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.

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:—8 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 3 p.m., and to 7 p.m.

DR. F. J. R. FORSTER,
SUCCESSOR TO
DR. A. R. 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.

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

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 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, 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 4½%.

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 house 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 room 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. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Binding 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 addressed to Terms Reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $100 and upwards.

AUTHORIZED STOCK CAPITAL $150,000.
THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Applications or communications forwarded to my address, Box 343, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended 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

Hockey Sticks....
Flex Tot.
Punching Bags....
Boxing Gloves....
Crokinole ....
Winter Games....

BIG SUPPLY
—AT—
Day's Bookstore,
Guelph.
Day sells cheap.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Capital $6,000,000
Rest 2,600,000

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED

Interest at most favorable current rates allowed on Savings Bank accounts and Deposit Receipts.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Special attention given to Farmers' Business.

MONEY ORDERS,
FOR ANY SUM UP TO $50.
Payable at any banking point in Canada outside of the Yukon Territory, may now be procured at the Bank Counter without any delay.

ACTON BRANCH
J. H. WALLACE, Manager.

FRAME YOUR PICTURES

WATERS BROS.
Can do it for you at the lowest Prices, and in the latest Styles.
Wyndham Street,
GUELPH.

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

THEY WIN
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. SHARP, Principal.

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. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Reference, Enclose 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 the Merchants 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 $[illegible]..... 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 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.

LINOLEUM AND OIL CLOTH DEPARTMENT.

Spring is no sinecure of coming than we are prepared for it with the newest and most pleasing designs and patterns in Linoleums and Oil Cloths. Twenty-two large rolls have just arrived, which means that thousands of yards are to be sold to make rooms in homes in Guelph and vicinity more comfortable than they now are. Samples sent on application and estimates given. Don't wait till the choice pieces are sold although all our pieces are so carefully selected that choice is hard to find.

Our Prices are Always Right

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

—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 6.30 p.m.
Careful attention given to everyone.
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

WANTED!
Seed Grain
Farmers having Grain fit for seed will please bring in samples. We want thousands of bushels of
Oats, Peas, Barley, Wheat, Buckwheat, etc.
Highest prices paid.
GEO. J. THORP,
MKT. SQ. GUELPH.

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 all 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 flush 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

JOHN McQUEEN.
Acton.
Agent for:
FRONT & 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.

Poetry.

IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID.

Be not afraid, My child, when storms around thee gather,
When tempests rage, and all around is dark,
Trust in My love, for 'tis thy Heavenly Father
Who sent this storm to thee,
Be not afraid.

Be not afraid, I knew this storm was needed,
I sent the sunshine which thou found'st so bright,
So bright that thou thought night would never come, nor needed
The small cloud in the West.
Be not afraid.

Be not afraid, though now that cloud is o'er thee
And the bright days seem far away and lost,
I'm near thee now in gloom as thou would'st never had Me
Had thy life never been temporal tossed.
Be not afraid.

Be not afraid. Look up and see belated,
Feeble and weary travellers toiling through the storm.
Is there no soul to cheer? No grief to thine related,
Which, knowing, thou can't help?
Be not afraid.

Be not afraid. I send both cloud and sunshine,
Accept each one as sent in Heavenly love.
I know thy every need, thy pain and grief are Mine;
I send them for thy good,
Be not afraid.

Be not afraid, when burdens are so trying
That feet grow weary on the road of life;
Who trust in Me, know that to them in dying,
Comes rest from toil, from sorrow's strife.
Be not afraid.

—ANON.

Select Family Reading.

Mrs. Jerry, Jr.

BY JOSEPHINE OATES.

