The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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

Accounts payable monthly.

H. F. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M., SUCCESSOR TO J. P. UREN, M. D. C. M. Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick Streets, Acton. Office Hours:—8 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and to 9 p.m.

DR. C. I. KELLY, HON. GRADUATE McGILL UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL. LICENTIATE SOCIETY OF APOTHECARIES, LONDON, ENGLAND. Office and Residence—Frederick St., Acton. Office Hours—8 to 10; 1 to 2, and 7 to 8.

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 3 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 6.

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S., DENTIST, BROOKVILLE. HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY. Work made Satisfactory. Prices Moderate. VISITING DAYS.—Monday afternoon, Campbellville; Tuesday, Acton, Office—Clark's Hotel; Friday, Hockwood.

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—Parryman's Block. ACTON ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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

HENRY GRIST, —OTTAWA, CANADA.— Solicitor of Patents, for Inventions, 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, neatly and promptly done.

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

WM HEMSTREET, LICENSED AUCTIONEER. For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or I may 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 $165,000. 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— LIVERY —AND— BUS LINE. The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can at all times be Secured. At his stables. A comfortable bus meets trains between 7 a.m. and 8½ p.m. Careful attention given to everyone. The waste of Commercial Travellers will meet JOHN WILLIAMS Proprietor.

PAIGE'S Odorless Moth and Dust Proof BAG. For preserving Furs, Rugs, Blankets and Wearing Apparel. Does away with camphor, tar and other disagreeable smelling articles. Garments entirely free from odor when taken out to use. If you want to save valuable Furs and Garments, invest in one of these bags. Size 30 by 50.

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.

ACTON Machine and Repair Shops. HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor. ARE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to enable them to repair to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse-shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired and painted in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gumming and filing done.

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

BOOK, NEWS, COLORED PAPERS. JOHN R. BARBER.

Sun Savings and Loan Co. HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT. Authorized Capital - $5,000,000.00. Ten-year maturity shares are paid. Monthly Instalments of 50c. per share for 120 months, when payments cease—$60.00 and 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.

Wanted... Agents to fill permanent positions with AT GOOD PAY. All supplies free. Chance of promotion to good men. We also desire some good Agents, either on whole or part time, to sell our preparation for the destruction of the Tussock Moth Caterpillar, known as "CATARPILLARINE". Many of our salesmen carry this as a side line, and make considerably more than their expenses thereby. We have the largest assortment of stock of any Nursery in Canada. People prefer our goods because of our guarantee. All our stock is sent out under Government Certificate, proving cleanliness and freedom from disease. Apply now for territory. STONE & WELLINGTON TORONTO.

—THE— TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA. Capital paid up, $1,000,000. Assets Over $9,000,000. 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. 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. M. JONES, Manager.

Wedding Seasons. There is nothing requires more thought and anxiety than deciding on wedding presents. Our great range in stock overcomes this difficulty. We have Silverware and Plated ware—necessity and novelty—Tableware (our stock of Carvers is superb) and all the Household articles generally found in an up-to-date hardware store. Call or write us about any of these goods. Prompt attention to mail orders. 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.

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.

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

JOHN McQUEEN AGENT FOR... Implements. FROST & WOOD'S Mowers, 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.

Spring and Summer Weakness — As spring advances a weakness and debility seems to seize on the strong and delicate alike. The circulation is sluggish on account of the exhausted nerve forces, and the blood is poor in quality and deficient in tissue-building elements. As a result there is a general running down of the system. The stomach is disordered and the appetite poor, the liver, kidneys and bowels become inactive, and there is a lack of energy and ambition which renders work of any kind a burden. It is not strong drugs or purgatives with their depressing action that is required, but a food to nourish the nerve centres and enrich the blood. DR. WARD'S BLOOD AND NERVE PILLS. Contain the principles that go to the building up of the body through the medium of the blood and nerves. BECAUSE They supply the properties that are needed to tone up the system. 50 CENTS PER BOX. ALL DRUGGISTS, OR DR. WARD'S & CO., TORONTO, ONT.

Poetry.

BEHOLD THE BIRDS.

When God first made a little bird
For sheer delight
He gifted it with power of song,
But not of flight.

Then by its side He gently laid
Those unlike things
That we in human parlance call
A pair of wings.

