The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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CONTRACT RATES—The following table shows our rates for the insertion of advertisements for specified periods:—

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO
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5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

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Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. For changes oftener than once a month the composition must be paid for at regular rates.

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.
Office Hours:—8 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 3 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

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 2 to 6 p.m
SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

DENTAL.

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

J. 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 5.

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.

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. Bulling 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 terms, 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 639, or telephone 56, 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.
JAYNES & BROWN
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS 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

Slaughter Sale . .
OF
Wall Paper
—AT—
. . DAY'S

I have bought heavily for 1899. To make room for this new stock will clear the small lines and ends at slaughter price. Anything a year old goes at your own price.

3000 ROLLS
Ends of One to Four Rolls, at 2c a Roll.

DAY'S BOOKSTORE, Guelph.
Day's sells cheap.

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

CASH PAID
FOR
FARM PRODUCE
Butter Onions
Eggs Poultry
Pork Etc.
—Apples Wanted—
AIKENHEAD PRODUCE CO.
G. PARSONS, Manager. ACTON, Ont.

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 OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT.
Authorised 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.

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.

COOPER & AKINS
THE TAILORS.
WE are going to make Suits up at a BIG REDUCTION during this month in order to make room for our Spring Stock.
So if you need a SUIT or OVERCOAT now is your opportunity. During this month call and inspect our Stock. Prices will be right and all work guaranteed first-class and up to date.
COOPER & AKINS,
MAIN ST., - 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. SHAW, 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..... 12 cents.
$50 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.

CARPET - - SWEEPERS.
Our Bissell "Cyco Bearing." Best on earth. Our "Two Dollar" Sweeper, a genuine woman pleaser.
J. M. BOND & CO.
GUELPH.

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

Special Sale
Fancy Goods,
Glass, China,
Celluloid, &c.
Prices away down.
Fine finished Crokinole Board, complete, 65c.
Bobby $1.00.
Framed Pictures, 50c.
Etc., etc.
WATERS BROS.,
WYNDHAM STREET,
Guelph.

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.

—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 trains between 9 a.m. and 8:16 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

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. Behold 50 original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book, low priced, quick sales, big profits, freight paid. Credit given. Crop fail. Act quickly. Outfit, medical war books, 50 cents. Address, F. T. BARBER, Sec'y Star Insurance Building, Chicago.

Poetry.

JEREMY SNOW.

You want a story? Why, land sakes, boys,
Thet ain't but one that I know,
An' that ye have likely heered before
For it happened long ago
When this town wa'nt so big as it is now;
An' whatever happened teh one
Wus knowed all over the neighborhood
'Twixt the rise and set o' the sun.
Kin it be yeh hain't heered it tole afore,—
Thet about old Jeremy Snow,
Bout as good a chap, coultin' ev'rythin',
Es yeh'll find down here below,
In course old Jeremy hed his faults,
But if yeh kin show teh me
A man as hain't, then I'll show you
A cow up an apple tree.
He wa'nt as purty as men I've seen,
An' he didn't go in for a show,
A'n his ways was what yeh mought call rough,
An' his words came dreadfully slow.
He's the longest neck and the biggest mouth
Thet ever was seen, I think,
An' one o' his eyelids would n't move
When 'tother one tried teh wink.
Jist where he come from nobody knowed
An' nobody wanted teh know;
But there wan't a little child in town
Who didn't know Jeremy Snow.
A' his old, black soldierin' pot, for he lived
For twenty-two years or more,
By makin' his neighbors' tinware whole,
An' as good as it was afore.
He hadn't no kinfolks in the world,
But I've heered that, long ago
He had a few. They died, I guess,
Though he never talked me so.
How's that? You want the story, you say?
Why boys, it is purty nigh done!
'Tain't much of a story, I'll allow,
But then it's my only one.
Wa'al, Billy O'Dell—a man in our town—
He'd allwuz ben pickin at Snow;
He'd jeer at his ugly phiz, an' his speech,
An' becuz his ways wus so slow.
An' the fun he made o' the poor ole chap
Wus a caution, an' thets a fack!
But Snow he patiently stood it all;
He wus never the one to talk back.
Wa'al, it happened one time Mr. Billy O'Dell
Got down with the small-pox so
That everyone gave him a pretty wide berth—
Thet is 'cept'n' Jeremy Snow.
He worked over Billy until he got up,
'Most as well as a woman could,
Though, as Billy wa'n't no relation o' his
There wan't no reason why he should.
'Tain't much of a yarn—I telled yeh so—
An' its time, now, fer me teh go;
But I reckon Billy felt mighty mean
'Bout the way he'd treated poor Snow,—
An' I know he wan't the only man
In our town thet—wa'al—up and cried
When poor, homely, patient Jeremy Snow
Got the small-pox so thet he died.

