The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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Accounts payable monthly.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D. C. M., SUCCESSOR TO J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M. Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick treets, Acton. Office Hours—7 to 10:30 a.m.; 1 to 3 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

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DENTAL.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST, GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

J. COGHLAN, D. D. S.—T. D. S., DENTIST WORK CARREFULLY DONE. PRICES MODERATE. OFFICE OVER BROWN'S DRUG STORE. HOURS—EVERY DAY FROM 9 TO 6.

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S., DENTIST, BROOKVILLE. HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY. Work made satisfactory. Prices Moderate. VISITING DAYS—Monday Afternoon, Cainsville; Tuesday, Acton, Office—Clark's Hotel; Friday, Rockwood.

LEGAL.

MCLEAN & McLEAN Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan. Offices—Town Hall, Acton. WM. A. MCLEAN. JNO. A. MCLEAN.

A. J. MACKINNON, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER. OFFICE—Mill Street; in Matthews' Block, Upstairs.

J. B. MCLEOD, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, AND COMMISSIONER FOR TAKING AFFIDAVITS. Main Street, Georgetown. Conveyancing done, and money loaned on first mortgage on farm property at 5½%.

R. J. MCNABB, Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Pirwand Life Assurance Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc. OFFICE—Everyman's Block, ACTON ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISS S. E. SCHRAM, LATE OF HAVERGAL COLLEGE, TORONTO. Is prepared to give thorough instruction in both vocal and instrumental music—piano or organ. Terms reasonable and made known upon application at the home of the Misses Laing, Agnes St., Acton, or at FREE PRESS OFFICE.

MISS MAGGIE E. THOMPSON, T.C.M., OF TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, PUPIL OF DR. EDWARD FISHER, Is prepared to give instruction in vocal and instrumental music, piano and organ, at her home at Mrs. John Williams', Mill Street. Will be there every Monday beginning December 4th.

HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA. Solicitor of Patents, for Invention, etc. Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American, and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks. Send for pamphlet. Thirty-two years experience.

FRANCIS NUNAN BOOKBINDER, Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario. (Over Williams' Store.) Account Books of all kinds made to order or ledgers of every description carefully bound. Office work neatly and promptly done.

MARRIAGE LICENSES. H. P. MOORE, ISSUER OF MANITOBA LICENSES. Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening. FREE PRESS OFFICE, ACTON

WM. HEMBTREET, LICENSED AUCTIONEER For the Counties of Wellington and Halton Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms Reasonable. Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

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 342, or telephone 54, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

Acton Saw Mills, and Wood Yards.

JAMES BROWN (SUCCESSOR TO JAMES BEARD) IS DEALER IN *Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Wood, Etc.*

All kinds of wood in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices. Sawing and stake cut stove length always on hand.

Telephone Communication.

I Thank the Public

For our big Christmas trade.

THE BALANCE OF OUR STOCK—

Games, Toys, Dolls, Dolls' Dishes, Dolls' Carriages, Railway Trains, Drums, Toy Tickle, Fine China, Etc.

Will be sold at much Reduced Prices at

Day's Bookstore,
Cuelph.
Day sells cheap.

FRAME YOUR PICTURES Or WATERS BROS.

Can do it for you at the lowest Prices, and in the latest Styles.

Wyndham Street,
GUELPH.

Speight & Brady

Manufacturers of *DYNAMOS, ELECTRIC MOTORS, WATER MOTORS, GASOLINE AND GAS ENGINES, BRASS & IRON CASTINGS TO ORDER.*

Repairing Promptly Done. Georgetown, Ont

Acton Bakery

J. C. MATTHEWS, Prop.

MAKER OF WESTON'S BREAD, Toronto, WILLIAMS' CAKES & PASTRY, Guelph.

Customers have shown their appreciation of these wholesome products of modern bakers' skill by favoring me with growing orders. In order to accommodate all I am prepared to supply customers with any of the 28 kinds of bread supplied by Weston, or of the 67 kinds of cakes and pastry made by Williams on a few days' notice.

