The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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MILL STREET, - ACTON, ONT.

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ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

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SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO
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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:—6 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and 7 to 8 p.m.

DR. P. J. K. 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. 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.

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. Bulinessneatly 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. Fee reduced to
$5.00 FOR FARM SALES.
Also money to loan on the most favorable same, 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 526, 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 repaired 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

~~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

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 manage, easy on fuel.
Tinware in profusion of best quali 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.

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.

We Hitch the Dollar
—TO A—
Bigger Load than it Ever Drew Before.
OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF
Footwear
At Lowest Prices. To Cash Buyers.
Fall and Winter
Stock Complete.
While others burn the "midnight oil" in marking up prices preparing for a sale our price go scooting down the toboggan slide of genuine low and reasonable prices.
W. WILLIAMS,
Boots and Shoes, 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 $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.

20%
For two weeks we will sell
Lamps and Skates
—AT—
TWENTY PER CENT. BELOW REGULAR PRICES.
It means snaps!
Our prices are usually Low, but now they will be lower.
J. M. BOND & CO.
GUELPH.

SNAPS ...
AT THORP'S,
Market Sq. & Macdonell St., GUELPH.
11 lbs. Ground Sulphur, 25c.
11 " Epsom Salts, 25c.
13 " Glauber Salts, 25c.
8 " Salt Peire, 25c.
50 " Fine Salt, 30c.
50 " Dairy Salt, 50c.
200 " Fine Salt, Sk., 75c.
200 " Course Salt, Sk., 75c.
280 " Course Salt, bbl., $1.05.
280 " Fine Salt, bbl., $1.05.
Land Salt $5.50 per ton.
Oatmeal $1.65 to $2.00 per Sk.
11 lbs. Oatmeal for 25c.
15 " Cornmeal for 25c.
10 " Pot. Barley for 25c.
10 " Split Peas for 25c.
100 " Ground Oil Cake $1.30.
100 " Ground Flaxseed $2.50.
Flaxseed $1.40 per bush.
Oyster Shells, for poultry, 75c. a 100.
Mica Crystal Grits, 75c. a 100.
Pratts Poultry Food, 25c.
Dr. Hess' Poultry Panacea, 25c.
Pearces' Poultry Tonic, 25c.
Pearces' Louse Killer, 25c.
Lambert's Death to Lice, 25c.
Scarfe's Bone Mills, $7.00 and $9.50
Cash for all kinds of grain.
Feed Corn 45c, to 45c. bush.
—REMEMBER—
THORP'S, Guelph.

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.

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

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 8:18 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 in 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 price. Big profit. Freight paid. Credit Given. Drop all trashy, unofficial war books Outfit free. Address, F. T. BARRETT, Bery Star Insurance Building, Chicago.

Poetry.

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

"Loving and persistent Fred,
Thrice you've prayed me you to wed.
Do not be disconsolate—
Now I'll leave it all to fate.
On this stand lie boxes two,
Each an answer holds for you.
Choose between them. If 'Yes!' it be;
'No!' no more you'll hear from me."

Shall he sorrow or rejoice?
Oft he wavers in his choice;
Looks at each with questioning eye,
But they grant him no reply;
Looks at her with pleading gaze,
But her eyes she will not raise.
Now he grasps one in despair—
"Yes!" he finds his answer there.

Bliss is Fred's a little space.
Then he cries, with clouded face,
"How it would my joy enhance
Had all not been left to chance!"
"Chance?" she shakes her sunny locks,
Points to the rejected box.
As before, fate deigns to bless—
There he finds her answer "Yes!"

—*Boston Globe.*

Select Family Reading.

A Rough Diamond.

"Oh, Miss Elsie, Miss Elsie, the bank has been robbed! Twenty thousand pounds gone, mislo! and poor master away! Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

A step behind her and a low voice spoke her name. She knew it at once. It was her good-for-nothing brother's.

"Why are you here again, Harold?" she cried, when he was standing there in front of her. "When I gave you that last money you promised to stay away altogether, and try and get something to do. Yet here you are once more, and this time I cannot help you. Why, why do you come? Uncle John would be furious at finding you here."

"But he is away, Elsie," the young man answered breathlessly. "Girlie, you must help me, just this once. I promise solemnly never to worry you again!"

"You have promised solemnly before, Harold," his sister said bitterly. "I cannot help you, I say. We are all ruined. The bank has been robbed."

