The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXIV.---NO 27. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1899. PRICE THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, - - ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

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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 5 p.m
SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

DENTAL.

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

J. COUGHLAN, 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—Perryman'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 at 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 236, or telephone 36, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph.

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

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

Balance of
Toys,
Xmas Boxes,
Fancy Boxes,
Toilet Cases,
Dolls,
Pocket Books,
Writing Folios,
and other Holiday
Sundries
—AT—
. . Half Price
—AT—
DAY'S BOOKSTORE, Guelph.
Day's sells cheap.

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

W. BARBER & BROS.
PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
—AND—
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.
The paper used in this journal is from the above mills
WM. BARBER & BROS

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets trains between 9 a. m. and 8:8 p. m.
Careful attention given to everyorder
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

Sun Savings and Loan Co.
HEAD OFFICE - 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.

Highest Prices Paid
FOR
Wheat,
Pease,
Oats,
Barley,
Rye.
—AT—
ACTON ELEVATOR.
Car Choice Corn for sale.
Full stock Flour and Feed.
P. HARRIS,
MANAGER.

Latest and Best Designs of
MONUMENTS
IN GRANITE AND MARBLE AT
20 to 30 per cent. Reduction
J. H. HAMILTON
PROPRIETOR
Granite & Marble Works,
GUELPH
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 Canadian or American granite.
Office and Works—HAMILTON'S BLOCK, WOOLWICH AND NORFOLK STS.,
GUELPH - ONT
Branch Works—New Hamburg, Ont

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 6th.
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..... 8 cents.
$10 to $20..... 10 cents.
$20 to $30..... 12 cents.
$30 to $50..... 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 if payable in Guelph.
A general banking business transacted.
A. F. H. JONES, Manager.

HEADQUARTERS
FOR
New Year Goods.
Skates,
Cutlery,
Pocket Knives,
Silver Novelties,
Silver Plated Ware,
Carpet Sweepers,
Breadboards,
Table Bells,
Lamps.
J. M. BOND & CO.
GUELPH.

McKEE'S
EMULSION
OF PURE
Cod Liver Oil
With Hypophosphites of LIME & SODA
A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR
Pulmonary Diseases, Coughs and Colds and General Debility.
Contains the Tonic and Nutritive Properties of these popular remedies in their fullest form. Very pleasant to the taste and is easily digested.
Highly recommended by the Medical Faculty.
DIRECTIONS;
DOSE—For adults a tablespoonful three times a day after meals. For children in like proportion.
This Emulsion is as palatable as cream. It assimilates readily and will not nauseate the most sensitive stomach.
J. D. McKEE,
ACTON, ONT.

WATERS BROS.,
Guelph,
Wish all their friends and customers a
HAPPY NEW YEAR
Did you get one of their handsome calendars?

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.

STOVES,
TINWARE.
EAVETROUGHING.
The latest designs in Coal and Wood Heating and Cook Stoves. Easy to manage, easy on fuel.
Tinware in profusion of best quality at low prices.
Orders taken for Eavetroughing to be put up when desired. Call and get prices.
General jobbing promptly done.
G. A. Pannabecker,
Mrs. Secord's Block - - Acton.

ACTIVE Solicitors wanted everywhere for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the roar of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address, F. T. BARBER, Sec'y. Star Insurance Building, Chicago.

Poetry.

IF.

If all who hate would love us
And all our loves were true,
The stars that hang above us
Would brighten in the blue
If cruel words were kisses,
And every scowl a smile,
A better world than this is
Would hardly be worth while;
If purses would untighten
To meet a brother's need,
The load we bear would lighten
Above the grave of greed.

If those who whine would whistle,
And those who languish laugh,
The rose would rout the thistle,
The grain outrun the chaff;
If hearts were only jolly,
If grieving were forgot,
And tears and melancholy
Were things that now are not—
Then Love would kneel to Duty,
And all the world would seem
A bridal bower of beauty,
A dream within a dream.