OYSTERS, fresh daily. Confectionery in a great variety.

J. C. MATTHEWS, Opposite Brown's Drug Store.

Everton and Eden Mills,

The place to go for the

..Best Flour..

Bran, Middlings, Chop Food, &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.

W. BARBER & BROS.

Paper Makers

Georgetown, Ontario.

BOOK, NEWS, COLORED PAPERS

JOHN R. BARBER.

A CAR OF CORN

Just arrived 1st December for

ROBERT NOBLE'S.

Flour & Feed Store

We also keep always on hand:

"Norval Flour," "Pure Manitoba" All kinds of Mill Feed and Chopped Grains, Rolled Oats, Split Peas, Fine Corn Meal, Graham Flour, Cracked Wheat, Etc.

FRANK HARRIS, Manager.

WANTED—Several bright and honest persons to represent us as Managers in this and close by counties. Salary $900 a year and expenses. Straight, bona-fide, no more, no less salary. Position permanent. Our references, any bank in any town. Duties mainly office work conducted at home. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. 9, Chicago.

THE TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

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

Cuelph Branch

We are now issuing Money Orders payable at par at any branch of Chartered Bank in Canada, excepting the Yukon District, at the following rates:—

Under $10..... 3 cents.
$10 to $30..... 10 cents.
$30 to $50..... 15 cents.
$50 to $100..... 25 cents.

HIGHEST CURRENT RATE OF INTEREST paid on sums deposited or set and upwards. Interest allowed from date of deposit to date of withdrawal and paid or compounded half yearly.

Advances made to responsible farmers on their own names at the lowest current rates.

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

A general banking business transacted.

A. F. H. JONES, Manager.

JOHN M. BOND & CO.

Agents for COLUMBIA BICYCLES FOR 1900.

Call or write and get our Catalogue and Prices before buying.

John M. Bond & Co.

CUELPH

Motto—"Satisfaction." HARDWARE

ACTON

Machine and Repair Shops

HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor

ARE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repairs performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Also turning and filing done.

COAL

Order your Coal now from

J. C. HILL,
Coal Dealer.

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

Stoves, Ranges, Pipes, Pipe Varnish, Stove Boards, Coal Scuttles, etc.

ACTON. J. C. HILL

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 for 120 months, when payments cease—$60.00 and in—maturity value $100.00.

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

R. J. McNabb, Agent, Acton.

Main Street

PLANING MILLS,
ACTON ONT.

John Cameron,
Architect and Contractor.

Manufacturer of Sash Doors Frames Mouldings in all styles

DRESSING, MATCHING, and MOULDING to order on short notice.

Well assorted stock on hand at prices to suit the times.

JOHN CAMERON Proprietor.

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 Bienheim Berge, which does not fade or change its color in two years wear or money refunded.

Poetry.

WHEN THE BIRDS GO NORTH AGAIN

Oh, every year hath its winter
And every year hath its rain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds go North again.

When new leaves swell in the forest,
And grass springs green on the plain,
And the alder's veins turn crimson—
And the birds go North again.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,
And every heart hath its pain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds go North again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember
If courage be on the wane,
When the cold, dark days are over—
Why, the birds go North again!

—*Ella Higginson*

Select Family Reading.

Belle's Stepfather.

A SCHOOL GIRL'S STORY.

IT was my last quarter at Madame Carini's French and English establishment for young ladies when I became engaged to Allan Appleton. Of course, there was a whole *cordon militaire* of rules and regulations at Madame Carini's relative to the natural enemies of boarding schools, the gentlemen. We never went out except under the protecting wing of an elderly governess. We were expressly forbidden, even at church, to cast our eyes in the direction of the big square pew occupied by Mr. Clanroyal's young gentlemen—and no masculine creatures younger than the tutors, old Dr. Camomille and the Reverend Athanasius Archer, Rector of St. Pontifex, was ever allowed to cross the threshold of Madame Carini's establishment.

