The Acton Free Press.

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Accounts payable monthly.

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M.,
SUCCESSOR TO
J. 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—6 to 10; 1 to 2, and 7 to 8.

DR. DRYDEN,
EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.
Corner Wpolwich 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 anæsthetic 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. 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 as the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 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.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL Proprietor
A full 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 or furnished in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gumming and filing done.

LEE SHUN
CHINESE LAUNDRY.
In Mrs. Secord's, Block, Acton.
Laundry collected and returned. Family Washing at reasonable rates. All work done by hand. No machines or chemicals used.
LEE SHUN, Proprietor.

Best Quality

50c and 40c Hockey Sticks for 25c.
25c Sticks for 15c.
15c Sticks for 10c.
Hockey Shin Pads, 50c per pair, for 40c.
90c per pair, for 60c.
Heavy big Skate Straps for 5c. per pair.
Sleds for boys and girls at cost.
Above Prices are given 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

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

ACTON
Flour Mills
HUMPHREYS & HAWKE, Proprietors.
Highest Market Price 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.

NOTICE
Larger Premises
Messrs. COOPER & AKINS beg to announce to their patrons that owing to the increased confidence placed in them during the present season they have been compelled to take larger premises where they hope to continue to increase their business by giving the utmost satisfaction both in material and workmanship.
Our object will always be to lead in style of materials and of Garments and to do this we are continually adding to our already large stock consisting of Fancy Suitings in Scotch and West of England Worsteds, Paulings, Fancy Vestings and a full range of Fall and Winter Overcoatings.
COOPER AND AKINS
Fashionable Tailors
Mill St., Acton.
Sole agents for the celebrated Serges, Bloubelon, Tyke and Halifaxes, which will nobly stand color in two years' wear or money refunded.

—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.

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 ✱

DO YOU WANT A SET OF **Harness?**
..IF SO, TRY..
THOPR, GUELPH.
He has them at $11 to $15 each, hand made and sewed.
Also Buggies, Rugs, Whips, etc., etc.
CLOVER AND TIMOTHY
Extra clean and pure. See our samples and prices.
SEED PEAS
Free from bugs. White and Blue, all kinds.
Also, SEED OATS, BARLEY, WHEAT, SPRING RYE, the new SPELTZ GRAIN, COW PEAS, GRASS PEAS, MANGEL and RAPE SEEDS, GARDEN SEEDS, all kinds.
GEO. J. THORP,
SEEDS, GRAIN, IMPLEMENTS, ETC.
GUELPH & ROCKWOOD.

....BRAINS WIN.... ....BATTLES....
ROYAL CITY
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.

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.

We... Advertise

1. Because it pays to do so.
2. Because it is usual for first-class business houses to do so.
3. Because we are not ashamed of our goods or our work.
4. Because we desire to reach all intelligent people, and they read the papers.
5. Because we believe in small profits and many sales.
6. Because we believe that a life-time experience in the boot and shoe business puts us in a position to serve you well.
7. Because we want to get your attention and your trade.

OUR SPECIALTIES—Rub Proof Rubbers and Dr. Reed's Cushion Shoe

W. WILLIAMS,
BOOT AND SHOE DEALER
ACTON - ONT.

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; $900 per year, 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, 181 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Poetry.

GOBLINS.

I ain't afraid o' goblins—I should say;
You can't scare Sam an' me—not that way.
D'you know what goblins are? They're awful thing,
Dressed all in white—or black. They don't have wings,
But they can fly light through the ceilin.' Then They have long arms, an' no oo long claws. An' when
They grab a feller, off they fly before
You've time to yell—'n' you don't come back no more.

We ain't afraid o' goblins—Sam an' me—
I ain't when Sam's around—an' Sam says he
Ain't afraid o' nothin'. Goblins like to keep
All night in lonesome graveyards—cre-e-ep an' cre-e-ep.

He scarey like—he, 'listeals,' in the dark
To owls that hoot an' cry, and dogs that bark,
Home stray in garrets an' old houses too,
'N' you can't tell when they'll git you till they do.

