The Acton Free Press FINE ... EVERY THURSDAY MORNING. -AT THE-

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Editor and Proprietor

H. P. MOORE

Business Directory. MEDICAL.

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Proc Press Office, AUTON WM HEMSTREET, LICENSED AUGTIONEER

For the Counties of Wellington and Halton Orders left at the Frank Prizes office, Acton, or t my residence in Actob, will be promptly at-Also money to loan on the most favorable sums, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of \$500 and pwards.

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JAMBS · BROWN MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Wood, Etc. wood in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices.

Hardwood and slabs out stove langth always on hand. Telephone Communication.

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A GENTS in every district on the continent to take orders for high grade Canadian grown Nursery Stock and Seeds. Largest and most complete assertment in the trade. Fast-selling specialties; superb samples furnished free; correspondence in any language. These positions are money makers and territory should be secured at once for the season by all hustlers looking for a good thing. Our salary or commission offers interest to anyone not earning \$1000.00 per year. Get in communication with our nearest office. An opportunity to represent our nearest office. An opportunity to represent

our nearest office. An opportunity to represent a well-established house. Ability more impor-LUKE BROTHERS COMPANY,

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Capital Authorized \$1,000,000

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We are now issuing Money Orders payable at par at any branch of Chartered Bank in Canada, excepting the Yukon District, at the following ...12 conts.

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

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

A. F. H. JONES, Manager.

Just Opened

Shipments from three great

TABLE CUTLERY POCKETCUTLERY

ways right."

CUELPH

Motto: "Satisfaction." HARDWARE. AUTON

Georgetown, Machine and Repair Shops HENRY GRINDELL Proprietor

-ACTON-

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Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can al-Oxford Stoves and Ranges

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

> Scuttles, Shovels, Stove Furniture,

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Mill Street, Acton.

Beyontieth Year

Country

Centleman

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Leading Agricultural Journal of the World.

Every department written by specialists, the highest authorities in their respective lines.

No other paper pretends to compete with it in qualifications of editorial staff.

Gives the agricultural NEWS with a degree of fullness and completeness not even attempted by others.

Best Reviews of the Crops. Beat Market Reports. Best Accounts of Meetings. Best Everything. INDISPENSABLE TO

All Country Residents KEEP UP TO THE TIMES. Single Subscription, #2;

Two Subscriptions, \$3.50: Four Subscriptions, 86 SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO RAISERS OF LARGER CLUBS. Write for Particulars on this Point. Club Agents wanted everywhere. Four Months Trial Trip for 50 cents.

SPECIMEN COPIES Will be mailed free on request. It will pay any-body interested in any way in country life to send for them. Address the publishers: LUTHER TUCKER & SON, Albany, N. Y.

> 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

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

J. SHARP, Principal

THE ADSENT MINDED BEGGAR. When you've shouted "Rule Britannia"- when you've sung "God Save the Queen"-

mouth-For a gentleman in kharki ordered South?

nesses are great-But we and Paul must take bim as we fin him-

off a slato-

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

WE HAVE

English manufactories.

CARVERS WATERS BROS., RAZORS Some of the nicest goods we have ever received-Some of the most useful articles to be had for wedding presents or gener al use-The Carvers are simply the best

we have ever had -- "Our prices are al-John M. Bond & Co.

A RE 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-sheeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repairs performed na satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw umming and filing done.

BUS LINE The undersigned respectfully solicits the patron age of the public, and informs them that

ways be Secured At 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 Travellers fully met,

JOHN WILLIAMS

Order your Coal now from J. C. HILL, Coal Dealer.

First-class Coal of all sizes required. Delivered promptly at reasonable prices.

C. A. Pannabecker, Stoves, Ranges, Pipes, Pipe Varnish Stove Boards, Coal Scuttles, etc. J. C. HILL ACTON.

THE most popular brand of Family Flour and Roller Oats for sale at

ROBERT NOBLE'S Flour & Feed Store At Acton.

Also Mill Feed and chopped Grain of all kinds.

We want delivered at Acton Graineries large quantities of boys, as fall drew on, began to prepare for grain for which we will pay ing their former season's questionable the highest market price success. in cash.

