The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXVI.—NO. 34. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1901. 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
20 inches	$60.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
10 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	5.00
5 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. Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets, 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. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S. DENTIST, ACTON. Office over Brown's Drug Store. Honor Graduate of Toronto University. Visiting Days.—Tuesday, Brookville; Friday, Rockwood. The latest anaesthetic used if desired.

LEGAL.

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 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. Pulling machines 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 HEMBSTREET, 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 $300 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $165,000. THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. Established 1840. Head Office - - GUELPH, ONT. INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 343, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

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 add in—maturity value $100.00.

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

R. J. McNabb, Agent, Acton

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; salary $18 per week, payable weekly; $3 per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight, bona fide, definite salary, no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 331 Dearborn St., Chicago.

40 LAMPS FOR **Parlor Dining-Room And Hall.**

At very low prices to clear 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.

ANY PICTURES TO FRAME?

Any Pictures to Frame?

GO OR SEND TO

WATERS BROS.
Wyndham Street
GUELPH

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL Proprietor

ARE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse-shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gumming and filing done.

—ACTON—
LIVERY —AND— **BUS LINE**

The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 10 a.m. and 6.10 p.m. Careful attention given to every order The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR.

W. BARBER & BROS.
Paper Makers
Georgetown, Ontario.
BOOK, NEWS, COLORED PAPERS
JOHN R. BARBER

FOR EVERYBODY

The long and short of successful advertising nowadays are the willingness and ability of the merchant to sell some things for less than his competitors, and all things as cheap as can be bought elsewhere. That is our position exactly and it applies especially to the large range of goods now in stock, such as

Fancy Chairs, Rockers,
Parlor Tables,
Framed Pictures,
Chenille Curtains,
Hat Racks,
Newspaper Holders,
Raymond Sewing Machines,

And numerous other articles which will take your fancy.

Call and inspect our large stock. Our prices are always right.

JOHNSTONE & CO,
Furniture Dealers.
Main St., Acton.

—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. H. M. JONES, *Manager.*

Call and See Our New Linoleum, Oilcloth and Matting Department The First Time You are in Guelph.

Hundreds of rolls of these goods in all widths, in many designs, at prices from 25c to $1.25 per square yard. Almost a car-load of these good just now to hand.

"Our Prices are Always Right."

JOHN M. BOND & CO.
HARDWARE
✻ GUELPH ✻

LOOK HERE

12 lbs. Oatmeal for 25c.
45 lbs. S. K. Oatmeal for 90 cents.
90 lbs. S. K. Oatmeal for $1.75.

Choice Feed Corns in quantities at 45c.

—AT—

GEO. J. THORP,
SEEDS, GRAIN, IMPLEMENTS, ETC.
GUELPH and ROCKWOOD

....BRAINS WIN.... ....BATTLES....
ROYAL CITY Business College
OF GUELPH, ONT.,
Can develop yours, for the battles of life. When in town call and see our bright and cheerful rooms. Office open Saturdays.
J. W. WIGGINS, *Principal.*
Traders Bank Building, GUELPH, ONT.

After Six O'clock To-night

And every night until six a. m.

The Bell Telephone Company's

Long Distance Rates are approximately one-half the Day Rates.

No charge for making appointments to talk at a specified time.

TRY THE NIGHT SERVICE.

Procrastinate!

No! Don't do That

But come to-day to the

Acton Pump Works

and get your Pump repaired or buy a new one. We can do it. Watering Troughs, Cisterns and a general jobbing business done. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Skates Ground Concave
Bring them in.
CHARLES EBBAGE.
Main St., Acton.

DUNLOP SOLID RUBBER Carriage Tire

A new carriage tire that makes riding on it rivals 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.

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

The Dunlop Tire Company, Limited,
TORONTO.
ST. JOHN WINNIPEG MONTREAL

Poetry.

THE RIDE TO SCHOOL.

When the snow is coming down,
And the fences, bare and brown,
Capping white,
And there's not a breeze to stir
Flakes that hold to branch and burr
Through the night;
Then there comes a happy feeling in the memory of the day
When I rode to school with father in the old pung sleigh.