Select Family Reading.

Ben's Valentine.

In the heart of the Sierra Nevada mountains is still standing the ruins of an old cabin. Forty-three years ago the logs composing its sides, although rough and unplaned, were in good order; the clay chimney stood upright, and through the chinks between the logs a ruddy light shone. The snow was still lying in patches on the ground round about the cabin, while up the steep mountain path the trail wound like a black snake over the whiteness on either side.

Inside the cabin all was as snug as the homely means at hand could make it. A huge fire of oak logs occupied one end of the only room the cabin contained. Over the fire was suspended, on an iron crane, a rusty pot, in which something was boiling, sending forth the rich aroma of onions, pepper, bacon and other compounds.

A young man in the rough garb of a miner knelt before the hearth, holding a rasher of bacon over the few coals he had raked out on the stones. An interested spectator was the faithful companion of all his wanderings, his dog "Ben." Harry Brandt had been in the mines of Nevada county for two years, yet had not found the fortune he had crossed the seas to seek.

To-night was the eve of St. Valentine, and our hero was a bit homesick, to dissipate which weakness he talked to the dog.

"Sorry a valentine we'll get, old man. The saint has forsaken this end of creation." The dog looked knowing, and gave his tail a gentle tap on the floor. "Smells good, doesn't it boy" removing the lid of the swinging pot and peering into it.

After satisfying himself that the stew was sufficiently cooked, he dipped out a generous portion of it into a tin dish and set it out on the snow to cool for Ben. His own meal was then dished up and set upon one end of the pine table, sans tablecloth, and our hero sat down on a bench before it and "fell to."

Before, however, settling down to his own meal, he went out and brought in Ben's dinner from the snow, and placed it on the floor beside him. These two had not taken a meal apart since they met, the first day Brandt set foot in California.

"If ever I do strike it rich, old man it'll mean a big blow out for your royal highness. Sabe?" The dog wagged his tail and winked his eye knowingly. Presently Brandt took from his bosom a soiled paper package, and carefully unrolling it, revealed to Ben's watchful eyes a small lump of gold. "It's all that's left us, old man," he said; "then with a sudden facetiousness, he held it to the dog's nose, saying: "Seek him!"

The setter was alert in an instant and smelling all over the small specimen, carefully and understandingly, rushed out of the cabin, and deaf to all whistling and commands of his master, he disappeared in the darkness.

"Well I'll be switched!" ejaculated the young fellow, coming back after a fruitless search in the vicinity of the cabin, "who would have thought he would take a fellow at his word, in that manner?" After the moon rose, lighting the mountain side for a long distance, he went to the door more than once to look out, but neither hide nor hair of the dog could be seen, and he returned to the fire, more disconsolate and miserable than ever.

