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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

DR. JOHN M. MACDONALD, M.D., C.M.,
SUCCESSOR TO
J. P. URQUHART, 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 5 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. J. McLEOD,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, AND COMMISSIONER FOR TAKING AFFIDAVITS.
Main Street, Georgetown.
Conveyancing done, and money loaned on first mortgage on farm property at 6%.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. A. P. HUSBAND, V. S.
Graduate Ontario Veterinary College.
Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society.
Office—Over Warden's Barber Shop, next door to Food 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 at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $400 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 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, 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 performed in a satisfactory manner. We saw repair any machine or implement of any make. New 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, 90c 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

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.

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
(KEEP BOOK 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

SEED GRAIN

We offer as follows:—
Seed Peas, 65c to 75c—7 varieties.
Seed Oats, 35c to 40c—12 varieties.
Also Mandscheuri Barley 40c.
Black Barley, Goose Seed Wheat, Spring Rye, Spelts, Cow Peas, Grass Peas, (bug proof), Prussian Blue Peas, Black Joanette Oats, Ligowa Oats, and 20th Century Oats.
Come and see our Stock.
Very choice Red Clover, Alsike, Lucerne, and Timothy Seed, all at the lowest possible prices.

GEO. J. THORP,
SEEDS, GRAIN, IMPLEMENTS, ETC.
GUELPH & 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.

—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.

TELEPHONE POINTERS..

One of the many good points of a Telephone is that a message cannot fail to reach its hearer correctly. Another good point is that it reaches all points, and that everybody in the city or country worth doing business with has a telephone. Another good point is the economy of time and money. Another point—can you afford to be without one at home or office?

—The
Bell Telephone Company
OF CANADA.

ACTON
Flour Mills
HUMPHREY & 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.

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 direct weekly. STANDARD HOUSE, 342 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Poetry.

NEW YEAR IN HEAVEN.

(BY REQUEST.)

It is a year to-day, we said,
Since she was numbered with the dead,
A year that we have been alone,
Remembering her slightest tone,
And listening vainly for the fall
Of her light feet along the hall;
A year that we have daily seen
Her vacant chair, yet all serene.

The summer days more grandly lay
In pomp of royal pageantry;
The morning with its crystal bars,
The purple midnight gemmed with stars,
The sunset with its glories bright,
The lake beneath the moon's calm light,
With all these charms around us spread,
We pity her for being dead.

We told the form we cherished so
Out where the fair, meek daisies blow,
And planted heart's ease o'er her breast,
The symbol of her peaceful rest;
And wrote the name so often said
On gleaming marble at her head;
And sun and cloud and hoops and star
Alternately her watchers are.

And yet we say: "She is not there.
But has her being other where."
So far remote from mortal eyes
We know not where her haven lies;
And, oh! the silence echoing back
But our own cries. We see no track
To the far skies; no faintest trace
That leads to her new dwelling-place.

We ask each other day by day
How fares she since she went away,
What does she do at morn? at eve?
To-day, to-morrow? Does she grieve
That we her pleasures may not share?
Or has she dearer comrades there?
Or does she wait—seeing the end—
With patience infinite and send
Us loving thoughts across the space
That hides from us her loving face,
And knowing that we love her still,
Yield trustingly to God's wise will?
Perchance her raptures are so sweet,
Twelve months have passed with pleion's fleet,
And she has had so blest a year,
She pities us for being here.

Select Family Reading.

A Run Of Bad Luck.

BY HELEN BRUNNER HUDDLESTON.

IT is next to impossible for some people to find out that what they term "bad luck" is simply poor management. Mrs. Huff is one of this sort. She is a frail, discouraged-looking woman, once pretty and sprightly, but now hopelessly bourne down by work and all the hardships of a close economy.

She had come to sit with me one afternoon, and while she talked and "rested" she laboriously felled a long seam with her fingers, because Tommy had tampered with her sewing machine, and it "wouldn't run right any more."

