The Acton Free Press.

Bollerts

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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Accounts payable monthly.

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M.,
SUCCESSOR TO
J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick reets, Acton.
Office Hours:—6 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and 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 3 to 5 p.m
SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

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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,
BROCKVILLE.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY. Work made Satisfactory. Prices Moderate.
VISITING DATES.—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.

MISS WILLIAMS, —MUSIC
OF GEORGETOWN.
Successor to Miss Laidlaw, is prepared to give thorough instruction in music—piano or organ—in theory and practice. For terms apply to Miss Williams at Mr. Jas. Matthew's residence on Tuesday evening of each week.

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. Binding repaired promptly done

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
H. P. MOORE,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at 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. Terms Reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable sums, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $135,000.
THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office - - GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 293, or telephone 58, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

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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 at 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.

Envelopes!
We received during August 600,000 Envelopes bought very low and we will sell them extra cheap. If you want a box of Envelopes go straight to
Day's Bookstore,
Guelph.
Day has the envelopes to please you and his prices are the lowest.
Day sells cheap.

Waters Bros.
Pictures
Waters Bros.
Frames
Waters Bros.
Artists' Goods
WATERS BROS.,
WYNDHAM STREET, NEW STORE.
Guelph.

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

CASH PAID
FOR
FARM PRODUCE
Butter Onions
Eggs Poultry
Pork Etc.
—Apples Wanted—
AIKENHEAD PRODUCE CO.
G. PARSONS, Manager.
Cor. Mill and Main Sts. ACTON.
(Opposite Clark's Hotel.)

ALMA
LADIES' COLLEGE
Opens for Nineteenth Year
September 7th
Parents are reminded that the best conditions for the mental, moral and social training of their daughters are to be found in a residential school like Alma College, St-Thomas Ont.
For full information address
Rev. R. I. WARNER, Prin.
St. Thomas, Ont.

DON'T FAIL TO SEE
Geo. Stovel's
Stock of
Boots and Shoes.
Suitable for All Classes. Prices Reasonable.
Stovel
Has a splendid line of
School Children's Shoes,
Ladies' Street Shoes,
Misses' Walking Shoes,
Men's Working Boots,
Men's Dress Shoes,
Men's Boots and Leggings for Tannery wear.
Full line of rubbers for Fall wear.
ALL EXCELLENT VALUE.
Stovel
Does all kinds of Custom Work and guarantees his own work.
Stovel
Makes a specialty of REPAIRING.
Stovel
Has a line of Boys' Strong Boots which he is clearing out at 50c. per pair.
AT AGNEW'S OLD STAND,
NEXT TO MELVIN'S BARBER SHOP,
MILL ST. - - ACTON.

Mail and Business Practice
Is the most interesting and practical course of study in Bookkeeping and Accounting for boys and girls leaving Public and High Schools.
Shorthand and Typewriting, special facilities, Individual Tuition, no classes formed. Parents are invited to investigate. Fall term will commence Monday, Aug 28.
GUELPH
Business College and Shorthand Institute
J. SHARP, Principal.

AGENTS WANTED—For "The Life and Achievements of Admiral Dewey," the world's greatest naval hero. By Murat Halstead, the life-long friend and admirer of the nation's idol. Biggest and best book; over 600 pages, eight by ten inches; nearly 100 pages halftone illustrations. Only $1.50. Enormous demand. Big commissions. Outfit free. Chance of a lifetime. Write quick. The Dominion Company, 3rd Floor Caxton Bldg., Chicago

WANTED—Several bright and honest persons to represent us as Managers in this and close by counties. Salary $900 a year and expenses. Straight, bona-fide, no more, no less salary. Position permanent. Our references, any bank in any town. It is mainly office work conducted at home. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. S, Chicago.

—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Capital Authorized..... $1,000,000
Capital paid up..... 700,000
Guelph Branch
We are now issuing Money Orders payable at par at any branch of Chartered Bank in Canada, excepting the Yukon District, at the following rates:—
Under $10..... 8 cents.
$10 to $20..... 10 cents.
$20 to $30..... 12 cents.
$30 to $50..... 14 cents.
HIGHEST CURRENT RATE OF INTEREST paid on sums deposited of $1 and upwards. Interest allowed from date of deposit to date of withdrawal and paid or compounded half yearly.
Advances made to responsible farmers on their own names at the lowest current rates.
No charge made for collecting sales notes if payable in Guelph.
A general banking business transacted.
A. F. H. JONES, Manager.

