The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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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 8 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 2 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 DATE.—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.
Money to loan at lowest rate of interest on 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 at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $125,000.
THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 282, 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 paid 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; $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 expenses advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 334 Dearborn St., Chicago.

IT'S
Funny
AND
Profitable
To the wide awake paper hanger to get one-fifth of the money from the dealer for his influence and direction to customers where to buy. It's not at all funny to the man who pays the dealer $5.00 for paper, and the dealer returns the paperhanger $1.00 out of the five. It's fun for the paper hanger and the dealer. How about the victim? No discount given to paper hangers. Goods marked in plain figures and at very low prices.
AT
Day's Bookstore,
Guelph.
Day sells cheap.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA
Capital $6,000,000
Rest 2,600,000
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
Interest at most favorable current rates allowed on Savings Bank accounts and Deposit Receipts.
Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.
Special attention given to Farmers' Business.
MONEY ORDERS.
FOR ANY SUM UP TO $50.
Payable at any banking point in Canada outside of the Yukon Territory, may now be procured at the Bank Counter without any delay.
ACTON BRANCH
J. H. WALLACE, Manager.

ANY PICTURES TO FRAME?
Any Pictures to Frame?
GO OR SEND TO
WATERS BROS.
Wyndham Street
GUELPH

ACTON BAKERY.
Weston's Bread.
Williams' Bread and Cakes,
Always to be had at Matthews'.
Also a choice line of
CONFECTIONARY, FRUITS, ETC.
Bread delivered to those who cannot send for it.
J. C. Matthews.

Distance Has No Limit.
If you have Telephone Service, any distance up to 1500 miles may be bridged in a few seconds. Trains may be overtaken, messages already on the way anticipated, and the very sun outstripped.
THE BELL TELEPHONE CO. OF CANADA.

WHEN YOU WANT
FLOUR
—and—
OATMEAL
GET OUR
OVERTON AND EDEN MILLS BRAND
The best in the market.
All wide-awake dealers use it.
Extra quality—prices right.
HENRY HORTOP.

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

—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

POTATOES WANTED...
GUELPH OR ROCKWOOD
IN TRADE
For Timothy, Clover, Seed Grain, Flour, Feed Corn bbl Salt, land Salt, Etc., Etc.
GEO. J. THORP,
SEEDS, GRAIN, IMPLEMENTS, ETC.
GUELPH & ROCKWOOD.

FOR THE
SPRING TRADE
I have a complete line of
Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Disc Harrows, Scufflers and Dale Land Rollers.
I keep Reversible Cultivator Points and Grain Drill Tubes in stock.
In the carriage line I have a very complete stock of
Buggies, Carts, Market and Lumber Waggons.
Fine carriage repairing of all kinds a specialty.
J. N. O'NEILL,
Successor to
Culp & McKenzie,
GEORGETOWN.

ACTON
Saw & Planing Mills
MAIN ST.
Manufacturers and Dealers In All Kinds of
DRESSED AND UNDRESSED LUMBER, LATH AND SHINGLES. SASH, DOORS AND BLINDS. WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES. ALL KINDS OF INDOOR AND OUTDOOR FINISH.
Having a well assorted stock of lumber on hand orders will in all cases be promptly filled.
Lumber dressed and matched while you wait.
Prices are as low as any other mill turning out work equal in quality.
Custom logs cut at any time.
JNO. EVANS, Manager. JAMES BROWN, Proprietor.
All kinds of wood on hand and promptly delivered to any part of the town.

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

Poetry.

THE PENNY YE MEANT TO GIVE.

There's a funny tale of a stingy man
Who was none too good, but might have been worse,
Who went to his church on Sunday night
And carried along his well filled purse.

When the sexton came with his begging plate,
The church was dim with the candle's light;
The stingy man fumbled all through his purse,
And chose a coin by touch and not sight.

It's an odd thing now that guineas should be
So like unto pennies in shape and size,
"I'll give a penny," the stingy man said;
"The poor must gifts of pennies despise."

The penny fell down with a clatter and ring!
And back in his seat leaned the stingy man.
"The world is full of the poor," he thought;
"I can't help them all—I give what I can."