There was snow the same as now,
Topping every branch and bough
Through the wood;
And the spruces seemed to be
Each a giant Christmas tree
Where it stood,
Bent and hung with toy and doll, till I wished that I could stay.

And would turn about and watch them from the old pung sleigh.

Then the shapes along the walls—
Queer old women holding shawls
In their laps;
And the tents without a door,
And the beheaded stumps that wore
Pointed caps;
And the tracks across the snow, where a squirrel frisked away
When he heard the squeak and rattle of the old pung sleigh.

There were thimbles you could see
On the big thorn apple tree
—Near the bars;
And the flakes that fell about,
As I held my mittens out,
Looked like stars;
And beside the road a hemlock reached its arms across the way,
And would sift a shower on us in the old pung sleigh.

And the lash on father's whip,
How it used to trail and dip,
In the snow.
I can hear the chickadees
Singing in the maple trees,
—And I know
From the pleasures of the present I would gladly turn away
Just to ride to school with father in the old pungsleigh.

—*By Florence Josephine Boyd.*

Select Family Reading.

A Young Heiress.

THE lawyer's grave face lighted with unusual expression as he sat at his desk reading one of a pile of letters from the morning's mail; it was seldom that a local message had power to relax the lines now grown somewhat stern. He looked across the office at his stenographer clicking the typewriter.

"She's a good girl, and a pretty girl," he thought, "and she deserves it, but I shall lose a treasure."

"Here's news for you, Alice," he said, kindly. "Some woman who seems to have been your cousin has just died without a will; you are next of kin, so you are heir to a pretty penny. Indeed, it's not a bad fortune for a young woman—ten thousand dollars. Mrs. Mary Dallas Armstrong, widow of John Armstrong—no children, so the letter says." Mr. Royce snipped his sentences in a quick incisive way, as if cutting them with shears.

Alice Farman half rose and sat down again. She turned pale, and in a second the blood rushed back with the great surprise. "My cousin!" was all she said. Then she crossed over to the lawyer's desk, reaching out her hand for the letter as he offered it.

"Read it for yourself, my dear." Mr. Royce could be paternal to his stenographer on occasions, with propriety, for she was the orphan daughter of an old friend, and had been committed to his guardianship. She proved to be a high-spirited girl who preferred not to eat the bread of dependence, and therefore he had taken her into his office, where she had been for more than a year.

"My cousin!" she repeated, as if bewildered. "I knew I had one, but I never saw her. Mary Dallas! Her mother was papa's sister. There was some trouble about the marriage. Papa thought my aunt threw herself away, so I've heard mamma say, and there was an estrangement." A shadow passed over her eyes. "And now she's dead."

Mr. Royce smiled because her attention had been claimed first by the dead cousin. "You don't seem to notice the ten thousand dollars. Is that too trifling a sum for your ladyship?" he laughed.

"O—h!" She drew a long, catching breath. "I couldn't help a moment of pity for my far-away cousin. She was not more than five years older than I. So young to die and leave it—leave it for me to enjoy." She was actually crying.

"Well, let's go to the business part, or I shall be an old fool and cry, too. Fortunately it is all personal property—not a bit of real estate. Well invested, the administrator writes. No debts to speak of, he says. I congratulate you with all my heart, Alice, though I'm a bit sorry for myself. I have to lose my careful assistant. Probably the next one won't know how to spell," the lawyer grumbled; "half of them don't."

"When do I come into possession of—of all this money?" she asked, timidly.

"Why, just about as soon as you please to take it. You see, when there's no will, the heir-at-law steps right in—doesn't have to wait the year or eighteen months, as if there was a will. Of course, if there were a lot of debts, the administrator would have to see that they were paid. But he writes that there aren't any, except a few trifling accounts around town, which can be settled within a month. If any unknown debts crop up later you'll be responsible for them, that's all."

"Thank you. I understand now." She was more composed by this time. "If you please, I am ready to begin the day's work. Are there any letters to take down?"

