The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXV.---NO. 37. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 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.

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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 Sts., Acton.
Office Hours:—8 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 President Physician and Surgeon to Victoria Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto.
OFFICE—Mill Street—lately occupied by Dr. Hiott.

DR. DRYDEN,
EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.
McLean's Block, Douglas St., near P. O., GUELPH.
FYICH HOURS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2 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. BETH, 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. 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 home of the Misses Laing, Agnes St., Acton, or at FREE PRESS OFFICE.

INSURANCE AGENT,
W. H. DENNY,
General Agent Confederation Life Association. Agent Union and Northern Fire Insurance Companies.
Office Young St., Acton.

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 cheapest rates. Magazines and Music 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.

AUTHORIZED STOCK CAPITAL $125,000.
THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications addressed to my address, Acton, 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!

Balance of stock to be sold off at extra

Low Prices.

—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.

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

ACTON FLOUR MILLS.

HUMPHRIES & HAWKE
HAVE the Flour Mills now in first-class running order with the latest improved machinery, new engine, etc., and are prepared to supply all customers with the very best grades of Flour, etc.
They will always have on hand
.....Flour.....Chop.....Mill Feed.....
.....Cracked Wheat.....Etc.....
at lowest prices for cash.
Call at the mill and learn our prices before ordering Flour or Feed.
Goods delivered promptly to any part of the town. Orders may be left at A. T. Brown's Drug Store.
We desire it understood from the outset that we intend doing a strictly cash business.
Humphries & Hawke

GREAT RUSH
FOR
FOOTWEAR
AT W. WILLIAMS'
MILL ST., ACTON.
GOOD Values are the secret of it all. Our method of doing business is to buy the best, sell the best, and recommend only reliable goods. It is this method that has brought to our store a permanent and desirable patronage.
Quality and Price are two of the most important points to consider when buying
Boots and Shoes Rubbers and Overshoes
We make this our specialty. It will pay you to give us a call and see the bargains we are offering in all kinds of seasonable footwear. We are in touch with the best Wholesale Houses.
Remember, we are after your patronage, and the inducement we offer is GOOD, RELIABLE GOODS at close prices for CASH.
CASH AND ONE PRICE.
THE KIRING NEATLY DONE.
W. WILLIAMS.
MILL ST.

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. BLAIR, 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. References. 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 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 added 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.

J. F. H. JONES,
Manager.

Electric Bell Outfit Complete **$2**

For two dollars we supply Bell, Battery, push button and staples. Can be put up by any handy person in very short time. The Bell for all homes, stores and offices. Sent by express on quick notice.

Our Prices are Always Right

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

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

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.

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.

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.

Poetry.

CANADIANS TO THE FRONT.

Show the way, Canada!
Stanch, loyal hearts,
Sending your thousand
Strong, chosen fighters.
March through the streets
Of the African city—
Three miles of waving
Flags, and the thunderous
Roar of the cheering!
Forward with Methuen!
English Scotch, Irish,
Southern Colonial,
Northern Canadian!
Brothers together;
Strike—die if need be—
The empire acclaims you.

Show the way, Canada!
More than a hundred
Years have rolled over
Since in the old days
You became part of us:
Ere it was you you;
Now you are of us.
Love us and know us,
France in your veins still
Owns the red blood of her
He would we have it,
Hailing the omen
Of firm, future friendship.
Show the way, Canada!

Show the way, Canada!
Round out the key-note;
Teach those bold trekkers,
Strong men and sturdy,
How to be one with us.
Somewhere in them, too,
Good blood is stirring;
Blood of old Huguenots—
Best sons and daughters
France ever gave birth to.
You—for you know us—
You shall interpret.
Show the way, Canada!

Show the way, Canada!
Now, for the dawn routes
To far-reaching Africa.
Plant we the standard,
Inaugurate justice,
Establishing peace.
Peace be the watchword,
Peace and security—
Under the Union Jack.
Hail to the dawn!—

Then by our fireside,
While we sit resting—
Satisfied, hopeful,
Be our door open
To all friendly comers;
For serving each other
The nations grow richest;
And so shall we wherever
A great bond of brotherhood
Girdling the world.

—London Spectator.

Select Family Reading.

In the Apple Orchard.

