The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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

Accounts payable monthly.

H. F. 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 3 p.m., and 6 to 8 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 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 CARRIED ON UNDER PAIN NORMALITY.
OFFICE OVER BROWN'S DRUG STORE.
HOURS—EVERY DAY FROM 9 TO 5.

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. McLEOD,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, AND COMMISSIONER FOR TAKING AFFIDAVITS.
Main Street, Georgetown.
Conveyancing done, and money loaned on first mortgage on farm property at 4%.

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.

DR. A. P. HUSBAND, V. S.,
Graduate Ontario Veterinary College, Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society.
Office—R. Noble's Flour and Feed Store, Mill St. Acton.

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 on medium of every description carefully bound, ruled neatly and promptly done.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
H. F. 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 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 $400 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $136,000.
THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCES on Dash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 183, or telephone 58, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

Property for Sale.
A NUMBER of farms and village property for sale on easy terms. Apply to
WM. HEMSTREET,
Acton

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.
A good and stable cut above length always on hand.
Telephone Communication.

$5000 00
WORTH OF
Wall Paper
Must be sold by June 1st.

Fine New Stock, Complete Combinations.

This is a chance to get nice, new papers at an extra low price.

Call and see for yourselves.

Also a few ends and some of last year's stock for a mere trifle.

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. B. WALLACE, Manager.

—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	13 cents.
$30 to $50	14 cents.

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

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

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

A general banking business transacted.

A. F. H. JONES,
Manager.

Compressed Air
Garden Spray Pumps.

Something new in its line.
Something to fill a long felt want.
Something that does not need to be pumped continuously.
Something that for fruit-trees reaches the highest branches easy.
Something best yet made in its line.
Something everybody with a garden or Orchard should have.

We Have Sprays from 75c. and Up.

John M. Bond & Co.
GUELPH
MOTTO, "Satisfaction." HARDWARE

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

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

PLANING MILLS,
ACTON ONT.
John Cameron,
Architect and Contractor.
Manufacturer of Sash Doors, Frames, Mouldings in all styles
DRESSING, MATCHING, and MOULDING
to order on short notice.
Well assorted stock on hand at prices to suit the times.
JOHN CAMERON
Proprietor.

—ACTON—
LIVERY
AND
BUS LINE
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets trains between 9 a.m. and 8:15 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order.
The wants of Commercial Travellers will be met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

Car of Old Dry Corn
Just Received Mar. 1st.

EARLY SEED POTATOES.
Pride of the North.
BEST CLOVER SEED.
Large quantity received and now on sale at the store.
NORVAL FLOUR.
PURE MANITOBA FLOUR.
ALL KINDS OF FEED.
ROLLED OATS.
BREAKFAST FOODS.
The best at reasonable prices is always the cheapest. You can get the best at
ROBERT NOBLE'S
Flour & Feed Store
FRANK HARRIS, Manager.

When you want
Flour
—AND—
Oatmeal
Get Our
Everton and Eden Mills Brand.
The best in the market.
All wide-awake dealers use it.
Extra quality, prices right.
Henry Hortop.

SEEDS
10 PKS. FOR 25C.
Choose any Ten—Order by Number—Cash with Order—Full Sized Packages—Mailed Free:

1 Beet, round,
2 Beet, long,
3 Cabbage, summer,
4 Cabbage, winter,
5 Carrot, short,
6 Carrot, long,
7 Cucumber, pickling,
8 Cucumber, long green,
9 Celery, self-blanching,
10 Sage,
11 Summer Savory,
12 Sweet Marjoram,
13 Lettuce, cabbage head,
14 Lettuce, curly head,
15 Muskmelon, early,
16 Watermelon, early,
17 Onion, yellow,
18 Onion, Red,
19 Parsnip, hol. crown,
20 Radish, summer,
21 Radish, winter,
22 Squash, Hubbard,
23 Tomato, extra early,
24 Aster, mixed,
25 Mignonette, mixed,
26 Pansy, mixed,
27 Petunia, mixed,
28 Nasturtium, dwarf,
29 Nasturtium, tall,
30 Sweet Peas, mixed,
31 Wild Flower, garden.

