Poetry.

beyond the skies,

happy, white-robed throngs;

the blossed-shiuing shore!"

paradiso,

-ing songs.

obair

-the root

overy where):

"Yes, indeed."

her book.

ocstatic look.

she had to do-

with you;

the blest,

and rost."

to sweep the room,

lightly on her broom-

cor mother! no one ever thought how muc

And said, "I hope it is not wrong not to agree

But, seems to me that when I die, before I join

'd like just for a little while to lie in my grave

Select Family Reading.

A Costly Affair.

The new mistress of that brand new

house on Park Avenue was tripping down

that softly carpeted Queen Anne stairway,

to her first breakfass in her own home,

She had burried down before her new

husband (bless me, what spick-aud-span-

ness) to see that everything was in order;

opening the door of the breakfast-room.

first; giving a loving, dainty touch to its

shipping array of bridal silver, and then

hastening on to the library. This was the

cosiett room of al'. True, there wasn's

much "library" about it yet, for all Mr.

Winston's books, and all of hers could not

be made to ful many shelves. But there

was her pretty, tell escritoire, and Mr.

Winston's writing table, and the amusing-

ly new dictionary on its jaunty stand, and

-ob, there was library enough, and it was

a dear pretty room, with a friendly little

coal fire glowing out a warm welcome at

her. The bride looked smilingly content,

and yet a triffe anxious too; else, why that

pucker between the pretty brows? And

what was she looking for? Ab, here it is,

queer old heathen idel for a handle. She

a little silver bell, with an image of some

pens the door, and tinkles the bell sharply

in the hall, while her color comes and goes.

Almost immediately her domestic appeared,

having clapped a clean white apron on top

"Sit down, Martha," says the lady, still

dervouely. "Frank-I mean Mr. Winston,

But Martha was nervous too; she took

her seat on the edge of a chair that never

was meant-I think-to be sat on, and

edged this chair so close to the wall, as to

joints. Etill Mr. Winston did not appear

satisfaction in my meats and fancy breads

of a checked gingham one, of less immacu-

ate character.

prayers."-

when life is o'er,

## The Acton Free Press

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, -AT THE-Free PressSteam Printing Office, 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 ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonparcil line for first insertion, 3 cents per line for each subsequent

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H. P. MOORE Editor and Proprietor

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ACTON

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#### Day's Bookstore, Guelph.

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BEG to announce to their friends and the public generally, that they are now complete in their Spring and Summer goods, consisting of the latest novelties from the best looms of the world, and styles that are shown in New York and London. (See our latest fashion plates).

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HIGHEST CURRENT RATE OF INTERES

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Three Things for Thought. Th se lines of goods most season-

able at this time of the year. Linoleums Now is not one day too soon to put it down. You will soon have the stoves to attend to and now will save all the extra

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Qur third thought is what interests you very much, and that is PRICES. We buy direct from the makers so that you have no middle-man's profit to pay. May we supply you?

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CUBLPH Motto; "Satisfaction." HARDWARE.

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Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs cars always be Beoured . At his stables. A comfortable bus meets trains between 9 a.m. and 8:18 p.m..
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LARGE STOCK ON HAND

AT THE STORE.

HAVE IN STOCK

Mill Street, Acton.

But I can Supply

All in my Line.

Strainer Pails,

Galvanized Pails,

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Pails.

IS STRONGEST

····\* Agency

Monthly Instalments of 50c, per shar≥ fo but I haven't been brought up religious. 120 months, when payments cease-\$60.00 and I don't take to it: Why, I sin's seen ald in-maturity value \$100.00. the inside of a church this five year, and for prayers, none of my families ever asked Money to loan at 5% straight loam or repayable in monthly instalments on a ppli-

PROPRIETOES.

it of me before." "But would you have us take God's good

gifts like dumb brutes, Martha," said the new house mistress, her voice trembling R. J. McNabb, with the effort it cost her, "and give Him Agent, Acton. no thanks ?"

"Oh I ain't raisin' any objections prayers," answered the cook with the tree and easy tone of an American born servant, "fact is, I wouldn't think as much of you of you didn't have em ; quality folks mostly does ; but I feel queer, an' like a fish out o' water, when I ain't in my own

"Very well," said the new mistress little hurriedly, for she heard Frank shut the chamber door up stairs, "I only ask you to try it for a week, after that you may do as you choose."