If men would cease to worry,
And women cease to sigh,
And all be glad to bury
Whatever has to die—
If neighbor spoke to neighbor
As love demands of all,
The rust would eat the sabre,
The spear stay on the wall;
Then every day would glisten,
And every eye would shine,
And God would pause to listen,
And life would be divine.

—*Washington Times.*

Select Family Reading.

Mrs. Phelps' Revelaton.

"Madam, I need help; won't you give me something?"

The question was addressed to Mrs. Phelps, who had just entered her carriage.

"No, I've no money to waste on lazy vagabonds!" was her sharp reply, as the carriage door slammed.

Mrs. Phelps, a wealthy young widow, prominent in fashionable society, was in an unpleasant frame of mind. She had just visited three of the largest stores in the city in a vain search for a certain costly fabric, and now felt that she was an exceedingly unfortunate and most ill-used individual. Presently the carriage drew up in front of another store, which Mrs. Phelps entered, after instructing her four-year-old son to remain seated in the carriage until her return. Master Phelps was very obedient for about three minutes; then his attention was attracted by something which appealed to him quite as strongly as to a less aristocratic juvenile—the antics of a monkey under charge of a peripatetic musician. Standing on tiptoe, he laid his hand against the door, which, having been accidently left unfastened, yielded to the pressure and partly opened, and in a very short time the young gentleman was out of the carriage and half-way across the street. Then, in an instant there was a hoarse cry of warning, a woman's shriek, and something grasped the boy, swung him from right in front of a runaway team, and laid him, frightened and screaming in his mother's arms.

After she had soothed the child and put him into the carriage, Mrs. Phelps turned to the rather shabbily dressed man to whose agility her son's rescue was due.

"You have saved my Arthur's life!" she exclaimed. "Come to my residence and name your reward. Mean while take this," and she handed him a twenty-dollar gold piece.

But the man refused the proffered gold.

"Why should you award a lazy vagabond? That is what you called me a bit ago when I asked you for something," he remarked.

Mrs. Phelps looked at him closely and recognized him.

"I was out of humor," she exclaimed. "Pardon what I said, and tell me how I can assist you."

"Madam, you've invited me to come to your home. If you'd do me a kindness, come to mine instead."

Mrs. Phelps looked at him in amazement.

"I can hardly do that," she said, "I would much rather—"

"As you please, madam, I'm glad I was able to rescue your child. If you're glad I wish you'd visit my home. It isn't too much to ask."

"What is your name, and where do you live?"

He said his name was James Thompson, and named an obscure street as his address.

"After I've taken my child home, I'll call to see you," said Mrs. Phelps.

"I'll be there by the time you are," he responded.

An hour later, Mrs. Phelps, accompanied by a trusty servant, having driven into a narrow street, entered a most uninviting tenement, and ascending three flights of rickety, filthy stairs, was admitted to a small attic room, lighted by a single window. The floor was carpetless. A cracked stove, an old table, a large box which served as a cupboard, a bed, and two or three broken backed chairs, were the only furniture. But though so bare and comfortless, the room was clean. Upon the scantily covered bed lay two persons, a woman of perhaps thirty-five, and a little girl of about six, both evidently ill, and both sleeping uneasily.

"I asked you to come here because I wanted you to see this," said Thompson, in a low voice. "This," with a comprehensive wave of the hand, "is my home. You see all my furniture, except what's at the pawnshop. I have no fire, and no fuel to make it with. I have a little medicine left by the doctor, but none of the comforts needed by my sick wife and child. This, madam, is why I asked you for help this morning."

Mrs. Phelps covered her face.

"I never dreamed of anything like this," she said.

"There are many things which you rich people never dream of," said Thompson bitterly.

"How long have you been in this deplorable condition?" asked Mrs. Phelps.