GEO. J. THORP,
Guelph, Rockwood, Ontario.

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 Overshoes

We make them 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.
REPRINTING MONTHLY DONE.

W. WILLIAMS.
MILL ST.

Poetry.

TWO EMPIRES BY THE SEA.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the Queen.

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

Two empires by the sea,
Two peoples great and free,
One anthem raise;
One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one faith, we claim;
One God, whose glorious name
We love and praise.

Select Family Reading.

"Worth Winning, Worth Keeping."

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"HELLO, Kate!"

"Yes!" answered a voice above stairs, as Charley Grant called from the cosy little hall below.

"Come down here! I've got something to tell you!"

Charley's handsome face was bright enough to tell anybody that his news pleased him greatly, as he stood waiting for his wife to come down. And why not, since his pretty cousin, Jessie Kingsbury, had come at one time nearly filling the place which Kate had now?

But Kate was as sweet and pretty as ever Jess had been—at least she used to be, before Baby Johnnie came—and—and—well, Kate appeared at the instant, and even Charley could not call her pretty, now.

Her golden hair was all banched up and tucked back with an ugly comb, her wrapper unbuttoned, no collar on, and her clumsy feet thrust into clumsy old slippers.

Charley's friends used to say he was a perfect fiend on the subject of untidy women, and he couldn't help a shade crossing his face as he remembered how trim and nice Kate was when they were first married. But the shade passed as swiftly as it came, and he stooped to give her the news, as he said:

"Guess my news-by-to-day?"

"Hush, Charley! Don't speak so loud, you'll wake the baby!"

"Oh, bother the baby! He's always going to sleep or waking up, or doing something to make life miserable for other folks!"

"Why, Charles Grant! Aren't you ashamed to say that of your own blessed little son?"

And Kate's eyes began to fill, while her cheeks reddened.

Charley hastened to undo his mischief by saying, tenderly:

"Now, there! You know I was only joking, dear!—He's the finest baby ever lived, no doubt! Isn't supper ready? I'm as hungry as a hunter!"

"Yes, it is waiting. I'll ring it up at once. What was it you wanted to tell me, Charley?"

"There, bless me, if I hadn't forgotten. Who do you think is here?"

"I couldn't guess, so I won't try. Tell me.

"Cousin Jessie Kingsbury! She is over at Brother John's now. Came to-day."

"Did she?"

There was no very intense interest in Kate's tone, for she was not overly glad of the young lady's arrival. Guests were troublesome, but she felt obliged to say as Charley waited:

"Will we have to invite her here?"

"Why, of course, Kate! We'll do our part of the entertaining, with Stella and John. We must call to-morrow and set a time for her to come to us. She will stay for a month or two. Jess is so lively, we can't be dull while she is here."

Kate was conscious of a queer twinge at Charley's words, but she led the way to the table, and poured the tea in her usual pleasant manner.

"There! I forgot something else, too," cried Charley, suddenly slapping his hand on his pocket. "I've got a treat for us to-night."

"What is it?" asked Kate.

Charley took two small squares of pasteboard from his pocket and held them up to her.

"Theatre tickets?" said she.

"Yes. 'Faust,' by a splendid company. I knew you always wanted to hear 'Faust,' so I got 'em on purpose for you."

Charley looked pleased, but Kate's fair face clouded, as she answered:

"Well, I'm sorry you spent the money. I can't go."

"Can't go? Why in the world can't you then? You are so fond of good opera. I thought this would be a real treat."

"So it would, Charley, if I could leave the baby."

"But I thought you had a good girl?"

"Well, I have a perfect treasure."

"Well, don't you think she might manage to rock the baby for two hours on one occasion;" asked Charley, seriously.

"Oh, but Charley, she might be taken sick or something."

"Yes, the house might burn down; but I don't think it will," returned Charlie, more shortly than he often spoke to Kate.