"Dan and me ain't had anything like such a run of bad luck since we was married as we have gone through with in the last month," she complained in a hard, hopeless voice. "First, we had three fine fat hogs in the pen. They ought to have been killed long ago; for they were that fat they couldn't get up when they was down, hardly; and corn was six bits a bushel already. They were just simply a-eating their heads off with corn at that price; so I kep' at Dan to kill. And I said to him to sell off anyway two of 'em; only he says: 'Oh, maybe we can use the meat.' 'No,' I said, 'we have got scores of bacon already, out of them first fourteen hogs you killed out of the swamp, and I don't really believe we could destroy all the lard.' But Dan he is set in his notions; he just naturally loves to see a smokehouse bulge with meat. I like meat too; but I like something to go with it. So I told Dan: 'Well, anyway, I ain't got a blessed thing in the house fitten to put the lard in; you jes' go and tell Wilkins & Co. to send me two good fifty-pound tin cans, and I'll swap 'em the lard for a barrel of flour; and you tell 'em I want Perkinses Patent—I ain't a-going to take just any old common flour for that lard, and you tell 'em so.' Dan he wanted me to get a dress with it; there was a beautiful pattern of fancy worsted at Lundy's that I had been a-harping on buying ever since I sold my goose feathers in the fall, only we was never able. When Dan got home with the cans he said he could a-got a real good price for them hogs, only he didn't have 'em with him. I said to him: 'Well, it ain't too late yet. Hitch up the waggon right quick, and take all of that pork and sell it.' But he said: 'It ain't hardly worth while, I guess; maybe we can use it. But if I had a-knowed it sooner I'd not a let Jake out it up. Let 'em go.' It was a mighty cold day; the ground never hardly thawed around the pot all day long, but me and the negro woman what was a-helping of us soon rendered out about a hundred pounds of as pretty lard as ever you laid your eyes on. We could a-had the pot indoors, only the kitchen 'back' had fell in, and Dan he hadn' never took time to fix it. I went out once in awhile and let the negro come indoors to warm her feet, which were nearly frost bit already, and I saw the crackling was nearly ready to strain out. I was in the clothespress a-looking for something to strain the lard through; I knowed there was a piece of good quilt-lining somewhere about; I would have done used it, only the calf chewed it half up the time I laid it out in the frost to bleach. I wanted to quilt it to a light 'top,' you know. Well, all at once I heard that negro raise a yell, and I just felt it in my bones that here was some bad luck. And, sure enough, it was, only with the woman a squalling to me to 'come there,' and the awfullest squealing I ever heard out of the mouth of a mortal pig a-joining of her—only the pig didn't yell me in particular, like she did—I couldn't hear myself think. Seemed like they would both bu'st their throats 'fore I could get there! If you'll believe me," and Mrs. Huff dropped her voice to the tragic whisper of one who recounts a dire calamity, "that pig—it was of the red Chester stock—had rooted the pot over and scalded itself so bad it afterwards died, and there wasn't a drop of that lard that wasn't spilt."

"And you lost it all?" I asked sympathetically, though I could not have expected other than an affirmative reply.

"Well, no, not quite, I reckon, either," Mrs. Huff answered to my astonishment. "The negro she took up what she could when it hardened on the frozen ground; it made a nice turn of soap grease. I gave her half to take it up."

"Well, how came the pig to be there?" I asked; for Mrs. Huff looked so melancholy that I felt myself obliged to say something.

"O Dan he forgot and left the gate open," she said patiently.

"Accidents will happen." It was vain to try and cheer her up; she had not finished.

"That ain't near all," she continued lugubriously. "I had a long row of neat boxes nailed up behind the kitchen, where the north wind couldn't strike in; it's a fine place to hatch of early chickens, because the eggs ain't so apt to get chilled. I had set seventy-five hen eggs and twelve turkey eggs, and eggs was a-selling high then, too. I would a-lost more turkey eggs only I was a-waiting for a bigger hen—a common-sized chicken hen can't take more than twelve turkey eggs, you know, they're so big."

