The Acton Free Press.

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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 3, and 7 to 9.

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.

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, Rockwood. 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 mortgage on farm property at 4½%.

R. J. McNABB, Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc. Office—Perryman's Block. ACTON ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

MARRIAGE LICENSES. H. P. MOORE, Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening. Free Press Office, ACTON

WM HEMSTREET, Licensed Auctioneer. For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the Free Press office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms Reasonable. Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $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. Any communications forwarded to my address, box 63, or telephone 24, 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 stable. A comfortable bus meets trains between 7 a.m. and 8.15 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS, Proprietor.

Lamps

For Winter Evenings.

...FOR...

HALL
PARLOR
KITCHEN
DINING ROOM

Fine New Stock, Extra low prices.

—BY—

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. B. WALLACE, Manager.

FRAME YOUR PICTURES

WATERS BROS.

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

Wyndham Street, GUELPH.

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

BOOK, NEWS, COLORED PAPERS

JOHN R. BARBER.

Main Street **PLANING MILLS,** ACTON ONT.

John Cameron, Architect and Contractor.

Manufacturer of Sash 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.

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.

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. H. JONES, Manager.

JOHN M. BOND & CO.

AGAIN back up their lamp reputation by showing a complete line of Stand and Hanging Lamps of all styles. Lamps—all best American make. If you are in Guelph and pass this store look into the window (corner Cork St.,) and you will see a great many placed for your easy-seeing convenience. No old stock, all less than one month old.

"Our Prices are Always Right."

JOHN M. BOND & CO. HARDWARE ✣ GUELPH ✣

ROYAL CITY Business College

PREPARE TO MEET

The responsibilities which will devolve upon you as the future business men and women of our progressive country, by taking a course at Guelph's up-to-date school,

ROYAL CITY BUSINESS COLLEGE

We have every facility for doing good work, and are doing it.

We Train for Business.

When in Guelph, call at the College Office, Traders' Bank Building, or write to *A. W. YOUNG,* Traders' Bank Building GUELPH, ONT. *Principal.*

FALL—1900.

COOPER & AKINS FASHIONABLE TAILORS.

IN MAKING the Semi-annual Announcement to their patrons and the public generally beg to thank them for their past favors and hope they will continue to patronize the Up-to-Date Tailors.

We have just passed into stock our Fall and Winter Importations consisting of

SUITINGS
TROUSERINGS
FALL OVERCOATINGS
FANCY VESTINGS

All the latest novelties from the best known makers at prices in keeping with workmanship and material.

Our past record is a guarantee that satisfaction will be given.

No trouble to show our goods, so come early to insure a good selection.

Sole agents in town for Bellwarp and Bleuheim Serges which do not change their color in two years wear, or money refunded.

Cooper & Akins, Main St. Acton.

$3.00 REDUCED TO $1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

The Hamilton Daily Herald.

This special CUT-IN-TWO price is only for subscribers residing outside the City of Hamilton.

NOW is the time to subscribe as the Balance of 1900 will be given free. Send postoffice order or postage stamps. Address—

HERALD PRINTING CO. HAMILTON.

THE PUBLIC

Will not spend time and money going to see you, when they can get your more enterprising competitor either by

LONG DISTANCE
OR
LOCAL EXCHANGE
Telephone Service.

DUNLOP

SOLID RUBBER

Carriage Tire

A new carriage tire that makes riding on all roads a pleasure—economical too, for it does away with the vibration that shakes and breaks the carriage.

A V-shaped space between the rubber tire and the steel flange prevents the creeping and cutting which other tires are subject to. See the Exhibit at the big fairs.

Send at once for Free Tire Catalogue giving prices of all sizes.

The Dunlop Tire Company, Limited, TORONTO.

ST. JOHN WINNIPEG MONTREAL

Poetry.

LONG, LONG AGO.