But, for all that, L. Belle Forester, contrived to become engaged to Allan Appleton, and this was how it came to pass:

It was my misfortune, not my fault, that when I was out shopping with the drawing teacher, Miss Leggett, I proffered a counterfeit bill in payment for a pound of chocolate creams, half a pound of Boston chips, and two orange ices. I didn't know it was counterfeit; how was I to know? Some fiend in human form had passed it off on me and it was the only bill I had. The orange ices were already devoured, the candy papered and "done up," Miss Leggett had only a quarter in her shabby purse—and the shop-keeper was evidently beginning to regard me in the light of an audacious confidence - woman, when Allan Appleton, who was buying rough-drops, came forward like a new Chevalier-Bayard to my relief.

"Allow me to lend you the money," said he, so of course, I allowed him. What else could I do? And then I asked him for his card, so that I could return the loan as promptly as possible. Even Miss Leggett found no fault with that.

"Allan Appleton?" said I, involuntarily. "O, what a pretty name!"

"Do you like it," he said, his dark eyes sparkling with amusement.

"But mine is quite as pretty," I added.

"Mine is Belle Forester."

"Miss Forester! We shall really be too late if we stand here longer," whispered Miss Leggett, jerking at the sleeve of my lace sacque; and so I had to go.

I returned the two-dollar bill the next morning in a dear little note, which, of course had to be submitted to Madame Carini; but Allan acknowledged its receipt in a charming billet, which came in a roll of new music, which madame supposed I had ordered by mail from Messrs. Fiddlebow & Semiquaver. Wasn't it fun?

"Well, of course, we became engaged. He sent me his photograph, and I returned the compliment in spite of madame and her cordon of spies. He confided to me the fact that he was studying for a civil engineer's place. I told him that I lived in New York, and should graduate next June. We both vowed eternal constancy, and I wore a little turquoise ring on a bit of black velvet round my neck—his *page d'amour*; but I nearly cried my eyes out when he went to New York to finish his profession.

I was hesitating whether to confide my newly-grown affection to my mother or not, when a letter arrived from her.

"Dear mamma!" I whispered, pressing the scented blue paper to my lips. "I will tell her. She has always been the sweetest dearest friend I have in the world, and although the heroines in all the novels never confide in their mothers, yet I am sure they can't have such a darling little mamma as mine, or else they would."

And then I unfolded the letter and began to read it.

"I scarcely know how to tell you, my dear," she wrote, "that after ten years of widowhood I have at last decided to marry again. This step has not been decided upon without long and anxious consideration; but I have at last concluded that, in this course of conduct, I shall best consult both your happiness and my own."

"Pshaw!" cried I, flinging down the letter and bursting into tears. "A stepfather! Oh, how odious. How disgraceful of mamma to marry again, and at her age!"

For I, from the vantage-point of seventeen, thought my thirty six-year-old mother a sort of a female Methuselah.

And then, curious to learn the name of my new relative that was to be, I picked up the letter again, brushed away the mist of tears and read on:

"I am to be married to-morrow. We start on our wedding trip immediately, and shall be at home to welcome you when you graduate, darling. I am sure you will love Allan Appleton as no one can help it—and he, on his part, is prepared to receive you with all the affection due to a child. There is, to be sure, some slight disparity in our years—"

"Blight disparity! I should think that there was!" I cried out. "Allan Appleton, and married to mamma! Oh, false, fickle villain."

And I went shrieking into hysterics. Madame Carini tried to console me.

"*Ma fille*," argued she, "why do you take this little domestic event so bitterly to heart?" You have gained a new father—"

"Don't!" cried I, warding off the words, as if they hurt me—"oh, madame, please don't!"

"And," added the preceptress, mildly, "at your dear mamma's age, what more natural than that she should marry again? Be content, ma *fille*. Accept your destiny as is dealt to you, and write a note of congratulation to your sweet mamma on this auspicious period of her life."

"I won't," I sputtered. "I'll never go home again. I'll work a typewriter! I'll go on the stage! I'll beg in the streets sooner than acknowledge my—my stepfather."