And said, "My little one, this load
Uplift, and see—
Beneath this strange disguise my love's
Sweet thought for thee."

The feathered darling serious grew;
A sudden sob
Choked all the music in its throat
And seemed to rob

The air of sunshine; yet it gave
A patient nod
And said, "I'll bear it for yourself,
Dear Father God."

Then of reluctant shoulders, firm
The burden laid;
And lo! the merry winds of heaven
About it played

Until in very ecstasy
It spurned the ground;
And, borne upon its lifted load,
Glad freedom found.

O mortal, shrinking from thy cross,
Behold the birds!
And learn the dearest meaning yet
Of those sweet words.

—*The Independent.*

Select Family Reading.

His Wayward Way.

MATTHEW HALLIDAY sighed. She was so wayward, so provoking, so lovable, so pretty! But he was much too old.

Matthew came from Quaker stock in the City of Brotherly Love. He was temperamentally sedate and at 38 felt himself to be quite a Methuselah. Besides, she had, so to speak, grown up at Matthew's knee, he having stood to her and her brother in loco parentis for something like 12 years—ever since Matthew's best beloved friend, Howard Joy, took his invalid wife away for a sea voyage, leaving his two children in the good care of a maiden aunt and his business affairs in the safe hands of Matthew Halliday, banker; ever since the good ship Aurora went down in a fearful gale in the West Indies.

But now the term of Matthew's self imposed guardianship was over. Howard Joy, Jr., had made a successful start in the world and was quite ready to give dear old Mat any pointers he needed about life in general.

As for Miss Evelyn Russell Joy, as she invariably and unabbreviatingly subscribed herself, whom Matthew called "Eve" or oftener "Miss Idlewyld"—well, she, too, had made a successful start in life. She was 19 ("Just half my age," Matthew often dismally reflected). She had charm with all its power of winning love, she was coquette to the finger tips, and she was most fair to see. Besides all this she was a little bit of an heiress, and many swains came riding by.

Matthew watched all this with a patient sort of despair. "Fool!" he called himself, with very hearty self contempt.

It was to quash a darling plan of his pretty sister's that Howard stalked into Matthew's office one morning, his brow wrinkled in a portentous frown.

"Mat," he said abruptly, "it seems to me Evelyn has been spending money like the deuce lately. Haven't you been letting her draw her interest ahead of time?"

"Sometimes she has anticipated—a little," he said slowly, "but it is no great matter."

"But it is very bad for her," said Howard, with a parental air. "You know yourself, Mat, she has no more idea of business than a butterfly. She ought to learn to live within her income. And she is becoming quite reckless about money matters and—other things."

Matthew pricked up his ears. "What other things?"

"Why, it is chiefly that playwriting fellow, Duval. He has a comedy to be brought out in New York next week, and about twenty young people here propose to make up a party for the first night. Evelyn is among them. They have a rather good chaperon, as it happens, but"—

"She must not go," said Matthew.

"I thought you'd see it in that way," Howard replied, with a satisfied air. "So all you have to do when she demands money for this expedition is to say 'No.' You can do this because she has overdrawn her account."

Two or three days after this visit of Howard's Miss Idlewild went down to see Matthew at his office at the bank "on business," as she said demurely.

"Give the poor cripple a dime!" she said in her absurd way.

"Certainly," said Matthew, with grave politeness, and he took a bright new dime out of a little roll of coins fresh from the mint and handed it to her. So she looked a little disconcerted, and abandoned this method of attack.

"Matthew, I am bankrupt, insolvent, forced to make an assignment," she said in a plaintive, spoiled tone. "I want some money—a lot of money, in fact—for a very special purpose. May I have it?"

"A lot?"

"Yes, that's it. At least a hundred."

Matthew looked grave. "What is the special purpose?" he enquired, fervently hoping she would tell him all about the proposed theater party.

"That's a secret," said Miss Idlewyld, with an air of mystery.

"I cannot let you have any money just now, Eve," he said gently after a pause, and as he spoke he carefully avoided her eye and stared with rapt absorption at the carpet.

"Hereafter," continued Miss Idlywild, with a grand air, "I will manage my own money matters. Then I will know just how much I have and spend it as I please without begging for it. I am of age and I will not endure such treatment any longer."

All this she said in anger, never dreaming that long suffering Matthew would take her at her word.

