leave should not overlook the great advantage of a practical course of instruc-tion at the

QUELPH Business College and Shorthand Institute Students may enter any time. Summer Session will commence Write or call if interested. J. SHARP, Principal.

-THB-TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

Authorized Capita..... \$1,000,000

Guelph Branch to \$2 will be cleared at a low

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 Advances made to responsible farmers

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

Japanese Floor Mattings Twine. Japanese Floor Ma for summer floor covering. If put down over your carpets they are a perfect protection from the hard summer wear. If used in Bedroom or Hall they are the most satisfactory, healthful and inexpensive floor coverings to be had. We've good quality pieces from 25c. to 40c. a yard.

J. M. BOND & CO.

HARDWARE.

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An Attractive Pair

An attractive pair of shoes add to the genteel appearance of any one-man, woman or child. We keep the stylish kind, the comfortable kind, and the kind that

wears well, and to which rough usage may be given. All styles, all prices, all qualities and all as We have a complete assortment including

Boots and Shoes, Rubbers, Slippers, etc. Trunks and Valises

> EXTRA VALUES We are prepared to guarantee that our prices are lower than those paid in the general stores where trade is taken for goods and, dealing exclusively in Boots and Shoes and having over twenty years of practical exper ience, we are able to select better goods and at better advantage than dealers who handle every-

thing saleable.

CUSTOM WORK AND REPAIRING GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION.

Kenney Bros., ACTON

Main Street Daminion Boot and Shoe Store.

Gct

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Bros., The Picture Gallery,

Cuelph.

Bring Pictures to be framed W. BARBER & BROS.

PAPER MAKERS. GEORGETOWN, ONT. MAKE ASPECIALTY OF

Machine Finished Book Papers

·HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS. The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.

Poetry.

UNCLE SAM. For the FREE PRESS. Great neighbor, Uncle Sam, pre-eminent In genius, song, love, literature and art, Phonomenal in progress aluce the time

Thou did'st from mother land in sunder par Great untion of the south, we honor thee For all thy triumphs in the cause of right, For prowess, justice and bealguity In stamping out oppression in thy might. Thy nicco, fair Canada, approciates The honor of a rivalry with one

With her earth's civilizing race to run. Thy great and honored ones we magnify, Inventors, statesmen, poets, and divines, Musicians, electricians, artisans, The lusre of whose fame enduring shines:

In every way as worthy as thou art,

As Washington and Lincoln, great, sublime Who, guiltless of their country's blood shall The world's deep admiration for all time For revolutionary struggle dire With mother land, we find in thee no faul Had British rule been what it is to-day No quarrel had occurred and no revolt. Thins odifice of state shall stand if sure

As in the Mayflower crossed the ocean blue But thou art handlcapped our stal wart friend For which we mourn the more as near of kin. We would not have the race all to ourselves, With thee would we exult should'st thou

As its foundations, firmly laid and true

By men of storling worth, pure, righteous

Gigantic obstacles obstruct thy course, A foreign immigration vile we note. Thy Sabbaths descerated, and thy laws Polluted at their fountain with their vote, Thy natives, but not thine adopted sons, We would exenerate, commiserate. We know what they endure, their efforts mad God's holy Sabbath to resustate. O how they pine for Canada's blest day, Hor Sabbath, restful, quiet, holy calm, Congenial to-their puritanio bent;

With us thou bast the ubiquitous saloon, Iniquitous in every phase and form, That juggerment to crush our homes and But it must go, behold the gathering storm We would exculpate real Americans

To their sore spirits what a healing balm !

In Venesuelan case of odious fame For those who pandered to the element Of mean and foreign birth must boar th How very sad should e'er we meet again In sanguinary strife like demons hurled Upon each other's threats, exhibiting

What's worse than felly to a meering world

We censure not though falls thy mighty blow On Spain's misrule, thy flowery strand hard Not o'er much grab but may the issue be According to thy some of equity. We would not thee affront our august friend

With much offusiveness on Britain's might For thou art worthy to be called her peer So long as thou shalt hood that which is For right is might. Thou and thy mother The Stars and Stripes with Union Jack

Thou most potential nations of the earth Could'st hold thine own against the worl It would be well that in alliance joined The Angle-Saxon should police the world,

Not war's dread scourge but everywhere The flag of peace and brotherhood unfurle Then march thou forth to conquest not with

For fears of invasion no occasion give, But vindicating right in the might of truth, Show forth unto the world how christians live W. T.