And so upon we I could get rid of Madame Carini and her distasteful condolences, I wrote a scathing note to Allan Appleton:

"I scorn you as you deserve. I return your troth and warn you never to look upon my face again.

BELLE.

And I threw the turquoise ring out of the window, where it alighted, like a tiny blue dew-drop, among the branches of a climbing honey-suckle.

To my mother I wrote nothing at all. It was evident that she expected no immediate reply, and I felt that I could hardly trust myself with pen and paper. But upon one thing I was resolved: I would never go back again and call Allan Appleton "father." I asked Madame Carini to try and get me a situation somewhere.

"You, *ma fille*, with your rich mother?"

"Alas, if she had not been rich, madame, no fickle young adventurer would have perjured himself to become her husband."

"My dear, think it over; think it over," soothed madame. "Do nothing rashly."

"I have thought it over. My mind is made up. I will write an advertisement at once, if you will kindly allow me to use your name as a reference."

The advertisement was written accordingly, but before it could appear in the paper fate had taken the matter into its own hands. I fell ill of a fever, and a dreary unconsciousness swallowed up all my hopes and fears and bitter pangs of mortification.

When I again recovered my senses I was in my own familiar little chintz-draped room at home, with the old china dragons I had so feared as a child staring down at me from the mantle, and Barbara, my mother's maid, tip-toeing about my room.

"Barbara!" cried I, trying to raise myself on my elbow, but signally failing in the attempt. "How came I here?"

"They brought you home, Miss Belle, while Mrs. Appleton was away on her wedding trip."

"Mrs. Appleton!" I remembered it all now. Oh, why had I not died in that weary, burning fever? I turned my face to the pillow with a groan.

"Are you in pain—Miss Belle?" questioned the maid. "Shall I bathe your forehead again?"

"No," I answered petulantly, as if Barbara's lotion could reach my aching heart! And then there was a silence, broken presently by the light footsteps that I knew well—ah—so well.

"Belle, my love! My darling!"

And I was looking into the blue stars of my mother's tender eyes.

"You may come in Allan, and speak to your new daughter," said my mother softly. "Belle, dearest, have you not a smile for your father?"

I steeled myself for the encounter which seemed unavoidable; but to my surprise, instead of Allan Appleton's boyish face and blond mustache, I found myself looking at the benign countenance of a man of fifty at least.

"Do you Allan Appleton?" said I vaguely.

"That is my name," he answered smiling. "But there is another young person who answers to the appellation—my nephew—who is anxious to learn how soon you can receive company in your sick-room."

I put out my hand and gave my stepfather a kiss which satisfied even my mother.

Yet it all did not surprise me. Nothing seemed to surprise me that followed in the wake of that long fever. Everything seemed perfectly natural, as it should be; and oh, I was so happy!

Just a week after I was dressed and carried down into the little oak sitting-room in my step-father's arms.

"You are as light as any little doll, Belle," he said, smiling.

And, lo, and behold! there was Allen Appleton, junior, waiting for me down-stairs, and looking as handsome as ever.

"Oh, Allan," cried I, "why didn't you write and tell me how it really was?"

"My darling," he remonstrated, ruefully, "what was a fellow to do after such a note of dismissal as you wrote to me?"

"But I thought—I thought you had married mamma?"

"But how was I to know what you thought?" retorted he, laughing.

"Oh, Allan," with downcast eyes and trembling lips, "will you forgive me?"

And so, of course, it was all right again.

Allan and I are to be married at Christmas. I never knew a father's care, but I think it would be impossible for any one to be nicer than "papa," as I call Allan's uncle. And I do think we are the happiest household in the world!

SELFISH RESIGNATION

Some people seem to see nothing disastrous in any event so long as its results are beneficial to themselves. They have much virtuous submission to another man's fate.

"There's no misfortin' so big that there ain't a little good in it," said Captain Joe Smallett.