"Well?" I reminded her; for she seemed to have lost herself in thought—Tommy thought, too, to judge from her face.

"If you'll believe me," she resumed, "if them nests didn't fall down the very day after the lard spilt, and break every egg but two! The whole backyard looked like it might a-been dressed in omelets."

Mrs. Huff laughed a little dispirited chuckle. It is strange you traked so many eggs in an insecure place," I remarked.

"O the nests was all right," she insisted "only Dan he carelessly turned his horses loose in the yard; they was after the hay and pulled the nests down. I was that provoked I wanted Dan to kill them horses, only he said: 'No; it wasn't no use now, seeing as how the mischief was done already.'"

Mrs. Huff looked up from her seam in pained surprise when I laughed at her evident seriousness in proposing to kill the horses. I may not have appeared fitly sympathetic, but I think I was sorry for her even while she amused me. She cut my apologies short; for she resumed almost fretfully:

"Then, in a few days, Tommy—he is mighty mischievous for his size and age—he up and swung on the safe door, when over it come and smashed every dish I had in the world, besides nearly a-killing Tommy. It cost Dan three dollars to get his head sewed up." Mrs. Huff sighed and rolled up her sewing. "We been a-eating on tinware and china fragments ever since, for with such bad luck, I tell you, we just ain't able to buy more. Dan he would get 'em on credit, only I tell him, 'No, let's wait till our luck changes; something would be sure to happen to 'em before we got 'em home and paid for. Why, it was only last week that Dan he got up before day to make the fire, so as he could go down in the swamp and look for a cow that had a young calf; the river is a-rising, you know. In his hurry he forgot he had put his boots on the pile of firewood to dry overnight, they were so wet; and he up and throwed one of 'em on the coals with some blocks and chunks he had brought to burn, thinkin', no doubt, that it was a chunk; and he never once suspicioned what he had done till he smelt it a-burning! Of course he couldn't go after the cow in his sock feet, so the poor little calf got drowned. But we saved the cow, which was lucky."

Mrs. Huff was ready to go now, and she arose from her chair stiffly, as one old or weary. "I had done one smart thing to-day, though," she said in pathetic boastfulness, tying her sunbonnet strings in a tight, ugly little bow under her thin chin. "I made a pot of beautiful soft soap, twenty-good gallons, if it's a pint, in three hours. I never saw soap thicken faster."

"Ma! ma! O ma!" Tommy bawled at the front gate, "come home quick! the chickens has packed off that dough what you stuck on the pot to stop the hole where it leaks, and all the soap is just a-pouring out!"

And Mrs. Huff hurried away to face this new disaster.

THE BRIDE WHO PLAYED DEAF AND DUMB.

Captain Wallace Foster, the deaf veteran who is so widely known as the publisher of patriotic literature, copied the following story from a recent number of the London *Tit-Bits*:

"My wife has had her curiosity appeased in a way that will satisfy her for some time," said the newly-married man, as he smiled. "It was my idea to make our wedding trip as quick as possible and do away as much as we could with the annoyance that usually attends wedding couples. But the lady said that she was proud of being a bride, and that she wanted to hear the comments that people would make. With this in view she hit upon the crazy notion of playing deaf and dumb and going through a lot of monkey shines with our fingers to carry out the scheme. She reasoned that this would cause people to talk in our presence, and thus we would be able to hear what they said.

I opposed the idiotic idea from the start, but what I said cut no figure, and I had to consent to the plan. Our first chance to try the scheme occurred at a railway station, where we were waiting for a train. My wife commenced her pantomine, and I had to carry it through, feeling like an idiot while I was doing it. She wobbled her fingers and I wobbled mine, and we soon had every one staring at us when we got into the railway carriage. There were two women seated opposite to us, and the comments she desired so much soon came.