Select Family Reading. Thornapple's Rival.

DY MARY E. Q. BRUSH. A bobolink was trilling away in the meadowat the rear of the house: the tea kettle was singing on the newly blacked stove; the Maltese kitten, Lady Jane Grey, was parring among thetorkey red cushions of the rocking-chair; but none of these obsering sounds had any effect on Mrs.

Deacon Thornapple. She was a tall, spare woman, with sandy hair, and a peaked face thickly sprinkled over with brown liver-spots ; her eyes were dull; her mouth dropped at the corners and her manner as she walked across the floor was listless and forlorn.

Mrs. Thornapple warofa very lugabrious nature, as her photograph, taken by a travelling photographer, plainly disclosed. That was three seasons ago. But now, on was, as herself expressed it, "enjoying an

extry epsll of poor health." "Dear me!" she exclaimed languidly, as never did see seeb a man as the deacon is

me ! I do feel bad enough to go to bed. But I've got all the mendin' to do. for bursting off buttons! And he seems to think that I can always find some to match. These cinnamon-brown ones are so odd. I don't believe I can find a single one in the button-box. No. I wonder if he hasn't any in his pocket. Sometimes he's been thoughtful enough to put 'em there when they've come off, or he's seen 'em danglin' by one thread. Lets see." Mrs. Thornapple thrust her fingers into

the side pooket of the coat. There was no button there. But she felt a little rustle of paper. "There!" she exclaimed, with a triumph-

ed envelope. "There! I'll bet a cooky do it?" that's the receipt for box rentas the postoffice, that the deacon was fretting about

The brown coat slid from her lap as she was curious to watch the changing expres-Perplexity, astonishment, incredulity, gave place to a pallor that pinched her features into still sharper outlines. She leaned back in her chair with a

"I can't believe it! I won't believe it!"

little fainting gasp.

that Lady Jane Gray, thinking herself chair and fled under the stove. "I won't believe it !" Mrs. - Thornapple continued. "An' yet--" here she paused and lowerou too, an' once or twice he's asked me if I

to think about it, he was drutful uneasy in I had such a goneness in the pit of my great rate, un' groaned an' muttered only doughnuts an' coffee. Au' now I somethin'. If I'd knowed about this"pointing with a trembling finger toward "I remember the deacon, he wasn't

ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1898.

have listened, though !" "Listened to what, Alviry?" said sprightly voice. Mrs. Thornapp'o glanced up with

"Ob, it's you, is it, Thankful ?" she exover "cross lots" for a morning call.

What names more bonor'd by the world than black eyes. "And I say, Alviry," laying the deacon can bide the name, because he aside her "slat sunbonnet," "what's the is always growlin' about the posky daisies matter with you? Is it your stomach, or | in the medder-" back, or that old pain in your left side? You ain't feverish, be ye? Seems as critters," her cousin interrupted in an imthough your cheeks is kinder flushed au'-

why, yov're all of a tremble!" "I gaess anybody'd be all of a tremble if they had such trouble as that !" said Mrs. Thornapple, with a sob, pointing to the paper upon her knee.

one, has he? 'Taint no subposeny, or habeus corpus or mandamus or any other | quated buggy, might have been seen going of them law-papers that makes trouble for slowly along the road leading to the folks, is it?" said Miss Thankful anxiously. | village of Briarville. "It's worse'n them?" greated Mrs. Thornapple. "Read it, Thankful. I s'pose the landscape with pale gold and amethyst. for revenue for provision against evils principles. I've always maintained that

with a body's domestic troubles: but land! if over a person needed belp and sympathy read it." Fairly ablaze with ouriosity, Miss side. Thankful took the paper, and with many an "Ob. dear me ! and "For pity sakes!