Three Things for Thought.
The lines of goods most seasonable 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 lifting.
Lamps
Not much profit in waiting until half the dark evenings are over. Our stock is most complete now.
Seven casks of lamps were just opened last week. All the newest styles.
Lastly
Our 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?
John M. Bond & Co.
GUELPH
Motto; "Satisfaction." HARDWARE.

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 & BRO.

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.

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

Two Kinds of Men
There are two kinds of men to be found everywhere — those who are obliged to dress roughly while at work and those whose occupation involves no difference in attire. For the laborer we have heavy, substantial boots; for the business man comfortable, sensible shoes; for the boys and girls good knockabouts, and for the ladies the latest novelties in footwear.
OUR FALL STOCK
is now coming in and embraces goods sure to please our customers as to style, quality and prices.
CALL AND SEE OUR NEW LINES
W. WILLIAMS,
MILL ST.

Poetry.

OLD TIME, OLD FRIENDS, OLD LOVE

There are no days like the old days—
The days when we were youthful!
When humankind were pure of mind
And speech and deeds were truthful;
Before a love for sordid gold
Became man's ruling passion,
And before each dame and maid became
Slaves to the tyrant fashion!

There are no girls like the good old girls—
Against the world I'd stake 'em!
As buxom and smart ant clean of heart
As the Lord knew how to make 'em!
They were rich in spirit and common sense,
A plety all supportin';
They could bake and had taught school too,
And they made the likliest courtin'!

There are no boys like the good old boys—
When we were boys together!
When the grass was sweet to the brown, bare feet
That dimpled the laughing heather;
When the pewee sang to the summer dawn
Of the bee in the billowy clover,
Or down by the mill the whip-poor-will
Echoed his night song over.

There is no love like the good old love—
The love that mother gave us!
We are old, old men, yet we pine again
For that precious grace—God save us!
So we dream and dream of the good old times,
And our hearts grow tenderer, fonder,
As those dear old dreams bring soothing gleams
Of heaven away off yonder.

—*Eugene Field*

Select Family Reading.

Dudley Barrington's Lesson.

Milly Barrington was only 18 when she came to live at Holly Lodge. Very young to be married, said the gossips of the neighborhood, still younger to assume all the cares and responsibilities of a household. And there were not lacking doleful prophets who declared with eyes rolled up and mouths drawn down that Mrs. Barrington never would "get on with the old gentleman."

"He is so fastidous," said one.

"So difficult to suit," said another.

"His ideal is so impossibly high," declared a third.

But to their surprise—perhaps a little to their disappointment — Milly and her father-in-law were the very best of friends from the very first moment in which they looked upon each other's face.

Milly was anxious to learn, so eager to comprehend the ins and outs of the great, roomy old house, so ambitious to excel every housekeeper in the neighborhood, that the old gentleman said with a smile to his son:

"Don't let your little wife undertake too much, Dudley."

And Dudley Barrington answered with a yawn:

"There's no danger of that, sir. The ladies of Holly Lodge have always been first-rate housekeepers you know. And if a woman is at work she isn't spending money foolishly or gossiping."

Mr. Barrington's keen blue eyes regarded his son sharply for a moment.

"Do you think Millie is addicted to either of those pernicious practices?" he asked.

They come natural to all women, don't they?" said Dudley, shrugging his shoulders.

"Not at all!" said his father.

And in his secret soul he wondered if Dudley was really worthy of such a jewel as Millicent.

So the weeks went on, and Milly stood bravely to her helm, until one bright, October day the old gentleman, chancing to pass the low kitchen window, where the vines made a screen of moving shadow, looked smilingly into where his daughter in-law was at work.

"Have you a glass of milk for me, little girl," said he.

Millie brought the milk promptly.

"See, papa," she said, triumphantly pointing to the table, "what a baking I have done to-day. Three apple pies, three loaves of bread, a pan of biscuit, a cake and a dozen plum tarts!"

"Bravo," said Mr. Barrington. "But, Milly, why are you baking? Where is Hannah?"

