# The Acton Free Press

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING. -AT THE-

Free Press Steam Printing Office, WILL STREET, TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dellar 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

MOVERTISING RATES—Transient advertise-ments, 10 cents per Nonparell line for first in-sertion, 3 cents per line for each subsequent to CONTRACT RATES-The following table shows our rates for the insertion of advertisements for specified periods:-

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H. P. MOORE Editor and Proprietor

#### Business Birectory. MEDICAL.

TOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M. SUCCESSOR TO J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M. Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick

Office Hours: -6 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and to 9 p.m.

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SUCCESSON TO DR. A. S. ELLIOTT. Late resident Physician and Surgeon to Vic-toria Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto. OFFICE-Mill Street-lately occupied by Dr.

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TRANCIS NUNAN BOOKBINDER, Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario Account Books of all kinds made to order eriodicals of every description carefully bound, uling nearly and promptly done

MARRIAGE LICENSES. H. P. MOORE, ISSUED OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. at residence in the evening.

Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued Free Press Office, AUTON MYM HEMSTREET,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER For the Counties of Wellington and Halton Orders left at the Farm Phress office, Acton, or t myresidence in Acton, will be promptly at-ended to. Torms Iteasonable. Also money to loan on the most favorable sums, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of \$500 and pwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL \$125,000. 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 53, will be promptly tended to.

JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph AUTON

Machine and Repair Shops HENRY GRINDELL Proprietor A RE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machin-

ery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse-shooing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repairs performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw umming and filing done. Acton Saw Mills.

and Wood Yards. JAMES . BROWN

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Wood, Rto. of wood in stock and prompti delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices. Hardwood and slabs out stove length always

# 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 | 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:-

# 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

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#### Speight & Brady Manufacturers of

DYNAMOS, ELECTRIC MOTORS, WATER MOTORS, GASOLINE AND GAS ENGINES, BRASS & IRON CASTINGS TO ORDER. Repairing Promptly Done.

W. BARBER & BROS PAPER MAKERS,

GEORGETOWN, ONT. MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

Machine Finished Book Papers HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.

The paper used in this journa is from the above mills WM. BARBER & BRO.

Everton and Eden Mills,

The place to go for the ..Best Flour..

cation to 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.

### 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

WILLIAMS. MILL ST.

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.

Shortband and Typewriting, special facilities, Individual Tultion, no classes formed. Parents are invited to investigate. Fall term will commence Monday, Aug 28. QUELPH Business College and

WANTED-Reveral bright and honest persons represent us as Managers in this and close by counties. Salary \$900 a year and expenses. Straight, bous-fide, no more, no less salary. Position permanent. Our references, any bank in any town. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Reference. Haclore self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company.

Shorthand Institute

J. SHARP, Principal,

# -THB-

Capital Authorized..... \$1,000,000 Capital paid up.....

**Cuelph Branch** 

.10 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 Advances made to responsible farmers their own names a the lowest curren rates.

No charge made for collecting sales notes payable in Guelph. A general banking business transacted. A. F. H. JONES.

Perhaps

Hall.

Perhaps

Perhaps It is Both.

We can suit you whichever way it goes, that is in Linoleums, Oil Cloths or Mattings. We pride ourselves on our particular attention in this department. Bigger bargains than ever this year. Come and see our patterns and try our prices.

John M. Bond & Co. GUBLPH Motto; "Satisfaction." HARDWARE

-ACTON-LIVERY

BUS LINE

The undersigned respectfully solicite the patro age of the public, and informs them that Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured t his stables. A comfortable bus meets

trains between 9 a.m. and 8:18 p.m.
Careful attention given to everyorder
The wants of Commercial Travellors fully met. JOHN WILLIAMS

# Sun Savings and Loan Co.

HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT

Authorized Capital - \$5,000,000.00 Ten-year maturity shares are paid Monthly Instalments of 50c, per share fo 120 months, when payments cease-\$60.00

Money to loan at 5% straight loan or repayable in monthly instalments on appli-

aid in-maturity value \$100.00.

R. J. McNabb, Agent, Acton.

### Oxford

Oxford Stoves and Ranges Oxford Base Burner Oxford Furnaces.

The Imperial Oxford Range is the leading Cook Stove. May be seen at any time at Pannabookers, Mill St. The Ofxord Base Burner is the leading Coal Stove.

> Pipes, Scuttles, Shovels. Stove Furniture, at low prices.