"Not going to pack off on the next train, eh?"

"No, sir. I want to think it over; to get a little used to it first."

Five minutes later the stenographer's quick pencil was flying across the paper like mad, but guided apparently by a cool brain. A little later, the dictation over, Alice Farman's fingers were running to and fro over her typewriter as gracefully as if playing on the keys of a piano. Mr. Royce, standing at her now and then, saw that she was a little paler than usual, a little more grave, but steady.

"She's good stuff," he thought, "like her father. She'll do her duty, or what she thinks is her duty, wherever she is." He repeated this when he looked over her papers and found them written with the usual accuracy.

The next morning he was secretly amused because she appeared in a black dress, without a bit of color—a very noticeable change in one who was fond of brightness. She caught his questioning glance.

"You aren't really sorry, are you?" he said.

"It is a hard question." The girl was too truthful to give a downright yes. "If she must die, I am glad it—the fortune, came to me. But it seems just a little gratitude I can show by wearing mourning for her. Oh, sir, can't you understand?"

"Yes, my dear, I think I can, and I like you for it." The lawyer's face had lost its quizzical expression.

A month later Alice Farman was on her way to the town in Illinois where Mary Dallas Armstrong, widow of John Armstrong, had died. The girl, with all the relief from anxiety which her modest income would now afford, yet felt a little lonely as she started out to take the fortune which had sought her. To be sure, Mr. Royce had told her, "You will always have a friend in me, my dear. Your father's daughter can never lose her hold here, for his sake as well as her own." Then he coughed and smiled in a deprecating fashion, as if afraid of being sentimental.

"Write to me, and if you need legal advice be sure to let me know. Take no important step without consulting your guardian."

"Thank you very, very much. I surely will consult you." And she was then sure she would do so in any important case.

At the Illinois town her interview with the administrator was entirely satisfactory. All the investments were explained to her, and good advice given as to what it was best to sell, and what to leave untouched. In fact, Alice was a girl who won respect involuntarily. The administrator said: "Since the property had to go to the widow's heirs, I'm glad she gets it, and no scrapegrace of a man."

"Now," said Alice, "that I understand the business somewhat, can you tell me about my cousin. There were reasons," she hesitated, "why the families drifted apart, and I knew so little about her or her husband."

"Well, it's rather a sad story in some respects," the man replied. "Such a quick wiping out of two young lives! John Armstrong was a real thrifty young fellow, and by great care and good management he'd got together this little fortune. Always said a man had no right to marry till he could take care of a wife. Some obligations to his old father and mother, too. He had a pretty good position, and he married Mary Dallas. She hadn't a cent—an orphan as you know—had taught school here, salary just enough to live on. They were as happy as you please. Well, they'd been married only two months when he came down with pneumonia and died in ten days. The shock was too much for her. She'd always been rather delicate, and just one week from the day he went she died, too. The doctor said 'twas heart-failure."

"So I have this man's money because my cousin was his wife for two months, and lived just seven days longer than he did?" She put the question in a low, quiet voice.

"That's about it, Miss Farman. But there's no question of its legality. That's the law in Illinois. If there had been real estate only half of it would have gone to the widow; but it was all personal property, and that was here as much as if she'd lived seven years instead of seven days. Laws have to cover all cases, and can't make provision for different periods of time." The administrator wished he needn't explain this. "But she'd have to know it some time," he reflected.

Alice thanked him. "Yes, I see it quite clearly. Did you say Mr. Armstrong's parents were living? And where is their home?"

He mentioned an obscure place, just over the border in Wisconsin.

"There is nothing more at present, I believe," she said. "I am grateful to you for making every thing plain to me," and she held out her hand to him before returning to her boarding-house.

"I'd like to know what's in her head," he thought.

There was a good deal in it, and once more she must think it over. It took two days this time, though she knew, from the first quick insight, what the end would be.

"No, I'll not write to Mr. Royce," she spoke aloud in her room. "I will not be rash, but matters of conscience must be settled between onself and God."