"Good morning, Martha," said the gentleman gaily, as he came in. "Well, Mrs. W., is my congregation ready?" His tone was rather light, perhaps; but

the new duty embarrassed him, and he

took this altogether masculine way of hiding his embarrassment. When Letty had first proposed setting up a family attar Mr. Winston had demured, laughed at her a little, asked why their individual prayers wouldn't do, called her a superstitous child but finally yielded to her entreaty that Best and Most Economical. Does Quality their new home might be placed under the shadow of the sweet sanctities belonging to both old homes. And having yielded the point, he made up his mind to be gracious about it, and do the thing in the best possible style. That was part of his nature. Frank Winston never knowingly made anyone uncomfortable, though he was a careless fellow on the whole Marths, for her part, was much impressed with his rich, sonorous voice, as he read with faultless elocution the story of the obild Jeeus, and still more so by the fervent and far reaching petitions; that both tone and words were conventional, habits of Extra Heavy Creamer Cans, mind and speech inherited, or acquired by unconscious imitation, she could not Extra Heavy Fine Milk possibly know. But there was never word more about her staying away from morning prayers; she allowed no domestic exigency to keep her away, and her keen, Seamless Pressed Milk Pans. though undeveloped intelligence was aroused to a lively interest in the reading pers on; why not? There wasn't a and that is the business of Bradley-And countless other dairy and prayers, which was to prove a surprise to both master and mistress. One of the newnosces enjoyed by the young wife was up in the back parlor, and Mr. and Mrs. the shining condition of her kitchen.

Out-Door-Work - Roofing, etc., a specialty. Coming from the South, where the negro for quotations before placing, cooks held absolute away in their domains, orders for this class of work. and where the old pots and pane had done service for a lifetime, Mrs. Winston had not imagined that a kitchen could be such G. A. Pannabecker. a thing of beauty. She was always making

well pleased with her company.

ed table.

ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1899.

THE TIRED MOTHER. They were talking of the glory of the land do you think anyone is sick, Martha?" "Didn't Mr. Winston pray for him this Of the light and of the gladuess to ful surprise. "I thought be seemed Of the flowers over blooming, of the never-ceasmighty sort o' auxious about the Lord Of the wand'rings through the golden streets raisin' him up off his sick bed."

"Yes, yes," sgreed the mistress hastily, and said father, leaning coully back in his cas; "so be did." But she had a secret, shamefaced consoloneness that Frank hadn't (Father always was a master-hand for comfo meant anyone in particular by that wel What a joyful thing 'twould be to know that rounded sentence about "the sick and the afflicted." One would straightway hear a welcome from

"I wish you'd please ask Mr. Frank who ud leabel, our oldest girl, glanced upward from t is. Mis' Winston," was Martha's next startling request; "cause this is my afterhe was painting on a water jug, and murmured noon out, and I thought I might take him a glass of that call-foot jelly, it's more'n and Mariam, the next in age, a moment dropped you all is going to eat, 'fore your're tired of and, "Yes, indeed!" repeated with a mos it, and that prayer has been runnin' in my head all day ; seems as if I wanted to do But mother, gray-haired mother, who had come something for the poor fellow myself." With a patient smile on her thin face, leaned

> a little, but with some constraint. "Your maid takes morning prayers with uncomfortable literalcess," said the young man; "perhaps it would be better if we did the same. Oh, by the way, there is a sick man in our congregation; I stepped into Mr. Stuart's office to engage half of pew sixty-four for us, the one opposite the window you know, and I had to wait a few minutes while he and a brother deacon consulted about giving help from the

> "Oh well, that will satisfy Martha," said Mrs. Winston eagerly; "I hated her to think-to know, that is-" "Yes; it would be a pity for her know how little we think or feel what we

ray at prayers," agree | her husband hon-So Brooks the carpenter stopped this gap very well. Martha told bim that bo was prayed for at her house, and told Mrs. Winston that she had told him, and this time they joked still more faintly about it, and the gentleman said they had Brooks' faith on their consciences now; Brooks wouldn't believe in their prayers, unless they followed them up by more tangible help. Of course the help followed; and the connection with the Brooks-established sort of Domestio Mission between the new house on Park Avenue and the rickety tenement on Tanner street. And now Mr. Winston began to have a livelier consciousness of what he did mean, when he came with his morning petitions to the Almighty. But careful as he set himself to be, Martha's next innecent bomb exploded in heart of his affairs. The new house on Park Avenue was getting ready for what it's master called "a blow-out," for which sadly slang phrase seemed to mean a large entertainment, large, to judge from the days the mistress and maid spent stoning raisins and making up fruit cake. Martha entered heartily in to the spirit of the occasion, and as she attacked the last green sugary lobe, she preferred the request that