"Hannah wanted her wages raised," said Milly rather soberly, "and Dudley said it was all nonsense keeping a girl when I was so fond of housework. So she has gone."

"But are you fond of housework?" he asked. "In itself, as an abstract thing, I mean?"

"Yes, papa," Milly answered with some hesitation. "But I'm a little tired this morning. I rose and swept the house through before breakfast so as to have time for the baking."

"You are a good little girl," said the father-in-law. "But we mustn't let you work too hard."

"Papa," said Milly, with downcast lashes and a deep pink shadow creeping over her cheek, "I've been thinking for some time that—that"—

"That I should like to ask you for a little money," faltered Milly.

"Money!" he echoed in surprise. "Doesn't Dudley give you all you want?"

Once more Milly hesitated.

He wants to know what everything is for," said she. "He thinks two shillings is too much for ribbon, and he says hats ought to be had cheaper than five shillings each, and he declares its all nonsense to buy kid gloves when cotton will do as well. And I do need another hat since my best one was spoiled by the rain but I don't like to ask him for it."

"Do you mean to say," said Mr. Barrington, leaning his elbows on the sill "that Dudley doesn't give you a regular allowance every week?"

"No, papa," said Milly, lifting her prettily arched brows. "Dudley says women don't know how to use money and that a wife should always receive every half-penny she spends from her husband. And I can tell you papa, because you are so kind to me—I am so ashamed to have him think me extravagant, and I really need so many little things that men haven't any idea of. It's a little hard sometimes."

Mr. Barrington took out his pocket-book and laid it on the window sill.

"Here, little girl," he said, "you have earned the contents of that a dozen times over."

Milly reached up to kiss him through the vine leaves.

"Oh, papa, "you are such a darling," she said.

He only patted her cheek in reply.

"Dudley doesn't know what a treasure he has got," he pondered as he kept on his walk up to the front verandah where a great chestnut tree was showering it's blooms over the steps and the balmy sunshine slept on the painted floor. "He is making a Circassian slave out of that dear little woman."

And he took his book and stretched himself comfortably out in the hammock for his evening's reveries.

It was the next day that his son came to him in the library, where a little fire of logs had been kindled, for a chilly northwest rain had blown all the maple leaves away, and the sunshine was obscured in driving clouds.

"Well, my boy," said his father kindly, "you are off to the city, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Barrington, Jr., a tall straight, handsome young man, with a brown complexion and sparkling eyes. "And before I go perhaps you had better give me a check if it's convenient."

"A check?" said his father. "For what is it?"

"I'm about out of ready cash," said Dudley carelessly, "and a little spending money would come in very handy for current expenses."

"Ah! And what are you going to buy?"

Dudley looked at his father in amazement.

"I need a summer suit, sir," said he, "and"—

"Yes, yes," nodded the old gentleman. "And how much do you pay for a summer suit now?"

"Oh, six or seven pounds," answered Dudley.

"Six or seven pounds!" echoed Mr. Barrington. "Isn't that rather vague?"

"A fellow never knows exactly," explained Dudley.

"Ah, but you ought to know" interrupted the old gentleman. "And now I am on the subject, you buy your clothes of Poole, don't you? Aren't there cheaper places?"

Dudley ignored the question and said:

"I've a little bill at the cigar shop to settle, and there are some new books I should like to read."

"Just send in the bill to me," said the old gentleman. I'll pay them."

"The bootmaker, sir."

"You must try and not be too extravagant with your boots. Young men have so many fictitious wants nowadays. But as I said before, let all the bills be sent to me. And as for spending money, here is enough for the present."

He drew out half a sovereign and handed it to his son. Dudley started at it in amazement.

"I expected a check, sir," said he, somewhat discomfited.

"Did you?"

"It isn't agreeable to be put on such an allowance," went on Dudley sharply. "I'm not accustomed to it."

"Not agreeable, eh?" said his father, comfortably adjusting his feet on an embroidered rest. Then why do you practise the system with your wife?"

"I give her all that she needs to spend," said Dudley, coloring up.

"And I have given you all that you need."

I am a man!" said Dudley.

"And she is a woman!" retorted his father.

