The Acton Free Press.

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H. F. 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:—8 to 10:30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and 7 to 8 p.m.

DR. C. J. 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.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
OFFICE—Mill Street; in Matthews' Block, Upstairs.

J. H. 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.

MISS FANNIE IVENS,
TEACHER OF PIANO AND ORGAN.
Pupil of Toronto College of Music. Four years' course.
Terms and arrangements for lessons on application.
LIMEHOUSE.

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. F. 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 202, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

—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 4:30 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR.

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; $420 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

With a Telephone In the House

LIFE becomes worth living. You may sit in your Library and give your orders for the day, to the butcher, the baker, the grocer and the many other tradesmen. Items forgotten in earlier orders may be added and amendments made; in short, the possession of a Telephone is a PRACTICAL SOLUTION of the problem of comfortable housekeeping.

THE BELL TELEPHONE CO. OF CANADA.

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 Sid 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

Procrastinate!

No! Don't do That

But come to-day to the

Acton Pump Works

and get your Pump repaire or buy a new one. We ca do it. Wate ring Trough Cisterns and a general jobbin business done. Sati sfactio guaranteed.

CHARLES EBBAGE
Main St., Acton.

WHEN YOU WANT
FLOUR
—and—
OATMEAL
GET OUR

EVERTON AND EDEN MILLS BRAND

The best in the market.
All wide-awake dealers use it.
Extra quality—prices right.

HENRY HORTOP.

—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Capital paid up, $1,000,000
Assets Over $9,000,000.
Guelph Branch
(SEMI-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. P. H. JONES, Manager.

FISHING

WE ALL FISH
May 1st comes round and finds 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

Look Here!

To clear out the balance of our Clover and Timothy Seed I will sell the very best

Red Clover at 80c a bush.
Timothy, the very best, at $2.75 a bush.

Great stock of Mangels — Mammoth, Sawlog, Giant Intermediate, Yellow Globes, etc., strictly fresh seed at very lowest prices.

Sugar Beets—Rennie's Danish, Steele's Royal Giant, Red Top Danish, White Silesian, etc.

Rape Seed—Genuine Dwarf Essex. We imported 4 English tons, 8,960 lbs. It has been tested at the O. A. College and found to test 97 per cent. germination.

Our Garden Seeds are only 3c a pkt., or 10 for 25c.

Land Salt—Frest carload just in; also, Land Plaster, Paris Green, Bluestone, Copperas, Hellebore, Insect Powders, Lice Killers, McDougall's Sheep Dip, Little's Sheep Dip, and Worthington's Sheep Dip.

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

10 PACKAGES FOR 25c.

Your choice of 10 packages from 58 varieties Rennie's Flower and Garden Seeds for 25c.

Also early garden Peas, Beans, Corn, etc, in bulk cheep.

Canada's Greatest Early Seed Potato at 25c per peck.

Large quantity best Dutch Sets.

Large quantity No. 1 Seed Peas and Oats.

Sole agency for the famous Plymouth Binder Twine, Silver Sheaf, etc.

All kinds Flour and Feed at lowest prices for best quality at

Robt. Noble's Flour & Feed Store
ACTON.

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

A NEW SPRING SUIT
VERY CHEAP.

Mill & Main Sts. **W. J. LEE,** Merchant Tailor.
ACTON.

I have been fortunate in securing a full 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.

Borges 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.

PASSED OFF THE STAGE.

They say that I've "passed off the stage." Ah, well, it may be true.
I'm not as strong as when I stood six feet at thirty-two.

I know I'm getting bent and old, my hair is silver-gray;
But oh, it's hard to hear it said, "The old man's had his day."

It was not very long ago—it scarcely seems a year—
When I was strong as a yearling colt and fleeter than a deer!
My arms were like the sinewy root that thrust out from the oak,
And I was straight as the towering pine that tempts the woodman's stroke.

There wasn't one in all the town (how sad the contrast now!)
Could mow a steadier stroke than I, or drive a stralighter plow.
And even when my hair turned gray no whit my strength declined.
I used to race the boys afield and leave them all behind.

