The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

Accounts payable monthly.

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M.,
SUCCESSOR TO
J. P. 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. L. 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. B. 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—Parryman'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 neatly 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 same, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $400 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $186,000.

THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications addressed to my address, Box 302, 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 money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 334 DEARBORN ST. CHICAGO

LOW PRICES IN

WALL PAPER

Fine new stock of New York and Canadian Papers.

25c GOLD PAPERS FOR 20c
20c PAPERS for 15c
15c " " 10c
10c " " 8 and 6c
8c " " 5c

BORDERS AND CEILINGS TO MATCH.

No discount given to paper hangers for their influence for canvassing trade for my store. Go direct to Day's and save the 20% paid to them. Buy your own papers and get the discount yourself.

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 ON SEND TO

WATERS BROS.
Wyndham Street
GUELPH

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL Proprietor

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

ACTON 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.

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

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.

—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. P. H. JONES, Manager.

FISHING

WE ALL FISH
May Fish come round and find us fishing for trade, you, possibly, ready to fish for fish.
YOU CAN'T FISH
For fish with comfort and success without the proper rod, line, hook, sinker, floater, reel and fish basket.
IF YOU WANT TO FISH
And need any of these articles remember our fishing is to catch your trade. We have a full stock and our bait is "Low Prices."

JOHN M. BOND & CO.
HARDWARE
GUELPH

MANGELS.

When buying mangels be sure and purchase Evan's Improved Sew Log; this variety has led the list at the Agricultural College for the past ten years. We also have Giant Yellow Intermediate, Mammoth Long Red, Gate Post, Yellow Globe, Golden Fleshed Tankard.

James Hewer,
Seeds, Flour and Feed,
45 Macdonnell St., Guelph.

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

AMATEUR CAMERAS
AND SUPPLIES
PREMO,
POCO,
RAY,
MAGAZINE,
CYCLONE.
PRINTING FRAMES.
4 x 5 and Cabinet, 25 cents.
PRINTING PAPERS.
SOLIO,
ARISTO,
VELOX,
PHOTOX.
H. RAMSHAW,
PHOTO ARTIST, ACTON

A NEW SPRING SUIT
VERY CHEAP.
Mill & Main Sts. **W. J. LEE,** Merchant Tailor.
ACTON.

I have been fortunate in securing a mill lot of new Canadian Tweeds of latest patterns at a very low price and am in a position to make up new spring suitings at from
$10 to $14.
Serges from $11 to $13
A nice assortment of Scotch Tweeds at $16 to $20.
Fine Fancy Worsteds at from $16 to $22.
Pantings from $3 to $7.
Best workmanship and trimming always used. Your orders are kindly solicited.
W. J. LEE
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Tailor.
N.B. Orders for Ladies' Tailoring and Dress Making filled at shortest notice. An experienced ladies' tailor and dressmaker from Toronto employed.

Poetry.

MONUMENT PLACE.

A monument for the soldiers!
And what will ye build it of?
Can ye build it of marble, or brass, or bronze,
Outlasting the soldier's love?
Can ye glorify it with legends
As grand as their blood hath writ
From the lowest shrine of this land of thine
To the uttermost verge of it.

And the answer came: We would build it
Out of our hopes made sure,
And out of our purest prayers and tears,
And out of our faith secure;
We would build it out of the great white truths
Their death has sanctified,
And the sculptured forms of the men in arms,
And their faces are they died.

And what heroic figures
Can the sculptor carve in stone?
Can the marble breast be made to bleed
And the marble lips to moan?
Can the marble brow be fevered
And the marble eye be graved
To look their last as the flag floats past,
On the country they have saved?

And the answer came: The figures
Shall all be fair and brave,
And as bentling, as pure and white
As the stars above their grave!
The marble lips and lymed and brow
Whereon the laurel lies,
Bequeath us right to guard the flight
Of the old flag in the skies.

A monument for the soldiers!
Built of a people's love,
And blazoned and decked and panoplied
With the hearts ye built it of!
And see that ye build it stately,
In the pillar and niche and gale,
And high in pose as the souls of those
It would commemorate!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Select Family Reading.

The New Minister.

BY IAN MACLAREN.

ALL alone in the cool, green shadows of the glen, with tall ferns nodding around, and blue asters dipping their fringes in the forest pool, while the midday sunshine could scarcely penetrate the awning of beech leaves overhead—Mr. Pynsent felt like a modern Robinson Crusoe, as he leaned back against a moss-enameled rock, and turned the leaves of his pocket-edition of "Shakespeare."

