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The Acton Free Press

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H. F. MOORE
Editor and Prop'r to

Business Directory.

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SUCCESSOR TO
J. F. UREN, M. D., C. M.
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Office Hours:—6 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and to 9 p.m.

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DENTIST,
HALTONVILLE.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY. Work made satisfactory. Prices Moderate.
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A. J. MACKINNON,
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OFFICE—Mill Street; in Matthews' Block, Upstairs.

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TORONTO.
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Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Jobbing neatly and promptly done.

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H. F. MOORE,
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Free Press Office, ACTON

WM. HEMSTREET,
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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 terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

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Established 1840.
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INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Hint P.O., or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

Acton Saw Mills, and Wood Yards.
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MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Wood, Etc.
All kinds of wood in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town.
Orders left at the yards or addressed through the post office will receive prompt attention.
Sawing done to order.
Cord and slabs cut stove length kindling on hand.
Telephone Communication.

I Thank the Public

For our big Christmas trade.

THE BALANCE OF OUR STOCK—

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Toys,
Dolls,
Dolls' Dishes,
Dolls' Carriages,
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Drums,
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Etc.

Will be sold at much Reduced Prices at

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Day sells cheap.

FREE

WATERS' BROS.
CALENDAR FOR 1900.

You Ought to Get One.

Wyndham Street,
GUELPH.

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,
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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.

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Country Gentleman
THE ONLY
Agricultural Newspaper
AND ADMITTEDLY THE
Leading Agricultural Journal of the World.

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

Best Reviews of the Crops.
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Best Everything.

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All Country Residents
WHO WISH TO
KEEP UP TO THE TIMES.

Single Subscription, $2;
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SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO RAISERS OF LARGER CLUBS.

Write for Particulars on this Point. Club Agents wanted everywhere.

Four Months' Trial Trip for 50 cents.

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Albany, N. Y.

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Every time, do the Students who attend the GUELPH Business College, because of the thorough and efficient training given by experienced teachers.

Winter term will commence January 2nd.

Circulars free.

J. SHAW, Principal.

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—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

Capital Authorized.... $1,000,000
Capital paid up.... 700,000

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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 rates:—

Under $10.... 3 cents.
$10 to $30.... 10 cents.
$30 to $50.... 12 cents.
$50 to $100.... 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 notes at the lowest current rates.

No charge made for collecting sales notes if payable in Guelph.

A general banking business transacted.

A. E. H. JONES,
Manager.

Money Saved is Money Made.

At no time in the year is so much money spent with as little saving as at Christmas, and a great many people buy articles of very little real value either to themselves or the person to whom the article will be given.

Our Christmas goods are goods selected specially for Christmas presents, articles useful as well as suitable for gifts. We have Sterling Silverware and Plated ware, Cutlery, Knives and Razors, Tea Kettles, Skates, Sweepers, Toy Sweepers, Child's Enamelled dishes (unbreakable) and we save you money by our prices.

John M. Bond & Co.
GUELPH
Motto: "Satisfaction." HARDWARE.

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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 repaired in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Gasfitting and tiling done.

—ACTON—
LIVERY AND BUS LINE

The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that

Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured

At his stables. A comfortable bus meets trains between 9 a.m. and 8:30 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order.
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS
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Sun Savings and Loan Co.
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Authorized Capital - $5,000,000.00

Ten-year maturity shares are paid Monthly Instalments of 50c. per share for 120 months, when payments cease—$60.00 paid in—maturity value $100.00.

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

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Agent, Acton

W. BARBER & BROS.
Paper Makers
Georgetown, Ontario.
BOOK NEWS. COLORED PAPERS
JOHN R. BARBER.

THE
Up-to-Date Tailoring - Store.

In thanking our friends for their patronage for past seasons we beg to announce that our

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 mills and the latest novelties in designs in

—Suitings—
—Pantings—
—Overcoatings—

Call and see our goods. It is a pleasure to show them.

Fit and workmanship guaranteed.