"I dunno 'bout that," answered the younger man, who was being consoled for the loss of property. "I could name a good many catastrophes that hain't been profitable, right in this town," he continued. "How 'bout the time John Sawyer's barn burnt, an' he lost all his hay an' critters?"

The captain was silent but unconvinced, and presently his features lightened with an idea.

"Well, it does seem so it was turrible hard on John, but there was a little good in it, too," he said. "You know that apple-tree that stud close to the barn? Well, it was brim full of the nicest apples you ever set tooth to, and that fire roasted 'em to a turn. There they hung and the juice just dripped out of 'em after they got the fire out. Seem's though I never tasted sech good baked apples."

Captain Joe smacked his lips at the retrospect but the other man was still uncomforted. He was in no good mood just then for looking on the bright side of even a neighbor's misfortune.

A WISE ANSWER.

"Would you advise me to read 'Richard Carvel?'" the fair young girl looked up and asked him.

"Not yet," he gravely replied. "Always wait until a book has been on the market for a full year and a half before you read it."

A little later he murmured softly to himself: "By that time I may be able to get her a copy for fifteen cents."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

STOOD BY HIS FLAG.

A dozen rough, but brave soldiers were playing cards one night in camp. "What on earth is that?" suddenly exclaimed the ring-leader, stopping in the midst of the game to listen. In a moment the whole legend were listening to a low, solemn voice which came from a tent occupied by several recruits who had arrived in camp that day. The ring-leader approached the tent on tiptoe.

"Boys, he's praying, or I'm a sinner!" he roared out. "Three cheers for the parson!" shouted another man of the group as the prayer ended.

"You watch things for three weeks. I'll show you how to take the religion out of him!" said the first speaker, laughing. He was a large man, the ring-leader in mischief. The result was a slight, pale-faced young fellow of about eighteen years of age. During the next three weeks he was the butt of the camp. Then several of the boys, conquered by the lad's gentle patience and uniform kindness to his persecutors, begged the others to stop annoying him.

"Oh, the little rauter is no better than the rest of us!" answered the ring-leader. "He's only making believe pious. When we get under fire you'll see him run. These pious folks don't like the smell of gunpowder. I've no faith in their religion."

In a few weeks the regiment broke camp, marched toward Richmond, entered the Wilderness, and engaged in that terrible battle. The company to which the young recruit belonged had a desperate struggle. The battle was driven back, and when the line was reformed behind the breastworks they had built in the morning, he was missing. What last seen he was surrounded by enemies, but fighting desperately. At his side stood the brave fellow who had made the poor lad a constant subject of ridicule. Both were given up as lost. Suddenly the big man was seen trampling through the underbrush, bearing the dead body of the recruit. Reverently he laid the corpse down, saying as he wiped the blood from his own face:

"Boys, I couldn't leave him behind—he fought so! I thought he deserved a decent burial."

During a lull in the battle the men dug a shallow grave and tardarly laid the remains therein. Then, as one was cutting the name and regiment upon a board, the big man said, with husky voice:

"I guess you'd better put the words, 'Christian soldier,' in somewhere! He deserves the title, and maybe it'll console him for our abuse."

There was not a dry eye among those rough men as they stuck the rudely-carved board at the head of the grave, and again looked at the inscription.

"Well," said one, "he was a Christian soldier, if ever there was one! And," turning to the ring-leader, "he didn't run, did he, when he smelt the gunpowder?"

"Run," answered the big man, his voice tender with emotion, "why, he didn't budge an inch! But what's that to standing for weeks our fire like a man and never sending a word back! He just stood by his flag and let us pepper him—he did."

When the regiment marched away, that rude head-board remained to tell what a power lies in a Christian life.—*Exchange.*

HIS SHIELD AND BUCKLER.

Many a rough-looking man carries in his pocket, safe from all eyes but his own, some memento or relic that is to him as a shield and buckler against the powers of evil.