G. A. Pannabecker, Mill Street, Acton.

# COOPER & AKINS

The ... Artistic Tailors:

REG 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 York and London. (See our latest fashion plates). To show our goods is

pleasure. Call and see us. Fit and workmanship guarantecd. celebrated Bellwarp

change its color in two years wear or money refunded.

COOPER & AKINS.

#### Poetry.

GIVE THANKS. for all that God in mercy sends For health and children, home and frie For comfort in the time of need.

For every kindly word and deed, For happy thoughts and holy talk, For guidance in our daily walk, or overything, give thanks.

For beauty in this world of ours, For verdent grass and lovely flowers, For songs of birds, for hum of bees, For the refreshing summer breeze, For bill and plain, for streams and wood, For the great ocean's mighty flood, n everything, give thanks.

For the sweet sleep that comes with night, For the returning morning's light, For the bright sun that shines on high, For the stars glittering in the sky. For these, and everything we see, O Lord, our hearts we lift to theor overything, give thanks.

#### Select Family Reading.

Miss Constantia's

. . . Thanksgiving.

"Two letters? Why, 'two are better than one!" smiled Miss Constantia into Judy's little black face. She put out her hand eagerly for the letters, coveting their contents like a very miser. She was so intolerably lonesome. A minute ago she had scarcely known how to bear it.

"That's Paulina Ward's writing on one-I should know her slant anywhere. And her T-crossings !- Paulins could get out a patent on those! Now, who's this other letter from? Oh !" Miss Consaantia's beautiful, straight

brows creased unbecomingly. As a sure signsl of her displeasure, her shoes tapped the polished floor with nervous, irregular strokes. Judy, looking and listening, shook her crop of woolly braids signifi-"Wouldn't be de white nigger das done

wrote dat letter-hi bet I wouldn't !" the child ruminated. "Wen Missy Cunetance done proker up her nose an' stomp her toes dat-a-way, den you little niggers better scomper!" And Judy "scompered." It was quite a long time before Miss Constantia touched either letter again.

the sight of the name on the square white

envelope uppermost on her lap offended her, and she would not allow her eyes to stray in its direction. After a while the woman stretched out a hand to the dainty writing deak beside her, and selected an envelope from one of its little cubby-holes. She thrust the obnoxions letter quickly into it, and sealed it It did not occur to her that it would be s

now street and city. She might have saved herself the pain of writing Nan's "How long must they keep coming here for me to forward?" she cried softly. "Can't her friends find out where she is in month? A month is so long." Miss Constantia shuddered involuntarily. Oh, a month-wasn't it a year, ten years, a

simpler matter to draw a pen through the

little lifetime? How miserably lonesome and heartsick one could be in a month. It had been mid-Oatober when thewhen if happened. Nan-little brown eyed, laughing Nan-had gone away under a canopy of red and golden leaves. Now, other people were getting the raisins atoned for the Thanksgiving mince meat, and Aunt Candace wanted to do hers. It was

bleak sere November.

stantia tore open Pauline Ward's letter at last. She read it aloud from force of habit. She had always read the letters aloud to Nan. "Dear Constance," Paulina wrote, "I'm envying you two, sitting there together in your beautiful home"-Miss Constantia drew in her breath sharply-ab, Paulina did not know-"while am so lonely to-night. For, you see, my big Ben has hied him away to Over-Seas. My little Ben, too,-to bed! I'm sitting all by my lone. Is doesn't agree with me -you know I never could abide being left at home alone. How many times I've run 'cross-lots' after you and your nightgown, when father and mother were away. And once-don't you remember ?-you brought over baby Nan and we took turns lugging her-you to the sione wall, I to the longhandled beech, then you again to Uncle David Croppers's 'pa'r o' bars.' What lug she was-little fat thing ! Just reach out your hand, my dear, and give her ear

a tweak to pay for that arm-ache she gave "Oh!" cried Miss Constantia in pain, Remember what a little fat thing Baby Nan was, and how they took turn and turn about "lugging" her across lots? From Uncle David's hars they carried her on "chair" plated out of their four little tough brown hands. She remembered that, too, Nan was a year and a half then. She was big and lusty for her age. She had a row of little orisp, yellow ouris that nedded and bobbed when -

"Judy ! Judy !" called Miss Constantia loudly, clearing her throat and calling "Judy !"