"I'm very sorry you won't go," he added as he rose from the table, his appetite quite spoiled. "It is a disappointment to me."

"Why, you can go, I'm sure, Charley. I shall not care at all."

"No; I'll stay with you and we can have our own music. I have not heard you sing for a month."

Kate hesitated a moment, then she said: "But, Charley, I must stay up in the nursery. I never trust Johnnie to Sarah of evenings."

Charley frowned, stood irresolute an instant, and said:

"Oh, well, then, I don't see why I shouldn't get some pleasure, if I can. I'll just drop over to John's to see if they are going. As I have two tickets and Jess cares to go we might all make a party of it."

"Yes, certainly; go, Charley. I don't want you to stay at home because I have to."

"You know I had rather be with you, my dear. But it's dull work sitting downstairs alone all evening."

Then Charlie kissed her, put on his overcoat and went away. But after he was gone Kate began to be conscious of a lonely, uneasy feeling, and to wish she had gone, too. Of course, Charlie was as loyal and true-hearted as a man could be. But to think of him sitting beside that dashing, black-eyed Jess all the evening, and showing her all little attentions which he knew so well how to give a woman; it worried her, somehow, and she could not help it. She was not jealous. Oh, no! She had told him to go, and really hoped he would enjoy it. But—but—she did wish she had left Johnnie to Sarah for one evening, and made one of that opera party with the rest.

As for Charlie, as he walked rapidly over to his brother's, he wondered if he wasn't a precious rascal for wishing that blessed baby had never come into his house. To be sure, it was a bright little thing, sweet and cute, and he would have loved it dearly and very proud of it (as he was, after all, if he had known it), but since it arrived Kate had been no companion at all for him. She was everlastingly up in the nursery, and she neglected her dress and her hair, and never read or sang to him or went out with him, and he was feeling the change badly. Of course, it is all right to be a devoted mother and all that," he said to himself, but I do wish the mother had not so entirely displaced the wife. It's hard on a fellow, and I don't like it. I don't wonder men get tired of their wives, if they all do the same way.

Just then Charley ran against a passer-by, and as he glanced up to apologize, saw his brother.

"No! she shall not have my husband's heart," she murmured, "if here been at fault—I can see that, now. If Charley were not just as good and true as he is—well—I'm thankful I have had my eyes opened in time! Thanks to you, too, Miss Jess! And now, my darling baby, you must be very, very good, indeed. For you will have to divide your empire with papa, after this. And I'll have a dressmaker in the house, before to-morrow night."

At noon, instead of Charlie, came the office-boy, bringing a little note, to say that she need not wait, for he would not come to dinner. Had an engagement for the afternoon, but would come home early to supper.

"An engagement? Yes; to ride with his cousin!" said Kate, to herself with a smile. "All right, Mr. Charley. The next time, I rather think I will be of the party."

She was very busy that afternoon. But when Charley came up a few time, it was the old Kate who met him in the hall, with fluffy hair and faultless dress, as he had not seen her for month.

"Why, Kit!" he cried, his handsome face all aglow. "Has any one come?—Are you going out?"

"[illegible] cared to go, we [illegible] a while, this [illegible] sitting her hand [illegible] shone on his broad shoulder.

"But, the baby?" asked Charley, doubtingly.

"Sarah can do very well with the baby," said Kate, though her cheeks reddened under his glance.

"Sarah? Why, Katie, what does it all mean? Is it possible—"

"Yes, it is quite possible that I am not going to neglect you any more, Charley, my dear," she interrupted, blushing redder.

"Hallelujah!" And Charley caught her to him in a swift embrace. "Kate I'm the happiest fellow in town just this minute!"

"Then I shall take care to keep you so," said Kate. "Come to supper, silly boy."

She kept her word—and her husband. Miss Jess found it of no avail to cast her sweetest spells around her handsome cousin, for his wife was wide awake and learned, before it was too late to save a heart-break, that "worth winning was worth keeping"—especially when one has a home to defend.