FEDORA, in her long, white apron and big sun hat, color box and palette in hand, sauntered out into the orchard and sat down under the shade of an apple tree. A light breeze stirred the boughs, on which the sunlight gleamed in great gold patches, and countless song birds darted from limb to limb, making the air vocal with their music.

One plump, red breasted fellow perched himself directly in front of Fedora and with head on one side regarded her intently.

The girl returned his gaze first with amusement, then with interest and finally with sudden inspiration. She selected a crayon from her box and dexterously jotted down a few outlines. Then she consulted the bright bits of color she had placed on her palette and with a sweep here and there of her long paint brush transferred the nucleus of her small, feathered observer to a sketch card. She held it up to the light and looked at it critically for a moment, then laid it on the long grass beside her and leaned back against the trunk of the tree, her hands crossed loosely behind her head, her eyes resting in dreamy contemplation on the gleaming fields beyond. Above her the faint rustling of the wind in the leaves drowned the silence. Presently a shadow cut across the glimmering sunlight. Fedora glanced up, and a faint color tinged her cheeks. It was the professor.

"If you are too busy"—he began, looking down at her a little dubiously.

"Oh, no," she broke in quickly, smiling up at him as she spoke. "I am never busy." Fedora prided herself upon that accomplishment. "Do sit down," she went on with a bright look, pointing to the grass plot opposite her. The professor hesitated for a moment, then suddenly complied with the request.

"A nice day," he remarked carelessly, as he sat down.

"Charming," returned Fedora, surveying him, with a smile. It had suddenly dawned upon her that the professor was a singularly good looking man to be so old—almost 40. And in spite of his two-score years she found herself looking with approval, almost admiration, into his deep, clear eyes, above which the thick masses of brown hair waved back from an intellectual forehead. (All professors have intellectual foreheads.)

"I don't like to interrupt you," he said, with a doubtful glance at the incipient sketch and Fedora's small paint stained fingers, "but there is something I wanted to say," he went on, tugging at his watch charm.

"Really?" She gave a little cough and turned her eyes expectantly upon him.

"It—its important," faltered the professor awkwardly, meeting her gaze.

Fedora broke into a soft little laugh, and two dimples came into her face.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at her in astonishment, a suspicion rising in his mind that he was being treated with unnecessary levity.

"You looked so—so serious," she replied, with such a charming little grimace, and a look so profoundly innocent that the professor immediately dismissed his suspicion as unworthy.

"If you don't mind, though," he pursued a little uneasily, his eyes on her face, "I would rather you would not—that you would be a little serious."

"Yes, certainly," assented Fedora, with alacrity, pulling a straight face, but with a glimmer of a smile showing about her mouth. Then the professor cleared his throat and went on with a slight hesitation.

"I have a proposition." He stopped short and looked at her in a helpless sort of way.

"Ah, I see!" she exclaimed with a merry laugh. "And you want the—hypothesis?"

"Precisely so," returned the professor, his face brightening. He thought that his task would not be a difficult one with such an appreciative young woman.

"And now to the point," he continued, giving her a serious look.

"A point indicates mere position and has no magnitude," interposed Fedora flippantly.

"I suppose not," replied the professor, with slight sternness. "But it is not a problem in geometry this time," he concluded, the glint of a smile hovering about his lips, his voice calm.

"Oh, exclaimed the girl with wide eyes as she folded both hands in her lap and fixed upon him a look of grave attention.

He shifted his position a little, pulled at a tuft of grass, then looked across at her with sudden resolution and spoke:

"Suppose—that—a—man"—

The professor stopped short and cleared his throat again in a disconcerted sort of way.

Fedora met his gaze with a mischievous smile and chewed the end of her long paint brush.

"Well?" she said, dropping her chin into one small hand.

"That a man is"——

"Yes?"

"Well—in love, you know," he blurted out in desperation, flushing to the brim of his scholarly hat.

Fedora's face was suffused with sudden color, and she gave an inarticulate little murmur quite beyond interpretation.

There was an interval, during which neither spoke for several minutes. The professor was the first to break the pause.

"Madly, terribly, foolishly in love," he said, emphasizing the last adverb as though it included the sum total of human imbecility. Fedora shot at him a glance of bewilderment.

"To think," she said, making a mental observation, "that he could be so violent."

There was another pause. She dug one dainty hand into the soft earth and looked at him shyly out of the corner of her eye. The professor spoke again.

"What do you think of it?" he asked abruptly, his gaze resting upon her face with suppressed eagerness.