Ha, ha! how the sexton smiled to be sure,
To see the gold guinea fall on his plate!
Ho, ho! how the stingy man's heart was wrung,
Perceiving his blunder, but just too late!

"No matter," he said; "in the Lord's account
That guinea of gold is set down to me,
They lend to Him who give to the poor;
It will not so bad an investment be."

"No, no, man," the chuckling sexton cried out
"The Lord is no chouse—He sees these well;
He knew it was only by accident
That out of thy fingers the guinea fell!

"He keeps an account, no doubt for the poor;—
But in that account he'll set down to thee
Na mair o' that golden guinea, my man,
Than the one bare penny ye meant to give!"

There's a comfort, too, in the little tale—
A serious side as well as a joke;
A comfort for all the generous poor,
In the conceit world the sexton spoke.

A comfort to think that the good Lord knows
How generous we really desire to be,
And will give us credit in his account
For all the pennies we long to give.

—Wilkes.

Select Family Reading.

Delia's Store.

BY EMMA SHERLING.

"WE don't know much about a store."

Delia Granger spoke slowly, as if weighty considerations hung upon her words, but her face was earnest and resolute.

"No, dear; but the rent was paid a month in advance, and the stock is still large. We may manage to live so. And there is no other opening for us."

"None. I will take the shutters down to-morrow."

"You!"

"Who else is there? Father always did it himself."

Mrs. Granger only sighed. With both hands crippled by a long spell of inflammatory rheumatism, wasted and weak, after months of suffering, she knew that only Delia's strength and energy could keep the wolf from the door till she gained health. In answer to the sigh, Delia pressed a loving kiss upon the pale lips, saying cheerfully:

"We have ten dollars left still, after paying the doctor and the undertaker, mother. We will try the store, and hope that I have an undeveloped genius for business that will lead to untold wealth."

But she did shrink a little and wished herself well out of sight when, lifting down the heavy shutters, she found herself the object of attention to a horseman passing by. He rode by slowly, earnestly regarding her—a tall, handsome man, past middle age, but erect and strong, with eyes full of life and energy.

Up the wide street, the principal thoroughfare of the town, a Western collection of inhabitants just escaped from being a village, the horseman rode briskly, till he passed out upon the more country-like roads beyond, for a morning constitutional. It was fully two hours before he re-entered the street where the little store was now open; but he reined in his horse and dismounted some doors above this spot. Here was an office, with the sign:

LEWIS MARTIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

upon the door, upon which he tapped with his whip-handle. Mr. Martin himself, having seen the visitor from his window, opened the door and stood bowing before his client, the founder of the town, the owner of the grand house that headed the long street, the richest man in the county.

"Martin," he said, entering the office, "what was it you told me about 203?"

"203? H-m! That is the store I rented to Mr. Granger."

"Well?" This rather impatiently, to quicken Mr. Martin's speech.

"He was a merchant in Albany, ruined by the rascality of a partner, and trying to redeem his fortunes in the West. As far as I can ascertain, he has stocked the store from the wreck of his wholesale dry-goods and notion business in Albany."

"And he died suddenly?"

"Only sick four days. His wife has been down ever since they came here in—let me see—November. I don't know what they intend to do; but the rent is paid for a month, and this is only the 6th of April. They own all the furniture—brought it with them; so I suppose they will take the rest of the month to look about them."

"They mean to keep the store. It is open to-day. What was the rent?"

"Forty dollars a month, house and store."

"Reduce it to twenty-five."

"Yes, sir."

But the lawyer's tone expressed his surprise.

"You have known me as a hard man," said Mr. Herndon, his client, quietly, "whose one aim in life has been to pile dollar upon dollar. But I can well afford to help a widow and a fatherless girl in a struggle against the world."

"Granger! Granger!" he muttered, when once again he was on his horse. "It is a new name to me. But how like Bella that girl looked! Pshaw! I am in my dotage! Bella would be nearly fifty, and that girl was certainly not more than twenty."