R. NOBLE.

THE WINE WAS TO SEE **Up-to-Date**

Tailoring - Store. In thanking our friends for their patronage for past seasons we beg to announce

Stock for Fall and Winter is Now Complete. and in anticipation of a larger business and also a great advance in British and Foreign

goods, we placed our import orders early that we might give our friends the benefit of the advance which has taken place. We have the production of the best mill

and the latest novelties in designs in -Buitings--Pantings-

-Overcoatings-Call and see our goods. It is a pleasure

show them. Fit and workmanship guaranteed.

& Akins, Cooper MISS St. Acton. We are sole agents in Acton for the celebrated Bellwarp and Blenheim Serge, which does not fade or change its color i two years wear or money refunded.

THE REAL PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

Poetry.

When you've finished killing Kruger with your Will you kindly drop a shilling in my little

Ho's an absent-minded beggar, and his weak-

He is out on active service, wiping something

And he's left a lit o' little things behind him Duko's son-cook's son-son of a hundred Klogs-Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay!)

Each of 'em doing his country's work (an who's to look after their things?) pay! pay! pay!

Pass the hat for your credit's make, and-There are girls he married secret, asking no permission to,

For he knew he would not get it if he did. There is gas and coals and vittles, and the

house-rent falling due, And it's more than rather likely there's a kid There are girls he walked with casual, they'll be corry now he's gone, For an absent-minded beggar they will fine

it ain't the time for sermons with th winter coming on-We must belp the girl that Tommy's let bohind him! Cook's son-Duke's son-son of a belte

Son of a Lambeth publican-its all t same to-day ! Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look after the girl ?) Pass the hat for your pay! pay! pay! There are families by thousands, far too proud

to beg or speak-And they'll put their sticks and bedding up the spout, And they'll live on half o' nothing paid 'e punctual once a week, 'Cause the man that carned the wage ordered out.

lo's an absent-minded beggar, but he heard bi

And his reg'ment didn't need to send to fin

country call.

forget it all,

Table Bay 1)

He chucked his job and joined it -so the job before us all Is to help the home that Tommy's left behin Duke's job-cook's job-gardener, barone Mows of palace or paper-shop-there's

someone gone away! Each of 'em doing his country's work (an who's to look after the room ?) Pass the hat for your credit's sake, andpay! pay! pay! Lot us manage so as later we can look him

the face, And tell him-what he'd very much prefer-That while he saved the Empire his employer saved his place, And his mates (that's you and me) looked ou for her. Ho's an absent-minded beggar, and he ma

But we do not want his kiddles to remind him

hat we sent 'em to the workhouse while thei daddy bammered Paul, So we'll help the homes our Tommy's left | Sue can do all that's to be done here." behind him t Cook's home-Duke's home-home of millionaire. (Fifty thousand horse and foot going

Each of 'em doing his country's work (and

what have you got to spare ?' Pass the bat for your credit's sake, andpay! pay! pay! -Rudyard Kipling The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS accompanies the poem with pictures of Tommy Atkins as "The Absent-minded Beggar"; Jack as "Cook's Bon"; Prince Christian of Schleswig as "Son of a Hundred Kings"; Lord Edward Cecil, "Son of a Beltod Earl"; Lord Charles Cavendish-Bentinck, a "Duke's Son," and the writer of the

poom, Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Select Family Reading.

How Mary Paid the Mortgage.

OHN BURGESS had been out all day hiring men for the woods. He and his two younger brothers, Hugh and Peter, had resolved to "go in" again, on a small scale, anyway. Farm produce was low in the market; in fact, it was almost impossible to sell at any price the pork, hay, oats,

BY YRANK BAIRD.

butter and other things that were really not needed on the farm. The Burgess boys had lumbered winter before, but they hadn't done very well. There had been too much snow in the winter and too little rain in the spring. They had got their drives out and their lumber to market; but when they got their survey bills and came to settle up at the big country store they weren't certain whether they had made money or a debt. But there is a kind of fascination about lumbering and the woods. So the Burgess another winter's operations, notwithstand-

