The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXV.---NO. 50. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 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, EXPIRES. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

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Well-made, Strong, Well-lined, Patent Brake, Rubber Tires.

$7.25.

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Day sells cheap.

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Capital $6,000,000
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Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Special attention given to Farmers' Business.

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to order on short notice.

Well assorted stock on hand at prices to suit the times.

JOHN CAMERON Proprietor.

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Cooper & Akins, Mill St. Acton.

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Williams' SHOES FOR Summer Wear.

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Special For Tanners.

We have a special Rubber Boot for Tanners and other wet work, which we guarantee to be waterproof and to wear longer than any other make of boot. See them.

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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.

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Now ready, imported direct from growers in England and Scotland, strictly fresh and true to kind. For shipping purposes I would recommend—

Halls Westbury
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In Rape I have the Genuine Dwarf Essex. Buy no other.

Remember we buy wool and pay the highest price.

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

Poetry.

Select Family Reading.

MOTHER'S FOOL.

"'Tis plain to me," said the farmer's wife,
"These boys will make their mark in life;
They never were made to handle a hoe,
And at once to college they ought to go.
Yes, John and Henry, 'tis clear to me,
Great men in this world are bound to be;
But Tom, he's little above a fool—
So John and Henry must go to school."

"Now, really, wife," quoth Farmer Brown,
As he set his mug of cider down,
"Tom does more work in a day for me
Than both of his brothers do in three.
Book learnin' will never plant beans or corn,
Nor hoe potatoes, sure as you're born,
Nor mend a rood of broken fence.
For my part, give me common sense."

But his wife the roost was bound to rule.
And so "the boys" were sent to school,
While Tom, of course, was left behind,
For his mother said he had no mind.

Five years at school the students spent,
Then each one into business went.
John learned to play the flute and fiddle,
And pasted his hair (of course) in the middle,
Though his brother looked rather higher than he,
And hung out his single, "H. Brown, M. D."
Meanwhile, at home, their brother Tom
Had taken a "notion" into his head,
Though he said not a word, but trimmed his trees,
And hoed his corn, and sowed his peas;
But somehow, either by "hook or crook,"
He managed to read full many a book.

Well, the war broke out, and "Captain Tom"
To battle a hundred soldiers led;
And when the enemy's flag went down,
Came marching home as "General Brown."
But he went to work on the farm again,
Planted his corn and sowed his grain,
Repaired the house and broken fences,
And people said he had "common sense."
Now common sense was rather rare,
And the state house needed a portion there,
So our "family dunce" moved into town,
And people called him "Governor Brown."
And his brothers, that went to the city school,
Came home to live with "mother's fool."

Mr. Dobley . . . Plays Football.

BY KATE MIDYETTEST.

"FRESHINGTON is a man of ideas," said Mr. Dobley to his wife.

"What notion has he put in your head now?" asked Mrs. Dobley.

"He has suggested that we form a hardware eleven."

"A what?"

"A football team composed entirely of hardware men. He says that college athletes are being idolized to a ridiculous extent and that there is quite as much brawn and muscle and skill among ordinary individuals who make no bid for notoriety."

"Well, what will be the object?"

"Why, in the first place, we will benefit by the training. In the second place, Freshington's idea is that we can develop a team so strong that we can make these college chaps look like thirty cents."

"But they won't play with you."

"Not at first, perhaps. But when we develop the wonderful team we have in mind we shall be world famous. Then we shall go abroad, and when we beat everything in sight on the other side we shall challenge the world for the championship. Freshington already has designed a suit."

"But you don't know how to play."

"Oh, we intend to engage a coach, and, of course, we know more or less about the game. Some of us have played, you know, when we were college boys ourselves. But this aristocratic football trust must be broken up. At present no one seems to be considered in the game unless he is a long-haired, heavyweight kid."

"But how can you attend to business and play football too?"

"We intend to do most of our training early in the morning before breakfast; then we are going to have practice games on Saturdays."

"I have heard it is a dreadfully dangerous game," said Mrs. Dobley anxiously. "I do hope you will be careful."

"It isn't a parlor game, certainly," said Dobley. "But it's all right when you are in condition. You may get jumped on a little bit, but your flesh is hardened and you don't feel it. Then the new rules have abolished all the brutality of the sport. There's no biting or"—

"Biting!" said Mrs. Dobley in horror.