read as follows : "FRIEND DICK : Have 'Dalsy' ready for me this evening. I would like to take her to Briarville. Rad an a-wiul nice time when we went to the lake, Saturday, only the road was too rough. I dare say you are laughing at the giddiness of one as old as lam, but- Well, you know how it is yourself. I am as charmed with "Daisy" as if my wife'd say if she found it out; so don't give

me away, old boy. Yours, J. D. THORNAPPLE. "P. S .- I won't go before half-past seven, or when it's just getting dusk. I don't want all

"Well, I never did !" Miss Thankful exclaimed, when she had finished reading. "I know now why I was named 'Thankful.' I am thankful that I hain't got no

"You may well be !" spiffed Mrs. Thornapple from behind her haudkerchief. "If Jedediah Thornapple, whom I always considered to be of the salt of the earth, kin out up like that, there's no trustin' anybody. I wouldn't accept even-even the Angel Gabriel if he was to come down and make me an offer. And," still more

grimly, "who is this 'Daisy,' anyhow ?" "I don't know !" with a fresh outburst of tears. "Some relation of that Dick Higbee's. That's the only Dick I know of. I remember he's been here to see the deacon once or twice lately. I thought it was to git him to take an insurance policy. They talked a long while together behind the

oarn." "Oh, I know that Highee," Miss Thank ful observed with a sniff. "One of them slick smooth-talkin' fellows! He sin't in no insurance business as I over heard of. Folks said he was agent for some sportin'good, fish-rods, air-guns an' sech, but guess he ain't much of anythin' to do but gittin' in mischief an' helpiu' to git others into it, too. He has got some sisters an' named 'Daisy.' I wouldn't feel so bad, alternately scolding and striving to cheer Alviry! I guess it's a put-up job. No her, she kept her eyes on the yellow streak doubt. Dick Highee's more to blame than of highway.

him to fork over lots of money." that the deacon's really deprayed at heart! | the whole width of the highway, then it pervider an' always so ready to buy me any kind of medicine that I seen advertised this particular morning, Mrs. Thornapple | an' thought might do me good. An' he's never found fault with me, only sometimes 'cause I didn't dress up more an' go out | One of them college fellers, I guess. Must visitin' ! An' he didn't like the curtains be drunk, too, for he's testerin' around as she took up a faded brown coat, "Dear | down an' the house kept dark-we've quarrelled about that some," regretfully, adding with a fresh sob : " But, Thankful, I never did think that he'd be untrue to he's in liquor he may be inclined to be me-that he'd go off riding with a frivolous | sassy."

D-a-aisy! I know she's young-young an' pretty |" " She must be a nice thing to lead his gray hairs down to disgrace and the gravel" said Miss Thankful, wrathfully "Whoover she is an' whatever she is, she deserves to have her iniquity brought to

" So she does ! " exclaimed Mrs. Thornapple, vehemently, as she rose and walked bloycle riding, and if honest and energetic in Mexico are now on a healthier basis the floor with an energy that even the "Dandelion Delight Deliverer" had failed to give her. "So she does! But how can aut expression, as she drew forth a crumpl- we do it, Cousin Thankful-how can we

fully, "first of all, we've got to find out | whether the bloycle was trying to ride the | mately. Ancient rancor will gradually who she is an' prove that she's trying to deacon. That bit of sandy road was a disappear and Spanish commercial energy for beguile the deacon. Le' me see-he wrote | veritable "Jordan" for travelling, and it | may be depended upon to secure room for | spread the paper out upon her knee. It that he was to start for Briarville this was filled with pebbles washed down by a its exercise. Spain, regenerate, will be the evenin'-'bout half past seven-didn't he? sions of her countenance as she read, Well, what's to hinder you and me hitchwrath swept over it. A dull red brick- takin' a little drive along the tumpiko as a full-blown peopy and recking with seven seas, and will stand second only to To those who have not yet attempted the color obliterated the liver-spote and this road to Briarville? We kin drive into perspiration. For a minute he paused, better'n mine, I guese, an' if this designin' his necktie and limp collar, tucked them in she exclaimed, in a voice of so high a pitch Daisy' comes along with him, I'll find out his breeches' pocket, after which, with a