A pair of big, melting eyes, a dimpled cheek and a voice so charmingly modulated as to entrance the soul of any man—all these united in the bewitching person of Miss Prue Darby—had from the first monopolized the affections of Jerry Baldwin. It had been a very easy victory for Miss Prue, who early realized the fact that Jerry was her devoted slave, in spite of a certain reliance in regard to the all-important question that seemed to hold him just at the brink. He had excellent reasons for his prudence. Although he had a good position in the City Bank of Chicago, and felt himself quite capable of keeping Miss Prue comfortably supplied with bonnets and bread and butter, still, before actually popping the question, Jerry considered it highly advisable to pay a little visit to his home in Boston, and gently but firmly lay his matrimonial plans at the parental feet. This dutiful course of conduct was the outcome, perhaps, of a well-worn saying of the elder Mr. Baldwin, to the effect that, if his son or daughter chose to embark in the matrimonial state without first consulting him, they might buy their own spoons. "Spoons" was a neat little figure of speech peculiar to the old gentleman, meaning nothing less than a house and lot and all that goes to make a house comfortable. Jerry, therefore, took a fond, but non-committal, farewell of his sweetheart, and started on his journey home like the prudent young man that he was.

Mr. Baldwin, Sr., was, in the language of the small boys of his neighborhood, who occasionally undertook to rob his flower-garden, "a corker." They also mentioned him among themselves as the "fiery untamed." Truth to tell, he was an exceedingly peppery old fellow. His bark was positively frightful, but on the other hand, he had never been known to bite. He was the kind of a man who would drive a beggar from the door in fine style, but, before the tramp had quite departed, he more than likely, would entreat him to return and accept a quarter or a piece of pie.

Naturally then, he was just the sort to cherish a hobby. He always had one on hand. When Jerry arrived he was in the very height of a violent admiration for a young lady, whose family had moved into the house across the way in the spring. The first time he saw her she captivated his fancy. When he heard the gossip of the neighborhood concerning her his mind was made up instantly. She should be Mrs. Jerry, Jr., or he'd know the reason why.

"Jerry," said his father, the first time they were alone together, "you're a nice fellow, you are. Why don't you marry and have a decent home, instead of rufuing your digestion in a boarding house?"

This auspicious opening tickled Jerry exceedingly. In painful ignorance of the drift of his father's remarks he made haste to reply, with every evidence of joy;

"Precisely my sentiments, sir."

"Very well, then," said the old gentleman, clapping his knee soundly to show his satisfaction; all you have to do is to step across the street and take the pick of the neighborhood. I marked her—Mrs. Jerry, Jr., ever so long ago. What's the matter?"

Jerry's face had fallen. He realized instantly, that his father, true to his ancient custom of having a finger in everybody's pie, had not failed on this occasion to assume the entire responsibility of providing a bride-elect. It was absurd, and vexed as he was he could hardly repress a smile. For the present, therefore, he deemed it expedient to retire Miss Prue Darby from the field until the atmosphere should be more favorable.

"Well, dad," said he, affecting a yawn, "this is a little sudden, you know. Perhaps, too," with great meekness, "I might like a choice of my own.

"Hoah!" said Mr. Baldwin, "you can't ask for a prettier girl than this one, and as for style that you young folks are so fastidious about, why she is way up. But—and only fancy it!—she earns all those fine feathers herself. What do you think of that, now, eh?"

"I should think," said Jerry, smiling good humoredly, "that her father must be poor or very mean, either of which would be very undesirable qualities for one's father-in-law to possess."

"You are dead wrong, Jerry," said his father, with great spirit. "They are well-to-do people. But, you see, this girl is independent—progressive you know, and all that. Regular nineteenth century young woman. But, seriously, Jerry, my mind's made up. I'll get your sister to have her over to tea, or something. Well, think it over, for I've got to be off. But, say! I wish you'd meet me at the office this afternoon, about four o'clock, and we'll go and call on M'lles—poor old M'lles. I've neglected her shamefully this winter. Don't forget, now."

Left to himself, Jerry groaned. What a pity that his father had got this progressive young woman so firmly fixed in his mind. Provoking as it was, though, he was hopeful that something would turn up to send the old gentleman's thoughts whisking off in a new direction. So Jerry resolved to patiently bide his time—at least, as much as there was of it, for he only had two weeks' leave of absence.