Cooper & Akins,
Mill St., Acton.

We are sole agents in Acton for the celebrated Bellwarp and Blenheim Serges, which does not fade or change its color in two years wear or money refunded.

Poetry.

SOMETIME.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forever more have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
And stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seems reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could see,
And even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because "it seemeth good."

And if, sometimes commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wait your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,
And that sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can lend.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for dark mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the best!"

—May Riley Smith.

Select Family Reading.

A Matter of Environment.

BY W. W. ROSS.

WHEN Roger Hendricks suggested to his only daughter that she might find it pleasant to accompany him on a journey across the continent she eagerly agreed with him. When he added that she would have to rough it for a week or two she was delighted.

"I must stop at our new Midas mines in Nevada, and there'll be a wagon ride of 35 miles from the railway and no telling what rude accommodations after we get there."

"Don't say a word, daddy," she cried. "I'm just dying to get away from all these commonplace luxuries! I want a change. I'm sick of the white east. I want to lose myself somewhere beyond the odor of factory smoke and the glare of electric lights."

"You'll be glad to welcome both," said Roger Hendricks a little grimly, "when you find yourself where there isn't the slightest trace of smoke on the dismal horizon and where your electric light is an evil-smelling lamp or a sputtering tallow candle."

"Trust me," laughed Grace. "You'll find my romantic views have a very practical background. And we are to visit the mines, are we?"

"Yes," replied Roger, "the new Midas. I want to look them over myself. They are the coming wonders of the mining field, and I'm anxious to see just what shape they are in. By the way," and he looked at her narrowly, "an old friend of yours is our assistant superintendent at the mines."

"A friend of mine? Who?"

"Robert Conklin."

"Robert! I knew he was going away, but had no idea where. It's certainly a strange environment for the prince of the german. Daddy, I want to tell you something. Robert asked me to be his wife just before he went away."

"Did he? Well there are worse young men than Robert."

"Are there, daddy? I thought they were all monotonously alike, the same clean-shaven faces, the same dress suits and white ties and patent leathers and languid drawls and inane small talk. Robert was a charming fellow—of the conventional type—and he had beautiful white hands and a lovely complexion, but he was too much like all the others to please your fastidious child."

"What did you tell him, my girl?"

"When he popped? Oh, I told him bluntly that he wasn't my ideal, and I sent him away."

Roger smiled.

"And he came to me," he said, "and I sent him away further. But it will not embarrass you to meet him at the mines?"

"Not in the least, daddy. Why should it?"

"I don't know." He laughed and turned away.

He did not tell his spoiled darling that he was Robert's sworn ally or that he was plotting that very moment to secure what he thought was her happiness.

Three weeks later a two-seated wagon drawn by a team of stout, though very tired, horses mounted the last hill that intervened between the railway station and the Midas mines. In the wagon were Roger Hendricks and Grace and an extremely taciturn, though highly-skilled, driver, who had been sent over to meet them.

As they mounted the crest of the last long hill Roger Hendrick turned to the driver.

"Is Superintendent Ingersoll well?" he asked.

"Dunno," said the driver.

"Don't know!" echoed the capitalist. "Isn't he at the mines?"

"Nope. He's across in California."

"What for?"

"Health."

"I didn't know he was ill," said the capitalist. "What's his trouble?"

"Knife in ribs. Couple o' fellers from Hilliter's Flat came over and started a fuss.—Superinten'ent tried to stop 'em an' got jabbed. Bobey run in an' floored the fellers kit! I bang! an' they he toted superinten'ent over the line to a doctor and sent me to Carson city with the fellers."

"And the mines?"

"Mines is running all right. Bobey's runnin' 'em."

"Who is Bobey?"

"Dunno his other name. That's him comin'."

He pointed with his whip at an approaching figure.

It was the figure of a tall young man in a slouch hat, a coarse flannel shirt, rough breeches and long, clay-stained boots. He had a plentiful crop of hair, a face extremely sunburned where it wasn't covered by a brown curly beard, and his arms, exposed by his rolled up shirt sleeves, were brown and sinewy.

