The Acton Free Press.

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Accounts payable monthly.

H. P. 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—6 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 3 p.m., and 6 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 6 p.m. SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

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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, Rockwood.

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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 6%.

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.

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

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

HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA. Solicitor of Patents, for Invention, etc. Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American, and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks. Send for pamphlet. Thirty-two years experience.

FRANCIS NUNAN, BOOKBINDER, Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario. (Over Williams' Store.) Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description neatly bound. Jobbing 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.

W. HIMSTREET, 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 $500 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $135,000. THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. Established 1840. Head Office GUELPH, ONT. INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. All 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 always be Secured. At his stables. A comfortable bus meets trains between 9 a.m. and 8 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met. 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 tells 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.

WHEN YOU WANT FLOUR —and— OATMEAL GET OUR

ERTON AND EDEN MILLS BRAND

The best in the market. All wide-awake dealers use it. Extra quality—prices right.

HENRY HORTOP.

JOHN McQUEEN AGENT FOR... Implements

FROST & WOOD'S Binders, Mowers, Etc.

AND

GOULD, 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.

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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 SAM WILLIAMS & CO., TORONTO, ONT.

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 added 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. P. H. 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.

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 performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gumming and filing done.

As Seasons Change-- So Do Fashion

COOPER & AKINS

FASHIONABLE TAILORS.

Beg to announce to their patrons and the public generally, that they have been providing for the most tasteful dressers by purchasing freely of the most up-to-date goods in the woollen markets and will show for the spring trade the latest and best goods produced by the best mills at prices within the reach of all.

FIT AND WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED.

Call early, no trouble to show our goods.

We are sole agents in Acton for the celebrated Bellwarp and Blenheim Serge, which does not fade or change its color in two years wear or money refunded.

Cooper & Akins, Mill St. Acton.

ACTON Saw & Planing Mills

MAIN ST.

Manufacturers and Dealers in All Kinds of DRESSED AND UNDRESSED LUMBER, LATH AND SHINGLES. SASH, DOORS AND BLINDS. WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES. ALL KINDS OF INDOOR AND OUTDOOR FINISH.

Having a well-assorted stock of lumber on hand orders will in all cases be promptly filled.

Lumber dressed and matched while you wait.

Prices are as low as any other mill turning out work equal in quality.

Custom logs cut at any time.

JNO. EVANS, Manager. JAMES BROWN, Proprietor.

All kinds of wood on hand and promptly delivered to any part of the town.

W. WILLIAMS.

Williams' SHOES FOR Summer Wear.

A GRAND range of Summer Footwear. The nicest stock we have ever had and we are proud of every line in the store and only ask a chance to show them and quote you the prices.

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.

REPAIRING AS USUAL.

W. WILLIAMS. MILL ST.

Poetry.

A NEWSBOY IN CHURCH.

