The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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Accounts payable monthly.

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M.,
SUCCESSOR TO
J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick treets, Acton.
Office Hours:—6 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL.
L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH,
L. L. P. & S. GLASGOW,
MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, ETC.
SUCCESSOR TO DR. KELLY.
Office—Frederick Street - - Acton, Ont.

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 6 p.m
SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

DENTAL.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST,
GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S. DENTIST
ACTON.
Office over Brown's Drug Store.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
VISITING DAYS.—Tuesday, Brockville; Friday, Rockwood.
The latest anæsthetic used if desired.

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

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, AND COMMISSIONER FOR TAKING AFFIDAVITS.
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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—Ferryman'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 experienced.

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 BTOCK 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 422, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph.

NASSAGAWEYA
Saw and Planing Mills.
Lumber and Shingles
AT LOWEST PRICES.
Mill stuff cut to order.
Wood at $1.00 a load at the mill.
P. Sayers, Proprietor.

Sun Savings and Loan Co.
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ON T
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 all 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

WALL PAPER

Nice Ingrain Papers with Borders and Ceiling to match, at 10c a roll.
10c Papers for 18c.
7½c Papers for 5c.
5c Papers for 3c.
25c Gold Papers for 15c and 10c.
15c Gold Papers for 10c.
A fine supply to select from.
Buy from DAY and save the 20 per cent. paid to paperhangers.

Window Shades.

DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
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
T. M. WALLACE, Manager.

ANY PICTURES TO FRAME?

Any Pictures to Frame?

GO OR 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.

BUGGIES.

Now that we are having fine weather and good roads there is some encouragement to buy new Buggies. I have a full assortment of them which you should see before you buy, also Market and Lumber Waggons. All kinds of carriage and general repairing done on shortest notice.
A full line of Agricultural Implements and Binder Twine always on hand.

J. N. O'NEILL
Successor to
Culp & McKenzie.
GEORGETOWN.

WHEN YOU WANT
FLOUR
—and—
OATMEAL
GET OUR

GLEGHORN AND GLEN 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.

We Want To Supply
Your Wants in Drain Tile.

Almost every property owner requires more or less tile for draining and other purposes. Quality counts in tile, the same as in anything else. We offer the best salt glazed, Canadian and American tile in 4, 6, 9, 12, and 15 inch. Fittings of all kinds such as Y's, T's, Bends, Reducers Elbows, Crosses and Hand Hole Traps; Chimney Flues and Flue Lining, oval and round.

JOHN M. BOND & CO.
HARDWARE
GUELPH

BINDER TWINE
9 & 10 1-2c a lb.

Standard and Manilla,
The Celebrated McCormick,
the best twine made for length, strength and weight.
GUARANTEED.

Also their great Binder, Mower and Steel Hay Rake. Call and see them.
Hay Rakes 10 and 12c each.
Harvest Gloves 15, 20 and 25c each.
Paris Green 20c lb.
Potato Bug Killer 2c lb.
Hellebore 30c lb.
Slug Shot 10c lb.
Instant Louse Killer 25c can.
Lambert's Death to Lice 25c pkg.
Also Sprayers of all kinds.

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

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

PURE
PARIS GREEN
INSECT POWDER
AND
HELLEBORE
A. T. BROWN
CHEMIST - ACTON.

The Ontario Seed and Grain Separator Co.,
LIMITED,
FERGUS, - ONT.
WM. HEMSTREET, Acton
Has secured the agency for Halton County ....for the....
Perfection Fanning Mill and Grain Separator
Manufactured in Fergus.

This is the mill which is creating so much talk and excitement among the thousands of farmers who have witnessed its operations in cleaning and separating all kinds of grain and seeds at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, during the excursions through the month of June.

It is the mill which took a bag and a half of timothy seed, cleaned by one of the alleged latest improved mills, ready for sowing, last Saturday during the Halton Farmers' Excursion and removed over a peck of seeds of injurious weeds, including lambs quarter, Canada thistle, sheep sorrel, curled dock, pigeon weed, catch fly, bindweed and false flax.

It will pay farmers to have Mr. Hemstreet show them this mill before marketing or preparing their grain and seeds for crop.

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; $420 per year, payable weekly; $2 per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight, bona fide, definite salary, no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 504 Dearborn St. Chicago.

Poetry.

TWO EVENING TRAINS.

The first train leaves at 6 p. m.
For the land where the sleep flower blows,
And mother, dear, is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace car is the mother's arms;
The whistle a low, sweet strain;
The passenger winks and nods and blinks,
And goes to sleep on the train.