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago;
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Now you are come, all my grief is removed,
Let me forget that so long you have roved,
Let me believe that you love as you loved,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Do you remember the path where we met,
Long, long ago, long, long ago?
Ah, yes! you told me you ne'er would forget,
Long, long, ago, long ago.
Then to all others my smile you preferred,
Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
Still my heart treasures the praises I heard,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Though by your kindness my fond hopes were raised,
Long, long ago, long ago.
You by more eloquent lips have been praised,
Long, long ago, long ago.
But by long absence your truth has been tried,
Still to your accents I listen with pride,
Blest as I was when I sat by your side,
Long, long ago, long ago.

—*T. H. Bayly.*

Select Family Reading.

Disenchantment.

WHEN Don Luis became aware of his granddaughter's decision, he was very much displeased, but yet it was in the main the surprise which irritated him. How was he to explain to himself this sudden wilful rupture which would put an end to a marriage arranged to the entire satisfaction of the two families, and above all, of the lovers themselves? What had passed between them? What had actuated this step on the part of the young girl? Considering her intelligence, goodness and discretion, thought the poor old man, undoubtedly it was a grave and sufficient cause. So the good gentleman, irritated by the turn of affairs and urged on by affection, determined to know the truth. Throwing aside the newspaper that he was holding in his hand and confronting his daughter-in-law, who had just given him the disagreeable news, he inquired:

"Is she in her room?"

"Yes, senor, finishing her toilet so that we may go out for a walk in the air. Have you ever heard the like?" replied the mother, with an expression of utter disgust.

"To walk—the same day that this scandal has occurred?"

"Just as you hear."

"Then I shall speak to her. Do you go first. Tell her she may expect me and leave us alone."

In a few moments and in a bad humor though without losing his outward calm, Don Luis entered the apartment of his granddaughter, where everything was extremely simple but in which there was nothing great or small but revealed to the most casual observer the wealth of the family and the exquisite taste of the girl.

The walls were covered with a delicate tapestry, almost pure white, with tiny garlands of roses and buds running in slender lines from ceiling to floor, the furniture was upholstered with the same and the carpet very light in tone. On the mantel stood a clock of antique porcelain between two tall, slim Venetian glasses, filled with white chrysanthemums. The little accessories of the toilet table were of cut glass and ivory, bearing monogram and crest, and upon the table beside a Sevres vase and an elegant workbox there were three photographs, two recent ones of the parents of the young girl and one, yellowed with time, of Don Luis in the uniform of lieutenant general, his breast covered with crosses and the medal of Africa.

The little senorita was seated on a low chair fastening the buckles on her shoes, when, observing the entrance of Don Luis, she instantly sprang to her feet, darted to his side, and, putting her arms about him, exclaimed with the utmost tenderness:

"Little grandfather, dearest, why hast thou climbed up here? I was just going to thy room. When do I ever go out without first going to give thee a kiss?"

The two faces, pressed close together in an affectionate embrace, were a marked contrast. The old man's still bore amid its wrinkles the traces of an arrogant youth and the beautiful girl of twenty summers, kissing him tenderly, appeared eager to impart to him something of her own life and freshness. But presently Don Luis recollecting what had brought him to his grandchild's room, disengaged himself with gentle firmness, and endeavoring to assume a tone of great severity, though with little success, said confusedly:

"But what is this? What has happened? Thinkest thou men are puppets that thou canst play with? Dost know the scandal thou hast caused? Is it nothing that at this moment all Madrid is talking of us and blaming thee, God knows how?

"Do not be vexed with me, little grandfather."

"But to appear so fickle! With the house nearly ready, the presents made—and to break it in this manner. What are people going to think?"

"Oh, I have cause!"

"What hast thou to complain of? Does it appear to thee that a young man of age proportionate to thine, of good family, handsome, rich and disposed to marry thee is a thing to be encountered every day? What had he done to thee? Who has broken, he or thou?"

"He has done nothing to me, and as for the breaking, I have done it all."

"Sensible girl!"

"What wouldst thou, little grandfather? We may be intimate with persons for months, whole years, and suddenly we find they have deceived us, and we knew them not at all. Better to learn the truth while there is yet time."

"But has he done anything ugly? Knowest thou anything dishonorable?"