"To-day is the first I've had to beg," was the reply: "I'd have thrown myself into the river rather than do it if it hadn't been for them. But I couldn't see them starve. I came to the city five years or more ago," he added, after a moment's pause. "I had bad luck, for work was dull. From having a little house by ourselves, we were obliged to remove here and then my wife, who is a good seamstress, succeeded in getting men's trousers to make at eighteen cents a pair."

"Eighteen cents a pair!" exclaimed Mrs. Phelps.

"Yes; but the price soon fell to fifteen cents, and as I was out of employment, I helped with the sewing. By working from early in the morning till late at night we managed to earn enough to pay our rent and buy sufficient food to keep us from starving. But the rates went down, down, down, to thirteen, to twelve, even to ten cents a pair."

—"What!—Ten cents for making a pair of trousers? Who is mean enough to pay such wages as that?"

"The great clothing firm of Phelps & Co., madam!"

"Phelps & Co.? Impossible!"

"The firm, madam, of which your husband is head. I wonder if, when he gave largely to some library, church or hospital, he ever thought of the poor wretches who toiled day and night, summer and winter, with aching eyes, weary fingers and hungry stomachs, that the mill which ground out his money might turn him out a good-sized grist! I can take you to half a dozen families in this very house who make trousers for Phelps & Co., at the same prices and who, like us, have finished coats at from five to ten cents each, and make knee pants at sixteen to eighteen cents a dozen pairs."

"Eighteen cents a dozen pairs! You don't mean that?"

"Yes, madam, I do. When Phelps & Co. pay ten cents for making a pair of trousers which sell for $3, is it any wonder that the firm prospers exceedingly and that your husband was able to give away his thousands?'

"This is a revelation to me," said Mrs. Phelps. "I cannot see how you managed to exist at all."

"It's been a hard, hard struggle," replied Thompson. "With the aid of our little girl—for she has been sewing ever since she was four year old—we were occasionally able to earn a dollar a day; but that was seldom. We had to pay a dollar and a quarter per week for this room, and hardly ever had more than four dollars a week to feed, clothe and warm the three of us. But for the last six months the child has been ill. Ten days ago my wife took sick, and because of having to wait on her and the child, I was able to do so little sewing that the foreman got angry the other day, and refused to give me any more work. Besides, we have been falling behind with the rent, and only yesterday I received notice that if I don't pay by the end of the week, I and my sick family must leave."

"Outrageous! Who is your landlord?"

Thompson took a paper from his pocket and remarking that it was his last receipt, handed it to Mrs. Phelps, who, after a single glance started, and then stood staring at it in open-mouthed astonishment. For her own name was affixed to the receipts.

"What!" she ejaculated, as soon as she could find her voice. "This house—mine?"

"So it seems."

"This is my agent's work," said Mrs. Phelps, half to herself. "And he would have turned you into the street! Horrible!"

"Mr. Thompson," she said, "I thank you for insisting that I came here. You have opened my eyes to some things I was blind to before. Take this—it is only a very small part of the heavy debt I owe you. Buy fuel, food, clothing, furniture, medicines—whatever you and your sick family most require. Spend freely, but pay no rent; this room shall never cost you another cent."

"God bless you, madam!" Thompson exclaimed, his eyes filling with tears. "I take your gifts now with a glad and thankful heart. I felt sure that all you needed was to see and understand. But, O, remember that there are others in this house almost as badly off as you found me."

"I shall not forget," said Mrs. Phelps as she departed.

Upon reaching home, Mrs. Phelps went to her room and shut herself in. Her visit to James Thompson's had been indeed a revelation to her. How had she discharged the responsibility which the possession of great wealth carries with it? By lavishing money on flowers, music, rich viands and the like, when so many were lacking the necessaries of life. And most humiliating thought of all, much of the very wealth which she enjoyed had been earned for her by those same starving poor. Theirs it was—not hers—if justice was done. In her humiliation she knelt and offered what was, perhaps, the first real prayer that had risen from her lips for a long time; a prayer in which she craved pardon for the thoughtlessness, selfishness and frivolity of the past, and consecrated her wealth to the service of Christ and of those concerning whom He said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these.....ye have done it unto Me."

