The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXV.---NO. 48. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1900. PRICE THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

AT THE

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

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

ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

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

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO
50 inches	$65.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
10 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	5.00
6 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	3.00
1 inch	5.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

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

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

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

Accounts payable monthly.

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 3 p.m., and to 9 p.m.

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 5 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,
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 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.

DR. A. P. HUSBAND, V. S.
Graduate Ontario Veterinary College.
Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society.
Office—H. 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 at prices of every description carefully bound, ruling neatly and promptly done.

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

WM HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms Reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $400 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $195,000.
THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office - GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 343, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

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. Saw gumming and files done.

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.

ALL WE ASK IS COMPARISON.

Come to us if you Want

Wall Paper

CONSIDER the price we ask for the quality we offer.

SEE the colorings and value we offer and

REMEMBER

We are selling our 5c. Papers for 3c.; our 10c. and 7c. ones for 5c.; our 10c. and 12c. for 7c.; the 20c. and 15c. for 10c.; the 35c. and 25c. at 18c.; and our 50c. Papers for 25c.

SEEING IS BELIEVING

So come and be convinced that our prices are fewer than can be had elsewhere.

Day's Bookstore,
Guelph.
Day sells cheap.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

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

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

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

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

Special attention given to Farmers' Business.

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

ACTON BRANCH
J. H. WALLACE, Manager.

FRAME YOUR PICTURES

WATERS BROS.

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

Wyndham Street, GUELPH.

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.

W. BARBER & BROS.
Paper Makers
Georgetown, Ontario.

BOOK, NEWS, COLORED PAPERS

JOHN R. BARBER.

Seed Corn

Early Mammoth Cuban
Early North Dakota
Early Wisconsin White
Early Yellow Clouds
Early Butler
Early Compton
Early Leaming
Green Mammoth South White
Green Yellow Horse Tooth

Sugar Beets all of the latest kinds
Carrot Seed Long and Short White
Dwarf Essex Rape Seed
Swede and Fall Turnips all kinds.

We import all of the above Seeds direct from the growers and are the only Seed House in Guelph who do so.

Our prices are therefore the lowest, our quality the highest. A call solicited.

GEO. J. THORP.
Direct Seed Importer
Mkt. Square, Guelph.

—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Assets Over $8,000,000.
Guelph Branch
(NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE.)
Savings Bank Department
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.
Arrangements 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.

HAMMOCKS

Should you think of a Hammock as a source of comfort and pleasure for the summer months see our bright array of Hammocks before buying. Reversible hade Hammocks for places where shade is scarce, Netted and Un-netted Hammocks, Hammocks from 75c. to $17.00. Call or write. Either will receive our best attention.

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

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

ACTON BAKERY
J. C. MATTHEWS, Proprietor.

We keep a nice assortment of
BREAD AND CAKES.

EARLY VEGETABLES on Wednesday and Saturday.

ICE CREAM Saturday, (weather permitting.

SEED CORN
Mammoth Southern Sweet
Yellow Dent
Improved Leaming
Mammoth Cuban (yellow)
Cloud's Early Yellow
Wisconsin Earliest White Dent
Thoroughbred White Flint
Improved Longfellow
Salzer's North Dakota
Crampton's Early, Etc.

Our Seed Corn is of extra fine sample and we have all our Corn tested. Our customers can see it at our store growing in boxes. Call and see it.

Also Swedes, Mangel and Rape Seeds.

James Hewer.
Seedsman.
46 MacDonell St. Guelph.

Main Street.
PLANING MILLS,
ACTON ONT.

John Cameron,
Architect and Contractor.

Manufacturer of Rush Doors Framed 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.

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.
REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

W. WILLIAMS.
MILL ST.

Poetry.

"THE CANADIANS WERE THERE!"

Now let Baden-Powell be feted,
Mafeking is liberated!
Little jibes was not belated—
He had fixed the date with here,
And now in the jubilation
That transport the British nation,
Give us due congratulation—
"The Canadians were there!"

Thus the morning papers head it,
And old John Bull, when he read it,
Cried, "It's greatly to their credit,
In the glory they must share!"
And he told with satisfaction
How our gallant battery section
By forced march got into action—
"The Canadians were there!"