'It's a newly married couple,' said one. 'The poor things are deaf and dumb. Isn't it awful?'

'What do you suppose he saw in her?' asked the other. 'She is positively homely.'

'And I believe her hair is dyed,' said the first woman.

'And her hat is out of date,' was the next starter.

'Looks like an old one made up,' was the reply.

'Her dress wrinkles in the back,' said the first.

'She's thirty-five if she's a day, and she looks as if she had a frightful temper,' put in one of them.

Then my wife found her tongue, and her remarks to those two women left no doubt about her having that important article that women are supposed to exercise so freely."

WHEN MOST NEEDED.

In the entrance of a certain public building is a placard, so placed that it confronts the eyes of the those who come in, bearing these words: "Please wipe your feet."

The building is very badly kept, disordered, and full of dust.

Not long ago a visitor, after noticing this general untidiness of the interior, took down the sign as he came out, and changed it to a position where it only confronted the eyes of those who were making their exit from the building!

WHERE ARE WE IN CHINA?

DEAR MR. EDITOR—

Conditions in China change slowly, but certain things are known that help us to appreciate the extent of the calamity, and also to predict what the end is to be. Not less than one hundred and fifty, probably two hundred Missionaries have suffered martyrdom. The number of native christians slain is very large. Some estimate 40,000, but let us hope that the number is not so great. At the lowest estimate, it is a terrible slaughter of China's best people.

It is now known that Tuan Ching Chang, and Yuen Chang, two intelligent officials in Chinese Foreign affairs refused to transmit the awful edict to massacre all foreigners and change it into "Protect all foreigners." On account of this refusal, they lost their heads.

It is also known that the Viceroys along the Yangtsze Valley entered into a compact with their consuls in Shanghai to protect foreign life and property. Several other Viceroys and Governors and many minor officials have shown great kindness to foreigners, giving money, escort and facilities to escape. In spite of the Empress Dowager's command and the determination of the reactionists to have these commands carried out, one half the mandarins of the Empire refused to obey. This is proof that the missionaries had not excited the hostility of the mandarins as claimed by the Chinese Government and other unfriendly critics. Indeed in some cases, Chinese are to-day asking the missionaries to return to their field and work. There is no longer any doubt that the Boxers were in the employ of the Chinese Government. In Tientsin correspondence fell into the hands of the Powers, showing conclusively that the Boxers had sent in claims for their services in slaughtering foreigners and native christians and that the claims were honored by the Government.

The country has become so far quieted that many of the missionaries have returned to their fields in the Provinces near the coast, and some have even returned to the Inland Provinces. The danger in Honan is not so much from Boxers as from famine. Three successive harvests have failed, and the fourth is certain to fail. The people have become desperate and the country is infested with bands of robbers seeking loot or in any way to sustain life.

One missionary now in China writes:—"Our native Christians have been sorely tried, but we have very great cause for gratitude in the faithfulness they have been able to maintain. Is it not marvellous that believers are being added even in such times as these? It is true in other places also, that men are being converted through the loyalty and nobleness manifested by the Christians under persecution. I feel that as sure as God is in His Heavens, there is going to be a marvellous ingathering into the Church of Christ when these troubles are over.

I cannot understand any man who has a true faith in God, giving way to despondency because of the things that have happened. They have been dreadful enough—far more dreadful than you at home will ever know—but had many more been slain, it would only make time more certain of the ultimate triumph of Christ in this land. The Russians around Tientsin claim that the land upon which the blood of the fellow countrymen has been shed, has been made sacred by them. Christ's peaceful claim upon this land where his saints have died for him, is far more certain of realization.

The Church of Christ must not and cannot go back on this undertaking.

There is the right ring about these words. Satan makes desparate struggles against the dissolution of his Kingdom, but Jesus shall reign.

