The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

Accounts payable monthly.

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C.M.,
SUCCESSOR TO
J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick Streets, Acton.

DR. F. J. R. FORSTER,
SUCCESSOR TO
DR. A. S. ELLIOTT.
Late resident Physician and Surgeon to Victoria Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto.
OFFICE—Mill Street—lately occupied by Dr. Elliott.

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.

DENTAL.

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

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

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S. DENTIST, BROOKVILLE.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
Work made Satisfactory. Prices Moderate.
VISITING DAYS.—Monday afternoon, Campbellville; Tuesday, Acton, Office—Clark's Hotel; Friday, Rockwood.

DR. G. H. COOK, DENTIST,
Cor. College St. and Spadina Ave., TORONTO,
Will visit Acton on the first and third Saturdays of each month.
OFFICE—Mr. Adam Cook's residence, Main Street.

LEGAL.

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

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

J. B. McLEOD,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
Main Street, Georgetown.
Money to loan at lowest current rates.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

HENRY GRIST.
OTTAWA, CANADA.
Solicitor of Patents, for Invention, etc.
Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American, and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks. Send for pamphlet. Thirty-two years experience.

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER,
Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario.
(Over 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,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued residence in the evening.
Free Press Office, ACTON

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

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 536, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph.

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

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.

Touch ...

The Pocket Book
... AND ...
You Touch the Heart.

We have strong and good-looking Pocket Books for a small price.

We show a Fine Stock of Purses and Dainty Card Cases.

We have the Best Value in town.

Day's Bookstore
GUELPH

DAY SELLS CHEAP.

Removed!

Waters' Bros.

PICTURES,
FRAMES,
WALL PAPERS,
FANCY GOODS,

NOW NEXT Pringle's, Guelph.

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE

The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can at ways be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 9 a.m. and 6:18 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

Bring your Custom Logs in and Take the Lumber Home with You.

SAYERS'
Lumber & Planing
Mills, Nassagaweya,

P. SAYERS, Proprietor,
Has constantly on hand a full line of Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Cedar Posts, Wood, Etc. Custom Logs and Bill Stuff cut to order on short notice. Planing and Matching done to the best of satisfaction. Prices very cheap and made to suit the customer's pocket.
P. SAYERS.

EVERTON AND EDEN MILLS
The place to go for the
..Best Flour..

Bran, Middlings, Chop Feed, &c., for sale.

Chopping every day at Everton mills and every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Eden Mills.

Always buying wheat. No credit.

Henry Hortop.

Sun Savings and Loan Co.
HEAD OFFIC - TORONTO, ONT
Authorized Capital - $5,000,000.00

Ten-year maturity shares are paid in Monthly Instalments of 50c. per share for 120 months, when payments cease—$60.00 paid in—maturity value $100.00.

Money to loan at 5% straight loan or repayable in monthly instalments on application to

R. J. McNabb,
Agent, Acton.

Boots and Shoes
Made to Order
and Repaired.

George Stovel

Practical Shoemaker,
Has opened a shop in the premises lately occupied by W. H. Adams, tailor. He has had large experience in city work and is consequently able to fill all orders in the neatest possible manner. Fine turned work and patching receive special attention. Orders filled on shortest notice.
Call or send your order to
GEORGE STOVEL,
Cor. Mill and Main Streets, Acton.

PUPILS Who are about to leave Public or High School should not overlook the great advantage of a practical course of instruction at the
GUELPH
Business College and Shorthand Institute
FALL SESSION will commence Tuesday, September 5th.
Write or call if interested.
Circulars Free.
J. SHARP, Principal

—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

Capital Authorized..... $1,000,000
Capital paid up..... 700,000

Guelph Branch

We are now issuing Money Orders payable at par at any branch of Chartered Bank in Canada, excepting the Yukon District, at the following rates:—
Under $10..... 3 cents.
$10 to $30..... 10 cents.
$30 to $50..... 13 cents.
$50 to $100..... 14 cents.

HIGHEST CURRENT RATE OF INTEREST paid on sums deposited of $1 and upwards. Interest allowed from date of deposit to date of withdrawal and paid or compounded half yearly.

Advances made to responsible farmers on their own names at the lowest current rates.

No charge made for collecting sales notes payable in Guelph.

A general banking business transacted.

A. F. H. JONES,
Manager.

Snider Rifles
the third lot
just in.
they are going
with a hop, step
and a jump
at the price—$3.00.
If you want one you'd better buy soon,
They won't last long.