But now they bring the cushioned chair and set it in the sun,
And fetch me out my pipe and pouch, as soon as breakfast's done,
And bid me sit an hour or two—the day'll be long and hot;
And then they go and leave me there, unheeded and forgot.

Sometimes I take my staff, and creep along the orchard wall,
But, weary, sit me down to rest where grateful shadows fall,
Far off the meadows swim with heat; fresh smells the new-mown hay;
But I can go no more afield, for I have "had my day."

Oh, God! it is a weary thing to live an outworn life,
To have no further lot or part in manly toil and strife;
To know that all one's active days have passed forever by,
And all that now remains to do is just to rest and—die.

I don't know why I dread it so—this "passing off the stage."
Some folks think life is mighty hard, and long for smooth old age;
But I had rather strive and toil till all my bones are sore,
Than to be sitting useless here before the farmhouse door.

Ah, well! it's little use to cry because the milk is spilt;
It's little use to swing the sword with naught left but the hilt;
I've done my duty while I could, and now, if needs must be,
What I have done for others' sake let others do for me.

It is the rule of life, I know—an honest turn about,
We help our babies into life, and then they help us out.
Their turn must come, too, soon enough; like rolling wave on wave,
The generations pour their tide into the common grave.

One day's babe, the next a man, the next—unnamed, unknown.
Have for a moss encrusted line upon a mouldering stone.
Our lives are swifter than a tale upon a fluttering page—
We have just time to learn the play, and then—pass of the stage.

—James Buchanan.

Select Family Reading.

A School-boy's Story.

I HATED Jack Spicer; he alway got up head. He was always being praised and complimented, and told how much better he was than the rest; and then he was always setting himself up to give advice. That's why we fellows didn't like him. He'd do a kindness; why, he used to give little Morris half his lunch nearly every day. Little Morris had the worst kind of a stepmother, and if he was bad—she called it bad if he sneezed in church, or took an apple without leave—why, then she'd send him off without his breakfast.

Yes, he was kind. He sat up all night with Schriner, the German pupil teacher, that the boys sent into a fever by making fun of, and gave him his medicine, and brought him oranges, and made us all ashamed.

That was the worst of Spicer: he always made you ashamed; but about Schriner he was right.

We had merits at Dr. Brown's for being early, and demerits for being late. Jack Spicer was always early. I never knew anything like him for that. It helps a boy on wonderfully. They think he means to do his best if they find him there in the morning, first thing, and looking over his lessons, as Jack Spicer always was.

I thought a good deal about Jack when the big gold medal was going to be given out. The boy who had no demirits was to have it, or if there were several, we draw for it. I knew I could not beat Spicer; he would be perfect; but I might draw for the medal if I tried; and oh! I didn't try. I was always early; I knew all my lessons. I did everything so well that my Uncle Reuben said he had some hopes for me at last. That was a good deal for Uncle Reuben to say, for he had been in the habit of predicting some very bad end for me; but now he said he had hopes, and that if I did get off without one demerit he would give me a watch—a silver watch—with first-rate works inside of it. And so I stood even with Jack Spicer. One failure next day, or being late, or talking when it was forbidden, would throw me out—or him. But no one even thought of that; the wonder was about me.

Sam Squires bet his six-bladed pen-knife against Bill Hopper's baseball that I'd lose the chance somehow in that twenty-four hours. I wouldn't have risked anything Jack Spicer's luck was so wonderful; but I did my best.

The last day. Up went the sun, and up went I. I washed and dressed, got my lesson before breakfast—got Uncle Reuben to hear me over. Uncle Reuben was a good fellow if you pleased him. And then I hurried my breakfast, washed my hands, polished my nails, and made my hair shine—you got demerits if you were untidy at Dr. Brown's—and off I went.

Now I lived a good long way from the school, but Jack lived farther still. We came along the same road, and through a bit of woods, and then down the hill to the school-house. And I was flying through those woods like a race-horse, when down I came as if I'd been shot. There were a lot of boys up to anything in the village; they hated Dr. Brown's boys because they had good clothes; called them dudes, and all that sort of thing; and I suppose they had fixed the wire. Oh, I didn't say what it was I fell over. Some one had fastened a barbed wire across the road. They did it a deep when folks were going to church, and there was a time about it; and Johnnie Bowler got looked up, and afterwards they found out it was Muggins, the butcher's boy, that did it. But someone had done it again, and there I was. Coming at such a speed, I got a throw, I can tell you, and my legs were out through my knickerbockers. I had a lump on my forehead; I almost broke my neck, and I bruised my arm.

