The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXVI.--NO. 18. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 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, 3 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	$60.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
10 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	5.00
6 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	3.50
1 inch	6.00	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:—6 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 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 2 to 5 p.m.
SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

DENTAL.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST,
GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

J. COGHLAN, D. D. S., L. D. S., DENTIST
WORK CAREFULLY DONE. PRICES MODERATE.
OFFICE OVER BROWN'S DRUG STORE.
HOURS—EVERY DAY FROM 9 TO 6.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. A. P. HUSBAND, V. S.
Graduate Ontario Veterinary College.
Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society.
Office—Over Wouland's Barber Shop, next door to Reed 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 $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 342, or telephone 561, 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
his stable is a comfortable bus meets trains between 9 a. m. and 8 p. m.
Careful attention given to everything under 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.
—AT—
Day's Bookstore,
Guelph.
Day sells cheap.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Capital $6,000,000
Rest 2,600,000

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

Interest at most favorable current rates allowed on Savings Bank accounts and Deposit Receipts.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Special attention given to Farmers' Business.

MONEY ORDERS.
FOR ANY SUM UP TO $50.
Payable at any banking point in Canada outside of the Yukon Territory, may now be procured at the Bank Counter without any delay.

ACTON BRANCH
J. H. WALLACE, Manager.

FRAME
YOUR PICTURES
—AT—
WATERS BROS.

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

Wyndham Street,
GUELPH.

ACTON
Flour Mills

HUMPHRIES & 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.

TAKE
A look through Williams' stock of footwear this week.
YOUR
Time will be well spent and you will be surprised at the extent of the stock. Your
FEET
Will be fitted perfectly and your taste suited. Bring the wife and little ones
WITH
You. Their foot needs will be filled equally well and at wonderfully little cost to
YOU
Our whole attention is given to buying and selling Boots and Shoes and there is benefit in this
TO
You. We are sure we can convince you that the place to get your footwear is
WILLIAMS' SHOE STORE
MILL ST. ACTON.
NO PAINS SPARED TO PLEASE AND PROMPTLY DONE.

—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. E. 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
ESTABLISHED

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, Principal.
Traders Bank Building
GUELPH, ONT.

Speight & Brady

Manufacturers of
DYNAMOS, ELECTRIC MOTORS, WATER MOTORS, GASOLINE AND GAS ENGINES, BRASS & IRON CASTINGS TO ORDER.
Repairing Promptly Done.
Georgetown, Ont.

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 aid 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

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.

Poetry.

WE ARE THE PEOPLE.

I'm the happy farmer.
I'm in my highest glee
Every man who makes a speech
Is talking straight to me;
Hopes I'm making money—
I'm a regular pet,
Politicians all seem scared
For fear I'll get in debt.

I'm not wearing broadcloth,
I've no horseless rig,
Just the same, at present
I feel feeling mighty big.
It kind o' puts a person
In a satisfying mood
To find that he's the object
Of so much solicitude.

—*Washington Star.*

Select Family Reading.

A Mean Advantage.

THEY were riding a tandem. She was in front—a pretty, laughing, pouting, damsel with a wealth of copper-colored hair and a pair of tantalizing, mischief-making eyes. He sat at the back, gloomy in face and in mood. For him the course of true love ran anything but smooth.

He had known her for years—had been her school companion, in fact, had been her devoted slave since the very first day they had met. He remembered that day very well. He had bought a whole cake of chocolate, and he loved chocolate dearly. It was his first hard struggle with self, but he conquered, and he offered her the whole cake. And she—she took it all with a smile and ate it without offering him as much as a bite.

He looked back at their lives since, and felt that that chocolate incident had been constantly repeated ever since. He had given and she had accepted—still with a smile 'tis true, but smiles did not content him now. They were so ready, and she gave them so freely to others.

He meant to have everything or nothing. As he sat behind on that tandem and admired her bright hair and caught a glimpse of her dainty profile every now and then, he made up his mind to put an end to his sufferings one way or another that evening. He buried himself in thought for some long time, and then a bright idea occured to him. But his long silence evidently seemed to irritate the front rider.

"How dull you are to-day, Jack," she said impatiently. "You haven't said a word for the last quarter of an hour. Don't you think it is about time we turned back?"

"What are you in such a hurry about?" asked Jack.

The girl laughed a bit consciously. "Well, I promised that I would get home before seven o'clock, and—and it's very particular," she added, with a pout.