Of the brothers, John was the eldest, but he was only twenty-eight. The whole family consisted of the mother, the three sone and two daughters. Since the death of Alexander Burgess, his wife and family had worked hard, and they had succeeded fairly well. The boys were steady-not a rover among them-and when they had worked out they had always come home and brought their wages with them. They had improved the farm some and had worked up, the neighbors said, "from oxen to horses." The efforts of the boys had been supplemented by those of the girls. Mary, who was next in age to John, had, by weaving and such like, been a constant contributor to the fund, which, sometimes more, sometimes less, went each year to lessen the mortgage that had been contracted during the father's long sickness. This debt, once a thousand, now stood at a

hundred dollars. But it had been that for All were anxious to have it paid, but it was to Mary that thoughts concerning it came oftenest. "We must do our best to clear it off next year," she said often to John, "for it bothers mother." Mary had often done her best to devise some means by which she herself could pay the debt, or make it a good deal less, anyway. she heard John and Hugh talk on the night in question it occurred to her that her

opportunity had come. John, as stated, had been out all day engaging men for the winter's operation. "We'll want," be said to Hugh, "about nine besides ourselves. I've got seven. All we want now is a boy to drive the onehorse an' a cook. I've been lookin' all day expecting some giant animal to spring as for a cook, an' I can't find anyone but once into the camp. She heard nothing they?"

askin'?" "Why, he's wantin' \$26." "Twenty-six dollars! 'Tis high, isn't it? Let me see, \$26 a month for, say six great brown body. It was a bear, and he months and a half-why, that'd be, let me | was coming-in. see,-for six months and a half that'd be-"but Hagh wasn't good at even simple mental work, and went for a pencil. "That would be just \$169, Mary said looking up from her knitting; then laying seen. The bear stood for some time with down her work and speaking earnestly, she his paws on the log that served for dooradded, "and I'll do it for just \$60 less !" step. He spiffed the air just as high as he The hundred dollars would clear the farm | could reach, then on every side. Finally | by the most popular Canadian writers,

of debt, she knew. "You! Go to the woods to cook ?" came from both brothers at once; Hugh turning in amazement from the shelf where he was seeking in vain for the pencil by the aid of which he was to make some mathematical calculation. "Yes, I go to the woods to cook. I have cooked for twelve men before now and can do it again."

"Not in the woods, Mary, you know; no in the woods," John began with a significent shake of his head. "No, I guess not," added Peter the youngest of the brothers, with a free, open laugh. "I'd like to see you in the camp. sittin' 'round on the deacon seat listenin' to stories and songs, an' the camp chuck full o' smoke." This racy picture raised a laugh in which

all joined but Mary. The color pulsed up to her cheeks and she fixed her eyes on her mother. "I could go, mother, nicely," she said. ."They woul in't act that way if I saved to the boys. They would surely be The other end of the barrel she could touch | the stories are very funny and all of them able to pay off the mortgage then, and they couldn't, it would save from adding

to it, which would be just as good." The mention of the mortgage checked at once the flow of mirth that Peter's picture of Mary in a camp had started. "It's true, Mary," John said at length. "It would be nice to save what we could, but we could never think of seeing you in a camp with a

orew of men. We know what it's like." If John Burgess ever felt proud of his sister it was then, as he looked across the table to where she sat. He had often heard it remarked by others she was good looking, but he had never fully realized the truth of the remark till now. The crimson on her cheek that had come with the laugh, the quiver on her lip and the approach to a tear in her deep, clear eye, showed her in a new light. And then what she had volunteered to do! That had moved him most. He felt ashamed. His sister was more earnest in the struggle for freedom than he was. She must be. He dropped his head to his hands that he had clasped on the table before him. He sat for some time while the others talked. Then he got up, lit the barn lamp and went to the stable. As he came in again he overheard

Mary saying, "I am going, mother, whether John and Hugh want me or not. You and When John entered he found all had gone to bed but his mother and sister The three talked for some time, then John took the candle that had been lighted for him and went upstairs. It took Mary full week to convince her mother and brothers that there would be nothing out firmly seated. of place in her going to the woods to cook. The fact that Langin still held to his unusually high rate, and that John, after bunting a week, could get no other cook. made it somewhat easier for Mary to succeed in bringing the others members of

definitely arranged that she should go. The announcement of the arrangement caused considerable stir in the neighborhood. Both men and women were unanimous at first in saying the report was false. A women to go to the woods! When however, the report was finally confirmed, there were many, especially of the men who shock their heads knowingly but maintained a silence that meant, "We know, but she doesn't." One man who spoke said, "Two days'll do her, now you" see," while another remarked it was