Well, ye see, I've sold my papers
Every bloomin', blessed one,
And was strollin' round the corner,
Just a prospectin' for fun.
I was lookin' by the rallies
Of that church you see right there,
With its spouses and its towers,
Kind o' settin' off the square.
And I got a sort o' lonesome,
For the gang—they weren't round,
When I heard a noise of music,
Seemed like comin' from the ground.
It was nothin' but some singin',
But it sounded mighty fine.
Course, I ain't no judge o' them things,
An' it's no affair o' mine.
Then it seemed to kind o' weaken
And I didn't hear it plain,
'Till the band struck up a whoopin',
And I heard it all again.
Well, there seemed to be a show there,
That I thought I'd like to see.
An' there was no many goin'
I just says—"I'll bet it's free."
So I looks around the corner
And I makes a careful search,
For I knew the kids 'ud "guy" me,
If they heard I'd been to church.
Well, there wasn't a soul a-lookin',
So I up and walks right in,
An' I sat down in a corner
While they finished up their hymn.
Well, sir, blow me if I ever
Was so taken all aback—
There was marchin' up the isle a
Gang of kids in white and black.
They were singing just like angels,
And they looked so slick and nice
That I wondered where they got 'em;
Were they always kept on ice.
And they wore a long, black cloak, sir,
Comin' to their very feet,
An' an overall of white stuff,
Just like that what's in a sheet.
Then some men came up behind them
Singin' loudly as they came,
But, although the kids were weaker,
They all got there just the same.
Then, behind the whole procession,
Came two men, most all in white,
And they wore more fancy blouses,
And they looked just out o' sight.
But they didn't do no singin',
Just kept still and looked ahead.
An', say I, I'll bet they're runnin'
All the show—that's what I said.
Then they all got up in front there,
And the music sounded grand.
But, to save my neck, I couldn't
Get a sight, sir, of the band.
I could hear it as distinctly,
So I guessed it must be near,
But I saw no man, nor bobbin',
An' I thought it very queer.
Well, a man was standing near me
An' I touched him with my hand,
An' he looked scum' an' saw me,
An', say I, "Hay where's the band?"
An' he looked at me sq'reenin',
Just as though I'd made a joke—
That sor look he gave me made me
Kind o' sorry that I'd spoke.
Then he says, "Why, that's the organ,
All those pipes you see up there.
One man plays it with his fingers,
And another pumps the air."
Here the music stopped so sudden
That I most forgot myself.
And I heard some man a-talkin'
From a book laid on a shelf.
Then they all got up and read some,
First the man and then the crowd,
After that they knelt down softly,
And I saw their heads were bowed.
So I bows my head down, too, sir,
And I listens every word;
But I didn't understand them
Every time they said "Good Lord."
Well, they kept that up some longer,
Till a plate came down the aisle.
And some people dropped in money
An' some others dropped a smile.
(I suppose they'd come on passed,
For they were allowed to stay)
So I gave 'em my four pennies,
That was all I had that day.
Then a kid got up in front there,
With a paper in his hand—
All the rest were sittin' quiet—
And the man turned up the band.
Then the kid began a singin',
Till I thought my heart 'ud break,
For my throat was full o' choklin'
And my hands began to shake.
Well, I never seen no angel
Least that kid, for he's a bird.
He was lookin' like a picture
With his robes of black and white,
And I felt my tears a-comin',
For I couldn't keep 'em back.
And I wondered if he always
Was as good as he looked there,
Singing all about the angels,
"Angels ever bright and fair."
Well, thinks I, I guess I'll say
To be good an' sing so sweet.
But, you know, it's kind o' different
Sittin' papers on the street.
When the kid got through his singin'
I got up and made a sneak,
And I got outside the church there,
And indeed I couldn't speak.
Then I ran across the gang, sir,
They were hangin' round for me,
But, somehow, I didn't want them.
And just why I couldn't see.
So I said I couldn't join 'em
'Cos I had another date,
And I went on walkin' homeward
Like a kid without a mate.
And I smoked in just as quiet
And I lay down on my bed,
Till I slept an' got a-dreamin'
About angels overhead.
And they wore sshh shiny garments,
And they sang so sweet and fine,
And the one right in the middle
Was that singin' kid o' mine.
Now, I kind o' want to know, sir,
(So I'm askin' you, you see)
If that kid can all be angels,
Is there any show for me?

—*Thomas J. Kelly.*

Select Family Reading.

She Tried to be True.

ALTHOUGH the little village of Oldan was beginning to look bright with the green of early spring, down here by the cove all was gray—sand, rocks, sky, even the water had the same dreamy tint—not a gleam of any other color, except that of the crimson shawl, which the girl, sitting on a ledge of rock, had wrapped around her.

Laurence Dare, coming along the road which ran above the beach, saw the patch of red and paused.

"That is Monica," he muttered.

He made a few long strides and stood beside her.

"Monica," he said softly.

The girl turned her head with a quick movement.

"Oh, Laurence!"

There was a displeased tone in her voice and her brows came together in a frown as she regarded him.

"Monica, you are cruel."

The girl made no answer.