For a minute I couldn't get up. Then I was giddy, and had to sit down; and I thought—"I'll be late, and lose my chance, after all." But I came right in a few minutes. Of course it hurt yet, but that was nothing. I came all right, and picked up my books, and was going to unfasten the wire, when I heard Jack Spicer coming; you could hear any one long before you could see them, and I knew his run. While I was working at the wire he would pass. He would get to school early; I should be late. And I suppose—and when I said to the minister, he said it was probably so—that Satan looked over my shoulder at that very moment. "Let Jack Spicer take care of himself," was what he made me think—Satan, I mean: "let Spicer fall down and be made late; all the better for you." And away I went, leaving Spicer coming on at great speed, with his nose in the air and his eyes on the horizon—that's the way he always ran—and no idea in his mind but school and the medal.

Well, I got in early, and the other boys came in one by one, and we were called to order, and lessons began, and still no sign of Jack Spicer.

The boys began to look at me. The medal was mine, and at first I felt jolly over it. Then I began to think of the barbed wire, of the lonely road, of my fall, of what Jack's might have been, for I had heard him coming. I had turned to stop and tell him of the wire. You could not see it from the other side, for some grass and weeds that grew just there and the way the sun was. And I knew that, medal or no medal, I should have stopped to unfasten it, too. But at least I tried to think that it was not I who put it there; that if Jack had been first he would have left it so, but I was not so sure of that.

Moreover, Jack did not come, and we were told what to do about the next day, and given notes of invitation for our parents, and all went on as usual, only Jack Spicer's shiny red head was not to be seen as usual, and I know everybody thought of that as well as I, only not as I did. As I went slowly home, I noticed that the wire was gone.

"No demerits," said my uncle; "I'll buy the watch to-morrow."

But I could not smile; I felt wretched—wicked—murderous. I couldn't help letting mother see my scratches and bruises, and I got lots of pity and lotion for them, but they didn't ache as my conscience did.

And when I went to school next morning in my best suit, with a carnation in the buttonhole of my jacket, I'd have given the world to see Spicer standing in his place; yes, and to see him get the medal too.

Well, there we all were. Mother, father, Uncle Jack and Sister Tilly were all in the audience. We went through our exercises, and we sang, and we drilled; and then the prizes were given out—last of all, the gold medal to the "perfect" boy.

At last Dr. Brown rose up and looked about him and make his speech, and ended thus:

"But for an accident which occurred yesterday two of the competitors would have been entitled to draw for the medal; but Jack Spicer—perhaps the most meritorious pupil in the school—injured himself severely by falling over a barbed wire, purposely placed across the path, we believe. He is very ill at home, and was yesterday; but his mother tells me that, injured as he was, he unfastened the wire before he crawled to Dinah Burrough's little cottage for help. We all regret the absence of our young friend, especially from such a cause."

A little murmur of pity arose.

"Henry Martin," said Dr. Brown, "you are entitled to the medal."

I saw my mother smile. Uncle Reuben waved his hand to me; but I did not feel glad and triumphant.

I arose; I walked up the aisle; I stood before Dr. Brown, and I put my hands "behind my back."

"Dr. Brown," I said, "I am not entitled to the medal. It is a sort of—of deception if I took it. I fell over that barbed wire yesterday, and if I had stopped to take it down Jack Spicer would not have been hurt. I was hurt myself, but I came on and left it."

"That was careless," said Dr. Brown; "but you couldn't know Spicer would fall."

I had my chance out of it then, with honors, too; but I couldn't be so mean as to stop there.

"Dr. Brown," I said, "I heard Spicer coming. I knew he must fall. I wanted him to fall. Of course, I didn't think of his hurting himself so much. But it was anything to get ahead of him. I think, if you please, that I ought not to have the medal. I deserve the biggest demerit for being contemptable that ever you gave me yet."