Most girls are 'fraid o' goblins. Sam an' me,
We ain't, because I'll tell you why. You see
That graveyard 'way off yonder on the hill?
Well, Sam, he says: "Hay Hill"—Sam calls me Hill—
"Let's go an' look for goblins." So we did.
'Cause paw, he'd told us how the goblins hid
Around among the tombstones, cresplin' sol'
A-waitin' just to carry fellers off.

One night we sneaked up close, an' see-mun-nea! There stood a white one lookin' at Sam an' me. We wasn't scared—not much. It shook its head, An' we—we said our prayers, an' Sam he said: "I'e gits me first you tell maw what he done." Then it came cresplin' up—we couldn't run, We felt so weak, an' shivered so, somehow—An' then it mo-o-ed," 'twas our old white cow.

—*Chicago Record.*

Select Family Reading.

A Comical Courtship.

My friend Darriman and I were spending our summer holidays in a quiet little country village. Being a keen fisherman most of my time was spent by the river-side; my friend thought fishing anything but sport, so he wandered about, as he told me, admiring the beauty of the scenery. The scenery I afterward discovered was a certain Miss Morley, to whom he had brought an introduction. When he had known her for about five days, he was thoroughly convinced he was in love with her, and like other young men in similar conditions he was anxious to know his fate. He tried in vain to get her alone so that he could unburden his agitated mind, but circumstances, in the shape of her mother, were against him. Now, Dolly's mother, though anxious to see her daughter well-married, thought it improper to allow her to be alone with my handsome friend. If they went into the garden together, she went with them; if they sat down on a seat, she sat down beside them; if they wandered by the river in the moonlight, she would take poor George's arm.

Darriman bore this bravely for some time, but at last he could stand it no longer and set his wits to work to discover some means of evading dear Dolly's mamma.

It was about this time that he confided his trouble to me. I sympathized with him, but could offer no solution to the problem.

"I've got it!" he shouted one evening, breaking in on my peaceful reveries.

"Got what?" I inquired anxiously, as I saw my friend careering wildly round the room.

"I mean I can fix the old lady," he said, apparently surprised at my stupidity.

"I thought it was her daughter you wanted?"

"So I do, but I want her alone. I am going to get a tennis net and rackets sent from town and teach her to play," said he joyfully.

"But don't you think Mrs. Morley will want to learn as well?" I asked.

"Hang it all! They can't both learn at once, and while I'm teaching dear Dolly I can find out all I wish to know."

I didn't admire the brilliancy of the idea, but that did not dampen his ardor.

"As you are going up to town," he continued, "you may as well send a tennis set down—a cheap one, remember."

The following day I dispatched the net and a week later returned to finish my interrupted holidays. On going to the hotel I inquired for my friend and heard that he had been away all day, so I strolled down to the Morleys', where I thought I should find him. The garden in front of the house was deserted, so I walked around to the back door. As I stood there I heard the voice of old Mrs. Morley. She was having a confidential chat with a neighbor.

"I am so relieved, dear Mrs. Gossip, for really I was run off my feet. They would walk for miles and miles, and there was I trudging after them. But now, thank goodness, he's taught her to play tennis, and I can sit here quite comfortable, and so long as I hear them calling, 'Are you ready?' 'Play,' 'You serve' and 'Forty-fifteen' I know that all is well and that the mat is between them."

"Fifteen all!" was just then wafted on the breeze.

"There they go! Listen to that!" said old Mrs. Morley.

Having discovered where my friend was, I walked up to the hedge behind which the tennis court had been made and looked over. The court was there. The rackets lay on the grass, and balls were scattered about, but no sign could I see of either George or Miss Morley.

"Thirty-fifteen!" broke in on my reflections.

Puzzled, I walked to the gate, and there on a garden seat in the far corner sat George, his arm securely round Dolly's waist, and every now and then between his caresses he was shouting out "Play!" "Fault!" "Forty-thirty!" "Deuce!" and then continuing his occupation as if nothing had interrupted it.