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Stella [illegible] careful of her property while I am here. I might take him away from her."

"For shame, Jess!" answered Stella; but in her heart she did wish Kate would give Charley a little more of her time.

"She is making a mistake," was her thought. "But people never get any thanks for interfering, so I won't do it. If she makes her bed, she will have to lie in it."

There was plainly nothing to be done or said. And if in the flashes of Jess's dark eyes and brilliant wit, Charley almost forgot Kate sitting at home with the baby, there was no one to blame, unless it was Kate herself, for leaving her rightful place to be filled by another woman.

Kate had gone to bed before he got home and he would not disturb her. But at breakfast next morning he told her what a grand time they had enjoyed.

"Yo-es? I am very glad, Charley," said Kate, rather faintly.

"Oh, yes. We only missed you, dear. But Jess is so lively, one couldn't help having a gay time with her. By the way, Kate, she says, as you are so busy with the baby, she will not stand on ceremony and wait for you to call on her. She is coming over with Stella to-day. We must have her stay here, you know. If you can't find time to entertain her, why, I can."

A sudden feeling, which she could not explain, dred Kate's heart, and made her say, with some spirit:

"I shall do my part, of course, Charley."

"That's a good girl!" he returned, in tones of real pleasure. "I knew you would if—if that wretched—"

"Charles Grant!"

"Oh, excuse me—that precious baby—did not absorb all your time. Then you'll invite her to stay when they call?"

"Yes."

"You're a darling! Wish I could be here, too. But you can make them stay to dinner. Good bye!" A kiss, and he was off.

"Oh, yes! She'll stay, fast enough!" sighed Kate, as she went upstairs. "But what I wish is that people would just stay at home as I do. However, as Miss Jess has no husband and baby to keep her at home, it is to be expected that she will go anywhere where she can find amusement, not to say anything of a mischievous little flirtation."

And then Mrs. Kate nodded her head, and her eyes had an unusual sparkle in them, as if she had suddenly come to some resolution which she was determined to carry out.

Jess Kingsbury was the very princess of pretty flirts, as Kate well knew, and Charley had once had a fancy for her. Who knew what she might take it into her head to do now, especially if she had the chance which Kate seemed bent on giving her to work her sweet spells?

"Charley is as good as gold," said Kate. "But men are men, and women are women sometimes! Sometimes they are little fools. Perhaps I will be one, perhaps I won't, Miss Jess!"

Kate flew around in her unwonted chat merping with a will; and before her callers could possibly be expected she had taken off her untidy wrapper, curled her hair and made herself as pretty as she could. If she took a bit of a cry while she held the curling iron, it might have been because that small instrument of torture was too hot.

They came, and it seemed to Kate that Jess looked slightly surprised at her appearance.

"Why, they told me you had grown quite domestic, dear! Given up society, and all that!" the young lady cried, settling her silken plumage in Kate's coziest chair.

"But I declare you look as fresh and blooming as ever! I am quite vexed with Charley."

"I hope you enjoyed the opera, last night?" observed Kate, rather coldly, not replying to her words.

"Oh, yes, indeed! It seemed like old times to be with Charley again. Oh, by the way did he tell you he was going to take me out riding this afternoon?" she rattled on. "I told him he ought to take you, but he said you wouldn't go."

"Not to-day. Some other time with pleasure," answered Kate. But her usual "I couldn't leave the baby" was not spoken, and Stella stared a little, and then smiled and nodded her head, as if she had suddenly chanced upon a bright idea.

Kate gave the invitation Charley had suggested, but the visitors declined to remain to dinner that day. Miss Jessie promised to come in a few days and spend a week or two with them; and, as they were taking their leave, she said archly to Kate:

"Perhaps you will wish I had not come at all! What if I coax Charley away from you?"

Stella was absolutely frightened, for a minute. But Kate only said, very calmly, and with a smile as bright as Jessie's:

"You may, if you can!"