A story is told of a big, burly miner who steadily refused to join his comrades in their drinking bouts or in any of their revels in which evil was done. He was not surly and morose, but he steadfastly declined all invitations to take part in their carousals. He was jeered at and subjected to all sorts of annoyances, but yield he would not. One night, when the revelry ran high, and many of the men were half drunk, they declared that "Big Joe," as he was called, simply "had to drink with them."

"I will not boys," he said firmly.

They declared if he would not they would force liquor down his throat, and then run him out of the camp.

"You ain't no better than the rest of us!" said one man angrily.

"I have not said that I was."

"Well, why can't you join us and be friendly and sociable like when we're trying to have a good time? Ain't signed the pledge, have you?" with a sneer.

"No, I have not signed any pledge, boys."

"Well, then what is it that makes you hang back this way?"

"Well, boys, I'll tell you," he said. "It's something I don't like to talk about but I'll tell you, and perhaps you will not expect nor want me to drink with you when I've told you the truth."

He thrust his hand down into an inside pocket in his flannel shirt, and drew forth something wrapped in an old handkerchief. Inside the handkerchief was a wrapping of tissue paper, and in the paper was a little shining curl of yellow hair. Big Joe held the curl up between his thumb and finger, and said; "Boys, I've got a little motherless girl nearly two thousand miles from here, and that curl came from her head. I used to drink a lot—enough to ruin my wife's happiness, and when she was dying I promised her that I'd never drink another drop, and that for our little girl's sake I'd be a better man, and when I left my little one with her grandmother I'd promised them both what I'd promised my wife, and my little girl cut this curl from her head and gave it to me to "remember her by," and she said: "Maybe it will help you to keep your promise, papa." It has helped me. I've worn it next my heart night and day, and I'll never, never drink a drop, nor do anything she would be sorry to have me do while it is there. Now, do you want me to drink with you, boys?"

The man who threatened to have whisky poured down Big Joe's throat was the first to say "No," and from that time forward he was never asked to break his promise. His little girl's curl of shining yellow hair was his shield and buckler, and with God's help it was to him a sure defense.—J. L. Harbour, in *Young Keeper.*

One hour's sleep before midnight is worth two after.

"What's in a name?" Everything, when you come to medicine. When you get Hood's Sarsaparilla you get the best money can buy

A VICTIM TO ETIQUETTE.

The rigid etiquette which prevails in Korea as to ceremonious banquets is inconvenient for strangers, whose untrained appetites are scarcely up to the Korean standard. An artist, making a stay in Seoul, was bidden to a royal feast at the king's palace, to his mingled joy and despair. Ignorant of native customs, he appealed to Mr. G., the English Consul, to guide him through the ordeal. The one thing impressed upon him was this: "It is a great insult to refuse what is offered you at the table, and a greater insult not to eat all that is on your plate."

We all sat down gaily, and the feast began. All the products of the country seemed to have been cooked and put before me, including meats, fish, honey, sweets, vegetables and sauces, of which, mind you, we had to eat "mouthfuls" piled on our plates. Young pigs, in the puppy state, were also there, and were much appreciated by my princely entertainers.

When I was but half-way through, however, not being provided with an ever-expanding digestive apparatus, like my friends of Cho-sen, I really felt as if I were suffocating.

I raised my eyes pleadingly to Mr. G., but he shook his head sternly. The servants, seeing me hesitate, plied me busily with potatoes, barley, millet and at least half a bushel of beans.

After vainly praying for courage and fortitude to slide the food under the table, I made desperate inroads upon the heaped-up vegetables. Once again I rolled my eyes in dumb entreaty toward the consul, who once again shook his head, this time with a sardonic grin which made me determine to get through the feast somehow, but in silence.

After this I was treated to lily-bulbs and radishes dipped in the vilest of sauces, besides a large portion of a puppy-pig roasted, and—last—to profusion, with foreign and native wines. At length, when I felt that with the next mouthful I should groan aloud, the end was reached. That unhappy meal began at noon, and was brought to a close at seven p.m.