The evening passed and Brandt still sat by the fire. He had no heart to go to bed and leave Ben outside. But after many fruitless journeys to the door and back again, he threw himself on the bed all dressed as he was and went to sleep. The sun streaming across his face the next morning awoke him, and he sprang up with a vague hope at his heart. But Ben was not there. He whistled loud and long, but no Ben responded to the familiar call, and he shouldered his pick and shovel for his daily tramp up the trail to his "load" with a heavy heart. No faithful friend trotted before him this morning, looking back, over and anon, for a word of kindness from his master.

It was a long, lonesome day and resulted as all the previous days had resulted, in failure. He could not eat his supper, but sat by the fire moody and heartsick. In this frame of mind he fell, first into waking, then to sleep and actual dreams. He thought that the latch was lifted, and the dark, athletic form of an Indian came noiselessly to the fire and stood looking down at him. He was wrapped in the folds of a long, gray blanket, the corner of which he had drawn over his head. He did not utter a word, but stood silently looking down at our hero. As Brandt looked up into the dark face, fascinated by the fixed gaze of those penetrating eyes, it seemed to undergo a change.

The nose elongated; the long, coarse hair on either side of the head grew curly and glossy, and assumed the shape of ears; the face itself became covered with a growth of short, dark hair. He had almost exclaimed: "It is Ben," when his visitor suddenly dropped on all fours and trotted toward the door. Impelled by what force he knew not, Brandt arose and followed after. Out in the moonlight he saw that the blanket the Indian wore was the old flannel shirt he had thrown down some time ago for Ben's bed. His strange guide bounded forward straight up the mountain path, and it seemed to Brandt that he followed after with incredible speed. The direction they took was over the same trail he had so often trod in the past two years; but the rapid figure ahead did not halt at the "shaft," but kept straight on. Some twenty rods further he turned and doubled on his track. This manoeuvre he repeated several times, then went ahead again, Brandt following. Now the path was crooked and uneven; now darting straight up the side of the mountain, then plunging as abruptly down again. In this manner they followed a course that took them through unbroken patches of trees and over ground quite unfamiliar to Brandt. Suddenly, with the strange second sight of dreams, he realized that the dark splatches on the snow ahead of him were blood; and even in his dream, his own blood ran cold.

At this juncture the form ahead of him suddenly stopped short, and Brandt, who was but a few paces behind, pulled up just in time to avoid stepping into a deep, cavernous hole that yawned at his feet, and all about the margin the snow was splashed with dark, red blood, while up from the cavern at his feet issued a faint groan. A cold shiver passed over his frame, the real cold of the snow and night air, and the feeling of returning consciousness. He rubbed his eyes and looked about him; he really stood on the mountain side, and not far from home. He could see his cabin at a little distance. But he was on the opposite side of the mountain from his claim. He must have gone clear around it in his dream. But how did he come there at dead of night, and by what unseen hand led!

He was not a coward. A life in the mines of California in those days did not tend to lessen man's courage; but a feeling not unlike the crawling of a slimy snake down his spine crept over him when he looked about and found everything exactly as he had seen it in his dream. There was the pathway by which he had come, and on that pathway were—horrors! The patches of dark red blood!

"God!" The ejaculation escaped his lips involuntarily. As his feet yawned the dark cavern of his dreams, and again, he heard the faint groan. Conquering an impulse to put distance between that dark hole and himself, he stood still and listened. The groan was repeated. Not not a groan—a whine. The truth came to him like a flash. "It is Ben!"

That thought dispelled all lesser ideas, and lying down in the snow, he peered into the hole, calling: "Ben, dear boy, are you there?" A glad whine, a soft tap of his tail responded.

"Good boy, be patient, I'll get you out," and he darted down the side of the mountain, taking the shortest cut to his cabin, regardless of the fact that his feet might at any moment run into some overgrown shaft. It was but a simple task to gather up a blanket from the bed, a strong rope, his pick and shovel and a dark lantern, and hurry back to the spot where he had left the dog.