"Kate, you're a trump," whispered Stella, when she went to kiss her sister-in-law good-bye. And Kate gave her hand a little squeeze, but said not a word.

She ran back to her nursery as soon as her callers had gone, and took little Johnnie on her lap with a thoughtful face.

"No! she shall not have my husband's heart," she murmured, "if here been at fault—I can see that, now. If Charley were not just as good and true as he is—well—I'm thankful I have had my eyes opened in time! Thanks to you, too, Miss Jess! And now, my darling baby, you must be very, very good, indeed. For you will have to divide your empire with papa, after this. And I'll have a dressmaker in the house, before to-morrow night."

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"An engagement? Yes; to ride with his cousin!" said Kate, to herself with a smile. "All right, Mr. Charley. The next time, I rather think I will be of the party."

She was very busy that afternoon. But when Charley came up a few time, it was the old Kate who met him in the hall, with fluffy hair and faultless dress, as he had not seen her for month.

"Why, Kit!" he cried, his handsome face all aglow. "Has any one come?—Are you going out?"

"[illegible] cared to go, we [illegible] a while, this [illegible] sitting her hand [illegible] shone on his broad shoulder.

"But, the baby?" asked Charley, doubtingly.

"Sarah can do very well with the baby," said Kate, though her cheeks reddened under his glance.

"Sarah? Why, Katie, what does it all mean? Is it possible—"

"Yes, it is quite possible that I am not going to neglect you any more, Charley, my dear," she interrupted, blushing redder.

"Hallelujah!" And Charley caught her to him in a swift embrace. "Kate I'm the happiest fellow in town just this minute!"

"Then I shall take care to keep you so," said Kate. "Come to supper, silly boy."

She kept her word—and her husband. Miss Jess found it of no avail to cast her sweetest spells around her handsome cousin, for his wife was wide awake and learned, before it was too late to save a heart-break, that "worth winning was worth keeping"—especially when one has a home to defend.

AN EXCLAMATORY NAME.

"O. Mys," called Justice Prindiville, in the Harrison Street police court to-day, and a silence fell over the room, while the crowd looked around to see why the Justice had uttered the sudden exclamation.

"O. Mys! O. Mys!" again called the Magistrate, more loudly, and Bailiff Barnett hurried to the bar and asked the Justice what was offending his dignity.

"Call O. Mys, Mr. Bailiff," ordered the court, and Barnett repeated the words in tones that could be heard on the street. The officer glared about for the person who he thought was guilty of contempt of court, and when a meek-appearing man left his seat and walked toward the bar Barnett seized him and declared him under arrest.

"Is this the man who is guilty, your Honor?" asked the bailiff.

"What is your name?" asked the court, without heeding Barnett's question.

"O. Mys," answered the prisoner, and the bailiff took a tighter hold on his collar.

"O. Mys?" queried the court.

"Yes, your Honor," said the prisoner.

Then it dawned on the bailiff that he had made a mistake. O. Mys, who said his first name was Oliver, had been arrested for begging on the street. When the policeman who arrested him told him that he had abused several persons who had refused him alms his name was uttered by several in the court. The prisoner likewise said, "Oh, say!" when he got a fine of $50.

HER GENTLE RETORT.

Judge Taft, of Ohio, who will be associated with General Wright in the Philippine Commission, tells the story how his wife once turned the tables on him when he attempted a bit of sarcasm at her expense.

The Judge and Mrs. Taft attended church one Sunday morning, and after service Mrs. Taft was the centre of a group of women who stood in the aisle and held a long and animated discussion on some topic of feminine interest, as women will.

The Judge grew impatient at the delay, and was very glum on the way home.

At last he said "Do you know you chattering women reminded me of Balaam's ass blocking the way?"

"Oh, now," replied Mrs. Taft severely. "You are mistaken. It was the angel that blocked the way of the ass!"

"Fortune favors the brave." It is also favourable to those who purify their blood at this season by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

WHAT "BONUS" MEANS.