At 8 p. m. the next train starts
For the pleasant land afar.
The summons clear falls on the ear,
"All aboard for the sleeping car."

But what is the fare to this pleasant land?
I hope it is not too dear;
The fare is this—a loving kiss—
And it is paid to the engineer.

So I ask of Him Who the children took
On his knee in kindness great,
"Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day
That leave at six and eight.

"Keep watch o'er the passengers," thus I pray,
For they are very dear;
And have special ward, O gracious Lord,
O'er the gentle engineer."

Harriette R. Mauvel.

Select Family Reading.

Superseded by a Cousin.

VIOLINCE L. ANDEM.

"I WANT to consult you about something, mamma," said the tall, dark-haired girl, drawing up a rather shabby chair beside her mother's, and glancing at a huge pile of stockings in the maternal lap. "Why; have you all those to do?" she queried.

Mrs. Alston merely nodded, being apparently occupied by a knot in her darning cotton.

"How sorry I am for you!" said the girl, clasping her hands behind her head.

Her mother's glance went from the refractory knot to the lazy figure opposite, with a quizzical smile. "I suppose the bulky letter you received this morning has something to do with your wish to speak to me," she said cheerfully.

"Yes. Of course you remember Ethel Fleming, the lovely girl who spent a week with me last August?"

"I remember Ethel Fleming," replied Mrs. Alston, rather dryly.

"Oh, you are prejudiced against her, mamma. I forgot that she displeased you by making fun of her sister's awkward ways. But really, she did not exaggerate one bit. I once met her sister, and she is the most—"

"My displeasure was not based on the assumption that Miss Fleming was exaggerating," said Mrs. Alston, quietly.

"Oh, well, mamma! You are more particular than some people, you know. But just read this letter; I am sure Ethel is generous enough. She and her mother have invited me to spend a year with them in New York."

Mrs. Alston dropped her darning implements, and took the extended letter with a face of grave surprise, saying, "A year? My dear, that would be rather a long visit, I think."

"Of course it would be a long visit, mother dear; and just think what a benefit it would be to me to spend all that time in the best, the very best society in New York! Wait, just let me read you what Ethel says:

'Tell your mother, darling, that we will make a different girl of you. Nothing polishes one after graduation like contact with the best society, and of course this is impossible for you in your sleepy little town.'"

Before Mrs. Alston could give an opinion as to this assertion, there was a tap at the door, and then a voice said: "Miss Helen, will ye plaze to wash the silver as soon as ye can, so I may swape the room?"

"Haven't you washed the silver yet, Helen?" asked Mrs. Alston, glancing at the clock with surprise.

"Bother the silver!" exclaimed Helen. Since her graduation from school, four months before, her mother had asked her assistance in household affairs. She rose from her chair reluctantly.

"Well, will you read the letter, and think it over while I am down stairs, mamma?"

Mrs. Alston assented, and Helen left the room. As she foamed the soapsuds into snowy kisses, her youngest sister, who had been dressing a doll in the hall, came to the table and gazed into the little wash tub with fascinated eyes.

"Now keep away, Louise! I'm busy," Helen said, sharply.

"I won't touch anything," pleaded the child.

"But you make me nervous. Go and play with Ada."

"Ada's gone to Marion's house," objected Louise, whose waning vacation sometimes hung heavily on her hands.

Helen dropped several knives by accident, and her face looked so severe as she picked them up that Louise hurriedly retired.

"You never want me to have any fun!" she called back as she reached the stairs, gaining courage in her retreat.

A few days passed, during which Helen frequently made impatient inquires of her mother, and was told in reply that "I am thinking the matter over." Finally one evening Helen's father called her to him, where he sat reading the paper.

"Nelly," he began, laying it down, "your mother has talked with me about your plan for making a long visit to your friend in New York. We think a change may possibly do you good in some respects; but do you think you could be happy away from us for a whole year?"

"Oh yes, papa! I mean," Helen added, hastily, easing her father's reproachful glance, "that it would be impossible for me to be homesick with such people as Ethel Fleming and her mother; though—of course—I—should miss you all," she finished, rather lamely.

"You help your mother in the housework, do you not? She would miss your assistance, I presume?" inquired Mr. Alston, with a keen look.

"Oh, I don't think so," replied Helen, carelessly, heedless of the damaging admission.

There was a moment's silence. "Very well, my dear; if you can get your mother's consent, you have mine."

Feeling vaguely disappointed in his daughter, Mr. Alston returned to his paper.