The startled look on his white face caused her to cease speaking.

"Is it true, Elsie?" he asked hoarsely. "Has the bank really been robbed?"

She told him what she knew, he listening impatiently.

"I must have money, girlie!" he burst out. "I must have it! I must get away from here to-night, and I don't possess a single farthing! Quick, dear! Uncle left you some for housekeeping. That will have to do."

"I don't possess a single farthing, either," she persisted. "What is the matter, Harold? Why is it so terribly necessary for you to leave Blackmore to-night?"

Their eyes met—hers clear, straightforward, honest; his weak and nervous.

"Uncle will be coming back to see about the bank, Elsie," he muttered queerly. "He must not find me here."

No, it would only add to the bitterness of his return. But what could she do?

"I have it!" the desperate brother suddenly exclaimed. "Elsie, this news about the bank robbery is still exclusive. The editor of the Blackmore *Times* would give you any sum for it. He is enterprising and always ready for something startling at first hand. This is our only chance, dear."

But Elsie would not see it in that light for a long, long time. It was not until her brother had fully enlarged upon the grim necessity of the case, not until he had forced her to plainly understand the consequences if he did not have money at once, that she finally consented to go to the editor of the Blackmore *Times*.

Harold Maitland had a smart, cunning tongue. On this occasion he had indeed used it well. As he prophesied, the editor literally grabbed at the "copy," especially after he had fairly convinced himself that his would be the first paper to publish the startling news on the morrow. Elsie went wearily home with the much needed money in her pocket. Harold was waiting in hiding for her and pounced down eagerly on the gold.

An hour after his departure their uncle's manager came to the house and asked to see Elsie. When he was admitted into her presence, he noticed with a sharp pang how wan and desolate her little face had grown.

Poor child! Such things as these were hard for her to have to bear. How he wished that he could save her all care and annoyance in the future! For with the whole of his stout, loyal heart he loved her.

He showed her a telegram which he had received from her uncle.

"Returning at once," it said. "Keep news of robbery out of the papers at any price till I see you."

Elsie read the words, or, rather, they chased each other before her dizzy, aching eyes. She suddenly tottered forward and fell in a dead faint.

Next morning huge posters appeared from the offices of the Blackmore *Times* making public the robbery. Newsboys shouted it frantically from one street to another. Soon a big crowd had gathered outside the bank, clamoring loudly for the doors to be opened.

They wanted their money back, their hard won earnings, and they meant to get it. That exclusive news sold by Elsie Maitland on the previous evening to the editor of the Blackmore *Times* had caused an appalling run on her uncle's bank.

The doors were open at last. The crowd surged in, presenting checks to the full amount they had deposited in the bank. They looked astonished when the gold came over the counter in their direction. Clearly they had expected to be turned away penniless. They thanked their stars for being the first. The bank could not go on paying out for long, of that they felt sure.

At noon Elsie and her uncle drove up to the front entrance in an open carriage. He had insisted on her accompanying him, despite the fact that she looked wretchedly pale and ill.

All the way along they had seen those hideous posters announcing the robbery.

"How did they get the news?" John Rivers kept repeating. "Elsie, child, how did they get the news? It is a mystery to me. If only it could have been kept from them another twenty-four hours I could have weathered the storm."

Poor Elsie's heart ached.

"I have done it!" she cried. "The fault is mine—mine. Oh, Harold, if I could only have foreseen all this! If only I could have foreseen it all!"

A yet Elsie had not told her uncle who had supplied the news to the paper. She prayed fervently that she might be able to keep the knowledge to herself forever, safely hidden from the fond old man who believed in her. Fate would decide.

For hours she sat in a little room over the bank, listening to the persistent clamoring below for gold.

How much longer could it go on?

"Not much longer!" John Rivers said to his suffering niece. "Not much longer my girl, they must have paid out nearly all by now. Soon they will have to close the doors. Don't cry, child. It is the will of Providence, I suppose, but it's hard to get such a blow as this at my time of life!"

Presently there were sounds of cheering in the street. A well-known millionaire had driven up to the bank.

"My God!" muttered the old banker. "This is the last straw. Reginald Fairfax has turned against me with the rest, when he has drawn his money there won't be a penny left.

"Go and see him uncle," Elsie pleaded. "He is so rich he might be persuaded to leave it."

"No, child. I could not speak to him or anyone else to-day."

"Then I will, uncle. Do go and send him here to me. I must see him! Reginald will save us!"