Then her Majesty, who listened,
While her eyes with pleasure glistened
Through the tears thereto impelled
(She was sitting in her chair),
In her queenly pride arising,
Answered—"John, it's not surprising,
You might well have been surmising—
"The Canadians were there!"

For throughout this war I've noted
These Canadians, khaki-coated,
To my crown and cause devoted,
Are in evidence everywhere;
You will find these lads of mettle
Wherever the musket rattle,
Heading after every battle—
"The Canadians were there!"

"True!" said John, "they're simply splendid—
Brain and heart and muscle blended—
And I'll wager when it's ended
And the Marshall's bugles blare
O'er a new redeemed Pretoria,
Where beneath your sway, Victoria,
Freedom sings her Del Gloria,
The Canadians will be there!"

—*J. W. Hengough.*

Select Family Reading.

OUR BOYS IN SOUTH AFRICA

Expect to March into Pretoria with General Roberts.

The following interesting letter was received last Wednesday by Principal T. T. Moore from his son Gunner W. J. Moore, of D. Battery of Artillery:

Imperial Yeomanry Hospital,
Deelfontein, C.C., S. A.,
April 22nd, 1900.

DEAR FRIENDS:

For the first time since starting up country I have a few hours to myself and will endeavor to give a short account of our experiences during our trip through the Karoo desert of Cape Colony.

A few days after our arrival at Cape Town we were ordered north to Kimberly but had only gone a few hundred yards when we were recalled. Three times within the next few days we were put under marching orders but as often recalled.

But our turn came at last. On Monday March 4th, just as we were about to sit down to dinner Major Hardman received orders to take four guns of "D" Battery and proceed to Victoria West as quickly as possible. Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 guns were detailed, and without waiting for a bite to eat, every man sprang to his post. In fifteen minutes horses were harnessed and two hours later all were aboard the train steaming northward. Every face wore a broad smile as every man was pleased with the prospect of going to the front.

We arrived at Victoria West station about 1.30 a. m. Tuesday, 6th inst., and were met there by a small guard of the Tasmanian Infantry and 120 New Zealand mounted Rifles. We were informed that the rebels were marching on the town of Victoria West, which is some 8 miles to the west of the station. At daybreak all hands went to work fusing shells and getting our guns ready for action. During the day 80 more N. Z. Mounted Rifles and 100 west Australian Mounted Rifles came in. Urgent appeals for protection came in from Victoria West so we hurriedly packed our transports and at 8 a.m. on Thursday, 8th, we started for the town, escorted by the N. Z. M. R. and the W. A. M. R. There is not a single resident between the station and the town, and the trail is one monotonous, snake-like path winding among the rocky hills utterly devoid of vegetation and almost continuously swept by sand storms. We arrived at the town at noon and were met by the few loyal inhabitants, who distributed coffee and a lunch among the men as we stood by our horses.

The rebels were supposed to be close and the mounted rifles were sent out to intercept them while we took up a position in the town. Our scouts reported the rebels in large force but said to be retiring over the hills about six miles to our west. We remained in the town and had a pleasant time until Monday 12th, when our two other guns, came up accompanied by 200 Canadian Northwest Mounted Police and 120 of the Derbyshire Imperial Yeomanry, also the Canadian Machine Gun Detachment with two Maxims and one Colt machine. Early next morning "the little brigade"—as the people called us—started for Carnarvon some 86 miles west. We camped at night beside a pond of filthy, stagnant water and made some tea with which we ate "hard tack." During the night it rained heavily and about 300 of our horses stampeded. Thanks to the vivid flashes of lightning we were able to trace them and by daybreak we had them all rounded up and in harness. A hurried breakfast of coffee, without milk or sugar, and "hard tack," and we are again in line of march. The sun came up very hot and there was not a breath of air blowing. At 9 a. m. what we thought at first to be a heavy cloud a head of us cloud proved to be a swarm of locusts. On they came. As far as the eye could reach was one black cloud which nearly obscured the sun. The sound of their wings resembled the roar of the ocean breaking on a shore. They dashed against men horses and guns in myriads and completely covered the ground where they fell. Indeed with such force did they come that it was exceedingly difficult to remain in the saddle and it was only by a very dexterous use of whip and spur that we were able to head our frightened horses against that terrible mass of flying insects. For two long hours they continued to come and then all hands were delighted to see ahead the clear air and sky.