The Municipal Committee of the Legislative Assembly has arranged the following definitions of the term "bonus," as applied to, and given by, municipalities to manufacturing companies as follows:

(a) A grant of money as a gift or a loan either unconditionally or conditionally.

(b) The guaranteeing of the repayment of the money loaned.

(c) The gift of lands owned by the municipality, or the purchase of lands as a site for building and works, or as a means of access, or for any other purpose connected with the manufacturing industry to be aided, or the leasing of lands, either freely or at a nominal rental, for any such purpose.

(d) The closing up or opening, widening, paving or improving of any street, alley, lane, square or other public place, or the undertaking of any other public work or improvement which involves the expenditure of money by the corporation for the particular use or benefit of a manufacturing industry.

(e) The supplying of water, light or power by the municipal corporation either freely or at rates less than those charged to other persons and corporations in the municipality.

(f) Generally the doing, undertaking or suffering on the part of a municipal corporation of any act, matter, thing which involves, or may hereafter involve, the expenditure of money by a municipal corporation.

(g) A total or partial exemption from municipal taxation or the fixing of the assessment of any property for a term of years, but nothing herein contained shall be deemed to authorize any exemption either partial or total from taxation either for school purposes or any by-law or agreement which directly or indirectly has or may have the effect of such an exemption.

JUST FOR FUN.

A clergyman was called upon to perform a marriage ceremony for a couple in middle life. "Have you ever been married before?" asked the clergyman of the bridegroom. "Now, sir." "Have you?"—to the bride. "Well, yes, I have," replied the bride laconically; "but it was twenty years ago, and he was killed in an accident when we'd been married only a week, so it really ain't worth mentioning."—San Francisco Wasp.

There is a church in Boston which is popularly known as the "Church of the Holy Beanblowers," in allusion to the fact that on its tower are angels with trumpets at their mouths. Another goes by the name of the "Church of the Holy Thermometer," because there is a big thermometer on its front; and still another is called the "Church of the Kindergarten Steeples," because it has one tall spire surrounded by several small ones.

Years ago United States District Judge Williams was a district Judge in Arkansas. At a certain term of court a murder trial came before him, and the most important witness for the prosecution was a colored boy ten years old. The lawyer for the defence set out to show that the boy was too young to understand the nature of an oath, and therefore was not competent as a witness. "Boy," said one of them severely, "do you know what would happen if you swore to a lie?" "Yes-sah—Mammy would lick me." "Would anything else happen?" "Dead dey would, co'se de devil would git me." At this point Judge Williams leaned over his desk and said with pretended sternness: "Don't you know, boy, that I would get you, too?" "Yes, sah; dat's what I jes' said."—Kansas City Journal.

"MARRIED THIS MORNING."

That makes me think of a story Bishop Huntington told on himself during one of his last visits to Washington. The good Bishop, it seems, once went down to a town in Connecticut to perform a marriage ceremony. He arrived the day before the wedding and he left at the same time the bridal pair did, although he was driven to a different railway station. As he passed through the station, carrying his travelling bag, he was aware that he was creating a sensation, but was totally at a loss to account for it. In the car he found that he was still the object of amused attention. The porter positively snickered as he passed his seat, and finally as the train drew out he came up and assisted the churchman to remove his overcoat.

"What is the matter with you, my man?" asked the Bishop. The porter's snicker broadened into a laugh.

"Ah's got done left the lady, sah?" he chuckled.

"Eh?" exclaimed the Bishop in surprise. Then his eye fell on the side of his travelling bag, which the porter had just turned around. There glued to it was a wide strip of white satin ribbon, on which was painted in large letters:

"Married this morning."

The facetiously minded best man had mistaken the Bishop's travelling bag for that of the bridegroom, and a chuckling black porter worked late into the night removing that ribbon.

WHY SHE IS SINGLE.