R. P. MACKAY.

Toronto, Mar. 1 1901.

HIS CRITICS.

"What it takes to make a Paradise," some one has said, "depends upon the person who is going there." There was once an artist who painted a picture of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. It was exhibited publicly. One day the painter, entering the hall, saw two men, who appeared to be farmers, standing before the picture.

"Now," said the artist to himself, I can hear an unprejudiced opinion of my work."

He drew near, and listened to what the farmers were saying.

"Well, John," said one, "what do you think of it?"

"It's pretty good," said the other, "but there's one thing about it that strikes me as a little mite queer."

"What's that?"

"Why, he's got Eve with a Rhode Island greening in her hand."

"Well, what of it?"

"Hum! Being that the first Rhode Island greening was was raised in this century, I don't quite see how they could have had them in Paradise!"

"No greenings!" exclaimed the other contemptuously; "how do you suppose they could have got along in the Garden of Eden without the Rhode Island greenings?"

THE JEWELLER WAS WELL CAUGHT.

"Will you please examine this diamond," said a man who stepped into a jeweler's shop, "and tell me what you think of it? If it is a good stone, I think I will buy it."

The jeweler took the gem, which was uncut, and looked at it critically for a moment. Then, in a confidential tone he said:

"Well to tell you the truth, that isn't a very good stone. It hasn't much fire; it is badly cut, and there is something here very much like a flaw. Then he held the diamond under a microscope and examined it carefully, finally observing: "No it isn't exactly a flaw, but I shouldn't call it a perfect stone. Now if you want something really fine, I have here——"

"Excuse me," the other man interrupted; "I don't think I'll buy a diamond to-day. This is a diamond that one of your assistants let me take on Saturday on approval. I deposited forty dollars on it. Please let me have my money and we will declare the deal off."—*Leslie's Weekly.*

THAT SOME TIME.

Gaylord—Glad to have met you, old boy. Come up and see me some time.

Mosker—I declare, it's too bad! It will be impossible for me to come then. I've an engagement elsewhere. So sorry.

VARIETIES.

The best way to help one's self is to help others. This is not the view worldly men take. They imagine that the more they do for others the less they have left for themselves. They get all they can, give as little as possible, and keep all they can. They do not give to help the poor, to build great institutions for education and charitable uses, because they believe that giving will diminish their store and weaken themselves. When they give at all they try to do so in such a way that all men will know it in order to make it work for their own good after all. The give for themselves, and for others.—Dr. Buckley.

A good citizen who is a wholesome grocer in a large way, but no lover of music, was dragged to "Tannhauser" the other night by his wife, a stout lady in diamonds and a decollete gown. About the middle of the third act the worthy man fell fast asleep and appraised the theatre of his condition by loud snores. His good dame was dismayed at his behavior, and dug him sharply in the ribs with her elbow. The only response was a grunt and a snore louder than ever. Persons in the neighborhood began to turn their heads to see the cause of this disturbance, and the good wife became almost frantic. Throwing aside attempts at concealment she took him violently by the shoulders. He stirred, but did not wake. In desperation she used her last expedient. "Louis," she said in a thrilling whisper, "Louis, it's past seven o'clock." Louis sat bolt upright as though he had been electrified. He gazed about and saw where he was. Wrath shone dully in his eye. "You fooled me," he said. "Why?" Before she could answer the worthy man was fast asleep and snoring fortissimo, nor did he awake before the end of the act.—San Francisco *Bulletin.*

A SINGULAR ADVERTISEMENT.

A German who had lost his horse, published the following notice: "Run away or stolen or vas strayed, mine large black horse, about 18 hands hiv. He had four black legs, two behind and two before; he's black all over his body, but he has got some vite spots pon his back, vere de skin vas rub off, but I greased 'em and de vite spots are black again. He trots and kanters and sometimes he walks; all his legs and feet goes vun after anoder. He has two ears on his head, both alike, but von is blacker dan toder and a small bit longer. He has two eyes, von is put out, and toder is pon de side of his head; and ven you go toder side, he vont see you.