"Monica, last summer you gave me a faint hope that some day you would listen to me. What have you to say to me?"

She turned around to him, her eyes full of tears.

"I was wrong to let you think you might hope, Laurence, for I can't do as you wish. Don't you understand? It seems wrong for me to listen to you. Think; I belong to Allen. I was to have been his wife. He was always talking of Cousin Laurence. You seemed Cousin Laurence to me, too. Don't you see? I belong to Allen. I can't marry you."

"But Allen is not"—

She interrupted him quickly.

"Hush! We don't know; he must be living."

"Monica," he said, with great gentleness of voice, "think! It is four years. He was to have returned in ten months."

"I must be faithful to him."

Dare flushed. "This is nonsense, Monica," he said half angrily. "If Allen is living," he went on, "why have we not heard from him all these years? Are you going to waste your life in this little village and give up all chances of happiness for a fanciful idea of being bound to him? And think of me! I have loved you so long. Come to me. I shall love you so much that you must love me in return. Come, I swear that you never shall regret it, Monica."

"I can't, Laurence."

"Will you spoil both of our lives?"

"I must not listen, Laurence. I wish that you did not care for me."

"I can't help caring for you. I think I have loved you since the first day I saw you, and now that you are free"—

"I am not free."

"Monica, listen!"

She stood up. "I must not, Laurence. Try to forget me. I am going home. Do not come."

And before he could stop her she had darted away.

She went along swiftly until she knew that she was out of view from the cove. Her thoughts were in a whirl. Why should she not yield? She knew that her happiness would be secure with this strong, tender man. How little he guessed her struggle to resist his pleading. He thought she did not care. In the old days she had compared Allen with him, and always to former's disadvantage. For after the first glamour of their engagement she had seen the shallowness and selfishness of Allen's nature, and in the close relations into which through her engagement she was brought with Allen's cousin Laurence she had recognized the strong and noble character of the latter. And these last years how the tenderness of his nature had shown out. What care he had given to Allen's desolate mother. He had almost filled the place of her son. Still at first her feeling for him had been only a strong admiration. In spite of her recognition of Allen's weak nature, the fascination of his glance and soft voice had held her a captive. But now! When Allen had gone west on a prospecting tour, which was to occupy the months, she had promised to be ready to marry him on his return. But the ten months had passed, and other months had grown into years, and he had not returned. They had no news of him after that first letter written seven months from his departure. Laurence had employed every means at his command to find some trace of him, but in vain. He appeared to have vanished utterly. The only reasonable solution of the mystery was that he was dead. His mother believed it but Monica did not. She could not. She had promised to wait for him. She dared not break that promise. Allen had loved her. She must, she would be faithful. She would not yield to Laurence!

Dare did not again see Monica, although at each visit he made his aunt during the spring he called at the parsonage. But Monica had always been out. The minister and his wife received him most cordially. They would gladly have seen their daughter his wife.

One day in June Monica was returning home from a walk down to the cove. Her way was in the neighborhood of Allen's mother's. As it was still early in the afternoon she decided to go and pay her a call. She had not gone to see her often of late through fear of meeting Laurence.

She felt that she would run no risk of meeting him this afternoon, he having visited his aunt the previous week. On reaching the house she found the door open. She knocked lightly and without waiting for a response walked into the little parlor where she knew Mrs. Dare was in the habit of sitting.

But at the threshold Monica paused, for there stood Laurence by the window, an open letter in his hand. His aunt sat near him, apparently in a state of great excitement.

As she saw Monica she cried out:

"He lives, Monica! He lives! My boy lives! My own Allen is living! Come in and hear the letter!"

Then she fell to weeping and repeating over and over, "My boy is living."

Monica looked from her to Dare in bewilderment. She had turned very white. Laurence went up to her and drew her to a chair. He too, was pale. Is it true?" gasped Monica, at length.

"Yes," but he did not look at her.

"When?"

"I received she letter this morning and came down to the first train."

"He is well?"

"Yes."

"Where is he? I don't understand."

"In California."