shame for John Burgess to allow his sister to go to the woods." Lumber camps are as a rule rough. country, and what is far worse, that of the town, meet. Now and then an old soldier or sailor drifts into a camp. Frequently a considerable portion of the crew are unmarried men, sometimes past middle age, who work the winter in the woods, and spend the summer and their winter's pay in drink and dissipation at some of the low hotels and dens in the cities and towns. crews made up of such men as these, there is generally considerable profanity and vulgarity. But of course, all crews are not alike, nor are all nearly so bad as that described above. Yet it is rare, very rare, that a crew of even twelve men is found in

a camp where there are not at least two or three who are equally as bad as the worst. Mary, from the first, threw off all false modesty, setting not in the least timid, nor, on the other hand, over-free. She simply acted the judicious womanly woman she was. That seemed the talisman which secured her ears from all volgarity, oven in surroundings that had always been synonymous with what was worst in that respect. So it was not the presence of the men that gave Mary concern ; it was their absence. She dreaded the long lonely days. As the fall advanced the men took their dinners with them, and she was often left alone from daylight till dark. Bears, she knew. were common in the woods near the camp, for she overheard some remarks to that effect, which, however, were not intended for her. But she kept her fears to herself. Anyway, she had no real grounds for fear

until one afternoon near the first of Decem-It was always Mary's quetom to climb to her small, elevated berth in a remote corner of the camp, and take a short sleep in the afternoone. She had just got comfortably settled one day, when she heard a gnaw-gnawing at the moosehide hinges of the low camp door. She lifted a small screen that hung from above, and she saw the door shake. She had booked the chain of the door as usual, and had felt quite scoure. That the hinges might be goawed away had not occurred to her-not till she

was quite sure it was being done. Mary had looked and wished for a good snow storm. Then, if what she had heard the men say was true, the bears would "den." But no snow had come. Mary thought of this as she listened to the gnawing, and noticed the shaking of the little camp door. By and by the door went down. Mary drew quickly back,

Langin, an' he's wantin' big wages- for some time but the beating of her heart bigger'n we can give." "Langin's a good and the pulsing of blood in her veins. She cook an' I s'pose knows it," Hugh said; lifted the curtain and peeped out. There "but," he went on, how much is he was nothing to be seen at first, but as she

looked, a black snuffing nose appeared, then a long, pointed head, and finally a Mary involuntarily drew back and settled still lower in her berth, still, however,

keeping an eye on her strange, unwelcomed visitor. She was sure she could not be he drew himself in. He went at once to- besides sket hes and short descriptive par-

Mary had at first taken him to be, but he was large enough. pans, and finally discovered a batch of ford, E. E. Steppard, Joe T. Clark, doughnuts that had lately been made. Philips Thompson and many others. The Having fluished these, he turned his main pictorial supplement is a copy, in attention to a barrel in which there was a its original colors, of that classic of animal small quantity of pork. The barrel was painting by Rosa Bonheur, entitled the but a few feet from the berth where Mary | Horse Fair. The purchase of this picture prouched. As the bear stood up to look for \$55,500 by Cornelius Vanderbilt, its into this his eyes were almost on a level its presentation to the New York Metrowith here. The pork was embedded in the politan Maseum of Art, and the recent salt at the bottom of the barrel. In his death of Rosa Bonheur and Mr. Vanderbilt efforts to obtain it, the bear upset the all lend interest to everyone who has ever barrel, which rolled almost to the edge of seen or heard of the great picture. Even Mary's berth. After recovering from his the brush marks made by the great artist sudden surprise, the animal cautiously are faithfully reproduced by ombossing stepped in to enjoy his prize. Mary again and nowhere in an art store could the