M'lles was Mr. Baldwin's cousin. She occupied two rooms in a shabby house in South Boston. She was poor, and not very strong, but the only help she would receive from Mr. Baldwin was the rent of her small home.

She made her modest living by painting all sorts of dainty trifles, such as menu cards, favors, and the like, for an art dealer in the city. She had been very fond of young Jerry when he was a little chap; and now she was delighted to welcome him home.

"You've been crying, M'lles," said Mr. Baldwin, before he had been in the house five minutes. He had sharp eyes and a ready tongue. Jerry trod on his toes to silence him, and nudged his brains to make conversation in order to cover the confusion his uncomfortably candid parent had wrought in poor M'lles. But Mr. Baldwin was not a person to be easily discouraged. He repeated his accusation until his cousin explained herself as follows:

"I was foolish to cry over a thing that tears cannot mend, but something happened yesterday that has made me blue ever since. I carried some work home to finish, and when he paid me he said I need not take any more unless I chose to do it at a great reduction. My profit wasn't anything great before, but, as it is, taking out car-fare and all that, I positively don't see how I shall be able to make both ends meet."

"What in the devil is Suedeker up to?" roared Mr. Baldwin, by no means gently.

"Well, it's like this," continued M'lles. "There's a young lady who, in order to keep herself in pin-money, has asked for work at the cut price, and so I must do the same or go without. If she did the work at the regular rate it would be all right and make no difference to me. But, as it is, it makes all the difference in the world, although she, probably, has no idea of how she is affecting others poorer than herself. By the way, Jerry, perhaps you know her. She is a Miss Doolittle, and lives on your street very nearly opposite you."

"Confound her!" Mr. Baldwin fairly screamed the words, so great was his indignation and anger. Then he became profoundly silent for a few minutes, after which he said quite gently: "Never mind your little trouble, M'lles. I'll straighten it out for you before the end of the week, and"—his anger rising again—"if I don't give a piece of my mind to that good-for-nothing bit of vanity who robs the poor in order to put an extra plume in her bonnet, my name ain't Jerry Baldwin."

"Say, dad," said young Jerry, as the pair jogged hopefully after a bobtailed car that trailed feebly city-ward in the distance, "is Miss Doolittle the progressive spirit you were booming so industriously this morning?"

"Yes, she is," snapped the old gentleman.

"And, dad," continued Jerry, believing this to be a good time to bring Miss Prue forward, "did anybody ever do the ordering of your courtship for you?"

"Why, man alive," said the old fellow, swallowing the bait whole in the enthusiasm of his recollections, "I ran away with her before her uncle had time to— Bless my soul!" coming to a full stop as he saw, by the light of the grin that illuminated his son's countenance from ear to ear, what awful admissions he was making. "There, there, Jerry, say no more. Marry whom you like, as long as she ain't progressive. I'll stand the spoons."

COMPLEX FAMILY RELATIONS.

The way people can mix up themselves and their relation in the matter of marriages was perhaps never better illustrated than in the case of a backwoods Maine family, of which a correspondent writes:

A father, son, and grandson married three sisters.

That looks simple enough, doesn't it?

It hasn't dawned on you yet.

Well, see here.

1. Amos, the father, married Abigal.
2. Benjamin, the son, married Betsey.
3. Charles, son of Benjamin, married Caroline.

What then?

Amos is a brother to his son.
Amos is grandfather to his daughter.
Amos is grandfather to his sister.
Amos is father to his grandson.
Amos is his own grandfather, his own son, and brother-in-law to himself.
Benjamin is a brother to his father.
Benjamin is a brother to his son.
Benjamin is a brother to his mother.
Benjamin is a brother to his daughter.
Benjamin is the son of his sister.
Benjamin is the husband of his sister.
Charles is brother to his father.
Charles is brother to his grandmother.
Charles is grandnephew the his wife.
Charles is grandnephew to his aunt.
Charles is married to another aunt.
Charles is the son of his aunt.
Charles is the husband of his sister.