Monica looked at him confusedly.

"Why—why haven't I—but I have been out all afternoon. I suppose that I shall find a letter at home."

Dare did not reply. His aunt was still crying. She now looked up at Laurence.

"Finish the letter, Laurence. Listen, Monica. Our Allen is still living."

Dare had folded the letter and was putting it into his pocket.

"There is little more of importance, dear dear aunt."

"But Monica must hear it, Laurence. Monica, dear child, we'll be happy, now. Read the letter for her, Laurence."

"My dear, aunt, you must try to calm yourself or you will be ill."

Monica was puzzled by Dare's evident desire not to read the letter to her. She went over to Mrs. Dare and embraced her.

"Laurence is right, you must try to be calm, dear Mrs. Dare."

"Joy never kills, child. I must cry for pure happiness."

"I shall go home now, said Monica, perhaps there is a letter for me."

"Well, child, but come early to-morrow. We'll count the days now until we see the boy."

Laurence had left the room and stood at the entrance door.

"I am going with you," he said as Monica came out.

Dare regarded the girl stealthily as they walked along. He marvelled at the unimpassioned manner in which she had received the news of Allen's being alive. She was still very white, and there was a strained look in her face—not the expression of joy he would have expected to see. She walked rapidly, paying no heed to Dare.

He put his hand gently on her arm.

"Do not walk so fast, Monica. You will tire yourself out."

She did not reply, but went more slowly.

"Monica," began Dare hesitatingly. "I—do not think you will find a letter from Allen."

She stopped still and looked at him.

"What is it, Laurence? You are hiding something. What is the mystery? Why did you not wish to read the letter?"

"Monica, I believe you are a brave girl. Call up all your pride now."

She gazed at him with wondering eyes.

"Laurence, what is it?"

He looked around hastily. It was but a short distance to the rocks at the cove, and the place was deserted.

"Let us go down there. I cannot talk to you here."

She followed him submissively and thoughts of their last interview at this place came to her mind. How miserable she had been then and how miserable now. Allen was alive, and she, wretched girl, was not glad. She did love him. It was Laurence that she loved, but she must be faithful to Allen. Laurence must never guess what a wicked girl she was. Allen alive and she not glad, and what was Laurence going to tell her?

Dare seated her in a sheltered position and stood looking at her a world of compassion in his eyes.

"Monica, I would give my life to spare you this. Allen is a scoundrel."

He drew the letter from his pocket, opening it slowly.

"What is it, Laurence? Why do you speak so?"

Then, as he did not answer, she said, with a touch of imperiousness in her voice:

"Let me read it."

He gave it to her, and she read. She passed hastily over the preliminary lines. But what was this?

"I shall wait until later, Laurence, old boy, to give you the details of all these years. Briefly, the enterprise upon which I came out here failed. I kept on trying others, hoping to achieve some measure of success before returning home, but one failure succeeded another. Finally I was taken ill with rheumatic fever. The woman at whose house I was staying nursed me through it, and her daughter, one of the sweetest girls in the state, helped her. Call me all the hard names you wish, but I fell in love with her, and we were married. I was a coward, I know, but she loved me to distraction, and we were very happy. Believe me, I have not been easy when I thought of my mother and Monica. But I met Melton last week as he was passing through to San Francisco. He told me that you all believed me dead and that Monica was reported to be engaged to you, so she is consoled and will forgive me. That is why I am writing to disclose my whereabouts. I am fairly prosperous and shall have mother come out here immediately. I know she will forgive me, and she will find the sweetest little daughter-in-law in the country. You will suit Monica far better than I should have done. You have the same high ideals of duty and all that sort of thing. I confess to living on a lower plane."

Monica read no further, but threw the letter down with a little cry, and hid her face in her hands.

Dare stood looking at her sadly, cursing Allen in his heart.

"My darling, if I could have spared you this"— he said.

"Laurence, I tried all along to be faithful to Allen, but"—

"But what, Monica?"

"She stood up and looked into his eyes a fleeting glance, but it was enough for Dare.