"Nor kicking nor anything of that sort. It's comparatively a gentle game. Then the clothing is made so that a man is thoroughly safe. I've ordered some things that will be sent home in the morning."

"You'll be tired of this in a week. I can just fancy you getting up early in the morning to go out and exercise!"

"And I must have a special bill of fare now, Mrs. Dobley—soft boiled eggs, rare steak and chops, only the simplest deserts, plenty of prunes and fruit and no stimulants of any kind."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Dobley sarcastically.

"You may mock now, Mrs. Dobley, but one of these days, when you see me carrying the ball over the line amid the plaudits of the multitude, you will stand up and yell for the hardware eleven, champions of the world."

Next morning a cargo of boxes arrived at the Dobley home. There was every known garment and implement that ever had been invented for use in the game. They quite filled the study, where they were deposited awaiting Dobley's arrival. When he came home, he put some of them on and came out to show them to Mrs. Dobley.

She shrieked with laughter when she saw her husband walk around, unconscious of the appearance he presented. He had a collection of caps and leather pads over his ears, chin, nose and eyes that made him look something like a diver arrayed for a trip below the surface.

"You seem to enjoy yourself, Mrs. Dobley," said her husband with an awful sternness which made him seem still funnier in his strange habiliments. "A woman always has the most foolish sort of an idea that a man must look pretty when he goes into a game."

"Well, you certainly don't, John!" said Mrs. Dobley, drying her eyes. "If ugliness is any guarantee of success, you will most surely win."

"You see, Mrs. Dobley, you women don't realize what a wonderful thing football is. You grow wildly enthusiastic over a college victory because a lot of overgrown boys who have had their pictures in the paper carry off a prize. Wait till you see men—real men—play football. Then you will see the game."

"I can't see what fun there is in playing any game when you are padded up in that fashion. Why, you look as though you were wrapped up in a feather bed."

"That's the best way to look when one gets into a football scrimmage, Mrs. Dobley. You don't seem to know that when a man is playing football the idea uppermost with him is not whether his hat is on straight or not. It is to get there. That's the idea, first, last and all the time."

"I see," said Mrs. Dobley.

"I shall not be home to-night, as our eleven is going to spend a week out of town with a trainer. We have a regular schedule for practice. Monday we start in shaping back the ball; Tuesday we tackle; Wednesday we agree upon our private signals, and Thursday Freshington has some newly invented tactics that we are to acquire and with which we are to carry off all the laurels in the football world."

"How about Friday and Saturday?" asked Mrs. Dobley. "Going to return to the city, or do you contemplate taking up a permanent residence out of town?"

"On Saturday we play our first real practice game," said Dobley. "Freshington has a brother at a prep. school, and we are going on there to try our hand. We don't intend to hurt the lads. We are just going to play with them for a little practice."

"I should like to see the game," said Mrs. Dobley. "Suppose Mrs. Van Ripper and I take a trip up to see you play?"

"Well, you understand it's a purely informal occasion, Mrs. Dobley. No grand stand or anything of that sort. Of course, if you would like to come, I am sure it can be arranged."

"He sure not to hurt those poor boys," said Mrs. Dobley. "They all have mothers at home, you know."

"We wouldn't hurt them for the world," said Dobley. "When we get them completely at our mercy, we intend to turn round and give them the game. It will please them and it won't hurt us. See?"

"Well, that's a splendid idea," said Mrs. Dobley. "I should hate to think of you hurting any one, John, who was weaker than you. What part are you to play?"

"Center rush, I believe, is the position that has been assigned to me. Not, you understand, that I am any more skilful than the others, but simply that I have taken to training more readily than any of the other men. You see, six of our men are over 140 pounds, Mrs. Dobley. We have a beefy line, and no mistake."

"Oh, those poor boys!" said Mrs. Dobley. "I can't help feeling sorry for them."

"Oh, we'll take care of them all right," said Dobley. "We'll treat them as though they were babes in arms."

It was a week of expectation in the Dobley household, the matter of which was away on his athletic practice for the following Saturday. When that day arrived Mrs. Dobley and Mrs. Van Ripper took a train for the grounds of the preparatory school which was to witness the debut of the hardware eleven.

The ladies obtained chairs on a little hill of ground in good sight of the game and near the small clubhouse. They were excited over the event and Mrs. Dobley had brought opera glasses.

