The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXVI.—NO. 13. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1900. PRICE THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

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

ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 2 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

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

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO
30 inches	$40.00	$25.00	$20.00	$7.00
10 inches	20.00	20.00	12.00	5.00
5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	3.50
1 inch	5.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

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

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

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

Accounts payable monthly.

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M.D., C.M.,

SUCCESSOR TO
J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.

Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick streets, Acton.
Office Hours:—8 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 3 p.m., and 7 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,

GEORGETOWN.

HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY. Work made Satisfactory. Prices Moderate.
VISITING DAYS.—Monday afternoon, Campbellville; Tuesday, Acton, Office—Clark's Hotel; Friday, Rockwood.

LEGAL.

McLEAN & McLEAN

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan.
Office:—Town Hall, Acton.
WM. A. McLEAN. JNO. A. McLEAN.

A. J. MacKINNON,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
OFFICE—Mill Street; in Matthews' Block, Upstairs.

J. McLEOD,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, AND COMMISSIONER FOR TAKING AFFIDAVITS.
Main Street, Georgetown.
Conveyancing done, and money loaned on first mortgages 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—Ferryman's Block,
ACTON ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. A. P. HUSBAND, V. S.

Graduate Ontario Veterinary College.
Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society.
Office—Over Worden's Barber Shop, next door to Feed Store, Mill Street, 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. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

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

WM HEMSTREET,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER

For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms Reasonable.

*Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $100 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL, $125,000.

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 always be Secured

Timetables. A comfortable bus meets trains between 9 a.m. and 8.15 p.m.
Careful attention given to everyorder
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR.

School Books

We have the largest stock of School supplies to be found in this town.

We have the new Text Books and Drawing Books.

We have "Specials" in Exercise and Scribbling Books which excel all others for value.

We give away Pencil Sharpeners and Rulers in every scholar.

Come and see.

Day's Bookstore,
Cuelph.
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.

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.

It's Your Nerves.

It's the Condition of Your Nerves that Either Makes Your Life a Round of Pleasure or a Useless Burden.

To many women life is one round of sickness, weakness and ill health. To attempt even the lightest household duties fatigues them. Many of the symptoms accompanying this state of decline are: a feeling of tiredness on waking, faintness, dizziness, sinking feeling, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, loss of appetite, cold hands and feet, headache, dark circles under the eyes, pain in the back and side and all the other accompaniments of a run-down and weakened constitution.

All these symptoms and conditions are simply the result of a poor quality and defective circulation of the blood, with a wasting away of the nerve forces.

By feeding the system with

DR. WARD'S BLOOD AND NERVE PILLS

You strike at the root of the disease and lay a solid foundation on which to build. Soon the weight increases, the sunken cheeks and flattened busts fill out, the eyes get bright and the thrill of renewed health and strength vibrates through the system.

50 cents per box at all druggists, or

DR. WARD CO.,
Toronto, Ont.

—THE—

TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

Capital paid up, $1,000,000
Assets Over $9,000,000.

Cueloh 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. P. H. JONES, Manager.

ROYAL CITY Business College

NOW IN SESSION

Students may enter at any time as instruction is largely individual. Term dates from day student comes in.

If you are desirous of securing a PRACTICAL knowledge of BOOK-KEEPING, COMMERCIAL PENMANSHIP, ARITHMETIC, TYPEWRITING, ETC., ETC., enter for a course with us.

Catalogue for the asking.

A. W. YOUNG, Principal.

Traders Bank Building
GUELPH, ONT

ACTON BAKERY

J. C. MATTHEWS, Proprietor.

We handle the following kinds of Bread:

Baker's	Home Made
Brown	Currant
Eureka	Vienna
French Flake	Handwich
Cottage	Lady Wentworth
Whole Wheat	Bun tops

Also a nice assortment of Cakes and Buns.

J. C. MATTHEWS.

Sun Savings and Loan Co.

HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT.

Authorized Capital - $5,000,000.00

Ten-year maturity shares are paid. Monthly Instalments of 50c. per share for 120 months, when payments cease—$60.00 paid in—maturity value $100.00.