The third morning afterward Alice and her hand-bag were on the train going to the little village in Wisconsin. It proved to be two miles from the railroad station, and with no means of reaching it other than a hospitable farm wagon. The farmer regarded her with kindly curiosity.

"Goin' to old Mr. Armstrong's, be you?" he said, in response to her inquiry. "Friend of theirs?"

"Y-e-s"—the reply was somewhat hesitating. "In a way," she added.

"They're quite cut up since John died. Mebbe you've heard about it?"

She indicated that she would like to hear.

"Well, you see, they h'aren't got much money—own their home, but precious little ready money to live on; can't set a place you know. John, he was real fore-handed, and he used to send 'em just so much every quarter—enough to keep 'em goin', comfortable like. Didn't take a dreadful lot, though there's a sick daughter, too—s'pose you'd call her an old maid. Well, John up and died, and he just married; then his wife shut up, too, only a week apart. She went just like 'scat!' No time to make a will, you see, or of course she'd have given the property to his folks, where it belonged. Now it's gone to some woman nobody knows knowthin' about, just because she was a cousin or somethin' to John Armstrong's wife."

The farmer liked to hear himself talk, especially when he had such an attentive listener. He went on:

The village was awfully excited about it. Most folks advised the Armstrongs to go to law, but our lawyer said 'twa'n't no use whatever—The statute was plain as day. But I do say if it is law, it ain't gospel."

"No, it isn't gospel," assented the quiet figure at his side.

"If that cousin knows what's good for herself she'll keep away from here, for she won't git no kind of a welcome. 'Tain't likely she'll want to come, though. But here we be, right at the Armstrongs' gate. No, thank you, you needn't pay me—'twas right on my road and I've enjoyed it. I'm real glad you've come to chirk 'em up a bit. 'Twill do him good."

"I hope it will," said Alice, humbly. "Thank you for your kindness in bringing me."

"Don't mention it, ma'am," and he drove on.

It required some nerve to knock at that door, and to introduce herself as Alice Farman. The old mother answered the knock. She was a woman of kindly, benevolent face. Alice saw her face harden and set, as she mentioned her name, but she was prepared.

"May I come in?"—she said. With evident reluctance she was admitted. They were all there—father, mother and the pale daughter—a household smitten by bereavement, poverty and illness.

The young heiress had tried to settle beforehand how to begin, but no studied words would come to her now. She must plunge in as best she might.

"I know you cannot wish to see me," she said. "You think I have taken your son's fortune, which he made by faithful work. I don't wonder you feel hard toward me." There were tears in her eyes, and no one could doubt that truthful, earnest face.

"It was the law, Miss Farman—we know that. You—you weren't to blame." Old Armstrong said this. A man's sense of justice is a little keener than a woman's. Somebody has said that a man's judgment is ruled by his head, and a woman's by her heart.

"I've told mother and Melissa so all the time," he went on. "It was our fortune, but it wasn't anybody's fault."

Alice looked at him gratefully. "No, thus far it hasn't been anybody's fault. You may believe me, that until three days ago I knew nothing of the circumstances. I have no moral right to this money. I see that as plainly as you can. It was not as if they had lived together for years, saved and managed together. For it to go to me, a stranger—knowing what I do now, I cannot keep it. I came for that purpose, to give it back to you."

The pale Melissa started to her feet. "You don't mean it."

"Indeed I do mean it." Alice was smiling now.

There were some minutes of astonished silence. A quick revulsion of feeling swayed the little group.

"But, my dear—" Mrs. Armstrong rose and crossed the room to where the girl sat apart. Her benign face returned to its usual color as she spoke. "Tell us about yourself. Are you rich, can you afford to do this?"

Alice had not expected this question but she answered bravely: "No, I am not rich. I am an orphan with my own way to make. But a poor girl can afford to do right—she cannot do otherwise." She drew herself up with a noble pride.