will be down directly and we will have the blinds in the back parlor should be left up, "jost a teeny mite," enough for her to see the assembled company. "Of course you shall see the people," greed her mistress gleefully, "if I have to walk them all around by the back window

endanger seriously the stamped leather paper. Then she pulled one finger after "I specially wants to see Mr. Frank's another, until she had cracked all her brother and bis wife," confessed Martha, Busan Parks has been 'lowing to me that "I'll just tell you'the truth Mis' Winsthey beat my folks for looks, and I've been ton," she burst out at last: "I don't like lowing they don't. So now's my chance this thing of comin' to prayers. I'm a first class cook, and I know I can give

to get even with Susan." But what was this? Mrs. Winston's face flushed an angry color, her eyes looked forbidding, and the pleasant smile vanished from her lips as if a whirlwind had

"Mr. Wineton's brother will not be here. Martha," she said stiffly, "nor bis wife: they have both behaved very badly to us and we never expect to invite them to the

Martha dropped the citron and knife and her bande and her under jaw; is looked for a minute as though she meant | those unplaned boards, and do not to drop her mistress's acquaintannee, from be stillness of surprise that came over her. Then she shut her eyes and repeated, in olesrymitation of Mr. Winston's resonant tone, "Porgive us our offences, O Lord,

this day, even as we, obeying thy command and following thy bleesed example, do this day strive to forgive all who may have offended or injured us." Martha opened her eyes when she had finished her quotation, and fell upon the

citron vengefally. But she opened her lips no more that day, except in answer to questions. And when the litt'e silver bell rang for prayers the next morning no Martha appeared. -- Mr. Winston waited a few moments and then looked at his wife :

"We will have prayers without Martha this morning," she said hesitatingly, "I'll see about it another time." "Is it one of our practical jokes on us?"

asked the gentleman. But when enquiry was made, the domestic declined to come to prayers any more, and also declined to give her reasons. Then Mrs. Winston confessed with considerable trepidation, what had passed between them over the klichen table; what if Frank should fly Into a rage, and order Martha off the spot? Just before the party too | Mr. Wineton looked red emough in the face, when he heard the quotation from himself, to have done even such a desperate thing as that; but he tried to meet it in his old, light way. "See here, Letty," he said, "we've either

voice suddenly lost its banter, and he spoke with great feeling, or we've got to set about living nearer to our prayers !" . . . . . . It was the evening of the entertainment at the new house on Park Avenue. Mrs. Winston came shimmering into the kitchenwith her pretty white satin gown and slip-

got to get rid of this woman, or-or-" his

early, so don't miss seeing them !" "Lord bless you honey !" said the cook. the excuse of "trying a new receipt," to spend a morning hour with Marths. And P. S .- All the wants of Martha, being essentially sociable, was quired on one of these occasions, when it was beginning to be, for brethren to it is all that can be desired.

mistress and maid were sitting together, dwell together in unity and peace. The their knees under the white oilcloth cover- | family were a little late in coming down to prayers the next morning after the

"Sick? I don't know, I'm sure; why "blow-out," and when the husband and wife opened the library door, there sat Martha waiting for them against the wall, morning?" asked the demestic in repreach- in a white aprop and a radiant smile, and something very like tears in her old eyes. - Presbyterian.

A DEAD-LETTER OFFICE. Cousin Ruth was playing waltzes for the twenty years. John was looking at Ruth | and when she sat down it was with the with apparent concern, counting the lines. noting the streaks of gray that ran through her hair. It had been so dark and thick

dancers, and at last, feeling that he ought to say something, asked :-Mrs. Winston told her husband when he came home to lunch, and they joked over it "That is Grace Deering, Cousin Tom's daughter," Ruth replied. Her bearer

exclaimed wonderingly : "Tom Deering's daughter? I remember him so well!" After a pause he added, I thought you and he would have been married long ago." Cousin Ruth smiled, shook her head, and played on without speaking. "The last time I saw you," said John,

imself-do you remember it? church fund to a man named Brooks, who Did she recall it? Twenty years had kill them?" broke his leg yesterday." passed since young Jack Graham had bidden her a cold and brief farewell, and flies." she, amazed and awestruck by his manner,

go. Yet the memory of that night had body within earshot, excepting, of course, nover left her. "I wonder why Ruth is playing that old-fashioned waltz?" said the cliers of the party to one another, and John Graham