J. M. BOND & CO.
HARDWARE.
GUELPH.

McKEE'S
Parisian Balm
FOR THE HAIR

A perfect Tonic Hair Dressing for promoting the growth and beauty of the hair and preventing it from falling out. Cleanses and invigorates the scalp thereby preventing dandruff.

Try a Bottle, 25c.
Prepared only by
J. D. McKEE,
ACTON, ONT.
The name "McKee" on every bott guarantees its fine quality.

Speight & Brady
Manufacturers of
DYNAMOS, ELECTRIC MOTORS, WATER MOTORS, GASOLINE AND GAS ENGINES, BRASS & IRON CASTINGS TO ORDER.
Repairing Promptly Done.
Georgetown, Ont.

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

1831 Sixty-ninth Year THE 1899
Country Gentleman
The Only Agricultural Newspaper
INDISPENSABLE TO
ALL COUNTRY RESIDENTS
WHO WISH TO
KEEP UP WITH THE TIMES.
Single Subscriptions, $2;
Two Subscriptions, $3.50
Four Subscriptions, $6.
SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO RAISERS OF LARGER CLUBS.
Write for particulars on this point.
Free till Jan. 1 to New Subscribers for 1899.
It will be seen that the difference between the cost of the COUNTRY GENTLEMAN and that of other agricultural weeklies (none of which even attempts to cover the agricultural news of the day) may readily be reduced, by making up a small Club to
Less Than a Cent a Week
Does such a difference as that justify you in contenting yourself with some other paper instead of having the best?
Send for Specimen Copies
Which will be mailed Free, and compare them with any other rural weekly; it will not take long to see the difference. Address
Luther Tucker & Son,
Albany, N.Y.

ACTIVE Solicitors wanted everywhere for A. W. Story of the Philippines, by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book goes with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the interment camps with Aguinaldo, on his visit to the Lotty with Dewey and in the tour of battle, with Gen. Miles. Nearly 700 pages. Agents, Attention! Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low price. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address, P. T. BARNES, Sec'y. Star Insurance Building, Chicago.

Poetry.

THE GENERAL PRACTITIONER.

He must not walk his rounds, for fear his
patients think him poor,
And dearly do they love to see a carriage at
their door;
And if his horse is fat, "He must have little
work to do;"
And if it's lean, the reason is, "He starves the
poor old screw."
Should he call upon his patients every day
when they are ill,
His motive plainly is "To make a great big
doctor's bill;"
If he visits them less frequently—thus jeering, "sing their expense—
The chances are he'll be accused of wilful negligence
He must work all day and half the night, and never say he's tired,
For the public look upon him simply as a servant hired:
And should he take a holiday, he'll find when he comes back
Some patients have resented it by giving him "the sack."
Concerning money, he must seem indifferent to be,
And folks will think he practices for pure philanthropy:
When we hear about him boasting of the guineas that he earns,
We wonder if they all appear in his income tax returns.
About his own afflictions he must never say a word;
The notion of a doctor being ill is so absurd!
And when, perhaps from overwork, he's laid upon the shelf,
His sympathising patients say, "Physician, heal thyself."
—*Lancet.*

Select Family Reading.

Her Honeymoon.

Celia is strong minded. You would not think so to look at her. She is what I call a fluffy girl. She has a sweet face, with large blue eyes and a matchless dimple in her left cheek. But Celia is strong minded. I sometimes even think mamma is a little afraid of her. She has certainly managed us both all her life. Celia has a perfect talent for managing people.

When she told us she was engaged to be married to Sir Vernon Bransione, mamma said, "But Celia, darling, you hardly know him."

"You never know any man unless you are actually married to him," answered Celia, who is possessed of an extraordinary amount of worldly wisdom.

Then I put in my word. "I don't like him, Celia," I said decidedly.

"And you haven't got to marry him," replied Celia, in her most patting down manner, "so you needn't trouble about that."

Mamma cried a little and finally gave her consent, which was, after all, only a matter of form, as Celia has money of her own and is over twenty-one.

We sat chatting over her fire the night before the marriage. "Supposing he is unkind to you, Celia," I said. "O, Celia darling, whatever would you do if he were unkind to you?"

"Do?" answered Celia, with an air of great astonishment. "I should leave him, of course, and come back to you and mamma."

I gasped. "You couldn't leave a man you were married to," I said.