ith her outstretched arm. It occured to Mary, of a sudden, that she Howard, Sam Hunter, Carl Abrens, had an excellent opportunity for making Goode, Innes, Kilvert, Gordon and Chal an attempt to confine her visitor to rather lener. Everyone should feel sufficient small quarters. She was almost sure she interest in the great enterprise shown by could tip the barrel up and secure the bear | the publishers to order this collection of under it. Anyway, she would not have to good things at the nearest news agents or expose herself in the least to make the from one of the boy canvassers. The pubattempt. She resolved to try. She gripped firmly the chimb of the barrel with with her fingers, then with a quick, violent jerk, she stood the barrel on end. But she had brought herself to a sitting position, and was outside the curtain. The thought flashed through her mind that the bear had escaped through the door. But she soon learned the truth; the barrel was swaying-the bear was underneath. She pressed down firmly with both hands; but a moment taught her that more than this was necessary. Almost bafore she was aware of the peril she was putting herself

and seated herself firmly on the bottom of the upturned barrel. The entrapped bear made some efforts t free himself, but flually became quiet. The narrowness of his quarters gave him little or no chance to use his strength. By and by, Mary heard him munching at the meat in the barrel. The thought that he was content brought some feeling of contentment to her. But later the captive got more restless. He scratched, snorted violently, threw himself about, and blew his hot breath through the bung-hole. More than once Mary's uneasy chair swayed and rocked, but she clong with her hands to the side of the berth, and still kept herseli

How she wished for dark and the retur of the men! How she strained her car for the welcome tinkle of the bells of the horses | How she shuddered as she heard the strong, steady gnawing of the bear to her way of thinking. Anyway, it was at the bung-hole of the barrel! Finally sound came. She was sure she heard, "Hello, what does this mean!" in the further end of the yard. The men had caught eight of the prostrate door. A deep, hoarse growl broke from the

barrel beneath, and at that instant John and two of the men appeared at the door. In a burst of exuberant joy at her sure doliverance Mary sprang from the barrel and toward the door. She did not speak, but pointed wildly to her former seat. The next moment Mary was quivering in John's arms and big Dave Johnson, who had taken in the situation at once, was planting his 200-pound body where Mary had managed to stay the greater part of that

long awful afternoon. stunned him. Mary was kept outside until the bear was killed. She hadn't fainted, but a weakness had come over her when the great pervous strain, under which she had been for almost three hours, was relaxed. The color didnt come to her cheeks sgain for over an hour; when it did by the fact that her feet were not confined she smiled faintly and said to John, "I'm sure I couldn't have kept him under anothor ten minutes if some of you hadn't

If Mary had been respected in the camp before, after the performance with the bear she was almost worshipped. She was not only modest and good; she was brave. He is a low man indeed who will not restrain even his tongue in the presence of these virtues, especially when displayed by woman. So, from fall to spring-Mary persisted in staying the winter out-not a word was uttered that would offend the most delicate feminine ear. Mary's presence shamed the rough men of the orew into virtue. "I've told you before," Dave said near spring to another of the

prew, "if a woman was right, she'd be used | Post. right, no matter where she was." When the Burgess boys settled up that summer, they had just six hundred dollars clear of all expenses. They paid off the mortgage, paid Mary the same wages they would have had to pay Langin, plus \$18. the sum realized for the bear. "She deserves credit for it all," John said to his mother one night, "for if she hadn's gone and worked the way she did, we wouldn't have worked so hard nor done

half so well." LOOKING FOR THE LOVE BIRDS. "We tried to keep the railway carriage to ourselves from Liverpool to London,' wrote an American bride. "At Busby, the guard opened the door, and, in spite of Fred's scowle, lifted a small girl into our compartment, making a lot of apologies about having no place else to put her. She was a real little towhead English girl of about seven, and she sat down on the edge of the seat and stared about her.

'What is the matter "Miss Victoria?" said Fred. 'I don't see the birds,' said the small girl, plaintively. 'Birds? What birds?' asked Fred.

When I came from my other train,

your guard said to my guard, 'Shove her

in along wif the love birds.' Where are

WHEN THE MAPLES TURN TO GOLD.