"Mr. Seymour coming round probably," said Jack. "Mr. Seymour seems to be coming round a good bit lately, doesn't he? But, Clare, I'm awfully sorry, but I don't think you will get home in time to-night."

"What do you mean?" said Clare quickly.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I don't know exactly where we are."

"You don't know where we are," echoed the girl angrily. "Don't be absurd. Do you mean to say you have brought me out and have been stupid enough to lose the way?"

"That's about the whole size of the matter," said Jack, cheerfully.

"Well, you'll have to find the way, that's all about it," said pretty Clare, vindictively. "And I'll tell you plainly that I shan't place myself in a similar predicament in a hurry.—Mr. Seymour wouldn't have done such a foolish thing."

"Good gracious! No!" laughed Jack. "Fancy seeing Seymour on a tandem."

"He is a gentleman if he is nothing else," snapped Clare.

"Well, I hope so," replied Jack. "He's got nothing else to recommend him. Well, we won't discuss old Seymour. The thing is to find the way. Now jump off and we'll have a look about us."

They slowed up to where two roads met and Clare did as she was bidden. There was no sign-post, and Jack seemed profoundly puzzled.

"I think," he said, after a bit, "we'll leave the tandem here and go and explore a bit. I'll take the road to the left and you the one to the right, and we'll meet again in this spot."

"Oh, no! no! no! Jack," said Clare, looking round her nervously. "It's getting so dark and I'm afraid. I couldn't go down that long, dark lane."

"Well, you stay here and I'll have a look round. I'm not sure, but I think this is what they call 'Cut-throat Corner.'"

Clare screamed and clung to him in terror.

"Oh, Jack, don't leave me," she said entreatingly. "I should die of fright if—if I saw anything. Let me go with you—please!"

"All right," said Jack, well pleased at the pressure on his arm. "But you see we shall lose time, and maybe get on the wrong track. Supposing we don't get back to-night, Clare, what will the folks say?"

A new terror came before the girl's eyes.

"But we must, Jack, we must," she said earnestly. "Oh, if you have any regard for me at all you would find a way."

"That's just it, Clare," said Jack, "I have a very big regard for you. Now, look here, suppose you give me a little encouragement—promise me if I get home before ten o'clock that you will marry me."

Clare caught her breath in with a gasp.

"Anything! anything!" she said tearfully; "only get me home."

"And if I don't," went on Jack, "people will think we have eloped, and—well it would be ever so romantic. We could——"

"How dare you?" said Clare indignantly. "I'll never—never speak to you again unless you get me home before ten o'clock."

"Right you are," said Jack. "And now jump up and we'll go and seek our fortune."

The two mounted the tandem once more. Jack took the turning to the right, and for some time they rode on without speaking. At last something seemed to strike Clare, and she looked round wondering.

"Jack, what are you doing?" she said. "Do you know we have been going round and round the same roads for ever so long?"

"Nonsense," said Jack gently. "We have left 'Cut-throat Corner' miles behind us. Have you any idea where we are?"

"Not yet," replied Clare. "But, wait. You of course. Why, look! there's the old church, and there to the right is the schoolhouse. Jack, I believe you have been deceiving me."

"Well, and what if I have?" said Jack stoutly. "Haven't you deceived me times without number?"

"I'll never speak to you again—never!" said Clare with determination in her voice.

"But you're not home yet, remember," said Jack. "A promise is a promise, Clare," he pleaded. "And you are fond of me; you can't deny it; only you like to torment me to do something desperate. Do you want me to take you back to 'Cut-throat Corner' and leave you?"

"Yes, you'd better," pouted Clare, gaining courage as she approached scenes familiar.

"I mean it," said Jack.

Clare sighed and shed a tear and then gave in.

"It is mean of you to take advantage of me like this," she said at last. "But I suppose I deserve it, and if you like to have such a horrid, selfish wife—well, I suppose you can have her, but I dare say you'll repent your bargain before many months are out."

"Shall I!" shouted Jack triumphantly. "Hurrah! What'll old Seymour say?"

HIS ONE LOSS.

Some of the skaters on the London Serpentine hire their skates from men whose business it is to let them out at a certain sum per hour.

Thackeray once asked one of these men whether he had ever lost a pair through the omission to exact a deposit, and he replied that he had never done so except on one occasion, when the circumstances made it almost pardonable.

A well-dressed young fellow was having his second skate fastened on, when he suddenly broke away from the man's hands and dashed on to the ice.

The next instant a thick-set, powerful man was clamoring for another pair. "I shall nab him now," he cried, "for I am a dab at skating."