she is up to!" her voice to a strained whisper-"an' yet Thornapple exclaimed gratefully. "I sup- stump, tilted up, toppled over, depositing the dea-con has noted kinder queer lately! pose," spiritedly, "that she thinks that my its rider among the brambles by the road-He's ben away evenin's when it wa'n't health is poor-everybody in the whole side. prayer-meetin' night. He's acted sheepish, country I nows what I've gone through, what with this ailment or that! An' she's __she couldn't help it_and rushed forward didn's think he was gettin' too much flesh, plannin' an' contrivin' to set herself up to fo helpher lord and master, whose astonishan' if I'd ever heard that apoplexy was in be the deacon's second wife! But I won't ment at seeing her so unexpectedly was his family. Asked me-grinnin' silly-like, give her a chance. You can just bet a equatied by the surprise at the unwented troubled with sores, humors, pimples, etc., the wretch !- if I thought he didn't look gingersnap I won't. I declare I feel as tendergos, with which she helped him to may flud permament roliel in Hood's Sar-WE. BARBER & BROS | kinder young for his see. An' now I come strong as can be new, though this mornin' rise, and flung herself upon his breast. | saparilla.

his sleep last night. Turned an'tossed at stomach I couldn't cat a mite o' breakfast "Crazed by drink, Patrol Officer Thon, remember," with a tremble in her voice

the paper upon her knee-"wouldn't I sympathizin' as usual, nor did he try coar me to eat more wittles, as he most a ginerally does. He seemed kinder absen minded, an' about about all he said was a ask where the liniment bottle was. I see him afterward rubbin' himself in the bed room with some of the liniment-it's the claimed, with an air of relief, as her tear- kind old Aunt Sally Myers used to makeful eyes rested on the newcomer, her cousin | an' I thought he'd got a touch of lumbage and nearest neighbor; who had just run | while plantin' corn in the medder he an the bired man plowed up last week; but "Yes, it's me," rejoined the spinster, now I know it was rhoumatiz he got while Miss Thankful Betsinger, a short, chubby | out ridio' in the damp air with that-that spinter, with red cheeks and enapping Daisy! I wonder, Cousin Thankful, that

> "Which may be woods, but ain't sinfu pressive tone.

"That's so, Thankful. Oh !" solemnly-

"oh! if we can only rescue Jedediah from the spare he's fallen into !" "We will, Alviry! We will I" firmly. The soft spring twilight was just settling down upon hill and valley when the gaunt "Why, the deacon hain't endorsed for no form of Old Whitenose, drawing an anti-

> The lingering rays of the sunset tinged and fresh her bage filled the air.

a body shouldn't let no outsider mix in Everything was full of peace and even the expression of Old Whitenese's face was unusually serone as he jogged along at I'm that person, Cousin Thankful; so a funeral pace, stopping now and then to crop the clover tufts growing by the road-

The two women did not mind these pauses. Miss Thankful was too busily engaged in talking about the depravity of men in general, and poor Mrs. Thornapple too absorbed in thinking about that of one n particular, to care for Old Whitenese's

Presently they reached the grove and with much clacking and twitching of the I were a boy of twenty. Goodness knows what roins, Miss Thankful induced her ancient steed to leave the highway and follow the grass grown ruts winding among the trees, until she found a suitable one of the latter to which she might tie him.

> It was a pleasant spot. There was still enough sunlight to shimmer down in golden light among the tender green leaves, and lie in yellow bars across the ourling tips of young ferns. Mrs. Thornapple stooped to pick some violets, growing large and purple in the moist shade. Twenty years before this, on just such a sweet May evening, she and Jedediah had walked here. What a happy time it was!