Money to loan at 5% straight loan or repayable in monthly instalments on application to

R. J. McNabb,
Agent, Acton

ACTON
Flour Mills

HUMPHREYS & HAWKE, Proprietors.
Highest Market Prices Paid
—FOR—
WHEAT
AND OTHER GRAINS.

Our Make of
FLOUR
Has won wide-spread favor.
Best grades always on hand.
FLOUR CHOP MILL FEED
CRACKED WHEAT ETC.
At lowest prices for Cash.

Humphreys & Hawke,
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 OUT. DOOR 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.

WHEN THE MINISTER COMES TO TEA.

Oh! they've swept the parlor carpet and dusted every chair,
And they've got the titles hangin' just exactly on the square;
And the whatnot's fixed up lovely and the mats have all been beat,
And the pantry's brimming over with the bully things to eat.
His has got her Sunday dress on and she's frizz in up her bangs,
Ma's got on her best alpacy and she's askin' how it hangs,
I'm shaved as slick as can be, and I'm rigged up in G,
And it's all because we're goin' ter have the minister ter tea.

Oh! the table's fixed up gaudy with the gilt-edged China set,
And we'll use the silver tea-pot and the comp'ny spoons, you bet;
And "sis" biscuits and some doughnuts and some chickens and some ham,
And we're goin' ter have some fruit cake and some thimblebury jam.
Ma, she'll 'polergize like fury, and say everything is bad,
And "sich awful luck with cookin'," she is sure she never had;
But, er course, she's only blumin', for it's as prime as it can be,
And she's only talkin' that way 'cause the minister's to tea.

Everybody'll be a smilin', and as good as ever was;
I'm won't growl about the vittles, like he generally does,
And he'll ask me would I like another piece er pie; but, sho!
That, er course, is only manners, an' I'm s'posed ter answer "No."
He'll talk about the church work and about the Sunday School,
Ma'll tell how she liked that sermon that was on the Golden Rule;
And if I upset my tumbler they won't say a word ter me;
Yes, a boy can eat in comfort with the minister ter tea!

Hay, a minister, you'd reckon, never'd say what wasn't true;
But that isn't so with ours, and I jus kean prove it, too;
'Cause whenever plays on the organ so it makes yer want to die,
Why, he sits and says it's lovely; and that seems ter me, 'n a lie;
But I like him all the same, and I only wish he'd stay
At our house for good and always, and eat with us every day;
Only think of lavin' goodies every evenin' I jinimee!
And I'd never get a scoldin' with the minister ter tea!

—*Puck.*

Select Family Reading.

A Story of the Boer War.

THERE is no need to mention the name of his regiment here. That is a secret that belongs to the army alone. Suffice it to say that his comrades are proud of his name.

He should never have entered the army at all, much less a hard riding cavalry regiment which had a reputation to sustain by a yearly tribute of broken necks and collar bones.

His proper vocation was that of a linen draper's assistant, and he had filled that occupation very satisfactorily till one evil day he had fallen in love with a girl, a silly shallow girl, at whom no practical man or boy would have taken a second look.

He adored her, and she adored soldiers. In their walks abroad she would direct his steps toward the Horse Guards or Wallington barracks, that she might gaze in admiration at the fine, strapping soldiers who were to be seen there, and every time she pinched his arm and exclaimed: "Oh Jack, look at that lovely soldier!" his heart gave him a twinge at the thought that he was only a draper's assistant, with nothing in common with military but the handling of red cloth! He was a dreamer by nature and falling in love did not lessen his weakness in this direction. Dreaming is pardonable in a poet, but an unpardonable crime in a linen draper's assistant, and as he stood at his counter his mind was far away from his work. Instead of listening to the "Forward!" of the shop-walker, he could only hear the sharp word of command and the blare of the bugles that sounded through his dreams, wherefore it was not long before he came into conflict with his practical chief. A few sharp words passed. He threw up in three seconds a position it had taken six years of hard, unremitting labor to attain. Then he enlisted.

He gained his title on his first display in the riding school, where, after a short ride on the back of the riding master's pet buck jumper, he turned deathly pale and cried aloud that he might be allowed to dismount.