"I am the manager of your warehouse, and I claim my honest remuneration as such," cried Dudley. "I am no beggar. There is not a penny that I ask for that I do not earn."

"That is Millicent's case exactly," said the wise old advocate. "She does the work of the house and does it well. She is an economist in every sense of the word. Is it right that she should receive merely her board and clothes? Is she not entitled to a regular allowance to spend as as she pleases? Do not think me a meddlesome old fogy, my son," he added, rising and placing his hand kindly on his son's shoulder. "But I've been observing all these things, and I merely wanted to give you a personal application of this lesson in economy. You see how it humiliates one to have to beg humbly for the money that one has honestly earned—to be called upon for an account of every penny one wishes to spend. Don't put your wife into such a false position as this. Treat her as one of the firm of Barrington & Co."

Dudley stood still a moment, pondering, and then said, earnestly:

"I will, sir. You are right!"

And Milly was delighted that very day to receive a check for an ample sum of money from her husband.

"Is it all for me?" she cried, with glittering eyes.

"Yes; all of it," Dudley answered laughing.

"But what am I to do with so much money?"

"Look it up in your desk, dear," he answered, "and spend it for your needs as they occur."

"But I never had so much before all at one time!" exclaimed the amazed Milly.

"No, you never had, more shame to me," acknowledged Dudley. "But I have come to the conclusion, Milly, that you are no child to be given a few shillings at a time. You are my housekeeper and deserve your regular salary. I shall give you £5 for your own personal expenses at the beginning of every month, and you shall economize it as you choose. The household expenses, of course, will be paid out of the common stock."

"Oh, Dudley, I never felt so rich in my life!" she said. "Now I can dress like the other women and give a little money to the church and help the poor and feel independent! And I can lay by a little, too, Dudley, every month! Oh you shall see what an excellent manager I can be."

Dudley Barrington looked at his young wife, with a sharp prick of conscience at his heart. Why had he never made her so innocently happy before? Simply because it never occured to him.

And Milly ran eagerly to her father-in-law.

"Papa," she cried, "I am to have £5 a month all for my own self and never to give an account of a single penny of it unless I please It is Dudley's own offer. Isn't he kind?"

And Colonel Barrington smiled and patted her head and answered with a touch of sarcasm:

"Very kind indeed!"—*Chicago Times Herald.*

Truth is the goal of human aspiration.

AS THE CHILDREN THINK.

Mother—Your penwipper has never been used at all.

Little Johnny—Don't need it; my new pants are black.

Gracie—Mamma, what does Santa Claus do after Christmas?

Mamma—Why, he recollects toys for the following Christmas.

Gracie—Oh, I know! He takes the papers and watches out for bargain sales.

A certain schoolmaster, who used a round snuff box during the week and a square one on Sunday, was accustomed to point to his snuff-box when the examiner came along and asked the class what was the shape of the world, a little fellow answered: "Round during the week and square on Sunday.

Donald, aged ten, was a minister's son. One morning when his mother was getting him ready for school he was quite cross, and said: Oh, hurry up! When you wash me you just remind me of papa preaching—you just go on and on, and never know when to stop!" Helen, who is three years younger, and very fond of her papa, thought to come to the rescue, so she said: "I like to hear papa preach. Soon as he begins I lay down and go to sleep."

Visitor—Well Tommy and how are you getting along at school?

Tommy (aged eight)—First-rate. I ain't doing as well as some of the other boys, though I can stand on my head, but I have to put my feet against the wall. I want to do it without being near to the wall at all.

A fly had fallen into the inkwell of a certain author who writes a very bad and inky hand. The writer's little boy rescued the unhappy insect and dropped him on a piece of paper. After watching him intently for a while, he called to his mother: "Here's a fly, mamma, that writes just like papa."

Sister—There! You have candy all over your new suit. What will mamma say?

Little Brother—Well, mamma won't let me have any fun in these clothes till I get 'em spoiled.

Mamma—Mercy on me! What does all this racket on Sunday mean? And you've got all your dolls out, too!

Little Dot—You said we might play church.

Mamma—Do you call all this gable and laughter church?

Little Dot—No, mamma, church is just over and the folk are going home.