He fronted the little store as he spoke, and dismounted again, to enter there. Delia, a pure blonde, with her delicate beauty heightened by her deep-mourning dress, came quietly forward to show gloves, as requested. But the dozen purchases formed only a small item in this first customer's bill of purchases. Neckties, scarfs, cuff buttons, every article that caught his eye, he seemed determined to possess. Yards of calico, whole pieces of white goods and dozens of buttons were added to the pile; while his manner was so strictly businesslike that Delia never guessed how intently he was studying her beautiful pale face and dignified yet modest manner.

"I will send a man for these goods," he said, "but I must trouble you to call for a check. I quite forgot the commission my housekeeper gave me until I saw your stock of goods. Could you bring your bill this afternoon?"

"Certainly."

"The white house at the head of the street. It is not far from here, and any one can tell you where Raymond Herndon lives."

As he gave his name, he watched her once more with keen eyes, but there was no token in her face that she had ever heard it before.

There was a bright flush on Delia's face and her eyes fairly danced as she ran into the sitting-room back of the store, to her mother, to tell of the first sale in the business she had undertaken.

"And Mr. Herndon told me to bring the bill this afternoon."

"Herndon?" said Mrs. Granger, startling. "Did he tell you his first name?"

"Raymond."

"It must be the same!"

"Do you know him, mamma?"

"No, dear; I never saw him. Is he young?"

"Oh, no, indeed! A man older than papa, I should think, with grey hair and a stern, sad face."

"Well, dear, you must make out your bill and have the goods ready for the man. I wonder if we can order goods when our stock is gone?"

"Wait a little, mamma. He did not quite empty the shelves, though I really thought at one time he would."

There was some trifling business done during the day, but Delia did not anticipate a very heavy loss when she fastened the door and took the road leading to the white house. It was a lovely spring day, and she enjoyed her walk.

Mr. Herndon was not at home, but the housekeeper evidently had received orders regarding the visitor. She showed her to a handsome drawing room and left her to wait for the host.

"And," she said, in a soliloquy, as she beat up a muffin-batter, "it's the first woman excepting myself that's ever been in that parlor! What's coming to Mr. Herndon?"

For the wealthy man, whose name was a power in the town, was known as an inveterate woman-hater. Many a well-laid scheme to win the place of queen of his affections, the right to reign over his estate, had failed from his quiet avoidance of all female influence. His housekeeper, a woman past seventy, knew this, and her surprise was unbounded at Delia's appearance.

But Delia knew nothing of her privileges. She was breathing in deep draughts of delight in the wide drawing-room, that seemed like her own, old home restored to her. Paintings, statuettes, rare books, few but choice, rich furniture—all that had been familiar from childhood, and lost less than a year before—again surrounded her. But her eyes rested most longingly upon a grand piano standing open. She hovered over it, timidly touching one key and another. Till the temptation proved too strong, and her hands fell upon rich resonant chords, glided into softest harmonies and wakened the very spirit of music in the large room.

Music was a life-draught to Delia, and she had thirsted vainly for it for too long, weary months. What wonder that she forgot all else in the glorious strains her own fingers evoked! Then her voice, full of power and sweetness, broke the silence of the large room, and the songs she loved passed her lips.

She never saw a tall figure enter the house with stealthy step and go into a room opposite the one she occupied. She never guessed that the strong man there had large tears falling from his eyes, as he whispered: "Bella's voice! Bella's face!" Then rising, Mr. Herndon said, in a fierce, low tone: "Has she Bella's hard, selfish heart as well?"

The music ceased, twilight was gathering, and the listener crossed the hall and entered the parlor as if just arrived.

Miss Granger's large bill was promptly paid, and she went home, sure of food and shelter for many weeks.

But the master of the white house was not yet fully supplied with dry-goods. Every few days his horse halted before the little store, and he made some purchase, always furtively watching Delia. Many calls led to friendly interchange of small-talk that broaded into more personal conversation, till Mr. Herndon asked and received permission to call upon Mrs. Granger.

It surprised Delia that her mother evidently looked forward to the interview with great agitation. But she did not decline it. She was growing stronger in the soft air of approaching summer, and could walk a short distance on fine days. For June had come, and the little store still flourished.