To Helen's shocked surprise and open joy, "mother's consent" was obtained, and rapturous letters passed between Ethel and herself.

Ada and Louise often came to the door of Helen's room, and lingered there as the preliminary packing progressed. On the afternoon of her departure Helen glanced up from the troublesome task of folding her one silk waist so that it should be found free from wrinkles, to see Louise watching the process eagerly, while Ada looked on over Louise's shoulder.

"Do go away, children!" she exclaimed, pettishly. "I declare I shall be glad when I get out of reach of your stares!"

"I don't see how they hurt you," retorted Ada, hiding her discomfiture under a toss of her head. "Come, Louise, leave Crossepatch to herself."

"Children are so impudent!" Helen muttered as they disappeared.

Helen departed with rather superficial leave-takings and soon after this letter came from her:

September, 1901.

Dear Mamma—I arrived safely last Wednesday night and found Mrs. Fleming's carriage waiting for me at the station. The coachman's livery is superb. Ethel and Mrs. Fleming welcomed me very cordially and I feel quite at home.

I wish you could see Ethel's evening dresses! She has seven—each one designed by an artist. Oh, how homemadish my poor chiffon looks! But Ethel is going to have her maid give it a few touches—a French maid, you know.

I have a beautiful room here. There is a brass bedstead, with the dearest lace draperies, and a full-length mirror—I don't have to prop back the glass with a hair-brush now.

I am going to a matinee with Ethel, so must close. Hastily,

HELEN.

More letters came, much after the same sort; and this is one which her mother wrote to her:

My DEAR HELEN: Your letters are read with much interest. You seem to be having a delightful time.

I have a bit of news for you. Your cousin, Agnes Lindsay, whom I believe you have never seen, is visiting us for an indefinite period. Since her mother's death she has been much alone, and now her father is obliged to go to California, to look after some business interests there. He wrote to ask if we would take charge of her until he settles down again.

I hesitated at first, but as your room was vacant, I thought we might manage it, and I am very glad indeed that I decided as I did, for Agnes is a sweet girl, and has endeared herself to us already. I do not know how long her stay will be, as her father's business is rather complicated.

Be sure of our interest in everything that concerns you, my dear child, and write as often as possible.—Your affectionate mother.

It was nearly two months afterward that this came from Helen:

February —

DEAREST MOTHER: I suppose you will be surprised to hear that I am coming home immediately. Everything is over between Ethel and me. I noticed a change in her manner and in her mother's some weeks ago, but now they show their feelings so plainly that I can't stay any longer.

Mrs. Fleming said yesterday, in a roundabout way, that she does not think Ethel and I are congenial. I suppose Ethel is displeased because I could not help showing that her behavior on one or two occasions shocked me. She laughs at me, and calls me "provincial," but I don't think she liked it. You were right about her, mamma; she is not such a nice girl as I thought her. I will be home Tuesday.

Your affectionate daughter,

HELEN.

The dusk was deepening on the day when Helen reached the home she had been so eager to leave, six months before. The lamps in the sitting-room were lighted and burning steadily. Helen had a fantastic remembrance of the way they had often flared and smoked when they had been in her charge.

A sweet-faced girl came forward as she entered the hall. Ada and Louise were on either side of her, their arms intertwined about her slender waist.

"I am so glad to see you, Cousin Helen!" she said, with a cordial kiss.

Ada and Louise followed her example in silence.

"Thank you," Helen said, rather coldly. "Where is mamma?"

Mrs. Alston was already coming down the stairs. "My dear Helen!" she said softly; and the pressure of her motherly arms took a little of the sore feeling out of Helen's heart.

"Come, Ada! Come, Louise!" called Agnes, gaily. "Let us carry sister's baggage to her room; she must be tired."

As she spoke, she took the satchel and prepared to lead the way, while Ada followed with the umbrella, and Louise brought up the rear with the lunch-basket. Helen watched them ascend the stairs. "Cousin Agnes seems quite at home," she remarked to her mother.

Mrs. Alston ignored the tone in which this was said. "I am sure you will like her," she answered. "But come up, dear, and rest awhile before dinner."

The trio of baggage-carriers were still in Helen's room when its owner entered. Ada sidled toward the door as Helen came in, and Louise hastily laid down the lunch-basket she was examining with a child's curiosity. Agnes was busily engaged in pouring water into the basin, and in laying out the toilet articles.

They all went out soon, and Helen, as she removed her wraps, looked about the room with a feeling of contentment that surprised herself. The girlish treasures it contained had never looked so pretty to her before. Perhaps it was because she felt that they were her own—a feeling she had been a stranger to of late.