"Very well," he said, and he was a little paler as he spoke. "I will take steps to this end at once. You will find I have not abused my trust."

Incensed as she was, Miss Idlewild's head drooped with something like shame at these words. Never in her life had Matthew spoken to her like this. Never before had she felt abashed and frightened in his presence. A swift sense of his fidelity, and her own ingratitude rushed over her.

"Matthew!" she faltered, and she took a step forward, but he turned away.

"You will pardon me if I leave you," he said formally. "I am very busy this morning."

He held the door open for her, and with burning cheeks she hurried out, and no word was spoken by either as they parted.

Poor Matthew was cut to the heart.

Certainly she tried to make amends to him in a thousand ways. Indeed, her manner to him was so much gentler that he began to think she had guessed his secret—that she pitied him.

Matthew lived only about a half a block from the Joys, and Evelyn was in the habit of running in and out of the house as if it were her own. She was a very special pet of Miss Abby, Matthew's maiden sister who kept house for him.

Matthew went into his study one evening about 8 o'clock and closed the doors, giving strict orders that he was not to be disturbed. It was about fifteen minutes later, just as he had settled down for his evening's reading, when he heard the door-bell ring, then quick footsteps running down the hall, followed by a gentle tap at his door.

He did not say, "Come in," but got up with some irritation, and opened the door.

It was Miss Idlewyld in evening dress, with a frothy-looking pink thing over her head and shoulders, laughing and out of breath.

"May I come in?" she said demurely.

Matthew looked at her unwillingly, still holding on to the door.

"Abby is out," he said. "She has gone with some ladies to a lecture."

"How lively for her!" said Miss Idlewild rather quickly. Apparently she was her old self this evening.

"Did you come over here with no wrap but that flimsy thing?" asked Matthew, looking his very crossest.

"Yes, grandmother." This was what she called Matthew when he lectured her.

He had hitherto borne such gibes in patient silence, but to-night is suggested her.

"I object to your addressing me in that manner," he said with an effort.

"I beg your pardon, Matthew," she said, looking a little frightened. "It was only in fun."

Then he said: "You will take cold going back. I will send for a shawl." And he rang the bell as he spoke.

"I'm going to take you home now," he said, "and I want you to wear this. Let me put it around you."

"I won't have it!" she exclaimed excitedly, tears gathering in her eyes.

"Now, Evelyn," said Matthew gravely, "that is childish. It is a winter night. You have on an indoor dress. You must put on a wrap. And probably Miss Patty and Howard are uneasy about you. Come, be reasonable."

"I will go home," said Miss Idlewild in a trembling voice, "since you are so anxious to be rid of me. But I will not wear either your or the shawl."

"You will nevertheless have both on this occasion," said Matthew sternly. "And I will not discuss the matter with you any longer."

So saying, he went up to her and put the shawl around her, whether she would or not. In trying to evade him she stumbled and he caught her, shawl and all, in his arms.

Matthew always said he completely lost his head at this moment. He forgot himself—forgot everything but that the girl he loved was in his arms at last!

"Eve," he said desperately, holding her close and all his pent up man's soul breaking its bonds, "you know that I love you!"

Then he released her quickly with an expression on his face as of one expecting the heavens to fall. But instead of falling the heavens seemed to open their golden gates to Matthew, for Miss Idlewild, all swathed as she was like an Egyptian mummy, looked up at him with wet laughing eyes.

"It took you a long time to make up your mind, Matthew," she said plaintively.—Buffalo *News.*

A MAN MUST LIVE (?)

To do right is the only real obligation that faces us. A thief, defending himself by saying: "But a man must live," was met with the answer: "I do not see that." There is no necessity to live, but there is a supreme necessity to do right. Thousands of men and women have laid down their lives rather than do wrong. Let us never allow what are called the lower necessities of life to say a word in the presence of the imperial "ought."

We beautify our lives like our buildings on the side men see them, but leave them ugly where they show toward heaven.

HAD A LOVELY TIME.

In an article entitled: "The Uncertain Glory of an April Day," published in *Harper's Round Table*, Lawrence Hutton describes an incident in his boyhood that is full of humor. He says: "One April Fool's day my father attended the funeral of an old friend, Dr. McPherson, and upon his return promised to bring me a brick of maple sugar.