"Now I don't suppose," thought Mr. Pynsent to himself, luxuriously watching the erratic flight of a gigantic blue butterfly, "that there is a living soul within a mile of me! I don't suppose—"

But just at that instant a sweet, imperious voice, like the call of the robin which had just fluttered away into the blackberry thickets, pierced through the fragrant silence of the summer noon, calling:

"Charley! Charley!"

While a bunch of autumn leaves drifted down upon his book from the edge of the precipice above.

"Are you there, Charley?" reiterated the sweet bird-like voice. "Good gracious, why don't you speak?"

Mr. Pynsent straightened himself up, and tried to look through the green braiding of foliage overhead.

"Yes, I'm here," said he, wishing in his secret heart that he wasn't so near-sighted, and hadn't left his eye-glasses behind in New York.

"Then, why didn't you say so before, you stupid fellow!" retorted the unseen catechist, with a fresh shower of leaves descending from her aerial height. "May I come down?"

"Certainly," responded our puzzled hero.

"Oh, but I can't, though," added the voice, with a little hysterical catching in its accents. "I've quarreled with Bell and mamma, and I've broken the big china vase, and I'm very, very miserable!"

To this frank statement of affairs our puzzled hero could think of no immediate reply. Although he was a clergyman of the Church of England, he was not quite prepared to give in his adhesion to the doctrine of the confessional.

"Why don't you ask me why?" cried out the voice; and through the green, tremulous *clair-obscure* of many leaves he could see the shine of crimped yellow hair, the flutter of a pale-blue scarf over-head. "I declare, you don't seem a bit interested!"

"I am, indeed," protested Mr. Pynsent, with genuine earnestness.

"It's all the new minister," said the fair one with the golden locks. "Coming poking and prying here when nobody wants him."

"The—new—minister!" repeated the Rev. Mr. Pynsent, with a curious sensation of seeing himself in a sort of mental looking-glass.

"Yes, the new—min-is-ter!" repeated the girl, mimicking his accent of surprise. "Charley, don't be such a fool, or I shall throw my parasol down at you. Of course, it's the new minister. Who else should it be? Coming to dinner just when nobody wants him! And there is Bell, putting her hair in curl papers, and laying out all the religious books on the center-table, and hiding away the novels under the sofa, and mamma fresh trimming her cap and making lobster-salad; and, oh, Charley, killing my white doves to make a pigeon-pie! Oh!" (with a sob) "I do hope the very first mouthful of it will choke the new minister! And I cried—I couldn't help it, Charley dear—now could you? And I slapped Bell, and I told mamma the minister was a greedy pig to want to eat my white darlings up; and mamma said I was profane and impious, and she'd have my name sent up as a special subject of prayer on Wednesday night. And I said, if there was any praying to be done, I could do it myself; and then I turned around in a huff, and my skirt knocked the Dresden vase off the little stand and broke it; and, oh, Charley, do you blame me for being very, very wretched?"

"Not in the least," answered the Rev. Mr. Pynsent, with energy.

"And I've cried until my eyes are as red as pickled beets," added this modern Penseroso. "And I've got to go back and beg mamma's pardon, and make it up with Bell, and—and I know I can't eat a mouthful of dinner with those dear white doves under the pie-crust, and that horrid pride of a new minister sitting opposite."

"Perhaps you'll like him, after all," soothed Mr. Pynsent, feeling very much like an eavesdropper in the-century expectation of being detected.

"Like him!" with a little derisive laugh. "Oh, you know perfectly well, Charley, that I never could get along with clergymen. I can't remember the dates in Deuteronomy, and I never could be quite certain about the Pharaohs, and I'm always sure to laugh out in Sunday School. Bell says she's going to set her cap at the new minister—Pincers his name is, or Pinto, or some such outlandish-sounding thing. Well, let her, if she likes. I wouldn't marry him—no not for ten thousand dollars! To think of my dear little white doves!"

"Yes," faltered Mr. Pynsent, waxing more and more uncomfortable all the time, "but don't you think its just possible that this—this gentleman may not have known about the white doves?"

"Charley, why are you so hoarse?" cried out the fair unknown, in an unconscious paraphrase of Little Red Riding Hood.

"Have you been and caught another cold?"

"N-no; not that I'm aware of," said Mr. Pynsent, pondering how he could contrive to explain to her at this late stage of affairs that he was the wrong Charley.