—Chicago *Record*

HIS IDEA.

She—I have been thinking over our wedding, dear, and our future life.

He—And have you got everything arranged?

She—Everything! You know how methodical I am, and how I like to plan ahead.

He—That's right! I'm glad I'm to marry a girl like that.

She—And how about the wedding. It will be a church wedding of course.

He—Oh, certainly.

She—And with regard to the trip. I've been thinking it all over, dear, and I believe after all, a few months in Europe will be the best thing we could do.

He (his salary is two thousand nine hundred)—Do you think so?

She—O, yes. Then after we get back, won't it be nice to pick out a nice, cozy house? Do much nicer than an apartment. I know just what I want.

He—Fine.

She—You might buy one.

He—Of Course. That's easy.

She—They are so cheap. A friend of mine got one the other day—how much did she pay for it? Why it wasn't more than thirty thousand.

He—Dirt cheap. Will one be enough.

She—Of course, you goose! We'll need one with a stable, though. And what do you think dear, shall it be automobiles or horses.

He—Both.

She—I was afraid you might think that too expensive.

He (weakly)—Oh, not at all. I don't mind a little thing like that. How many servants?

She—Well, if we are economical, we can get along with five. And now, dear, there is only one thing more that you can help me with. When shall we have the wedding?

He—Do you really want me to decide that?

She—Yes, I do.

He—Oh, I am not particular. Say about fourteen years from to-day.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKEN.

An English journal recently wondered whether the pronunciation of the ignorant classes or of some of the cultivated classes is the worst. For instance, the groom says: "'Arry, hold my 'oss." But the curate says: "He that hath yawe to yew, let him yaw." And the doctor's wife says: "Gawge, please go to Awthah and awsah the hawse, and don't forget to look at the fish." And the vicar says: "If owah gracious sovereing lady wur-ah to die!"

Do you read what people say about Hood's Sarsaparilla? It is curing all forms of disease caused or promoted by impure blood.

SIMPLE REMEDIES FOR EVERY-DAY ACCIDENTS.

Children are often fond of poking beans or peas up their nostrils, and it is of importance to remove the pea, bean, or whatever it is, at once.

Press the other nostril tightly and make the child blow very hard through its nose.

If this fails give the child a tiny pinch of snuff, and then it will probably sneeze it out. The snuff must be very gently drawn in. If the snuff is drawn up suddenly and quickly, the pea, etc., will only be sent further in. If this is no use, take the child on your knee, and after laying it on its back, hold its nose above the pea, so as to prevent its getting further back, and with the point of the bodkin a little bent you may be able very carefully to hook it out.

If you cannot do it easily send at once for a doctor.

If an insect gets into the ear, you should let the head hang down to the opposite side and pour warm oil into the ear. By this means the insect will float to the top. Syringing the ear is another very good way of getting a fly or any insect out of the ear, as well as pebbles, slate pencil, etc. Remember, if a pea or bean, or anything likely to swell, is in the ear, not to use oil or water, as that only swells the thing and makes it all the more likely to stay where it is.

Do not try and remove what gets into the ear with a crochet-hook, hairpin, etc. If you fail when you have used the means suggested, get a doctor to see to it. You may do the most serious injury to the ear by poking at it.

The eye often is subject to little accidents, which should be rightly treated or they may become serious. If grit or insect or what may be classed as a foreign body—something that should not be there—gets into the eye, keep the eye quietly shut for little, and the tears that come will probably wash away the foreign body. If this does not succeed, take hold firmly of the eyelashes of the upper lid and draw them over the lashes of the lower lid; do this two or three times. If you press on the lid with a pencil the eyelid will be turned inside out, and you can often brush away the foreign body with a camel's-hair brush. If the body is in the lower lid the dampened corner of a handkerchief or a camel's-hair brush can often remove it.

Should you ever get mortar or lime into your eye you should wash it at once with a weak mixture of vinegar and water used tepid.