He came back at dinner time carrying the brick, enveloped in many series of papers. The process of disentanglement was long and laborious, but it was persistently performed, and, when the brick was revealed, lo! it was just a brick, not of maple sugar, but a plain, ordinary, red clay building brick, which he had taken from some pile of similar bricks on his way up town. Then I realized that it was the first of April, and that I had been April-fooled!

It was necessary, however, to get even with my father; not an easy matter, I knew, and I consulted my Uncle John, a youth some six or eight years my senior. He advised patient waiting. The father, he said, was absolutely devoted to his daily paper, which he read every day from frontispiece to end, and if I could hold myself in for a whole year my Uncle John thought it would be worth it. The paper of that date was put safely away for a twelvemonth; and on the first of April next it was produced, carefully folded and properly dampened, and was placed by the side of my father's plate, the mother and the son making no remark, but eagerly awaiting the result. The journal was vigorously scanned, no item of news or of business import was missed, until the reader came to the funeral announcement on the third page. Then he looked at the top of the paper through his spectacles, and then he looked over his spectacles at me, who was very busy with my bread and milk, and he made but one remark: "My son, I see that old Dr. McPherson is dead again!"

MYSTERIOUS MINES IN AFRICA.

Besides the reefs which have been discovered, there exists in Rhodesia an enormous quality of "old working," mines which were worked in ancient times, but have long since been abandoned, says the *London Telegraph*. By whom these mines were worked is and will probably remain forever a mystery. From old pottery and tools which have been found it is evident that these old workings were excavated by or under the direction of men of knowledge and intelligence superior to those possessed by the present inhabitants of the country. Gold was extracted from these mines by sluicing, many terraces having been found and alongside of them ancient molds in which ingots were cast. Several ruins have also been discovered in Rhodesia, the magnitude and workmanship of which proves that men of superior civilization either inhabited or else occupied this part of the world a few thousand years before us. To them are probably due the ancient workings which have been found. With the primitive instruments at their command these miners of a past age were only able to scrape the surface of the gold-bearing reefs, so that the quantity of gold which has been taken from the mines hardly effects their value, while they are a precious indication to the prospector and enable him to test the reef below the surface, and, as a rule, the site of most of these old workings seems to have been selected by competent men, who choose the richest reefs.

THE FATHER OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

The discovery of the art of photography is very generally, but erroneously, ascribed to Daguerre, a Frenchman; but those who have any acquaintance with the history of the art rightly ascribe the honor of its inception to an Englishman, Fox Talbot. The centenary of whose birth has recently occurred. It is a matter of comparatively easy proof to show that Talbot brought his process before the Royal Society some months before Arago introduced Daguerre's name to the French Academy. Still more has Fox Talbot the claim to be the parent of photography when we compare his process with that of the Frenchman. Daguerre produced on a single plate a single picture in the camera, and his process has for many years been obsolete; Fox Talbot, on the other hand, gave us the transparent negative image from which numberless copies could be printed—a method which, in this main feature, is practiced in the present day. It is also noteworthy that Fox Talbot gave us a method of obtaining pictures by the action of light on metal plates, the prototype of the photogravure process.

"BOBS" AND THE LITTLE GIRL.

Lord Roberts is the greatest British soldier to-day. Long before he took command in South Africa he had won the Victoria Cross and many other honors for personal bravery in action. But not only for his bravery and wise strategy is he called "the idol of the British army," but many stories of him prove again that "the bravest are the tenderest." A London correspondent at the front tells this incident of the surrender of Johannesburg:

"A march-past, subsequent to the march through the town, closed the ceremony. Lord Roberts' headquarters were at a small inn in an orange grove. There was a characteristic scene there at the close of his victorious day. One of the staff officers approached in order to discuss a matter of importance, and found the Field Marshal with the innkeeper's little daughter on his knee trying to teach her to write. When the officer interrupted, Lord Roberts looked up with a smile and said, 'Don't come now. Can't you see I am busy?'"

THEY HADN'T GOT IT.

The visitor to London was seated at a table in one of the expensive restaurants in the West End thinking of various things, as he read over the bill of fare, and observed the prices.

"Hello!" he exclaimed to the waiter, "haven't you got any conscience at all in this place?"

"Beg pardon?" returned the haughty servitor.