While they sat there two young men in sweaters and bicycle trousers strolled by, without noticing the ladies. They were laughing about something.

"We'll play horse with those old duffers!" said one of them. "They must be crazy to come up against a regular team."

"Let's tear their hearts out in the first part of the game," said the other, "so they won't try it again."

"That center rush is a freak. Did you see him? We won't do a thing to him!"

"What peculiar language," said Mrs. Dobley, growing pale. "Who are those men, anyhow?" she asked a small boy who came out of the clubhouse.

"That's the captain of the football team and the quarter back," said the boy. "They are going to play those gentlemen from the city. They won't know they're on earth after the first rush."

"Who won't."

"The old jays."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Dobley. She was getting more nervous every moment.

"I wonder if they are all as big as those two?" said Mrs. Van Ripper. "I thought you said they were boys."

"Why, Mr. Dobley spoke of them as mere lads," said Mrs. Dobley.

Just then the hardware eleven, led by Mr. Dobley, came slinking on the field. They had obtained a sight of their opponents silently. They stood around in a dejected manner, holding consultations.

Suddenly, with a wild, joyous whoop, the school players came running on the field. They looked like wild Indians, and when they reached the center of the field they began to roll over on the ground like colts.

They were all six footers and wore blazing red sweaters that lit up the scene with color. The hardware eleven flinched visibly at the sight of their enemies.

Then they lined up opposite their foes. Other students gathered around the field and began to cheer on their comrades by wild yells and calls. They jeered at the hardware eleven in the most impolite manner.

Then the game began. Through her opera glass Mrs. Dobley could see only a wild mass of yelling boys, for the hardware team were completely hidden under a soaiet cloud. Around the edge of the field the other boys jumped and howled in joyous derision. Their laughter rent the air.

"I never knew it was such a funny game, did you?" asked Mrs. Dobley of Mrs. Van Ripper.

"I thought they ran with the ball and kicked," said Mrs. Van, "but this looks more as if they were fighting."

"But what are the others laughing so about?"

Suddenly from the writhing mass of red sweaters the ladies saw various articles of apparel belonging to the hardware eleven being thrown in the air by the scarlet waisted boys. Boots, stockings, and the numerous pads and guards that Mr. Dobley and all his companions had provided themselves with were hurled against the blue sky in such numbers that it seemed as though the doughty hardware knights would have nothing on when the battle was ended.

"Dear me! Isn't this perfectly dreadful?" said Mrs. Dobley, almost in tears. "I wish I could see Mr. Dobley. You were perfectly right not to let Mr. Van Ripper join the team."

With a final warhoop the boys in the red sweaters broke from the mass in which they were piled. On the ground lay several of their vanquished opponents, tattered and torn. Some of the others assisted them to rise, and they began to limp off the field.

But the school players and their companions seemed to think it all great fun. They hugged each other in joy and performed extempore dances. Then, as though moved by one impulse they started to sing in unison to some sort of a queer tune:

"Now then—brace up—brace up—brace up—brace up—brace up—brace up!" and they marched after the retiring eleven as they hobbled to their quarters.

That afternoon Mrs. Dobley took Mr. Dobley to his home in a closed cab. Under his overcoats he wore a tattered flannel shirt and the remains of his football trousers, pinned together in many places. One one of his feet were a shoe and a stocking, and on the other only an overshoe, borrowed from one of the victorious players. His eye was blackened, and his shoulder felt as though it were dislocated. Both his hands were bandaged.

"It was a great game, wasn't it?" said Mrs. Dobley. "What was the score?"

"There was no score," said Dobley, with a suspicion of tears in his voice. "It was all over in the first round."—*New York Press.*

SHEW ME A PENNY.

Not long ago it was my privilege and pleasure to preach for our colored brethren. Their bishop was present and after my sermon he announced that they were to take their annual collection for the Conference. As I understand it, this was both for benevolence and church support. The pastor of the church acted as secretary and treasurer, and took his seat at a table just within the alter, pencil in hand and the collection plate by his side. Each person present was then invited by the bishop to come forward and bring his contribution. One by one they responded, some bringing bills, others coin. After a while the bishop said: "You have done well, but I want one dollar and seventeen cents more, and I want each one of you to come up and bring me a cent, whether you have given before or not. They cheerfully obeyed, and the full amount was raised and a little over.