Said the Sunday-school teacher, "All little children who lie, or steal, or don't go to church, or fight will go to the bad place when they die." Little Charlie burst into tears. "But you won't go there, dear," continued the teacher, kindly. "N-n-no, I know that," blubbered Charlie; "b-b-but all my little friends will."

A MANXMAN'S CALL TO DUTY.

The Hon. J. K. Ward, of Montreal, a Manx-Canadian, sends to the *Witness* his copy of the leading Isle of Man paper containing the following:—

"I see from this week's "*Christian World*" that there is a paper carried on on the very same lines as the imaginary one described in "In His Steps." It is the Montreal "*Daily Witness*," and is said to be the only one of the kind in the world. That can hardly be said to be a very creditable thing for the Christian Church. Can any one doubt that such a paper must be an enormous force on the side of purity, righteousness, and every good and noble cause? I can imagine few greater blessings that could come to any community than the presence of such a paper in its midst. Just imagine what it would be to have in this island (the Isle of Man) a newspaper absolutely free from personalities, stories of petty scandal, betting news, and advertisements of anything that could be to the moral detriment of the people. I am aware for such a task a man of enormous courage and faith would be needed. But if such a man did arise in our midst it would be such a call to duty to all Christian people as has hardly ever come to us yet. He would have great difficulties to fight with, but I wonder what right any of us would have to call ourselves followers of Jesus if we did not stand by him and see him through. Surely this is no mere utopian dream. It ought to be perfectly feasible. If our Christian profession is a reality and not a sham; if all, or even a large portion of the Church members, were to be governed by the rule "What would Jesus do?" they would make it quite possible for such a paper as the one described as existing in Montreal to live and flourish among us."

Christ begins his work with the individual, making a new man, and out of that new creature, all other good things are to come for others and for society at large Reformation must begin with ourselves."—Rev. D. Inglis, B. A., in *Mona's Herald*," Isle of Man.

AN OLD JOKE UNEARTHED.

An old document unearthed in the Crown Lands Department, Toronto, contains the fervent petition of Elias Jones, of Niagara, an old soldier of 103 years of age, in 1867, for a small pittance from the Government for himself and his aged wife. The petition is addressed to Sir John Macdonald and a characteristic note on the back of the yellow document shows the statesman's love of fun. At the time the petition was sent to Sir John Macdonald the Sandfield Macdonald Government was managing the affairs of the province and Hon. Stephen Richards and Hon. Matthew Crooks Cameron the portfolios of Commissioner of Crown Lands and Provincial Secretary respectively. Sir John forwarded the appeal to Hon. M. C. Cameron, with this inscription endorsed on the back:

My dear Cameron—I think between you and Richards you could vote this old buffer a gratuity. You as a Tory and R. as Reformer.

J. Macd.

It is not known whether the "old buffer", received the pension or not.

MISTAKING THE OPERATION.

A very shortsighted old gentleman going into one of our large towns for the first time and coming from the heart of the country, seeing a man digging, he went to him and said:

"My man, for whom diggest thou this long and narrow grave?"

But the man took no notice. Going closer he said:

My man, for whom diggest thou this long and narrow grave?"

The man looked up and said:

"Go on, you silly old fossil! I'm laying gas pipes!"—*Answers.*

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

The man who has no pity for the fatherless and widows fortunately finds little sympathy in this land. The life of Henry A. Wise records the discomfiture of such an oppressor.

There was an auction sale in the little house, and one after another the widow's few possessions fell beneath the hammer. Presently the auctioneer took up a large bowl which happened to be full of sugar, and the poor woman anxious to save its contents, hastened into the next room to find something in which to put it.

Just as she returned the auctioneer cried, "Sold!" and the purchaser insisted that the sugar was his. The widow pleaded for the little that was much to her, but the man was obdurate, and murmurs of indignation arose from the crowd. Angry at this demonstration, the man turned, and his eye rested on Mr. Wise.

"Mr. Wise," said he, "you are a lawyer. Am I right or not? If you say I am not, I will give back the sugar. If you say I am, I am entitled to it, and I'll keep it."

"My friend," replied Wise, in his gentlest tone, "you put a very delicate and unpleasant responsibility upon me. Had you not better decide the matter for yourself?"

"No," replied the man, curtly, "I know what your opinion is going to be and I want you to give it so this whole crowd can hear it."