"Then it's the echo from the rocks," said the damsel. "It makes your voice sound gruff as a bear. Is that the twelve o'clock whistle? Oh, then, I must hurry home and help Bell with the peaches and cream for dessert. And I can't come down to talk to you, after all. But there's a tea-rosebud, Charley, dear. If I'd left it on the bushes, Bell would only have gathered it to pamper the new minister with. Asters and johnny-jumpers are good enough for him."

And the next minute a half-blown Marechal Neil bud, golden-centered and odorous with subtle perfume, drifted down upon the leaves of the "Shakespeare," and the sunshiny little head, with its fluttering blue coif, was gone.

The Reverend Mr. Pynsent rose up and looked around with a bewildered air.

"Upon my word," said he, "one might almost believe one's self to be in an enchanted glen. Was that golden head really a dream?—And am I actually such an ogre? Is the widow Wilton positively about to serve up to me a dish made of the little penitent's white doves? By the sacred stork of Egypt, I'll not taste a mouthful of it!—And who is 'Charley,' anyhow? And how about this imperial 'Bell,' who is going to marry me, *nolens volens!* It strikes me that I am about to venture into unknown dangers. However," resolutely closing the "Shakespeare" and slipping it into his vest pocket, "I commenced the campaign and I am going to carry it through, even though it should prove a Waterloo!"

* * * * * * *

"Dinner is ready, Mr. Pynsent, if you please," said Miss Bell Wilton, a tall, Juno-like damsel of some three-or-four-and-twenty summers.

And the Reverend Charles Courtney Pynsent, who had been sitting in rather uncomfortable state, in the "best parlor" with the Widow Wilton, followed his hostesses into the little dining-room. There in a white dress with a blue sash knotted loosely around her slim waist, stood a lovely young girl of sixteen, with golden tresses gathered into a net, and a tuft of geranium leaves in her bosom. Mr. Pynsent felt himself color up to his temples—it was the very face that had smiled down from the top of the precipice, encircled in its frame-work of forest-foliage.

At the same moment, a dark-haired, pleasant young man came in with a linen duster over his arm, a valise in his hand and a healthy sunburn on his cheek.

"Charley!" cried the girls, in concert.

"Cousin Charles," added the widow, extending a cordial hand of greeting, "pray, let me introduce you to the Reverend Mr. Pynsent."

"Glad to meet you, sir," nodded Charley. "Yes, I thought it would be a surprise, Aunt Phillis. I'm just home from Boston. Spent two days there at the great Musical Convention. Only reached Battleboro' half an hour ago. Thought if I made good time from the station, I might be in season to dine with you. Why, Paulie, child, what are you staring at?"

For Paulina Wilton had grown first pale and then pink.

"Charley," cried she, with one hand pressed convulsively against her pearly throat, "wasn't it you at the Forest Pool this morning?"

"My dear child," said Charley, "I tell you I was on the express train until twenty minutes ago!"

"It was I," said the Reverend Mr. Pynsent, compassionately. "My name is Charles, too; and when I heard it called, I answered. And I am much obliged to you, Miss Paulina, for this rosebud," with a calm, downward glance at the half opened "Marechal Neil" in his button-hole.

Paulina looked at him for a moment, with half-startled eyes. He could but smile reassuringly.

"You are not vexed with me?" said she, solemnly.

"Not in the least," he answered.

"Then I forgive you the tragedy of the three white doves," said she.

And they shook hands upon it.

It is needless to add that Bell Wilton didn't marry the new minister, after all. And Mrs. Wilton says, rather pensively:

"To think that little Paulie should be the one to be a minister's wife, after all! Paulie, that never could learn her catechism nor sit still upon the Sabbath day."

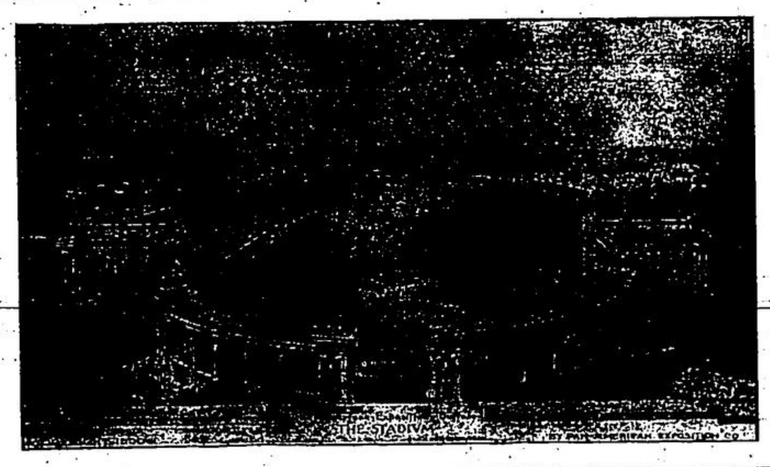
It is an error common to many to take the character of mankind from the worst and basest among them.—*Fielding.*

WHAT IS A BOY WORTH.