A WISE CLERK.

A stylishly dressed woman was recently brought before a New York city magistrate on a charge of stealing ribbons in a store. The chief clerk had observed her talking freely with her counsel, and was puzzled because she looked at him blankly when he asked her name and residence, and replied with a shake of her head.

"She is French," explained the lawyer, "and don't understand English. Put it down 'Marie Latouche.'"

The clerk frowned incredulously.

"What age is she?" he asked.

"Twenty-two," replied the lawyer.

The clerk's eyes twinkled as he said softly: "Thirty-two!"

"No, twenty-two!" snapped the fair prisoner.

"Ough!" said the clerk. "You can speak English if you don't understand it!"

We cannot live better than in seeking to become better, nor more agreeably than in having a clear conscience.

"Difficulties give way to diligence," and disease germs and blood humors disappear when Hood's Sarsaparilla is faithfully taken.

JEREMIAH PUNDERFORD'S AMEN

I happened to be telling some stories of my boyhood home last night, and this was one of them. Jeremiah Punderford, or Uncle Jerry, as everybody called him, was a staunch Methodist. He haunted the meetings and was a fervid exhorter in class meeting and "experience gatherings," as we called them in Rhode Island. On Sundays, moreover, he led the "amen" chorus, sitting in the front row of the church right under the preacher's nose. During the preliminary services of song, which Uncle Jerry considered as a sort of necessary weakness for the sake of the young and the women, he would sit with head bowed down and both hands resting on the head of his long silver-headed cane. But when the preacher began the sermon, then Uncle Jerry straightened up, fixed his eyes on the preacher's face and drank in eagerly every word. The preacher never went far into his sermon without soon beginning to look to Uncle Jerry for encouragement. The stranger in the pulpit always ended by preaching to uncle Jerry. For it was from Uncle Jerry that there used to come those deep, sonorous amens that reverberated through the whole church.

One day the pulpit was occupied by an enthusiastic revivalist from Boston. His fame had gone before him, and as the Sunday-evening service the little church was packed to the door. Long before the time of service Uncle Jerry was in his seat. For anyone else to have taken that seat would have been a profanation. The preacher began and was soon worked up to a high degree of excitement. Uncle Jerry kept further forward, hanging upon every word, his soul rejoicing in the fervid denunciations of sin. Soon the preacher got over into particulars, and then Uncle Jerry's amens came thick and fast and loud. "My friends," shouted the preacher, "gambling is sending thousands of our youth to perdition every year. We have got to run the curse out of our land." "Amen!" said Uncle Jerry, in deep-voiced, emphatic tone. "Dancing is degrading our young women and leading them into paths of wickedness. We, as Christians, have got to put the ban upon it soon." "Amen!" from Uncle Jerry, with increasing fervor. "The drink evil is undermining the foundations of our nation and dragging our youth down to drunkard's graves. We've got to wipe out the curse in our fair land." "Amen!" shouted Uncle Jerry, in terrific tones, and almost rising from his seat.

The preacher waxed warmer and went on. "The tobacco habit is diseasing our boys and giving us a race of weaklings and effeminate youth. We've got to abolish the evil now or never." There was a deathly hush. Not a word. The preacher waited. The audience waited. It grew embarrassing. The boys began to giggle. Everybody looked at Uncle Jerry. There he sat with face set, stern and stolid, but down each corner of his mouth were the tobacco tricklings that had run there for years. For Uncle Jerry was never without a good, big, comforting quid of Farmer's Delight in his mouth. It was too much for the audience. They laughed outright. The preacher hemmed and hawed, and then went on mechanically. Uncle Jerry sat fixed and silent through it all. The preacher soon finished and all went home to enjoy the laugh they hardly dared vent in church. How often I think of that story. It is so true to human nature. We shout amen with great gusto till the truth strikes home to us, and then we—well, we do just what Uncle Jerry did; get angry and keep silence.—Frederick Lynch.

FINDING FAULT WITH THE WEATHER.