"Ah," he said suddenly, "the tune recalls the past. I sent you a hunch of violets that very night and hoped that you would wear them. Oh, Ruth, what a heartless flirt you were I"

Old as John had grown, his eyes wore a familiar expression as they met hers. As soon as the young people had tired of dancing, Cousin Ruth went up to her room and looked herself in, giving way to strange emotion. From the lowest depths of her runk she took an old brass-bound box that | become a downright laugh soon. had not been disturbed for twenty years, Instead of the fresh, sweet violets she had like "Drenthenth Street!" left in it, there were a few oriep, shapeless

which were these words : "Once for all, Roth, is it yes or no? yes, wear these violets at the ball to-night. I go away to-morrow; and if it is no, I J. G." shall not return. For a few minutes Ruth stood motionless. Clasping the little missive she went downstairs. One of her nephews, passing to know. her in the hallway, thought how pretty she must have been when she was a girl. Her face was sglow with an unusual beauty. She went into the sitting-room,

where John Graham sat alone. He was gazing moodily at the embers of the fire. Ruth approached and, putting the piece of yellowed paper gently into his hand, said an X, or ten-spot. .. "I never saw it until this instant."

He looked at her in mute astonishment as she was about to turn away. "Would you have worn my flowers had you found the note?" he asked harriedly. 'Ab. Ruth, is it now too late?" The merry voices in the next room

drowned her answer to all but John Graham ; he alone heard it.

the time to make a peat job."

THE BEST WORK PAYS. A well-known indge wanted a fence mended, and hired a young carpenter to do the job, saying: "I want this fence mended. I will only pay a dollar and a half, so use

Later the judge found that the carpenter had carefully planed and numbered each board, and, supposing that he was trying to make a costly job, interrupted him with the angry remark :--

"Why didn't you nail those boards on as they were. I don't care how the fence "I do," returned the carpenter, and went on measuring. When the work was done no other part of the fence was as thorough-

"What do you expect to charge?" asked the judge, exreastically.

"A dollar and a balf." The judge stared. "Why did you spend all that labor on the fence, if not for the money. No one

would have seen the poor work." "For the job, sir. I should have known that the poor work was there." He refused anything more than the dollar and a half, and went away. Ten years afterwards the judge had a contract to give for the erection of several magnificent buildings. Among the many applicants the face of one caught his eye. Said the judge, later :-

"It was my man of the fence. I knew he would have only good genuine work done. I gave him the contract, and it made a rich man of him."- Exchange.

FEW MEN ORIGINAL.

Did you ever notice how few people are original in things they say and do? For instance, one man makes a fortune out of going to ait down when they heard someone a simple thing; immediately hundreds of others try is, this is human nature. While it is gratifying to be the "first man" to bring out an idea, the great mass must be contented to follow their leaders. There is one line that is always original, however, cleaner floor in her house. "Martha," she | Garretson Co., Limited, of Brantford said, shamefacedly, "I have left the blinds | Ont., because they continually bring out publications, to sait the times and seasons thus their agents are kept steadily at it and

Ross Winston have promised to come make big money. In fact, no other occupation is more honorable, healthful, her grumness disappearing like a snow- | lucrative, or offers half as many opportuniwreath in April. The bired waiters from ties for promotion. It is a life school Bossack's stood around in their high and- | Many men and women in Canada to-day mightiness, and wondered what it all testify to the truthfulness of his claim, in means, but Martha knew, and the guardian | fact it is conteded on all hands, that one angels of the new home, who had come year's experience with this firm is worth unbidden to the feast, knew, and the recon- more to any young man or woman, than oiled kindred-though they had heard no two or three years at coilege, from story then, knew how sweet and pleasant educational point of view, and financially,

DID IT SERVE HER RIGHTY

Her hat was a regular stunner and no mistake. It looked something like a minfature tropical garden, but nature never produced anything half so gorgeous. A couple of artificial butterflies, whose wings presented a dazzling assortment of colors, were poised upon invisible wires over two imitation orohids. They were obvisiously designed to supply the crowning touch of realism. When she entered the "L" car she knew that that hat would oreste a young folks. Near her stood John sensation. There were plenty of vacant Graham, one of her old beaus. He had seats around, but she walked nearly the stely come bome after an absence of whole length of the car before taking one,

proud consciousness that all eyes were that began to mark her pale face, and fixed upon her-or rather upon her hat. But nobody stered at that hat half zo hard as a bright, chubby little youngster, the last time he had seen it! Then he | who was sitting alongeide of his mother, gezed thoughtfully at the merry young right opposite the owner of the triumph of millinery.