He was a sheriff's officer in pursuit of his prey, and a very animating sight it was to watch the chase. The officer was, as he had boasted, a first-rate skater, and it became presently obvious that he was running down his man. Then the young fellow determined to take a desperate risk for liberty.

The ice, as usual, under the bridge was marked "Dangerous," and he made for it at headlong speed. The ice bent beneath his weight, but he got safely over. The sheriff's officer followed, with equal pluck, but being a heavier man broke through and was drowned.

"His skates," said the narrator of the incident, "I got back after the inquest, but those the young man had on I never saw again."

CODDLING CHILDREN.

Why is it, asks *Medical Talk*, that people who are most exposed to cold by outdoor employment are the people who are least subject to colds? Simply because, it answers, no one catches cold by exposing the whole body to cold. Those people catch cold who try to coddle themselves and keep themselves away from cold. A person catches cold when a portion of the body is exposed to cold, while the other portion is kept warm by artificial heat. One is more apt to catch cold sitting by a stove in an unventilated room than by facing a blizzard in the open air.

Nansen and his men, when in the Arctic regions, were exposed to cold of every description, and it is stated that they never once suffered from colds. But no sooner had they returned to their native land than they one and all caught severe colds. The reason for this is probably because they were again warmly housed and spent a portion of their time in unventilated rooms, sleeping in stuffy bed-rooms.

The more children are coddled to keep them from catching cold the more apt they are to catch cold. The proper course to take is to clothe the children warmly, provide good, stout shoes, and turn them loose in the open air. Let them go, rain or shine, cold or warm; let them have the open air every day. Such children are far less liable to catch cold. And their bedroom window should be open every night, winter and summer, in such a way as to avoid a direct draught upon them while they are sleeping.

CONTROL YOUR THOUGHTS.

Until you have learned to control your thoughts, you will never be able to live a godly and righteous life. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he; and it is because thoughts that we entertain in the hostlery of the soul are such worthless and vain ones that our words and acts often bring so heavy a disgrace on the name we love.

Well might the wise man say, "Keep the heart above all keeping, for out of it are issues of life." When the heart is right the ear and the eye and the mouth and the foot will necessarily obey its promptings; but when the heart is wrong, filled with tides of ink, like the cuttlefish, it will develop in the impurity to which it gives vent.

If you habitually permit evil things to have their right of way through you, or lodging within you, remember that in God's sight you are here equally guilty with those that indulge in evil acts, because you are withheld, not by your fear of him, but by your desire to maintain your position among them.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

MORE LIGHT.

A sexton of a certain New York church declared he will never again be guilty of going to sleep during the service.

It was a very warm evening, and after the sermon began the sexton turned down the gas in the body of the church.

The text that evening was, "Let there be light." As the sermon proceeded, the sexton unconsciously yield to a desire for sleep. He came suddenly to his senses, however, when the minister exclaimed, loudly, "More light! More Light!"

The sexton sprang to his feet, hurriedly went to the stop-cock and turned on a full head of glare.

A ripple of amusement went through the congregation, and the embarrassed sexton realized that he had made a mistake, even before some one told him that the minister had been quoting the dying words of Goethe.

WILL TROUSERS BE ABOLISHED?

We have become so accustomed to men lecturing women how they can improve their dress that it is refreshing to hear of a man now and then urging reforms in masculine attire.

"Trousers have been the sartorial calamity of the nineteenth century, and at some future date all extant specimens will be burnt by the public hangman, or, as warning, preserved in spirits of wine within our public museums."

This is the opinion of J. P. Thornton, editor of the *English Minister's Gazette of Fashion*, and the above extract is from a speech delivered by him at the annual conference of the National Federation of Foremen Tailors' societies held at Scarborough.

Fearful lest Mr. Thornton should be advocating garments of the early ages, a reporter of the *London Star* sought out the advocate of this daring policy.

"Oh, there's no need to be alarmed," said Mr. Thornton. "The British public need not shudder at the prediction. The man of the future will neither wear upon his legs the allegorical ornamentation of the ancient Briton, nor will he cover them with the kilt of the modern Hoot.

"In a word, the man of the future will wear knickerbockers."

The secret was out and the *Star* man breathed a sigh of relief.

"Why this attack on the trouser?"

"Trousers are a great calamity for three reasons," said Mr. Thornton with a most serious look.

"First—They are inartistic.

Second—It is impossible to keep them in shape, notwithstanding the most ingenious trouser-stretcher.