It was after business hours, and the shutters were put up by the boy Delia could well afford now to employ, when Mr. Herndon presented himself in the little sitting-room. Mrs. Granger greeted him politely, and Delia noted a bright red spot upon each cheek, as the visitor said:

"I am not mistaken then! I was sure your daughter's face was familiar to me!"

"She is like Bella," said Mrs. Granger, hesitating a moment over the word.

"Wonderfully like! Where is Bella?"

"Dead, many years ago."

"And we meet here, thousands of miles from our homes and friends! It is a strange coincidence."

"But you have prospered?"

"Beyond my wildest hopes. Bella need not have feared."

And wondering Delia, when Mr. Herndon was gone, heard the explanation of this strange conversation.

"Your aunt, Delia, dear, my twin sister, was engaged to Mr. Herndon, thirty years ago. She met him in New York, where she was visiting, and half in jest, he and I entered into a correspondence regarding the possession of the sister I idolized. He was a rich man then, but lost his fortune during the first winter of their engagement, and—Bella broke her promise. I had become very fond of my proposed brother, from his letters, and I was very indignant. I wrote to him, in the first impulse, blaming Bella as little as I could, but giving him my warm, elderly sympathy in his misfortunes, and saying, rather unwisely, perhaps that true love would have clung closer in his misfortunes. His answer was heart-breaking. He bade me farewell, saying he was going to the West to seek fortune, wretched and lonely since Bella had refused to help him conquer his troubles. 'She says she could not endure poverty or toil,' he wrote, 'and I must meet both.' From that day to this I have never known anything of Raymond Herndon except what you have told me of his home."

It gave Delia a new interest in her customer to hear of this heart-history; but, as the summer wore on, she became uneasily conscious that the interest he was manifesting in her was rapidly passing the bounds of business.

Excuses were made for frequent visits to the little sitting-room, and books, flowers and fruit were sent almost daily to "Mrs. and Miss Granger, with compliments of R. Herndon."

Summer and autumn were over, and winter had marched as far as February, when Delia, sitting alone in the store, was surprised to see Mr. Herndon enter with her mother, who, fully restored to health, had been to market.

"Delia," the gentleman said gently, "your mother has given me a hope of happiness that makes me feel as if my youth was renewed in my heart. She has promised me a home—not a stately, empty house, but a home of love. Only one thing is wanting—that you consent to come to brighten it—to give me the right to guard your future life from all toil and anxiety."

"I?" said Delia, flushing with distress, and then crying.

"Oh, mamma, mamma, how could you?"

She broke down weeping.

"Delia," her mother said, "would it make you so unhappy?"

"It cannot be!" was the quick reply. "I can respect and admire Mr. Herndon as our best, kindest friend; but you know, mother, my whole heart was left in Albany. Can you ask me, when Edward is working so faithfully for me, trusting me, believing I will be true to him until he can command a salary sufficient to marry—can you wish me to be false to him, to give Mr. Herndon a promise I could never keep—a wife's vows without a wife's love?"

"No one asks that, Delia," was the gentle reply. "I thought you were weeping because I was asking you to give Mr. Herndon a father's place in your heart."

"And I," said the gentleman, "will promise you deeper love, from knowing your true, faithful heart, that would never have wronged me. But, Delia, I think I gave all my love to your mother, thirty years ago, when she wrote me the precious letter that has been my safeguard from despair and temptation — my consolation when all the world seemed dark. Give me a child's love, Delia, and the right to send for Edward, and let him carve out a fortune in our Western home. I am sure he will find it with a partner whose perseverance and brave spirit I recognized when I first saw her taking down the shutters of 203, the little store where I found my life's happiness."

And Delia, blushing over her error, smiling with pleasure in her mother's deep content, was soon from her counter to the daughter's place in the white house, until Edward, gladly accepting Mr. Herndon's offer of a lucrative position, came to take her to a home of her own.

HISTORY OF THE "HISS."

There is not an actor, an actress, a vocalist or other public performer, including the politician, but must be interested in the hiss and its origin.

Dr. Alcalé Hollis in The Humanitarian tells, under the title of "Before Babel," of his researches as to the prevailing language before the confusion of tongues."

