The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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6 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.00
1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.50	1.00

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

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

Accounts payable monthly.

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

DR. JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M.,
SUCCESSOR TO
J. F. 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 6 to 8 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.
MaLean'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 CAREFULLY DONE. PRICES MODERATE.
OFFICE OVER BROWN'S DRUG STORE.
HOURS—EVERY DAY FROM 9 TO 5.

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.
DENTIST,
BROCKVILLE.
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, Opposite.

J. 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—Veryman's Block.
ACTON ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. A. P. HUSBAND, V. S.,
Graduate Ontario Veterinary College.
Hos. Mather 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. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Blank books ruled and promptly done.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
R. J. 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 $300 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $185,000.

THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 393, or telephone 68, 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 orders of wood in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices.
Wood and slabs dry three length always on hand.
Yard—Opposite Campbell's

OUR

Wall Paper Sa

IS A GREAT SUCC

And why not, when we sell th finest, new

35c, 30c and 25c Papers for.....
75c and 50c Papers for.....
15c and 12½c Papers for.....
10c Papers for.....
9c and 8c Papers for.....

A few ends of last year's Papers o quality for 3c a roll.

Borders, Ceilings and Mouldings (g Must have $5,000 ready money by Above prices are cash, if charged, prices.

This is your opportunity.

Day's Bookstor
Guelph.
Day sells cheap.

MERCHANTS BA OF CANADA

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

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

Interest at most favorable current rate 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.

FRAME YOUR PICTURES

WATERS BROS.

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

Wyndham Street, GUELPH.

Speight & Brady
Manufacturers of
DYNAMOS,
ELECTRIC MOTORS,
WATER MOTORS,
GASOLINE AND GAS ENGINES, BRASS & IRON CASTINGS TO ORDER.
Repairing Promptly Done.
Georgetown, Ont

JOHN McQUEEN
AGENT FOR... **Implements**

FROST & WOOD'S
Binders, Mowers, Etc.
AND
GOOLD, SHAPLEY & MUIR'S
Windmills and Grain Grinders

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

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

Warerooms -- John St.
JOHN McQUEEN, Acton.

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 Asters, 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

—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 Bank in Canada, excepting the Yukon District, at the following rates:—

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

Compressed Air Garden Spray Pumps.

Something new in its line.
Something to fill a long-felt want.
Something that does not need to 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

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor

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

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.

Sun Savings and Loan Co.
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT.

Authorized Capital - $5,000,000.0

Ten-year maturity shares are paid Monthly Instalments of 50c. per share for 120 months, when payments cease—$60.00 aid 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.

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.

As Seasons Change-- So Do Fashions
COOPER & AKINS
FASHIONABLE TAILORS.
Beg to announce to their patrons and the public generally, that they have been providing for the most tasteful dressers by purchasing freely of the most up-to-date goods in the Woollen markets and will show for the spring trade the latest and best goods produced by the best mills at prices within the reach of all.
FIT AND WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED.
Call early, no trouble to show our goods.
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.
Cooper & Akins,
Mill St. Acton.

Poetry.

KEEP HOEING AND PRAYING.

Said Farmer Jones, in a whining tone,
To his good old neighbor, Gray:
I've worn my knees through to the bone,
But it ain't no use to pray.

Your corn looks twice as good as mine,
Though you don't pretend to be
A shinin' light in the church to shine,
And tell salvation's free.

I've prayed the Lord a thousand times
For to make that 'are corn grow;
And why your's beats it so, and climbs,
I'd gin a deal to know."

Said Farmer Gray to his neighbor Jones,
In his easy, quiet way:
"When prayers get mixed with lazy hoes
They don't make farmin' pay.

Your weeds, I notice, are good and tall
In spite of all your prayers;
You may pray for corn till the heavens fall
If you don't dig up the tares.

I mix my prayers with a little toil
Along in every row,
An' I work this mixture into the soil
Quite vig'rous with a hoe.