* * * * *

A year has passed. James Thompson, with his wife and daughter, both of whom had been restored to health, are living in a neat, pleasant house, the gift of Mrs. Phelps, through whose instrumentality Thompson has procured lucrative employment. The year has witnessed other changes, too—especially in the real estate owned by Mrs. Phelps. Very promptly she called upon her agent and gave that individual some instructions which fairly took his breath away. She obtained from him a list of all tenements owned by her, and then set to work to systematically visit each house and the families occupying it. Such poverty, squalor and degradation as she encountered! As a result of this inspection, she ordered a general reduction of the rents, a thorough cleaning of all the houses and numerous repairs, while some squalid habitations she ordered to be demolished.

A company of philanthropic persons organized through her efforts, purchased an entire block of rickety tenements, tore them down and erected a series of modern structures in which suites of rooms were offered at rates far lower than those prevailing in the surrounding tenements. The houses were soon filled with a population who had clean quarters to start with and every inducement to keep them so. And contrary to all expectations, the enterprise has yielded a fair rate of interest on the money invested in it.

Phelps & Co. no longer pay starvation wages to their employees. Mrs. Phelps husband had bequeathed her a controlling interest in the firm, and one day she startled the other members of the firm by proposing a heavy increase in the rates paid for making up clothing. They demurred, and said that such an increase would bankrupt the firm. But Mrs. Phelps persisted in her demand and finally induced the senior partner to accompany her to the abodes of some of the people employed by the firm. They had not visited many places when he said he had seen quite enough.

"How do you suppose the patronage of Phelps & Co. would be effected," said Mrs. Phelps, "if our customers were aware that their new garments had been lying a few hours before on the dirty floor of a tenement or on the bed of a child sick with a contagious disease?"

Being unable to answer this question satisfactorily, both parties submitted to the inevitable. The wages were raised, and, far from becoming bankrupt the firm of Phelps & Co. is more prosperous than ever. And Mrs. Phelps to-day is a very cheerful happy woman—far happier than when she was a devotee at the altar of fashion. For she knows she has the smile of Him to whom she has consecrated not only her wealth and time, but herself.

—N. Y. *Observer.*

ABOUT MILITARY TITLES.

The title of captain, applied to the commander of a company, is from the Latin caput, a head. Shakespeare used it in the sense of a chief commander.

Lieutenant comes from the French lieu (place) and the Latin tenere (holding). The title therefore belongs to one who holds or supplies the place of his superior.

Major is the title of the officer next in rank above a captain. He commands a battalion. The word is compounded with the titles of certain non-commissioned officers to show that they are the chiefs of their ranks, as sergeant major, drum major, etc.

In some European armies the lieutenant colonel is the actual commander of his regiment, the colonelcy being honorary. For example, Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales are honorary colonels of certain regiments in the Germany army. Colonel was originally coronel, and was introduced into English from the Spanish about the middle of the sixteenth century.

A commissioned officer is one to whom the head of the National or State Government has given a document conferring upon him authority to perform the various functions of his rank. A noncommissioned company officer holds his place by appointment of the company commander with the approval of the regiment; a member of the non-commissioned staff is appointed by the regimental commander.

A very important commissioned officer of the regimental staff is the adjutant, whose title comes from adjutans, the present participle of the Latin verb adjutare (to assist), and whose province it is to aid his commander in the discharge of the details of his military duty. The records of the regiment are in his charge, he receives the returns from company commanders, receives and communicates orders, forms the parades, etc. His duties are multifarious, and he is altogether the busiest officer of a regiment, if he performs them all faithfully.—N. O. Picayune.

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

On a certain hot summer day a celebrated naturalist entertained a company of distinguished savants at dinner, at the conclusion of which they all went out in the garden.