Referring to the aforesaid awesome word, he writes: "Perhaps the sibilant s (st, sh) is one of the oldest sounds in animated nature, as it undoubtedly is one of the simplest to produce.

"Vocalized in the English hiss (hist, hush) we find the pure sibilant adopted by beasts, birds and reptiles as an expressive of the warning in times of stress.

"Even the crustacean cirripheds can produce the sound, when "there is an adjacent source of danger," although they are not supplied with a proper vocal apparatus.

"Besides acting as a warning note to its own kith, some predatory animals, as, for instance, some of the smaller carnivora and certain snakes, utter the sound in a minatory manner to ward off objectionable intruders from their lair.

"Equivalent in the former case to the expressions "Keep quiet," "Stand still," a hiss is construed in its more widely known sense among animals of different species as "Come forward at your peril," impressing a visitor in search of hospitality much in the same way as did the legend "Cave canem," on the threshold of a Roman mansion."

The paragraph concludes sagely: "Our English is unduly restricted to the use of dissatisfied playgoers. The sound here retains its primitive meaning—a warning note."

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

"The teacher was giving little Tommy a grammar lesson the other day. 'An abstract noun,' she said, 'is the name of something which you can think of, but not touch. Can you give me an example?' Tommy—'A red-hot poker!'—*Child's Study Monthly.*

Little Tommy and his younger sister were going to bed without a light. They had just reached the bottom of the stairs, when Tommy, after vainly endeavoring to pierce the darkness, turned round and asked: "Ma, is it polite for a gentleman to precede a lady when walking in single file?" "No, my son," replied the mother. "The lady should always take the lead." "I thought so," said Tommy delightedly. "Go ahead, Sue."—*Epworth Herald.*

Little James had been imparting to the minister the important and cheerful information that his father had got a new set of false teeth. "Indeed, James," replied the minister indulgently, "and what will he do with the old set?" "Oh, I suppose, replied little James with a look of resignation on his face, they'll cut 'em down and make me wear 'em."

"How was Admiral Dewey's naval rank reduced when he got married?"

"He became Mrs. Dewey's second mate."—*Argonaut.*

"Why Johnny, how much you look like your father!" remarked a visitor to a small four-year-old. "Yes'm," answered Johnny, with an air of resignation, "that's what everybody says, but I can't help it."

"Ah," said Mrs. O'Flaherty, "my, son Dennis wants to go war'in shem Philippines, but if he gets killed it'll be a lesson to him all the rest of his life."

MOTHER, M. D.

Without infringing on the vexed question of women's superiority, it may be safely affirmed that the wisest woman is sometimes she who keeps to herself what she knows.

A doctor in an English town had a little patient, the cause of whose illness a story *Chambers' Journal* sufficiently "discloses. The little patient had a little mother, who believed herself a "born doctor." One day, when the "made" doctor was taking his leave, the other said:

"Now, if there is any rise in temperature,"—she was specially great on temperature, by the way,—"I will send for you at once. As you know, I have a clinical thermom tir, and can take the temperature myself, without troubling you to come round."

"Just as the doctor was going to bed he was startled by a violent ring at the bell, and hastening to the door, saw a terrified domestic, who gasped:

"Oh sir, please, sir, do come at once! Miss Marjorie is worse! Missus said I was to tell you that her temperature is one hundred and eight, and is risin' fast!"

Scarcely waiting to put on his hat, the doctor rushed round to the house of his little patient, and discovered the whole family assembled in the sick-room, awaiting the end of little Marjory, the mother ringing her hands and crying.

"What is the temperature now?" the doctor almost shouted.

"Oh," sobbed the mother, "I haven't dared looked since! Oh, my poor darling! It was one hundred and eight, and they say that one hundred and five is always fatal!" and she broke down completely.

Without wasting time, the doctor turned down the blanket, and found that the thermometer had been thrust between the child's side and arm, and the bulb was imbedded in a freshly applied hot poultice.

GETTING "EVEN."

Some people are philosophical enough to accept defeat gracefully; others nurse their wrath and waste much time in a mistaken effort to "get even." Of one of these latter a Chicago paper tells an amusing story.