"I—don't know." She said it slowly and blushed as she spoke. A mingled expression of doubt and perplexity became visible on the professor's face as he waited for her to go on.

But Fedora remained silent, her eyes resting dreamily across the horizon.

The situation was growing awkward. The professor felt that his grasp was slipping away from him and went on a little anxiously:

"You know about such things—girls generally do. Tell me—what shall I do?"

He toyed nervously with a dead twig as he spoke and searched her face a little anxiously for encouragement.

Fedora reflected, for a moment, then nodded with decision.

"It depends," she said drylly, fixing her eyes upon his with a serious look.

"Yes?" The professor turned to her with a quick smile.

Fedora pondered again, then dropped her eyes half timidly and twisted the corner of her handkerchief.

"On—the other one, you know—the girl," she went on, with a soft blush.

The professor gazed at her in silence, his kind eyes full of perplexity.

"Does she—care for you?" asked Fedora in a low voice, looking away.

"That's precisely the point," said he, pushing back his hat, "I want to find out."

"Is she pretty?"

"Beautiful!" replied the professor, with enthusiasm. "She has the most magnificent brown eyes in the world and hair—how do they say in novels—like spun gold, that's it," he concluded impulsively, his eyes aglow.

Fedora's cerulean orbs were suddenly misty, and her dusky brown head was averted.

There was silence for a few moments. After a little she leaned forward to pick a dandelion, her heart throbbing violently, and the color faded from her face.

The professor drew a long breath and sighed.

"She doesn't give me any encouragement," he ventured, regarding her with a questioning, half wistful glance.

"Perhaps," said Fedora, faintly, as if to herself, "she cares for someone else."

The professor stared at her in consternation.

"I never—thought—of—that," he said slowly, dismay stealing into his tones, as his eyes sought hers with an intense look as though searching her inmost soul.

The pause that followed was unbroken for some moments. Finally he spoke.

"I hope—you have not made a mistake," he said, "rising to go, "because it meant so much to me—everything." He was looking down upon her, and there was something in his eyes she had never seen therefore.

"There is only one way—to find out," she said, speaking heroically, but with a dreary little smile.

The professor's face brightened. "Well?" said he, almost holding his breath.

The girl did not immediately reply. Something seemed to clutch at her throat.

Presently she lifted her eyes—suspiciously bright—to his, and said slowly, her voice half tremulous:

"Just tell her in a straightforward, manly way that you—love—her, and want a—serious answer."

She dropped her eyes suddenly as she encountered his look—not easy to evade.

There was an inaudible stillness. Fedora was looking away like one in a dream, her hands lying cold and passive in her lap.

The sunshine circled about her red-brown head in a shimmering rainbow.

The professor looked across at her, his eyes full of unexpected admiration, his hands knotted close together.

After awhile he leaned suddenly toward her and with a quick movement seized both her hands in his own.

"Fedora, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

She gave a quick, startled glance, and the color flamed to her cheeks, while the tears and smiles struggled for mastery.

"But—but my hair is not gold," she explained, with a puzzled little laugh, looking shyly at him, "and my eyes are blue."

"And mine," said he, taking her in his arms, "are color blind."

SALT IN THE SUDAN.

France supplies the Sudan with salt in the form of rectangular bars. The annual demand amounts to about 500 tons, some 2,000 tons of salt in sacks also being consumed. The value of salt is not fixed, ranging from $20 to $25 per ton

SOME OBSERVATIONS.

Ian MacLaren, the well-known Scottish writer, in giving his impressions of America makes many complimentary references to American character and custom, but feels constrained to add what he calls the "Shadow on American life." This is his reference to secularism, as manifested, for instance, in the eager quest for wealth or its equivalent.

He takes, for instance, the case of a contractor for a $100 job. If he proceeds to put just as little time and material into the job as will at all pass, his idea is, therefore, not at all the good performance of his engagement, but simply personal gain, and therefore, does a damage to his own personal character—himself.

Going further, he says, should he faithfully and carefully fill the items in the contract and, receiving his price, take his sole delight in the money, or what it may obtain, without any reference to the fact that he has successfully used the abilities of his being, in this case also, the secular spirit is dominant and therefore personal character is damaged.

This leads to the view that labor is not merely intended to amass gain, but is intended to be a means of ennobling character, not only because justice is done to another, but because the worker strives to do his work well for the sake of doing it well.