He took off his hat to Grace and extended his hand to her father.

"By George," cried the latter, "it's Conklin—it's Robert!" And he leaned over and vigorously shook the young man's hand. Grace gave a little gasp. Was this rough young Adonis, bearded and tanned, the white-handed darling of the ballroom?

Then Robert quickly stepped to the wagon, and reaching up swung her lightly to the ground.

"Glad to welcome you to the mines, Miss Grace," he said in an easy manner, with no trace of self consciousness. And what astonished Grace most of all was that he made no excuses for his decidedly unconventional garb.

"Hold on," cried the capitalist as they walked toward the superintendent's cottage. "Are you Bobey?"

"That's what the Chinese cook calls me," laughed the young man, "and I believe the rest of the camp has adopted the title. We all have our nicknames out here, you know. But this is the superintendent's cottage. Miss Grace will take my room, and you, sir, will take Mr. Ingersoll's. The Chinese servants will serve your meals here."

"And will you not join us?" asked Grace in her sweetest manner.

"I should be pleased to," he answered simply and turned away to walk with her father.

Robert came to supper and the only changes he had made in his toilet were the removal of his slouch hat and the addition of a rough sack coat. He certainly was nowise embarrassed. He talked well, and Grace saw that her father was greatly taken with him.

Robert went away early, knowing they were tired and presumably sleepy. As the sound of his footsteps died on the gravel walk the capitalist turned to his daughter.

"Seems a little different, doesn't he?" he asked.

"Different from what, daddy?"

"Why, from the whole tiresome lot of conventional young men."

"He does," said Grace lightly.

There was a pause.

"Aren't you just a little sorry now you refused him?" chuckled the old man.

"This isn't the man I refused," said Grace softly.

The ten days of their stay passed rapidly. Thanks to the preparations made by Robert for their coming the roughness of the camp life was greatly softened. He had worked like a Trojan to make them comfortable. He had actually brought water in sluice pipes from a spring in the mountain side and fitted up a rude but very serviceable bathtub in the cottage for the use of Grace. In fact, she heard of his energy and industry on every hand. And she noticed, too, that his father leaned upon him more and more.

Once she took her parents to task a little for absorbing so much of Robert's leisure time.

"The boy is full of business," said her father shortly. "He's carrying a big load here, and there's no shifting it till Ingersoll comes back. I've been doing what I can to lighten it a little."

Whenever she saw Robert he was in his rough and ready mining garb—stalwart, sunburnt, sinewy. He never alluded to his clothes, and Grace came to believe that he never thought of them. He was always at ease in her presence, and yet, strange to say, paid her no compliments, a fact which seemed all the more remarkable when she glanced in her little mirror and saw the pleasing effects of the pure mountain air and the simple, wholesome diet.

She couldn't understand it.

Had he—had he ceased to care for her? And she whispered this contingency with a sinking heart. Had she, like the ignorant Ethiop, thrown away her pearl? Had this splendid, unconventional fellow quite outworn her earlier fascinations? It sadly looked like it.

Then came the day of their departure, and still Robert hadn't spoken. But along in the early morning he said to her:

"Shall we take a farewell look together at the happy valley?"

So they walked up the hillside path a short distance to a wooded plateau that overlooked the valley and its foaming streams for many miles. Robert had made a little seat just in the thicket, and they sat down. For a moment both were silent. Then Robert spoke.

"Well," he quietly said, "have you reconsidered?"

Grace looked up with a start. There was a masterful air about him that fairly paralyzed her tongue. She could only stare and wonder.

"Time is slipping by," said Robert as he consulted his watch. "I must seize the first opportunity to speak to your father."

Grace tried to say the cutting things that surged in her mind. But when she caught Robert's eye looking down upon her with a tenderness of expression that altogether belied the businesslike form of his speech she gave a little gasp and incontinently surrendered.

Fifteen minutes later Robert and the capitalist clasped hands warmly.