In the centre of the grounds there stood on a pedestal a large glass globe. One of the guests happened to touch this globe, and found, to his amazement, that it was warmer on the shady side than on the side turned to the sun. He communicated his discovery to the guests, who at once proceeded to verify the statement.

What could be the cause?

An animated discussion ensued, in the discourse of which every imaginable law of physics was made to account for this strange paradox. At length they agreed that it must be so owing to the laws of reflection, repulsion or exhalation or some other law of physics with a long name.

The host was, however, not quite convinced, and calling the gardener, he said to him:

"Pray tell us why the globe is warmer on the shady side than on the side turned to the sun?"

The man replied:

"Because just now I turned it round for fear of it cracking with the heat."—London *Tit-Bits.*

ALCOHOL A BRAIN POISON.

It is so to all intents and purposes. It seizes with its disorganizing energy upon that mysterious part whose steady and undisturbed action holds man in true and responsible relations with his family, with society, and with God, and it is this fearful part that gives to government and society their tremendous interests on the question. Is not society, is not every individual who makes, sells or patronizes the use of alcohol and leads the wretch to temptation and death, responsible? Must not alcohol be a subject of law? Surely it must. There has always been a jurisprudence of alcohol; there is still; and the necessity for it will continue. But, the demand of the age is for a new, a higher and juster legislation, for more thorough and potential law, through which the most ubiquitous and omnipotent energy of government shall be expressed for the protection of society.—E. L. Youmans, Founder of the *Popular Science Monthly.*

AS BIG AS A SAUCER.

A youth at school in Haddington who lacked musical talent, and whose voice consequently jarred during the singing lesson, was always allowed a holiday on singing days. His mother, failing to divine the cause of her son's enforced absence, paid a visit to the school to inquire into the matter. In answer to her query as to why her son was sent home on such occasions, the teacher said, "Why, simply because he has no ear!" "What!" she exclaimed. "Nae ear? Did onybody ever hear the like o' that! Nae ear, why he has a ing like a saucer, man!"

SCOTTY COLAPSES.

In a certain regiment, an Irishman and a Scotchman being in company, their conversation turned to feats of strength. Says Scotty to Pat: "Scotland can boast of the strongest man in the world." "How's that?" said Pat. "Well," says Scotty, "we have a man in Scotland that can put his arms around the biggest tree and pull it up by the roots." "Pshaw!" said Pat, "that's nothing. In Cold Ireland we have a man that can get into a boat and pull up the river." (Collapse of Scotty.)

Life insurance is a good thing but health insurance, by keeping the blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla, is still better.

HE WAS DISGUSTED.

A typical specimen of rugged and unlettered rurality, he had managed to make his way unchallenged to the room where a number of men were engaged in getting up articles of pith and moment for a great publication. One of them, a particularly profound and able writer, observed the intruder. He looked at him questioningly. The visitor beamed on him and exclaimed:

"Don't mind me. Go right ahead as if nothin' was happenin.'"

The ability man looked at him disapprovingly and tried to resume his work, but the knowledge that the stranger was standing near and with an expression of eager interest in his face banished inspiration.

"Did you want to see anybody in particular?" he inquired.

"No, I jes' happened along. Don't pay no 'tention to me. I don't get into town very often. These sights is a purty comfortin change from mountain scenery, an I thought so long as I'd looked at the outsides of most of the places along this street I'd like to take a squint at the inside. I s'pose these is your busy hours. I would not interrup' you for nuthin' in the world if you've got work to do."

"Well, there's no doubt about my having work to do," was the slightly testy rejoinder.

"Well, go right ahead. I've been hangin' around you here jes' out o' curiosity to see you work."

"Haven't you seen me working for the last 16 minutes? Haven't you seen me grabbing great thoughts out and hurling them through the world? Haven't you noticed the way the perspiration has poured off my brow as my brain shook with Titanic cerebral spasms?"

"No, I haint noticed."

"Well, you just watch."