This is undoubtedly true, yet, in our land in our day, it is in some cases hard to get men to take this course. Were wages better, were employers more courteous to, and considerate of those laboring for them, many might come nearer MacLaren's ideal, but a grasping employer often engenders the same spirit in his employee, to the serious loss often of both. The one loses in the value of the work, the other in the ennobling of character. A writer living long before Ian MacLaren wrote "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Would that corporations, firms, and individuals would apply this to the rendering of recompense as well as workmen in performing their work.

More and more the question of labor requires attention, not only in regard to its performance and recompense, but also in regard to preparing for it. The fact is becoming very apparent that what are called "learned professions" are becoming overcrowded. The fact of so many applicants for a vacant room in our Public School, on a few days' notice, partly proves this. True, there is generally plenty of "room at the top," but between the top and the ground there is a largely crowded middle strata.

It surely, therefore, behoves those having the care of the young to devote enough attention to their education and training to see that the trend will be in the direction of those spheres in which attainments reached will be most likely to be successful.

* * * * * * *

A letter of one of our local clergymen recently published was in several points very timely and coming from such an esteemed gentleman in public life, is worthy the earnest attention of guardians of the home and guardians of the town.

His earnest exhortation, especially to parents in regard to children on the streets at night, should be carefully noted and heeded. Parents surely have had opportunity to observe that the effect of such indulgence has been injurious to others, and why not guard the future characters of their own children? The curfew bell certainly would be a good thing, failing persistent and careful attention by parents, but in a place the size of ours, with six churches, where healthful morals may be inculcated, surely we might expect good care of children.

With regard to the reference to the Post Office manners, some think there is altogether too many applicants for mail at night, more than circumstances require, consequently the crowding, and readiness for fun by those who perhaps are not necessarily there.

Industrial conditions here are such as give us considerable of a "floating population." Many of these are good and desirable residents, while sometimes their presence may partly account for influences baneful to our own youth.

At all events, there is too much street, and too little home life.

Acton, March 7th, 1900. OBSERVER.

WHY WOMEN FAIL IN BUSINESS.

"I have recently been interested in ascertaining the definite reasons why employers have felt that the positions in their establishments were not most effectively filled by women," writes Edward Bok of "The Return of the Business Woman," in the March *Ladies' Home Journal*. "The reasons are as varied as they are interesting. The lack of physical endurance and the unreliability caused by physical considerations were the main causes. The lack of executive ability was given as the main reason in positions of trust and the friction caused by the objection of women subordinates to receiving orders from one of their own sex. Pending or impending matrimonial engagements were also a very pronounced cause. The proprieties also came in for their share, the merchant not feeling that he could ask his female secretary or clerk to remain after business hours. The trader felt that he could not send a woman on a mission which required hasty packing and preparations for travel at an hour's notice. In a number of cases women seemed to object, and were inclined to accuse the social amenities when they spoke sharply to them. In these cases women always seemed to remember that they were women, and made their employers remember it too. Illness in the family which would not necessitate a man's absence at the office, keeping the woman at home, was another common. And so went on the reasons which made employers decide that they preferred men to women in their offices. And as I carefully went over the reasons, each pointed to simply one thing: The unnatural position of the woman in business."

A QUAINT OLD RIDDLE.

There was a quaint old book of riddles published during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, which contains the following conundrum:

He went to the wood and caught it,
He sat him down and sought it;
Unseen he could not find it,
Home with him he brought it.

The answer is: A man with a thorn in his foot.

ON THE BACK PLATFORM.

The Broadway car philosopher smiled up at the sunny sky and seemed in an excellent humor.

"Vell," he said, "I haf lately interested minself in dot proposed plan to reckulate dose automopeels. Und I will say dey I pelief dere is somedings verth while in der idee.

"Do you own an automobile?" inquired the dyspeptic conductor with a sarcastic laugh.

"No, I don't," replied the philosopher placidly. "If I did, I vouldn't be dividing coy nickels between you and der company. Who gets it does mortbing?"

The conductor scowled blackly, but made no reply.

"It aind't effery man dot is gwalified by nature to run an automopeel," resumed the philosopher. "It aind't a part of a college education. It aind't, like running a street car. Any choomp can learn to do dot—on either platform."

"Perhaps you'd better try it," growled the conductor."