I was hot and red, and I was trembling all over. But Dr. Brown reached his hand over the desk.

"I give you the demerit," he said. "Shake hands. You shall carry Jack Spicer his medal. He is the only boy who has none in the school."

Then everybody cheered, and I came near crying, and I saw my mother doing it.

Dr. Brown went with me to take Spicer his medal, and he was very glad; and the doctor—the pill doctor, I mean—said it helped to make him get well sooner.

And what do you think? Uncle Reuben gave me the watch.

"You'll understand why when you are older my lad," he said.

And Spicer and I have always been the best of friends ever since.

NOT TAKING CHANCES.

Said the dentist, after looking at the offending molar, "It's a very ugly one. I would advise you to have it out by the painless system. It is only a shilling extra." He showed the farmer the apparatus for administering gas, remarking that it would cause him to fall asleep for a minute, and before he awoke the tooth would be out. After a slight resistance the sufferer consented, proceeding to open his purse. Oh, never mind paying just now, said the dentist kindly. "Hoots!" answered the cautious old Scot, "A wasn't thinking o' that, but if A'm ga'an tu sleep A thought A wad like tu count tma siller."—Buffalo *Courier.*

NEW LITERATURE.

A METEOR KING, by John A. Copland, author of "Esculapius," "Unfettered Souls," "The Skull of Peter," "Another Man's Blood," "The Glenniffer Ghost," etc. Special edition now ready. Limp cloth 50c. limp leather $1.00, trade discount 30 per cent.

This fine historical and dramatic tale contains lively sketches of English character of Richard III's time, and is full of strong, brisk dialogue. Round the proud Richard of Gloucester are grouped a number of well marked characters. This is a book which entitled a great deal of labor and researches upon the author, and is worth owning. Tribune Power Printing House, Brighton, Ont.

THE HELMET OF NAVARRE, a tale of Paris, 1583, by Bertha Runkle, a new writer, who has taken the reading world by storm. A first edition of 100,000 copies has been called for, a record almost unprecedented in first editions. Paper, 75c., cloth, $1.25. Beautifully illustrated. The Copp, Clark Company, Limited, Publishers, Toronto.

At the very beginning the author wins the interest of her readers; the fascination never ebbs, but increases steadily to the close. Like a bit of driftwood on a spring freshet, the reader is swept unresistingly away on its strong splendid current.

The plot is laid away back in 1580 to 1595. Upon the death in 1589, of Henry III of France, the Duke of St. Quentin, one of the greatest nobles of the Court, and no friend to King Henry of Navarre, or the Guises, retired in Picardie. On learning, however, in 1593, the Huguenot King's intention to turn Catholic, he swore allegiance to him, and undertook for him a mission into the city, the stronghold of the League. Thither followed the Duke's page, Felix Broux, who tells the fascinating story. The concluding chapter leaves the reader anticipating a happy denouonment of affairs political and domestic.

The Canadian Magazine for May contains some excellent material and the first instalments of two new serials. Joanna E. Wood writes of Charles Algernon Swinburne whom, she claims, is the greatest living English writer. The illustrations in this article are very valuable. Another beautifully illustrated article is Katherine Hale's "Some Prominent Players," with portraits of Bernhardt, Willard, Mansfield, John Drew and others equally famous. Among the other contributers of the month are Professor Maurice Hutton, Professor J. E. LeRossignol, F. Clifford Smith, Agnes Deans Cameron, Agnes Maule Machar, Charles Gordon Rogers, P. Blake Crofton, Virna Sheard, Headon Hill—all well-known names. The June issue will be the hundredth number of the *Canadian Magazine* and the publishers promise something especially good in the way of a valuable and artistic production. Canadian publishing interests are developing fast.

SUCCEEDED IN EXPRESSING HIMSELF.

Numberless are the tricks which newspaper reporters play upon one another to relieve the sombre "grinding" of their calling. Two young men, employed on a morning paper in a large city, were detailed one day to call upon the resident Chinaman and "interview" them respecting some immigration measure then pending in Congress. One of the two reporters was a beginner, and the other, an experienced man, naturally assumed the management of the assignment.