At night we camped beside a goat ranch, which we learned was the home of the leader of the rebels.

Again it began to rain and as we carry no tents on the line of march we slept very little. At 5 a. m. a despatch rider galloped into camp and reported that the Boers were close to Carnarvon. In a few minutes every man was in his place and harnessed up, no breakfast, the "advance" sounded, and all are under way. The roads were very heavy and the artillery could not make faster than a walk but the N. Z. rifles were ordered to push forward as rapidly as possible. They galloped into Carnarvon and arrived just in time to see the rebels disappearing over a rocky range in the distance, but their horses were too much exhausted to follow, in fact some of their horses dropped dead under the saddles on the trail, and when we came up with the guns we gave their riders a seat on the guns until we passed a Boer ranch where the dismounted men bought (?) new mounts. We arrived at Carnarvon on the 16th, and were given a dinner by the British residents. At night we captured three Boer spies and sent them to Cape Town for trial.

The Dutch residents of the town refused to sell us any provisions so we bought (?) anything we could see that suited us.

We rested our horses in Carnarvon for two days and while there "E" Battery caught up to us and brought with them 150 N.W.M.P. We had then a nice little army made up as follows:

350 Canadian Mounted Rifles.
200 New Zealand Mounted Rifles.
100 West Australian Mounted Rifles.
120 Imperial Yeomanry Mounted Rifles.
12 Twelve-pounder guns ("D" and "E" Batteries.)
5 Maxim and 1 Colt machine guns, with a supply train of thirty large waggons each drawn by a dozen mules or oxen.

The brigade was commanded by Col. Sir Charles Parsons.

Saturday a. m., 17th inst., our right section (Nos. 1 and 2 guns) and "D" Squadron, C. M. R. were hurriedly despatched to Van Wyks Vlei, some fifty miles North West from Carnarvon and at 3.45 a. m. Monday 19th we were ordered to advance on Van Wyks Vlei and join our advance section. The roads were very heavy and we did not reach the Vlei until daybreak Thursday 22nd. Every house in the town except three was deserted and most of these had been looted by the Boers who had rapidly retreated to the northward with our advance section in pursuit. We bought a few goats from some natives and in a couple of hours were breakfasting on goat chop and hard tack. At 10.30 a. m. it began to rain heavily and in a few hours the floods came down from the mountains on either side of us and at midnight we were wading around in two feet of water. The entire valley was like an immense river. All who were not on guard or picquet duty sought shelter in the many deserted houses. It rained unceasingly for three days and it was impossible for us to proceed. During those three days we had many amusing experiences. It was impossible to cook anything the first day and our rations were hard tack and rainwater. The second day we found some fuel—a large pile of buffalo chips—and we got some goats from the natives and several bags of flour from the stores and made a good dinner. For supper we had stewed chicken and roast pig, which we borrowed from a deserted farm house. We enjoyed it very much.

Each section of thirty man had a house and used the old-fashioned Dutch fire-place for cooking purposes. About twenty men who were taken sick were quartered in the school house. During the three days our horses stood in water knee deep and ten of them died from exposure. On Monday morning, 26th, the rain had ceased and we started north, leaving our sick under a small guard.

At the end of our first day's march we came to a river which had overflown its banks for a distance seven miles. It was impossible to proceed and we camped for two days on the south side of the river where we enjoyed ourselves very much lassoing ostriches and shooting roebuck. One of the C. M. R. was severely kicked by an ostrich and was sent to the hospital for a week. On Thursday, 29th, we decided to return to Vanwyks Vlei as there were no indications of the water subduing. Next night we camped two miles south of the town and fared very well on Armour's canned beef and hard tack, although it rained hard every night. On Sunday a. m., April 1st, poor Bradley, of our battery, was drowned while watering horses. We buried him on the side of the mountain and marked his grave with a rough headstone hewn out by the boys from the rock and polished and having an inscription cut on one side. The inscription was designed and cut by Fred Davey, of Port Hope, and Tom Davidson, of Ottawa.

Next morning the New Zealanders buried one of their boys beside Bradley.

