The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXV.—NO. 30. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1900. PRICE THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
—AT THE—
Free Press Steam Printing Office,
MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 3 cents for line for each subsequent insertion.

CONTRACT RATES—The following table shows our rates for the insertion of advertisements for specified periods:—

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO
20 inches	$40.00	$25.00	$20.00	$17.00
10 inches	25.00	17.00	12.00	8.00
5 inches	17.00	12.00	7.00	5.00
1 inch	8.00	5.50	3.00	1.00

Advertisements, without specific directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. For changes oftener than once a month the composition must be paid for at regular rates.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

Accounts payable monthly.

M. V. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

DR. JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M., SUCCESSOR TO J. P. UREN, M. D., C. M. Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick Streets, Acton. Office Hours—6 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and 6 to 9 p.m.

DR. F. J. R. FORSTER, SUCCESSOR TO DR. A. H. ELLIOTT. Late resident Physician and Surgeon to Victoria Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto. OFFICE—Mill Street—lately occupied by Dr. Elliott.

DR. DRYDEN, EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE. McLean's Block, Douglas St., near P. O., GUELPH. OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 3 to 6 p.m. SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

DENTAL.

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

DR. J. COGHLAN, D. D. S.; L. D. S., DENTIST. WORK CAREFULLY DONE. PRICES MODERATE. OFFICE OVER BROWN'S DRUG STORE. HOURS—EVERY DAY FROM 9 TO 5.

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

LEGAL.

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

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

J. H. McLEOD, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, AND COMMISSIONER FOR TAKING AFFIDAVITS. Main Street, Georgetown. Conveyancing done, and money loaned, on first mortgage on farm property at 6%.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISS S. L. 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 at models of every description carefully bound, ruling neatly and promptly done.

MARRIAGE LICENSES. H. P. MOORE, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening. Free Press Office, ACTON.

WM. HEMSTREET, LICENSED AUCTIONEER For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the Free Press Office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms Reasonable.

Also money to loan on the most favorable 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 343, or Telephone 56, will be promptly handed to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

Acton Saw Mills, and Wood Yards. JAMES BROWN, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Wood, Etc. All kinds of wood in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices. Wood and slabs 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 Books, Fine China, Etc.

Will be sold at much Reduced Prices at

Day's Bookstore, Guelph.

Day sells cheap.

FRAME YOUR PICTURES

WATERS BROS.

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

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.

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 paid 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.

JOHN McQUEEN. Acton.

Agent for:

FROST & WOOD'S Binders, Mowers, Etc.

AND

GOOLD, SHAPLEY & MUIR'S Windmills and Grain Grinders

And a complete line of Farm Implements and all kinds of Repairs.

In my absence Mr. John T. Elliott, who resides on the property, will attend to the wants of customers.

Warerooms -- John St.

John McQueen.

Oxford

Oxford Stoves and Ranges
Oxford Base Burner
Oxford Furnaces.

The Imperial Oxford Range is the leading Cook Stove. May be seen at any time at Pannabecker's, Mill St.

The Oxford Base Burner is the leading Coal Stove.

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

C. A. Pannabecker, Mill Street, Acton.

WANTED—Several bright and honest persons to represent us in Manager in this and close by counties. Salary $900 a year and expenses, straight, bona fide, no more, no less salary. Position permanent. Our references, any bank in any town. It is mainly office work conducted at home. References. Business self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. 3, Chicago.

THE TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

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

Guelph Branch

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

Under $10	3 cents.
$10 to $20	10 cents.
$20 to $30	12 cents.
$30 to $50	15 cents.

HIGHEST CURRENT RATE OF INTEREST paid on sums deposited of $1 and upwards. Interest allowed from date of deposit to date of withdrawal and paid or compounded half yearly.

Advances made to responsible farmers on their own names—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. GUELPH

Motto: "Satisfaction." HARDWARE

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL Proprietor

ARE well equipped with all the machinery, supplementary 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. Saw gumming 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

Acton Bakery

J. G. MATTHEWS, Prop.

JOBBERS IN WESTON'S BREAD, Toronto. WILLIAMS' CAKES & PASTRY, Guelph.

Customers have shown their appreciation of these excellent products of modern bakery skill by favoring me with growing orders.