An' I've discovered, though still in sin,
As sure as you are born,
This bit of compost, well worked in,
Makes pretty decent corn.

So while I'm praying I use my hoe,
An' do my level best
To keep down the weeds along each row
An' the Lord does all the rest.

It's well for to pray both night and morn,
An'very farmer knows;
But the place to pray for thrifty corn
Is right between the rows.

You must use your hands while praying though,
If an answer you would get;
For prayer-worn knees and rusty hoe
Never raised a big crop yet.

An' so, I believe, my good old friend,
If you mean to win the day,
From ploughing clean to the harvest's end
You must hoe as well as pray."

—Iowa State Register.

Select Family Reading.

Isa's Blindness.

"WELL, Isa, dear, I have come to offer my congratulations. I presume the air of mystery attending the affair has worn off, and you are ready to receive them in all due form, accompanied, of course by the regulation blush, and half-disclaimer manner of its verity."

"No," answered the girl addressed, though bright spots of scarlet had mounted to her pale cheeks, as she rose from the chair, in which she had idly reclined. "I utter no disclaimer of a fact which has already been proclaimed in our little world. I have indeed promised to become Mrs. John Franklin."

"And you are very, very happy?"

"He loves me very dearly," was the ambiguous reply. "I am very fond of him. Somehow his will carries mine along with it. I tell him his wooing has been different from that of other men. It is a sort of carrying the fortress by storm. I am not sure but that some day I shall wake up to find myself a martyr. You know he has not a particle of romance in his disposition. It is all with him stern, matter-of fact reality."

"How, then, did he teach you to care for him?"

"I really do not know, since he is in every respect a totally different man from my imaginary idol; but he is so strong, so masterful, he does not give me time even to put the enigma before myself."

So the conversation ran on, until, at the close of an hour, Miss Rae, bidding her friend farewell, said gayly:

"Well, Isa, I came to congratulate you, but after all, I am half prepared to condole. What is it the poet says about—

—Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one?'

Is not that the poet's idea of marriage? However, perhaps all that comes afterward. In your case, certainly, I trust so. One thing I cannot forgive him, and that is that he is going to take you away from us all, into a new city, new friends and new associations."

"Ah, but I shall not forget the old, Ella. Wait until I am quite settled in my new home, when I shall send for you to become a veritable beholder of my domestic happiness."

But long after her friend had left her Isa sat buried in thought. Somehow the words she had just heard jarred upon her—jarred from their very unison with her own thoughts. Would she be happy as John Franklin's wife? To him the realms of imagination, whose gates were guarded by the sentinels of romance and sentiment seemed an unknown region. They were her dwelling place. Could she lure him upward, or would he drag her down?

"Well, little one, dreaming as usual, and all forgetful of your engagement to ride with me. Absolutely, slippers and morning gown? "Ah! I see, you wish to test my Benedictine patience."

Somehow a bright, fresh air from the outside world appeared to enter with the speaker. His clear, grey eyes, sparkling with fun, showed the strong, earnest nature of the man; and, for a moment, as he bent almost reverently to kiss the lips upturned to his, one read in their depths an almost worshipful devotion for the girl, who a few minutes before, had declared him lacking in romance or sentiment.

"Forgive me, John! I did not know it was so late. Indeed, I will be ready in a moment!" she contritely exclaimed.

In spite of the fact that the moments ran into sixty seconds twenty times told, her lover felt himself richly repaid for the waiting when she at last returned, and stood before him in her riding habit, showing to such advantage every line and curve of the perfectly rounded figure, and an arch smile at her trial of his patience playing about her beautiful lips.

The love in his heart rose up in a mighty wave as he looked at her. He could have snatched her to his breast, have covered the lovely face with passionate kisses, have cried aloud in his thankfulness to God, that he had given him this woman's heart, in its exquisite setting, for his own, his very own, to guard, God helping him, his life long; but she might not understand, he thought.