"Ob, mamma, mamma!" exclaimed the "Who is that graceful, yellow-baired little fellow gleefully, "I see two bot-erflies on that lady's hat." "Husb, husb, Willie," said the mother :

> "you mustn't make remarks." But Willie was at that age when then mind refuses to be satisfied with dogmatic assertions, and demands reasons. "Why must I hush? Will the butter-

files hear me and fly away?" "Willie, you must be quiet," said the mother; and then, with the view of allay ing his curiosity one added, "The butt arflies | La Verte, whose mother said to her: "My musingly, "you were waltzing with Tom | ain's slive." "Did she stick pins through them and

"Hush-no: they are made-up butter-Willie meditated upon this for a minute, had merely said, "Good-by," and let him and then, to the intense delight of every- severted : "No, she isn't a fine lidy at all.

wonderous hat, he broke out afresh. "Did you ever see any live butterflies | How tuffuits the charm of it we all see like those butterflice, mamma? I never istened spell-bound to the well remembered | did." Do be quiet and don't ask such foolish

his mother and the proprietor of the

But Willie was not to be suppressed bat fashion. "Mainma, why is it that other ladies

lou't wear butterflies in their bats?" "I don't know. Do be quiet." "Mamma, if you put butterflies on your hat, would you put butterflies on your hat subject, to you who would teach, and to like that?"

into an audible titter, and threatened to the later life of Mary Queen of Scots. We The conductor suddenly opened the door Uplocking it she hastily raised the lid. and shouted out something that sounded the art of fascination, the art of leveliness.

Whatever the street might be it seemed and withered petals, beneath which for the suddenly to occur to the proprietor of the From cottage to unfriendly castle, with first time she discovered a bit of paper, on | hat that it was the street she wanted, and undignified exit contrasting largely with her stately entrance a few minutes before. And what do you think I over heard the lady who sat next to me say ?-

"It just serves her right!" Why it served her right I don't pretend

NICKNAMES FOR MONEY.

Few people realize that every piece money has a nickname. The \$100 bill known as "a century," a \$20 bill is known | woman, be sweet also ? as a double X, or a "sawbuck," a \$10 bill is

Every one handles smell change, and the commonness of this species of money has auggested scores of sobriquets, appropriate and the reverse, grave and gay, efforively funny and humorously pathetic. "nickel," as a name, was suggested by the common idea that this metal entered largely into the compostion of the coin. is a misnomer, as the piece consists of seventy-five per cent. of copper and only

twenty-five per cent. of the metal which gave it a name. "Carfarce," a slang name for the same plece, illustrates the universality of this method of transportation, while "chicken feed," as a name not only for five-cent pleces but also for other small change, undoubtedly came from the rural districts. "Flipper-up" suggests a frequent use to

which the pickel is placed in certain

"Pennice" and "plosyunes" indicate the contempt, more pretended than real, into which our emellest coins have fellen. The The latter name, like "bit," preserves a morsel of history not familiar to general readers. "Picayone," now used as a synonym for the smallest value expressed in money-terms, was once the name of a special coin. It was worth about one-half cent, and at one time, during the colonial days, when all kinds of coins passed ourrept at all sorts of valstions, circulated

along the Atlantic coast. The "bit," now only a money of account and most familiar in the well-known form "two-bits," a synonym for the twenty-fivecent plece, was also known at one time as a coin, equal in value to one, half the Spanish pistareen, and when enpplanted by our familiar "quarter," the name remained long after the coins had disappeared. you may buy the duke." "Shilling" has now finally disappeared from use.

MOST EMBARRASSING.

One Sunday morning a Toronto lady and friend from the country set out to walk to a distant church in the city. They were some time reaching their destination and, fearing that the service must have commenced, agreed to slip into the first vacant seat they could find. Accordingly they entered the sacred edifice and were just

"Come up higher." The ladies hesitated, torn between much worn this autumn; this will be a modesty and a desire to take advantage of blessing to the woman who wishes to look so literal and unusual a fulfilment of the well and who cannot afford to buy such scriptural promise to those who take the new clothing. Any woman can, by using lowest seat in the synagogue.