"Lor, Missy Cunstance," came back Aunt Candace's mellow voice, with wrathful undertones, "Lor Missy Cunstance, ef dat no-'count listle brack nigger ain't done run away ag'in! Yo'wait till I cotch up with her-r-rr-r !" The last syllables had the roll of justice

n them. Then Aunt Candace's voice put off its wrath and put on pleasantness. "What yo' want, honey? I kin fotch it a hep sight better'n that little brack limb evil," said Aunt Candace. "I want-" Miss Constance wavered

doubtfolly. What had she wanted of styles that are shown in New Judy ? "O, yes, I want my cop of tea." "Fo' de Lawd, Missy Cun-" "I know! I know! it is a little early, but I wish it. Bring it in at once, Aunt

Candace." "'Fo' de Lawd!" muttered Aunt Candace on her way back to the kitchen. There was no hint of irreverence in her Sole agents in Acton for voice or on her seamy, polished old face. There was only atter astonishment. Missy Cunstance wanted her tea and here Serge which does not fade or it lacked a quarter to three. A quarter out of her eyes. She looked so much like to three an' Missy Constance wanted her tea-'fo' de Lawd!

> "De worl' done comin' to a smash up, fo' certain !" she mumbled on, "Ain's I done ruised Missy Canstance an'-an'-Missy Nan (bress her !) an' ain't I done | her.

out o' solid silber mugs o' milk? Hoy she said slowly. Her voice dropped to ain't!' De sun neber went down mo' her letter-Connie's letter. Listen-'You reg'larer dan Missy Cunstance's tea-'clar | and that boy of yours.' That's you, Dick. to massy, I'm skeert 'bout Missy Cun- | She says she wants you, too. She wants stance !"

appearance of Judy intervened at this once.' Dick-Dick-" point as a safety valve to her feelings. Miss Constantia drank her early cup of tes with slow little sips. It took her a | thank the Lord." long time, and the sips of all were flavorlittle baby Nan and the row of crisp, yellow | the little room and just tinged their faces

curls that nodded all around her small,

round face. There had been five others between Miss Constantia and baby Nan, but, one by one they had dropped out, until the two ends of the family line had come together and knit in Indissoluble devotion and love. Miss Constantia and baby Nan-she had always been "baby Nan"-and the old homestead were all that had survived the wreck of a good old family. Now it was Miss Constantia and the old home-where was baby Nan?

took the last dainty sip of cold tea and set away the cup. A harried determination had shaped itself in her mind. She would not spend the terrible looming Thanksgiving slone. Aunt Candace should stone ber raisins and make her mince meat at once. There was no time to lose. "I will invite Paulina Ward and her boy,

lonely too," she said, "And I-oh I am It was like a cry of pain in the quiet room. It seemed to echo back to her from the low, studded ceiling. "My dear," she wrote-and the neat,

precise little letters cred on each other their eagerness,-My, dear, I want you to come home to Thankegiving" (it is home here to Paulina)-"you and that boy of I do?" yours. It is an age since you were here. You must start at once-I cannot wait for you! I am so desperately lonely dear. Bring that boy of yours. I want to have bim too. We will try to be thankfol together-we three."

She folded the letter and scaled it in the envelope. Then she fell into another long, and revery. It was nearly dark when she | ago? caught up the two envelopes on the desklid and addressed them in nervous haste. Nan's name she wrote through a mist of

"Judy, she called, and the patter Judy's little feet sounded in the hell in a spurt of speed. Aunt Candace's advice lingered fresh in Judy's mind and on her little black shoulders. "Yes'm, Missy Constance, I'm a-comin'

"Carry them to the office quick, Judyaddress already written, and interline the there is still time for the six o'clock mail. You must run all the way. You can got your breath coming back. Harry." Miss Constantia lingered over her lonely dinner, but most of Aunt Candace's dainty dishes were untouched after all. Aunt

> Candace carried them out again with a heavy heart. "Missy Cunstance is done sick abaido' de Lawd she is!" she groaned helplesey. The tears streamed down over her shiny black cheeks in a steady procession. Aunt Oandace was homesick, too. She longed unspeakably for a sight of Missy Nan's sweet, laughing face.

"Annt Candace !" The voice startled her - it sounded so much like Missy Nan's voice. But it was only Missy Constance standing in the kitchen doorway. For sheer want of comfort Miss Con-"Aunt Candace, I will help you etone the raisine. Get a bowl of cold water and

some plates. We must harry with them-

t is so late. You must make the mincemeat to-morrow." "Yes, Miss Canstance," Aunt Candace muttered in great bewilderment. She got the plates and raisins and filled a bowl at the pump. What was this about stoning raisins and mincement to-morrow.