In order to accommodate all I am prepared to supply customers with any of the six kinds of bread supplied by Weston, or of the 37 kinds of cakes and pastry made by Williams on a few days' notice.

OYSTERS, fresh daily.
Confectionery in a great variety.

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

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

Two Kinds of Men

There are two kinds of men to be found everywhere—those who are obliged to dress roughly while at work and those whose occupation involves no difference in attire. For the laborer we have heavy, substantial boots; for the business man comfortable, sensible shoes; for the boys and girls good, knockabouts; and for the ladies the latest novelties in footwear.

OUR FALL STOCK

is now coming in and embraces goods sure to please our customers as to style, quality and prices.

CALL AND SEE OUR NEW LINES

W. WILLIAMS, MILL ST.

Poetry.

TIRED.

When the day with all its splendor, all its beauty, all its light,
Fades away and leaves us standing in the shadow of the night,
And we turn with wistful longing to the purple fields that lie
Where the sunlight is departing leaves its glory in the sky;
Piling up the clouds like hillions full of fire along the west,
And the early play of evening gleams upon their fading crest—
Then we feel that something brighter, fairer still lies out of sight,
Where the beauty and the glory will not fade away in night;
And that somewhere in the distance, in the beauTIFUL beyond,
Our beloved and departed hold us still by some sweet bond;
And across the gold and crimson of the waning's changeful track
We can almost hear the music of their voices floating back.

Tell me, dreamers, say, what is it that we feel but cannot know?
Why these cravings, half of rapture, half of sorrow, haunt us so?
What these pictures, half immortal, half described by brush or word,
By which all the human spirit of a mortal soul is stirred?
Tell me, prophet, do they lead us to the looked-for "by and by,"
Where no mortal eye has parted back the shades of prophecy?
O, ye dreamers! O ye prophets! what your dreams and prophecies
What to us the light and fading of the ever-changing skies,
What to me the glorious beauty in the cloud-land in the west,
While with every heart-beat mounting for the priceless boon of Rest!

—*Christian Worker.*

Select Family Reading.

The Rousing of Ford Hampton.

"MISS Charters," said Mr. Ford Hampton to his typewriter, "I want to talk with you for a moment or two. May I interrupt you?"

"It is your own work," said Miss Charters, as she glanced at her last line, and then leaned back.

"Miss Charters," said Ford, "you have been here long enough to know a good deal about my business. Probably almost as much as I do. You know, that things haven't been coming my way lately to any reasonable extent. Of course it is well enough to say that luck will turn but that's small comfort and no relief for present stringencies. You can see that I am struggling along in an almost hopeless way because I have no capital to come and go on. There's that plat in the south end, the one, you know, where the eccentric owner demands an immediate down payment of $5,000 cash before he will sign the papers. If I had the money, I could make a very handsome thing out of the land. But, as you know, I have written the owner, telling him that I cannot accept his conditions."

"Yes," said Annabel with a glance at her stenographic notes.

"I don't want to bother you, Miss Charters, with my hard-luck-stories, but it does me good to have somebody with whom I can occasionally be confidential. And now I want a little advice. Don't you think it would be better for me to shut up shop and go back to a salary again?"

"No," said Annabel Charters after a brief pause, "I wouldn't do that just yet. It seems like running away from the field of battle."

"It seems to me," said Ford, with a short laugh, "that the field of battle is slipping away from me. It wouldn't make much difference to you, Miss Charters, if I broke up here, would it?"

"No, I think not," replied Annabel. "I suppose I could find another place. But I don't like the idea of your throwing your hand up in this way. Stick to it a little longer."

Ford looked at her, with a faint smile. "Perhaps you and I could change places with mutual benefit," he said. Then he suddenly added: "But, here, I might as well explain to you while I feel particularly blue this afternoon. Read that." And he tossed her a dainty note, mildly perfumed and quite up to all the social requirements.

And this was its contents, as Annabel quickly discovered:

MY DEAR FORD—Your letter was so very frank that at first I thought you were fooling, but papa assured me that you are right. He said that you seemed to have lost your grip. Of course you can readily understand that a girl brought up as I have been could scarcely be fitted for a poor man's wife. I'm not a heroine, I know, and I feel quite sure that hardships and discomforts would break me down. Of course if there was anything to look forward to I would be quite willing to wait, but papa doesn't think there is. So we must look at these facts in a common sense way, and really I feel quite sure that the best thing we can do is to drop our engagement at once. I will return your ring by express Messenger. I hope you will see this matter in the same light that papa and I do.