John Rivers went blindly out and Elsie waited for Reginald Fairfax to come to her. Twice this self-made man had asked her to marry him; twice she had refused. He was rich, but he was also coarse. Life with him would be a nightmare, she had always told herself. She did not love him.

But now—

He was standing there in front of her, loudly dressed and looking more vulgar ever. How could she appeal to this boorish and commonplace parvenue? She must though, she had worked the mischief. She must right it if possible.

At the end of another five minutes she was telling him everything—all about her brother and her selling the news to the editor. He listened in silence. She humbled herself to the dust before him and begged him not to withdraw his money from the bank.

He smiled queerly.

"You twice asked me to be your wife," she wound up feverishly, "and I refused you. Would you still marry me, Mr. Fairfax? Oh, do answer! If I said 'yes,' would you still marry me?"

The smile broadened.

"Am I to understand that you are proposing to me, Miss Maitland?" he asked.

"Don't seek to humble me any more; don't don't!" she cried. "I have fallen far enough!"

"Yes," he said, "it must indeed be a terrible fall for the proud Miss Maitland to offer herself to me! You offer to become my wife if I will only leave my money in your uncle's bank. Considering that I love you—and that you love someone else—it is rather hard on me, isn't it?"

"Oh, don't, don't! If you only knew how I loathe myself for having said all this to you! You are quite right to refuse me. How dare I ask you—or any man—to take me under such conditions? You are quite right to refuse me."

"I don't know," he answered slowly. "If you didn't love another man already, it might have been different. But as it is—Yes, I certainly won't marry you, Miss Maitland. You have humbled yourself to me unnecessarily. You cannot know me very well when you imagine that I had come to withdraw my support from your uncle at such a time as this. Instead had merely come to place the further sum of $50,000 to my account. The public knows it already, and the paying into the bank of such a large sum has restored confidence."

Ere she had time to speak he was gone.

But the bank was saved! A man she had always despised in her heart had come forward and saved it. Why—why had she never been able before to see the fine nature which lurked beneath a somewhat boorish exterior?

The excitement of that day was followed by a long illness for her. When she returned to life once more she found her uncle in better spirits than she could ever remember him.

"All the doing of Reginald Fairfax, Elsie, my girl!" the old banker said gleefully. "He stuck to me right through, child, when everyone else failed me, and his example saved the bank."

He had further persuaded old John Rivers to make a partner of his long trusted manager. He was therefore in a position at last to ask for Elsie's hand in marriage. When he asked her she answered, "Yes."

Some months after their marriage Elsie received another visit from her brother Harold. He was altogether a different person. He was going to America directly and had come to make a confession to her.

He had sold his knowledge of their uncle and the bank to a certain gang of thieves for a large sum of money, but he had never known a moment of peace since, and he had never touched a farthing of the ill-gotten cash. He was going to America now to start life in earnest, and when Elsie asked him where he had found the necessary funds he told her that the donor was Reginald Fairfax.

DESCRIPTIVE.

While the country people of New England have no such marked dialect as prevails in some other parts of the United States, it is a fact that they use many words and phrases, which to strangers are often quite incomprehensible.

A girl who spent a summer on a farm in Northern Vermont says that if her language was half as confusing to the people of that region as a good deal of theirs was to her, she wonders they didn't ask her to supply them with a "key."

One day she asked the farmer how long it would take her to go to the nearest village.

"Let's see," said the man slowly, "they ain't much choice 'tween Portville an' Skimby's Cornor, but I calc'late the Corner may be a grain nearer. How was you plannin' to git there; by hand?"

"By what?" asked the astonished girl.

"By hand, was what I said," replied the farmer. "Don't you know what that means? Waal, seein' you re from the city way, I s'pose I'd oughter've said, 'Was you intendin' to foot it?' But we allus say 'by hand' here, for it seems more reasonable, someways!"

NOTHING THE MATTER.

A quietly dressed man whose smooth shaved, bluish jaw gave him the aspect of an actor walked into an up town restaurant a few evenings ago and ordered quite a substantial meal. He ate leisurely and at the end of the repast lit a cigarette. The waiter presented a check for $1.40. "I have no money," said the stranger, pushing aside the slip. "Sir!" said the astonished garcon. The other repeated his statement and went on smoking.