On Tuesday morning the brigade started on our return trip to Carnarvon. It was pouring rain. Roads were all flooded, and transports were constantly becoming fast and having to be pulled out by the artillery. We had quite a chapter of accidents that morning while crossing a rocky ravine which was flooded. Twelve of our heavy heavy transports stuck in the centre of the ravine and the battery had to go back and attach ropes to the wagons and mules and haul them out. It was rough work wading in water up to the waist, and scrambling over rocks were three hundred men dragging out mules, wagons, etc. During the two hours crossing the ravine, one horse was killed, several mules had legs broken and had to be shot; Harvey Miller, of Quebec, had his ankle broken against a wagon wheel; a kaffir had his foot badly smashed by a wagon going over it; "Kid" Patterson (a friend of Charlie Henderson's) of Toronto, had his arm crushed and broken in a wheel and I came through with my left arm broken below the elbow by coming in contact with the business end of a mule.

All casualties were immediately attended to by Drs. Worthington, Whitten and Devine. Miller and the Kaffir were seated in the sick convoy, while "Kid" and I took our regular places, he on his saddle and me on my gun. We got along splendidly arriving in Carnarvon Friday evening, April 6th. We rested there until 3.30 Sunday evening, when available troops were ordered to relieve a small town between Carnarvon and De Aar and then proceed to De Aar for orders. At daybreak they started across country and the sick convoy was ordered to Victoria West station. The sick in the convoy then numbered fifty-five. After travelling a short distance in the heavy springless wagons, "Kid" Patterson, Jim O'Donnell of Montreal, George Ferguson, of Edmontoon, N. W. T., and your correspondent, concluded that riding on such wagons was not very comfortable and immediately started out to walk. We easily kept ahead of the convoy and were always first at the few ranches we passed and had the best the ranch could afford whether we could afford it or not.

We arrived at Victoria West village on Good Friday some six hours in advance of the convoy and were treated very kindly by the villagers who were in a great state of excitement owing to the presence of some four or five hundred mounted Boers who met there, as the leader told me, to devise means to bring the war to a close. After a hearty dinner at one of the hotels we pushed on toward the station and met a squadron of Imperial Yeomanry at full gallop toward the village to disperse the Boers, who, I learned next day, went away peaceably. We remained at Victoria station, comfortably quartered in tents, until 17th inst., when I asked permission to join my battery but was advised to go to Deelfontein and rest until the column was ready to leave De Aar.

I arrived here on the evening of the 17th and was surprised to find nestled at the foot of a huge kopje alongside the railroad, with not a house in sight, one of the prettiest and best equipped hospitals in the world. There are twenty sheet iron buildings each filled up nicely with twenty cots and all modern conveniences; also waterproof tents, some twenty in all, fitted up similar to the iron buildings; several surgical operating rooms fitted out with every appliance known to science. Recreation tents are on the grounds for convalescents. All kinds of amusements are provided and each recreation tent is supplied with a piano and all the latest music. There are twenty surgeons in attendance, among them Dr. Fripp, physician to the Prince of Wales. Some fifty nurses from among the best families in England devote their time and money to the comfort of the wounded, of whom there are about six hundred here and many are being added daily, also quite a number being returned to their respective regiments. Nearly every regiment in South Africa is represented here. They are all a jolly lot of fellows and although many of them are severely wounded none grumble. While strolling through the wards I meet several Canadians whom I knew in the first contingent.

I have had my arm out of splints for two days and it feels all right again. Yesterday I took a holiday and went up to De Aar to see the boys and have a pleasant time. I have just been notified that I may rejoin my battery and will leave on the next train for De Aar.

Every hour trains carrying fresh troops to the front pass the hospital. We expect in a day or two to join Roberts' column and be with him on the march into Pretoria.

I have not enjoyed better health or felt better for years. Gould and Ballantyne are both in excellent health and enjoy the trip very much. Hope all are well at home. Love to all, from

Yours sincerely,
JACK.

NO SHIRKING.

The amount realized in a collection not infrequently depends on the individual who "takes it up." This fact is well realized by a good pastor who serves in a Colorado mission. "We keep him," writes Dean Hart, of Denver, giving the pastor's name, "on the frontier. He is a rough diamond, and has a knack with the miners."

Not long ago this excellent preacher went to a camp called Iloo, borrowed the dance hall over the saloon for his service, "rounded up the boys," as he expresses it, and filled the hall.