A man came to a Chicago hotel for one day, and took his dinner outside with a friend. When he came to pay his bill he found himself charged with a day's board, dinner and all. He protested. The clerk tried to explain that the American plan was based strictly upon time, and that if he chose to eat elsewhere it was his own lookout, but the man would not be pacified.

He paid the bill under protest. Then he asked if dinner was still on, and was informed that it lasted until nine in the evening.

"Then I'll go and tackle it!" he exclaimed. "I've eaten one dinner, but I'm going to get my money's worth out of this house, or perish in the attempt!"

"He rushed into one of the dining-rooms, seized a bill of fare, and ordered everything he could think of. When he finally got to the end of the letter, the clerk handed him a check for four dollars and ten cents.

"What's that for?" he asked in surprise.

"Your dinner, sir."

"But I have already paid for my dinner in my bill," he protested. "I'm staying here on the American plan."

"Then you should have gone to the other dining-room," said the waiter. "This is the European plan cafe.

The man paid the bill and walked out. His feelings must have been heavy both in body and in mind.

HE BARRED NEWCASTLE.

When Edward VII as Prince of Wales visited America in 1860, Canada went wild over him; and in Detroit and Chicago the crowds were so dense that the party could scarcely reach their hotel. So many were the receptions, dinners and other social functions, in which the prince participated that he finally broke down through sheer fatigue and over excitement. The Duke of Newcastle, who was the prince's companion, decided, therefore, to stop off on their way to St. Louis at Dwight Station, a quiet village famous for its shooting. The prince brought down a bag of 14 brace of quail and four rabbits. But the pleasure of the day was marred by the following incident:

As the royal party approached a farm house an unmistakably British settler appeared at the door and invited every doe except the Duke of Newcastle to enter.

"Not you, Newcastle!" he shouted. "I have been a tenant of yours and have sworn that you shall never set a foot on my land."

Accordingly the party passed on, and the farmer, though revenged on his old landlord, had to forego the honor of entertaining royalty under his roof.

TAKING THE CHILDREN INTO PARTNERSHIP.

A lady was recently speaking of her plan to keep all the business cares and anxieties from the knowledge of her children—keeping everything depressing out of their life, she called it—that they might be free to enjoy themselves as long as possible, with no feeling of trouble or responsibility. "But will that really add to their happiness in the long run?" asked an older mother, diffidently. "We have always tried to take our children into partnership—to have them share our plans and interests, and let them know what we are trying to do and what we have to live on.

"It seems to me that successes are more valued, if they come as something one has hoped for and helped to work for; and retrenchments are more easily borne, if they are intelligently agreed upon in the family council, instead of forced upon the younger members with only the bald statement that we cannot afford this or that. It strengthens the family tie, if the children feel that it is our home, our business, and our interests; if they know that their opinion is considered and that their votes count; it is a means of education in wisdom, self-control, and unselfishness. Life's best good for all of us lies in its discipline; not in escaping its burdens, but in learning how to bear them.—*Leslie's Weekly.*

He who waited so long for the formation of a piece of old red sandstone will surely wait much long suffering for the perfecting of a human spirit.—Erskine of Linlathen.

If you are scrofulous, dyspeptic, rheumatic, troubled with kidney complaint, general debility, lacking strength, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

BE A GOOD BOY; GOOD-BY.

How oft in my dreams I go back to the day
When I stood at our old wooden gate,
And started to school in full battle array,
Well armed with a primer and slate.
And as the latch fell I thought myself free,
And gloried, I fear, on the sly
Till I heard a kind voice that whispered to me;
"Be a good boy; good-by."

"Be a good boy; good by." It seems
They have followed me all these years;
They have given a form to my youthful dreams
And scattered my foolish fears.
They have stayed my feet on many a brink,
Unseen by a blinded eye;
For just in time I would pause and think:
"Be a good boy; good-by."

O, brother of mine, in the battle of life,
Just starting, or nearing its close,
Remember soft, in the midst of strife,
Mistakes you will make, for each of us errs.
Will conquer wherever it goes.
But, brother, just humbly try
To accomplish your best. In whatever occurs,
"Be a good boy; good-by."