Third—They are uncomfortable in wear, and expensive outside the the popular 10s. 6d. 'bags.'"

"But," said the reporter, "how do you propose to abolish the trousers?"

"We want a leader of fashion who will preach a crusade against trousers. The Prince of Wales has recently rendered popular the single-breasted frock coat. According to repute, the prince has a good pair of calves, and if he would set the fashion by wearing 'breeks' we would soon see the end of the trousers."

"But how about the thin-legged ones? Are not they to be considered?"

"There will be no ill-shapen limbs at the close of the twentieth century, and if there should be, the twentieth century tailor will know how to rectify such a trouble. As to day every tailor is building American shoulders, so will he, a hundred years hence, be just as expert an artificer of American calves.

"Of course the silk hat and the frock coat will have to be done away with.

"Mr. Thornton is firmly of the opinion that his views will one day be put into practice all over the world.

A STUDY IN LIQUOR CAPITAL.

In answer to the constant claim of the liquor interests that prohibition would throw out of employment a multitude of men, who now find work, and therefore support for themselves and their families in manufacturing liquors, the Prohibition Union in this city has issued a leaflet that was used on Labor Day with the title, "Out of a Job." This leaflet shows that in Rochester, N. Y., there is capital to the amount of $6,455,000 invested in brewing; $5,150,000 invested in the manufacture of clothing, and $3,281,000 in the boot and shoe industry. It then makes the following table of capital, men employed and wages paid by these three industries:

	DOLLARS INVESTED	MEN EMPLOYED	WAGES PAID
Breweries	$6,455,000	434	$ 261,000
Clothing	5,150,000	3,128	1,341,000
Boots and Shoes	3,281,000	4,561	2,051,000

The leaflet then says: "One half of the investment in the shoe industry employs eleven times as many hands, and pays five times as much in wages as the beer industry. The same investment that gives employment to 434 men in the breweries of Rochester would give employment to 9,756 hands if it was invested in making shoes. The picture frame factories of Rochester, with 39 times less capital invested, employ 24 more hands than the breweries, and with the same amount of money invested would employ 18,000 help. Apply these facts to the country at large; divide the money that is now spent in the saloons among the twenty leading necessaries of life, and it would require $4,000,000,000 more raw material than is now used in the manufacture of drink to manufacture them and give employment to 1,347,000 more men."

These facts are creating a profound impression with readers, especially among the working men.—The *New Voice.*

REASON ENOUGH.

When one leaves the main lines of railroad, east or west, and travels, or tries to travel, on some road which merely serves a local purpose, he is likely to find prevailing a free and easy state of things as regards speed and schedule time. A Wyoming newspaper gives this account of a certain railroad "flyer" out that way:

People never take this train except for journeys of considerable length; walking is as easy and much safer for short distances. On a recent occasion, when the movement of the train was even more deliberate than usual, a passenger went to the conductor and said:

"Ain't we going pretty slow?"

"Well," said the conductor, "we ain't flying, I'll admit."

"May I ask what is the trouble, then?"

"Aju't any trouble."

"Then why don't we go faster?"

"Well, I'll tell you, since you seem to be so inquisitive. Back here a place we found a fine two-year-old steer stuck in the trestle, and we stopped and helped him out. Now the rules of the road are that in such cases the animal belongs to the company."

"But how does that make you run slow?"

"Run slow? Why, that 'ere steer ain't used to being led, and when we hitched him on behind the rear car he didn't walk up very well. I'm doing all I can—got the brakeman punching him from behind with an umbrella, and an ear of corn tied to the bell rope. But if you think I'm going to yank the horse off as good a steer as there is in the state, why, you're awfully mistaken, that's all!"

He that has a big nose thinks everybody laughs at it.

If your stomach is weak it should have help. Hood's Sarsaprilla gives strength to the stomach and cures dyspepsia and indigestion.

WHAT DRINK DID FOR ONE MAN.

"It was in the beautiful bar-room of the Tabor Grand in Denver," said Eli Perkins. "A group of handsome young men were laughing and drinking, when a poor, tottering tramp pushed open the door, and with sad eyes, looked at them appealingly:

'Come in, Senator, and down your cares in the flowing bowl,' he said, jeringly.

'I will come in, thank you,' he said, 'for I am cold and hungry.'

'Take this brandy, Senator,' they said, mockingly, 'and drink to our health.'

After swallowing the liquor the tramp gazed at them an instant, and then, with a dignity and eloquence that showed how far he had fallen in the social scale, he began speak.