"Haven't you got any conscience—conscience—conscience? Don't you understand?"

The waiter picked up the bill of fare, and began looking it over.

"I don't know if we have or not," he said. "If we have, it's on the bill; if we ain't, it's a extra. That's the rule, sir."

THE LATE ROBERT LITTLE

PRINCIPAL ACTON PUBLIC SCHOOL FROM 1862 TO 1871.

(For Report of His Pupils' Reunion and Unveiling of Monument to His Memory, on Friday, 13th July, see Second Page.)

"I—er—don't know. We had warned the cook to wake us very early, and, when I heard her moving before daylight, I just turned over and went to sleep and slept until Albert waked me, and—"

"But why didn't the cook—"

"It wasn't the cook I heard; It was a burglar. He had taken the basket and left a sarcastic note concerning the pie."

"How awful! What did you do for the pie-nic?"

"I went to work and picked up what I could while Albert emptied the nearest grocery store. It was especially trying because Albert's old sweetheart was to be there and I wanted her to see what a good housekeeper I am."

"Too bad! I hope—"

"Yes. We fairly flew to the station, without a bite of breakfast—to find that our train had gone."

"Mercy, what a dreadful time! And you had asked all the others, too. What could you do?"

"They had missed it, too. The next train did not go for an hour and a half and we had to wait in a waiting-room which was as hot as your mother-in-law's temper. Consequently, long before we started, the children were crying, the lovers had quarreled and the married men had gone out singly to ask the agent if the train was on time. We were off at last, and I hoped our troubles were over."

"And weren't they?"

"Mercy, no! We had to change cars at the junction, and, when we were once there on the way, we discovered that everybody had thought that everybody else was attending to the baskets and they were still in the baggage car of the train we had left."

"But you could telegraph back for them?"

"We did. An excursion train had run into the one we had left before it had gone four miles and the contents of our baskets, which were in the only car wrecked, showered the landscape for a quarter of a mile."

"How perfectly dreadful! Was there no farmhouse near your stopping place?"

"There were two. In the first, there were three cases of measles; the second was deserted by its owner and in possession of two fierce bulldogs! Albert and some of the other men suggested that the women and children remain at the picnic ground and the man divide into two parties, one to scout for provisions, the other to fish, in the hope of supplementing some kind of a meal."

"That was an excellent idea. Surely—"

"The idea was all right. The members of the scouting party were lost for two hours and ate up everything they succeeded in procuring for us. The others found that they had fishing rods, baskets, lines, everything but hooks—and that on the banks of a stream literally shocked with fish!"

"Well, I hope that was all!"

"Not quite. A shower came up, the only one within a radius of a hundred miles, and drenched us to the skin. Our return train was two hours late, and nobody would speak to anybody else while we waited."

"And you gained nothing by all that long day in the country?"

"Oh, yes, we did. We gained enough experience to prevent us from ever going on another pic-nic as long as we live!"—Eliza Armstrong.

When you need medicine you should get the best that money can buy, and experience proves this to be Hood's Sarsaparilla.

STORY OF AN APRIL FOOL.

In an article entitled: "The Uncertain Glory of an April Day," published in *Harper's Round Table*, Lawrence Hutton describes an incident in his boyhood that is full of humor. He says: "One April Fool's day my father attended the funeral of an old friend, Dr. McPherson, and upon his return promised to bring me a brick of maple sugar.

He came back at dinner time carrying the brick, enveloped in many series of papers. The process of disentanglement was long and laborious, but it was persistently performed, and, when the brick was revealed, lo! it was just a brick, not of maple sugar, but a plain, ordinary, red clay building brick, which he had taken from some pile of similar bricks on his way up town. Then I realized that it was the first of April, and that I had been April-fooled!

It was necessary, however, to get even with my father; not an easy matter, I knew, and I consulted my Uncle John, a youth some six or eight years my senior. He advised patient waiting. The father, he said, was absolutely devoted to his daily paper, which he read every day from frontispiece to end, and if I could hold myself in for a whole year my Uncle John thought it would be worth it. The paper of that date was put safely away for a twelvemonth; and on the first of April next it was produced, carefully folded and properly dampened, and was placed by the side of my father's plate, the mother and the son making no remark, but eagerly awaiting the result. The journal was vigorously scanned, no item of news or of business import was missed, until the reader came to the funeral announcement on the third page. Then he looked at the top of the paper through his spectacles, and then he looked over his spectacles at me, who was very busy with my bread and milk, and he made but one remark: "My son, I see that old Dr. McPherson is dead again!"