"Billings," he said, after they had invaded several laundries without any important results, "here is a tea store. I wish you would go in and talk with the proprietor. I want to know what he thinks about Chinamen voting. I'll go and pull off an interview with the man who runs this cigar-shop next door. Remember to use the very simplest English at your command."

The young reporter went inside the tea store, took out his note book, and thus addressed the proprietor, who happened to be alone at the moment:

"John, how? Me—me telegraph, John! Newspaps—savvy, John? Newspaps—print thengs. Un'stan? Me want know what John think about Chinamen vote, see? What John think—Chinamen—vote—all same Melican man? Savvy, John? Vote? What think?"

The Chinaman listened to him with profound gravity until he had finished, and replied:

"The question of granting the right of suffrage to Chinese citizens who have come to the United States with the avowed intention of making this country their permanent home is one that has occupied the attention of thoughtful men of all parties for years, and it may become in time one of paramount importance. At present, however, it seems to me there is no exigency requiring an expression of opinion from me upon this subject. You will please excuse me."

The young reporter went outside and leaned against a lamp-post to rest and recover from a sudden faintness that had taken hold of him. His comrade had "steered him against" one of the best educated Chinamen in the United States.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Some years ago a certain Wm. Bickers resided in a village about fifty miles from London. Having narrowly escaped capture for poaching, he went to London, hoping, amidst the bustle of the great city, to escape detection. He was, however, much disturbed and greatly surprised in finding as he supposed, that his offence had become known in London, for on looking up at a street corner he observed "Bill Bickers Beware." But the climax was reached when, on a boarding round some newly-erected buildings, he was horrified to read: "Bill Bickers will be prosecuted." He could hold out no longer, and accordingly gave himself up, and confessed his guilt at the neatest police station.

HE HAD BEEN EVERYTHING.

One of the New York senators tells a good story of himself. He indulges freely in wine but never becomes intoxicated. His doctor informed him that if he didn't give up liquors of every description he would be stone blind.

"What! Do you really mean that, doctor?" the man exclaimed in evident consternation. The doctor assured him that he did. The senator thought for a moment and then with a deep sigh of resignation said: "Well, I guess I've seen everything worth seeing anyhow.

NUMBER ONE.

"He is a number one boy," said grandmother, proudly. "A great boy for his books," indeed he would rather read than play, and that is saying a good deal for a boy of seven."

"It is certainly," returned Uncle John, "but what a pity it is that he is blind."

"Blind!" exclaimed grandmother, and the number one boy looked up too, in wonder.

"Yes, blind, and a little deaf, also, I fear," answered Uncle John.

"Why, John what put that into your head?" asked grandmother, looking perplexed.

"Why, the number one boy himself," said Uncle John.

"He has been occupying the one easy chair in the room all the afternoon, never seeing you, nor his mother when she came in for a few minutes' rest. Then when your glasses were mislaid, and you had to climb upstairs two or three times to look for them, he neither saw nor heard anything that was going on."

"Oh, he is busy reading," apologized grandmother.

"That is not a very good excuse, mother," replied Uncle John, smiling. If "Number one" is not blind nor deaf, he must be very selfish indeed to occupy the best seat in the room, and let older people run up and down stairs while he takes his ease."

"Nobody asked me to give up my seat nor to run on errands," said "Number One."

"That should not have been necessary," urged Uncle John. "What are a boy's eyes or ears for, if not to keep him posted on what is going on around him? I am glad to see you fond of books, but if a pretty story makes you forget all thing except amusing "Number One," better run out and play with the other seven-year-old boys, and let grandmother enjoy the comfort of her rocker in quiet."—*Youths Evangelist.*

LIGHT OF THE HOME.