Climbing down into the shaft, he found that it was not deep, and the entrance to a tunnel, half way inside of which Ben lay. A hasty examination of the dog showed that the wound consisted of a pretty badly lacerated shoulder, probably being the result of running against something sharp on his way to the mine. This accounted for the blood on the snow; and after losing considerable blood, the dog was unable to get out of the shaft, and in some occult manner this fact was communicated to his master.

Brandt did not waste time upon speculations as to the cause of his dog's condition, but quickly bound up the shoulder in strips of rags which he had brought for that purpose. The dog submitted to this operation with his usual good sense and fortitude, but when his master attempted to move him, he resisted with all his might. Finding resistance in vain, he struggled to his feet, and looking up into his master's face, with the well-understood look of intelligence Brandt had so often seen there, he pressed his nose down on the spot upon which he had lain.

Brandt put his lantern down close to the ground, and examined it carefully. In spite of the wounded shoulder, Ben wriggled about in the fashion dogs have of showing their satisfaction. A smothered ejaculation broke from the young man. He had put his lantern down to a nugget of gold as large as his fist. Ben licked his master's hand and wriggled almost out of his skin in delight.

Brandt tied up the nugget in the corner of the blanket, and looked about for more. Every blow of his pick yielded a piece of earth rich with the precious metal. The young fellow disappointed for so long, and now seeing his best hopes realized, felt his brain reeling, and had to put his head out of the shaft for air, in order to regain his senses, which he felt were fast deserting him. Then he sat down on the ground and, putting his arms about the neck of the faithful animal, burst into tears. Ben sat upright, like a martyr, bearing the added pain that the weight of his master's arms about his neck inflicted without a murmur.

"You've won the spurs to-night, old fellow, and you shall wear them or I'm a duffer!" he cried, when he had recovered his equilibrium and dog and master were on their way to the cabin.

Without a word to the other miners Brandt worked his claim, until he had satisfied himself that it was really a "find" and not merely a "pocket," as so many leads proved to be in those days of suddenly realized fortunes and as sudden disappointments. Then he staked it off and posted the accustomed notices of warning to trespassers. A visit to Nevada City was next in order to have his "property" duly recorded. Moneyed speculators in San Francisco got wind of the mine, and paid a visit, the result of which was the exchange of all his right and title for the snug sum of $500,000.

The very next ship that sailed outward bound through the Golden Gate bore as "cabin passengers" Harry Brandt and his dog Ben, the latter in the proud possession of a brand new collar, the finest that could be produced in those days, by San Francisco silversmiths.

CALCIUM.

Though lime in its many forms is one of the most ordinary substances met with on this earth, yet the essential element which goes to the composition of lime is not by any means a familiar body. As is well known to everyone who has learned any chemistry, lime is the result of the union between oxygen gas and the metal calcium. This very remarkable element, calcium, is, however, never found in nature unless in such intimate chemical union with some other element such as oxygen or chlorine that the characteristic properties of the metal is disguised. To see calcium itself you must go to the chemical laboratory, where by ingenious processes the shy element is temporarily divorced from its union with the oxygen or other body for which it has so eager an affinity.

Though most of us have never seen a particle of calcium, it may well be doubted whether there is any element more important to the economy of this earth or more widely distributed over it. Calcium is in the waters of the sea. The cup of spring water owes much of its invigorating freshness to the calcium which it holds in solution. The white cliffs which have been given the name of Albion are but one of the many forms of calcium.

Try to imagine what this earth would be like if calcium were withdrawn. The birds could not lay any eggs. The sea could produce no shells. Man and other animals would need to have bones very different from those which they now possess. Buildings would in great part vanish. Even the hills and mountains would to a considerable extent disappear. Probably a very large part of the total mass of this earth would be taken away if all the calcium were to be removed.

Without calcium a world inhabited in the same manner as the present one would be clearly impossible. There are, it may be, lowly organisms on the earth to which calcium is apparently of little consequence, and it is conceivable that a world of living types of some kind could be constructed without the aid of that particular element which is generally indispensible on our globe. But such a world would be totally different from the world we know. Under present conditions the significance and importance of calcium in our economy can hardly be overestimated.