To those who speculate the pleasure of eating, let me recommend a royal Korean dinner. No pen can describe the agonies I endured as I was carried home in my green sedan-chair. For days I scarcely ate a mouthful, and to this day the sight of a puppy-pig is unbearable.

PLAYED WITH THE WRONG MAN.

The innocent-looking elderly gentleman who meekly submits to rough handling, in a crowd, may have his own methods of avenging rudeness. Witness the experience of fifty medical students who, says the Chicago *Times Herald*, indulged in a "jollification."

They took possession of an Alley L train at Twenty-second Street, and "held high jinks" all the way into town. In their own words, they "played horse" with the other passengers, and they thought themselves very smart indeed.

But they were not quite so smart as they thought. There was an old man aboard—a nice old man, with a white moustache and a silk hat—who beat them at their own game.

The occurrence happened in the smoking-car. At the various stations were reached, and passengers tried to get out of the car, the students assisted. "Take him along!" was the cry, and the unfortunate passenger was lifted bodily over the heads of the students, tossed in the air, and finally thrown out upon the platform.

The guards told the unruly students to cease their rough behavior or leave the train, but the admonition fell on unfruitful ground. The fun grew more and more hilarious until Adams Street was reached.

At this point the old man with the white mustache got up to leave. He was in the extreme end of the car, away from the door.

"Pass him along!" shouted the students. "Help the old gentleman out!"

They helped him out. They tossed him up to the ceiling, then dropped him to the floor, they wedged him here and there; and after they had tossed him out at last they felt so hilarious that they smashed each others hats with their canes.

At eight o'clock last night a young man who said he was a student came meekly into the Central Police Station and reported that an old man with a white moustache and silk hat had picked the pockets of four students on the train, securing four gold watches and a pocket-book or two.

"It will be a great favor," he said, "if this little affair can be kept out of the papers."

SPEAKING FRENCH.

A Tennessee chaplain, the Rev. J. H. McNeilly, says that at Port Hudson his regiment was encamped next to the Thirtieth Louisiana, which was made up of French-speaking men. The French language, naturally enough, was a mystery to most of the rural Tennesseans.

One night all hands were in the trenches. Farragut's fleet was in the river, and an attack by land was also expected. The Tennessee boys, who were close to the boys from Louisiana, noticed that the frogs in the numerous ponds were croaking incessantly in a kind of low, continuous chatter.

"Hark, boys!" said one fellow. "Those frogs have been camped so long by the Thirteenth Louisiana that they are all talking French!"

At another time some of the men were lounging by the wayside, when they heard some French-speaking women, who were engaged in washing, talking to each other.

Suddenly one of the boys called to another, who was noted for his slowness of speech:

"Come here quick, Sam, and hear this woman talk! She can give just one flutter of her tongue and say more in a minute than you can in a week."

TOO TRUE.

There is more than one kind of truth-speaking which is not to the truth-speaker's credit. An example is furnished by *Forest and Stream*:

A disappointed fish-peddler was belaboring his slow but patient horse in a street in Georgetown, D. C., the other day, and crying his wares at intervals, "Herrin', herrin', fresh herrin'."

A tender-hearted lady, seeing his acts of cruelty, put her head out of a second-story window, and said, "Have you no mercy?"

"No, mum," was the reply, "nothin' but herrin'."

TEARS.

The tears of Rage are poisoned drops that burn
And make of life's glad cup a funeral urn.

The tears of Joy are but pure gems that rise
From the full heart, to scatter from the eyes.

The tears of Grief are like soft healing showers
That make the stricken life bring forth fresh flowers.

But tears of Pity, such is such a gem,
God gathers it for His own diadem.

—*M. Holderwick Browne.*

NEEDED NO LESSONS.

A strong instance of inherited taste and aptitude is cited by Mr. Morely Roberts in "Land-Travel and Sea Faring." He was in Australia, in "the land of sheep," and had a collie pup, which he had named Boston.