"Couldn't I?" she replied quite calmly. "You'd see, Dot."

"I'm afraid he is rather selfish, Celia," I said presently.

"All men are selfish," replied the wise Celia, "if they are encouraged. I shan't encourage Vernon."

Then we went to bed.

I awoke the next morning feeling depressed. I hated parting with my favorite sister, and I did not care about my future brother-in-law. I must own he seemed devoted to Celia, but he looked so rough and big beside her I was dreadfully afraid he might bully her. But the wedding went off very well, in spite of my misgivings. My sister looked deliciously pretty in her white satin gown, and I thought Vernon looked proud and happy. A friend of his had lent them a house in Scotland for their honeymoon, and Vernon was to have some spring fishing. I saw them off at the station. This was, I know, a dreadfully unconventional thing to do, but it was just like Celia, and she insisted on it. She said it would prevent people from knowing they were newly married, which was absurd, as her hat was covered with rice.

Just before the train was due to start Vernon looked at his watch and said to me, "Well, goodbye, Dot. I must be getting in now." I shook hand with him, and Celia, leaning forward, moved The Ladies' Pictorial from the seat opposite. He saw the movement.

"Don't bother to move anything, Celia," he said genially. "I am going smoking." I stared incredulously at him; then I glanced at Celia to see how she would take it. To my surprise, she only smiled and said: "All right. Go and tell Denise to come to me a minute. I want to speak to her."

He went off in a hurry for her maid, who came up just as the train was starting. "Here, jump in, Denise. I want to speak to you," cried Celia. "I can pay the extra on your ticket at the other end."

Denise was bundled in, and the train started without my having time to exchange another word with my sister.

I stood waving my hand until the train was nearly out of sight, although Celia did not look once out of the window; then I turned away, feeling disconsolate.

I felt furiously angry with Vernon. How hateful of him to go smoking and leave Celia to travel by herself just when she must have been dying to talk over the wedding and everything! How lonely she would be on that long, dull journey! They were going to stop at York for the night, but she would have nearly five hours alone with her maid.

Poor Celia! I had warned her he was selfish, but it is no use warning people who are in love—they are always so peculiar. I felt a little disappointed in my sister, to tell the truth, for I never thought she would have surrendered so easily. She hadn't even looked cross, but had smiled at Vernon.

How dreadfully soon marriage changes some people! I found mamma still rather watery about the eyes. She asked me a great many questions and was most indignant at Vernon's selfishness.

"Fancy slighting my darling girl like that that!" she said angrily.

"And fancy her taking it so calmly," I added.

"I wish she had never left us," sobbed mamma. "I know he will bully her. I never heard of a man doing such a thing in my life. My poor, neglected child!"

We could talk and think of nothing else and sat down to dinner feeling lonely and miserable. At about half past 9, as I was felling quite worn out with excitement and fatigue, I thought I would go to bed. I kissed mamma and begged her not to worry about Celia.

"I wonder what she is doing?" she said tearfully. "I do hope they will not quarrel, Dot."

I said I was sure they would't, as Celia had never quarreled with anybody in her life. I was just going upstairs when I heard the front door bell ring violently.

"I can't see any one, Dot," mamma called out to me. "I am too tired and upset to-night."

"We're out, James," I said to the footman, and added reassuringly to mamma: "It will only be what Celia calls a post-humous wedding present."

I waited a moment to see. Suddenly I heard a peremptory voice saying: "Here, James, take in this box. Denise is coming on with the others in a four wheeler. Where is Miss Dot?"

"I simply flew across the hall, "Oh, Celia, darling, whatever is the matter?" I cried out excitedly.

Celia stopped to kiss mamma, who had rushed into the hall at the sound of her voice, then she slipped her arm into mine. "Come along into the dining-room, dears," she said, "and I will tell you all about it, but do order me some dinner first; I am dreadfully hungry." She spoke quite brightly, but her face was pale, and I don't think her tears were far off. Then she told us what she had done. As soon as I left her she arranged with Denise to get out at Peterborough and catch the next express back to town. Vernon had luckily never seen her. Poor mamma looked rather dazed, as though she hardly understood what had happened.

"It serves him right, Celia," I said angrily, but whatever will he do? Won't he be fearfully angry!" I felt nervous, but Celia only shrugged her shoulders.