Your friend,
MIRIAM BARNES.

"Well," said the young man interrogatively.

"Well!" echoed the young woman. "Can you really blame her?"

The young man started.

"You are not very sympathetic," he said.

"I don't think that this is a case that calls for sympathy," said the young woman. "In fact, I think you are to be congratulated. I'm perfectly frank with you. You have given me to understand that my services will be no longer required. I can speak all the more freely on this account. From my point of view this young woman," and she tapped the letter with a forefinger, "has been a drawback to you all along. She was on too high a financial plane for you. You kept yourself poor trying to please her luxurious tastes. You are suffering from late hours and shaky nerves. I think you will do a great deal better in every way now that you are free."

"I must admit," said the young man, slowly, "that there is a great deal of truth in what you say, although you are not overgentle in the way you break it to me. My pride has had a pretty hard wrench."

"Pocket your pride," said Annabel Charters. She looked at him sharply. "What are you going to do now?"

"Heat if I know!" said Ford.

Annabel looked at him a little scornfully. Then she suddenly smiled.

"I'm going to make a rather curious proposition to you, Mr. Hampton," she said.

"I'm going to suggest that you and I form a partnership in this real estate business and give it a fair trial. Wait a moment. We will share and share alike. You have some experience. I can scrape together a little capital, and we will both agree to put our best efforts into it. What do you say?"

Ford Hampton stared at her in amazement.

"I don't know you," he said. "You startle me. You never were like this before. How could you be so—so docile and quiet all those months?"

"I was biding my time," she laughed. "But don't let us drift away from business. What about my proposition?"

"I can't understand," said Ford, "how you can possibly think of me as a partner, knowing me as well as you do."

"I certainly wouldn't think of it if I didn't know you," said Annabel. "Besides, you understand, you are to turn over a new leaf. What about the proposition?"

"I accept it gladly," said Ford and extended his hand. Annabel shook it heartily.

A half hour later the papers were drawn up and signed, and the firm of Hampton & Charters was ready and anxious for business. That very afternoon the senior partner secured the coveted South End plat, making the first cash payment with money advanced by the junior partner. When she came into the office with a cashier's check for the amount required, Fred looked up at her in renewed amazement.

"Good friends and good credit," said Annabel, answering his glance.

"I met Miriam Barnes on the street to-day," said Ford.

Annabel looked up a little anxiously.

"Yes," she said, "and Miriam smiled on you?"

"She did," laughed Ford. "She gave me one of her old bewitchers. I guess papa thinks a little better of Fordie."

"And you?" inquired Annabel.

"Oh, I gave her one of my courtliest bows and passed right along. There's no fascination in that quarter now."

Annabel looked up with a smile.

"We mustn't hug the shore too closely," she abruptly said. "We can begin to take a few chances. We want Miriam's papa to increase his good opinion regarding us. What do you think of taking hold of the summer tract in the East End?"

"What?" cried Ford. "That gilt edged paradise! Why we couldn't touch it with a circus pole. Don't you know that there are 200 acres of it, with a good half mile strung along the avenue?"

"Good time to open it up, isn't it?" inquired Annabel.

"Splendid," replied Ford. "But what of that?"

"That's something," laughed Annabel. She paused a moment. "What do you say to handling it on commission?"

"Great," cried Ford. "But can we?"

"I think so. I happen to know that the owner has confidence in our little firm."

"The owner lives out of town," said Ford."

"Our fame is spreading," said Annabel.

A week later Ford was making a plat of the famous summer tract to submit to the owner. He worked at it with a wild enthusiasm. Here was a piece of vacant land that hadn't its equal in the county. The lots would be snapped up like wildfire.

Then Ford went to work with a vigor that he never dreamed he possessed. He mapped and plotted and bent every energy to starting the sale of the new allotment. And he was wonderfully successful. His energy was fairly magnetic in its intensity. It seemed to draw people to him. It was boom compelling.