This suggested to me the power of the littles. We were nearing the close of our church year, and because of hard times and rainy Sundays our monthly collections had fallen off. We were $20 behind last year's contributions for Home and Foreign Missions. Not a great amount, yet if every church had such a decrease it would seriously affect the work of our boards. So the next Sabbath I preached a sermon from the text, "Shew me a penny," and in connection with the words of our Saviour: "Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." I endeavored to show that it was the will of our Lord that we should contribute to the support of the church as well of the state, and that in supporting the church we should consider the work of our church boards. Having spoken of the value of the Roman Penny, I said: "I have here one hundred envelopes; in each one is a cent. These cents have been taken from your mission fund. You have contributed them yourselves to the cause of missions. I give them to you with the belief that you will return them to me with just as much more as you think the Lord wants you to give to domestic and foreign missions. The elders will pass these envelopes to you now, and you will at once add your contributions, and the ushers will collect the envelopes as you pass out of the door at the close of the service. If any one wishes he may take it home with the understanding that he will bring it back at the evening service, as I wish to send this contribution to the board to-morrow."

Well, I received all my envelopes back, of course. No one would think of taking the cent I had given him without returning it, and with each cent, with only one exception, there came an increase. As a result I had $20 the next day to send to the missionary boards, $10 to each. That may seem a small thing, hardly worth speaking about. But it was an extra, and had all our churches done the same with an equal average, the sum would have aggregated $10,000.

Nor is this all. This was an object lesson to our people. The children and young folks and those in humble circumstances were encouraged to give. No one was offended. All were interested. And when the result was reported next Sabbath all saw the importance of the littles, the the value of a cent.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

HOW TO STOP ELOPEMENTS.

Writing on "The Ease with Which We Marry," in the April *Ladies' Home Journal*, Edward Bok favors the re-establishment of the custom of publishing the banns—making such publication obligatory.—"This precaution which our forebearers had of giving thirty days' public notice of an intention of marriage, proclaimed from the pulpit and posted at the public hall," he believes was born of wisdom and rested on a sound foundation. The plea is that we ever got away from it. I do not say that a return to this old custom of the proclamation of marriages would be the panacea for all material evils. But it absolutely would do away with all the run-away marriages, sentimental elopements and the life compacts born of a single moonlight night, from which results so much unhappiness to our girls, and which have brought, and will continue to bring so much humiliation and disgrace upon parents and families. It is a significant fact that in those European countries where intention of marriage must be publicly proclaimed a fortnight or a month previous to the actual ceremony, and where the additional precaution of a civil marriage is added to the religious ceremony, divorce is hardly known."

COINCIDENCE.

"Somehow I'm awfully stupid to-night," remarked young Borum languidly the other evening.

"Indeed, you are," replied Miss Cutting, somewhat impulsively.

"Do you really mean that?" asked the young man in surprise.

"I merely endorsed your remarks. Did not you just now assert that you were stupid?" she queried.

"Yes," he responded, "but I only said so without thinking."

"And up to the time you spoke of it," she replied, "I only thought so without saying it."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

THE OPEN SALOON.

Hon. J. K. Vordaman, editor of the Greenwood, (Miss.) *Commonwealth* had the following question propounded to him by one of his fellow-citizens: "Prohibition having proven a failure, what do you think of ordering an election and getting saloons in Greenwood? It will double our business." His answer was given in these strong words: "While I am not at all wedded to the principle of prohibition, I am very much pleased with the system of local option in vogue in Mississippi. I would not curtail nor abridge personal rights, but I should like to see a condition which would place intoxicating liquor beyond the reach of every man or woman who is cursed with the horrible habit of drink. But for its great medical virtues I should like to see every drop of the cursed beverage emptied in the Arctic Ocean. I like to have said perdition, but I would not curse the spirits of the damned with it. Within its every sparkling globule there is an infinite hell, beneath its shining surface are the shadows of despair and death. It has wrecked more lives, put out the light of happiness in more homes, changed the bright eye and rosy cheek of hope to the pallid face of despair, frustrated and defeated more ambitious—in truth, it has added more to the sum of human misery want, and woe, than all of the other agencies of hell at work in the world combined. It is the siren song which charms and lures the wayward traveller on the highway of life from the course of rectitude, to the maelstrom in which he is engulfed ere he is aware. No; let us not have the open saloon. I am aware that 'prohibition does not prohibit' absolutely, and that men will continue to drink whisky and get drunk; break the hearts of their wives, mothers, and sisters, wreck their homes, leave a heritage of poverty and shame to their progeny, and make a hell of this life for themselves, but in the name of humanity, God, and good government, let us not contribute to and encourage it. I will not say that my fellow-citizen shall not drink—that is not my function. I am not his keeper in that regard. But I will say that by my vote I shall never bring the temptation to his door. I shall dig no snares across his pathway nor lead his wandering steps in the downward course of destruction. Greenwood is doing well, the county of Le Flore is prospering, we have had less drunkenness and lawlessness without the saloon, and I am in favor of going on that that same road. It is true that a few men and boys may get together occasionally in a dark corner around the festive jug, tank up, and go out into the open and make asses of themselves, but that will not happen as often as it would if the 'gilded gateway to hell' were thrown wide open to them. I am opposed to re-opening or agitating this question. It will do no good, the people of Le Flore County are unalterably committed to the dry doctrine—in theory at any rate."