The horse at once gratified his desire by throwing him on this can, where he lay trembling in every limb, much to the diversion of a couple of rough riders who were standing by. They were quick to inform their respective squadrons, and, his former occupation being known, he was promptly christened White Feather.

In those dark days it was the joy of the more hardy recruits to take him aside solemnly and request the service of three pence three farthings worth of white feathers. Any morsel of down or fluff that might float into the barracks was promptly captured and presented to him with due ceremonies by Trumpeter Pipes, the low comedian of the regiment.

The older men forbore to join in with these somewhat tiring repetitions of a stale joke. They remembered their own experiences in the riding school and recognised that White Feather was a quiet and inoffensive fellow, devoid of the impudence and bad manners peculiar to recruits and respectful and helpful to his seniors.

The sergeant instructor, too, after a time took a fancy to the timid recruit, and took extra trouble to learn him how to keep his heels out, his hands down and his head up.

"I've made smart cavalrymen out o' bigger duffers than you," he used to remark encouragingly as he flicked White Feather's horse into a canter, "and I'll make a rider o' you, or I'll break your neck!" White Feather's neck remained unbroken, so it is to be presumed that the sergeant instructor fulfilled his word.

Presently he began to lose the hang-dog look of suppressed terror with which he had been accustomed to enter the riding school and to acquire the easy swagger of a cavalryman. His chest contracted by long hours at the counter, developed under healthy training. Fresh air and much exercise helped White Feather's development, which had been sadly retorted by the heavy, gas laden atmosphere in which he had lived. His nerves acquired tone, and he learned to take a tumble now and then as a matter of course and to fire his carbine without shutting his eyes and blanching at the explosion of the cartridge.

"Blow me, if he isn't going to shape into a man at last!" quoth the sergeant instructor.

Then a great blow fell upon him. He received one morning a letter from the girl to tell him that she had given him up in favor of a shopwalker who had expectations of being set up in business by his father. She admitted that she adored soldiers and that she had caused him to enter the army for her sake. But she had omitted to state that the soldiers she adored were soldiers who possessed the queen's commission and who wore stars instead of a worsted stripe.

If poor White Feather was a physical coward, he was a moral hero. There is no chance of a display of feeling in a barrack room; so, like the Spartan boy of old, he hugged his trouble to him, slipping the cheap little engagement ring with which he had sealed his troth into his pocket without a sign beyond the twitching of his white lips. Then he lit his pipe with the letter, not out of contempt, but because there is little privacy accorded in the correspondence that comes to the barrack room, and a private soldier is not provided with a desk wherein to keep his faded flowers and other sentimental tokens of the past.

The blow was a very heavy one, for White Feather was without the worldly knowledge that should have told him long since that he had placed his affections on a vulgar, selfish and brainless flirt, and he still believed in her.

For her sake he had learned to overcome his physical cowardice. He had dreamed of a possible commission in the dim future and had rejoiced in the recently acquired promotion as a step toward her.

For her sake, too, he received the news cheerfully when the word passed through the barracks that the regiment was ordered to South Africa to meet the Boers. He knew that by nature he was a coward, but for the memory of her he swore an oath to himself to do duty without sparing himself in the coming fight.

* * * * * * *

"Look 'ere, old chap, we ain't going to call you White Feather no more!" said Trumpeter Pipes as they lay together behind the shelter of a large bowlder, against the face of which the Boer bullets were pattering like a heavy rain.

In full sight of the whole army their squadron had crossed the Boer front amid a hail of bullets which had brought twenty men to the earth.

White Feather's horse had been shot under him, and at the risk of his life he had carried the wounded trumpeter into the shelter of the bowlders. He was unhurt, but trembled in every limb from fear and great exertion.

From between two bowlders he peeped out and saw, amid the bodies of men and horses that littered the plain, a wounded man crawling on his hands and knees, amid a spatter of bullets that were kicking puffs of dust from the dry earth all around him.

It was his captain.

White Feather watched him for a moment; then he saw him stop and lie down on his side despairingly. He could crawl no more.

"I will, for her sake!" he murmured between his clinched teeth, and rising from the shelter of the rock he faced the hail of death that pattered to the earth around him.