Attention has been drawn to the importance of calcium on the earth. We have now to add that this same element appears to be more widely distributed among the various bodies in the universe. Among the most remarkable features in the photographic spectrum of the sun are two very broad and very dark and very conspicuous lines. In every photograph of the ultra violet light of the sun these lines stand forth so boldly as to arrest attention more than other feature of the spectrum. It had been known that these lines were due to the presence of calcium, but there were certain difficulties connected with their interpretation. Some recent researches by Sir William and Lady Huggins have cleared away all doubt. It is now certain that the presence of these lines in a spectrum demonstrates that the remarkable element which enters into the composition of lime on this earth is also in the sun. These same lines have indeed been detected in the photographic spectrum of many other bodies. Thus the interesting fact is established that this particular element which plays a part so remarkable on our earth is not peculiar to our globe, but that it is diffused far and wide throughout the universe.—Sir Robert Ball in *Humanitarian.*

TWO NEWSPAPER STORIES.

Over in Vincennes, Ind., there lived a young man, who on reading of the destruction of the battleship Maine, became filled with a desire to invade Cuba with the first batch of war correspondents. His name is J. Willoughby Weep, and he is said to have written to Bob Paine, managing editor of the Cleveland *Press*, as follows:

"For $10 per week I want to go to Cuba as your correspondent and will live with the Cubans, camp with the Cubans, and if necessary, fight by the side of General Gomez."

The recipient of the letter is a wit, and in a caustic reply to Mr. Weep inquired of him what sum he would demand to go and die with the Cubans. He was amazed a few days later to be handed a letter from Vincennes in which the would be war correspondent made this answer:

"Fifteen dollars per week and expenses."

It goes without saying that Mr. Weep was employed and most strange to say he was one of the best men in the field. He is now numbered with the regular writers of the paper, and at more than "$15 per week and expenses."

About the same time Managing Editor Paine was surprised on reaching his desk one afternoon to find a telegram awaiting his arrival on which $1.80 was due. It was a carefully worded application for a job from a young man who resided in Zanesville, Ohio. Such an assurance appalled Paine and he sat down and dashed off an answer in keeping with a popular song he had heard the night before and which had been running through his head all day:

"Read your answer in the stars," read the dispatch, and it was marked collect.

But on the following morning he tore open a second telegram from Zanesville. Here it is:

"The stars say come."

Within 24 hours the applicant was on hand in Cleveland and the editor gave the young man a position on the paper.

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

LIVES OUT OF TUNE.

The secret of a serene, strong, inspiring life is a life in perfect tune with God's keynote. Many a man has at least a subconsciousness of an imperfect adjustment of his life. Somewhere, in some way, self is grating against duty just enough to give a perhaps undefined impression of discord. And, just as one tosses aimlessly on the bed when uncomforable in sleep, constantly seeking ease in new positions, so the imperfectly adjusted life is characterized by fitfulness, absent-mindedness, peevishness, cynicism—all symptoms of a craving for peace. Such a one usually has a vague expectancy that, some time or other, he too will possess such experiences as he hears described by others. Some day he too will reach his best estate, will live a life calm, strong, elevated above petty harassing. But that can be attained to now. Adjustment of the life to God's revealed plan is the remedy.

COOKERY FOR BOYS.

It is not in reason perhaps to expect the boys of the family to be brought up to a knowledge of cookery. Still every boy should be sufficiently instructed in this art to be able to cook without making a disgusting and unpalatable mess of it, the army ration or any other equally simple and common articles of food. All boys need not be and should not be cooks, but every young man of 18 or 20 should for the sake of being able to meet a possible emergency in domestic or national life know how to boil rice, stew fruit, fry bacon and make coffee. The idea that it is beneath the dignity or does not belong to the duties of the boys of the families to assist their mothers and sisters when occasion requires in the domestic realm is inimical to the production of good soldiers and, it may be be added, of good husbands.—Portland *Oregonian.*

KEEPING HIS PLACE WARM.