"A little thing which to me signifies much. Some people will say I have made myself ridiculous. I am satisfied that I have done right. But, come here—come and do not quarrel with me till you know all."

She said this between smiles and tears, but with much earnestness; then drew an armchair near the chimney, where a couple of logs were crackling, made Don Luis accomodate himself therein, and one moment seating herself on his knees, the next pacing the floor, she spoke thus:

"Handsome, rich, of good family, all this is true, and, moreover, I confess I loved him. And nevertheless I have broken with him for a little thing, for something which for many women would have no significance and representing nothing"—

"But what? Relate it!"

"You know already that we have been in love for more than a year and a half. It all began soon after papa bought this house. From the windows of this room I could see all the Calle del Obelisco as far as the entrance of the Castellana. I watched for Manolo every morning at 10 o'clock, behind these windows, and almost always, with the punctuality of the true lover, he arrived in a few minutes on horseback. I would see him appear where the boulevard crosses the Castellana, presently he would urge Lucero to a trot, and in a few minutes more he would be here."

"And what a handsome horse that is—a jewel!"

"Lucero would come with arched neck, his head drawn well in, and sensitive to the bridle, with froth dropping from his mouth, steps so airy that he seemed to spurn the ground from beneath his feet, and his tail erect and restless. It almost seemed as if the intelligent creature knew he was coming to bring me an hour of happiness and hastened in order to please me. In the twinkling of an eye he arrived at the iron grating. Unless it was raining, I went down to the garden, as at that hour no one ever passed this way, and there by the gate was a little time of chatting with Manolo, and I always gave to Lucero a biscuit or a couple of lumps of sugar. You cannot conceive how well he knew, how he would turn his head from side to side expectantly, until I stretched out my hand with the dainties through the iron bars of the gate. Of course the principal occupation was talking with Manolo, hearing pleasant nonsense, pretty speeches, making plans for the future—you can imagine it all, little grandfather. With the horse I occupied myself but a moment; but, in truth, I loved him. I had a great tenderness for him. It was he who brought Manolo to me and bore him as though upon wings. When I lay down to sleep, I used to think of the hour of our meeting, wishing that the day might be fair so that I could go down into the garden. When at the window, my heart beat with expectation, my imagination pictured first of all to me the prancing of Lucero, his sudden appearance round the curve of the Castellana, his rapid trot clattering loudly on the hard ground, and then his waiting below, restive, with smoking flanks, and pawing the ground, down there by the rosebushes and hedges of the garden, which was where I would stand"—

"But why do you recall all this?"

"Was I truly in love with Manolo? With my hand upon my heart—so I believe. Above all, even more than handsome, well-bred, loving and very chivalrous, to me he seemed good, above reproach, a man of fine feelings."

"And then?"

"I had nearly finished. Ten or twelve days ago one morning Manolo came on a different horse. Naturally the change surprised me.

'And Lucero?' I asked him.

'He is sick.'

'What ails him?'

'I do not know; some trouble in one of his feet.'

'Poor horse!'

'Oh, we will cure it yet.'

We spoke no more of it. In the days following I inquired for the horse, and it struck me that he evaded a reply. Finally last week his servant unfortunately came to bring me a letter, and, as he knew that I always bestowed upon him some little present, he asked to see me. The horse coming to my thoughts, I asked him:

'How is Lucero?'

The boy assumed a very singular expression between sadness and stupidity, and answered:

'He will never eat again, I am thinking.'

'Is he dead?'

'Yes, senorita. Ah, if it had been no worse than to die—poor beast!' said he.

'Then what has happened?'

Upon this the servant, like one who fears having spoken too much, remained obstinately silent. I had to draw the words from him by force of cunning. Until I had promised to say nothing on the subject to Manolo he was unwilling to relate what had happened. To be brief, he told me that the horse had sustained some injury to the hoof, the nature of which I do not know, save that it was swollen and very sore. And here comes what is horrible and cruel. The veterinaries said to Manolo that for this there was no remedy, that the horse would remain very lame, if not perfectly useless, and Manolo, instead of allowing him to die in his stable, even though it cost him something—and how fortunate he should have counted himself that he could so easily bear the expense!—instead even of granting him the mercy of a bullet, sold him—sold him to the Plaza de Toros! And thou knowest"—

"What brutality!" exclaimed Don Luis, unable to restrain himself.