"I didn't think I had it in me," he said with a laugh to Annabel at the close of a particularly busy day, "but I fancy I have guessed the secret. My energy is all due to the fact that I am no longer working exclusively for myself. I am working for you too. You own an undivided half interest in my best efforts, and that's what keeps me agoing."

Annabel bent over her desk with a little blush.

"Well, and how do we stand at the present moment?"

It was a question so often asked him, presumably because it delighted him to answer.

"Excellently," he laughingly answered. "In six months we shall be able to pay back the money you borrowed, and I'm perfectly confident that we will have everything cleared up by the end of say fifteen months. Then the balanced of it will be our own velvet."

"Good," she cried; "very good indeed! You see, I wasn't mistaken in you. All you needed was an arousing."

Never was there a greater change in a man. Ford had lost his listlessness. He labored like a Trojan early and late, and hard work thoroughly agreed with him.

The firm had been in existence just six months, when he came into the office late one afternoon, his face glowing, his eyes sparkling.

"Met Papa Barnes just now," he cried, "and papa came at me with both hands. It was really laughable."

"And Miriam?"

"She wasn't with him to-day, but I've seen her several times lately."

"Are you quite sure you are proof against the old fascination?"

"Quite sure. The more I see of Miriam the more I admire you."

He blurted it out thoughtlessly, and then, as he realized the bluntness of the remark, he turned toward her quickly. Her eyes were fixed upon the paper before her.

"You look tired," he gently said as he moved nearer.

"I am tired," she answered. "I really think," she went on slowly, "that I will have to give up the business altogether. You are started now and do not need me, and I think some of going away."

"Going away!" he blankly echoed.

"Why, what would I do without you? You've made me the man I am. You've put new life into me. I—I can't spare you." He looked at her with a dazed expression.

"Oh, yes, you can," she said, with a ghost of a smile. "You have learned to walk alone very nicely. All you needed was self confidence."

He came a little closer.

"Annabel," he said very softly, "I—I will not ask you to stay here as my partner, but as my wife."

She looked up at him with glistening eyes. Then she faintly smiled.

"The revised arrangement is in every way satisfactory," she demurely murmured.

A half hour later, as they were walking toward Annabel's boarding place, she suddenly stopped him.

"Walk slower," she said. "I have a confession to make. I want you to know that I went into your service full of the idea of marrying you. It was all wrong of course, but wait until you learn the circumstances. Perhaps you may have heard your mother speak of an eccentric friend of her girlhood days whose name was Cameron. He was very peculiar and had the idea deeply rooted in his mind that he had remained single on your mother's account. He was my uncle, and I was with him when he died. In almost the last sentence he spoke he begged me to come here and do my best to marry Jennie's son, for he called you. I promised him I would try to gratify his wish. He had done so much for me. I hope he sees and knows that all is well." She paused a moment, then she blithely added: "But now that you know the depth of my underhanded plot let's change the subject. Where are we going on our wedding journey?"

"But, dearest, dare I go away?" cried Ford. "There's the Summer plat. What will the owner think if I run away in the midst of my preparatory labors?"

"Pooh!" said Annabel softly. "I'm the owner."—Cleveland *Plain Dealer.*

NO SALE.

A wise commander may pardon the recklessness of young soldiers, full of animal spirits, and ambitious to distinguish themselves by deeds of daring. But he will frown upon the veteran whose wantonness of courage makes him foolhardy, when duty does not oblige him to expose himself. Baron Malortie tells of a Waterloo veteran, a Colonel Volger, who did a very foolish thing in the first Holstein campaign.

On the day before the storming of Dippel, he was on duty in the trenches. The gallant Danes who defended Dippel shot so accurately that no Prussian dared look over the earthworks. Suddenly, to the astonishment of his officers, Colonel Volger was seen riding his old gray mare up and down in front of the earthworks, amid a shower of bullets.

Thinking he had gone to inspect the outposts, no one ventured to make a remark. But when he passed for the third time the place where the officers had congregated behind the breastwork, the senior captain stepped out and called the colonel's attention to his needless exposure and entreated him not to court death in this reckless manner. The colonel grinned, thanked him for his warning, and then explained his conduct.