"Then," said Wise, "I advise you that the sugar is yours. The widow cannot take it from you as she has no redress."

"Aha!" cried the man, turning to the spectators. "What did I tell you?"

"Stop!" thundered Wise, whose manner at once changed. "I've advised you at your persistent request, as I can prove by these people. It remains for me to tell you that I charge you $5 for my advice, and I demand immediate payment. If you trifle in this matter of payment with me, you will most certainly regret it."

The man turned scarlet and fumbling in his wallet, produced a $5 bill. The crowd yelled its approval, but suddenly became silent as Mr. Wise walked up to the widow and said:

"This money is mine. I have earned it honestly. Take it and buy some sugar for your fatherless children."—*Youth's Companion.*

DONT'S.

"Don't do that, dear."

"Why mamma, I'll soon be Johnny Don't," and the baby's sweet face had a grieved, puzzled look that hurt the mother's heart, but opened her eyes.

"There must be a better way," she said, "and I must find it."

When the boy came with hammer and nails, she said: "Suppose you take these boards, laddie, and make a chicken coop." Johnnie was delighted. That was so much better than aimlessly pounding the nails in the table or chair and being called to order by "Johnnie, don't."

"Don't make so much noise!" gave way to "Why not take your dog out for a scamper, then he can be quiet when inside." You see, she had found the better way. We love our babies, yet thoughtlessly hurt them. Study their ways, mothers, and spare "don'ts."

HOW TO GET RICH

Everybody wants to know how to get rich. This is the way to do it, according to Mrs. Hetty Green, the wealthiest woman in America.

"Be careful of your health. Save your pennies. Study not how you can spend the money you have earned, but how you can earn more. Watch the people who want to take your money from you; the more money you get the more such people there will be. Keep on earning money; If you stop earning, your fortune will shrink as your arm does when you don't exercise it. See that your head isn't lame; it doesn't matter about your legs. Learn to know good people from bad. Take care of your money; it isn't half as hard to earn it as it is to take care of it. Be sure not to put all your money eggs into one basket. Be reliable. That's the golden rule of business.

THE STILL HOUR.

God is present in nature as a worker. "The heavens declare his glory, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." The sun bespeakes his praise. Day exhibits his splendor. Night displays his beauty. The lightning's flash, the thunder's roar, the air's balmy fragrance, the redolence of shrubs, the sparkling dewdrops, the gorgeous rainbow, the melody of the birds, the rolling wave, the murmuring brook, the mountain peak, and the lowly valley, each and all proclaim his glory. Earth's vast continents, oceans, lakes, and rivers, its changing climes and seasons, its variety of products, its myriad creatures, the regularity of its laws, and the harmony of every operation of that power by which it is held together, display his excellence. As every turn we meet a smiling or a frowning God. —*Presbyterian.*

MEDITATING A PRACTICAL JOKE!

"Jim," said one of the two young men from behind the suburbs, who were taking their first ride on a lake steamer and had been watching with interest the seesaw motion of the walking beam, "the next time this end comes down grab hold of it and stop it."

"What for?" asked Jim.

"To plague the engineer."

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 a simple thing; immediately hundreds of others try it, 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, and that is the business of Bradley-Garretson Co., Limited, of Brantford, Ont., because they continually bring out publications, to suit the times and seasons thus their agents are kept steadily at it and make big money. In fact, no other occupation is more honorable, healthful, lucrative, or offers half as many opportunities for promotion. It is a life school. Many men and women in Canada to-day testify to the truthfulness of his claim, in fact it is conceded on all hands, that one year's experience with this firm is worth more to any young man or woman, than two or three years at college, from an educational point of view, and financially, it is all that can be desired.

THE CRICKET IN THE CORN.

When the lilies droop and die
And shrivel into shrouds,
And distant hills are softly blue
With shadows from the clouds,
And chilly is the dewy dusk,
And white with mist the morn,
I listen for a little voice—
The cricket's in the corn.

Upon a hillock all day long
And far into the night,
An atom clad in rusty black,
He sings with all his might,
So lonesome is the tiny tune,
So plaintive and forlorn,
I cannot help it weep to hear
The cricket in the corn.