"And what is worse—that was on Friday—then on Sunday I was present at the Corrida, and I saw the poor Lucero die in the arena as they die there—I can say no more, little grandfather!"

At this point the young girl dried a tear which flowed perhaps both in pity for the dead horse and bitterness for her shattered ideals, and continued, saying:

"It is a pleasure for me to go sometimes to 'los toros' for the excitement and the crowd and to attire myself in the mantilla, but what Manolo has done is unspeakable. It was the horse which brought him to me, which I watched for, and which I loved because he came flying! I have often heard thee tell of thy great sorrow when thy horse was shot from under thee in the battle of San Pedro Abanto, and so," concluded the girl with extraordinary energy, "it seems impossible to me that this man can be good, and marry him I never will!"

—From the Spanish for Short Stories.

A CHOICE OF EVILS.

A certain Oxford undergraduate was found one evening by his "Head" smoking on forbidden ground, in the Quadrangle of his college.

"Do you mean to set me at defiance, sir, shouted the doctor. "Or are you lost to all sense of decency?" Answer me at once!"

The undergraduate hesitated. To acknowledge the former would mean being "sent down," the latter—well, it was the better fault of the two.

"I am lost to all sense of decency, sir, he replied humbly.

This afterwards became one of the doctor's pet stories.

ALCOHOL VERSUS FOOD.

As Professor Atwater's polemics on the old alcohol-a-food dogma have been addressed to the laity, who are not generally in a position to detect the fallacies of which his arguments are constructed, it becomes the plain duties of the members of the medical profession to expose these fallacies to the public press in order that the people may know the truth. The American people never make mistakes when they know the whole truth, says Winfield S. Hall, M. D., in *Union Signal.*

THE TRUTH ABOUT ALCOHOL.

1. A certain quantity will produce a certain effect at first, but it requires more and more to produce the same effect when the drug is used habitually.

2. When used habitually it is likely to induce an uncontrollable desire for more in ever increasing amounts.

3. After its habitual use a sudden total abstinence is likely to cause a serious derangement of the central nervous system.

4. Alcohol is oxidized rapidly in the body.

5. Alcohol, not being useful, is not stored in the body.

6. Alcohol is a product of decomposition of food in the presence of a scarcity of oxygen.

7. Alcohol is an excretion, and, in common with all excretions, is poisonous. It may be beneficial to certain phases of the disease, but it is never beneficial to the healthy body.

8. All medical men advise healthy persons to avoid alcohol altogether.

9. All connoisseurs advise people to avoid taking alcohol into the empty stomach.

10. The young, developing individual is always advised to abstain from alcohol (See Atwater's Chicago address.)

11. The use of alcohol, in common with narcotics in general, is followed by a reaction.

12. The use of alcohol is followed by a decrease in the activity of the muscle cells and the brain cells.

THE TRUTH ABOUT FOOD.

1. A certain quantity will produce a certain effect at first, and the same quantity will always produce the same effect in the healthy body.

2. The habitual use of a food never induces an uncontrollable desire for it in ever increasing amounts.

3. After its habitual use a sudden total abstinence never causes any derangements of the central nervous system.

4. All foods are oxidized slowly in the body.

5. All foods, being useful, are stored in the body.

6. All foods are products of constructive activity of protoplasm in the presence of abundant oxygen.

7. All foods are formed by nature for nourishment and are by nature wholesome and always beneficial to the healthy body, though they may injure the body in certain phases of disease.

8. No medical man advise healthy persons to avoid food.

9. People are universally advised to take food into the empty stomach.

10. The young, developing individual is always advised to partake bountifully of food.

11. The use of foods is followed by no reaction.

12. The use of food is followed by an increase in the activity of the muscle and brain alike.

THE LOGIC OF THE TRADE.