"There's no danger," said he; they are a parcel of duffers; can't shoot a bit; they miss even my old mare, though I've treated them to a splendid target. The mare is done for; that's the reason I have been walking her up and down for the last quarter of an hour. It's thirty pounds in my pocket if they kill her, but I've no luck." The government allowed thirty pounds to an officer if his horse was killed in battle.

At that moment a bullet struck the colonel's sword-belt, and, slipping on a buckle, made the round of his portly waist, slightly grazing the skin. The colonel shrugged his shoulders, and unfastened his belt.

"Captain, you may be right," he said; "it is safer on the other side; those fellows are capable of missing the mare and treating me to another shot higher up. Only a foot lower and the mare would have had it, and I should have received thirty pounds. Provoking, upon my honor!"

Following the captain, he slowly rode into the trenches, where he dismounted, and patted the old mare, saying: "I dare say she won't be sorry to be spared this time."

The mare was not hit during the whole campaign. On his return to Hanover, the colonel sold her, much to his disgust for eight pounds. She ended her days between the shafts of a four-wheeler.

PAID DEAR FOR HIS "FUN."

The following incident illustrates the fact that in some places prohibition does prohibit. The little town of Mt Pleasant, Brant County, Ontario, has a small Woman's Christian Temperance Union whose members are energetic, Christian women, and they with the help of other good people have for three years prevented their one hotel keeper from getting a license to sell liquor.

The county W. C. T. U. convention was held there recently, and the W. C. T. U. delegates from Brantford, about sixteen ladies, hired a conveyance and driver from the livery. Knowing that there was no liquor sold at the hotel, they thought it would be a safe place for the young man to get his dinner. However, the proprietor, having no regard for the law, thought it would be excellent fun to get the driver of the W. C. T. U. women drunk. So before it was time for them to return they learned that their driver was in the bottom of the wagon dead drunk. Two of the ladies returned by train, and arrangements were made for the return of the others.

Within about ten days the proprietor of that hotel was arrested for selling or giving liquor without a license, was convicted and sentenced to pay a fine and costs of eighty-four dollars. The prosecution was by the official authorities, and not by the W. C. T. U. The man has since sold out and left the town.—Emma A. Wheeler, in *Union Signal.*

WHEN HE "KNEW IT ALL."

Some old people who have strong and decided views as to the intense egotism of youth, are open to the charge of possessing a good supply of that quality which years do not always eliminate.

One old gentleman who is well past the "three score years and ten" allotted to mortal man was reasoning, not long ago, with a youthful friend who has yet to see his twenty fifth year.

"Why, my boy," remarked the sage in a tone of infinite condescension, "when I was your age I thought I knew everything—everything! But did I? Far from it. Why it was not until five years ago, my young friend, that I got to where I then thought I was!"

The "young friend" is said to be preparing a paper which deals with what he terms the "Encyclopædicism of Age."

HEIGHT OF WAVES.

That ocean waves run "mountains high" no one ever believed unless he was very credulous indeed. The phrase is a highly exaggerated figure of speech. But the observations of keepers of lighthouses differently exposed situations have proved that waves run high enough, in great storms, to make very respectable hills. Some time ago the steamer which carries supplies to the lighthouse on Tillamook Rock, on the coast of Oregon, was able to make a landing and establish communication with the light-keepers for the first time in six weeks. It brought away the chief light-keeper, who had a thrilling story to tell.

The waves of the Pacific tore away the wharves and other constructions on the rock, even carrying off timbers which had been rivated to the rock. As yet, however, the lantern had remained untouched.

But the storm increased; the waves rose in height, and presently dashed against the lantern, which is one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea. Finally the water washed clear over the top of the lighthouse, coming in at the ventilators overhead.

The keepers were compelled to work desperately all night long to keep the lamp lighted. They were continually in fear that the lights of glass looking seaward would be broken in by the force of the waves, and that they should themselves be washed out into the sea, to certain death. But the iron lattice-work outside the windows saved the glass panes from destruction.

The light-keepers, who were old sailors, affirmed that no experience on shipboard could be so horrible as this long struggle with the storm at the summit of the lighthouse. They would have been glad to take refuge even in a frail ship.

The Tillamook Light has on previous occasions been washed completely over by waves. The same thing has happened to the Eddystone Light, off the coast of England, and to the light at Pleaux-de-Brechot, off the coast of France, both of which are upwards of one hundred and fifty feet in height.