"I wore my plak dimity gown with short waist and leg-o'-mutton sleeves," said Mrs. Thornapple, mentally ; 'and Jedediah looked so handsome: and I felt that I could trust him forever. Ob, dear me ! seems ! though-"Alviry I Alviry ! Come here !" inter-

the part of "Sister Anne" in watching the road, "There's a black speck 'way up the turnpike !" "I don't hear no wheels," said Mrs. Thornapple, sitting down in sudden agita-"The road's so sandy wheels don't make

much noise; an', besides, the creek sounds so loud. But-there! I'm-sure I heard some one talkin' or coughin'. Scronge back under the hemlock, Alviry; we don't will say: "Your father should have want 'em to see us until simultaneous all to controlled his appetite; he should have Miss Thankful had a love for the dramatic. Her round cheeks and even the tip of It is the business of a salcon keeper to soll wimmen cousins, if I remember right, her nose were flushed with excitement, intoxicants, not to give instructions in Maybe he's plannin' for some one of them | Fanning her half-fainting companion.

your husband. Maybe he has some idee o' In spite of her boasted sharpsightedness. blackmailin' the deacon! Gittin' him she found it of little avail now, for the twiflighty an' bewitched as men is prope to be light was deepening rapidly. But several -silly, sinful critters-and then toarin' rods away, dimly outlined against the amber shadows, there presently appeared "Oh, may be it is that, Thankful," poor | the moving outlines of-something-man, Mrs. Thomapple exclaimed, convolsively | beast or vehicle-it was difficult to deterolutching her cousin's hand. "It can't be | mine what. At times it seemed to blot out He's slways ben sech a kind man-a good dwindled down to a dark, skeleton-like

circle surmounted by a swaying silbouste. "Pehaw!" Miss Thankful exclaimed, in disappointed tones. "It ain't no horse'n' buggy! It's only a man on a bicycle! though be didn't know what he was about." "Perhaps we had better keep a little out of sight," Mrs. Thornapple suggested. "If

But just then Miss Thankful sprang to her feet, saying with a shrill, excited

see? Look! That feller on the bicycle issure's preachin'-it really is-the deacon !" It was Deacon Thornapple. That much maligned man, being afflicted with the popular craze, was practicing

tainly to be commended. Truth, however, compels me to say that pampered by favoritism and privilege. he was not a graceful rider. Just then it Independent intercourse with the severed was difficult to determine whether the colonies will continue, and lines of trade "Well," replied Miss Thankful, thought- deacon was trying to ride the bicycle or | will shape themselves naturally and legiti-

recent freshet. As the first faint rays of the moon shone | that speak her tongue, in the same regard ing up Old Whiteness and the buggy an' down, they revealed the deacon's face, red the grove by the side of the read un' hitch | with one pudgy foot pressed firmly in the the horse there; then we orn get out and sand to stay himself and his recreant steed. World," by Sylvester Baxter, in the dresses, capes, blouses, jackets, coals, set under a tree and wait till the deacon | while he removed his hat and mopped-his comes by. There ain't nabody's eyesight | broad expanse of bald head; then he untied | August. -yes, an' be willin' to swear to seein' who | grunt of determination, he seized the handaddressed, sprang from her comfortable an' what she is an' what sort of a game les of his wheel again, mounted clumsily

and started on with renewed vigor. "You're a real, true friend, Cousin But when just opposite his unseen Thankful-that's what you be!" Mrs. observers, his machine struck a hidden

Mrs. Thornapple uttored a shrill scream

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE.

wife, and believing that he had killed her shot himself through the brains, and died almost instantly."

That is the first sentence in a city news paper report of a double tragedy. A little home, which might have to'n beautifu with the beauty of a family life, is horrid with the blood of a suicide, a murderer. "He had been dripking heavily, where ever he got any liquor, it seemed to make

him orazy." eaidthe wife, lying in the ward of the hospital after that terrible bour. He had been drinking heavily, yet the saloon keeper sold him more drink to carry home. Friends called at the house, and again and again the eight-year-old boy was sent to the saloon for beer, that the chums might drink, while the housewife washed! There was no reason why men should not have a good time even if women must toil. But at last, the bousewife objected to the frequent errands to the saloon and refused to give him money "I'll make you mind or I'll kill you!" he said. With flondish forethought he had

looked the door, and the manise, with his pistol is master of the hour ! "Driven crazy by drink!" Who sold him the drink? I have asked a useless question. . There are 10,501 salgons in the State of Ohio and back of them is the Legislature of Obio and the Congress of the United States, collecting special taxes resulting from the traffic in intoxicating