How could she understand the weight, and breadth and depth and height of such a love? So he only smiled as he held open the gate for her to pass to where the horses were waiting, while he followed as reverently as in the wake of a queen.

And yet it was this man whom she had declared wanting in poetry of soul. Ah! are not the waters of the ocean deeper, bluer, clearer, where no eye ever penetrates unless that of the bold diver, who would drag forth its innermost secrets. And can he put into fitting words the wonders that he finds there?

* * * * * * *

"Why was it that we never met before, Mrs. Franklin? Or, can we truly say we have not not met in thought and sentiment always? Surely we must not measure our acquaintance by time?"

It was at a party given in honor of John Franklin's bride, that Roscoe Willis, the young poet, with his handsome face and dreamy eyes, was duly brought forward and presented as one of the "lions" of the occasion.

And three weeks later, at her own home, in a morning call, with the wonderful, dreamy eyes resting on her face, he put to her the foregoing question.

From another man she might have resented them. From him she regarded it as a poet's privilege. Besides, to him she could talk as heretofore she had never talked, not even to the man who for months, had had the right to share her every thought.

The very room in which she sat evidenced his care for her. Every appointment of her home was perfect in its luxuriousness; no single wish was left ungratified; and yet she felt an emptiness in her life she dared not acknowledge to herself.

Before she met Roscoe Willis it was wearing away. Somehow, her husband's smile had pierced the mists of her heart, and taught her that his gentle watchfulness was better than words, until she found a man from whose lips words flowed as water rippling from a babbling spring. And listening, as he asked "Why have we never met before?" her soul echoed his question.

So it began. She did not know that Roscoe Willis' presence was growing necessary to her as the weeks lengthened into months.

To her husband his home was his castle, to which all, in respecting the position of host and guest were welcome. That there could be danger to his wife in this he never dreamed. It never entered the honesty of the man's nature. That Isa should be admired was natural. To him she was an exquisite flower, which by some strange caprice of nature had translated its roots into his heart. But John Franklin had never revealed himself in words. He left it to another to whisper in her ear that which brought crimson to her cheeks as she listened, but to which, worded as a poet's words, it seemed no wrong to John to listen. As though the cruel rocks would not pierce and mangle the tender flesh as cruelly, even though daisies and field flowers hid their edges—aye, though you transplanted there the hot-house exotic!

"Why did we never meet before?" At first the question seemed to have no hidden meaning, but there came a time when it grew almost into a wail, and when neither the man who asked it nor the woman who heard dared put into words an answer.

"So few men understand the peculiar needs of women, their high strung natures, the chord which jars, or the chord which strikes in unison," he said to her one day. "Ah, me, when I see man possessing such peculiar privilege and unmindful of it, their minds engrossed by baser themes, I almost shudder at their blindness!—You are going to Mrs. Laurence's reception this evening, of course?"

"Certainly, I shall be there."

"And I, awaiting the inspiration which is at once my passion and my torment."

With which words he raised the small white hand to his lips with an easy grace, then bowed, and left her.

John came home tired that night, his head throbbing with a dull, heavy pain—came home to find awaiting him a vision of beauty, dressed in black velvet, above which rose the peerless, gleaming shoulders and the white throat, on which the small head was set so regally.

"I dressed early," she said," that I might not keep you waiting."

"Ah, it is Mrs. Laurence's reception night," he answered. "Would it displease you very much if we did not go?"

The lovely face clouded, and the man's watching eyes were quick to discern it. Before she could reply, he added:

"Perhaps I should say, if you went without me. Once there, you will hardly miss me; and my head is asserting its existence too painfully for me to do other than be a drag."

His flushed face, his eyes bright with fever, attested the truth of his words.

His wife's first impulse was to snatch off her dress, replace it by a dressing gown, and, darkening the room, minister to his needs.

But—in those other rooms some one was waiting for her. After all, it was only a headache. John would be better alone to sleep it off.