He took his pen and proceeded with his writing.

"Mister," inquired the stranger, as he took his hat from the top of his whip, where he had hung it on entering, "is that what you call work?"

"I should say so."

He turned in silence and walked to the door. Then he cast a look of reproach on the man at the desk.

"Jes' sets there and sticks a pen in the bottle an' drags it over a piece of paper, an then when the ink runs out sticks it in the bottle ag'in an' then drags it over the paper tome more. An' a full-grown man calls that work! Well, I'll be dogged!"—

A SPLENDID NEWSPAPER.

Talk about charity, patience, sociability and bank accounts in connection with the happiness of a home! Why these things are but parts, not the whole of home life. A very necessary constituent part of social happiness is a good family newspaper. Not one devoted to market reports, murders and the morbid doings of the decadent undergrowth, but a brightly edited, finely printed, well illustrated, clean review of daily events in the world, comments and characterizations thereupon, and such an admixture of humor, poetry, personal gossip, and pretty pictures as shall add spice to the whole dish. Such a journal is *Toronto Saturday Night*, which for eleven years has been a source of joy in thousands of Toronto and provincial homes, and is eagerly looked for by those unhappily exiled from this Queen City of the West. *Saturday Night* takes life seriously but not sadly. Whilst it has no party to serve nor fad to float, it keeps a free lance for humbug, corruption and superstition, under whatever guise they present themselves. Its features of personal and social gossip, and current comments by Don and other writers won for it an immediate field which has ever since been held. There have been imitations but there is only one *Saturday Night*. Its editors and contributors are men and women who travel and think, and that is the reason their weekly output is so entertaining. Go with them and they'll advise thee, they'll cozen thee with wit, split thy sides with laughter and make life something more than a dull round of toil. *Saturday Night* really does not cost one anything, but the publishers and newsdealers expoot 5c. per copy or $2.00 per year. Printed and published at *Saturday Night* Building, 26-28 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, and for sale by Frank Gibbons and A. T. Brown, Acton.

THE FACTS IN THE CASE.

There was trouble on Deeplaines street the other night, and the editor sent the new reporter over to get the details. He got them as may be seen from his account of the affair, which is as follows:

"A man killed a dog belonging to another man. The son of the man whose dog was killed, proceeded to whip the man who killed the dog of the man he was the son of. The man who was the son of the man whose dog was killed, was arrested on complaint of the man who was assaulted by the son of the man whose dog the man who was assaulted had killed."—Chicago *News.*

A DIFFERENCE.

Walter (after seeing cows milked on his first visit to the country)—I don't care for any milk to-night.

Aunt Jane—Why, I thought you liked milk? When I was down to New York you used to drink it every meal.

Walter—Oh, yes, I like the kind that comes in cans, but I don't like cows' milk!—New York *Truth.*

KEPT ADELE WAITING.

In Pere-la-Chaise, Paris, there is a tombstone bearing at the top the inscription:—"Adele Ronald, 1836. I await you." Underneath is "Louis Ronald, 1881. Here am I." Some youngster has scribbled at the bottom the pithy criticism "He took his time."

HE KNEW HOW.

"Paddy, do you know how to drive?" said a traveler to the owner of a jaunting car.

"Sure I do," was the answer. "Wasn't it I upset you honor in a ditch two years ago?"—London *Tit-Bits.*

THAT IS WHAT HE MEANT.

He says he loves her for all he's worth, remarked Fangle.

He means for all she's worth, added Cumso.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup loosens the phlegm, heals and soothes the Lungs. Price 25c.

A GOOD WOMAN.

Busy at her work all day
Never asks a cent of pay,
Thinks it ought to be that way
Thank the Lord for Susan!

Singin' when she wants to sing,
Like the robins in the spring,
Scoldin' some, like everything,
Thank the Lord for Susan!

Always ready, day or night,
Always willin'—she's a sight,
When she comes to doin' right,
Thank the Lord for Susan!