As he walked into the open a faint cheer reached his ears from the British troops half a mile behind him. The royal artillery backed him with a shrieking flight of shrapnel which whistled for a moment overhead, then burst over the Boer lines a quarter of a mile away in a shower of bullets that for a moment quelled the storm around him.

He reached the wounded man, lifted him on his back and returned step by step to where Trumpeter Pipes lay hidden.

The trumpeter gave him a faint "Bravo" as he staggered and fell with his burden into the kindly shelter of the rock.

That was White Feather's reward.

On a distant hill the British commander closed his fieldglasses with a snap.

"Tell the general to keep down the fire on the right there and to get the men in from behind those bowlders," he said to his aid, "and bring me that man's name. If he is alive, tell him that I saw it all, and that I'm going to recommend him for the cross.

"Never saw a finer show of fire discipline in my life!" added the commander to himself as his aid galloped off.

White Feather's eyes glistened as he received the message and heard the cheer that swept along the lines as he was carried in.

"Perhaps I shall get that commission after all," he said to himself—"then she will think more of me!"

* * * * * * *

Perhaps it was just as well that he died five minutes later—this faithful worshipper of a goddess of clay.—Penny *Pictorial Magazine.*

HOW TO GET A TREASURY OFFICE CHAIR MENDED.

Sir Wemyss Reid tells a characteristic story of how they do things at the Treasury.

A distinguished public man, when he first entered a certain Government department as a junior clerk, was the witness of a scene that filled him with amazement.

An elderly gentleman who was seated at another desk in the same room suddenly rose from his seat, dragged his chair to the fireplace, and, seizing the poker, attacked the offending piece of furniture with what seemed to be maniacal fury. When he had broken a leg off the chair his passion seemed to be exhausted. He flung the damaged seat into a corner of the room, and, getting another chair, calmly resumed his work as though nothing had happened.

My friend on leaving his work that afternoon ventured, with the hesitation of a novice, to ask another clerk who had been a witness of the scene what it meant.

"Is Mr. X— subject to attacks of this kind?" he asked.

Mr. X— 'E was the response. "There was nothing the matter with him. You see, one of the pastors had come off his chair, and the Treasury won't replace castors; they will repair nothing less serious than a broken leg. So he broke one of the legs, and now he will get the castor put on again."—English paper.

WHAT AGE.

There has been no end in the comic papers of supposed difficulties the census takers had in obtaining the age of women. Here is a specimen:

Census Taker — What is your age, madam?

Mrs. Neighbor—Did the woman next door give her age?

Census Taker—Certainly.

Mrs. Neighbor—Well, I'm two years younger than she is.

Another woman would not tell her age, but told how old she was when married. In answering some other question, the census taker learned that she had been married ten years, and thus got at her age.

But here is a rule you can figure out yourself:

One day there came to the court of a king a gray-haired professor, who amused the king greatly. He told the monarch a number of things he never knew before and the king was delighted. But finally it came to a point where the ruler wanted to know the age of the professor; so he thought of a mathematical problem.

"Ahem!" said the king. "I have an interesting sum for you; it is a trial in mental arithmetic. Think of the number of the month of your birth." Now, the professor was sixty years old, and had been born two days before Christmas, so he thought of twelve. December being the twelfth month.

"Yes," said the professor.

"Multiply it by two," continued the king.

"Yes."

"Add five."

"Yes," answered the professor, doing so.

"Now multiply by fifty."

"Yes."

"Add your age."

"Yes."

"Halbtrest 365."

"Yes."

"Add 115."

"Yes."

"And now," said the king, "might I ask what the result is?"

"Twelve hundred and sixty," replied the professor, wonderingly.

"Thank you," was the king's response. "So you were born in December, sixty years ago, eh?"

"Why, how in the world do you know?" cried the professor.

"Why," retorted the king, from your answer—1260. The month of your birth was the twelfth, and the last two figures give your age."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the professor. "Capital idea. I'll try it on the next person. It's a polite way of finding out people's ages."

HOW ROGUES ARE CAUGHT.