Miss Catharine Gaugin, of Chicago, who has been for twenty five years a school teacher, at a woman's convention in that city gave nine reasons why she has never married, and they are worth considering. She said she might have given other reasons, but preferred to tell the truth. Her reasons are as follows:

1. Because he might not be an orphan.
2. Because he might like children.
3. Because he might be fond of using "pet" names.
4. Because he might part his hair in the middle of his head.
5. Because he might demand an itemized account of household expenditures.
6. Because dinner would have to be taken with the same person each day.
7. Because marriage would necessitate daily letter writing when either he or she might be away.
8. Because all the good men seemed to be married already.
9. Because he has not proposed.

HIS HAPPY THOUGHT.

"I've thought of a capital nom de plume," said Henry, who sometimes writes for the newspapers.

"What is it?" asked Henrietta.

"Will U. Marrimee."

"Why, of course I will, you goose, she answered. Is that what you have been trying so long to say?"

LIFT ME UP AND CARRY ME OVER.

(Composed from the last words of the late Rev. R. H. Cook, Acton, by his daughter, Mrs. A. R. Gripps.)

Jesus, my spirit is yearning,
There in thy glory to be;
There where Thou art preparing
Welcome and blessing for me.
Lift me up, carry me over,
Jesus, carry me over the stream;
Loved ones are waiting to greet my coming,
Carry me over the stream.

Where the loved ones are waiting,
Gathered to thee before;
Waiting in glory to greet me,
Where we shall sever no more.
Lift me up, carry me over, etc.

Sad were the days of the parting,
Long were the years that are flown;
Relief is the journey before me,
Rock us away to my home.
Lift me up, carry me over, etc.

Jesus, delay not thy coming,
Speedily carry me o'er;
Sweet is the welcome awaiting
There on the happier shore.
Lift me up, carry me over, etc.

Jesus, delay'd not His coming.
Speedily He carried him o'er
From pain, to eternal rejoicing,
Where pain shall be no more.
Lifted him up, carried him over,
Jesus carried him over the stream,
To the loved ones waiting to greet him,
He carried him over the stream.

Sault St. Marie, Apl. 25th, 1900.

HIS HONOR AND BIJAH.

He was a fair-minded citizen. He had helped to build up the town. He had enterprise, patriotism and ambition.

But he got tight.

He went to a party. It was a little party where a choice few gathered to drink milk, eat pumpkin pie and talk over old times. When this citizen started for home a million stars twinkled before his eyes. He lifted his feet as though he meant to step over a fence. He walked this way and that like Chinese writing, and soon after sitting down on the walk to rest himself a policeman seized him.

"Now, sir, was it milk, pop, wine, or whiskey that floored you?" demanded His Honor.

"It—I—I—"

"Don't tell me a lie," warned the Court.

"Well it was wine—old wine," admitted the prisoner.

"Then you looked upon the wine when it was red, did you?"

"It wasn't very red wine."

"But it gave you the spring halt, did it not?"

"Kinder."

"And you wish you hadn't done it, don't you?"

"I do."

"And little parties on Grove Street will have no enticement for you hereafter."

"No sir."

"You can go. When night sheds her sable mantle o'er the earth a married man should be at home to shut up his hencoop, clean out the cellar, and be ready to yell his head off in case any chimney in the neighborhood burns out."

THE MISUSES OF WHISKY.

"How much alcoholic liquor may a young man drink in [illegible] without injury to his health? 'Injury to health' to be understood as meaning any decline from the person's highest physical efficiency. J. C. F."

Anything in the way of food or drink that is not beneficial to the system is necessarily injurious to it. This is a paradox, but a true one. You might swallow a bottle of ink without material injury other than physical revulsion, but that would be sufficient to classify it as an injury.

No scientist, medical or otherwise, has ever yet demonstrated that whisky is of any earthly benefit to mankind except in the matter of snake bites. In a case of this kind it is merely pitting one evil force against another.

A man is like a thermometer—his spirits are equable, neither joyous nor sad. He takes a drink. It fills him with joy. When he recovers from its effects the reaction carries him just as far in the other direction.

You cannot take a drink of whisky without an injury, either mental, or physical. Let