"I have invited company for Thanksgiving. Miss Constantia superintended how good it is-how good it is! the preparations with persons care. As the didn't hear the wheels, you dreamer, -the time drew nearer, she was filled with great dread of what was coming. She wished she had not writton to Paulinait was terrible to think of having a grand Thanksgiving dinner without-with nobody in the tea-chair opposite her, reaching her toes down to touch the floor !

But it was too lats. Paulina had not written, so of course she was coming. There had really been no time to answer anyway-only time to come. Three days before thanksgiving, a sweetfaced little wife answered the postman's

whistle and held out her hand for a letter. She was so short she had almost to stand on tiplos to reach it as the big blue-coated fellow held it up tantalizingly. "Got an invite to Thankegivin,' sure!" he said with a laugh. "I can smell the eage an' stuffin' through the envelope !" But the woman's eyes were on the hand-

writing-the neat, prim little letters that traced her name. Her face whitened a "Oh I" she cried, softly. Back in her room again, she read the letter through ouce-twice-three times. "Oh !" she laughed-"Oh !" Then her face was radiant. She glanced at the

clock on the mantel impatiently. Would it ever be time for Dick to come? Five o'clock-five minutes part. Oh, he was late to-night! Hark !- that was the way Dick elepped,

steady and strong. "Dick! Oh, Dick!" she cried at the head of the stairs. "Nan ! Oh, Nan !"

He came lasping up to her and took her in his arms. "What's in the wind, little 'qu? Fe-fi fo-fam, I smell-" "Turkey, Dicky ! And roast spare riband plum pudding aftre in the middle !-

and spiced oysters !"

He sniffed once or twice. "Yes, I smell 'em," he said gravely. They went into the pleasant little room together, and he set her down in an easy-"Now, then, Hop-o'-my-Thumb, what'd

it all about ?" he asked briskly. It was so

pleasant to see that the homesick look was "Baby Nan" to-night. "Dick-Dicky! Oh, it's too good to be "I guese it isn't, Hop-o'-Thumb, -it's all

a fake." He threw himself down besite

ain't I? Well I sin't nebber made it w'en | gentle, awed tones. "Dick, she wants ne it lacked a quarter to three-'fo' de lawd, 1 | to come to Thanksgiving. It's all here in

us all three to-be thankful together-she Fortunately for Aunt Candace the cannot 'wait for' us-we must 'start at

"Yes, Hop-o'-Thumb?" "Somebody ought to kneel down and They gazed at each other solemnly less and cold. She was thinking of fat | The last rays of autumn sunset reddened

> faintly. It was very still indeed a moment All the evening Nan sang over her sewing and Dick's big base rumbled in occasionally. They were so happy !

"'You and that boy of yours,' " quoted Nan again and again. "That's you, Dicky. You are that boy of mine. Connie wants you, too. She has forgiven us, Dick.". "Hop-o'-Thumb, I believe in my soul she

On Thankegiving morning, Judy was a state of bliss out of all proportion to her "I will answer Paulina Ward's letter," diminutive black person. She paddled Miss Constantia said suddenly, aloud. She | softly about from room to room regarding Missy Constance's preparations out of wide, admiring eyes ;-then scurried back to the familiar abode of the kitchen to suiff fresh and entrancing odors. No scolding or criticism had power to dampen her spirits. Judy, at least was happy.

Miss Canstantia and Aunt Candace were covertly nneasy and distressed. The to come and eat it with me. They are | minutes were away too rapidly for them ; it grew unpleasantly near the hour for Paulina and that boy of here to come The stage was due at eleven-it was helf

"Oh, how can I let them come?" groaned poor Miss Constantia to herself. "How can I smile and talk and sit there opposite Nan's empty tea-chair? It was a terrible mistake to ask them to come. What shall

She felt a keen longing to pour out her trouble on Aunt Candace's broad black breast, as she used to do years ago, but her pride would not let her. She had never mentioned Baby Nan to Aunt Candace since that day when she sent her away down the path, under the red and golder leaves. Was that a month or a century