He was only two months old when I took him with me to Strathavon, and until that he had never beheld a sheep at close quarters. For three or four days I kept him tied up close to my tent, but on the fourth day he got away, and followed me and my big dog Sancho down to the gate of the paddock, where I had just driven about one hundred and fifty rams.

On reaching them, I found I had left my fence tools behind, and rode back after them, Sancho following. I did not notice that Boston remained behind.... When I came back in a few minutes, I saw, to my surprise, that the rams had not spread out to feed, but were bunched in a close mass and that the outer ones were following the motions of something which I could not see, but which they evidently feared.

I reined in my horse, waved back Sancho and watched. Presently I saw woolly little Boston, who certainly was no bigger than the head of the least of the rams, paddling round and round the circle in a quiet, business-like manner. I remained motionless, and watched to see whether he was doing it by accident; but no, he made his rounds again and again, and as he did so, the huge-horned rams followed him with their eyes.

It was with much difficulty that I noticed him home, and, from his air, I have no doubt he would have gone on circling his self-imposed charge until his legs failed him.

PHOTOGRAPHING BULLETS.

It is no news that cannon balls and bullets can be photographed as they dart through the air, but Professor C. V. Boys has recently made some experiments in photographing flying bullets that cast new light upon their motion, and their effect upon the air through which they pass.

Professor Boys fires the bullet through a box lined with black cloth, and so arranged that the passing bullet itself completes an electric circuit and causes a flash of light in the box, which, though lasting only one-millionth of a second, suffices to imprint a photograph of the bullet on a sensitized plate contained in the box.

Not only are the bullets themselves photographed, but also the atmospheric waves created by their passage. In front of the bullets are seen the waves of condensation, and behind them the waves of rarefaction, and interesting observations have been made on the peculiar forms of these waves.

As each bullet dashes through the box it touches the terminals of two wires in the electric circuit, and the little cloud of dust into which the end of the wires is pulverized also has its image imprinted on the photographic plate.

Professor Boys has experimented with the photographing of charges of small shot fired from shot-guns, and the final result of these experiments is awaited with much interest, because it promises to throw light upon the manner in which guns of different patterns scatter shot.

KNOCKED OVER BY A PANTHER.

Mrs. Tyacke, in her book, "How I Shot My Bears," has some things to say about panthers, with which at different times she has had no little to do. Along with other things she tells this little story:

Panthers not infrequently attack men.

A curious case occurred not long ago to an acquaintance of ours, a forest officer. He was walking with a friend along a forest road in the middle of the day, with an umbrella over his head to keep the sun off, when at a turn of the road they came upon a panther.

The officer was unarmed, and remembering the time-honored story, he undertook to scare the panther away by pointing the umbrella at him and opening and shutting it. Instead of running away, however, the panther charged the officer, knocked him down, and stood over him.

The second man, in the meantime, had taken to his heels, and the officer's companion looked desperately but for some reason the panther did not improve his opportunity. While the prostrate officer was wondering where the beast would bite his teeth first, he turned away, leaving the man considerably upset in more ways than one, but entirely uninjured.

HUMANE.

It is hard to understand how anyone can be too humane, but it really seems, if a story recently told by a French journal is true, that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has something to answer for.

Two little girls had been visiting an exhibition of paintings with their governess. On their return their mother asked them:

"Well, what picture pleased you most?"

"The one that showed the Christians thrown to the lions in the Roman arena," both children answered.

"Indeed!" said the mother. "I suppose it worked on your feelings to look at it."

"Oh, yes, mamma," said the younger child; "there was one poor dear lion that didn't have any Christian to eat!"

CURRENT LITERATURE.

A pamphlet of rare interest and invaluable aid to our farmer friends has just been issued by Prof. J. B. Reynolds, of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph. It is entitled "The Farm Library" and gives a list of books for the farmers, stockmen, dairymen and fruit growers, carefully selected and known to be of practical value and modern in their experiments and illustrations. The list is calculated to suit a variety of agricultural pursuits. Prof. Reynolds has conferred a genuine benefit upon all thoughtful farmers by the preparation of this pamphlet.