A wandering minstel—so they say—
Whose fortune was his song,
Among the silken tassels died
When days were bright and long,
And in the nearest living thing
His soul again was born,
In waning Summers still to sing
A cricket in the corn.

—*Minna Irving.*

TWINS ALL ROUND.

When Mrs. Daniel Wheeler, of Hillsburg, Ont., presented her husband with a pair of twins, a son and a daughter, on the 12th of August last, Dan was so overjoyed that he at once set down and wrote to his brother William, in Muhigan, telling him of the event and rather crowing over it. When William received the letter he replied that Dan was no further ahead in raising a family than himself, as two days before the presentation to Dan, his William had become the happy father of twins also. It singularly happens that the fathers, Dan and William are themselves twins.—Orangeville *Sun.*

THE IRISH CONDUCTOR.

A little black-eyed and nimble-tongued Irish street car conductor in Dublin went into the car and called out in his peculiarly penetrating voice: "Wan't seat on the right! Sit closer on the right ladies an gentlem'n, an mak room for a laddy phwat's standing."

A big surly-looking man, who was occupying space enough for two said sullenly: "We can't sit any closer."

"Can't yez?" retorted the little conductor. "Begorra, you niver wint cortin' thin." It is needless to add that room was made "on the right" for the lady.

A MOTHER STORK'S DEVOTION.

Among many stories of the affection of dumb creatures for their young, this from a German paper is peculiarly pathetic:—"At Nenendorf the lightning struck the gable end of a barn where for years a pair of storks had built their nest. The flames soon caught the nest in which the helpless brood was piteously screaming. The mother stork now protectingly spread out her wings over the young ones, with whom she was burnt alive, although she might have saved herself easily enough by flight."—*Christian Herald.*

A SENATORIAL SLANDER.

Two ladies visiting in Washington during one of the sessions of congress went to the capitol to hear the proceedings in the United States senate. Most of the galleries being filled, they approached the doorkeeper of the senator's gallery, where admission is by card. As they did not possess this passport, the doorkeeper suggested that they procure one from any senato. "But we do not know any senator." "Well, that is much to your credit," said the door-keeper. "Pass right in, ladies."

HOLIDAYS.

No man can be thoroughly depraved so long as he takes a holiday. It is something the thief cannot steal, the tax collector cannot appraise, the partly usurer cannot shave and the avaricious landlord cannot pluck. Like virtue, it is its own reward. It shows the beneficent side of that law by which time once lost can never be restored, for a holiday once enjoyed can never be entirely lost.—Toronto *Globe.*

AFTER THE SCOTT ACT DEFEAT IN BROME.

The following dialogue is reported from Brome after the defeat of the Scott Act by the brewers' money:

Rummy—"Well, how do you feel now?"

Temperance worker—"Oh, I feel pretty much as Lazarus did at the rich man's gate."

Rummy—"And how is that?"

Temperance Worker—"Oh, as though I had been licked by the rich man's puppies."

HERE'S A GOOD TIP, GIRLS.

Willie Wishington—Those clouds are beautiful, aren't they? So soft and fleecy white, resting on that pinkish western sky.

Clorinda Wildhopes—O, how lovely! For all the world like a lot of vanilla ice cream on pink saucers.

Willie—Um—er—um—er—um; think you'd like some ice cream, Miss Wildhopes?

Clorinda—How nice of you to suggest it. Whatever put such a delightful idea in your head?

TO THOSE ABOUT TO MARRY

Young men or old men who intend to marry will be pleased to learn that the new Marriage Act is made quite simple by applying to H. P. Moore, issuer of marriage licenses, at the FREE PRESS Office. Call a few days before the ceremony and have the matter explained. Private office. All business strictly private and confidential At residence in evenings.

CARPET RAGS.

How to Dye Them So That They Will Never Fade.

To color wool or cotton rags so they will not fade, one should be sure to get the Fast Diamond Dyes. There are some twelve fast and special colors for cotton, while for wool there are about thirty.

It is impossible to get satisfactory colors on both wool and cotton with the same die although the makers of some cheap dies, that are able to make only a few colors, claim their dyes will color both cotton and wool. A trial soon shows by ruined goods the falsity of such claims. Use nothing but the Diamond Dyes that have been used in millions of homes for the last twenty years.