The waiter hesitated a moment, then scurried across to the manager and whispered in his ear. The latter strode over to the table. "What's the trouble, sir?" he asked, politely enough. "Nothing," replied the diner placidly. "The waiter says you won't pay." "The waiter's wrong; I said I had no money." The manager began to lose his patience. "Do you mean you ain't going to pay this check?" he asked curtly. "I can't." There was a pause and the two men studied each other. "So you came in here," said the manager finally, "and ordered a big meal, knowing you were broke and couldn't settle?" "I did," replied the other, still perfectly cool. "Well, what made you do it?" exclaimed the manager in a burst of exaggeration. "Because I wanted the meal." There was another pause. "I'll have you arrested," said the manager. "For what?" "For obtaining goods under false pretenses." "What pretense did I make?" asked the stranger calmly. "Oh, well, you can't come in and take our food that way!" "Yes, I can—I've just done it," said the other, removing the ash from his cigarette. The manager scratched his head. "Get out," he said abruptly, "and don't try this again."

The quiet man reached for his hat and walked away, puffing his cigarette. "I'd rather lose the amount than have a disturbance," said the manager, "but I must say he's the coolest hand I ever struck."

"In the excitement nobody noticed that the stranger had carried off his check. Half an hour later it came back in an envelope with $1.40 in silver. "It was a bet," was scrawled in pencil on the back.—New Orleans *Times-Democrat.*

A LIAR REBUKED.

Though very few people like to have an unpleasant scene with others in a public place, there is always in such a place ready sympathy with any one who takes it on himself to rebuke fittingly a priggish sort of person. A Western paper relates an incident of the sort:

A man took a seat in a railway car, and piled the seat by his side with bags and parcels. The car became crowded and a gentleman asked the person in this seat if the other half of it was occupied.

"Yes;" said the other; those things belong to a man who has just gone into the smoking car, and he'll be back presently."

The gentleman had reason to suspect the truth of such a statement as he had been in the car for some time.

"All right," he said, "I will sit in this seat till he comes back.

He proceeded to remove the bags and bundles, placing them on the floor or on the rack. The other man glared. As a matter of fact the "man in the smoking car" was an invention.

By and by the owner of the bundles arrived at his destination. He began to gather up his effects.

"Excuse me," said the gentleman, "but you said the bundles belonged to a man who had gone into the smoking car. I shall consider it my duty to prevent you taking them, since by your own statement they don't belong to you."

The man became violent and abusive, but dared not lay his hands upon the bundles. The conductor was called in. He listened to the statements of both men, and said:

"Well, I will take charge of the bundles myself, and take them to the station in the city, and if no one else claims them meanwhile, you—indicating the man who had once repudiated their ownership—may have them."

Amid the laughter and applause of the passengers the man got off at the station, as the train was pulling out but without his baggage. He obtained it in a few days but was well punished for the lie he had told for the sake of monopolizing a seat that did not belong to him.

MAN, DOG AND BEAR.

The silver-tip bear, a variety of the grizzly, is an animal highly respected in the far Northwestern states, on account of its size, power and tenacity in combat. It is a "feather in a man's cap" to kill one under almost any circumstances, and such an encounter is generally not invited. The Hope, Idaho, *Examiner* records with some pride the way in which Mr. Fritz Vogel, of Clark Fork, recently met a bear of this species.

Mr. Vogel was walking home from the Fork one night when, on his own ranch, he perceived in the distance a creature which at first he took for one of his young cattle. His dog perceived it at the same time, and valiently made for it. The animal turned to face the dog, and then Mr. Vogel saw that it was a large silver-tip bear.

As the man had no weapon of any kind, he left his faithful dog to try conclusions with the bear while he ran to the house for a gun. He secured his rifle and returned to the pasture alone, where he found the bear and the dog still engaged.

By this time it was bright moonlight. The bear was sitting on its haunches, fighting off the dog, and trying to get away or else seize the dog; but the dog evaded the bear's teeth as long as the silver-tip remained seated, and as often as the bear got down and attempted to escape, the dog seized it by the hind-quarters and forced it to turn and fight.

It was a very pretty and really remarkable combat, for the dog, though of course not a match for the bear in strength, was its superior in strategy. Vogel watched his chance, crept up on the bear, and when the dog had it headed in the right direction sent a bullet into its body.

It pierced the heart, and the silver-tip fell dead. It proved to be one of the largest bears ever killed in Idaho. One of its claws, which Vogel presented to the editor of the Hops *Examiner*, measured four and one-eighth inches in length.