After the sermon came the collection. This was a very important feature. The preacher cast his eyes over his audience, and saw a certain "hard case," known as Billy the Kid.

"Billy," he said, "take up the collection."

Very much honored, Billy took his big sombrero hat, and with an air of importance and dignity, made his way around to the front, and held out the hat toward a spruce young miner on the foremost chair.

The young man dropped in a quarter of a dollar. Billy looked at the coin with one eye closed. Then he looked at the young man, and put his own hand around under his coat-tails to the place where, in that part of the country, revolvers are known to be carried.

"Look here, young man," said Billy, gravely, "take that back! This here's a dollar show!"

Then, with his hat in one hand and the other still on the revolver, he moved around the hall and got as many dollars as there were people.

BABY AND COLLIE.

A gentleman in southern Connecticut not long ago brought home a collie dog, which, after the fashion of its kind, soon made itself one of the family, and assumed special responsibilities in connection with the youngest child, a little girl three years of age.

One day the gentleman, returning from a drive, as he neared his house noticed the dog in a pasture separated from the road by a stone wall. From behind this wall the collie would spring up, bark, and then jump down again, constantly repeating the performance.

The man left his horse and went to the spot. There he found his little girl seated on a stone, with the collie keeping guard beside her. The intelligent animal wagged his tail, and barked his delight at seeing his master.

In the light snow the path taken by the child and dog could be plainly seen, and at the father traced it back he saw where the little girl had walked several times around an open well in the pasture. Close to the brink were prints of the baby shoes, but still closer, on the very edge of the well, were tracks of the collie, which had evidently kept between her and the well.

The faithful creature seemed to know that upon him lay the responsibility of keeping the child from a terrible death.

POSSIBLY.

Have you a letter for me? bashfully inquired a pretty girl at the village of A— post-office.

Business or love-letter? asked the clerk who was a bit of a wag.

Business, replied the maiden, in crimson confusion. As no letter of that nature could be found she departed, but after a while returned, blushing to the hair roots, and falteringly asked: Please, sir, would you mind looking among the love-letters?

"Catch the opportunity." By taking Hood's sarsaparilla now you may build up your health and prevent serious illness.

HIS OWN WORDS.

"Pathrick," said Mrs. Murphy to her spouse, "it's meself that orter had more av an eddication. Me best laundhry coomer was sayin' to me only yirtherday that it was harrd wurrk she had makin' out me writin' on the bills Oi sind her."

"Bhure, an' mebbe it's herself that hades more av an eddication, Norah darlin'," said Mr. Murphy, in a soothing tone, as he gracefully reclined on two wooden chairs in front of the open kitchen door. "Oi don't belave you could write a wurrd but what Oi could rade it aisy enough. Jist thry me, an' say it Oi make the thruth."

"What'll Oi wrote?" inquired Mrs. Murphy, somewhat reassured by this generous confidence of her husband.

"Wrote, 'Pathrick is a harrd-wurrkin' man,'" dictated Mr. Murphy, promptly.

"Here it is, thin," said Mrs. Murphy, passing a much blurred and blotted scrap of paper a few moments later. "Rade it if yez can."

"Pathrick is a harrd-wurrkin' man," read Mr. Murphy. "Now 'Oi aint sayin' but what Oi've sane wrolitin' that was handsomer, Norah, darlin', but whin you—"

But just at that point Mrs. Murphy, looking over his shoulder, discovered that he was holding the scrap of paper upside down, and her pleasure was changed to wrath.

"Pathrick Murphy," she said, "it's some sorts av a thrick you've been playin' on me! It's only yersilf knows how yez made out what was on the paper, but it's shure Oi am 'twas not by radin', thats that yez are!"

Mr. Murphy settled himself more comfortably on the two chairs, but forbore to explain his method of deciphering his wife's hieroglyphics.

"AIN' FUR SALE."

A well-known magician is a wag, and finds amusement in mystifying simple-minded folks. A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, writing from Washington, where the sleight-of-hand man has been exhibiting his skill, tells of his success in astonishing a group of colored people:

The magician one morning went down to the market. Washington has one of the largest and finest market-houses in the world, and one of its most picturesque features is the row of comfortable negro mammies, with baskets of eggs and vegetables, sitting outside the building, laughing, chatting and smoking.