"Strange," said a talkative man in the hotel lobby, "but four statements, each perfectly true in detail, made a whooping big lie in the aggregate. It happened like this: I went into a jewelry store and asked to see a cheap watch. The clerk showed me a tinclad affair at $1.50. It came in a small pasteboard box, on the lid of which I noticed the statement that it was the equal of any $5 watch in the world. "Have you a watch at $5?" I asked. "Yes, sir," said the clerk, and he handed me a very neat timepiece cased in oxidized steel. "You will find that just as good as anything you can get for five times that amount," he remarked, opening the watch and showing me the works.

"It looks all right," I said, but on second thought I believe I'd like something better." "Well, here are some filled case watches," he replied, that we sell with a 30 year guarantee. The case can't be distinguished from solid gold, and the movement is fully standardized and tested for heat and cold. It is a watch we consider very cheap at $25." I pried open the back case, and out dropped a little bit of paper on which the 30 year guarantee was printed. "This watch is as well made in every particular," it said in preamble, "as the average $100 chronometer." "What kind of chronometer can a man get for $100?" I asked. "The best in the world," replied the clerk enthusiastically. "Here is one now. You observe its thinness and general elegance. So far as the movement is concerned it is simply impossible to produce anything better."

"All right," I said. "I'll invest on that insurance," and I picked up the tinclad machine and laid down $1.50. "I have your word," I added, "that this is the best watch on earth." "No, you haven't!" he exclaimed. "I didn't say anything of the kind!" "Don't you claim it is as good as any $5 watch going?" I asked, pointing to the statement on the box lid. "Yes, but—" "And you just assured me," I continued, "that the $5 watch was the equal of anything five times the price. That gets us to $25, and the filled case guarantee states specifically that the $25 watch is a well made as $100 chronometer. Here you have it in algebra," and I pulled out a pencil and made this simple calculation: A B, B C, C D, D X, therefore A X. "See?"

But he couldn't see it. He stuck out firmly that each of the four assertions was gospel truth, but he wouldn't stand for their logical conclusion. I told him he ought to be arrested for asking $100 for a watch which I could prove by his own admission was no better than one valued at $1.50. That tangled his brains in a hard knot, and I escaped while he was still dazed."—New Orleans *Times-Democrat.*

Nothing shows our weakness more than to be so sharpsighted at spying other men's faults and so purblind about our own.

Scrofula in the blood shows itself sooner or later in swellings, sores, eruptions. But Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cures it.

THE DOG LAUGHED.

The proprietor of a Third Avenue store owns a little black kitten that cultivates a habit of squatting on its haunches, like a bear or a kangaroo, and then sparring with its forepaws as if it had taken lessons from a pugilist.

A gentleman took into the store the other evening an enormous black dog, half Newfoundland, half Collie, fat, good humored, and intelligent. The tiny black kitten, instead of bolting at once for shelter, retreated a few paces, sat erect on its hind legs, and "put its fists" in an attitude of defiance. The contrast in size between the two was intensely amusing. It reminded one of Jack the Giant Killer preparing to demolish a giant.

Slowly and without a sign of excitability the huge dog walked as far as his chains would allow him, and gazed intently at the kitten and its odd posture. Then, as the comicality of the situation struck him, he turned his head and shoulders around to the spectators, and if animal ever laughed in the world that dog assuredly did so then and there. He neither barked nor growled, but indulged in a low chuckle, while eyes and mouth beamed with merriment.

BREAD FOR HORSES.

A delivery wagon of one of the big bread baking factories stopped in front of an up town livery and boarding stable, and two men at once unloaded barrels of bread and carried them into the stable. The bread looked good and was good. There were all sorts and sizes of loaves in the barrels—"home-made," "rye," "Vienna," "potato," "graham," and "cottage."

The curiosity of a man who saw the bread being delivered to the stable was aroused, and he asked the proprietor of the stable what it meant.