Since the above utterance was made Le Flore County, of which Greenwood is the county seat, held an election on the saloon question, and went overwhelmingly against the saloon. The prosperity of Greenwood is a contradiction of the oft-repeated statement that saloons are necessary to help business. The good people of that favored and growing town ought to be "wadded to the principle of prohibition."

WHEN ALMSGIVING IS A SIN.

"It is no exaggeration to say that the use of money is a test of character and a revelation of a man's nature," writes Ian Maclaren of "The Genteel tramps in Our Churches," in the April Ladies' Home Journal. "There are men who lose money by their foolishness—Wastrels; there are men who spend it on their vices—Prodigals; there are men who hoard it with jealousy—Misers; there are men who lay it out in well-doing—they are the Wise Men. When I say well-doing I am not thinking of that unpeasoning and indiscriminate charity which, whether it take the form of alms to a lazy vagabond or a large benefaction for the creation of paupers, is a curse and not a blessing, a sin and not a duty. We are not to read in a mechanical fashion the advice of our Lord to the young ruler to sell his possessions and give to the poor, for though that might have been the only pledge of sincerity he could give in that day, it would be a great calamity in our day. Whatever may have have been the case in ancient times, there can be no question that in our day the man who establishes a manufactory in a small town and pays fair wages does ten times more good than he who would use his wealth to found an almhouse."

JOSH BILLINGS ON HENS.

The best time to set a hen is when the hen is ready. I kant tell you what the best breed is, but the Shanghigh is the heaviest. It costs as much to board one as it dus a stage hoss, and you might as well undertake to fat a jumping-mill running oats through it. There ain't no profit in keeping a hen for his eggs if he lays less than one a day. Hens are long-lived if they don't contract the throat disease; there is a great manny goes to pot every year by this mellonoolly disease. I kant tell eggactly how to pick out a good hen, but as a general thing the long-eared ones, I kno, are the least apt to skratch up the garden. Eggs packed in equal parts of lime water, with the other end down, will keep from thirty to forty years if they are not disturbed.

A SMART RECRUITING OFFICER.

During the height of the excitement in the city on Ladysmith day, writes "The Major" in *To-Day*, a smart recruiting sergeant, with flying ribbons, got himself hoisted shoulder high by some friends in the crowd. He waved his hand for silence, and thus, in stentorian tones, shouted, "What's the use of cheering the Queen, who'll come and fight for her?" He was subsequently seen marching to the nearest recruits, who, on the spur of the moment, had answered the call to arms. It must have been a good day's pay for that wily non-commissioned officer. I am told that candidates offered themselves all day long at the various London recruiting depots, and that reports from the provincial depots are equally favourable.

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

TROUBLES THAT DO NOT COME.

Of the hard and weary loads
'Neath which we bend and fall
The troubles that do not come
Are the heaviest ones of all.

For grief that cuts like a knife
There's oil of comfort and cure,
And the hand which binds the weight
Brings strength and grace to endure.

But to phantoms of pain and woe
The type of Fly are dumb,
Add there's never oil or wine
For troubles that do not come.

There's a song to lighten the toil
And a staff for climbing the height,
But never an alpenstock
For the hills that are out of sight.