"Isa, remain with me," his heart said, as she bent to touch his burning brow with her lips; but no word escaped him, nor even the sight which rent his heart.

An hour later Mr. Franklin entered Mrs. Laurence's drawing-rooms. She looked about her for the man who was to have been waiting her, but could not see him.

She was not in a mood for gayety tonight, and so, finding a quiet retreat, she slipped into a window recess where she could watch the scene unobserved. Voices roused her.

"I have not seen beautiful Mrs. Franklin to-night," said one.

"No, but she will be here," answered the other in a tone of proud confidence, and her heart beat fast and louder as she recognized it. "What a pity such women ever marry!"

"Indeed! Do you not believe in marriage?"

"I would not marry an angel. What I tie myself to woman's needs, necessities, and caprices? My dear fellow, poets soar in the clouds, it is true, but they see too much of the earth to thus fetter their wings. Women are made for men's amusement—the playthings of an hour. If perennial youth, perennial beauty, were theirs, it might, perhaps, be a temptation, but in time a wife ages. Younger, lovelier, women appear on the scene. Imagine the grinding chains! No, no, my friend. Swear what vows you will, so that you keep your eyes wide open that they are not binding."

And it was for this man, that she might not disappoint him, that she had left her sick and suffering husband—this man had talked to her of woman as something too holy to breathe the air with man, whom she now heard speak of the plaything of an hour!

Even in the darkness a hot blush dyed her cheeks. A consciousness of how near the brink of the precipice she had stood dawned upon her; the silent, untiring, watchful care of her husband arose in contrast. She had put forth her hand to grasp a myth, and let the reality pass her by.

Making hasty adieux to her hostess she stepped into the hall, only to be confronted by a messenger.

"Mr. Franklin is so much worse," the man said, "we took the liberty of sending for you."

A dull fear took possession of her heart. As fast as her horses could bear her she returned to her home. Her husband no longer recognized her.

"What is it, dear?" he would say in his unconsciousness. "How have I failed? Isa—oh, my darling, my darling, tell me how to make you love me!"

Then he had suffered, too; and she in her blindness, had seen nothing of it.

It was many days ere the mists of fever scattered, and John Franklin, weary and tired, woke up to the emergency of living. Somehow he did not care to buckle on his shield again; but one morning, with the sunlight streaming into his room, his wife, kneeling by his side, and hiding her face on his breast, whispered her confession.

"I would never have told you," she finished, "but that I felt I could not quite stretch out clean hands for my future happiness did I not let you know how very near I had mistaken the tinsel and let the gold pass me by—accepted the torch which, going out, God's son shone in the heavens above me. Oh John say you forgive me! Take me back to the great heart from which I have wandered."

But John, to whom words were ever difficult, pressed instead a kiss on the bright hair. Her face was hidden, and she could not see the tear which rested there with it.

HOMESICKNESS.

A bright young fellow left his home in New Zealand to make his fortune in America. He was an electrician, well educated, but he could not find employment in British Columbia, where he landed. He was equally unsuccessful in California, where he looked in vain for work, and spent his last dollar.

Thoroughly disheartened, he had only one thought—a return to his home and friends in New Zealand. In his desperation, he applied at the office of a steamship company for permission to work his way to Auckland, but met with no encouragement. Overcome with homesickness, and being at the end of his resources, he resolved to steal on board the steamer and secrete himself in the hold.

On the morning after the ship left San Francisco the stowaway was discovered, and turned over to the mercies of the captain. He gave a pathetic account of his run of hard luck in America, and told how anxious he was to reach his home, and how he had offered to work his passage.

"Oh, very well!" exclaimed the captain. "We'll give you work as far as Honolulu. Go down below among the firemen."

The stowaway shovelled coal all the way to Honolulu, and was then ordered to leave the ship without receiving wages for his stoker's work. He begged hard to be allowed to remain on the ship as a fireman but the officers said that he was not worth his rations.