"Likely he will," she replied coolly, "but after all what can he do excepting swear? You see, I have begun as I mean to go on, Dot, and I must await developments. I expect he will soon come and take me back," she added cheerfully, "and try to hush it up. No man likes being made a fool of, but it was really more than I could stand." She yawned and raised her pretty arms above her head.

"And now let's go to bed. I'm so awfully tired. It's useless to sit here and speculate as to what he will do. I am all right in the meantime, as I have brought my trousseau back with me."

* * * * * * * *

The next morning Celia received a frantic telegram from Vernon, and in the afternoon he arrived. Mamma and I thought it kinder not to see him. Celia had a long interview with him in the dining room, after which she ran up to us, and giving us each a hasty kiss, whispered she would tell us all about it to-morrow. Then they drove off together and Denise followed with the luggage.

I believe they stayed at a hotel for the night and caught the express to Scotland. We did not see Celia again for several weeks, and when she wrote all she told us that Vernon was a "dear." They seem happy now and I sometimes think I never saw a man more attentive to his wife. Celia seems devotedly fond of him. Of course I always knew she was strong minded, but I must say I have often wondered how she managed.—*Westminster Budget.*

WAITING FOR HER BOY.

A few years ago, in one of the growing cities of New York State, there was a home into which the sorrow of a father's death had entered. The sons, of whom there were several, were of a nervous temperament, full of animation and exposed to many temptations which endanger the youth in large cities.

The widowed mother realized the vast importance of her responsibility, and many a time did she look upward toward the Heavenly Father for divine aid in the guidance of her fatherless boys. She made it a rule never to retire for rest at night until all her sons were at home. But as the boys grew older this became a severe tax both on her time and health, often keeping the faithful mother watching until the midnight hour.

One of her boys displayed a talent for music, and became a skilful violinist. He drifted among the wrong class of people, and was soon at balls and parties that seldom dispersed until the early hours of the day.

Upon one occasion it was nearly seven o'clock in the morning before he went to his home. Entering the house and opening the door of the sitting room, he saw a sight never to be effaced from his memory.

In the old rocking chair sat his aged mother fast asleep, but evidently she had been weeping. Her frilled cap, as white as snow, covered her gray hair; the knitting had fallen from her hands, while the tallow from the candle had run over the candle stick and down her dress.

Going up to her the young man exclaimed: "Why, mother! What are you doing here?"

His voice startled her, and, upon the question being repeated, she attempted to rise and piteously, but oh so tenderly looking up into his face, said: "I am waiting for my boy."

The sad look and those wordless expressive of that long night's anxiety, quite overcame the lad, and he said: "Dear mother, you shall never wait again like this for me."

That resolution has never been broken. But since then that mother has passed into the world beyond, where she still watches and waits, but not in sorrow, for her boy.

IDENTIFIED.

Tourist (who calls at village postoffice for registered letter)—But why can't you let me have it?

Postmaster—Have you any proof of your identity?

Tourist—No.

Postmaster—Don't you know anybody in the village.

Tourist—No.

Postmaster—Have you a photograph of yourself or anything?

Tourist—Yes.

Postmaster (comparing photo with original)—Certainly, sir, it's you. I'll get you the letter.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

SOME FACTS ABOUT CANADA'S PRODUCTS.

Figures from the Dominion Statistical Year Book for 1897—Exports and Products of the Mines.

Canada last year produced 239,691 tons of gypsum valued at $214,531.

The limestone for flux produced in Canada last year was valued at $40,000.

The value of the mica produced in Canada in 1897 was $75,000.

Canada produced last year 3,905 tons of ochres valued at $23,560.

Mineral water to the value of $140,000 was produced in Canada in 1897.

The moulding sand found in Canada last year totalled 5,485 tons, valued at $10,931.

The value of the natural gas produced in Canada last year was $325,873.

Canada produced last year 3,609,857 barrels of petroleum valued at $1,011,546.

Phosphates amounting to 908 tons were produced in Canada last year, the value being $8,984.

In 1897 Canada produced 38,910 tons of pyrites valued at $116,730.

Last year's salt output in Canada was valued at $190,000.

Canada produced last year 205,218 barrels of cement valued at $275,278.

Flag stones to to the value of $7,190 were produced by Canada last year.

The slate product in Canada last year reached a value of $42,800.

Canada's miscellaneous mineral product last year reached a value of $14,542,930.

The value of the export of domestic asbestos by Canada last year was $510,916.

Canada last year exported $8,830,017 worth of domestic coal.