"All right, eh?" queried the latter, with a broad smile.

"Yes, sir," replied Robert, "it worked just as you wrote me it would. But it has been a hard part to play."

"But you played to win." It was the old clothes and the brusque manner and, above all, the environment that served to clinch her affection, for I'm sure my little girl has loved you for a long time, my boy."

He took Robert's arm affectionally and walked with him to the company's office, and Grace, watching at the cottage window and quite unconscious of the plot that had brought her happiness, knew that all was well.

"I'm coming east as soon as Mr. Ingersoll returns," said Robert when it came time for his address, "and then I can enjoy the luxury of a change of wardrobe." He watched her smilingly as he spoke.

She laughed softly.

"I—I learned to love you, dear," she murmured, "in that garb. Bring it with you, lest I forget."

"It shall be my neglige," he laughed.

"And another thing, Robert."

"Yes, Grace."

"There mustn't be any tears."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

IMPROVING COUNTRY ROADS.

Evidences abound in every part of the country that people of all occupations and pursuits are considering carefully the results to be obtained by having highways hard and firm for travel at all seasons of the year. A farmer in Kansas states the case truly when he says that "there is no one who appreciates good roads more than does the farmer," and he states that last spring they had enough experience with bad roads to set anybody thinking. He says: "We can't go to town or anywhere else till it gets to be a 'ground-hog' case; then we hitch up and drag through, the fine mud rolling up over the wheels and and making great furrows in the roads. Then, when the spring rains come, the water runs down the hills in those furrows and washes out great ditches in the middle of the roads. Then there is just about enough road work done to patch them up, only to be repeated again next year. Why we can't go to church on Sunday without being afraid of getting stuck in the mud or pulling a single tree in two, or something else of the kind."

Such experience is common to every farming district and to each section in the land where ordinary "country roads" exist. The only remedy is to improve the roads by a thorough system of maintenance, no matter whether they are continued as "dirt roads, or whether gravel, shell, stone or other substance be laid upon them to improve them. It is often thought, but most mistakenly, that if a road is macadamized, it will need little or no care, at least for a number of years. There is no worse error. Every road or street, no matter how constructed or laid, requires constant watching, in order to keep it at its best and get the maximum results from it. This not only secures the highest efficiency, but the greatest economy of service. Country roads can be immensely improved by having them cared for constantly by experts, and hiring competent persons to attend to them, instead of depending on the worn out, inefficient, extravagant and unbusinesslike plan of "working out" road taxes.

In order to have better roads than now exist, it is by no means necessary to expend thousands of dollars in making substantial stone surfaces. Such, of course, are the most satisfactory, and useful wherever circumstances permit of their construction; but there are hosts of places and localities and sparsely settled districts in which they are not practicable, on account of the expense, nor actually a necessity, on account of the relatively limited amount of travel. In such places, and under such circumstances, it is quite possible to get along without them, and actually to do very well by improving the common earth roads and instituting a scientific system of maintenance for them.

In order to get good results from common country roads, they, as a rule, require to be thoroughly graded and drained; for if they are not kept free of water at all times, it is absolutely useless to expect that they can be made decent. The first and fundamental requisite of good roads is thorough drainage, and this means both surface drainage and subdrainage. There must be suitable gutters on both sides of the road; water must be carried away from penetrating under it, and the surface must be kept smooth and even, so that rain will immediately run off into the gutters.

After this is provided for, a system of maintenance must be established whereby some one man, or a few men, will be constantly employed in going over the roads, filling up holes and depressions, removing stones, clearing gutters, and doing the thousand and one thing which are a daily necessity if roads are to be kept good. This, of course, means that "working out" road taxes must be done away with forever, and a business-like money system adopted in its stead. This is a necessary preliminary to decent roads, and once put into operation is more economical, efficient and satisfactory than the old way, and if properly combined with a suitable system of road maintenance will, in a short time, immensely improve the roads of the district in which it is employed.—*Country Gentleman.*

CONDUCTOR LAUGHED LAST.