The sleight-of-hand expert, who had a friend with him, sauntered up to one inky-black old marketwoman with a pigeon in her mouth and a beautiful array of fresh eggs before her. He looked at them and asked the price.

"Twenty-three cents, honey," answered mammy, "an' dese heah is fust-rate aigs—de hen ain' hardly done cluckin' ober 'em yit."

"I should think so," said he as he picked up one and cracked it, out came a quarter.

Mammy's jaw dropped, and the pipe with it.

"And this one—and this one seems pretty good," carelessly remarked the man, cracking two more, out of which fifty-cent pieces tumbled.

He cracked half a dozen in all, and mammy's store of silver was increased every time. As he walked off, followed by a dozen pairs of beady black eyes with nothing but the whites showing, somebody came up and asked the sweatricken old woman the price of her eggs.

"Dese aigs ain' fur sale," she answered, and she gathered them up in her apron and waddled off in the direction of home.

THE CLEVER OLD BOY.

A van laden with lamp glasses had collided with another vehicle in the Strand, creating a tremendous crash. Lamp glasses, though expensive to buy, are very cheaply manufactured, but the bystanders were quite awe-struck by the damage done, and considerable sympathy was felt with the driver. An elderly gentleman of benevolent aspect eyed the driver compassionately, and then said: "My poor man, I suppose you will have to make good the loss out of your own pocket?"

"Ah! that I shall," returned the van driver dejectedly.

"Well," said the generous philanthropist, "hold out your hat. There's a shilling for you, and I dare some of these gentlemen will give you a helping hand, too."

The van driver held out his hat, and the sympathizers contributed liberally, and when the contributions ceased he emptied the contents into his pocket, and, with a knowing wink to a friend among the bystanders, pointed to the retreating figure of the disinterested philanthropist, and said slowly: "Ain't he a cute 'un. That's our governor."

MARKET REPORTS.

The editor was busy when he called and asked: "How are the markets?" He was referred to the office wit, who looked wisely and said: Young men, unsteady; girls, lively, willing and in demand; papas, firm but declining; mammas, unsettled but waiting for higher bids; coffee, considerably mixed; fresh fish, active and slippery; wheat, a grain better than barley; eggs, quiet, but expect to open up shortly; whisky, still going down; onions, strong and rising; breadstuffs, heavy; boots and shoes, those in the market are soled and are constantly going up and down; hats and caps, not as high as last year, except foolscap, which is stationary; tobacco, very low and has a downward tendency; silver, close, but not close enough to get hold of; cheese, lively.

FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS.

It was a little Hancock county girl, who, after rushing through her evening prayer so rapidly that the words were scarcely intelligible, while yet kneeling, looked up and softly said:

"Mamma, I couldn't help saying my prayer fast, for I was going to Hancock, and you know what it said on my Sunday School card about praying without ceasing, and so I didn't want to stop."

AND SHE DIDN'T TELL.

"Now, madam," said the crotchety judge, who had been annoyed by the digressions of previous female witnesses, "we want no hearsay evidence. Tell me only what you know. Your name, please."

"Mary Jones," replied the witness.

"Your age?"

"Well—er—I only have hearsay evidence on that point, so I won't answer."

PRINCE PATRICK OF YORK.

LONDON, April 5.—It is said that, by the desire of Queen Victoria, the son that was born to the Duke and Duchess of York, Saturday, will be christened Patrick.

O, Paddy, dear, and did you hear
The news that's going round?
The shamrock blooms as ne'er before
All o'er the Irish ground;
The Queen has come to Dublin town
And right o' top of that
She telegraphs the Duke of York,
To call the baby Pat!

She might have given to the Duke
The choice of several names;
For instance Matthew, Mark and Luke,
And John and Joe and James;
And Jacob, Isaac, Abraham,
But no—instead of that,
She telegraphs the Duke of York
"To call the baby Pat!

She might have wished the boy to bear
Some Scotch or English name,
Some chieftain's of the mighty past
That fills the trump of fame;
But Bootlish names she put aside,
And Kingliest—think o' that—
And turning to the Emerald Isle,
She said, "let's call him Pat!"

O, Paddy, dear, 'tis very clear
The shamrock's blooming right,
So let's be wearing of the green
And dance a jig to-night;
The Queen has come to Dublin town
And right o' top of that,
She telegraphs the Duke of York
To call the baby Pat!