"What in the name of good fortune is the meaning of this?" I asked, going up to them.

They both started, and a bright blush mounted the fair Dolly's cheek. George jumped up quickly.

"You see," he explained, "we got so tired of playing—forty-fifteen—tennis that we—forty-thirty—hit on this idea of pacifying the—game—old lady. She hears me calling out the score, and so she—are you ready?—thinks that we are playing and does not disturb us. If I were to—fault!—stop calling out for one minute, you would see her head pop over that—fifteen all—hedge."

This sort of thing had been going on for some time, and George had grown quite an adept at it. In fact, it was almost impossible to talk to him now, for he would forget that Mrs. Morley was not listening, and his conversation would be continually broken by "Forty-fifteen," or "Thirty-all," and I was beginning to get seriously alarmed about him.

The climax came one evening when Mrs. Morley had asked us both to tea. George had been in a most nervous state all day, and the sight of our hostess seemed to make him worse. Every time she spoke to him he would murmur some unintelligible remark, such as "Thirty-all."—At last Mrs. Morley became quite vexed and thought he had been drinking. I remonstrated with him, but to no effect. Dolly, seeing how strange he was, suggested another cup of tea.

"How many lumps of sugar?" she asked.

"Forty-love!" almost shouted George.

"Sir," said Mrs. Morley severely, "how dare you speak to my daughter like that?"

"Are you ready?" interjected George.

"Ready for what?" asked Mrs. Morley, perfectly amazed. "If you"—

"Outside," interrupted George.

"Sir, if you can't control yourself I'll go to the"—

"Deuce!" roared George.

This was too much for me, so I collared George and hurried him out into the garden.

Poor Mrs. Morley flew off to her room, her head high in the air.

Dolly followed me in tears.

"I have been afraid of this all day," she sobbed. "He's been shouting the score so much lately that he can't seem to get it out of his head. Oh, can't you stop him?"

"Play!" came faintly from George's lips.

"Please try," she pleaded.

Still he kept on, so I hurried him back to the hotel, put him to bed and sent for a doctor. The man of medicine plied him with many questions, but the only replies he could get were "Forty-fifteen," "Forty-thirty," "Vantage" and "Fault."

An anxious week passed. Every available piece of ice in the village was melted on poor George's head, and still he continued his raving.

Time, the greatest of all physicians, however, accomplished what the ice failed to, and after a couple of weeks' complete rest and the careful nursing of Mrs. Morley and her daughter George recovered.

Tennis is now no longer necessary. The court, the racket and the balls have disappeared, and George and Dolly stroll arm in arm through the garden without any fear of interruption, for Mrs. Morley understands.—Chicago *Times-Herald.*

EVELYN'S SHOES.

When Mr. Simpson returned from Boston he brought a beautiful pair of shoes, laced shoes, with neat heels and pretty toes, for his daughter Ethel, and a unanimous sigh of disappointment swept over the Simpson family when it appeared that these shoes were too small. No one was more sincerely grieved about it than Ethel's younger sister, Evelyn, who liked pretty shoes as much as Ethel did, and who had been wearing a pair that could not have been described as anything but "serviceable though plain."

Evelyn was filled with conflicting emotions when her father said, "Perhaps you can wear a number three shoe, my dear. If so you may have these."

Evelyn knew that though her sister was six years older than herself, yet they wore the same size shoe—number four; but she did not say so. She set the pretty shoe beside her own stout, roomy one. The prospect was discouraging.

A little later Ethel came in.

"Why," she exclaimed, in surprise, "you can almost get it on! Try it sometime when your foot is not warm and swollen, as it is now. Though I suppose papa would never let you wear them if they went on at all hard."

The shoes stood on Evelyn's dressing-case all day, and suggested to her what must have been the feelings of Cinderella's sisters when they tried to cut down their feet to fit the magic slipper. That evening when she was going to bed she tried them again, and they actually went on. They squeezed the poor little feet as if in a vise, but there they were, on.