If you have catarrh, don't dally with local remedies, but purify and enrich your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A woman is a genius who can shop without spending more than she said she would.

A NEW ABBREVIATION.

A lady tells a story of a young man who had come in from the country to the city in which she lived, and in a short time fancied himself quite equal to any social emergency. He never asked advice upon questions of etiquette, and in consequence he made many mistakes. At one time the lady issued cards to an evening party, and among the guests included this rather conceited and exceedingly awkward young man.

He was to be out of town at the date of the party and was unable to accept the invitation. At the foot of the card he read the letters R. S. V. P., and was much perplexed at their meaning. However, he was nothing daunted by his ignorance, and wrote a note declining the invitation in as formal and stilted terms as he could command, and signing his name, added the letters M. S. C. C.

On his return to the city, he went to the lady's house to call and in the course of the conversation asked, "By the way, Mrs. Clapp, what did you mean by R. S. V. P., at the end of the invitation you sent me?"

"Why," replied the hostess, without a note of surprise in her polite voice, "they stand for the French phrase, *Repondez s'il vous plait*—Answer, if you please."

"Oh, yes! Well, I was all right then!" said the young man with an air of satisfaction. "I thought I should hit it in my answer."

"Now that you speak of it," said his courteous hostess, "I do wish to ask you what M. S. C. C. stands for. I can't imagine, and I can't find any one who has ever seen the abbreviation used!"

"Oh!" replied her visitor airily, "that meant 'Mighty sorry couldn't come.' I should think that was plain enough!"

A BETTER WAY.

The time for teaching a little girl sewing by giving her dish towels to hem and sheet seems to overhand is passed. A better way has been found, and she learns happily, not grudgingly and with tears. The needle is no longer pushed with painful effort through rough crash and stiff sheeting, but slips easily through the little bits of old linen and muslin that are destined to make something pretty to stock the little woman's doll wardrobe or bed or her own small tea table. She is using her imagination as well as her fingers and happy indeed she may be. Is there any comparison, in point of interest, between a big dish towel and a dainty little one for play dishes—a small oblong cut from the whole portion of a big towel and gemmed neatly. A little girl will like to learn to darn linen if the worn dinner napkin she is set to work on is afterwards to be washed and ironed, and become one of her own little tablecloths. And could hemming fail to be alluring when the whole parts of another old napkin are cut into squares for small fingers to make into doll napkins? From pieces of old handkerchiefs may be cut squares to be fringed for doilies, used on doll tables and toy bureaus. In fitting up these bureaus with dainty knicknacks, a little girl will employ many a scrap of lace and ribbon and will learn to be skillful with her needle.—Harper's *Bazar.*

HUNG WITH BLACK.

The darkey has a sense of humor peculiarly his own, and by no means objects to a joke containing an allusion to the color of his race—provided he makes it himself. In a New York town which has a colony of colored people there is one big darkey who has acquired considerable local renown for his taste in landscape gardening.

Some time ago this man was employed in setting out shrubs on the lawn of a handsome estate. The master of the house was nowhere to be seen, and a number of the gardens's friends were leaning comfortably on the fence at the foot of the lawn, watching the operations with absorbed interest.

Another darkey, who was driver for a physician living next door to the fine estate, looked curiously at this row of spectators, and then addressed the doctor, who was just getting into his buggy.

"Doctor Wilson," he said, solemnly, "dere's somebody dead at Massa Jones's, sartin sure."

"Dead!" echoed the doctor. "No such thing, Caesar. I should have heard of it if there had been any illness in the family."

"Well, sah," said Caesar, pointing to the row of sable individuals who were hanging on the pickets, if dere ain' nobody dead to Massa Jones's, sah, den w'at for is all dis yer mournin' strung along de fence?"

Unable to Work.

Mr. Jos. Currier, Victoria Harbor, Ont., writes: "I had Rheumatism in my knees, feet and elbows so bad I was unable to work. Nothing did me any good till I got Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. One box and a half completely cured me."

Some people think the world is getting worse because they are.

Worms Bothered Baby.

"My baby suffered terribly with worms. I used one bottle of Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup, which accomplished the purpose for which it was intended and cured him." Mrs. W. M. Messecar, Watford, Ont.

It's a poor farm that can't acquire a mortgage.

Man or Beast.

"I have found Hagyard's Yellow Oil to be the best thing for calloused lumps and cuts on man or beast. It is a splendid all-round remedy." Daniel Brown, Banks P. O., Ont.