Mr. Cudahy thought his boy was worth $25,000. At any rate that is what he gave to get him back from the kidnappers. He would doubtless have paid a far greater sum if it had been necessary. Since the recovery of the child the injured father has offered a reward of $25,000 for the apprehension of the kidnappers. All this testifies that a boy is a very precious possession. And the heart of universal parenthood responds approvingly to the valuation.

On one occasion the great Horace Mann, speaking at the dedication of an expensive institution for the reformation of wayward boys, said: "If by this school one boy shall be recovered from sin and ruin, it will prove itself to be worth all it has cost." Afterwards one of his auditors said to him: "Mr. Mann, were not your words extravagant? Would the institution be really worth all it has cost if by it only one boy should be saved?" With deep emotion he answered: "Yes, all and more, if that one boy should be my boy."

The fervent words carry home to all unperverted souls the conviction that every boy is valuable—valuable beyond all computation. Yet society is very wasteful of boys. It sells millions of them cheap.



For a price it gives authority to the saloon to destroy thousands yearly. And when the proposition is made to abolish this miserable traffic men who boast of being practical say: "We cannot afford to close the saloon. To do so would injure trade!" Detestable plea! It is infamous commerce, as shameful as the revenues of a brothel or the extortions of a kidnapper.

But it may be said that "the saloon is not permitted to sell to minors." Quite true as to the word of the law, but every man with a thimbful of common sense knows that if saloons are allowed at all, they will sell to minors. The saloon keepers know that a community which will compromise with him in granting a license at all (and the license system in all its forms is at bottom a compromise) has not conscience or courage enough to care much for his violation of it. He feels safe, and he is safe. Prohibition as to minors, therefore, is a confession that the community has conscience enough to see what is right, but not conscience enough to do it. Moreover, such prohibition explodes the pretence that "prohibition does not prohibit;" for if the State has a right to prohibit as to minors, and can prohibit as to the non-age class, it has both the right and the duty to prohibit as to all classes.

But pray tell us how soon after a boy passes his twenty-first birthday does he become so much less dear than he was before to his mother that the saloon has a right to ruin him? The case is too plain for argument. If the public conscience were not drugged with the anodyne of greed, the saloon could not live one hour. An indignant people would overthrow this slaughterhouse of souls if there were moral conviction enough to realize for a moment the enormity of corruption.

And let it not be forgotten that this vicious and villainous institution, with its allied agents of the brothel and the theatre, strikes civilization at the top. The earth exists for man. To this end God works and parents toil. Youth is the crop for which all other harvests are gathered. If the youth of the land be blighted, the ripening frontage of all worthy human effort is blasted. Are we then to continue the absurd folly and criminal stupidity of allowing these miserable creatures to lie in wait at the point where all our toil and study and prayers should issue in a generation of pure, noble manhood, and there snatch from our grasp the precious results for which we have patiently worked and patiently waited through many anxious years?

When the youth of Athens perished a noble Grecian statesman said: "The commonwealth has suffered as the summer would feel the loss of spring." How diminished and blemished is the manhood of to-day by the sins of a former time! Shall the future be equally impoverished by a continuance in like wickedness? Has not the time gone sufficed to have wrought the will of these publicans who devour widow's houses and make annual feasts of the souls of our sons? Shall earth be robbed and heaven cheated by these kidnappers who carry into captivity the children of God and the youth of the land?—W. C. T. U.

NOT HIS BUSINESS TO INQUIRE.

"Uncle," said the dusky pilgrim, "how far is it to Hagetown?" "Bout a mile and a half," replied the farmer. "Can I ride with you?" "Hartin. Climb in." At the end of about three-quarters of an hour the dusty pilgrim began to be uneasy. "Uncle," he asked, "how far are we from Hagetown now?" "Bout four miles and a half." "Great grief! Why didn't you tell me we were going away from Hagetown?" "Why didn't you tell me you wanted to go thar?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Goodness has ever been a stronger guard than valor. It is the surest policy always to have peace with God.—Bishop Hall.

Humors of all kinds are prolific of worse troubles. They may be entirely expelled by a through course of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE DRUMMER'S EXPERIENCE.