She had known through the papers that Nan had married Dick Bemis at once-Nan, her little luxurious Nan ! The boy was good enough for most girls-not for Nan-but he was criminally poor. 'And side by side with that ineradicable blot against his name, in Miss Constantia's mind, was his lineage. No true blood ran n his veins-not a drop. And in little laughing Nan's veins it-was all blue. Mis Constantia had nourished such high ambi tions for high-bred, lique-veined Nan And, truth to tell, it had not occurred to her that the child--Nan was so little and loving and soft !- would dream of setting up her will like that. It had never

happened before-oh, no, no, never ! Miss Constantia sat waiting for the sound of coach wheels on the drive. Her fine, clear-out features were tense and pale. And as she waited, past Thanksgiving, one by one, fled before her memory. There was the first one she remembered, when the long caken table was edged with little faces, her own somewhat higher up than the rest. She could distinctly see her father's face and her mother's, sweet and serene, at the table ends. Baby Nan's face was not there that Thanksgiving, or for many succeeding ones. Then she saw i among the other faces-tiny fair and

gleeful. After that it was always there--Just Nan's face and hers had been left at the shortened table for more than half a score of Thanksgivings. And now-

"Oh, Nan, Nan !" cried Miss Constantia -aloud. Her voice was a cry of pain. "Yes, Connic, here I am!" Nan answered not come. After another half-minute be her. She was standing there in the doorraised his voice again : way, laughing ! Of course,-Nan was always laughing. She held out both her hands and ran across the room.

Here I am, Connie,-right here !

wheels in your dear old head made such a noise! But they rattled and clattered me here-I and that boy of mine. Dick, Dick, where are you? Connie wants you, too-"Yes, Hop-o'-Thumb," a deep bass voice was rumbling somewhere outside, and then Baby Nan was pulling her great boy forward and ranging his big, strong bulk beside her own little self, in front of Miss

Constantia. Her laughing face was flushed

and sweet, and afterward Miss Constantia

remembered that it was proud, too.

"This is that boy of mine," Nan oried happily. "Dicky, your manners!-your manners! Why don't you shake hands, But Miss Constantia lifted her face and kissed bim. Riches, poverty, blue blood or red, it did not matter. Nothing matter-

ed. She was not even conscious of wondering how it all happened -there was a time for that afterward. Now there was only time to be thankful. Somewhere in the shadow of the doorway, a little blacker than the shadow, Aunt Candace's dusky old face was shin-

ing. And below it shope little black "Fo de Lawd !" murmured Aunt Candace's fervently. And this time it was a prayer of Thanksgiving.

> THANKSGIVING. Assemble, all ye people, Your thankful voices raiso To, God, the Lord of harvest, Whose goodness crowns our days; Our fathers trusted in Him,

And no'er were put to shame,-

Of us He hath been mindful,

All glory to His name.

O God, we praise and thank Thee, The Giver of all good, For health and strength and raiment For home, for friends, for food; For peace with neighboring nations, For missionary scal; We thank Thee that in Jesus Thou didst Thyself reveal.

We bless Thee, O our Father, For trial, grief, and won; It is through tribulation Thou winnowest Thy grain; O Lord, we pray Thee, cleanse us From overy earthly stain. And when, at last, Thou comest

To gather in Thy wheat,

May we with holy gladness

Not only do we thank Thee

For joys Thou dost bestow,

The Lord of harvest greet; Then, when the last chest's garpered, Wo'll colebrate Thy love at the Thanksgiving Supper

#### THANKSCIVING.

To-day is Thanksgiving Day-the day appointed by legal enactment to give thanks to a merciful Providence for the countless blessings bestowed on us as a people. It must be a singularly unfortonate and altogether wretched being who cannot at this time find it in his heart to be thankful. To those who live in this favored land Thanksgiving should partake of a nature most solemn. We have as a people enjoyed prosperity and what is even better, peace. We have been spared the heavy hand of affliction which has scourged many of our fellows across the seas. Seed time and harvest have come and gone and into our graparies has been gathered an abundance and to spare of the fruits of the earth. Surely; then, when we look abroad we have countless reasons for being thankful as well grateful to the All-wise power which governs our destiny, that in the

dispensation of His favors we have shared so generously. Thousands of years ago Moses instructed the Israelites to keep a feast after they got established in the Holy Land. Thy called it the feast of the tabernacles, and for eight days following the close of harvest they dwelt in booths made chiefly of green boughs, and feasted on corn, wine,

oil and fruit. The Greeks had a nine day's feast of similar character, and the Romans also had one in honor of Ceres, the goddess of

The Serons had a harvest home, and after them, the English. Our Thanksgiving comes from the Puritans, and i will be noted that, like all its predecessors, the observance bore special reference to the harvest, and, if the barvest failed, there was no Thanksgiving day, but it will never be omitted again no matter what calamity falls on the country.