—*John L. Shroy.*

W. C. T. U. SELECTIONS.

A saloon can no more be run without using our boys than a flouring mill without wheat, or a sawmill without logs. The only question is, whose boys—your boys or mine—our boys or our neighbors'? The man who votes for license simply votes for the rum mill and the destruction of the boys.—*Gospel Messenger.*

Not long ago a boy entered a little store and asked, "Do you sell tobacco?" "Not to boys," was the reply. When the lad persisted, the man replied, "I can't sell to you; there's the paper the lady left me." The lady referred to was the principal of a large school in Chicago; and the paper was one of the Anti-Cigarette League copies of the law.

A correspondent says of her little nephew, "he came for some pledges. He was on his way to a party and thought it might be well to have a few in his pocket. He had just begun using cigarettes, so your lecture has nipped that in the bud."

Lord Roberts, Major-General Baden-Powell, General Buller and Lord Wolseley are non-smokers. The latter was at one time an inveterate user of the weed, but during the Egyptian campaign of 1885 he concluded the habit was getting the mastery over him and gave it up.

POOR ECONOMY.

The Detroit *News-Tribune* prints the following story on the authority of a man connected with one of the great Western railways:

The track superintendent had recently adopted a new spike, which, comparatively speaking, was pretty expensive. He sent out word, therefore, that the spike must be carefully looked after.

One day the road boss was walking up the track to where a section gang was working with the new spikes. He found one lying between the rails and pocketed it.

"Did you get my instructions about those spikes, Mike?" he said to the section boss.

"I did that, yer honor, and it's moighty careful I've been."

"Lose any?"

"Nary a wan," replied Mike, but a trifle hesitatingly.

"How about this?" and the tell-tale spike was shown him.

"Look at that, now," said Mike, in a delighted way. "Sure I've wan of the min on a hunt for that same spike the lasht two days. Faith its glad I am your honor found it."

The spike was worth about four cents.

THE OLD HOME PAPER.

Noting the fact that many country bred men in the large cities take the local paper of their old home, the Philadelphia *Record* says: "The head of a large Market Street wholesale business house, a man now advanced in years, has been a regular subscriber to one of the Berks county papers for fifty years. 'He wouldn't give it up for anything,' said this man's son. 'He gets more real enjoyment from it than from anything he reads. A daily edition has been started within the last ten years, but he doesn't want that. He only gets the weekly edition, which prints gossip of a personal nature from the various towns throughout the county. He will pour over this by the hour, and his comments on the various items of news are often amusing. Scarcely is a name mentioned that he doesn't say, "Why, I used to go to school with his father," or "I once licked his Uncle Jim for tying my clothes up when we used to go swimming in the Neshaminy."'"

THE EFFECT OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

Dr. Jas. Adams Rawlings, Consulting Physician to the Swansea General and Eye Hospital, says:

"The temperance cause will not make any great and permanent advance until we can persuade the common people that the use of alcohol is needless and dangerous. Universal total abstinence would lessen disease, prolong life, and promote happiness, to a degree which words cannot express. The Christian appeal from this physical basis is unanswerable. It seems to me, as the result of long experience, that one of the greatest duties of temperance reformers is the judicious and intelligent advocacy of the physical truth concerning alcohol."

DUNNING THE DEAD.

A Grundy county (Kan.) physician recently sent to the address of one of his patients a bill for professional services and within ten days received the following letter written on the back of his memorandum:

"Dear Bur this neat was put in my box by mistake I han't the man nee's dead and ain't any relation of mine anyway. I don't see how your conshens will let you dun the dead. Why don't you live a better christen live and let live and try to meet that man who dide in heaven which is worth mner than $40 to enny doctor"

FLOWERS OF SPEECH.

Picturesqueness of phrase is habitual to the Irish. The following "flowers of speech" are from Mr. Meadough's "Irish Life and Character:"

An Irishman was asked in America how he wage getting on. "Middlin'," he said, "middlin'; but faix, I rather be a gaslamp in Dublin nor President of the United States."

An Irish navvy was complaining of his foreman. "He'd not stir a finger himself to lift a red herring off the gridiron, but he'd ask you to shift the Rock of Gibraltar."