Some bright young men are employed on the street railways of Massachusetts. It was with the hope of April-fooling one of them, says the Boston *Enterprise*, that his "girl friends" borrowed a dressmaker's dummy. They clothed it becomingly, and at the proper moment stood it behind a pole, with one of its hands outstretched as if to stop the car.

The motorman unsuspectingly stopped and the conductor waited for the passenger to get aboard. As there was no apparent movement, the conductor swung his head round the corner and inquired if the lady wanted to take that car. At this point there was a scream of delight from a nearby house, and a chorus of female voices sang forth cheerily in "April fool!"

The conductor never changed expression. He stepped from the car, carefully lifted the dummy aboard, and off they went. Upon his return he found some young ladies with serious faces waiting for him.

"You must return that dummy!" declared one of them, in a tearful voice. "We borrowed it, and have got to return it."

"That's nothing to do with me," replied the conductor cheerfully. "I've taken the lady to Bridgewater and back, and if you want her, there is twenty cents in fares to be paid."

Appeals were vain, and at last, in desperation, the fares were settled and the dummy returned. Even the young ladies acknowledge there is a question as to who was fooled.

HE COULDN'T

So long as one thing continues to look like another, so long will men continue to find themselves falling into mistakes. The Detroit *Free Press* lately chronicled a case in point.

Principal Smith is one of the wisest and kindest of teachers, but now and then his watchfulness makes him over-suspicious. In the geography class the other day his eye fell upon a boy who seemed to be eating something.

"Jack," said the master, sternly, "take that piece of candy out of your mouth at once."

To his astonishment a giggle went round the room, and the next instant poor Jack answered:

"I can't, sir; it's a gum doll."

SYMPATHETIC.

The orator of the "common people" must not only speak their tongue, but he is in sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men. The late Henry W. Grady, of Georgia, had this gift. The deepest feeling of his nature was sympathy with children, and with suffering and defenceless people. When a two-year old boy, he was waited on by a little negro boy whom he called "Brother Isaac." If the weather was cold, little Henry would wake in the night and call out: "Isaac, mother, do you think the servants have enough over them? It's so cold, and I want them to be warm."

While he was a prosperous journalist at Atlanta, he often illustrated his theory that the rich who have become poor, suffer more, and therefore need more sympathy than those who have always been poor.

One Christmas Eve, while walking the streets of Atlanta, he saw an old, seedy-looking man, who had been one of the leading citizens of the town, but was now sunk almost to the level of the gutter.

"Yonder is the judge," said Mr. Grady to his companion, Mr. Joel C. Harris, who relates the anecdote. "Let us go and see what he is going to have for Christmas."

"It isn't too early to wish you a Merry Christmas, I hope," said Mr. Grady, shaking hands with the old man.

"No, No," replied the judge, straightening himself up with dignity, "not at all. The same to you, my boy. Let me see you a moment."

The two men walked to the edge of the pavement and conversed. The judge told the young editor that he had no provisions at home, and asked for a small loan to buy them.

"I'll do better than that," answered Mr. Grady. "I'll go with you and buy them myself." Then turning to his companion he said, with a quizzical smile: "The judge has found a family in distress, and we are going to find them something substantial for Christmas."

The three men entered a grocery store, and the judge recovered his native dignity.

"Now judge," said Mr. Grady, "we must be discreet as well as liberal. We must get what we think this suffering family most needs. You call off the articles, the clerk will set them down, and I will have them sent to the house."

The judge leaned against the counter with a careless dignity, and, smacking his lips, said: "Well, we will put down a bottle of chow-chow pickles."

"Why, of course; it's the very thing!" exclaimed Grady.

"Let me see," said the judge, closing his eyes reflectively, "Two tumblers of strawberry jelly, three pounds of mince meat, and two pounds of dates, if they are real good ones, and—yes—two cans of devilled ham."