It seems well established, therefore, that waves may mount to a height one hundred and fifty feet above the general level, where there are rocks or other obstructions to cause them to break. On the open ocean they would hardly rise so high above the general level; but as each wave is accompanied by a depression of corresponding depth, the vessel which is carried from the trough of the sea to the summit of the wave may truly be said to climb a great hill of water.

A WASHINGTON BEAR-HUNT.

Early one morning in May a black boy, going to his work, was passing along the Pierce's Mill road, near Washington. Paying little attention to what was before him, he suddenly found himself confronted by a large grizzly bear. The boy did what almost any one would have done under the same circumstances; he turned and ran as fast as his legs could carry him. Luckily, the bear did not follow, and he reached a house and gave an alarm.

The news soon spread that a grizzly bear had escaped from the Zoological Garden. It would be hard to tell how the news got abroad, because every one was afraid to go out of doors. People barricaded their doors and windows, and kept their children in the house. The schools in the neighborhood were without pupils.

The superintendent of the Zoological Garden heard, at any rate, that his lost bear had been seen on the Pierce's Mill road, and accompanied by several well-armed volunteers, he started in pursuit of the animal.

They came upon him not far from the place where the boy had seen him. The bear regarded his pursuers indifferently. The superintendent was led to hope that he might be captured alive.

"Let's surround him," said the chief of the hunters.

They proceeded to form a ring about the grizzly. This proceeding infuriated him at once, and he made a ferocious attack upon one of the hunters.

But before he could reach the man, all the other hunters rushed bravely to the assistance of their threatened comrade; whereupon the grizzly, seeing himself outnumbered, turned tail with a growl, and ran to a tree near by.

Once more the crowd crept upon the bear, and then the animal rushed valiantly at them all. This time several man fired at once, and the young bear's brief period of liberty was brought to an end.

QUIT IT.

To get a broad comprehensive view of human nature stand at the church door on Sunday morning and hear the remarks of the congregation. Some old skinflint, who never relieved a widow's sigh or smoothed the path of childhood's feet with a copper cent, will grunt out his complaint about the churches "always begging." Some brainless, soulless butterfly, who has to keep off ennui with theatre going or euchre parties, will lisp out some criticism about the tiresomeness of the continual talk about sin and its results. Along will come some old blackguard, who would be ashamed to have his wife know where he spends three nights out of six, and he turns up his nose at the vulgarity and plainness of the preacher. Another will remark about its being a fine sermon and round off the statement that it is easy to talk, but you can't apply the "Sermon on the Mount" to business these days. By for the majority acquiesce in the preacher's sentiments and form resolutions to live up to his teaching, but their foot does not leave the foot of the church steps until the good impressions and intentions are swallowed by the rush of associations and habits. There are people who accept every word of Solomon in regard to strong drink, swearing and meanness generally, as sound morally, ethically and commercially, but who still scorch their vitals with whiskey, pollute their mouths with profanity and degrade their manhood with contemptible and dishonorable practices. We would like to see a little more genuine results in the lives of the readers of this column than the frequent expressions of approval that reach us from time to time. Quit the business. As the great David said to his greater son just before he left him the heritage of a throne and a good name: "Be thou strong, therefore, and show thyself a man." No more apt counsel could be given at any time of the year, but with New Years resolutions in view we press it upon our readers.—*Canadian Baker and Confectioner.*

MARRIAGE EXTRAORDINARY.

A contemporary says the following couples were proclaimed in matrimony in one year in Scotland:—

Thos. Black and Mary White.
Peter Day and Helen Knight.
Solomon Hank and Catharine Vale.
James Hill and Susan Dale.
Isaac Jilter and Jane Thatcher.
John Baker and Mary Butcher.
Stephen Head and Nancy Heart.
Wm. Stately and Jessie Insard.
Joseph Reed and Julia Hay.
Thomas Spring and Mary May.
Joseph Brown and Clara Green.
John Robins and Jenny Wren.
William Castle and Nancy Hall.
Peter Chatter and Fanny Call.
Joseph Maps and Eliza Child.
James Berry and Fanny Wild.
Thomas Brule and Mary Boar.
James Fox and Catharine Hare.
Andrew Clay and Judy Stone.
Michael Blood and Lizzie Bone.
John Cloak and Julia Hood.
Edward Cole and Nancy Wood.
James Broom and Ellen Birch.
Charles Chapel and Susan Church.