The ship coaled, and continued her voyage to the South Seas. When she was out of sight of land, the young man suddenly appeared on deck and touched his hat to the captain. He had secreted himself for a second time in the hold while the ship was in port.

"I had no money, captain," he said, apologetically, "and—I was dreadfully homesick. I couldn't endure seeing the ship sail away without me."

The captain was very angry, and sent him below again to shovel coal for the firemen. When the ship arrived at Samoa the stowaway was sent ashore with a warning that a close watch would be kept, and that it would be useless for him to attempt to steal on board a third time.

The ship sailed, and he did not reappear. The precaution taken by the officers had rendered it impossible for him to get on board. But what was the astonishment of the captain, when the ship was moored at Auckland, as a cheery voice from the wharf gave him this greeting!

"Good morning, captain! The Canadian steamer came in ahead of you. I thought you would be glad to know that I was at home."

The Canadian steamer had anchored off Samoa a few hours after the other steamer sailed. The homesick stoker embarked as a stowaway, and worked his passage as a fireman.

"Well," said the captain, "I must say you were plucky."

"No; only desperately homesick."

ADVICE TO A YOUNG WIFE.

Never disturb a man while reading his paper.

Never ask a fat man for anything when pulling on his boots.

Never speak to a man until he has had something good to eat.

When you want anything wait until your husband has had his breakfast, and then help him tenderly into his coat, and while behind him smoothing his collar the right way, ask him for it.

When he looks injured and plaintive examine his plate, there is sure to be a vacancy.

If he lies on the sofa after dinner and shakes the house with his snores scouse him out of sleeping, for he is merely thinking with his eyes shut.

If he loses his handkerchiefs everywhere but at home let him have his own way about it—that the washer-woman is dishonest without your knowing it.

If he says he is going to the club for an hour, dear, bid him adieu for the evening.

If you want him to do anything never tell him it is good for him, for he will not be "led to a woman's apron strings."

FOR RESIDENTS ONLY.

A very peculiar effect was produced by the following announcement contained in the advertisements of a country fair:—"Among other attractive features of this great fair there will be highly amusing donkey races and pig races. Competitions in these two contests open to residents only!"

THE FAKIR AND THE FARMER.

The farmer, because of the nature of his work, is not always very well informed in regard to the business world; hence he is an especial mark for sharks, fakirs and confidence men. These fellows drive over the country dressed up to kill, and with a winning smile and eloquence profound, unfold their scheme for bettering the poor farmer's condition, show a short road and a surer way to success than an investment in government bonds. All it will cost the farmer is a few dollars—a very small trifle compared with the rich reward sure to come.

And the farmer bites at the tempting bait. Who among us has no patent stock-waterer, feed cooker or fence machine thrown back in some dark corner of the barn where we seldom look ourselves and avoid taking a neighbor or a friend? Who among us has not purchased from some smooth agent a machine that would do wonders—almost tend and raise a crop without assistance? Who has not purchased poultry food, stock medicine and health foods? But that day is now passing away, though we still see an occasional fakir growing fat off the farmers. The fence man still is not wholly extinct, and the papers still chronicle the swindling of some man by the lightning rod sharks. Only last year a fellow selling an "egg producer" did a big business in our neighborhood. This spring there were many of his customers calling for more powders! They declared that the results with their poultry were what the agent claimed.

I happened to know just what the stuff was and what it cost the agent. The powder was sifted ashes, salt, sulphur and a little bone meal. This was done up in pound and two-pound packages, selling at 50c. and 75c. respectively, to be put in the feed of the hens at the rate of three tablespoonfuls per dozen hens, three times a week. The highly colored wrappings were the principal expense in putting up the stuff—about three cents. As he worked the country in the spring of the year, of course the hens, in nine cases out of ten, commenced laying within two or three weeks. Of course the powders, not nature, got the credit for it.

Then there is the man selling the $60 or $100 bill of dry goods. He can show you the figures to prove that you are getting twice the worth of your money. Should you buy, however, you would never maintain afterward that figures would not lie. The groceryman is not so bad, although he will bear watching.