Professional criminals are usually persons of certain shrewdness, but it is noticeable also that many of them are under a kind of compulsion to betray themselves. The very dread of detection makes it hard for them to hold their tongues. The New York *Tribune* lately printed an account of the ways in which such men get themselves into custody.

One man could not resist the temptation to "crow over" the police, and began sending them impudent letters boasting of his exploits and of his easy escape from their clutches. These letters he sent to distant points to be mailed—some of them abroad; but the detectives traced them all back to Brooklyn, and by and by arrested the sender.

A house was robbed in a New York town, and the burglar, being chased by two policemen, dropped the satchel in which he carried his kit. Along with the tools there were several newspapers. On looking these over, the police found that they had one thing in common; each of them contained an account of some thieving exploit by Edward Bannon, a convict who had been released from Charleston prison some time before.

The detectives concluded that the man was proud of his nefarious calling, and had kept these accounts of his work. So sure were they of this that they arrested him, and by means of other evidence obtained, secured a conviction.

After a safe robbery in New York, some years ago, the detectives noticed the print of a bare foot in the dust on the top of the safe. Evidently the thief had climbed upon the safe to examine some boxes on a shelf overhead. The footprint showed a deformed toe, and when one of the detectives saw it he said:

"Well, Fish Daly was one of the gang, anyhow."

Fish Daly was looked up, and accused of the robbery.

"You oughtn't to work on a job like that with your shoes off," the detective said, and Daly, finding himself in the toils, owned up and told who his "pals" were.

LAW OF THE UMBRELLA.

The law as to umbrellas was settled once for all by Lord Coleridge in a leading English case. His Lordship held:

"Umbrellas, properly speaking, are a part of the atmospheric or meteorological condition, and as such there can be no individual property right in them. In Sampson versus Thompson, defendant was charged with standing on plaintiff's front steps during a storm and thereby soaking up a large quantity of rain to which plaintiff was entitled. But the court held that the rain was any man's rain, no matter where it fell. It follows, therefore, that the umbrella is any man's umbrella. In all ages rain and umbrellas have gone together and there is no reason why they should be separated by law. An umbrella may, under certain circumstances—the chief of which is possession—take on the attributes of personal property, just as if a man set a tub to catch a quantity of rain water, the rain water will be considered as his personal belonging while it is in his tub. But if the sun evaporates the water and it is rained down again, or if the tub is upset and the water spilled then the attribute of personal ownership instantly disappears. So if a man holds his umbrella in his hand it may be considered a personal belonging, but the moment it leaves his hand it returns to the great, general, indivisible, common stock of umbrellas, whither the law will not attempt to pursue it."

So far as we know there has never been a successful appeal from this decision.—Chicago *News.*

When you say your blood is impure and appetite poor you are admitting your need of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Begin taking it at once.

THE DEBT OF HONOR.

Every son when he goes away from home carries with him the honor of the home to which he belongs, and he may either enhance it or dissipate it. If he does well, his success is doubled, for it is not only an ornament to himself, but a crown of honor to his parents. There is nothing in this world more touching than the pride of a father or mother in a son's success. Many a student, in the rivalries of academic life, is thinking about this more than anything else, and on the day when he is being applauded by hundreds, he is thinking chiefly of hearts far away that are glorying in his honor. In the battles of life in a city like this there are multitudes doing their best, living laborious days, shaking off the temper, and keeping straight in the middle of the narrow way, for the sake of those far off whose hearts will be cheered by their well-doing, and would be broken by their ill-doing. I do not think there is a sight more touching—certainly there is not one that touches me more—than when a youth, who has been away in another city or in a foreign land, and bears in his face and demeanor tokens of his well-doing, comes back some Sabbath to the church in which his boyhood has been spent, and sits again side by side with the proud hearts that love him. Where is there a disappointment so keen, or a disgrace so poignant as he inflicts, who comes not back because he dare not, having in the foreign land or the distant city soiled his good name, and rolled the honor of his home in the dust.—*Selected.*

WHY HOP SING'S PAVEMENT HAD TO COME UP.

M. Monnier, the well-known French Asiatic traveller, vouches for the truth of the following story of how his friend Hop Sing, a travelled Oriental and man of means and refinement, was on one occasion sorely victimized.