drink. Back of them is the Saloonkeepers' Association, and the Ohio Saloon League and two great political organizations. Were this the first saloon tragedy enacted in a home, were Thomas Speer, the first suicide crazed by whiskey, the whole system of police and court would be rous ed to detect the villain who sold the cruzing fluid. But Thomas Speer, "dying auddenly" as the newspapers say, is only one of many mon whose hands, nerved by drink, are turned in murder upon themselves, and Grace Speer is only one of thousands of wives, turtured, terrorized,

by drunken tyrants, who wreck women's ives in the name of law. Drunkenness causes more insanity than any other physical cause whatever, and yet, in the state of Ohio, where saloons are taxed \$350 per annum to provide against evils resulting from the traffic in intoxicating drink, the hospitals for the insane receive no appropriation whatever for the treatment of patients whose insanity is attributable to drunkenness, while more dollar. than \$1,800,000 is appropriated for state and municipal revenge, and the hospitals themselves spend thousands of dollars for

wine, beer and liquore! Wallace Speer, the eight-year-old boy, orphaned by the double tragedy, is the shild of the commonwealth. He lives in community infested with 1,997 saloons, in a state black with 10,501 salcons, in a nation which compromises with the dramshop, the brewery, the distillery, for the sake of revenue! For him there is no recourse at law, no redress. His homerupted Miss Thankful, who was playing has been wrecked by the drink and his life bereft of a fatherly care just when he

> and knowledge. Wallace Speer, the protege of the commonweath, is only sport for the saloon Saloon keepers will sell him beer or whiskey if he have the money. Saloon keepers father's lack of control of himself. And the state, the commonwealth, the nation, been temperate: the saloon-keeper sold him that which he desired and paid for. temperance. If a map, crazed with drink, kills his wife, kills himself, destroys your home, there is really nothing to be done. The state has power to prohibit the retail taaffic in intoxicating drinks, but it really can not exercise its power. It can destroy tax or it can close a saloon if the saloonkeeper does not pay his license, but it

cannot close a saloen because it is a centre of murder, pauperism and degrodation .-G. M. Hamell, in Union Signal.

HAS SPAIN A FUTURE? Probably the greatest blessing that can befall Spain will be the loss of all her colonies. They have been the source of her troubles, the cause of her national side where persons outer and depart. decline. They have brought the curse of gold upon her. They have diverted the energies and the expenditures of her people from her own needs at home. Spain has magnificent internal resources as yet undeveloped. Let the energies of her people once be directed within, and they will understand what obstacles have armour for protecting the guns, in a blooked the way so long. Reforms will. ollow. Abuses will be swept away "Look to the road, Alviry! Don't you Popular onlightenment will come. With the passing of Spain's colonial might will

dawn the renaiscence of Spain. As to commercial prosperity, that should continue upon truer lines under the new conditions. Spanish commercial interests efforts deserve praise, the deacon was cor- than they have been in Cuba for long years past, for in the daughter state they are not mother country for the rations of ultramar that England is mother to lands in the England in the number of her children. -From "Spanish Trails and the New American Monthly Review of Reviews for pants, vests, stockings, ribbons and other

> RAPIDLY LOSING IT. Stranger-You have a very fine climate

here. Such a bracing air! Native (gloomly)-Yame, but them durned bloycle fellers keep comin' erlong an pump th' air inter their noomatic tires an carryit off .- Up to Date.

At Newmarket a public meeting voted n favor of a bonus of \$5,000 to the Office Specialty Manufacturing Company, toward enlarging the present factory. Men, women and children who are

"I AM SURE I DON'T KNOW."

BY LOUISE S. OFIAM. Speer made a murderous attack upon his In the cool, peaceful shadows of green drooping willows. Where a silver brook, shiring, glides by.