The domestic copper exported by Canada last year was $550,402.

Canada's domestic gold exported last year was valued at $2,804,101.

The gypsum, domestic, exported by Canada last year was valued at $188,876.

The iron ore of Canada exported last year was valued at $26,979.

Canada last year exported domestic iron and steel valued at $522,088.

The value of the domestic mica exported last year by Canada was $61,098.

The nickel exported by Canada last year was valued at $498,510.

Canada exported in domestic phosphates value amounting to $275.

The domestic silver exported by Canada last year reached $3,613,173 in value.

In 1896 Canada exported $47,721 worth of stone and marble. Miscellaneous articles to the value of $756,847 were also exported.

The total value of the exports of Canada's mineral production last year was $11,906,918. Of this Great Britain's portion was $582,570.

The United States took minerals valued at $10,701,824.

British possessions took Canadian minerals amounting to $325,578.

Germany took $97,191 worth.

The coal areas of Canada are estimated at 97,200 square miles, not including areas known, but as yet undeveloped, in the far north.

The coal areas of Nova Scotia cover about 685 square miles. They are divided into the Cape Breton, the Pictou and the Cumberland basins. It is estimated that Nova Scotia contains 7,000,000,000 tons of coal.

Anthracite in 8-feet and 6-feet seams, comparing favorably with that from Pennsylvania, has been found in Queen Charlotte's Island.

Nova Scotia last year produced 2,465,387 tons of coal.

British Columbia, in 1897, produced 988,796 tons of coal.

Manitoba and Northwest Territories in 1896, produced 225,868 tons of coal.

New Brunswick in 1896 produced 7,500 tons of coal.

The total coal product of Canada for 1897 was 3,876,201, the highest on record.

Of the coal product of Nova Scotia, 2,555,031 tons was sold, and 210,956 tons used in colliery consumption.

Of the coal product of British Columbia last year, 679,751 tons were sold for export and 309,045 tons used at home.

In British Columbia, the only collieries at present in operation are on Vancouver Island, and are situated at Nanaimo, Wellington Union, and West Wellington, and are four in number.

Canada last year imported 1,457,295 tons of free anthracite coal valued at $5,695,160.

The quantity of dutiable bituminous coal imported last year was 1,503,476 tons valued at $8,254,217.

Canada last year exported 1,102,067 tons of coal, valued at $3,830,017.

The quantity of coal dust imported into Canada last year was 225,562 tons, valued at $59,699.

The imports of gas coke for use in Canadian manufactures only last year was 93,380 tons, valued at $207,540.

Canada produced last year 78,811 tons of coke, valued at $209,920.

The consumption of coal in Canada in 1897 was 5,974,556 tons, an average of 1,152 tons per head.

Nova Scotia last year exported 384,188 tons of coal.

The Northwest Territories exported 8,774,081 tons.

New Brunswick exported 167,889 tons.

Ontario imported last year for home consumption 2,804,891 tons of coal.

Quebec imported and consumed 498,882 tons.

Nova Scotia imported for consumption 45,341 tons.

New Brunswick imported and consumed 60,523 tons.

Manitoba imported and consumed 25,267 tons.

British Columbia imported and consumed 5,496 tons.

Prince Edward Island last year imported for home consumption 1,870 tons.

HER PRETTY TEETH.

In a Vine street car the other day, says a Cincinati daily, were an old gentleman with an ear-trumpet and a very pretty young woman, accompanied by a pretty little boy. She smiled at intervals to the boy and showed her pretty teeth in a bewitching way. All at once the old man, in the way so peculiar to so many deaf people who do not know how to moderate their voices, so loud as to be audible all over the car: "I only paid $5 for my upper set of teeth. What did yours cost?" To say that the pretty woman was mad is putting it mildly. She flounced around with a flush of anger blazing in her cheeks, and signalled the conductor to let her out at the next crossing.

AS IT SOMETIMES HAPPENS.

Scene—Dining room of suburban residence. Family party at dinner.

Dramatis personæ:

Mr. Henry Kydd.
Mrs. Henry Kydd.
Freddy Kydd, aged six.
Bessie Kydd, aged four.
Willie Kydd, aged two.
Mr. Benjamin Byrd, guest.
Ellen, the maid.

The soup has been removed, and Mr. Byrd essays to tell one of his good stories.

"There was a singular thing happened to me this summer," said he, "while I was travelling from—"

"Ellen, put the baby's bib on."