This is the title of the design of what is doubtless the handsomest and most artistic cover page ever issued in Canada. Bunches of maple leaves of summer and autumn hues, amongst which are mixed embossed gold coins, surrounding a picture representing the Spirit of the Rein and the title, Toronto Saturday Night's Christman 1899. More beautiful symbols of Canada's prosperity could not be expressed. The book itself contains sixty-four pages, profusely illustrated by leading actists, artistically printed, and containing stories ward the stove. He was not as large as agraphs. Among the authors who contribute etories to this Number are Grant Allen, Pauline Johnson, Bleasdell The bear shuflled among the pots and | Cameron, Mrs. Yeigh, Capt. Jack Craw-

peeped over. Just beyond the mouth of picture be bought for five times the price the barrel, that was down toward her feet, of this superb Christmas Number and its she could see part of the bear's short tail. four other supplementary plates. Some of very good, and the illustrations are by lishers are the Sheppard Publishing Co.,

onto, and the price is fifty cents per copy. THE BRAVE PILOT.

Limited, Saturday Night Building, Tor-

Many years ago a steamboat was making her way through the sparkling waters ax." of Lake Erie, about ten miles from the shore. A sailor named John Maynard was at the wheel. He was a true Christian and was often called "Honest John Maynard." The captain came up form disclosed to the view of a close observer an his cabin and noticed a smoke coming out

in, she had drawn berself out of the berth, He quickly ordered a sailor to go down to see what was the matter and was soon informed that the cargo of the vessel was resolved to run the vessel ashore and gave above came a large deep voice that was the order to John Maynard, who stood at easily that of the owner of the premises the stern while the passengers crowded about the bow. The flames and smoke | doing down on the pizza?" was the query The sailors were sawing planks to lash the ste sctiou. women on and many of the men threw off their coats so they could more easily save their lives by swimming.

> if he could hold on five minutes longer. to go home before this time of the night, it "I will try, sir" was the reply. He did ought to be caught. Wait till I get a club, try. The flames came nearer and the and I ll be down to help you," growled the smoke almost suffocated him, his bair was same basso profundo, and a sound of singed, and he was tortured by the intense hurried movement floated down from heat. Still he held the wheel firmly till above. In less than half a second a well the vessel struck the shore. The developed bug, with straw hat in hand and passengers and sailors immediately jump- coat tails flying behind, was doing a fast ed overboard from the bow and swam sprint down the street, and another valuashore or were picked up by boats that able specimen was lost to science. came to their rescue. All were saved but the brave pilot, who was never seen again. Whether he fell overboard or into the flames, no one could tell. He died doing lived .-- Michigan Mirror.

THE SECRET EXPLAINED.

known traveller and author, called when to notify her by telephone next time the at the bunghole he received a blow that in China upon the wife, or, rather, the book was returned. It came one day' and wives, of a great mandarin. Her visit par- the librarian promptly rang up the young took of the nature of a festival, so novel | lady. "Tom Grogan" is here and you must was the experience to the Chinese women, whose lives are passed almost entirely within the walls of their yamen. They were shocked by her shoes and especially

Finally one of them said, through the interpreter, "You can walk and run just as

well as a man?" "Why, certainly," "Osn you ride a pony just as well as a

"Then you must be as strong as most

"Of course."

"Yes, I think I am." "You wouldn't let a man beat you, not even your husband, would you?" "Not at all." The Chinese woman paused, laughed and then said, "Now I understand why foreigners never take more than one wife.

They are afraid to."-Saturday Evening

SOLDIER AND COURTIER. Lord Kitchener, of Khartum, is a strait-Diamond Dyes increase with mighty forward, soldier, but he does not scorn the etridee. art of turning a compliment gracefully. It has long been said of him that he is proof against all feminine charms, and when he waited upon Her Mujesty at Windsor, the Queen was ourlous enough to

put a pointed question. "Is it true, my lord," she asked, "th you have never yet cared for women? "Yes, Your Majesty," replied the Sirder, 'quite true-with one exception." "Ab," said the Queen, "and who is she?"

The Sirdar bowed. "Your Majesty,"

HADN'T BEEN THERE. In the office of one of the hotels the other day a man spit a great deal tobacco juice around and had a great deal to say about his voyage to Europe lest year. He used many oathe, made himself disagreeably familiar to all, and finally stepped on a little man's corns and bluntly

"Did you ever go to Europe?" "No, sir, I never did," was the reply. "I have had all I could do to stay at home and learn manners !"

asked :

HE KNOWS. Just why I suffor loss I cannot know. I only know my Father Wills it so.