Many persons have a chronic habit of finding fault with the weather. It seldom or never suits them. It is too hot or too cold; too wet or too dry; rarely, if ever, just right.

"It is about time for these storms to stop!" petulantly and indignantly said an old farmer, in the latter part of the winter which is just past, implying by his tone of complaint, that he was suffering a grievance and an injustice, and that the weather was not regulated as it ought to be.

And this practice is not confined to the ignorant or to those who are conscious of being irreverent. It is very common, and is as often heard from people who mean to be religious as from others.

Yet is there not something impious in it? And does it not originate in a habit of forgetfulness of him who it is who decrees what the weather shall be?

We remember many years ago reading a little pamphlet, published, we believe, by the American Tract Society, which opened with a dialogue somewhat in this manner:

Traveller (stopping and addressing a farmer by the roadside): It looks like rain; what do you think the weather will be tomorrow?

Farmer: It will be just such weather as suits me.

The traveller, who was a stranger, and had intended to stop and say a few polite and friendly words to the man whom he had accidently met, was surprised at the abruptness of the reply, when the farmer continued:

"I cannot tell from this sign, but I know it will be such weather as I want, for it will be just such weather as God makes, and that will suit me."

Could not some of us profit by the example of this plain but reverent countryman?

He Was Right.

There was a bit of fence opposite Rowley's drug store, in B—, B. C., and as it proved convenient to loungers it was broken down more than once. The owner, after putting it in order a second time, fastened a barbed wire on the top. There was fun for the clerks for a while, watching those who, when just about to sit down, suddenly concluded that business called them elsewhere. One day a farmer in from the country lounged up to the fence, and without noticing the barbed wire, draw himself and sat down squarely. He didn't jump, he didn't swear, he merely got up and remarked, coolly, "I think I've dwelt on that point long enough."

A Sure Cure.

If a man has a col' on the chest, get Casey's mixture f' man an' beast, put him in bed, slap a musthard plaster on him that'll keep his mind employed, an' lave him fight it out. May th' best man win. If the patient's alive in th' mornin', he will not have stru'th in mouth.—Mr. Dooley, in the *Ladies Home Journal.*

LIKE OTHER MEN.

Nicholas I., Emperor of Russia, delighted to go around unattended, like any private citizen. In the lately published diary of George Mifflin Dallas, who was United States Minister to Russia from 1837 to 1839, there are many references to this habit of the Czar. As the ship in which Mr. Dallas went to Russia, the *Independence*, approached the harbor of Cronstadt, a barge belonging to the Imperial steam boat came alongside, and its occupants, including Prince Menschikoff, came on board. The coxswain of the barge was recognized at once as no other man than the emperor himself.

He acted as if he were a mere aid or subordinate to Prince Menschikoff, and was the last to come up the gangway. Evidently he wished not to be recognized, and of course the officers of the *Independence* were in courtesy bound to respect his wish. He separated himself from the rest, and went about the ship, looking sharply at everything, and asking questions of the seamen.

When he came accidently upon Mr. Dallas's infant daughter he caught her up in his arms, expressed delight at her beauty, and kissed her again and again.

On preparing to leave the ship he touched his cap to Prince Menschikoff, inquired whether he was ready to leave, and on being answered in the affirmative, ran up the gangway, descended, and took the helm of the barge as before, while the ceremony of leave-taking was going on by the others.

"At this point," says Dallas, "our commodore broke through the disguise and saluted him with forty-one guns. This induced him at once to resume the emperor, to hoist signals to the Russian frigate ordering a return of the salute, to run up at the mast-head of his steamboat the American ensign, and finally to display his Imperial standard.

This last act was followed instantly by tremendous salutes from all the numerous men-of-war in the harbor and from the various forts of Cronstadt. The effect was fine beyond description, and our ship seemed to be for a time the centre round which was acting one of the most beautiful and exciting scenes imaginable."