The most beautiful structure on earth was erected in honor of a woman. Twenty thousand men for twenty years wrought constantly. No marble was too white, no carving to delicate, no jewels too precious, for this exquisite shrine for the woman so greatly beloved by the Emperor Shah Jahan. Yet what do we know of Nur Mahal, the wife of this devoted Oriental? Little, save that she was beloved. All down the ages this halo envelopes her like the veil of divinity. Was she physically beautiful? Probably. Was she wise? Not greatly above the women of her time. Was she felt in the political interests of her country? To a certain extent that must have been true, for the currency was issued in her name. But the one thing we can with safety say is that she was lovable. It is nearly three hundred years since the body of this little Indian woman fell to dust and ashes, and was laid away in the shadow of that glorious tomb. Yet, because love is immortal, she still lives; and across the lapse of time and from beyond continents and seas we feel the gracious influence of the loving queen whose body sleeps beneath the beautiful canopy of lace turned into stone.

WHAT MEN LOVE IN WOMEN.

Men love beauty, but seldom marry for it. Neatness and good taste far outweigh beauty and slovenliness.

Men are born hunters. They value a girl most who most values herself.

Men wish their wives to be good to look at. Careful attention do they give to all details—teeth, hands, hair and breath, for example.

A stylish girl delights all well-bred men. Tailor-made upon the street; in the house, a changing symphony in color, says the Pittsburg *Chronicle.*

The wife seeker draws a line through the name of any girl who is in any degree "fast." He may form one of her satellites, but she will never go to his home a bride.

Odious mannerisms disgust fastidious men. Snifflng, giggling and "making eyes" never won a husband for any girl.

A good physique men wish in woman whom they marry, a higher reason than vanity inspiring the desire. Wasp-waisted women are looked at dubiously.

Blow your fiance (after your heart is won) that he is lord thereof, but never for one moment forget the beauty of womanly reserve.

THE CHINESE LANGUAGE IS LOGICAL.

Each word in the Chinese language has a logical reason for its existence and peculiar formation, and each word consists of either one individual character or a number of them combined in order to make a complete word. Take the word field, a square divided into sections or lots. When the word man is written by the word field the combination makes the word farmer, indicating the avocation of a man who is associated with fields and agriculture. Still more suggestive is the Chinese word for truth, sincerity, faithfulness, honesty. It is formed by the combination of a man and word, thus expressing that one form of honesty consists in a man standing by his word. The word for box is indicated by a square having four sides of equal length, while a prisoner is literally a man in a box, a fact which is often graphically illustrated in China when a criminal is sentenced to death, and is carried to the place of execution in a square box.—Frederic Poole, in the October *Ladies' Home Journal.*

LEARNING TO BE A GENTLEMAN.

Two boys stood at a wall getting at drink. They were both nice looking, well dressed high school boys. A woman approached to get a pail of water. One boy stepped back to make way for her, but the other took her pail and filled it. "You were a simpleton to do that," said the first boy; "why she didn't even thank you for it." "I did not do it for thanks," said the other, good humoredly. "Besides, you'd have done the same thing if it had been Bessie or some of the other girls from school."

"Of course," said the first "one has to wait on young ladies, but I don't see why a fellow should put himself out to pump water for anyone like that."

"Well," said the second boy, "my mother taught me to treat every women as if she was a lady, whether she deserved it or not. I've always done it, and have never been sorry. I guess I'll keep on trying to be a gentleman."

MOTHERHOOD.

Happy mother with little arms twining around
Your neck in a loving embrace,
Thank the Lord for the joy and the love you have found,
O sing songs of thanksgiving and praise.
When your loved ones grow up they may wander away
From your fond embrace far and wide;
O the happiest hours of your life are to-day,
When they prattle and play by your side.

Ring on, gentle mother, 'twill lighten your care;
O stop not to worry or fret;
Your darlings so loving, so gentle and fair,
Those lessons will never forget.
Ask the Lord to watch over your dear little ones,
Your innocent, beautiful band
And soon the blest truth on your heart shall dawn,
That motherland truly is grand.

—Annie.

A Great Deal to Eat.