He loads in paths I cannot understand, But all the way I know is wisely planned. My life is only mine That I may uso The gifts He lendeth me

As He may choose. And if in love some boon He doth recall, I know that unto Him belongeth all. 1 am His child, and I

Can safely trust; He loves me and I know That He is just. Within His love I can securely rost, Assured that what He does for me is best. -Presbyterian Journal,

THE DOCTORS DIFFERED:

"When I was attending medical college," aid a New Orlesps physician, "our professor f materia medica and general practice told us one day that he had a remarkable pass which he proposed to exhibit next morning in clinic.

"I have persuaded the man to sllow you to examine him in the interest of science," he said, and you each will make an independent diagnosis in writing." "Next day the patient appeared. He

was a strapping big fellow, and, without

preface, he peeled off his clothes and took his place on the table. "We examined him in squads, thumping his chest, listening to his lungs, feeling his pulse, taking his temperature and doing everything else we could think of.

the heart in an advanced age, but said nothing, according to the rule, and eat up early all night writing my diagnosis. "When the old professor took his place on the platform at lecture hour his desk was heaped high with our written reports. "Woll, gentlemen," he said blandly, "I find here 46 diagnoses, each describing a different disease. I consider the varities of your discoveries as very remarkable, especially," here he paused and deliberately

"I soon discovered valvalar disease of

matter with the patient." "The silence that ensued was so thick that that you could have cut it with an

polished his eyeglasses, "especially, gentle-

men, as there was nothing whatever the

KISSING BUG FLEW AWAY.

It was night, and the silvery rays of the moon silting through the woodbine leaves indistinct mass that might be most anybing, possibly a young man and a young woman in the hammock on a piezza. It was a beautiful, calm, screne night, when the leaves in the trees barely rustled. on fire. He remained cool and formed Ever and anon, however, there came from lines of passengers and sailors to pass that blury mass a sound that broke the buckets of water to quench the flames. Stillness. It was a peculiar, indescribable After they had worked a little white, it sound, similiar to that emitted when two seemed as if the flames were subdued, but sheets of sticky fly paper are torn apart. soon they barst out again. The captain Suddenly from a second story window

came from the middle part of the vessel so | which awoke the echoes of the night and Maynard could not be seen by the others. startled that same inert mass into immedi-For a second all was once more still, and then came a sweet, mufiled voice in reply :

"For heaven's sake, Mand, what are you

"I'm trying to catch one of those kissing At last the shore was near, and the bugs, papa," it said. captain in a loud voice asked John Maynard "If the blamed thing don't know enough

TOM WAS THERE. An amusing incident is told by the custodian of the public library of an up his duty and was as great a hero as ever the river town. It seems that a young lady patron was very anxious to read F Hopkinson Smith's "Tom Grogan," but was unfortunate in always finding it Margherita Arlina Hamm, the well "out." The librarian finally promised come down right away, just as soon as you oan." It happened that the young lady's father answered the telephone, and not being 'up" in fiction, indignantly replied : "Tom Grogan! Who's Tom Grogan? And what has he to do with my daughter?

If any young man wants to see her let him come up to the house." The librarian sent a hearty laugh over the wire and rang off .- Detroit Free Press

A POPULARITY THAT IN-**CREASES WITH MIGHTY** STRIDES.

Diamond Dyes First in All

Points That Make Perfection. Notwithstanding the fact that imitations and crude package dyes and soap-grease dyes are before the public seeking recognition, the fame and popularity of the

any of the inferior dyes sold by some dealers know well how decoptive they prove. The users are utterly disheartened and disappointed. Their work with these common dyes show muddy and duil colors, and anger is kindled boouse valuable garments and materials are spoiled. The Diamond Dyes, simple and easy to use, have a standard of excellence that no others can approach. They give true,

Those who have the misfortune to try

the mansion or cottage. Bright, clear and brilliant colors are slways obtained on all wool, all cotton or mixed goods -- when the plain directions are followed. Do not be deceived by any dealer when he offers you something just as good as the Diamond Dyes. There are no other dyes in the world that can equal the "Diamond"; no other that can so successfully

uniform and houset results when used in

make old things now. The doctors don't believe in advertising -it's upprofessional, you know-but let one of 'em tie up a sore thumb for George Smith, and they'll climb seven pairs of

There was lots of silence around there stairs to have a reporter "just mention it, you know."