A dear little lassie and laddle are strolling, Though, if asked, I could scarcely tell why! erchance it's to list to the been' drowsy humming-Perlmps to the brooklet's sweet flow; Or, it may be, they hear but the birds in the

orchard, I am sure I don't know! They may be discussing the blue-bells or daisies, Or the borries; just ripe on the hill;

Or wondering, if close to the edge of the wood Wild roses are blesseming still ! But why they should, now, choose to walk down the meadow. In the summer sun's warm noon-tide glow. When there's much better shade right under my

window. I am suro I don't know! lis say the by the rip ning grass idly is lying-Her work, too, is just laid away, With never a thought of the long-needed ral-

But why their faces turn over together-Why they rove, hand in hand, to and fro-When he should be moving, and she should be eowing. I am suro I don't know!

Or the fragrance of sweet, now-mown hay!

th ! Love at the door of their young hearts knocking! Noither lassic nor lad will say Nay; for their dreams are of rings and sweet orange-And a flowery and blissful life-way !

Till their brows shall be wreathed with Life's thoy will wed, and will love, in Life's May-ite

I am sure I don't know! ROUBLES OF A CREDIT BUSI-

The Gauanoque Departmental Store Co., Limited, now does all its business on a cash basis. It once sold goods on credit, and some of the experiences related in connection therewith are interesting. Three illustrations of how money is lost by credit business are given:

In the first instance, a young man who had been dealing at this store for some time and paying cash, had purchased a suit of clothes on credit. At first he seemed anxious to get paid up, but soon he became careless regarding the matter. He was offered work in order to get his bills paid up. But it was usoless, and his account is now for sale at 10c. on the Another resident of the town had dealt

with the firm at intervals, always paying well. Circumstances changed somewhat, and he wanted larger credit. When his bill had reached \$100 he gave his note. While this was maturing his bill had increased \$40. His note was given for renewal, the \$40 being added. While this note was maturing, whiskey, poker, etc., did their work, and when the note was due he paid no attention to it. This note for \$143 is for sale for \$1.43.

The third illustration given is that of one admittedly a good citizen-one who was not without means. He desired to make some extensive improvements, needs a father's guiding grace of strength and to the small encumbrance on his proporty he added more. When the time came for settling his year's account an unexpected sickness left him anable to settle up. Another year went by the account steadily will mock his sorrow with sneers at his growing. Continued sickness left him still unable to pay. Shortly afterward he died. His property went to the mortgagee and across his account is written one word.

> -"Dead."-Canadian Grocer. SOME NAVAL DEFINATIONS.

Fathom-A measure of six feet. Turret-A tower for the protection o the gunners. Crow's Nest -A perch for the lookout on

wood rungs and rope sides. Capstan-A machine used on board ship or lifting heavy weights. Armamont-A term expressing collectively all the guns of a ship. Cable-A long, heavy chain used to

retain a ship in place at anchor.

Jacob's Ladder-A short ladder with

Bow Chaser-A gun mounted in th bow to fire on retreating vessels. Bulkhead-A partition separating compartments on the same deck. Binnacle-The compass box of a ship. with a light to show it at night.

Gaugway-The aperature in a chip's

Knot-A nautical mile of 2,025 yards. equal to about one and one-eighth statute Displacement-The weight in tons of the volume of water displaced by a ship's

Barbette-A fixed circular belt, of

Monitor-A low, nearly flat-bottomed,

are located and from which the captain is

armored vessel, with one or two turrets. each carrying two gons. Bridge-A platform above the rail extending across the deck for the convenience of the ship's officers. Conning Tower-An armored tower where the wheel, engine, telegraphs, etc.,

supposed to direct his men during a battle.

evolving turret.

Have you ever tried to dye over your cast-off garments? Thousands in Canada answer "Yes, and very successfully too." work we would say, "There is money in it when you use the Diamond Dyes." Old articles of wearing apparel, can be renewed and fitted for wear at very small cost. The sum of ten cents expended for some fashionable color of the Diamond Dyes will often save you many dollars. Boware of the cheap package and common scap grease dyes ; they spoil your goods, waste your money and ruin your temper. All up-todate dealers sell the Diamond Dyes. See that the name "Diamond" is on each package you buy.

Fond mother-Of course you don't like babies, Mr. Pike?

Cities are the tombs of nature, the

Mr. Pike-No, I do not madam. I took upon them as a crying ovil.