Mrs. Armstrong spoke again. Once her heart was convinced, she could be both just and quick in decision. "As you see, I have not consulted my husband or daughter, but I think they will agree to what I say. We, too, can meet a generous heart generously. Let us divide my son's fortune—you keep half, and give us half if you will. The interest of your portion will amount to as much as our boy used to send us from his salary, and will furnish the little extra things we need." "But we cannot take it all," she concluded, with emphasis, looking at the others with a question in her eyes.

"Right, mother, right as you always are. The old man turned to Alice, "do you think we'd be so mean as to take every cent you offer, and leave you poorer than we are?"

So, after many remonstrances, it was settled amid smiles and tears, and the beginning of an enduring friendship. Then Alice Farman went back to have the legal transfer made, poorer by five thousand dollars than when she came, but much lighter at heart.

Next day she wrote a brief note to Mr. Royce, in what she said: "If you have not a competent stenographer may I go to my old position? I will explain when I reach you."

When Mr. Royce opened the letter he exclaimed: "What in the dickens! Well, the young women of this day are hard to understand, but of course I want her if she wants to come."

He wrote: "Come! To be sure. I felt like telegraphing. I've had two dames of the pencil within a month. The first one couldn't spell—I told you they could't, half of 'em. The second one mixes up 'the party of the first part' and 'the party of the second part' in my law papers, and I can't make her understand which from t'other. You are a conundrum now, but you'll be a god-send."

Alice gave a happy laugh, when she read it. "What a dear old grumbler my guardian is! It seems like going home." So she packed her trunk and went.

"Well, Missy, what does this mean?" was Mr. Royce's greeting, and she told him the whole story.

"Upon my word! Why didn't you write to me first? Afraid your guardian wouldn't let you, eh? Let's see, you're not twenty-one yet. Time enough to undo the mischief."

She saw that he was feigning displeasure. "You are mistaken, sir. I was twenty-one the day the transfer was made. I thought about that." She looked roguish.

"Fly puss!" he interrupted.

"I wasn't afraid to write to you, though I knew your duty would lead you to look after my interests. But my duty I must do myself. Then as the interest of five thousand dollars would hardly support a girl with a healthy appetite, and a reasonable liking for pretty clothes, I was glad to come back if you wanted me.

Mr. Royce laughed and then grew grave. "My child," he said, "you were always a good, noble girl, and I respect you more than ever for this act. But you must allow an old lawyer to be jealous for the law's good name. Though in this case it worked an injustice, you must always remember that laws do, for the most part, work the greatest good to the greatest number."

"Yes, sir," Alice assented meekly. "Now shall I take down your dictation."—*Youth's Companion.*

HE NEEDED NO EXERCISE.

"Yes, sir, I agree with that Chicago professor who asserts that a man who is over twenty-five and who has a regular employment does not need any exercise."

"Have you regular employment?"

"I have."

"May I ask what it is?"

"You may. I am a letter carrier."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The best protection against fevers, pneumonia, diphtheria, etc., is in building up the system with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HIS MOTHER.

The oldest emblem of deathless affection is the natural love of a woman for her child. Maternal love remains, indeed, a fixed, conventional type, as if the tender evidence belonged to every mother.

To illustrate the child's hold upon the mother no ordinary instance would be now, but an incident in the last hours of a condemned criminal furnishes one of the crucial cases.

For the brutal murder of a helpless old man a youth of eighteen in a neighboring state, lay in jail awaiting execution. He resisted every approach of kindness, and resented the friendly offices of the chaplain with bitter curses. The boy was apparently a reprobate.

Two days before his execution a telegram was brought to him in his cell. He snatched it, and tore it open with an oath. In an instant a change came over his sullen face. He threw up his hands with a cry, and began to weep and sob. The chaplain took the telegram and read these words:

"Your mother is loving you yet."

The message had come two thousand miles. The mother in her distant home had not heard of her runaway boy for three years. The young prodigal had not changed his name, and one day, in a brief newspaper mention, she read of him—a murderer condemned to die. It was too late to save him. All her yearning heart could send him in his ignominy and ruin was the last fond sentence.

An anecdote of a wretched-looking tramp arrested for vagrancy the other day in Brooklyn, tells us, on the other hand, something of the hold a mother has upon her child.