Few have any conception of the vast amount of food required for a voyage across the Atlantic. Though the time occupied by steamships in the average voyage from Queenstown to New York is only about seven days, the vessels are storehouses of meats, groceries and vegetables. The steward of one of the fastest of these vessels recently said:

"We sailed from Liverpool with 547 cabin passengers and 300 in the crew. We had on board when we started 12,500 lbs of fresh beef, 700 lbs. of corned beef, 5,000 lbs. of mutton, 850 lbs. of lamb, 950 lbs. of veal, 350 lbs. of pork. There were beside 2,000 lbs. of fresh fish, 600 fowls, 300 chickens, 100 ducks, 50 geese, 60 turkeys, 200 brace of grouse, 15 tons of potatoes, 300 hampers of vegetables, 290 quarts of ice cream, 1,000 quarts of milk and 11,500 eggs.

In the dry groceries there were 650 pounds of tea, 1,200 pounds coffee, 1,600 pounds of white sugar, 750 pound of palverised sugar, 1,500 pounds of cheese, 2,000 pounds of butter, 3,500 pounds of ham, and 1,000 pounds of bacon."

DEVELOPED HIS TRUE NATURE.

There was a young man who loved a beautiful maiden, but he was poor.

One day he asked her to be his wife, and she answered:

"I love you. Still I do not wish to be a poor man's wife.—Go and get money and then return and we'll live happily ever after."

The young man went away and are long began to away the markets. He made millions, and the maiden waited.

When the man had ten millions he wanted to outshine the other who had 50 millions, and when that wish was gratified he longed for a hundred millions, and at last set a billion up as the amount he wished to accumulate.

When one day in those parts, a certain old maid lay dying, she said:

"There's no use expecting a hog to keep his mind on anything else after he gets his feet in the trough."

KATE FIELD'S LOVE LETTER

If that charming woman, the late Kate field did not marry, it was assuredly not because she did not have many an admirer. A Washington lady has in her possession a little old bit of yellow paper upon which is pencilled a boyish scrawl. It was preserved by Miss Field from her little girl days. The scrawl runs thus:

"Wont you mete me down bye The Gate after school Yes now I Luve yue."

On the other side of the bit of paper is the address, thus:

"Miss Kate Field, Esq., last seat nez to the Door goin out."

It must have been like the breath of the forgotten perfume of yesterdays when the clever, kindly woman happened upon this little old piece of yellowed paper on a rainy afternoon of rummaging.

LITTLE MARY'S QUESTION.

A good story is told of the Bishop of Atlanta, Georgia. He recently addressed a large assembly of Sunday School children, and wound up by asking in a very paternal and condescending way, "And now, is there a-an-y little boy or a-an-y little girl who would like to ask me a question?" A little shrill voice called out, "Please, sir, why did the angels walk up and down Jacob's ladder when they had wings?" "Oh, ah, yes—I see," said the bishop, "and now is there a-an-y little boy or a-an-y little girl who would like to answer little Mary's question?"

TAPS.

A young recruit, having returned to his native town from camp at Montauk, was being entertained by some friends. He was very willing to tell all he knew.

"What do you mean by "taps?" asked one of a group of girls.

"They play taps every night the bugle. It means "lights out." They play it over the bodies of dead soldiers."

The girl was puzzled. At last she asked, "Well, what do they do if they haven't any dead soldier?"

RIVAL REVOLUTIONS.

Dom Pedro of Brazil once made a witty speech, and fate has since added a bitterly ironical comment upon it.

He was not an ex-emperor in those days, and when he was shown one of the mechanical wonders, which always interested him more than the cares of Government, a cotton spindle, which made countless revolutions a minute, he said,

"Why, it actually beats our South American republics!"

Bad News for the Caller.

"Is your father at home?" asked an Englishman of a Welsh boy, whom he met at Llandrilloysthos. "No, sir; he's gone to work at Llanvanffraidglan Conway." "Is your mother in, then?" "she's gone to the fair at at Llanfairmathafarnuchtlaf." "Dear me! But is your sister at home?" "My sister has gone to Llanfairpullgwyngyllgogerychwyndrobullsantsylsigrogoch." "Dear me!" exclaimed the Englishman.

HIS ORDERS.

An Irish recruit had the misfortune to part company with his horse. According to custom, the sergeant strode up to him and demanded, "Did you receive orders to dismount?"

"I did, sure."

"Where from?"

"From hind quarters, sir, honor!" said Paddy, with a grin.

Halt rheum, or eczema, with its itching, and burning, is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. No are all other blood diseases.