We have discovered that there is always something to be thankful for. Sorrow and disappointment come to all, but there is no life so dark that it is without one ray of sunshine. It for nothing else you are to be thankful for life itself.

True philosophy means to make the best of everything. Be thankful for what you have and forget what you have not. Too often, however, we are prone to complain because our expectations in some respect have not been falfilled. Let us remember that our case might have been worse and that really we have great cause for Thanks-

THE WIGHAM TRAIN.

In the Boston & -- Railroad station, Boston, there was formerly a deaf and dumb bootblack who was a general favorite with the patrons of the road. Of course a great many people talked to him who did | the table. not know that he was totally deaf, but as a rule they quickly discovered his infirmity and respected it. One afternoon Patrick Mulcahey, who lived at Wigham, a station about fifteen miles out, settled heavily into the bootblack's chair. He had no intention of having his boots blacked; but he had

When Pat looked down and saw the bootblack busily engaged in chining his boots, he made the best of the business, and resolved to conduct himself as if he boots polished. Presently Pat remarked, thickly, but

conchalantly, "What toime do the nixt thrain go to Wigham ?" The deaf-and-dumb bootblack, of course, paid no attention. Pat waited patiently a few moments and then repeated, in a

"What toims do the nixt thrain go to The bootblack kept on busily with his "shipping," and made no sign of intelligence. Pat bent low for a reply, which did

"Oi say to you, down there: Whattoime - do - the - nixt-train-go-to-Wigham?" Still the bootblack paid no attention; but by this time Pat's shouts had attracted several waiting passengers. Pat had his hands on the arms of his chair, and was the sailors were up sloft doing their apparently about to rise and attempt to

"Hold on!" one of the passengers called out to him; "that boy is deaf and dumb !" Pat paused. His wrath was apparently not quite mollifled. "Dif and doomb, is it?" said be.

and doomb, indade ! Well, begorra, if he be dif and doomb, he naden't be so shtuck up about it !" his fee for the shine, and with his respien- them is beautifully simple. In Russia a

ALMOST WRONGED.

with the rest of his attire, he made his rooning away has a thin cord with a way unsteadily in search of the Wigham | running poose around his neck, and the

"Prisoner," said the police magistrate, "22 witnesses have sworn that you ran through thestreets without proper clothing | master. upon you; that you struck a young lady in the face and knocked her down; that you AN APPARENT MYSTERY set fire to three houses and a barn; that you shot at two men and tried to stab another; that you drove your wife and children from home with a club and compelled them to remain out in the rain all night; that you yelled like a hyens for eight hours at a stretch, making strong men weep and scaring women and children into fits, and that you destroyed the beautiful figures upon our public fountain by hammering them with a sledge. Have you men and women dress well when small anything to say in your defeuse?"

ment provided by law. Hanging is too good | needed in wearing apparel for the mother, for such a despicable wretch as you admit | daughter, father or son. The soiled or that"-"But,' the low browed person at the bar | ago, or it may be a faded and rusty cape, interrupted, "will your honor please let me l'jacket, suit or overcont that has done explain why I done it? I"-

"Judge," the prisoner replied, "I admit

"Hah !" the court explained. "You did

that oll them accusation is true. Is"-

"There can be no explanation," the judge like new at a trifling cost by the use of answered in theseverest tones at his command. "You are too low, too contemptible

drunk when I done it." case. This gentlemen is discharged."

I've boord th' cin. When April's sunlight gleamen I've tried rite hard t' be entranced

T' church on Sunday morn An board th' orgin toot it out Ez loud ez Gabr'l's horn,

Time was whene'er a fiddle squeaked S' livelylike an sweet,

With my cowbided foot. It sounds good now, an I kin rasp A tune or two m'solf, But dancin' is a thing long since

But I kin eat ez woll ez whon T' do it I began-That's why th' turkey ben sounds good A-sizzlin' in th' pan !

A-doin' of odd jobs For Mary Ann an' stuffin' in T' stove limb wood an cobs-

Es well ez them ez can-I feel that when that turkey hon 'S a-sizzlin' in th' pan!