Six months later, Mr. Dallas had been across the Neva on the ice and was on his way home. "While I was walking along the English Quay," he says, "a single-horsed small sled approached at a rapid pace, with apparently one of the humbler military officers in it, whom we see in all directions, enveloped in a cloak, and with cocked hat and feather.

"I did not notice, much less recognize, the person in the sledge until after he had made the usual gesture with his hand—putting it to the side of his hat—by his forehead, and there retaining it—and had nodded respectfully to me, with smiles, as if endeavoring to make me know him. I had just time to whip my hat off and turn toward him most respectfully. It was the Emperor of all the Russias!"

THE FLASK OF BRANDY.

Joshua L. Baily, President of the National Temperance Society, in an address made recently in a Western city, related the following incident:

"It is nearly fifty years since I made my first journey through the West. It was in the autumn. We Eastern people had the idea that chills and fever were so prevalent in the prairie States at that season of the year that one took great risk in going there. Naturally I felt timid about going and consulted a physician. He told me to go by all means, but to be sure to take with me a flask of the best French brandy, and whenever I began to feel shaky or in any way ill, to put a little of the brandy in the drinking water, and I would come out all right. I got the flask of brandy as the doctor recommended, and with it made my journey. I went through Indiana and Illinois, and travelled to and fro in the interior of Iowa. At that time there were not many railroads in the West. I believe there were none in Iowa. We travelled in an open wagon, of course, meeting with many discomforts and exposures, but having my flask with me, I kept perfectly well and at the end of some two months returned home in excellent health. A few days after my return I happened to meet my doctor on the street. He congratulated me on looking so well, and asked if I took that French brandy with me as he had suggested. I told him that I did. "No wonder you are looking so well," said he. "Never knew it to fail, splendid remedy." "I did take the flask of brandy with me, but I never uncorked it the whole time I was gone." There has never been any controversy in my mind since that time as to the efficacy of brandy in preserving health and strength, and I think that little incident went very far in directing my attention to a subject which has since then occupied no small share of my mind and thought.—*Exchange.*

CONUNDRUMS.

What makes more noise than a pig in a sty? Two pigs.

Why is the letter F like a cow's tail? It is the end of beef.

Why is a cat on its hind legs like a waterfall? It is a cat-erect (cataract).

Why is Ireland the richest of countries? Because her capital is always Dublin.

What did Lot do when his wife turned into a pillar of salt? He took a fresh one.

Why is blindness a duff like sympathy? Because it's a fellow feeling for another.

Why is a railway train like a vision of the night? Because it goes over the sleepers.

Why are conundrums like monkeys? Because they are far fetched and troublesome.

Why is a room full of married ladies like an empty one? Because there is not a single person in it.

Why are a lady's eyes like friends separated by distant climes? Because they correspond but never meet.

Why is a baker a most improvident person? Because he continually sells that which he kneads himself.

THE SHOEMAKER'S LAST.

Here is the fate of a shoemaker, beyond which let no cobbler go.

A lady complaining that the soles of her shoes were too thick, the artful manufacturer said to her:

"Is that your only objection to them, madam?"

"It is," the lady replied.

"Well, then, madam, if you take them, I think I can assure you that you will find that objection gradually wear away."

A FELLOW'S MOTHER.

"A fellow's mother," said Fred the wise,
With his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes,
"Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt
By a thump, or a bruise, or a tear in his shirt.

A fellow's mother has bags and strings,
Bags and buttons, and lots of things;
No matter how busy she is, she'll stop
To see how well you can spin your top.

She does not care tuck much, I mean,
If a fellow's face is not always clean;
And if your trousers are torn at the knee,
She can put in a patch that you'd never see.

A fellow's mother is never wild,
Not only sorry if you are bad,
And I tell you this, if you're only true,
She'll always forgive whatever you do.

I'm sure of this," said Fred the wise,
With a manly look in his laughing eyes,
"I'll mind my mother, quick, every day—
A fellow's a baby that don't obey."

—*M. E. Sangster, in Youth's Companion.*

AT THE INSURANCE OFFICE.