Five minutes later the light was out and Evelyn was in bed. The shoes were not on the dressing case, nor anywhere to be seen.

About midnight Ethel Simpson was awakened by a soft knock on her door, and sitting in the hall outside she discovered her little sister Evelyn.

"O Ethel—don't make any noise—my feet!" she gasped.

"Why, you have your shoes and stockings on, Evelyn, the new shoes! Oh, you poor child!" and in a moment the older sister was bending over the sufferer, who had fainted quite away, with smelling salts and a pair of scissors.

"You see," sobbed Evelyn, reviving and watching the cutting of the shoe lacings with interest, "I thought if I wore them to bed they would be on in the morning, and I could show them to papa, and he would let me keep them. I went to sleep, and a little while ago I woke up, and I thought I was dying.

"I almost screamed, but I didn't. I felt numb all over, and then it seemed as if my arms and legs and head were turning into balloons. When I tried to crawl out of bed I knew what was the matter. It was my feet and these awful shoes.

"I expect every one will laugh at me—why, Ethel you are crying! Don't; my feet don't hurt me any more, and papa will say when you tell him about it, 'It will be a lesson to her.'"

It was a lesson to her. She never wore tight shoes again. But if her father thought so, he did not say it when Ethel told the story, and no one of the family laughed or said a word about it. A day or two later a package came from Boston for Evelyn which contained a beautiful pair of shoes, laced, with neat heels and pretty toes, and marked, "fours."

A GOOD MEMORY.

A highland girl, who had been in service in Dundee and had gone to a place farther south, called upon her old mistress on her way north to visit friends.

She was invited to take dinner with the family, and her old master asked a blessing on the meal as usual, when the girl said:

"My, maister, ye maun hae a gran' memory. That's the grace ye said when I was here sax years syne."—London *Telegraph.*

The man who is contented with mediocrity will be a happy man.

WORKING TO WIN.

"What a nice face that young fellow has," said the new minister to the gentleman with whom he was walking, as the person referred to pulled off his hat in passing.

"Yes; he would be something out of the common if he had half a chance. But what can be expected of a boy living alone in a boarding-house, with nothing to keep him out of mischief? Not," hastily, "that I mean that he isn't straight now, but the question is, how long is he going to remain so? He, just out of college, (sent there by some relative to get him out of the way, I presume, for he has no parents), and if he doesn't have something put into them, the person who's always looking out for just his kind will find something for the idle hands to do. Of course he's in business, but it's his evenings that are the danger." Then something changed the subject and the matter was dropped, but not from the new minister's mind. He could not get the fresh, boyish face out of his thoughts, and planned to become acquainted at the first possible opportunity.

But it is the unexpected that always happens, and it was certainly most unexpected by the minister that he should run into Will Bumner, literally and figuratively, one stormy spring evening not a week later, as he was taking his way home by the waterside of the church and parsonage; and as he was by far the smaller and lighter of the two the meeting might have resulted disastrously for him, had not Will caught and held him in his strong young arms till he had recovered his disturbed equilibrium. Then he loosened his hold, and, stepping back, pulled off his hat.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, his blue eyes twinkling in spite of all his effort to the contrary; "but I couldn't help it; I was afraid that you would go over if I didn't, I had on such a tremendous headway, you know."

"I am sure I am most grateful to you. You are evidently used to quick thinking and rapid action; and I am sure you saved me a severe headache at the least; probably something more serious."

"Football teaches a fellow a goodish bit of that sort of thing," said Will, and then he drew a little to one side so that the gentleman might pass on. But it was at that moment, as the slight change of position brought his face into the light, that the minister recognized him.

"I have seen you before," he said, holding out his hand. "Is it not"—but there his memory failed him.

"It is Will Bumner, at your service," said the boy with a polished little bow.