PLAYING TO LISZT.

An anonymous contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* says that several summers of her girlhood were spent in an old villa at Castel Gandolfo, which before 1870 was the summer residence of the Pope, near Rome. A Polish lady who occupied the lower floor of the house had a piano in her parlor, and very kindly gave the little girl permission to use it every day during the hour of her own afternoon drive.

I was proud at being allowed to learn some little pieces, particularly a duet from "Lucia di Lammermoor," which I looked up as a masterpiece of subtlety and execution. One afternoon I was thumping at that, morosely, with my eight-year-old hands stretched as fast to the full extent of an octave, and my eight-year-old mind happy in the thought of having mastered all the technical difficulties of the composition, when the door opened softly, and I looked up to see a white-haired man, with a handsome, kindly, and to me very venerable countenance, standing beside me.

I stopped playing in alarm, but he motioned me not to move, and said gently, in Italian:

"Go on, my little girl; never mind me. I should like to hear that piece over again."

Half reassured by the kindness of his manner, I began again nervously at "Lucia," and somehow managed to get through it.

"It is not bad," said my listener. He took hold of my hand and showed me how the notes should be struck, and what I must aim at when practising.

"And now, if you like, I will play to you," he said, and sat down and played "Lucia" to show me how it should be done. From that he went on to other music, very different, but wonderfully grand, it seemed to me, and so on and on, till—stopping at last he saw me standing there, with eyes big with wonder and full of tears.

"You have a soul for music, child," he said; "study hard, and you will get on."

At that moment my father's voice called from the stairway. I gathered up my books to go. The old gentleman patted me on the head shyly, and I ran away full of wonder and excitement.

Afterward I heard, and later still I understood, that the musical treat of that afternoon was a privilege which many would have envied me; that the piano in the tapestried saloon had vibrated under the touch of genius; that I had been listening to the great pianist, the Abbe Liszt, and what is appalling to think of, had been playing to him.

KEEPING COUNT.

Robert Simson, Professor of Mathematics at the University of Glasgow, was one of those odd genius who do so much for the amusement of humanity. It was one of his peculiarities always to count his steps when he stirred away from his comfortable bachelor quarters. Even if a friend accosted him he did not lose his reckoning. To prevent such a catastrophe he kept repeating the number of the last step taken.

Once, while the professor was on his way to some gathering, a gentleman, who knew him by sight, but was unaware of the habit above mentioned, stopped him. The worthy geometrician had just taken his five hundred and seventy-third step.

"I beg your pardon, professor," said the gentleman; "one word with you if you please."

"Most happy—573," was the answer.

"Oh, no," said the enquirer, surprised but courteous, "merely one question."

"Well," added the professor—"573."

"You are really too polite," said the stranger, "but knowing your acquaintance with the late Doctor B——, and for the purpose of settling a dispute, I have taken the liberty of inquiring whether I am right in saying that he left five hundred pounds to each of his nieces."

"Precisely," replied the professor,—"573."

"And there were four nieces, were there not?"

"Exactly—573."

The stranger stared at the professor, as if he thought him mad, muttered sarcastically, "573!" made a hasty bow and passed on.

Professor Simson saw the man's mistake, or thought he did, and cried after him; taking another step at the same instant, "No, sir, only four—574!"

"Poor fellow!" thought the enquirer, as he turned away, "he certainly has gone crazy."

OBEYING ORDERS.

Mrs. Q——, who had kept French servants decided that they were too wise and witty for such employment, and engaged a German instead, who was recommended as being a young man who would obey orders to the letter, and make no remarks whatever about them.

One day Mrs. Q—— came down stairs in a great hurry, and said to Johann, who was waiting meekly in the hall:

"I am in a great hurry to get down town; I want you to go right out and bring to the door the very first carriage you come across."

Mrs. Q—— meant, of course, the first public carriage, but she did not say so. In a few moments Johann came back, and bowed Mrs. Q—— to the door. She got out, and found awaiting her there a hearse!

"Rob Peter to pay Paul." That is what they do who take stimulants for weak nerves. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives true nerve strength.