—*New York Mail and Express.*

MISPLACED EMPHASIS.

A gentleman who spent a summer in a small village in Maine tells how a kind-hearted woman, without the slightest idea of making him ridiculous, gave his friends and fellow-boarders a chance of a hearty laugh at his expence.

We had haddock for supper one night, and happening to be peculiarly hungry, I ate heartily of it, but unfortunately swallowed a bone. One of the young women of the family endeavored to comfort me by saying that no harm would ever come from a fish bone, as it would dissolve of itself.

Mrs. H. had been observing me anxiously, and now spoke.

"Don't be too sure about that," she said; "I think you ought to take something right away, Mr. S. for we lost a hog once by his getting a fish-bone in his throat."

A FORTUNE WASTED.

"A two-dollar bill came into the hands of a relative of mine," writes a lady in Boston, "which speaks volumes on the horrors of strong drink or the traffic in it. There was written in red ink on the back of it the following: "Wife, children, and $40,000 all gone. I am alone responsible. When I was twenty-one years old I had a fortune. I am not yet thirty-five years old. I have killed my beautiful wife, who died of a broken heart; have murdered my children with neglect. When this bill is gone, I do not know how I can get my next meal. I shall die a drunken pauper. This is my last money and my history. If this bill comes into the hands of any man who drinks, let him take warning from my life's ruin."—Michigan *Christian Advocate.*

KEPT HIS HEART OUT OF THE WAY.

A private in the Dublin Fusiliers, who collected a quite surprising number of bullets in his body, and is even more boxed by inquisitive visitors to the Mooi River Hospital, was assailed by a pompous legislator from Capetown. He wearily described his wounds. Two bullets through his helmet, one in his shoulder, another in "fut," and two explosive bullets through his left breast.

"It's a wonder you weren't killed," said the legislator, "they must have passed perilously near the region of the heart."

"They did that, bedad," said the Fusilier, "but I was right enough for sure me heart was in my mouth for safety."—*London Chronicle.*

DON'T ANSWER IMPERTINENT QUESTIONS.

Impertinent questions are to be met with firm and dignified politeness. Any question about another's personal affairs, about the price of one's clothing, the amount of one's earnings, the reasons one has for entirely private conduct, is impertinent. Would I answer such questions? Not at all. Usually, by a little tact, one can settle such questioners. If there is no other way, I counsel a plain but courteous sincerity—a simple refusal to answer. One may just say: "Pardon me, I prefer not to give any information whatever on this matter."—Margaret E. Sangster in the April *Ladies' Home Journal.*

HER PAPA'S STOCK IN TRADE.

Rev. Joseph Whyte, a prominent Methodist divine now stationed in Northern California, has an exceptionally bright little daughter. One day himself and wife, with his little lassie, aged four years, were riding in the cars. Two little boys, the sons of commercial travelers, were talking to the little girl about their respective papas and what they did. One little lad said: "My papa sells shoes," and the other said: "Mine sells paper, and," turning to the little girl, "what does your papa sell?" For a moment the child hesitated, but, not to be outdone by boys, she replied, with the air of a duchess: "My papa sells talk."

THE IRATE COMMANDANT.

Major Hayford Thorold, the second in command of the First Battalion, Duke of Wellington's Regiment, tells a story of his experience in Matabeleland in 1896, when sent to restore order in a little township called "Gwelo." On arrival there he found the acting commandant (an ex-storekeeper) in a state bordering on delirium tremens; so he had him locked up. The commandant, however, managed to break out and make his way to the telegraph office, whence he despatched the following wire: "Chamberlain, London: Man here named Thorold questions my sobriety. Who is Thorold? Wire at once to prevent bloodshed."—The *Argonaut.*

WHAT CAUSED THE DELAY.

A small man dashed up to the chief of the Paris fire department just as the latter was about to order the firemen to play away on the blazing Theatre Francais.

"Monsieur! Monsieur! he shrieked. "It-r-restrain yourself! Do not give an fateful ordaire for one lastic moment yet!"

"And why not?" inquired the chief.

"Because," cried the little man, "ma moving picture apparatus is unfortunately delayed and cannot possibly reach as fire for several pe-r-reclous minutes."

So the obliging chief waited.—Cleveland *Plain Dealer.*