Hop Sing lived in the Street of the Roasted Corn, as unsavory and as ill-paved a street as any in all Pekin. The local mandarian was an intimate friend of his, and Hop Sing availed himself of this friendship to press the mandarian to have the street re-paved. Certainly! At once. The men would be at work on it before Hop Sing had returned home. A week passed; then another visit, and so on, until, in despair, Hop Sing determined to have the street repaired at his own expense. The was satisfactorily completed. The surprise of Hop Sing was only equalled by his indignation, when, on awaking one morning, he found a gang of coolies upheaving the newly-flagged street. His surprise grew when he heard from the mandarins own lips that the men were there at his orders. "You see, my dear friend," said the mandarin, "I am expecting the head inspector round here in a few days. Now, if he was to see the beautiful pavement you have laid down in your street, he would come to the conclusion that there was money about, and he would assuredly bleed every vein in my body. This would mean my ruin. Don't you see why your pavement really must come up? It cost me one fortune to secure my post. I don't want to spend another in keeping it."—The *Argonaut.*

ON THE VALUE OF FRIENDS.

We do not always realize how much of the happiness of life we owe to our friends. It may seem to be a trivial thing that you happen to have considerate and congenial neighbors whom you like to meet on the street, or to have run in to spend an evening; but when you reflect how pleasant this association is, and what it would mean to you and to your family to remove to some strange place, where you had to make acquaintances all over, you begin to look at the matter in a different light. After you have passed a certain age it is almost impossible to make new friends, and for such people a change of residence to a place among strangers is a little less than a calamity. It is not merely sympathy and and the sense of human comradeship and interest that our friends give us; they are a most valuable means of education, if they are wise, alert and thoughtful. A friend who is a student will give you in an evening's pleasant chat the insight into many volumes. And even when your friend does not have attainments beyond your own, it is worth while to correct your point of view upon many matters by discussion and argument. But remember that he that would have friends must show himself friendly, and you cannot expect to reap the choicest fruits of friendship unless you are willing to contribute your share to the common stock. It is a fine art to get friends, and to keep them.—*The Watchman.*

THE MEANEST BUSINESS ON EARTH.

In one of our large cities there is a man who keeps a first-class restaurant, and his two children, one of them an interesting boy of about ten years of age, waited on the table. A friend who was much attracted by the manliness and gentleness of the lad, said: "You have a splendid waiter." "Yes," said the proprietor, "he is my son. I used to sell liquor. The boy came home one day and said: 'Papa, we fellows had a discussion to-day at school about the business in which our parents were engaged, and the question was asked: "What does your father do?" One of them said, "My father works." Another said, "My father is a merchant." Another said, "My father is a lawyer." I said, "My father sells liquor." And then one of the boys spoke up and said, "That is the meanest business on earth." And then he looked around and asked, 'Father, is that so?' And I said, 'Yes, John, it is, and I am going to get out of it. God helping me, I will get out of it.'"—*Temperance Advocate.*

WHAT HE COULD DO BEST.

While there are some governors of prisons who are never happy unless they are signing their names to every official document they can obtain, there are others who look upon signing official documents as altogether outside what their duty ought to be. One of the latter class, at the reception of a number of new prisoners into prison, said to a man, who happened to be a forger, and who, on a former conviction, had learn't the governor's objection to signing papers:

"Now; we'll set you to work to-morrow. What can you do best?"

"Well," replied the convict, with a grin, "if you give me a week's practice on your signature, I'll sign your official papers for you."

THE COMMON OFFERING.

It is not the deed we do,
Though the deed be never so fair,
But the love that the dear Lord looked for
Hidden with holy care
In the heart of the deed so fair.

The love is the priceless thing,
The treasure our treasure must hold,
Or ever the Lord will take the gift,
Or tell the worth of the gold
(By the love that cannot be told.)

Behold us, the rich and the poor,
Dear Lord, in Thy service draw near
One consecrateth a precious coin,
One droppeth only a tear:
Look, Master; the love is here!

MRS. GLADSTONE'S INDISCRETION.