There are bitter herbs enough
In the brimming cup of to-day
Without the spirit of rue
From to-morrow's unknown way.

Then take the meal placid-spread
And go with a song on thy way
And let not the morrow shade
The sunshine and joy of to-day.

—*Lettie S. Bigelow in Zion's Herald.*

TAKING NO CHANCES.

Somehow she felt that he had come with his mind made up to propose. She was as certain of it as she would have been if he had told her, and consequently she amused herself by teasing him for half an hour before she let him have a chance to come to the point.

And then he balked.

She couldn't understand it. She knew that he was on the verge of asking her to be his wife, but he didn't put the question. He became suddenly very ill at ease and nervous, and sheered off every time they got anywhere near the subject that was uppermost in the mind of each.

She looked at him soulfully, and he returned the look, but that was as far as he went. She sighed and he sighed, but he didn't put his hopes and wishes into words. She became pensive and romantic, and talked of the loneliness of the woman or girl who had no strong arm to lean upon as she walked through life, but it did not bring an avowal from his lips.

"Shall we go out into the garden?" he asked.

She knew, although he did not, that there were others in the garden, and she pleaded that she was afraid of the night air.

He looked about the room anxiously, but seemed to find nothing that gave him any hope. He seemed to be despondent, but in a measure determined.

"Mabel," he said at last, speaking very softly.

"Yes," she returned, endeavoring not to show her agitation.

"There is something I wish very much to say to you."

She looked down at the toes of her boots and said nothing.

He come over to her and took her hand.

"Mabel," he said earnestly, "if you will take that confounded parrot of the room, I'll tell you what it is."

Then she understood why he had been so nervous, and the parrot was put where he could not overhear and repeat what might be said.

JUST FOR FUN.

"What a large head you have!" remarked the loquacious barber to the Irish customer. "Why, it's twice as large as mine." "Oi suppose you're after foindin' that head of yours large enough though?" queried the Irishman. "Sure," replied the tonsorial artist. "It suits me all right." "Av coorse," said the son of Erin. "What's the use av a man havin' a big trunk when he has no clothes to keep in it, Oi dunno?"

"I would I were a bird!" wailed the fair girl at the piano. "I would you were a box of axle grease," hissed the dark man under the palm. "I wonder what he means by that?" asked the lemonade-haired maiden. "He means that axle grease stops screeching," whispered the man in black suspenders."

"I use by the dictionary," said the foreigner, who was struggling with the English language, "that 'unhand' means to 'relax,' and 'unbending' means 'unyielding.'" "Don't blame me," replied his American friend cheerfully, "I didn't write the dictionary."

A Scotchman, discussing his former pastor, said: "Our first minister was a man, but not a preacher; our second minister was a preacher, but not a man; and the third was neither a man nor a preacher."

TOOTHSOME SANDWICHES.

One of the newest and daintiest of sandwiches is made with tiny soda biscuits. These biscuits are specially ordered from the baker or confectionery dealer. They are three inches in diameter and when baked are not more than a half inch in thickness. These, as received from the baker, are split in two, with a sharp knife. Butter is spread over each—a suggestion of butter only—Two crisp leaves of lettuce are then patted down upon the buttered biscuit and the edges trimmed down to the size of the biscuit. A thin layer of mayonnaise dressing is then spread upon one of the halves, a thin dressing of minced ham on the other; the two halves are pressed gently together and the sandwich is ready.

In Nature's Storehouse There are cures. —Medical experiments have shown conclusively that there medicinal virtues in even ordinary plants growing up around us which gives them a value that cannot be estimated. It is held by some that nature provides a cure for every disease which neglect and ignorance have visited upon man. However, this may be, it is well known that Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, distilled from roots and herbs, are a sovereign remedy in curing all disorders of the digestion.

There is nothing more requisite in business than despatch.—Addison.

DO YOU WANT CONSUMPTION?

Are you really looking for it? Inviting it? Then pay no attention to your hacking cough, and your weak throat. You can prevent it though. Take Scott's Emulsion early, when the cough first begins.

All that is human must retrograde if it do not advance.—Gibbon.

Where others fail, there Dr. Petty's Pills prove their power to cure.

Does your head ache? Take a Petty.
Does your back ache? Take a Petty.
Does your side ache? Take a Petty.
And do not take any other.