"Vell," said the philosopher, "I know I vouldn't make a good conductor. I got me too tender conscience. But, of course, it is gwite different about running an automopeel. Conscience vas got nodding to do mit it. Ven you are a motorman you know chust vhere you are going. All you got to do is to stick to der rails. But you take a cross-eyed man who can't remember his right hand from his left, and boost him coop on der seat of an automopeel, und who knows vich vay he will go feerst? I pelief in der foreign style vere dey pass their examinations. Und, py by shinks, it is der same vay mit a goot many drivers of horses! Dey don't know enough to holdt der reins ofer a hoppy horse. I don't wonder dot some horses run avay. Dey are ashamed to be seen in sooch gompany."

"Ever drive a horse?" enquired the man in the ulster.

"Who, me? Vy, I haf been run avay vith no less than nine times!"

"I don't wonder why some horses run away," hoarsely chuckled the dyspeptic conductor.

The philosopher smiled.

"Dot's vun on me, sure enough," he said. "Only it happened dot ven der runaways took place I vasn't driving only a passenger. Four times I was run avay mit in a horse car, dwice in an elevator, vonce in a merry-go-round und two times on a topoggan slide. Of course dot's got nodding to do mit automobeel recullations. If day best reckollating, reckollate 'em. But don't bear down on 'em too hard. Automopeels haf come to stay' und dey moost be given fair blaye."

"Public square!" yelled the conductor.—Cleveland *Pla in Dealer.*

WHAT "PATROL" MEANS.

The war correspondent of the London *Daily Mail* writes: Of the word "patrol," if you look it up in the dictionary, you will find a simple explanation; but the average Englishman at home has no idea of its real meaning as exhibited in warfare—especially war against an enemy like the Boer.

It requires more courage, more real pluck, to patrol the kopjes around about our camp than so make a charge in company with thousands of your fellows in the teeth of a deadly fire. In the latter case, the excitement, the spirit of military display, the confidence in yourself and officer, the anxiety to get at the enemy, all these combine to impel the man in that brilliant dash and pluck for which our army is noted.

But the patrolling—that is quite a different matter. Two or three mounted men walk their horses in a leisurely way up to kopjes scattered all over the veldt, and examine them for signs of the enemy. Finding none, the next cover is examined, and so on. The patrols are on the open, the Boers lurking behind boulders, hidden from sight. Probably the first notice the unlucky man has of the enemy is a volley fired at close range, and then it is a race for life. I have watched these patrols from a distance, with nerves all on the quiver.

I have been with them and have experienced the weird feeling that, in spite of every effort, creeps over you as you proceed closer and closer to some isolated kopje. Are the Boers there or not? The tension grows keener, until one feels it would be a relief were the enemy to open fire. From one kopje to another the patrol has to go—taking his life in his hands—doing the work which, if necessary, is one of the most dangerous, arduous and trying of the service.

And if you are shot down there is no glory attached to your memory. "So-and-So was shot while on patrol;" a few simple word, which convey a great deal, but only to the initiated. I have been there and know, and can say without exaggeration that I was glad when the enemy opened fire. The whizzing of the bullets all round, the rush for life, and the end of the suspense—the excitement of it was glorious.

COULDN'T TELL A LIE.

As one of the dozen old women who drive milk carts around Detroit was rattling across the Campus Martius the other day a chap wearing lavender pants and a bright blue necktie motioned for her to stop, and then approached and inquired, "Do you put water in your milk?"

"Yes, sir," was her prompt reply.

"Ah, ha? So you own right up, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

Her prompt reply nearly stagged him, but after some hesitation he asked: "And what makes you do it?"

"Because it's much healthier for calves when mixed half and half," she retorted.

She waited for him to ask another question, but he couldn't think of any.—Detroit *Free Press.*

MISUNDERSTOOD.

Stranger—I don't suppose you know a man living in this town by the name of Hippopendyke?

Resident—Oh, you don't suppose I do, don't you? Say, how much do you get goin' round tellin' folks how much you suppose they don't know?—Columbus, Ohio, *State Journal.*

Civility is the lowest price we pay for things, and repentance the highest.

"Hefe blind, safe find." Fortify yourself by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla now and be sure of good health for months to come.

MARCH.

Iseem of a feller never knows
What's comin' next—that day it blows
From ever way, an' then it snows
Nest thing about
'Nd thaws her out
An' rung the worter on the drops
'Nd floods the hull thing, roots an' tops,
Then freezes 'em, 'nd never stops.
Same jig-er-ma-ro'—
Keeps on, Jee' so.