'Gentlemen,' he said sadly, 'I wish you well. You and I complete a picture of life. I was, alas! a Senator. My blotted face was once young and as handsome as yours. I, too, once had a home, and friends and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, and I dropped the priceless pearl of honor and respect in the wine cup, and Cleopatra-like, saw it dissolved and quaffed it down. I had children as sweet and lovely as the flowers of spring, and I saw them fade and die under the curse of a drunken father.

I had a home where love lit the flame upon the altar and ministered before it, and I put out the holy fire, and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations—ambitions that soared as high as the morning star, and I broke and bruised their beautiful wings, and at last strangled them, that I might be tortured with their cries no more. To-day I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a tramp without a home to call his own, a man in whom every good impulse is dead, all, all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink.

'Young gentlemen,' he said, as he passed out into the darkness, 'whichever way you go—whether you follow your mothers', wives' and children' prayers, and enjoy their love on earth and dwell with them in heaven, or whether you become a saddened soul, forever lost, like me, I—I wish you well!'

I shall never forget that sad picture," continued the humorist. "It was wit and humor ending in pathos. Tears dimmed the eyes of the youths as they watched a despairing soul disappearing in the darkness."

HE OBEYED HER.

"Cyrus Barber, remove your arm."

For, in an apparently careless manner, he had placed it upon the back of her chair.

Stung by the tones of her voice no less than by her words, the young man flushed deeply.

"Is that the greeting you give me, Angeline Ashcraft—you who professed to be so sorry when I went away to the war, who wept upon my neck and said you would never have a moment's peace or happiness until I returned safely home again, who gave me a photograph, which I have carried next to my heart from that day to this!" he exclaimed. "Do you remember how you said you would be true to me, though thousands of miles of ocean might roll between us?"

"Oh, yes, I remember all that."

"Have you forgot how you said at parting: 'Oh, Cyrus, it breaks my heart! I cannot give you up!'"

"I think I did make some such remark."

"I think you did. Have you forgot how you bade me think of you, in camp or on the battlefield, when the bullets of the enemy were flying thick and fast around me, and let the thought that you were praying for me cheer me in that dark hour?"

"I think I do recollect saying something of the kind."

"You think you do! Ha! And when I was wounded you wrote to me to get well as soon as I could and come back to you! Do you have a dim recollection of doing something like that?"

"Now that you mention it I believe I did."

"You have changed, then," he said scowling darkly. "You are not the same girl!"

"You have changed more than I have, Mr. Barker," coldly she answered. "You are not the same man."

"You still insist," he went on, with exceeding bitterness, "that I remove my arm?"

"I do."

"So be it, then!"

Calmly the young man arose, unscrewed his wooden arm, placed it at her feet and turned to go.

NOT SO.

In one of the public schools six new pupils had been enrolled on the infants' register one morning. The infant mistress, on looking over the roll, called the six names, and asked these children to come to her desk. Only five arranged themselves on the floor, and after succeeding in identifying each with his name, she found Richard Brown was the one not responded to.

"Richard Brown, come here."

No one moved. "Richard Brown" again was vociferated by the mistress. No such person evidently was among the number of two hundred children.

"Sit straight up and let me look at all your faces," she said.

On detecting a strange little one among the number she somewhat decidedly said: "Little man, your name is Richard Brown, is it not?"

"No," replied the child. "I'm Dicky Broon."

ELOQUENCE INTERRUPTED.

During a political campaign, a well-known lawyer in a Western state was addressing an audience composed principally of farmers. Like a wise speaker—and a shrewd candidate—he tried to suit his speech to the occasion.

In a tone which he evidently considered both cordial and honest, and with a winning smile, he began:

"My friends, my sympathies have always been with the tillers of the soil. My father was a practical farmer, and so was my grandfather before him. I myself was born on a farm, and was, so to speak, reared between two stalks of corn."

Here his eloquence was rudely interrupted by the trumpet tones of a farmer in the rear of the hall.

"Jimminy crickets!" he shouted, "if you ain't a pumpkin!"

The house "came down," and the candidate, for the moment, at least, was sadly embarrassed.

THE BELL OF THE ANGELS.

It is said, somewhere, at twilight
A great bell softly swings,
And a man may listen and hearken
To the wondrous music that rings.

If he put from his heart's inner chamber
All the passion, pain and strife,
Heartache, and weary longing
That throb in the pulses of life;

If he thrusts from his soul all hatred,
All thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight
How the bell of the angels rings.