Probably one of the greatest fields for swindlers is in the nursery line. Every season there are new men coming around representing some famous institution the farmer never heard of before. He is only introducing his stock. The nursery is working the territory with a view to future profits. They could not afford to deal dishonestly with their customers. Honest dealing is the best of advertising. So says the agent. The agent shows a lot of highly-colored plates, and perhaps some jars of preserved fruit of unusual size. He gets the order for a bill of trees. When they are delivered, you find that they are far from what was represented to you. And in later years you will probably find that they are not true to name, either. As the man had no intention of ever appearing in the country again, he filled the orders with the cheapest trees he could find, regardless of quality or species.

There are exceptions to all rules; but the safe one to follow in dealing with these fellows is Punch's famous advice to those about to wed — "Don't!" Investigation will nearly always prove that the home merchants will do as well by you as the agent, and if they will not, there are mail-order houses that will do better. Patronize the home dealer whenever you can. This is especially true in regard to nursery stock. Patronize an honest dealer so long as it is to your advantage, but if it is necessary to deal with other firms, do so direct by correspondence rather than through an agent.—J. L. Irwin, in *Country Gentleman.*

SPARE TIME.

A party of ladies and gentlemen were shown through a large carpet establishment in Brooklyn not long ago. They were permitted to look into every nook and corner of the building except one. At the bottom of the stairway leading to the top floor they came upon a closed door, upon which were the words, "Positively no Admittance."

The curiosity of the ladies was awakened at once. "What is up there?" inquired one, eagerly. "That is our workshop," explained the representative of the firm. "We have one hundred and fifty women on that floor sewing carpets."

"Oh, I should so like to see them at work," said the fair questioner, with a playfully beseeching look.

"I am sorry that I cannot take you up there," replied the firm's representative, "but the rules are very strict. Really, there is nothing worth looking at, and there are no trade secrets there. The reason why the firm interdicts visitors is because the presence of strangers causes every sewing-woman to look up, and takes her attention off her work from one to five minutes. Suppose every woman loses an average of two minutes. With one hundred and fifty women that means a loss to the firm of three hundred minutes, or five hours of time. That is too much to lose when we are working under a full head of steam, as we are now."

BAD BREEDING.

There are boys and girls in whom politeness is innate, and others who are naturally rough, but who learn from experience how to control their tongues. Some there are, however, who never learn, and are deservedly snubbed for their impertinence. Here are two apt illustrations of ill-breeding rebuked:

A young lady met a friend, and said:

"Louise, I hear it reported that you are engaged to be married. If anybody asks me about it, what shall I say?"

"Tell them," said Louise, sweetly, "that you know nothing about it, and that you are sure that it is none of your business."

The other case is that of a young man who was dancing with a lady somewhat his senior.

"Madame," said he, how charmingly you are dressed, and how well you look! may I ask how old you are?"

"Certainly," she quickly replied. "I am old enough to have some breeding."

"Murder will out." Impurities in the blood will also be sure to show themselves unless expelled by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

IN APPLE-BLOSSOM TIME.

In apple-blossom time, when birds were singing,
And all the air was laden with perfume,
The fragrant breezes came, a summons bringing,
To wander forth and revel in the bloom.

Far, far afield the voices were inviting,
And far I followed as the wind's sweet will,
Each onward step my eager eyes requiting
With joys that made my heart with rapture thrill.

The pathway led to where a wall was standing,
Crumbling and gray, with ivy overgrown;
Silent, it seemed the visitor commanding,
To pause and contemplate its every stone.

Entranced I gazed upon the ruined dwelling,
So long dismantled in its sad decay,
Until I felt hot tears my eyelids swelling,
And spirit-chended, turned in grief away.

For there, in fancy's realm, I saw the mansion,
Stately and fair with portals opened wide,
Young, happy voices rang through its expansion,
And life and gladness reigned supreme inside.