Every article the judge ordered was something he had been used to in his happier days. Mr. Grady was delighted with the humor and pathos of the scene, which recalled pages from one of Dickens' novels. He often said that he envied the broken-down old man the enjoyment of the luxuries of which he had so long been deprived.

Mr. Grady's sympathy, which put him in the place of a sufferer, also made him kin to the crowds he addressed. They saw in his face that he felt with them as friend feels with friend. His words correspond with the expression of his features, and he moved the people because he gave them their own emotions.

FORBIDDEN TO ENTER.

So many servants are indifferent to their duties that it is pleasant to hear of one who obeys instructions faithfully and to the letter. A lady who lives in the suburbs of Boston has such a servant. Her husband had been away from home for several weeks, and the servant was engaged during his absence. He returned one day unexpectedly, and it was on this occasion that the new servant's fine sense of duty manifested itself so decidedly.

The lady went out after dinner, leaving the servant alone in the house, and said to her on departing: "Now, Sarah, please remember that we never buy anything of agents or pedlers, or of any one at the door, and do not on any account, let strangers come into the house."

"I will not, ma'am" replied Sarah, firmly.

An hour later the front door-bell rang. Sarah went to the door. There stood a stranger, grip-bag in hand.

Nodding carelessly to the servant, he was about to enter, when Sarah braced herself firmly in the door-way, and said: "Go back!"

"Why, girl," he said, in surprise and indignation, "what do you mean?"

"What do you mean by tryin' to poke yourself into other folk's houses? Oh, you needn't plere at me like that! I ain't afeard of ye!"

The angry and too much amazed to offer any explanation the gentleman said sternly: "Stand aside and let me pass!"

An umbrella and cane rack stood in the hall by the girl's side, and seizing a heavy cane, she brandished it bravely, saying as she did so:

"You try and come in here if you dare! I ain't afeard of ye!"

Conscious of the ludicrous and undignified appearance he presented, standing on his own doorstep with a servant-girl brandishing a cane over his head, the master of the house for he it was, decided to capitulate.

"Where is your mistress?" he asked.

"She ain't at home, and she said for me not to let nobody in while she was gone, and I ain't goin' to," replied the girl, doggedly.

"But, my good girl," replied the gentleman, his sense of good humor overcoming his anger, "I am Mr. H——, the husband of your mistress. Now may I come in, please?"

Not at all abashed by this information, the girl stepped aside, saying in a tone of considerable condescension: "Well, if you're him, I s'pose you can come in."

HIS BEST THAIT.

If you would please a mother, praise her child but do it with discretion.

A visiting gentleman had submitted for some time to the attentions of the three-year-old boy of his hostess, but at last grew a little tired of having his whiskers pulled and his corns trodden upon.

"Madam," said he, "there is one thing about your charming little boy which especially pleases me."

"And what is that?" asked the shilling mother.

"That it isn't a twin."

THE WAR CORRESPONDENT.

They despatched me into Turkey,
And I learned the proper way
To indite of Montenegrin,
Mastropas, Mustapha Bey.
With the Japs in far Corea,
I was present to extol—
Now, behold! there comes this message:
"Be prepared for the Transvaal."

Tho' with Jap, Greek, Turkish names
To my wide linguistic lore,
I was hurried off to Cuba,
To another little war.
And I quickly mastered Spanish,
(Months, Han Hoon-an and such);
But I had no good occasion
To acquire a stock of Dutch.

All my troubled months of study—
All my alphabetic feats—
All the words I quickly acquired
In my journalistic "beats,"—
Are as nothing, or but trifles,
Or the merest fol de rol,
Since Connaught port and Cronje
—I report from the Transvaal.

I can write in Greek and Turkish,
Speak a bit in Japanese,
And at making love in Spanish
I have never failed to please.
Now, O Kruger-pan and Vijoen
Down to Wakkerstroom I trek,
Vryheid, Vryburg and Boyfoulain,
I have got it to the Nek!

—Edgar L. Sabin.

SUNDAY WORK IN MASSACHUSETTS.