"Ah! then you are exactly the one I wanted to meet. I want some information that I am sure you can give me. It is unconventional, I know, but just imagine me a college man for the hour and come along home with me. But perhaps you might as well know that I am the new minister of the —— street church."

"Mr. Russell? I have heard of you, sir?"

"Well, will you come with me? I will explain what I want you to tell me when we have had our supper. Oh! my wife will be delighted to meet you. Must you go home first?"

"No; not if you will take me as I am. My boarding house is a mile away. I was just coming from there."

Now young Will Bumner did not look upon this invitation with unalloyed delight, but seeing no way to get out of it without rudeness he accepted with the best grace possible, and presently found himself being presented to a pretty little woman who looked up at him with kind, motherly eyes, and made him beautifully welcome.

"Katy, this is Mr. Bumner, and he is going to help me out with those mission boys of mine. Oh! I beg your pardon," at the astonishment and more, depicted in Will's face, "I had forgotten that I had not made my explanation. You see," when a few moments later they were seated at the cosy supper table, "it was your mention of football that put the idea into me head. A lot of these fellows are wanting to get up a club and came to me to see if I could give them a few hints. It is hardly necessary," with a laughing glance down at his own slim figure, "to state that I have never played; and though I used to watch with deepest interest at old Nassau, I do not know enough to turn coach; while you, perhaps, might be able to spend an evening in the vacant lots now and then, as the weather grows fit?"

"A Princeton man, sir!" cried Will. And the next instant he was at the minister's side with his hand held out. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Russell," he exclaimed a moment later, blushing like a girl, "but—but your husband will understand that I couldn't help it!" and the boy's eyes were actually full of tears.

"Don't apologize to me!" cried the little woman with ready sympathy, her own eyes filling. "I am almost as bad myself. Do you know," a little shyly, "that is where I first met Mr. Russell. I believe that I know it as well as either of you."

Well; never did an evening glide away as that evening did; and if the football team had not proved a success, as it did, the next autumn, it would not have been Will Bumner's fault; and if Will Bumner had not proved a success in all the years which followed, which he did, and a splendid one, it would not have been the minister's fault. Both of them worked to win; and both of them won.

SIMPLE EXPEDIENT.

Among the more recent stories of feminine banking is one of a young lady who in a fit of abstraction signed a check, "Your loving Susie." A still later anecdote is this from one of our exchanges:

A fund was being raised in New York for the benefit of sufferers by a great disaster, and a certain rich but illiterate woman was approached upon the subject.

"Oh, I shouldn't mind sending the money," she said, "but I do hate to have my name in all the papers."

"But that could be easily arranged," said the gentleman who had opened the subject.

"Why, yes, of course," remarked the woman, "I could send an anonymous check. Why didn't I think of that before?"

The desire of the Christian should be, above everything else, to be daily transformed into the image of Him who imparts spiritual life.

Ball rheum, with its burning, stinging sensation, is due to poor blood and is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

HIS NEW SILK HAT.

The young man who prides himself upon his swell and dapper appearance had just bought a new silk hat, and it had been sent to the office from the hat store. It arrived while he was at luncheon, and one of the boys receipted for it and after the messenger was gone hauled out the prize for general inspection. It was certainly a beauty, but a man who cannot afford to wear a silk hat never can see any sense in any other person wearing one. Therefore the gang got up a little plot to have joy with the sporty purchaser.

The new hat was stowed away in the clothes closet, and the office boy was sent to the county Democracy headquarters to borrow the worst old plug that could be found in the rooms, one that had been through all the parades for the year and had been kicked from pillar to post. The boy got it all right, and it was carefully stowed in a bandbox and placed on the swell youth's desk. He came bustling in soon afterward and jumped toward the package.

"O., my new hat came, did it?" he asked, beginning to unwrap the package. "Well, say, you fellows can "kid" a silk hat all you want, but here's one that's a"—

He got that far before he opened the box and took out the ancient plug, which looked like a vain regret. Then he made some remarks which are unfit for publication.