Let us look in our hearts, and question
Can purer thoughts enter in
To a soul if it be already
The dwelling of thoughts of sin?

So, then, let us pause for a little
Let us look in our hearts, and see
If the twilight bell of the angels
Can ring for you and me.

THE YOUNG MAN'S MANNERS.

Society asks little of a young man except to behave well. If he be manly in looks, if he has a good manner, be civil to his elders, if he has any little gift of entertaining—any "parlor tricks"—if he sends a few flowers occasionally, looks pleasant and is polite, his way will smooth to success—always providing that he is really a gentleman.

He never joins a lady on a thoroughfare unless the friendship be an established one and only with her permission. Nor will he stand and converse with her.

It is provincial to walk "sandwiched" between two women to stare, or look after any one who has passed.

In public conveyances a man does not pay a woman's fare unless he is her escort, except in an emergency, when he must ask if he may.

Introductions are rarely made in public places or conveyances.

A man precedes a woman when entering a theatre or public place. In a church the lady goes first. He may precede her up a public staircase, but in a private house in ascending and descending, he follows.

In picture galleries, elevators in public buildings, hotel and theatre corridors, they being thoroughfares, a man retains his hat. In a hotel he removes it if women are present.

If a lady bows to a man in a restaurant he rises slightly from his seat in acknowledgement. When he is with a party, if a lady with her escort stops to speak to his friends he rises and remains standing until she passes on. He also rises if a man is introduced to him at a stag party.

If a bachelor shows some little hospitality it advances him much in favor. If he has attractive rooms or has anything to show, he may give an afternoon tea or a chafing dish supper. Simplicity is in order. A bachelor's entertainment is usually regarded in the light of a frolic and his efforts indulgently considered.

A bachelor may live where he likes without loss of social position, if he belong to one good club, which he may only use for the address on his cards and notepaper. —October *Ladies' Home Journal.*

A COUPLE OF GOLF STORIES.

Here is a game from Scotland that probably discounts any recent tale of golf:

A well known golfer had a somewhat unique experience last week when driving off the first tee on an Edinburg course. In endeavoring to reach the green, about two hundred yards away, this player pressed somewhat, with the result that he gave to his circling completely round if on a pivot, with the extraordinary result that his club coming in some inexplicable way round again with him at the same moment, struck the ball fairly and squarely and sent it to within a few yards of the green. The question which now troubles the player is whether he played one shot or two.

This incident, adds a London paper after giving the yarn, reminds us of the true story of a member of the London Stock Exchange and a well known cricketer, who was invited to formally open a new golf course in the south of England. On the day selected the rain had fallen heavily, making the ground wet and greasy, and when, amid an admiring crowd of spectators, largely composed of the fair sex, the gentleman in question took a mighty whack at the ball off the tee, his feet unfortunately slipped, with the result that he immediately took a rather undignified seat in a puddle. An extremely unparliamentary word of two syllables reached the ears of the horrified spectators, but the situation was saved, as the unfortunate victim of the house had still sufficient presence of mind to add, even in his dire predicament, that he declared the links duly open.

HAD MET HIS MATCH.

A Scotch prison champlain, recently appointed, entered one of the cells on his first round of inspection, and with most pomposity thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it:

"Well, my man, do you know who I am?"

"No, nor I dinna care!" was the nonchalant reply.

"Well, I'm your new chaplain."

"Oh, ye are? Then I hae heard o' ye before."

"And what did you hear?" returned the champlain, his curosity getting the better of his dignity.

"Well, I heard that the last twa kinks ye were in ye preached them baith empty; but ye will na find it such an easy matter to do the same wi' this one."—London *King.*

ON SPEAKING TERMS WITH OYSTERS.

A theatrical man recently told the following story about Fritz Williams. The old actor was one day sitting in a fashionable New York restaurant when two young men came in. They were fearfully bored with living, and all that sort of thing, and they beckoned condescendingly to the waiter.

"Waiter," said one, "bring me a chop. Just mention my name to the cook."

"You may bring me a steak," said the other, "and tell the cook who it is for."

The waiter was half-way across the room when Fritz Williams hailed him.

"Waiter," he drawled, "bring me half a dozen Blue Points, and mention my name to every blooming oyster.

IGNORANCE EVERYWHERE.

Ignorance is everywhere. In Hatton there are persons who don't know a symphony from a sonata and in Chicago persons who don't know a prime ox from a gammon.