In response to an act of the Legislature a year ago, the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics has made a careful inquiry into the amount of Sunday labor now performed in the Commonwealth. It finds that of 1,075,000 persons engaged in gainful occupations, probably 150,000 are expected to labor on Sunday. Of these about two-thirds are engaged in domestic service, in which the conscience of mistresses often secure servants a free half day during the week. The immense amount of Sunday work performed by women for their own households is, of course, unrecorded. The manufactories of the state, which employ one-half of the working population, perform practically no Sunday work whatever. Mercantile business makes almost as good a showing. It is only in news and transportation service that the proportion of men employed on Sundays is large or increasing. The newspaper offices canvassed report that of the 1,429 persons employed by them 311 work on Sundays, though generally for shorter hours. The telephone and telegraph companies report that their working force is 415 on Sundays, against 2,185 on week days. The express companies employ 335 persons on Sunday as against 1,775 during the week. The railroad and street railway companies, however, perform the great body of Sunday work that has recently grown up. Not until 1881, says the Springfield *Republican*, did the Massachusetts Legislature permit the Railway Commission to license the running of such Sunday trains as the public convenience demanded, including excursion trains at less than the regular rates. Since that time there has been a gradual extension of the Sunday service. On the steam railroads the average number of persons employed on Sundays is now 6,716, as against 27,450 on week days; and on the street railways it is 8,233 on Sundays, as against 10,826 on week days. On the street railways nine hours generally constitute a day's work on Sundays, as against ten on week days, but there is no regular rest day for the men who do Sunday work, and one can be obtained only, with loss of pay, at the consent of the management. This is certainly a wrong. The Legislature that permits Sunday work should stipulate that employees shall have one free day in every seven. It is unfortunate that the present report intimates that employees prefer a week day for rest. If this be true, it is impossible to account for the trades-union agitation against Sunday work.—*Outlook, New York.*

SEEING AND OBSERVING.

During a war between Austria and Turkey, a baker in his cellar, kneading bread noticed a slight noise rising and falling at intervals, which seemed to come from a distant corner of his cellar. He stopped his work, and tracing the sounds, discovered that they were caused by a few marbles dancing up and down on the head of a little drum his child had left there.

The majority of persons would have been satisfied to attribute the motion of the marbles to the rumbling in the street, or to the occasional firing of guns. But this man was an observer.

Surprised at the perfect regularity with which the marbles jumped up from the drumhead, he put his ear to the ground and noticed a distant tapping. He recalled how as a boy he had heard from one end of a long log a companion scratching with a pin upon the other end; and he judged that earth was just such a conductor of sound as the log had been.

Bud lenly it flashed upon him that what he heard was the sound of a pick, and the Turks were doing what had so long been feared, undermining the city. The news was carried to the Austrian general, explanation made, a countermine prepared and exploded, and the Turks put to flight.

In the early part of this century an English buttonmaker became famous for the steel waistcoat button which he used to manufacture with lines cut upon them for ornament. He gradually put the lines nearer and nearer together, and observed that as he increased the number of lines, the button became more and more fridescant. He explained his discovery to a scientist who began experimenting upon ruled plates of steel. The result was the wonderful "diffraction grating" which is now used in place of the brass prism, upon all great telescopes, to break the ray of light into its primary colors.

A bevy of schoolgirls, about to separate after graduation, once surrounded their professor, and asked him how they were to make their new life interesting.

"Learn to see," was his reply. "You want to penetrate into things. There is nothing on earth which, when observed is not of enormous interest.

THE SCOTT'S GRATITUDE.

An old farmer coming home from the Paisley market lost his pocketbook, containing a considerable sum of money, in the station. He looked for it, but could not find it, and had given up all hopes, when a newsboy said to him, "Here, mon, I've fun' yer book."

The guidman was overflowing with gratitude and expressed himself thus: "Thank ye, ma lad. If ye happen tae be passin' our farthyhouse step in an' A'll gie ye a guid drink o' sour milk."