A good story in connection with the recent snow blockade has reached this office, says the Woodstock *Press*, and after enjoying the joke ourselves, we hasten to impart it to "our dear readers" who appreciate something good. It seems that among other places where snow-bound travellers put in extra hours was McAdam Junction. McAdam Junction is by no means what it used to be. Instead of being run into the old wooden, warehouse-looking structure, you are run up to a brand new $30,000 stone station. And, instead of paying 50 cents and eating all you can or want to, you pay as you go, or rather, pay as you eat. If you are economical or hard up, you can get a cup of tea or coffee and a sandwich and 15 cents or so pays the bill. If you feel like blowing yourselves, or have been paid your salary, or are naturally generous in the treatment of your palate, you can satisfy the palate and settle up with the manager for 75c. or a dollar.

The snow drifts were piling up around McAdam. The new station looked like a Russian noble's palace, with its snow-clad surroundings and the general desolation of the land. It was a Siberian scene. Four or five "boys of the road" found they couldn't get to anywhere. The trains charged the drifts and did their best. The engines wheezed and puffed, and made as much noise with as little effect as an alcoholic candidate on the stump. It was no go. There was nothing to do but to grin and bear it, and admire the Romanesque architecture of the new C. P. R. station. For 48 hours, more or less, the runners were off the run. They cogitated on the chances they were missing in the towns whereat they were due. And in the meantime they had to feed. They were taking in nothing for their firms, and the board bills were going on just the same. Expenses must be cut down. So at breakfast they would pass by the order for tenderloin and numerous other delicacies, and order one egg, a piece of toast and a cup of tea. At dinner they refrained from turkey, plum-pudding and tempting entrees and expressed a fondness for corn beef and cabbage, with potatoes for a vegetable. At tea, they followed the same severely rigid rule of abstinence. And their patience and self-denial were at last rewarded. Connections were re-opened. Up to the hotel counter marched four or five travellers, still in the rung, but more or less gaunt from long abstinence. But their faces bore the imprint of something which marked them as men of noble purposes. They had resisted temptation. They had saved the house a big bill.

"What is my bill?" said the first.

"There is no bill for you to pay, gentlemen," was the response; "the C. P. R. pays for all this."

And then, with a malice aforethought, four or perhaps five men solemnly picked up their grips. They said never a word, and they looked neither to the right nor the left. Single file, with deathlike silence, they went down the track to the neighborhood of the round-house, and then they kicked each other, and then themselves, individually and collectively, and the marks thereof, if not visible to the general public, are perceptible in the walk of those four or five travellers unto this day.

INCORRIGIBLE.

The leading directors of one of the manufacturing corporations of Lowell had decided that it would be for the interest of the stockholders to cut down the wages of the operatives, and one of the magnates went up from Boston to see about it. He called first upon the agent of one of the principal mills, whom he found in his office, and opened the subject.

The agent listened and shook his head. He did not think it would be advisable to cut down the wages without corresponding ly reducing the hours of labor.

"By the way," he said, chancing at that moment to glance out at the window, "here comes Molly Pritchard. She is a leader among the operatives. Her opinion might be worth something."

Molly was accordingly called into the office; and as she was very pretty and seemed modest, the gentleman from Boston bowed politely and smiled.

And then the gentlemanly director stated to her the case, and asked her if she did not think, under the circumstances, that the girls would listen to reason, and submit to a reduction of wages.

Molly said she could only speak positively for herself.

"Well, querried the director, "what do you say for yourself?"

"I've mean to ask me, Mr. Appleton, if I'll go into that mill again, and work for less wages than I'm getting now?"

"That is what I would ask you, Miss Pritchard."

Molly's look was defiant. She felt that she represented, not an individual, but a suffering class.

"Then, sir," she answered, with strong emphasis, "before I'd do it, I'd see you and your whole graspin' set in Tophet, pumpin' thunder at three cents a clap!"

Mr. Appleton returned to Boston, and reported that it was not advisable to cut down wages at that time.

Mistakes are the milestones in a man's life.

A BOARDING HOUSE EXPERIENCE.

Monday.

Roast beef to night for dinner!
I ate to beat the Dutch,
A treat like that's unusual;
We don't get many such.

Tuesday.

The aftermath we've garnered
Of yesterday's delight.
From that fine roast they gave us
Some nice cold cuts to-night.

Wednesday.

That luscious roast of Monday
Is lingering with us yet;
'Twas served to us this evening,
Disguised as beef croquette.

Thursday.