A ring often cannot be gotten off a finger, and the pain and swelling resulting from this is very great. Oil or soap your finger well, and, when you have tried in vain by that means to get the ring off, give up trying for an hour or two. Place your hand then in the very coldest water that you can get, and keep it there for a minute or two. Wipe your hand dry, and, taking a long, fine thread, wind it tightly around all the finger before the ring. Begin at the tip of the finger and work downwards. When you get to the ring slip an end through under it, and then try and work the ring gradually up and off. If this does not succeed the ring will have to be filed off by a surgeon.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

While following the trail of a bear in the Rocky Mountains, Colonel S. suddenly caught sight of three bears, a mother and two cubs, at the foot of a steep, snow-filled gulley. It was a tempting shot and a safe position, since the snowslide was steep, and before the bears could reach him there was plenty of time to reload, so the hunter thought. The adventure is related in "Life and Adventures of J. G. Jebb."

The man fired, and killed one of the cubs and wounded the mother bear. Crouching for a second shot, his foot slipped and he fell on his back. The next moment he was sliding down the slope of frozen snow towards the bears, who were climbing up to take revenge on their foe.

Down, down he went, almost falling over the old bear, who made a vicious grab at him with her paw as he passed. She turned quickly, and half-sliding, half rolling, followed him.

A minute later Colonel S. reached the foot of the slide, shaken and confused, minus his cartridge pouch. Fortunately he had held on to his rifle; but his hand was so unsteady that he dared not risk a shot, although the bear was close upon him. At his right was a boulder, and he sprang behind it and waited.

On came the bear; she passed the end of the snowslide, scrambled over the rocks, and reared not five paces from where the hunter awaited her. His hand was steady enough now. The express rang out, and she fell dead, literally at the hunter's feet, another shot; and the other cub toppled over and rolled down the slide.

It was a narrow escape for the colonel, but he maintained that three bears made a pretty good "bag" and were worth all the risk.

THE AUTOMOBILE AND THE HORSE.

While the automobile is the fashionable fad of the hour, it seems unnecessary to condole with the horse and the bicycle to any great extent. The horse's usefulness has not been outlived, although his mechanical competitors have done him a temporary injury, and as the Brooklyn *Eagle* points out, he has a career left to him as long as ever last:

No electric or bicycle mount has yet been found which will serve for a hot cavalry charge and none will be. Let the breeders read Job and cheer up. Think of the absurdity of writing any such passage as this about a bicycle or an electric automobile: "Hast Thou given the horse strength? Hast Thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst Thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength. He goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear and is not affrighted. Neither turneth he back from the sword. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

DID NOT SEE THE JOKE.

"Yes, my hands are soft," said a conceited young fellow, the other night in a small company, as he admiringly looked at those useless appendages that had never done a day's work. "Do you know how I do it?" he exclaimed proudly. "I wear gloves on my hands every night to sleep in." "Do you sleep with your hat on also?" asked a pert young woman. And the young fellow replied in the negative, and looked wonderingly because the company laughed.

MEADOW TALK.

A bumble-bee, yellow as gold,
Hat perched on a red clover top,
When a grasshopper, wiry and old,
Came along with a skip and a hop.
"Good morrow!" cried he, "Mr. Bumble-bee;
You seem to have come to a stop."

"We people that work,"
Said the bee with a jerk,
"Find a benefit sometimes in stopping;
Only insects like you,
Who have nothing to do,
Can keep up a perpetual hopping."

The grasshopper passed on his way,
And thoughtfully bunched up his knees;
"Why trouble this sunshiny day,"
Quoth he, "with reflections like these?
I follow the trade for which I was made
We all can't be wise humble bees.

"There's a time to be sad
And a time to be glad,
And time both for working and stopping;
Enough to make money,
For you to make honey,
And for me to do nothing but hopping."

—*St. Nicholas.*

THEY HAD HEARD.

The United States senator had just finished his first term of service, and having worked his way up to that high honor by hard knocks, felt a natural and proper pride in his success.