Ven he eats good deal, he has big Belly. He has long tail, dot hange behind; put I cut it short toder day, and now it is not so long vat it vas. He is shoed all round, but his behinds shoes comed off, and now he has got on shoes only before.

He holds up his head and looks gally; and ven he has pean frightened he jumps about like every ting in de vorld. He vill ride mit a saddle or a chaise or a kart; 'or he vill go by himself vidout nobody on his back, put a pag, and a poy on de top of it. He is not very old; and ven he valks or runs, his head goes first, and his dail stays behind; only ven he gets mad, and turns round, den his dail comes first. Voosever vill pring him pack shall pay five tollers reward, and if he pring pack de tief dat stole him, he shall pay twenty tollers, an ax no questions."

MARK ALL YOUR BAGGAGE.

"Mark all your baggage," that is the injunction to every man in any way connected with the baggage department of all railroads. It means so little to the passenger, and yet its fulfillment would relieve much care on the part of the little army of men who toil hard from one end of the day to the other, and in hundreds of instances assist very materially in facilitating matters when it comes to making close connections as is often the case in these days of railroading.

A man who has made the handling of baggage a study says:

"Why is it so many people do not have some initial, name, or other identifying mark on their trunks and valises? Simply because they have the greatest of faith in the railway baggage men. That is a compliment, but if they had any idea how greatly this would assist us in preventing baggage going astray they might all possibly be induced to have some mark on their baggage.

Telescopes, dress suit cases, and trunks in these days nearly all look alike to the baggage clerks and handlers, and, it may be said, also to the owners. Hundreds of instances could be cited of where two and often as many as five persons claimed the same piece of baggage before the checks were put on. This generally results in a searching through the boxes, which is an annoying procedure to the men, as well as to the passenger. My advice is: Mark your baggage."

AND THEN HE GAVE IT UP.

The lawyer asked the witness if an incident previously alluded to wasn't a miracle, and the witness said he didn't know what a miracle was.

"Oh, come!" said the attorney. "Supposing you were looking out of a window in the twelfth story of a building, and should fall out and should not be injured. What would you call that?"

"An accident," was the stolid reply.

"Oh, yes; but suppose you were doing the same thing the next day? Suppose you looked out of the twelfth storey window and fell out, and again should find yourself not injured? What would you call that?"

"A coincidence," said the witness.

"Oh, come, now!" the lawyer began again, "I want you to understand what a miracle is, and I'm sure you do. Just suppose that on the third day you were looking out the twelfth storey window, and fell out and struck your head on the pavement twelve storys below, and were not in the least injured. What would you call it?"

"Three times?" said the witness, rousing from his apathy. "Well, I'd call that a habit." And then the lawyer gave it up.—*Windsor Magazine.*

A WONDERFUL FACT.

At Constantinople the Mosque of St. Sophia was built in the tenth century, and the mortar which was used in its construction was mixed with musk. Since then kingdoms have risen and fallen, dynasties have flourished and perished, but throughout the ages the world odium musk has remained in the mosque at St. Sophia without ever having been renewed.

HAPPINESS

Ain't it blessed about now von de snow's a-comin' down,
Und de groundt vas all covered mit vite,
To know that your coal bin vas chockfull of coal
Und de cracks all filled up good und tight?

Yaw, de snow's comin' down und de wood's goin' up,
Well, let her go uh, val I care?
Don't I got some off last winter's wood shlowed away
Und some shiffers und giddin' to shpare?

Und mein cellar vas full mit cabbage und slings,
Potatoes und sauerkraut too,
Und pork und bootatoes und odar such fruldt,
Who's de reason val I should been blue?

Und I put ub mein feedt mit de yarm gitchen shtove,
Und I fill ub mein pibe nice und loose,
Und I say to mein frau—"look ample by me,
Und don'd worry und fret, vat's de use?"