"This is an insurance agency, is it not?" The question was asked by a thin, business-like, nervous-looking man who invaded an office in Threadneedle street London, recently.

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk to whom he had spoken.

"Fire insurance?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you represent any company with a cash capital of $90,000,000 or over?"

"We do."

"Can that you can recommend as safe, strong, and thoroughly reliable?"

"One of the best in the world. What description of property do you wish to—"

"Does one insure against loss by lightning?"

"It will agree to cover any possible risk from fire, no matter what may be the cause."

"And give permission to use coal oil or gas stoves?"

"Yes."

"I think that is the kind of company I should insure in," said the caller, after a thoughtful pause, "if I had anything to insure. May I ask for half a dozen of this year's calendars?" Thanks. Good morning!"

JUST FOR FUN.

Little Phyllis was chatting her dear grandma the other day, and gave herself up to serious consideration. After she had for several minutes looked very earnestly at her grandmother she asked: "Are you going to die pretty soon?" "Yes," her grandmother answered; "I suppose I am." "And am I too?" "O no; I hope you are not going to die for a long time yet." "Well," exclaimed the little one emphatically, "I don't want to die even when it is yet!"

Said Mrs. G., who had come to spend the day, to little Edith: "Are you glad to see me again, Edith?" "Yes, m'am, and mama's glad, too," replied the child. "Is she?" "Yes, m'am. She said she hoped you'd come to-day and have it over with."—Ohio State *Journal.*

"I thought you were going to try to borrow only ten dollars from him, but you say you got twenty." "Yes. I happened to remember just in the nick of time that anything worth doing at all is worth doing well."

"Do you know that a man is three-sights of an inch shorter at night than in the morning?" demanded Dinsmore. "The last time stocks took a tumble," replied Mullins, "I was 82,000 shorter at night than in the morning."

NO INTERRUPTION PERMITTED.

The newly-appointed registrar faced the happy pair. Though a solicitor, he had never before tackled so obstruse a problem. It was his first experience as maker of husbands and wives. Still he was determined to proceed with the ceremony to the best of his ability, and so went on.

"Does any man present know of any impediment to this union?" he inquired.

He saw that no one understood him, and so went on again.

"Does any man know of any bar"—

He was immediately interrupted by the bridegroom.

"There's a bar just round the corner," said the happy man, "but, guv'nor, there's going to be no boozing 'till you've said we're spliced."

So the ceremony proceeded.

A Lesson in Punctuation.

A high-school girl said to her father the other day:

"Daddy, I've got a sentence here I'd like to have you punctuate. You know something about punctuation, don't you?"

"A little," said her cautious parent as he took the slip of paper she handed him.

This is what he read:

"A five dollar bill flew around the corner.

He studied it carefully.

"Well," he finally said: "I'd simply put a period after it, like this."

"I wouldn't," said the high-school girl. "I'd make a dash after it."—Cleveland *Plain Dealer.*

A Blessing to the Homes of Canada.

No invention of the century now coming to a close has done so much for the homes of Canada as the Diamond Dyes. These reliable and never-failing dyes have saved more money for our Canadian families than all other combined agencies.

Diamond Dyes, with their magical re-creating powers, give to faded and dingy looking dresses, skirts, waists, blouses, shawls, capes, jackets, coats, vests, pants, and all fabrics, light or heavy, a second life—a condition of richness and beauty, in the majority of cases far ahead of the original colors and shades. It simply means that a new dress, coat, jacket or other article of wearing apparel is obtained at a cost of from ten to twenty cents. This work is now successfully carried on in tens of thousands of happy and prosperous homes in our Dominion.

If you have not yet tested the re-creating and economizing powers of Diamond Dyes in your home, you are losing money every month. To achieve the victories that some to others in money-saving, you should try what Diamond Dyes can do on your faded and cast-off clothing.

As there are imitation package dyes sold in some stores for the sake of extra profit, avoid these colors, as they are ruinous to any material; see that you get the Diamond Dyes that make old things look as good as new.