"Nah!"

"Yes, darling, let Ellen put your bib on."

"Na-a-a-h!"

"Have your bib on sir, or I'll—Go ahead, old man; these youngsters, you know!"

"I was travelling from Kansas City to Denver and had to—"

"Freddy, put your plate down."

—"Had to stop off at a small place called Dinkyville, to see—"

"Ellen, bring the children's milk."

Chorus—"I don't want no milk!"

"If you won't drink your milk you can't have any cake. Excuse me, Mr. Byrd, you were saying—"

"I had to see an old fellow down there who had been a customer of—"

Bang! Bang! Bang!

"Give mamma the spoon, darling."

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

"Ellen, take the spoon away from him! Dear me, what a child! And what did you do then, old—Don't touch it again, do you hear!

Getting badly rattled—"Well, I-er, where was I? Oh, yes; well I got off this train at Dinkyville and found there was no—"

"Mamma!"

"H-s-s-s-h!"

"No team to be had and nothing to do but to foot—"

"Mamma!"

"H-s-s-s-h!" darling, Mr. Byrd is telling such a funny story—listen!"

"Let me help you to another piece of the beef, old man, no, well go on with your yarn."

"Oh, it doesn't amount to anything—just one of those queer things that—"

"Well, go ahead, we're all listening. Pass the bread Ellen."

"I just left my grip with the station-agent and started along. It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and I said to myself—"

"Bessie, don't put your knife in your mouth!

"Er—um—I said to myself, you're doing a foolhardy thing, young man. Of course I carried a revolver, but—"

"Look out for your glass, Freddy! There it goes! Oh, you naughty boy."

"Ellen, bring a towel, quick. Sit up in your chair, sir. I've a good mind to send you upstairs. You ought to be thankful you are not married, Mr. Byrd, what would you do with a boy like Freddy. Henry, can't you pull the baby's chair a little nearer the table. He has dropped his silver mug on the floor. I want you to look at that mug, Mr. Byrd; his godmother sent it to him from Paris."

The mug is examined and praised. The subject of the children's respective birthdays comes up, and the story is never finished, never even asked for.—E. S. in *Truth.*

NEW BOOKS.

We have before us the advance sheets of a new work on Ontario Municipal Law just coming from the press. Judging from these pages, it is an admirable condensation and classification of our Municipal Code, given in clear concise and plain language, with all the important features and special points thrown out prominently by means of sub-headings in black-faced type, which makes it easy for the eye at once to catch the exact point required without spending time and labor in reading half a paragraph to find out whether that is what is wanted or not. This is a great consideration for busy men, as well as an indispensable requisite for a book that should always be on the table in the Council chamber for reference, not only by the head of the Council, but also by members during Council meetings. It is just such a work as every municipal officer, and aspirant to municipal office in Ontario should possess. The closing chapter contains our Parliamentary rules of order, or the Laws Governing Debate in the Council chamber and the Lodge. This will doubtless be appreciated by the thousands of society and lodge men, and women too, for that matter, as well as by municipal and political officers.

This book is to be sold by subscription and at a popular price. Interested parties can get all information by addressing the publisher, W. H. Anger, B. A., 41 Richmond Street West, Toronto. A hint to wide-awake agents is scarcely necessary but it seems to us many shekels might be quickly picked up between now and New Year's Day in handling this work.

A HARD SHOT.

Among the stories told of Dr. Emmons, a well-known clergyman of a former day and generation, there are many which show his keen wit.

In the town where he was pastor there lived a physician who was a pantheist and who took pains to let everyone know it. He had made frequent boast that he could easily conquer Dr. Emmons in argument, and one day came his chance. He and the doctor met at the house of a sick man.

"How old are you, sir?" asked the physician brusquely.

"Sixty-two," replied Dr. Emmons quietly, although his eyes showed his surprise. "May I ask your age in turn?"

"I've been alive since the creation in one form or another," said the physician curtly.

"Ah, then I suppose you were with Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden?" inquired the doctor.

"Certainly," came the reply.

"Um!" said Dr. Emmons placidly, meditating on the other's face. "I always thought there was a third person there, but some have differed from me."—*Youth's Companion.*

Success comes to those who persevere. If you take Hood's Sarsaparilla faithfully and persistently, you will surely be benefited.

FROST.