Dere's a whole lot off folks mit more money as me,
(Val! two or dree hundred at least!),
Dot's all right! Val I care off I got shust enough,
Don'd enough vas so good as a feast!?

So I alt meinself down mit mein pibe in mein doubt,
Und I shmoke till de atmosphere's blue,
Und as for dem drubbled und worries und dings,
Yall, I leave dot for olers to do.

—*Otto Kwill, in Seaforth Sun.*

EARNING A HOLIDAY.

As is well known, Daniel Webster was fitted for college by Rev. Mr. Wood at Hopkinton, New Hampshire. He was a good student, and a favorite with his instructor, but his love of sport, particularly fishing, sometimes drew him away from his studies and brought upon him a reprimand. On one occasion Daniel had been fishing without leave, and as a punishment one hundred lines of Virgil were given given him to translate.

Daniel resolved to surprise his instructor; he did not go to bed, but sat up all night poring over his Virgil. The next day, when the hour for recitation came, he recited his hundred lines with fluency and correctness.

"Very well," said Dr. Wood, preparing to close the book.

"But, doctor, I have a few more lines that I can recite."

"Go on, then," said the teacher, supposing that the lad might have read twenty-five or thirty lines more. But the boy kept on till he had completed a second hundred.

"But," said Dan, "I have studied further."

"Very remarkable," said the minister in surprise; "well let us have them."

Dan rolled off another hundred lines, which he appeared to know quite as well as the previous two hundred.

"You are a smart boy!" said the doctor, approvingly, and not without a feeling of weariness for it is rather tedious to listen critically to the translation of three hundred lines.

"But," said Dan, "I am not through yet."

"Pray how much have you read?" asked Doctor Wood, in amazement.

"I can recite five hundred more if you like," said Dan, his eyes twinkling with enjoyment at the Doctor's surprise.

"I think that will do for to-day," said Doctor Wood. "I don't think I shall have time to hear them now. You may have the rest of the day for pigeon-shooting."

And Daniel, rejoicing at the permission, went off to the enjoyment of his sport.

ARITHMETIC BEFORE MOSES.

There is a ray of vindictive comfort for the modern schoolboy in the fact that for thirty-six hundred years his schoolboy progenitors have been worried by just such desperate problems in arithmetic as annoy him most.

Among the recent archaological discoveries in Egypt is a papyrus roll, in excellent condition, dating from a period about 1700 B. C. This roll, which has a long heading beginning, "Directions how to attain the knowledge of all dark things," proves beyond a doubt that the Egyptian of that time had a thorough knowledge of the elements of arithmetic.

Numerous examples show that their principal operations with units and fractions were made by means of addition and multiplication. Subtraction and division were not known in their present form, but correct results were obtained, nevertheless.

Equations are also found in the papyrus. Here is one which brings the Egyptian schoolboy home to us:

Ten measures of barley are to be divided among ten persons in such a manner that each subsequent person shall receive one-eight of a measure less than the one before him. Another example given is: There are seven men, each one has seven cats, each cat has eaten seven mice, each mouse has eaten seven grains of barley.

Each grain of barley would have yielded seven measures of barley. How much barley has been lost?

The papyrus also contains calculations of area, the calculation of the area of a circle, attempts at squaring the circle, and finally calculations of the cubic measurements of pyramids.

THEY MADE MONEY.

A Toronto dispatch read: A firm here just made a pile of money by a clever advertising dodge. They advertised "On receipt of $1 we will send, securely sealed, a beautifully bound book of 400 pages, full of good things. Every sport should have one. The most wonderful book ever written. French and English translations. Prohibited in some countries. Write at once.

The detective department, scenting the circulation of improper literature, sent a dollar and received a 15-cent Bible. They have not interfered with the sales, not caring to curtail the propagation of the gospel.

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