A good story is told of Sir Walter Scott. It seems that he was far from being a brilliant scholar, and at school he was usually at the foot of his class. After he became famous he one day dropped into the school to pay a visit to the scene of his former woes. The teacher was anxious to make an impression on the writer and put the pupils through their facings so as to show them to the best advantage. After awhile Scott said:

"But which is the dunce? You have one, surely? Show him to me." The teacher called up a poor fellow, who looked the picture of woe as he bashfully came toward the distinguished visitor. "Are you the dunce?" asked Scott. "Yes, sir, said the boy. "Well, my good fellow, here is a crown for you for keeping my place warm."

Money Saved and pain relieved by the leading household remedy, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil—a small quantity of which usually suffices to cure a cough, heal a cut bruise or sprain, relieve lumbago rheumatism, neuralgia, excoriated nipples, or inflamed breast.

A meddlesome woman was sneering at a young mother's awkwardness with her infant, and said; I declare, a woman never ought to have a baby unless she knows how to hold it!" "Nor a tongue, either," quietly responded the young mother.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentry Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profession as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea, griping pains and summer complaints. It has been used successfully by medical practitioners for a number of years with gratifying results. If suffering from any summer complaints it is just the medicine that will cure you. Try a bottle. It sells for 25 cents.

"There are so many perils between the cradle and the grave that it is a wonder that a man ever gets from one end to the other," said an Irishman.

Always Relieves Quickly.

Mrs. J. I. Madge, Virden, Man., writes: "I have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil for the past ten years and find it a splendid remedy for Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Croup, Sprains, Chilblains, etc., in fact we use it for almost every pain and it always relieves quickly."

Gentleman (purchasing butler): and how does your mother make those pretty patterns on the butter, my dear.

Little girl; With our comb, sir.

When you have a severe Cough or Cold that other remedies won't cure, try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It never fails. Price 25 cents.

An Arkansas editor, who read that a young lady in New York kneaded bread with her gloves on, says: We need bread with our pants on; we need bread with our boots on, and if our subscribers in arrears don't pay up soon we shall need bread without anything on.

LANGUID WOMEN

Take the Help that South American Nervine Offers and Be Well, Strong and Happy.

Miss Lucinda Butcher, of Teeswater, Ont., had a very severe attack of malarial fever. It left her very weak, languid, and threatened with nervous prostration. South American Nervine was recommended to her and she tried it. After taking a few doses she felt great benefit. She continued taking it until six bottles were used, when, to use her own words, "I was completely restored to health. I can recommend it as a great remedy. Sold by A. T. Brown.

The burdens we borrow are the hardest to bear.

Dr. Low's Worm Syrup is a safe, sure and reliable worm expeller. Acts equally well on children or adults. Be sure you get Low's.

How to Cure Headache.—Some people suffer untold misery day after day with Headache. There is rest neither day or night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake and Dandelion. Mr. Finlay Work, Lysander, P. Q., writes: "I find Parmelee's Pills a first-class article for Billious Headache.

A COLONIAL VALENTINE.

TO A BELLE IN 1770.

There's not a damsel in yo towne
But distanced is completelie
By Polly in her prim prayse gowne
That fits her formo see neatlie.
I would I were yo golden pinne
That clasps her frock securlie,
Soo I might kisse her dimpled chinne
When downe she looks demurlie.

Ye little ruffle at her wriste
I envie for its nearnesse
To her faire hand, which of hath kissed
These folds of puckered Sheerenesse.
And when I see her shy brown eyes
Thro' flirty lashes glancinge,
Within my roiser Quaker guise
My hearte is set a-dancinge.