Children grew up to manhood in its keeping,
While joy and sorrow dwelt within its halls,
Now, scattered all, and some in silence sleeping,
Its rooms deserted and o'erthrown its walls.

Heart-sick I sighed, its dreariness beholding,
Although the air with beauty still was rife,
And sighed again, for there it stood unfolding
The deeper pathos of a ruined life.

Homeward I hastened, where the winds were calling,
To hear a robin in the tree top sing,
I saw a shower of snowy petals falling,
And thanked the Lord for apple-blossom and spring.

—*Lucy Wade Herrick.*

"HONOR BRIGHT."

"Yes, mother, I will, honor bright! Did you ever know me to break my promise?"

"No, my son, I never did." And Mrs. Dunning stroked the soft, brown curls lovingly, as she looked down into the honest eyes that never, in all Harry Dunning's fifteen years, had failed to look straightforwardly back into hers.

"Well, mother, you leave it all. I'll be home by ten, sure. Now I'm off!" And Harry sprang down the steps, and was away like an arrow.

His chum, Alden Mayhew, had invited him to a candy pull, and a "general good time," and Alden's invitations were always accepted by his boy and girl friends, for father and mother Mayhew and grown-up sister Nell had, to perfection, the knack of making a good time for young folks.

No wonder that Harry couldn't believe his own eyes when, in the height of the fun, he looked up, and saw the hands of the clock pointing to a quarter of ten! No one else looked as though even thinking of going home. But Harry's "honor bright" promise rang in his ears. Nobody guessed the struggle that was going on in the boy's heart as he mechanically formed his part in the merry game. "Why can't I stay until the rest go? Don't I work hard enough? And I haven't had an evening out for weeks."

It was all true. Very few and far between had been his "good times" since his father died, two years before, when little Day was a baby, and left him to be the support and comfort of his mother.

"It isn't late," he thought irritably. "Mother's only [illegible] Then his cheeks reddened, and he straightened [illegible] quickly. "Who had a better right to be [illegible]" he thought fiercely, as though fighting an invisible foe. His sweet, invalid mother! And he knew little Day was not well. She had been fretting all day. And he had promised! Abruptly he excused himself, bade hasty good-nights, and sped away across the fields putting on his coat as he ran. His mother met him at the door.

"Day is worse," she whispered, huskily. "It's croup. Run for the doctor—quick!"

And Harry ran—ran as he never dreamed he could, even when he belonged to the nine, and its honor depended on his speed and surefootedness. And the old doctor, electrified by the boy's breathless energy, harnessed Jim, with Harry's help, in an incredibly brief time, and drove off down the hill at a pace that brought night capped heads from darkened windows, and caused many a conjecture as to who was sick down in the "holler."

The keen-eyed old man looked very serious as he bent over Day. But he was a skilled physician, and before long the little girl was breathing easily again.

"But let me tell you," he said impressively, "ten minutes later it would hn't have been much use to call me or any one else."

Harry listened silently; but when they were once more alone he drew his mother down by his side on the shabby little sofa, and told her of the realest temptation.

"And, oh, mother!" he concluded, "I'm so glad I kept my promise, 'honor bright.' I feel as though I'd just escaped from being a murderer."

"I have perfect confidence in my brave, true laddie," said the happy mother, stroking the bonnie head bowed on her shoulder.

A SMART YOUNG MAN.

Smart Young Man—Good morning, Mr. Bullion.

Mr. Bullion (feeble old man)—Um—er—good morn. Remarkable dog you have with you.

"Ya-as; Siberian bloodhound; terrible savage; takes this on chain to hold him. If any one should even look cross at me this dog would tear him to pieces—yes, indeed! I'm going to have him killed. Too dangerous, you know."

"I should say so."

"Ya-as; must do it in the interest of humanity, you know. By the way Mr. Bullion, your daughter has accepted me and I have called to ask your consent."

He got it.—New York *Weekly.*

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