Me an' seven children's what
She looks after, well or not,
And she's "mother" to the lot,
Thank the Lord for Susan!

Goes to church on Sundays too,
'Long with all she's got to do.
It's her that's goin' to pull me through,
Thank the Lord for Susan.

In her hair is streaks of gray,
And the crows' feet's come to stay
But I like her best that way,
Thank the Lord for Susan!

Made of consecrated clay,
She gits better every day
Thank the Lord for Susan!

—*W. J. Lambton in New York Sun*

Business Men's Corner.

SENTENCES AND MAXIMS

ON TACT.

Be courteous to all.

Never lose a chance of giving pleasure.

Tact often succeeds where force fails. Always remember that men are more easily led than driven, that in any case it is better to guide than coerce.

Meet the wishes of others as far as they are just and wise; but do not be afraid to say "No."

Endeavor always to make business transactions pleasant, that relations established may be maintained.

Business is a matter of sentiment and feeling far more than many suppose; every one likes to be treated with kindness and courtesy, and a frank pleasant manner will often clinch a bargain more effectually than a concession in price.

A gentle word turns away wrath; but an angry answer is less foolish than a sneer.

Have the courage of your convictions.

Be frank, and yet reserved.

Above all never loose your temper; in business particularly patience is a virtue.

If you suspect a man do not employ him; if you employ him do not suspect him.

Be cautious, but not over cautious; do not be too much afraid of making a mistake; a man who never makes a mistake will never make anything.

PENNY POSTAGE.

List of Countries that Will Enjoy the Benefit of Cheap Rates.

OTTAWA, Jan. 2.—Christmas saw the going into effect of Imperial Penny Postage between Canada and those portions of the British Empire which have given their adhesion to the scheme, and New Years it was extended to all points in Canada and the United States. The countries which up to date have entered into the arrangement, in addition to Canada, are:

The United States.
The United Kingdom.
British India.
Newfoundland.
Natal.
Bermuda.
Barbarooh.
Bahama Islands.
Jamaica.
British Guiana.
British Honduras.
British East Africa.
British Central Africa.
Uganda.
The Niger Coast Protectorate.
The Niger Company's territory.
Aden
Ascension.
Sarawak.
Malay Straits.
Jahore.

TO OUR WOMEN.

Worthless Home Dyes That Cause Serious Losses in Many Homes.

Many of our Canadian women have been so grossly deceived in the year just closed by worthless home dyes, that some have determined never again to try what is really a pleasant and profitable work when the Diamond Dyes are used.

While we sympathize with the many deceived women, we must say their decision is not a wise one. Because we have in our midst a few unskilled dye manufacturers, and money-loving merchants who for the sake of long profits are ready to sell poor goods, it is not fair to assert that all merchants are actuated by the same unworthy motives.

Deceptive dyes have usually plenty of bulk to recommend them, but this bulk is composed of common, coarse ingredients. Some dyes have just coloring power sufficient to make them dangerous to any ordinary material; others have a small percentage of color virtue with an extra supply of soap grease power. Such are the dyestuffs that have wrought ruin to good materials, dresses, skirts, blouses, ribbons, suits for men and boys, and brought consternation to many a trusting and worthy woman.

While it cannot be denied that deception has a footing in our land, it is pleasing to know that the Diamond Dyes, representing perfect work, honesty and truth, have brought gladness and profit to thousands of happy homes. All classes and conditions of woman have used the Diamond Dyes with unvarying success, and during the year 1898, not a failure was reported when the very simple directions were followed.

Diamond Dyes are prepared according to special scientific principles, and no other dyes in the world have cost so much to bring to their present standard of excellence. They are such that the wife, mother or daughter can use with confidence and profit.

Burdock Blood Bitters makes permanent cures in chronic diseases where other remedies fail to do good.

Worms cannot exist either in children or adults when Dr. Low's Worm Syrup is used. 25c. All dealers.