Until a feller gits the blues,
An' sorta slinkin' in his shoes,
An' thinks he ain't no earthly use
'Nd then the thing
Clears up, by jing!
Sun comes a peakin' out so plain,
You think spring's come for shore again,
An' then she'll up agen an' rain.
Same jig-er-ma-ro'—
Keeps on, Jee' so.

Dad an' I to spy to me, kee hee,
'Ol' Man's bone visitin', they be.
The boys are runnin' things, you see,
'Nd half I ketched on
To how she done
An' make some blunders, now an' then,
An' then forgit jes' how an' when—
An' do the same blunted thing agen—
Same jig-er-ma-ro'—
Keeps on, Jee' so.

If there's a time at takes the starch
Out of a feller, why it's March;
Jee' hatter set out on your porch,
Unless it snows,
An' blow yer nose.
'Nd smoke or chaw to backer 'n' spit
Don't do no good for you to git
Riled up—won't change the thing a bit—
Same jig-er-ma-ro'—
Keeps on, Jee' so.

—*Dennor B. Drake.*

OUT OF A CLEAR SKY.

A very few days after my arrival at Maritsburg at the end of 1875 I was standing one afternoon in the shade of my little house on a hill anxiously watching the picturesque arrival of an ox-wagon laden with my boxes. It was in the early summer, and the exigencies of settling in left me no time to worry about the thunderstorms of which of course I had often heard occurred in South Africa.

A more serene and brilliant afternoon could not be imagined, and it was not even hot—at all events, out of the sun. My two small boys, as usual, trotted after me like dogs and clamored to assist at the arrival of the wagon, so I lifted the little one up in my arms and stood there, with the elder boy clinging to my skirts.

Suddenly out of the blue unclouded sky, out of the blaze of golden sunshine, came a flash and a crash which seemed as if it must be the crack of doom. No words at my command can give any idea of the intolerable blinding glare of the light which seemed to wrap me around or of the rending sound as if the universe were being torn asunder.

I suppose I flung myself on the ground, because I was crouching there, holding the little boys beneath me with some sort of protective instinct, when in a second or two of time it had all passed, for I heard only a slight and distant rumble. I do not believe the sun had ceased shining for an instant, though its light had seemed to be extinguished by that blaze of fire.

Never can I forget my amazement—an amazement which even preceded my deep thankfulness at finding we were absolutely unhurt, the fearless little boys only inquiring, "What was that, mummy?" There had been no time for their rosy cheeks even to pale. I wonder what color I was? I looked at the little stone house with astonishment to find it still there, for I had expected to see nothing but a heap of ruins. Nay, it seemed miraculous that the hills all around should still be standing.—Lady Broome in *Cornhill Magazine.*

MAKE HOME BRIGHT AND HAPPY

"If we cannot go, we can stay at home," a wise and winning mother used often to say to her children when plans and anticipations met that frequent denial of fate which often attends the affairs of this sublunary sphere; and so full of pleasant prophecies was the little assurance that the festivity given up for the possible festivity that awaited materialization at home often seemed the more desirable of the two. Perhaps the one sweetest ideal in all household living is to make home happy, to make it the brightest and dearest place in the world to the family; the one that will always be its own compensation for every chill or ill outside, for every denial or defeat that the world of affairs can give. There can be no more undesirable state of life than to be dependent on the chance fates of the world outside for one's happiness; to have one's personal enjoyment depend on being invited to this or that, or going to one or another amusement or entertainment. All these things have their place in life and a not unimportant one; the opera, the drama, the concert, is educative in its nature as well as full of charm for the hour; it is a part of development of true culture; social mingling offers much of the very best of life, in friendships and mutual sympathies; journeys here and there are apt to be as desirable as they are delightful—but each and all are still to be held as less than the one supreme thing, the comfort and happiness of home. The home where there are books to read and noble and beautiful thoughts to be discussed; where a play of Shakespeare read aloud, however familiar it may be to all, reveals new depths of suggestion, new vistas of thought and awakens thought in return; where music charms the hour and, most of all and above all, where the atmosphere of aspiration and of love prevails—surely here life is at its best, and no denial, no failure of the world outside, can seriously mar the personal peace and happiness.—Elmira *Telegram.*

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