"There's nothing remarkable about it," said the proprietor with a laugh. "I simply buy it for horse food. We grind the bread up and mix it with other feed, and it makes first class food for horses. It is stale bread and costs us 40 cents a barrel, and there are 50 or 60 loaves to the barrel, so you see it comes pretty cheap. Some of the bread is only a day old and is good enough for any man to eat, but the bread factories cannot sell it. What you see here are returned loaves from the groceries."—New York *Journal.*

SOME QUEER TASTES.

He put his fingers in the open iron-work of the hotel lamppost to steady his weak knees, wiped the rain from his face with a shaking hand and fixed an uncertain eye on the windows of the dining-room. He was very drunk. His face was pale and hairy. The thin rain had soaked his rags. Inside the diningroom well groomed men and showy women sat in a glory of tinted lights, in a room beautiful with table flowers, shining with silver and cut glass, warm with crimson walls, damask curtains, plush carpets. They lifted delicate food to solemn faces. They smiled formally. The dripping observer kept his watery eye on them. "Well," he said, in a voice of generous pity, "s'pose they're enjoy'n'selves—in thr'own way."—New York *Commercial Advertiser.*

HOW BUTTERFLIES SLEEP.

Walking through a field some evening you may notice the butterflies sleeping on the long blades of grass. Thus dozens of these dainty creatures slumber until sunrise announces that it is time to awaken.

One cannot but marvel at the instinct which guides the frail butterflies to so safe and comfortable a sleeping place, for should a storm arise the slender grasses bend in the gale, and the butterflies are rocked as if in aerial cradles. If the butterflies rested on shrubs or trees, a blow from a leaf flapping to and fro in the wind might injure them very seriously.

It is also interesting to know that when they settle down for a nap the butterflies fold their wings so tightly together that the bright colors may not attract the attention of some hungry bird with a weakness for butterflies for supper.

A LAUGHING PLANT.

The laughing plant, named from its effects upon man, grows in Arabia. It is of moderate size, and bears brilliant yellow flowers and soft, velvety seed pods, each of which contains two or three seeds, which look like little black beans. The natives of the district where the plant grows gather the seeds and after drying them grind them to powder. A small dose of the powder has the effect of causing the most level-headed and sober person to dance, shout and laugh in the most unrestrained fashion of a lunatic and to rush about and cut the wildest capers for almost an hour. By that time he is thoroughly exhausted and falls asleep, to wake after several hours without the least recollection of his previous excitement and antics.

CHEAP LAND.

Some years ago it was proposed to the Duke of Wellington to purchase a farm in the neighborhood of Strathfieldsaye, which lay contiguous to his estate, and was therefore a valuable acquisition; to this proposition he gladly consented.

When the purchase was completed, his steward congratulated him upon having made such a bargain, as the seller was in difficulty and forced to part with it.

"What do you mean by a bargain?" the Duke asked.

"It was valued at £1,100, and we have got it for £800," replied the steward.

"In that case," said the duke, "you will please to carry the extra £300 to the late owner, and never talk to me of cheap land again."

CANADA'S PRESS PRAISED.

Rev. Jas. Elliott, a clergyman in Kingston, in giving his reasons for Thanksgiving on the part of Canadians, remarked: "We should not fail to recognize on this our day of Thanksgiving, the unmeasurable uplifting influence of the press. In Canada a clean newspaper, ever increasing in fairness, ever deepening in sight, and ever developing in conscience, has become an indispensable preacher of righteousness. Canada has not adequate consciousness of what she owes to her well-conducted newspapers. Their honest and intelligent criticisms of all things, popular speaking, secular and sacred, act like salt and light, with the result that our whole life, social, civil and religious is better because they are."

A SILURIAN.

They built a fine church at his very door—
He wasn't in it;
They brought him a scheme for relieving the poor—
He wasn't in it,
Let them work for themselves as he had done,
They wouldn't ask help of any one—
If they hadn't wasted each golden minute—
He wasn't in it.

So he passed the poor with a haughty tread—
He wasn't in it;
And he scorned the good with averted head—
He wasn't in it.
When men in the halls of virtue met,
He saw their goodness without regret;
Too high the mark for him to win it—
He wasn't in it.