And when upon yo windy square
By happie chance I meet her—
We "thee" and "thou" each other there—
(Sure language no'er was sweeter!)
If I behold her eyelids falle
Beneathe my glances steadie
I cannot help but hope withal,
Since we are "Friends" alreadie.

How often have I longed to looke
Within ye silken Shaker
That bends above yo singlinge booke
Of this mete lovelie Quaker;
But ah, her pietie reproves
My all-too-ardent passion—
I fear sometimes yo Spirit moves
In very worldlie fashion—

For in this citie where yo Penn
Above yo sword hath honour,
Ye rascals of King George's menne
Had best not gaze upon her;
For tho' I am a manne of peace,
And tho' my hearte is tender,
I'd challenge all yo Colonies
If neede were to defende her.

So Polly, if I'm moved to-days
By Sainte instead of Spirit,
To tell my tale to thee, I prays
That thou wilt doffe to heare it;
'Tis onlie that Sainte Valentine
For thee and me discovers
That we should walk as thine and mine—
Not friends alone, but lovers.—

—Jennie Betts Hartswick in the February Ladies Home Journal.

Business Men's Corner.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Keep your premium paid.

"How much insurance do you carry"? and not; "Are you insured?" is the question now asked, as experience has shown it to be a most valuable asset, and in many cases the only asset after a fire.

Insurance, in case of fire, not only enables a merchant to resume business; but to maintain his independence by obviating the necessity of asking favors.

How much to carry? 72 per cent. on the average value of his property, is not too much under ordinary circumstances, and during the seasons, when stocks are temporarily increased, short date policies can be placed in addition to the yearly ones.

A notion seems to prevail among a great many business men, that one insurance company is as good as another, (so far as paying a loss is concerned), and as the premiums do not vary to any extent, the merchant buys insurance, unlike anything else, generally giving the order to some friendly agent, with whom it is well to be on good terms, for business or personal reasons; the question of examining the quality of his insurance never enters his mind. Always seek the best and most reliable companies, in which to place your insurance.

It is advisable to examine your policies carefully, see that the dates and amounts agree, as well as particular items, very slight errors such as omissions or substitutions of seemingly unimportant words will at times make a great deal of trouble.

THE BOY AND HIS TRADE.

"Seventeen is the preferable age for going to a trade, but in many cases sixteen is not too young, nor eighteen too old," writes Barton Cheyney in the February *Ladies' Home Journal.* "But, all conditions being favorable, it is well for a boy to arrange his apprenticeship so that he can finish his trade by the time he is twenty-one. One of the advantages of going to a trade early is that it allows the lad time to make a change should he discover that he has made a mistake in choosing his vocation, and there is no infallible method or rule that can be followed in order that such mistakes can be avoided. But the best course to pursue is for the lad to fully acquaint himself with the details of the trade to which he may incline before he makes a selection. This can be easily done at the expense only of a little observation and inquiry. Then the matter of natural aptitude can be considered—and it is a most important factor—so that the lad can avoid going into anything for which he has no special fitness. It is asserted that every one is adapted for some one thing better than anything else, and the boy should strive to discover what that one thing is. It would be a great mistake for a lad without a natural bent for mechanics to attemp to learn the machinist's trade, and the chances would be against such a boy's proper advancement, for one's best work and development are the outcome of being congenially employed."

RUG AND MAT MAKERS

Color Their Rags and Yarns With Diamond Dyes.

The World Famed Dyes for Producing Brilliant and Unfading Colors.

I have made several very handsome Rugs and Mats for the house that I am very proud of. The rags and pieces of cloth and flannel used in my Rugs and Mats were all dyed with your wonderful Diamond Dyes. The colors are rich and brilliant, and I find they are unfading. Diamond Dyes are the best I ever used.

MRS. L. F. BOYNTON,
Winnipeg, Man.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artifical Ear Drums, has sent £1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to Department, K. B. The Institute, "Longcott," Gunnersbury, London, W., England.