It seems Miss Shrimp's investment
In roast was not so rash
As we supposed. This evening
'Twas served again—as hash.

Friday.

To-day we all were grateful
To get a little fish,
No beef, we hope, remaining,
To form another dish.

Saturday.

Ah, me! To-night we greeted
Once more our dear old friend—
The beef bones boiled for "pottage!"
Well, this must be the end.

Sunday.

Gee whiz! This beats the record!
Last Thursday's hash—Oh, my!—
With crust and raisins added,
Is served as mincemeat pie.

—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

CALDWELL'S FRIGHT.

John Burns of Bedford had at one time a very narrow escape from the Indians, the man with him being killed and scalped. One of Burns' neighbor's neighbors, by the name of Caldwell, used frequently to tease him about the occurrence, and question his courage in the affair, and end by declaring what he would have done under such circumstances. One evening Caldwell was at his neighbor's, and Burns' found his boasting rather hard to bear.

"I suppose you know just what you'd do if you met an Indian that wanted your scalp?" Burns inquired.

"Well, I guess I do," was Caldwell's confident reply, and he soon took his departure.

No sooner had he left the house than Burns rigged himself up as much like an Indian as possible, and sallied forth after Caldwell. He soon came near him, and without making any other noise broke some dry twigs. Caldwell heard the sound and gave one glance backward.

It was a clear, moonlight evening, and Caldwell had no difficulty in seeing the Indian. He sprang quickly into the bushes, where he stood still. Burns, too, stepped into the bushes. After a while Caldwell ventured out, and looking fearfully around moved forward. Burns followed him, breaking more twigs. Caldwell again concealed himself in the bushes, and his pursuer did the same. Several times this performance was repeated.

At length Caldwell could endure it no longer, and leaping from the bushes he ran forward at his topmost speed. Burns uttered a wild whoop and pursued him. When Caldwell came to the brook, which was spanned by a single plank, he was in such haste that he could not stop for the bridge but bounded through the water.

He ran into the first house he came to and gasped, "The woods are full of Indians—more'n a thousand of 'em! And they'll be here in a minute! Where's the gun?" Where's a gun?" He was in a terrible fright.

While the owner of the house was trying to find out what had really occurred, Burns appeared at the door, laughing heartily. "I say, Caldwell," he said, "I thought you said you wouldn't run for an Indian."

CARE OF PLANTS IN SPRING.

"In the spring time when plants are making strong and rapid growth, particular attention must be given to training them," writes Eben E. Rexford, in the March *Ladies' Home Journal*. "If neglected in this respect they soon get beyond control, and the only way to bring them into subjection then is by sacrificing a good deal of the growth they have made. This there is no need of doing if the training is begun in the right way and at the right time. If a branch is inclined to outgrow others pinch off the end of it, and keep all such branches from growing by pinching until other branches have had a chance to catch up. If a plant is not bushy and compact make it so by pinching off the end of all its branches. Keep up the treatment until as many branches have started as you think the plant ought to have. If you desire a plant to grow in tree form train it to one stalk until it reaches the height you desire, and then nip off its top and force it to branch. Have the branches at the top to form the head of the tree. If you want a shrubby plant begin the pinching process when it is small, thus forcing it to branch close to the pot. The old saying of "as the twig is bent the tree inclines" applies pertinently to the training of plants when in their early stages of development."

A GOOD CAT STORY.

I onde had a cat which always sat up at the dinner table with me, and had his napkin round his neck, and his plate and some fish. He used his paw of course; but he was very particular, and behaved with extraordinary decorum. When he had finished his fish I sometimes gave him some of mine. One day he was not to be found when the dinner bell rung so we began without him. Just as the plates were being put around for the entree, puss came crashing upstairs and sprang into his chair with two mice in his mouth. Before he could be stopped he dropped a mouse on his own plate and then one on to mine. He divided his dinner with me as I had divided mine with him.

NOT EXPLICIT ENOUGH!

Sir Jolunstake—Waiter, bring me some oysters. They must not be too small, nor too large, nor too fat and salty, and, above all things, they must be cold, but not too cold, and I want them quick!

Hammond Aigs (waiter)—Yaw, sah; but yo' ain't done specify yet whathing you wants 'em wif or wifout pearls, sah.

GOOD ADVICE.

Mr. Keeposh—Did you write that man who advertises to show people how to make custards without milk and have them richer?

Mrs. Cash—Yes, and sent him the money.

Mr. Keeposh—What did he reply?

Mrs. Cash—Use cream.—*Illustrated Bits.*