A carriage crept down the street one day—
He was in it.
The funeral trappings made display—
He was in it.
Saint Peter received him with book and bell
"My friend, you have purchased a ticket to —well,
Your elevator goes down in a minute!"
He was in it.

WHO KNOWS, INDEED?

She wept.

"Oh, you editors are horrid," she sobbed.

"What is the trouble, madam?" inquired the editor, as he blue-penciled two paragraphs that had come as an inspiration to the young man who was "taking up journalism."

"Why, I—boo—boo—I sent in an obituary of my husband, and boo—boo—and said in it that he had been married for twenty years, and you—oo—oo—boo—boo—your printers set it up "worried for twenty years."

She wept.

But the editor smiled.

Perhaps it was all right, all 'round.

Who knows?—Baltimore "*American.*"

THE PARROT WAS COLD.

One morning, at breakfast, a lady, who owned a parrot, requested the maid, a new-comer, to bring in the bird, as it would be cold. Some time elapsed, and as the girl did not appear the mistress went in search of her. She found her in the larder, carefully examining every shelf.

"I can't find it, mem," she said.

"Find what?" asked the lady, in astonishment.

"The parrot, mem."

"The parrot?"

"Yes, mem. Did ye not tell me I was to bring in the cold parrot?"

FALSE ECONOMY.

An exchange reports the saying of a small boy who must be one of those unwise souls who withhold more than is meet.

At the supper-table he confessed that he had eaten a piece of pie that afternoon.

"Who gave it to you?" asked his mother.

"Mrs. Rich.

"Did you thank her?"

"No'm; I thought she would give me another piece, and I was going to thank her all at once."

THE CURATE'S DUTY.

A curate, a new one, paid his first visit to an old woman, who at once said, in broad Yorkshire:

"Eh! you're the new curate, ain't you?"

"Yes," he said.

"Well, now, I'll tell you what yer does when yer comes to see me....You takes that stool, d'ye see? You sits down, reads me a short—mind, a short—Psalm. You gives me a shilling, and then ye can go."—*Sunday Companion.*

EVEN THE BARRELS.

A witty bishop, getting out of a railway station which had a large brewery abutting, noticed the flag at half mast, and inquired the reason.

"The brewer's grandmother is dead, my lord," said the station master, "and we all go into mourning as a compliment to the brewer."

"Ah, yes!" sighed the bishop. "So I see; even the barrels are in tiers."

FOUR GOOD HABITS.

There are four good habits—punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and dispatch. Without the first of these time is wasted. Without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest and that of others may be committed. Without the third, nothing can be well done, and without the fourth opportunities of great advantage are lost, which it is impossible to recall.

EGGS WITHOUT HENS.

A conjurer was performing the trick of producing eggs from a hat, when he remarked to a little boy, "Your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?" "Of course she can!" replied the lad. "Why, how is that?" asked the conjurer. "She keeps ducks."

A NATURAL INQUIRY.

"Papa," said Tommy Treadway.

"Now, Tommy," replied Mr. Treadway, "I shall answer only one more question today. So be careful what you ask."

"Yes, papa."

"Well, go on."

"Why don't they bury the Dead sea?"

THE DIAMOND DYES

Produce All the New Shades.

A Rich and Marvellous Variety of Fashionable Colors for Autumn and Winter Wear.

The great majority of wise and prudent women collect and examine their old dresses, skirts, capes, jackets, shawls, husband's and children's suits this month with the view of having them cleaned and dyed so as to fit them for autumn and winter wear.

The Diamond Dyes (prepared specially for home use) have a wealth of variety, beauty and brilliancy possessed by no other makes of dyes. They produce all the new and fashionable colors for autumn and winter wear—colors that will not fade in the strongest sunlight. Every packet of Diamond Dyes is warranted, and will give perfect results when simple directions are followed. There are imitations; avoid them if you delight in good colors and value the safety of your materials. The use of poor dyes means ruin of goods and loss of money.