"I'll show 'em!" he shouted, while the crowd kept up the roar of laughter to indecent limits. "I'll let 'em know who they're playing jokes on!" And he jammed the old hat back into the boy preparatory to going back to the hat store with it. It was time to make the switch again and one of the boys called him into the private office a moment on something very imperative, while another shifted the hats and put the new one back in the box.

Returning from the momentary conference, the indignant young man tied up the hotbox and stamped away to the hat store.

"What do you mean," he demanded, slamming the box down and nervously pulling at the strings, "by sending me an old wreck of a hat like this?" And he pulled out the shining new tile he had bought a few hours before.

What the salesman said and thought and what the young man said and realized are not necessary to the story. It ought to end right there.

A DREADFUL MOMENT.

A conductor on the Park line had an experience the other day that is quite certain to cause him many uncomfortable minutes in the future. His car stopped at Spruce Street to lift a middle-aged lady on, and as she took her seat the conductor gave the motorman two bells, and the car shot ahead. When the conductor entered the car, the woman in question was looking out of the window and did not see his outstretched hand.

"Fare, please," remarked the conductor.

The woman evidently did not hear him, for she did not turn her head. Neither did she hold out the necessary coin.

"Fare, please," said the conductor in a louder tone.

But the woman paid no heed. Then the conductor touched her on the shoulder and in a tone of voice that rang through the car exclaimed:

"Your fare, please, lady!"

Then the woman turned hastily around and looked at the conductor. The knight of the ballcord gave one gasp and fled to the back platform.

The woman was his mother-in-law.

THEY WORKED ON BENCHES.

The dignified dame was not really English, but she had mastered the dialect to some extent.

"My nevvew 'Erbert," she said, "wants to marry a school teacher! Fawnow! A parson who works for a living! To be sure, now that I think of it, that is not always a disgrace. You, my dear, write for the press now and then, I am told, but you don't 'ave to, you know. That is different."

"Yes," replied the young person to whom she was speaking, "but I may be said to have inherited a tendancy to work. My father and grandfather both worked for a luxury of a chair to sit on. They worked on benches."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the dignified dame, greatly shocked. "What did they—ah—work at?"

"Well, my father was a judge of the superior court, and my grandfather was one of the justices of the United States supreme court."

ETYMOLOGY OF "HURRAH."

W. J. Spratley, to use his plain English name, has favored us with a copy of a letter he has addressed to the *Institute and Lecturers' Gazette*, on etymology of the word "Hurrah!" which Mr. Spratley spells "Hoorah." We have been vaguely cherishing the idea that it had a Russian origin, but Mr. Spratley takes us to ancient Egypt in his etymological search. He thinks "there can be no doubt that the Egyptian soldiers went into battle to the inspiriting cheer of "Hoolla! Hoolla! Hoolla!" and if the average questioning man asks why, he staggers him with this: "Hoolla Hoolla (in the tongue of the Thothmes and Ramesses) means 'The king, the king, the king!' Yes, more. As 'Ra' means not only king, but also God and man, the concentrated meaning of the cry would be, 'For God, king and country!' What more loyal, what more patriotic, what more devout?" What, indeed!

WORTH THE DIFFERENCE.

In B. L. Powers' story at the Middlesex Bar association dinner the lawyer tried the case for the complainant. He had a middle-aged gentleman for breach of promise. He married another girl. The jury retired, and the defendant also went his way. The jury retired, the defendant did not. The jury found for the plaintiff, in $100 damages.

The lawyer met the middle aged gentleman a few minutes later in the lobby of an adjacent hotel.

"Squire," said the latter, "how did the jury decide?"

"Against you," was the answer.

"I didn't think they would do that," said the middle aged gentleman musingly. "What's the damages?"

"That ain't so bad!" he exclaimed, on being told. "Squire, there's that much difference between the two women."

SOME OTHER DAY.

There are wonderful things we are going to do,
Some other day.
And harbors we hope to drift into
Some other day.
With folded hands, the oars that trail
We watch and wait for a favoring gale
To fill the folds of an idle sail
Some other day.