When the man was searched by the officers, a soiled photograph of a young woman was found in his clothing. Beggars' explanations hardly find a more credulous audience outside of the police station, but the officers heard the tramp's story and believed it. He declared that the photograph was a picture of his mother.

"She's an old woman now," he said, "if she is alive. I've carried that picture for many a year. I didn't follow the road she marked out for me,—the more shame to me,—but her face has been with me in every state in the Union. I wouldn't part with it for anything in this world. Keep it for me, and let me have it when I go."

Mother love is a holy thing. Pitiful, and more than pitiful, is the baseness that will drag it in the mire.

But it outlives even that indignity.

AN EMERGENCY CALL.

The physician, like the soldier, must respond to the call of duty without always waiting to discover the why and wherefore. A doctor who is evidently the soul of devotion to his profession was recently put to the test and, much to his subsequent irritation, was not found wanting. It befell in this wise, according to the doctor's report:

One day last week I was just sitting down to a most excellent dinner when I received a call from a little five-year-old girl whose father lives in the adjoining block. She was out of breath, but she managed to gasp out for me to come up to the house right away.

Thinking it must be something serious that should cause the little girl to be sent for me, I seized my medicine case and hurried off.

"Who is sick?" I asked, picking her up in my arms and carrying her, so that I might get along faster.

"Elizabeth," she answered.

"Is she very sick?" I asked.

"I think it is typhoid fever," she replied.

This gave me a scare and quickened my steps. We were not long in arriving at the house, and I was surprised that no one met us.

"This way," cried the little girl, seizing my hand.

Allowing myself to be led along, I soon found myself in a bedroom by the side of a doll's cradle, in which reposed a doll with a rag tied round its throat.

I was dazed for a moment and only came to when I heard the little girl inquiring anxiously if I thought Elizabeth was going to die.

I assured her that she wasn't, and all that she needed was a spanking. I meant the little girl—not Elizabeth. But from what I heard as I came away, I am afraid that my advice was not understood and that Elizabeth got it.

A YOUNG HEROINE.

"In these days," General Gordon once said, sadly, "the race is for honors, not honor, and for newspaper praise." Is it true? The most hopeless among us must admit that if true there are exceptions.

In New York a few weeks ago, Miss Minnie Swarts, while out seeking work for the support of her younger brothers and sisters, came upon a great fire, and learned that a number of firemen had just been disabled.

She ran to a neighboring grocery, bought a gallon of milk, had it heated, and carried it to the exhausted firemen. Then she assisted a physician to revive those who were overcome by smoke. She climbed a fence, and with an ax made an opening for the men to drag in their hose, and then, discovering two wounded firemen slipping into a water-filled cellar, she held them each by a leg till help came and she herself was faint and exhausted.

The fire-commissioner, learning of the important assistance of the eighteen-year-old heroine, invited her to call at his office. In a heartfelt little speech he presented her, in the name of the grateful department, with a purse stuffed with bank-notes.

Tears came to the girl's eyes, but she put aside the purse. She was deeply touched and grateful, but she could not take the money for doing what was her duty, and a privilege as well. And in this resolve she has ever since persisted.

It is said by spectators at the fire that while Miss Swarts worked so valiantly for hours, scores of able-bodied men stood outside the fire-lines curiously looking on.

A quick eye to see where one may be useful, and ability to act wisely in an emergency and sturdy refusal to be paid for it: these are refreshing attributes in either man or woman, and lift the humblest life out of the commonplace.

No man is perfectly revealed to those who best know him. No man knows himself wholly. The higher the man, the less can he be entirely acquainted with that self, the less can the world know him.

A SCOTTISH DIRGE.

There's dool in cot an' clachan, there's wail in hut an' ha',
The rough o' sorrow's come to the bent by moss an' moulean' grey,
An' sabbin' sair, an' overcome floos on a' the win's that blaw—
"The Queen o' bonnie Scotland" is lying dead the day!