Probably no more ideal relations ever existed between a married pair than those of the late Mrs. Gladstone and her distinguished husband. Throughout his long career in public life she was his confidante and adviser and was instructed with the weighliest secrets of government.

It is said that when Mr. Gladstone became a Cabinet Minister he said to his wife: "Now, my dear, shall we agree that I shall tell you nothing so that you can say nothing, or shall I tell you everything and you agree to say nothing?" Mrs. Gladstone chose the latter alternative, and thereafter her husband related to her everything that went on in the Cabinet and she never told anything except once.

At one time two ministers were dining at Hawarden, and some reference was made to a Cabinet matter. Mrs. Gladstone started to say something which revealed the fact that she knew the secret. In an instant there was flashed upon her from the brilliant eyes of her husband one of those imperious glances which gave to his usually benignant face a truly commanding mien.

Mrs. Gladstone was so agitated by her momentary slip that her usual composure deserted her. When the dinner was over she went up to the drawing room and had a good old-fashioned cry. Then she wrote a little note of apology and sent it down to her husband and "the incident was closed" to quote the language of diplomacy.

HE BID HIGH.

An instance of perhaps not very elegant but well justified sarcasm was developed at a recent meeting of creditors to hear the statement of a man who had got into financial difficulties under discreditable circumstances.

The debtor offered to pay a certain small percentage of his indebtedness, and closed by saying that "if his creditors were not satisfied with this amount they might take his body."

There was a moment of "impressive silence" after this deliverance, and then a small elderly gentleman, who had been sitting at the back of the room, rose and addressed the meeting.

"I wish to give notice," he said in a high squeaky voice, that if the gentleman's last proposition is accepted, I will take his gall for my part!"

The "proposition" was not accepted.

HIS ASSETS.

The badgering lawyer sometimes succeeds only in affording the witness an opportunity to show off his own wit at the lawyer's expense. And then the spectators are happy.

A certain actor was before the poor debtor's court in New York, last winter, and testified that his only assets were his salary as a member of the Blank Company.

"But you must have something else," said the prosecuting counsel. "Tell the court what else you have."

"That's all."

"What—no personal property.

"Oh, you, a dog—and a watch."

"Now think hard. What else?" persisted the attorney, believing he was on the right track.

"And a case of rheumatism," said the witty witness.

WAS ROBBED ANYHOW.

A Buffalo justice of the peace fined a poor looking fellow twenty-five dollars, thinking that he would be unable to pay it, and that it would be a charity to send him up. To everybody's surprise the man drew one hundred and forty-seven dollars from his pockets and displayed them. The justice then proceeded to remonstrate with the prisoner on his recklessness in going about the streets drunk with such a sum of money on his person, ending with the remark that it was a great wonder he had not been robbed. "Not a bit of difference can I see," promptly replied the the prisoner, "between being robbed in the street and being robbed here."

DINNER'S DILEMMA.

An old farmer who was in the habit of eating what was set before him, asking no questions, dropped into a restaurant. The waiter gave him the bill of fare, and explained that it was the list of dishes served for dinner that day. The old gentleman began at the top of the card and ordered each thing in turn until he had covered about one-third of it. The prospect of what was still to come was overpowering, yet there were some things at the end that he wanted to try. Finally he called the waiter, and, confidentially marking off the spaces on the card with his index finger, said: "Looke here, I've et from thear to thear. Can't I skip from thear to thear and eat on to the bottom?"

ECONOMY IS A VIRTUE.

Diamond Dyes Will Save Money for Every Home In Canada.

When times are hard and dollars scarce, the smart and bright women of our country find that the Diamond Dyes are important helps in economizing. By the use of Diamond Dyes the husband, mother and children can be well and stylishly dressed, although nearly all the clothing may be old material dyed over.

Diamond Dyes make such lasting and beautiful colors that goods dyed with them cannot be told from new. Any one can use them, as the directions are so plain and simple that no skill is needed. The colors of Diamond Dyes never grow dim; they never fade or wash out. In order to secure the best results in home dyeing, every woman should see that her dealer or merchant gives her the "Diamond Dyes," as other package dyes are only poor imitations.