We know we must toil if ever we win
Some other day.
But we say to ourselves there's time to begin
Some other day.
And so deferring we loiter on
Until at last we find withdrawn
The strength of the hope we leaned upon
Some other day.

And when we are old and our race is run
Some other day.
We feel for the things that might have been done.
Some other day.
We trace the path that leads us where
The beckoning hand of grim destair
Leads us yonder out of the fare.
Some other day.

—*Somerville Journal.*

A STORY IN SECTIONS.

"Some five years ago," said Black, "I was aboard a river steamer on the Rio Grand. Among other freight exposed to the sun was a crate of eggs. About noon the purser, passing the crate heard a peculiar sound. He pulled off a board to investigate, when out hopped an army of chicks. They spurted over the deck like penguins on an icefield. The sun had been the incubator, sir."

Blue leisurely removed the ashes from his pipe, and said:

"Did you see me, Mr. Black?"

"No, Sir! Were you on board?"

"I was, and I saw you when you went ashore."

"Well, what became of the chickens, Mr. Blue?"

"They flourished, sir—just sprang up in the Texas sun like mushrooms in a damp cellar. Never saw anything like it, sir. You could stand there and almost see them grow. It isn't exaggerating to say that we had chicken on the table the second day out. When I got off at a lower landing, one of the young cocks crowed a parting salute."

Brown, who had silently been picking his nails with a toothpick, now spoke.

"Mr. Blue do you remember seeing me on the main deck when you got off?"

"No, sir; were you there?"

"I was, sir."

"Well, I suppose you can take up the thread of those remarkable fowls?"

"I can. You say one of the cocks crowed a salute as you went ashore? Well, sir, that was just the beginning. Before sundown every cock in the lot was crowing in concert. By 10 o'clock the next morning the pullets were laying eggs among the anchor chains. The original eggs had been consigned to the last landing. The pullets kept on laying until this landing was in sight. Then the purser had the fresh eggs gathered up and put in the crate. The board was replaced, and you couldn't tell that the crate had been tampered with. One hundred and two fowls, deducting the six that had gone to the table; also two dozen fresh eggs over. Quite profitable, eh, Mr. Blue? More so than Belgian hares?"

GOOD THINGS TO LEARN.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn how to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room.

Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to stop croaking. If you can not see any good in this world, keep the bad to yourself.

Learn to attend strictly to your own business. Very important point.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have earache, headache or rheumatism.

Learn to greet your friend with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with any of yours.

THINGS YOU CAN'T DO.

You can't stand for five minutes without moving if you are blindfolded.

You can't stand at the side of a room with both your feet touching the wainscoting lengthwise.

You can't get out of a chair without bending your body forward or putting your feet under it—that is, if you are sitting squarely on the chair and not on the edge of it.

You can't crush an egg when placed lengthwise between your hands—that is, if the egg is sound and has the ordinary shell of a hen's egg.

You can't break a match if the match is laid across the nail of the middle finger of either hand and pressed upon by the first and third fingers of that hand, despite its seeming so easy at first sight.

SMART LITTLE BOY.

Teacher—Now, boys, how many months have twenth-eight days?

Boy (in the front seat)—All of them, sir.—Exchange.

And The Women Answered And Said:

"THE DIAMOND DYES."

What Dyes are always guaranteed,
And in our country take the lead?
The Diamond Dyes!

What dyes are strong, and bright, and fast,
And always dye to live and last?
The Diamond Dyes!

What Dyes give grand results each time,
Whenever used in any clime?
The Diamond Dyes!

What Dyes bring profit, pleasure, peace,
And by their work a great increase?
The Diamond Dyes!

What Dyes should all Canadians fly?
Hark! listen to that mighty cry—
The Diamond Dyes!

Dr. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills contain mandrake and dandelion, and cure liver and kidney complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain roots and herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Cairncross, Bluevale, writes: "I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for biliousness and derangement of the liver, having used them myself for some time."