MYSTERIOUS MINES IN AFRICA.

Besides the reefs which have been discovered, there exists in Rhodesia an enormous quality of "old working," mines which were worked in ancient times, but have long since been abandoned, says the *London Telegraph*. By whom these mines were worked is and will probably remain forever a mystery. From old pottery and tools which have been found it is evident that these old workings were excavated by or under the direction of men of knowledge and intelligence superior to those possessed by the present inhabitants of the country. Gold was extracted from these mines by sluicing, many terraces having been found and alongside of them ancient molds in which ingots were cast. Several ruins have also been discovered in Rhodesia, the magnitude and workmanship of which proves that men of superior civilization either inhabited or else occupied this part of the world a few thousand years before us. To them are probably due the ancient workings which have been found. With the primitive instruments at their command these miners of a past age were only able to scrape the surface of the gold-bearing reefs, so that the quantity of gold which has been taken from the mines hardly effects their value, while they are a precious indication to the prospector and enable him to test the reef below the surface, and, as a rule, the site of most of these old workings seems to have been selected by competent men, who choose the richest reefs.

THE FATHER OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

The discovery of the art of photography is very generally, but erroneously, ascribed to Daguerre, a Frenchman; but those who have any acquaintance with the history of the art rightly ascribe the honor of its inception to an Englishman, Fox Talbot. The centenary of whose birth has recently occurred. It is a matter of comparatively easy proof to show that Talbot brought his process before the Royal Society some months before Arago introduced Daguerre's name to the French Academy. Still more has Fox Talbot the claim to be the parent of photography when we compare his process with that of the Frenchman. Daguerre produced on a single plate a single picture in the camera, and his process has for many years been obsolete; Fox Talbot, on the other hand, gave us the transparent negative image from which numberless copies could be printed—a method which, in this main feature, is practiced in the present day. It is also noteworthy that Fox Talbot gave us a method of obtaining pictures by the action of light on metal plates, the prototype of the photogravure process.

"BOBS" AND THE LITTLE GIRL.

Lord Roberts is the greatest British soldier to-day. Long before he took command in South Africa he had won the Victoria Cross and many other honors for personal bravery in action. But not only for his bravery and wise strategy is he called "the idol of the British army," but many stories of him prove again that "the bravest are the tenderest." A London correspondent at the front tells this incident of the surrender of Johannesburg:

"A march-past, subsequent to the march through the town, closed the ceremony. Lord Roberts' headquarters were at a small inn in an orange grove. There was a characteristic scene there at the close of his victorious day. One of the staff officers approached in order to discuss a matter of importance, and found the Field Marshal with the innkeeper's little daughter on his knee trying to teach her to write. When the officer interrupted, Lord Roberts looked up with a smile and said, 'Don't come now. Can't you see I am busy?'"

THEY HADN'T GOT IT.

The visitor to London was seated at a table in one of the expensive restaurants in the West End thinking of various things, as he read over the bill of fare, and observed the prices.

"Hello!" he exclaimed to the waiter, "haven't you got any conscience at all in this place?"

"Beg pardon?" returned the haughty servitor.

"Haven't you got any conscience—conscience—conscience? Don't you understand?"

The waiter picked up the bill of fare, and began looking it over.

"I don't know if we have or not," he said. "If we have, it's on the bill; if we ain't, it's a extra. That's the rule, sir."

A BICYCLE LULLABY.

Sing a song of bicycles, a pocket full of gold!
Four-and-twenty different kinds, and each the best one sold;
Each one with its peculiarities its eulogies to sing;
Everyone the daintiest that ever bore a wing.

The king has left his counting house and wisely spent his money;
The queen and he are bicycling, forgetting bread and honey;
The maid has bought a wheel, too, and left her hanging clothes;
'Twould take a nimble blackbird now to nip off half her nose.

HE HADN'T HAD A CHANCE.

A few years ago a railway accident happened in the outskirts of a small California village. The only person killed outright was a tramp who was stealing a ride, but a young fireman, who stood heroically at his post, and helped to save the passenger train from destruction, was fatally injured.