The country lady signed to her city old clothes a black that will not fade or riend that they had better respond to the wash out. invitation. She thought their hesitation must have been noticed, for a second time | Fast Blacks-for wool, for cotton and the voice cried out, "Come up higher," | mixed goods, and for silk and feathers, and and took a few steps forward. She was if the proper dye is used, any woman can therefore a good deal surprised when her get botter results than the majority of companion suddenly clutched ber by the experienced professional dyers can produce. arm, and with some degree of force made her take a humble seat near the door. A face and she grasped the fact that no one text of his sermon

Bix little marks from school are we Very important, all agree. Filled to the brim with mystery, Six little marks from school. One little mark is round and small,

One little mark with gown a-trailing. Holds up the voice, and, never failing, Tells you not long to pause when hailing This little mark from school: . If out of breath you chance to meet

Pause, and those tiny guardsmon groot, Those little marks from school: : When shorter panees are your pleasur

Then speeds you on to seek new treasure This little mark from school: One little mark, ear-shaped, implies "Keep up the voice-await replies";

This little mark from school: ? One little mark, with an exclamation. Presents itself to your observation. And leaves the voice at an elevation, This little mark from school: 1 Six little marks! Be sure and beed us; Carefully study, write; and read us;

For you can never cease to need us, Six little marks from school! -- St. Nicholas.

Now, why should only ugly children be sporred up to this sweet graciousness ? occasionally, and only occasionally. Of

and comfort with the young duchesses. Their constant aim seems to be to give nobody any trouble."

you who would learn? "Unknown to By this time the snicker had developed | History," by Miss Younge, is a sketch of sometimes wondered, as we read it, if it were not intended as an actual treaties on

shall we say "lovely" queen? Who knows? servants, maids and solliers and worshipshe rushed precipitately out of the car, her | ful knights, and it is always the same old story. Sho is always "just like me, and I We marvel at ourselves, page by page,

that we, too, do not buy so cheaply such love and admiration. No child or clodhopper must be timid in her presence; the anxious, hounded royal lady must prevent that, must use her dainty skill as freely, as in any courtly drawing-room till that nobody

See was not a good woman, but, oh ! she was so sweet! Cannot you, who are a good

JUST FOR FUN. "While I was out West," said the man in the mackintosb. "I saw snowdrifts more than six hundred feet high." "I don't doubt it." replied the man with the cinnamon beard. "When I was out there a couple of weeks ago I saw drifts that couldn't have been less than nine hundred feet deep." "If you hadn't been in such a harry to tell a bigger lie than you thought I could tell," rejoined the man in the mackintosh, I would have explained that the drifts I saw were six hundred feet up the

said the other. "The drifts I saw were at the bottom of a nine-hundred-foot gorge." worries me. Last Monday he tackled a boll terrier on the street, and in a minute they were at it hammer and tongs. I heard the racket and ran out. My dog had the underhold, but the instant I spoke to him he lit go and speaked behind the house." "What did you say to bim?" "All I said to him was, "Billy, have you

forgotten the protocol?"

NO USE FOR INSURANCE. Assurance Agent: "I called to see if oplin's assure your husband's life?" Mrs. O'Flanuigan: "Sure, it wuddent

"Which do you prefer?" asked her indul "It's so hard to decide," she answered. but at the price quoted I think the duke is a better bargain than the count. I guess

COLOR. Diamond Dye Blacks are

Black dresses, capes and jackets will be the Diamond Dye Fast Blacks, color their

.There are three special Diamond Dye Unlike some of the cheap imitations of

Diamond Dyes, these dyes come in almost moment later a burning blush suffored her every conceivable color, so that the woman who wishes any special color can get it in in the congregation cared where they sat | the Diamond Dyes. Practical tests prove and that she had merely heard a reverend | that the Fast Diamond Dyes are the only professor of Trinity College giving out the dyestuffs that make colors which soap will

THE PUNCTUATION MARKS.

But where it stands the voice must fall; At the close of a sentence, all Place this little mark from school :

Two little dots, both round and nest,

To gather information tries

WINNING WAYS.

Many have heard the story of Madame little daughter, you are so ugly that no one can like you upless you are very, very polito and winning in your manners." We know how great a bille she was through following this wise advice. A child who took a stage-couch journey with her as-She 14 just like me, and I love her."

course, the pitier t teaching of chil lhood is the ot ly efficient moulder of this attractivenose, teaching and example. A lady principal of a fashionable school says: "I never had anything but pleasure

May we suggest a text-book on this

We follow the-shell we say "artful" or

is at ease, and her captivated clave.

side of the mountain." "That's all right,"

be wort' th' while; he wurreks in a powder mill, an' is liable t' be blowed up at anny minut!"

HER CHOICE.

BLACK WILL BE A FASH-

IONABLE AUTUMN

the Richest, Fastest

and Best.