When people take their own time, they generally take other people's time too.

KICKED HIS PHYSICIAN.

"Never Leave His Bed Alive," Said the Doctor—South American Rheumatic Cure Does the Miracle.

Mr. Granville Haight, of Sparta, Ont., says his father, who is a very old man, was very low from a severe attack of rheumatism. His physician assured the family he would never leave his bed alive. A friend took a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure to him. A few days later upon receiving a visit from the doctor, he ran across the room and playfully administered a hearty kick. He is now up and as well as ever. Sold by A. T. Brown.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There's many a rent on the road of life,
If we could only stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope
And whose beautiful trust never faileth,
The grass is green and flowers are bright,
The' the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate silver threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sigh and grieve and wonder.

Business Men's Corner.

LIFE INSURANCE.

Life insurance in all its branches has been so persistently placed before the public, that few men are unacquainted with at least some of the benefits to be derived from it.

It is not the intention of this article to deal with insurance generally, but more especially with that system of insurance called "Joint Life or Partnership Policy" under this form of policy immediate and complete provision is made to meet the requirements of the surving partner.

It not unfrequently happens that the death of one member of the firm necessitates the withdrawal from the business of a portion of the capital, the effect of which may weaken the resources to a very appreciable extent, or at least prove exceedingly inconvenient; such a contingency can be guarded against by a partnership policy payable upon death of either member of the firm, also it will prove an excellent investment as well as form at all times a first-class commercial security at a very small cost. For example say 35 and 45 be the ages of the persons to be insured, the premiums required for a "Partnership Policy" for $5,000.00 (with profits) would be about $230.00 annually, not a heavy tax on any business that can support two partners.

Many merchants from experience can attest to the value of the above system of insurance for business men; the agent can do the rest.

THE MANLY BOY.

Writing about boys in the February *Canadian Magazine*, the Editor says: "Above all things a boy must be taught to be manly. In England this is taught mainly through the sports in which the youth are trained either by intelligent masters at the great boarding schools, or under the immediate supervision of sympathetic parents. It is also taught at home. In America it is not taught to so great an extent in our public schools, because the children's play is under much lower supervision, hence it must be taught more at home. The best way to teach it is by example. The next best method is to deal with specific cases—not too many of them—as they arise.

"What does manliness mean? It means a dignity which makes the young man respect his own rights and those of others. It includes a moderation in speech, a temperance in action, a magnanimity in conduct towards others; and an earnest loyalty to duty. It has no limits, no defined bounds. It is a garment which envelops and surrounds the man, so that he may always be distinguished from the cad, the sneak, the drone, the criminal It is the first and most necessary equipment of the man who would write his name in silver letters on the golden page of history. It is the concentrated essence of all virtues without a trace of impurity. It is the halo which makes the man a god."

SHE USED THE RELIABLE DIAMOND DYES.

Results Were Satisfactory and Pleasing.

For Carpet and Rug Makers Diamond Dyes Mean Success and Profit.

Having a carpet to make and a good deal of coloring to do, I thought I would give the Diamond Dyes a trial. I used them and they produced most beautiful colors, and I was pleased with the effects in the Carpet. I am a farmer's wife, and after this will use only the Diamond Dyes.
MRS. NELSON WOOD,
Campbellford, Ont.

One form of conceit is to give your own photograph as a Christmas present.

No family living in a bilious country should be without Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent Ague. Mr. J. L. Price, Shoals, Martin Co., Ind., writes: "I have tried a box of Parmelee's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used.

The lard manufacturer is constantly turing over a new leaf.

He Has Tried It.—Mr. John Anderson, Kinloss, writes: "I venture to say few, if any, have received greater benefits from the use of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, than I have. I have used it regularly for over ten years, and have recommended it to all sufferers I know of, and they also found it of great virtue in cases of severe bronchitis and incipient consumption."

A man's best friend is a sufficiency of the almighty dollar.

When you feel weak, run down, nervous, unable to work or think as you ought, take a box or two of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. They'll build up your health and give you strength and energy. Price 50c., all druggists.

He that hath a trade hath an estate.

If attacked with cholera or summer complaint of any kind send at once for a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial and use it according to directions It acts with wonderful rapidity in subduing that dreadful disease that weakens the strongest man and destroys the young and delicate. Those who have used this cholera medicine say it acts promptly, and never fails to effect a thorough cure.