He was carried to the little inn in the village, and two sisters of mercy and a physician did their utmost to relieve his sufferings. He begged for a minister and in a short time, summoned by a swift passenger, a clergyman stood by his bedside. His brother, a brakeman on the same train, and other train hands, also were there, anxious for the faintest sign of hope.

"My dear lad," said the minister, he who died for us all is your Saviour and mine, now. Do you accept him? Can you trust him?"

"Yes," gasped the poor fellow, "I do believe in him! But God knows I've worked so hard—sixteen hours every day and gone to bed so tired—I haven't had a chance to go to church or be a Christian."

"But," interrupted his brother, sobbing, "he's been a good boy. He worked night and day to support our crippled sister and mother—and me, when I was laid up for a year and couldn't work."

"Yes, sir, and he took care of me," declared a big, grimy baggageman, choking so that he could hardly speak, "when I had the smallpox and nobody else would come nigh me—and he almost lost his job!"

"And more'n once," added a slender-looking youngster, "he's took my run—after he'd come home tired—when I was too sick to go out. I'd 'a' lost my place but for him."

"He was the best of us all," said the conductor, coming in at the moment and giving his cordial word.

The poor fireman smiled upon his friends—a smile of gratitude mingled with gentle reproach. He had never expected praise. Then his eyes rested pleadingly on the minister.

"Say, mister," cried his brother, in a tone of anguish: "God won't keep such a fellow out of heaven, will he?"

The minister could not restrain his tears. He leaned over the suffering youth, and took his hand tenderly: "The peace of God be on you, my boy," he said; "the peace of the Lord Jesus Christ—for you have done his work."

He could say no more. But there was no need, for the face of the dying lad brightened at the benediction, as if the One his soul groped for had come and looked on him. Then came silence, the silence that owns the presence of death.

After a brief prayer the clergyman turned away. "It is the final sacrament," he said, solemnly. "The religion of Jesus found this toiling soul shut out from its rites of worship. But he lived its deeds, and it could not deny him its last blessings."—*Youth's Companion.*

A SPUNKY HEN.

Mr. Stirling, sexton of Calvary Church, is the possessor of a remarkable hen, and relates the following incident in the life of that sagacious fowl:

"She brought out a brood of chickens the other day, which event created considerable excitement and festivity in a colony of rats, who at once commenced a system of plunder, contenting themselves with a chicken and a half daily. The hen stood this massacre of the innocents for a day or two, but one morning, as a sleek rat skulked along in the neighborhood of a chicken which was carelessly trifling with a crust of bread, the wrath of the mother was aroused. She flew at the rat, caught him by the back, and carrying the robber to a tub full of water, dropped him into it with a revengful chuck. The rat was drowned, and the brood has since been free from the raids of surviving rodents.

NEWS FROM THE SEA.

A negro was once sent to buy fish for his master, with strict injunctions to see that it was perfectly fresh. Bambo went to the market, and picking up a mackeral from a stall began to smell it. The salmonger, observing the bystanders laugh, exclaimed somewhat angrily:

"I say, there, what are you smelling that fish for?"

"I'm not smelling it," answered Bambo. "I was talking to it."

"Talking to it? Well, and what did you say to it then?" inquired the fishmonger.

"I asked it what news there is from the sea," answered Bambo.

"And what did it say?" asked the man, thinking he had the negro in a fix.

"It said that it did not know; it has not been there for the last three weeks!" was the answer of Bambo, as he laid the fish down and walked away.

REMEMBER THESE "DONT'S."

Don't dress shabbily in the morning because no one will see.

Don't show less courtesy to your dependents than you would to your equals in position.

Don't take the world into your confidence either about your troubles or your family affairs.

Don't forget to be gentle and respectful to the aged, even when they are fussy and tiresome.

Don't criticize the food at meal times.

Don't refuse ungraciously when some one offers to do you a favor.

Don't, when travelling by train or car, behave as if you were the one person who had a right to be there, and the rest were all interlopers.

"MAKING OVER" A HAT.

A Corry woman, who could not afford a new $5 hat, visited a millinery store, saw the late styles, went home, pounded her old hat for half an hour with a rolling pin, stuck a feather through the band and went to church the next Sunday the envy of all the women in the town.—*Erie Dispatch.*