Yow pay th' fare, I'll go an' hear That Paddyrosky play. When Patty'll fotch her top notch squeal, I'll stomp an vell "Hooray !," But, arter all, th' sweetest note

A-sizzlin' in th' pan ! -Up-to-Date.

LAYING THE TABLE-CLOTH. Most American girls and many of their

were very large, and were always laid on the table double; for a long time they

long and two yards wide. He had one cloth which was thirty-two yards long, and had the arms of Prance embroidered on it in silk. All of these were fringed. In the sixteenth contury "doublers," or double cloths, were replaced by two table-

town, and did not quite know what he was laid just as we lay ours to-day. The other, which was put on over it was large and of beautifully-figured linen.

> to make dishes, plates, salt-cellers, saucedishes and glasses, stand steadily in the midst of this undulating sea, and among However the fashion had only a short existence, as is apt to be the case with uppractical fashions, and toward the latter

table, came into general use.

An ocean-going captain was so much given to using bad language that his first mate made a bet with him that he could went on all right for the first two or three different duties. But their captain was displeased with their work. He stood at it as long as he could, and then he threw his cap on deck in a towering rage, jumped on it, and shaking his fist up at the men with you, my dears-you know what I mean !"

### TO STOP RUNAWAY HORSES.

Runaway accidents seldem occur in Shaking his head menacingly, he paid Russia. The means used in preventing dent cowhide boots quite out of keeping horse that is addicted to the habit of end is tied to the dash-board. When a horse bolts he always takes the bit in his teeth, and the skill of the driver is useless; but the moment the pressure comes on the windpipe the horse knows he has met his

# FULLY EXPLAINED.

There are thousands of people in Canada with very limited resources who are always well and neatly dressed, but nover in debt for the new dress, costume, espe, jacket, suit or overcoat. The question with many is, "How can

Diamond Dyes. The Diamond Dyes supply the newest,

SWEET TE When pald sopranors screamed, I've 'lowed my gais t' tote me off

An it wur music, tow, I'll own, But, 's I told Mary Ann,

I'd ruther hear a turkey hen A-sizzlin' in th' pan ! 'Twuz hard t' koop from keeping time

Laid by upon the shelf,

Thankegivin', when I'm putterin' round

Don't tell me then a man should try His appetite t' gov'n With that air juley female bird A-cookin' in th' oven. For there is things oz can't be did

Then spont about yer spring bird's notes An with yow I'll agree-Yaas, I'll enthuse an' sing bass on "M' Country, 'Tis of Thee !"

For me till life's last span Will come from a plump turkey hou

brothers have had to "set the table" when they would have better enjoyed doing something else, but the task offered no serious difficulties. If they had had to follow the French fashion of soveral centuries ago they might well have felt some dismay. Probably no little French girls of the period from the twelfth to the seventeenth centuries could have arranged a fashionable table-cloth without considerable assistance. In the twelfth century the table-cloths

were called "doublors" for that reason The rioth was first placed so as to touch the floor on the side of the table at which the guests sat; then all the cloth that remained was folded so that it just covered Charles V. had sixty-seven table cloths which were from fifteen to twenty yards

become somewhat intoxicated while in cloths, one of which was smell and was

It was skilfully folded in such a way that, as a book of that time says, "It resembled had intended from the beginning to get his a winding river, gently ruffled by a little breeze, for among very many little folds were here and there great bubbles." It must have required much art and care

those "bubbles" and puffy folds. londer tone of voice, and leaving farther part of the century a single cloth laid flat, and touching the floor on all sides of the

A REMEDY FOR BAD LANGUAGE.

not do without swearing for a week. It days, until a bit of a squall came on and chastise the bootblack for not answering an angry soowl, he hissed: - "Bless

incomes are barely sufficient to pay rent and living exponses?" The explanation is simple, but crue nevertheless. Wire, economical women all that? Then I shall take pleasure in | call to their aid the magical powers of centencing you to receive the full punish- Diamond Dyes when new creations are dingy dress or costume worn a year or swo service in the part-all are made to look

for any consideration whatever. I sentence | most fashionable and most becoming colors for the different seasons. This is one of "But judge," yelled the prisoner, "I was | the great advantages that Diamond Dyes offer the ladies of Canada. No other "Ob!" the magistrate replied. "Why package dyes are so strong, fast and didn's you explain that at the beginning? | brilliant as the Diamond Dyes, and no I beg your pardon for the harsh things I others so easy to use. All economical and have said about you. Clerk, call the next thrifty women use the reliable Diamond