It glitters in the meadow,
It silvers all the morn,
It sparkles on the pumpkin
Among the stacks of corn.
It glistens on the window
Through which the sunshine flows,
To turn it into jewels
Of lilac, green and rose.
Although it's very pretty,
I find much more delight
And pleasure in the frost-work,
That makes the plum-cake white.

DON'T BE SOFT.

Some people don't know the difference between meekness and weakness. There is a good deal. A meek man is not an ass that lets everybody saddle and bridle him, nor a door mat that lets every clodhopper wipe his boots on him. The creeping, wobbling creature that adapts his locomotion to every new surrounding is not a meek man, but a weak man. A meek man has backbone stiff enough to keep his head straight and pliant enough to get through an ordinary doorway. No one admires the aggressive nuisance who disturbs and demoralizes everybody and everything with which he comes in contact, but we have no patience with the simpleton, who hasn't enough confidence in himself to wipe his own nose without being let. Don't go around apologizing for being on the earth. If you are a man that is excuse enough. Stand out for the treatment a man should receive and get it. Beware of being made a tool of by those who will traffic in your innocence and softness if they get the least chance. Remember "the simple believeth every word, but the prudent man looketh well to his going." This does not mean that you should be suspicious of everybody but keep your weather eye open for your own interests. Don't be fooled with sugar sticks or fox talk. Be meek in the sense of being above or receiving wrong, but beware of being weak. There is all the difference in the world between the two.

EVEN WITH HER CROSS-EXAMINER.

"Now," said the lawyer who was conducting the cross-examination, "will you please state how and where you first met this man?"

"I think," said the lady with the sharp nose, "that it was——"

"Never mind what you think," interrupted the lawyer. "We want facts here. We don't care what you think, and we haven't any time to waste in listening to what you think. Now, please tell us where and when it was that you first met this man."

The witness made no reply.

"Come, come," urged the lawyer, "I demand an answer to my question."

Still no response from the witness.

"Your honor," said the lawyer turning to the Court. "I think I am entitled to an answer to the question I have put."

"The witness will please answer the question," said the Court, in impressive tones.

"Can't," said the lady.

"Why not?"

"The Court doesn't care to hear what I think, does it?"

"No."

"Then there's no use questioning me any further. I am not a lawyer. I can't talk without thinking." So they called the next witness.

NEW LITERATURE.

A new volume by Rev. John McDougall, son of Rev. Geo. McDougall, the pioneer missionary to the Northwest, has just been published. It's alliterative title is "Pathfinding on Plain and Prairie." Like "Forest, Lake and Prairie," and "Saddle, Sled and Snowshoe," this volume is a succession of valuable history of the early days of the Canadian Northwest. It rehearses in most interesting detail all the events which went to make up the experience of the pioneer missionaries, and early settlers and their relations with the various tribes of Indians who frequented the prairies and woodlands of these wonderful provinces. A perusal of its well written and vividly illustrated chapters gives a lucid insight into the commendable and successful plans adopted for the civilizing and christianizing of the Indians—a contrast indeed to the treatment of the red men on the United States side of the line. The volume is well adapted for the Sunday School and Public Library and will be read with avidity and profit by the boys of any community. It is well bound in cloth, 300 pages. Price $1.00. Wm. Briggs, Publisher, Toronto.

NOVEMBER DYEING.

Success, Profit and Pleasure when Diamond Dyes are Used.

Thousands of city and country women and girls will dye during the month of November. Old dresses, costumes, caps, jackets, wraps, shawls, and clothing for men and boys will be brought from attics, closets and boxes, and prepared for the dye bath.

It is safe to assert that every wife, mother and daughter who has heard of the wonder-working Diamond will use them in preference to any other make of dyes.

It is unnecessary to dilate upon the many grand results that users of Diamond Dyes obtain. A few words will tell the story. The Diamond Dyes will make the old things look as fresh and as good as new, and will give colors that sun or washing cannot fade. The unfortunate women who are induced by some dealers to buy imitation and adulterated dyes will certainly suffer loss of money, time and materials.

There is profit in home dyeing only when the Diamond Dyes are used. See that you get the "Diamond" from your dealer; refuse all imitations.

Perhaps she had noticed that the leading lady didn't have her sunburnt wig on straight.—Denver *Post.*

Catarrh.

Is a constitutional disease, and can be successfully treated only by means of a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which thoroughly purifies the blood and removes the scrofulous taints which cause catarrh. The great number of testimonials from those who have been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla prove the unequalled power of this medicine over catarrh.