Oh! Scotland minds when but a lass she cam' amang her kin,
Nae lither e'e wi' bright as hers, nae lither face was fair;
An' aft within her Highland home her heart's been blythe an' fain,
Noo Scotland's Queen—sae lo'ed an' lost—sall yonne again nae mair.

Frae Clyde to Tweed, frae Forth to Spey, a dirge is in the air,
It sleeds the lan'—it leaps the Grim—it fills the breist wi' wae;
At kirk or market, whaur ye gang, the wund o' doom is thair—
"The Queen o' bonnie Scotland" is lying dead the day!"

—*John Macfarlan.*

RULES FOR SUCCESS IN LIFE.

The following sixteen rules are kept printed on a card by a member of one of the oldest mercantile concerns in New York city, and, with other good literature and much fatherly advice, are handed to young men of his acquaintance from time to time and otherwise distributed where they will do good. It is safe to say that the success of the establishment referred to has been built up along the lines indicated by themselves. We commend them to the attention of our readers:

1. Keep good company or none. Never be idle.
2. If your hands are not usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.
3. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets if you have any.
4. When you speak to a person, look him in the face.
5. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.
6. Good character is above all things else.
7. Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income.
8. Make no bests to be rich, if you would prosper.
9. Never pley at any game of chance.
10. Earn money before you spend it.
11. Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again.
12. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.
13. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.
14. Be just before you are generous.
15. Be temperate in all things.
16. Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

BERESFORD'S CHOICE.

Like many another man who has made a success of life, Lord Charles Beresford was the despair of the teachers of his boyhood. They reported to his father that young Charles would do nothing he did not care to do, and on the boy's thirteenth birthday his parent formally announced that he must make his final choice of a profession. *Collier's Weekly* reports the conversation which followed.

"What is it to be, my boy—the army, the navy, or the church?"

"The navy, sir."

"And why the navy, boy?"

"'Cause, I'd like to be an admiral, like Nelson."

"Pshaw, like Nelson! Why Nelson?"

"'Cause I want to."

"But even if you were to join the navy, why do you think you will ever become an admiral, Charlie?"

"'Cause I mean to," was the blunt reply. He had his wish and entered the navy.

HER MOTTO.

The members of a Bible-class in a New England parish were studying St. Paul's rules for Christain living, set forth in the twelfth chapter of Romans.

Among the questions asked by the leader of the class was, "What motto should be adopted when strangers are to be entertained?"

The proper answer of course, and the one given by all the members of the class, with one exception, was: "Given to hospitality."

In the class, however, there was one young person who held a different idea; this was the minister's daughter who, since she was fifteen years old, had been the head of the house, and the manager of many a difficult meal.

"I don't agree with the others," she said, firmly. "I think very often the motto should be: 'Patient in tribulation.'"

TWO NEWSBOYS.

The fellow-feeling that marks one of the tenderest spots in human nature is often most pronounced among great men. A writer in the *Century* tells this new anecdote of Faraday:

The great physicist and his friend Hoffmann were walking one day together through the streets of London, where both were then professors. When Faraday stopped a newsboy and bought a newspaper. Hoffmann asked him why, with his house regularly supplied with all the papers he needed, he stopped to buy a paper from a boy in the street.

Faraday replied: "I was once a newsboy myself and sold papers on the street."

It was a fitting explanation.

NO EXCUSE FOR PEOPLE WHO WEAR RUSTY OR FADED CLOTHES.

Diamond Dyes Will Make The Old Things Look As Good as New.

"If the majority of people cannot afford to buy new dresses, jackets, capes, waists or suits of clothes every three or six months, the use of Diamond Dyes will enable them to renew at a trifling cost their faded or rusty garments, making them as handsome as new ones. Mrs. W. L. Wood, of Cresswell, Ont., says:

"I have always used Diamond Dyes with the best results, but my last trial of them has exceeded all previous efforts. I have just dyed a dress of the very finest brown Henrietta Cloth, with Diamond Dye Fast Black for wool, making it look as well as new goods from the store. There is no excuse for anyone wearing old clothes while Diamond Dyes are sold."