As the train, which was bearing him westward, rolled through central Pennsylvania, a sudden and irresistable desire to visit the little village where he had been a barefooted boy, with only one shirt to his back, and one pair of pantaloons to his legs, came upon him. He persuaded the conductor to give him a stop over on his through ticket, and dropped off at a way station. It was thirty years or more since he had taken an out-going train there, after having trudged ten miles to the railroad from the little back-woods village where he was born. All his family, friends were dead, and he scarcely expected to see a familiar face; but sitting on the front seat of the old stage was Billy Blaus, the driver, a little greyer, a little more stoop-shouldered, but the same old Billy, and the senator knew him. His heart gave a sudden bound of surprised pleasure; he paid his fare and climbed up beside Billy, who gave him a piercing, but stealthy glance of uncertain recognition, took the reins, clucked to his horses, cracked his whip and started.

After they had travelled a mile or more, the senator said: "Billy, do you remember a little barefooted boy by the name of Sam Markham, that used to play around the streets of Doodleville thirty years or more ago?"

"Yep."

"Maybe you wouldn't believe it to look at me, but I am he. You didn't know me, did you?"

"Yep."

The senator was taken aback by his indifferent reception, and relapsed into silence. But his pride now got the better of him, and he was over-powered by his thirst for recognition.

"Billy," said he, "have you ever heard what I have been doing since I left Doodleville?"

"Yep."

This cold response cut the senator still more deeply, but he tried again.

"Do you know that I have gotten to be a United States Senator?"

"Yep."

"Do all the people in Doodleville know it?"

"Yep."

"What do they say?"

"Oh, they just laffed!"

The senator collapsed, and settled back on the old leathern seat, mad as a hornet. His pride was laid in the dust, and he wished he hadn't come. "If that is all they care about the success of a barelegged boy, who had climbed into the United States senate, and shed a halo of glory on his birthplace, they may get out! A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country," he said bitterly.

For about ten minutes the senator was all out of sorts, and then he did what Billy said that the Doodlevillians did—"jest laffed!"

No! Men can never be heroes to their valets or prophets to their neighbors. Sit that down, and when you go back to your old town, go back in the capacity of a barefooted boy, or the neighbors will "jest laugh."

JUST FOR FUN.

"Many a man," said Uncle Ebed, "gits de reputation o' bein' wise an' solemn simply because he ain't smart enough to know when its time to laugh."—Washington *Star.*

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Mr. Blykins, with animation. "Hurrah! and also hooray!" "What's the matter?" asked his wife. "The British have captured Gen. Cronje." "But that happened some days ago." "I know it. But I have only just realized the full significance of the event. We Americans needn't worry any more about whether we ought to say 'Tugglesh,' 'Too-glo-sh' or 'Toojaels.'"

The teacher of a Kansas city school had to leave the room for a few minutes and gave the children some drawing to do. When she came back there was in the atmosphere something that told her all had not gone well during her absence, and two of the boys were hanging their heads. "Now boys," she asked sorrowfully, "have you been doing something that you know I should not have liked for you to do?" "Yes'm," came the meek reply. "What did you do?" "Well, you see, we thought you'd ask, who'd whispered when you came back, so we just talked out loud!"

Several of Bishop How's stories relate to weddings. Mr. Ibbson, of St. Michael's, Walthamstow, was marrying a couple, when the ring was found to be too tight. A voice from behind exclaimed: "Hook your finger, you fool." Again it is related that the rector of Thorubill, near Dewsbury, on one occasion could not get the woman to say "obey" in the marriage service, and he repeated the word with a strong stress on each syllable, saying: "You must say O-bey." Whereupon the man interfered and said: "Never mind; go on, parson. I'll make her say 'O' by and by."—*Good Words.*

He who has made the acquisition of a judicious and sympathising friend may be said to have doubt of his mental resources.—Robert Hall.

Life is to be fortified by many friendships. To love and to be loved is the greatest happiness of existence.—Sidney Smith.

He is our friend who loves more than admires us, and would aid us in our great work.—Channing.