When the dinner-bell rang her cheeks grew red. "I suppose papa will make jokes about me," she reflected. "Before that Agnes, too!"

But Mr. Alston made no jokes. Only there was an amused look on his face as he kissed his daughter.

"We are glad to get our girl back, eh, mamma?" he said.

Helen's experiences—her pleasant ones, that is, for her unpleasant ones were not touched upon, much to her relief—were listened to with flattering attention; but Helen herself felt dull and sore. Some how her heart was strangely heavy as she noticed the little attentions paid her parents by her cousin.

In the midst of her account of the opera, Helen was really observing how deftly Agnes placed a shawl around her aunt's shoulders when Mrs. Alston felt a slight draught. She tried to smother a feeling of jealousy at the look which thanked her. The description of Ethel's birthday fete flagged a little as she watched Agnes rise from her seat to carry Mr. Alston's coffee-cup to him. He, too, thanked her with a smile.

"I didn't think papa and mamma liked to be fawned upon in that way," she thought, resentfully.

After dinner the family gathered in the sitting room. Mr. Alston with his evening paper, and his wife with her knitting in her every-busy fingers. Helen retired to a dark corner, and sat looking at the family group, feeling like a disconsolate ghost revisiting its former haunts. Over in a corner of the old, cosy sofa Agnes was hearing Ada and Louise recite, in a low voice, their lessons for the next day.

By and by Mr. Alston looked over at Agnes. "How's this?" he inquired, good-humoredly. "Where's our music to-night?"

"I wish Cousin Helen would play for us," Agnes said, cordially.

"Thank you," replied Helen with dignity; "I don't feel like it to-night."

"No, no," remarked her father, lightly. "Helen feels insulted if I ask her to play my old favorites, and I confess I'm not up to Bach or Beethoven."

Agnes felt uncomfortable as she took her place at the piano, but she did her best, and Helen had to acknowledge that her cousin's voice was a very sweet one.

"There! What do you think of that, Nelly?" asked Mr. Alston when the song ended.

"Beautiful!" said Helen, briefly. "But Ada, do come away from the piano! I don't see how Agnes can play while you lean against her so."

"Oh, it doesn't disturb me at all, thank you," said Agnes, quickly looking down with an encouraging smile at the culprit.

For a week or two after her arrival home, Helen suffered jealous pangs as she saw how Agnes was relied upon by the household. Finally, from a mixture of feelings, she resolved to emulate her cousin and began one Saturday morning by applying to Annie, at her customary lazy hour, for the mop and hot water.

"Sure the silver is all done," was Annie's answer.

"Who did it?" Helen inquired rather unnecessarily.

"Miss Agnes, bless her swate face!" replied Annie, with real feeling.

With an uncomfortable sense that her help was rather superfluous, Helen went to the lamps, and discovered, on examining them that they were full of oil, and had been freshly trimmed.

Completely daunted, she sat down in front of the fire, and gazed into it frowningly. In a few moments Louise came into the room with a ribbon in her hand. She stopped short as she caught sight of Helen.

"What is it, Louise?" asked her sister, making an effort to speak pleasantly.

"I thought Agnes was here," Louise explained, hesitatingly. "I want her to tie this for me."

"Come here; I'll do it."

Louise looked over her shoulder. "Agnes makes shorter ends," she said, with a dissatisfied expression. "I like Agnes's way the best."

Helen's face flushed, and the bitterness in her heart welled over. Snatching off the rash, she thrust it in Louise's hand and pushed her away.

"Go to Agnes then, you ungrateful child!" she exclaimed passionately; and as Louise, with a scared face, left the room, Helen sank back in her chair and burst into tears of jealous anger and remorse. She saw that she had flung away the love offered to her, only to long for it when it seemed to be given to some one else.

A few moments later Mrs. Alston, passing through the hall, heard a sound of sobbing, and came to learn the cause. Helen raised her head as she heard the approaching footsteps, and tried to conceal her tears but it was of no use; they broke out afresh as her mother bent over her.

"What is it, dear?" Mrs. Alston, whispered; and the conviction so close to Helen's lips found utterance.

"O mamma, Agnes has taken my place! No one cares for me now!"

Mrs. Alston understood. She said nothing until the paroxysm of weeping was over, merely smoothing the dark head caressingly; but when Helen was calm again she sat down beside her and drew a letter from her pocket.

"Helen, dear, before I tell you about this letter, I want to assure you that some day you will look back and own how much happiness you owe to your cousin. She has taught you, I think, a lesson that perhaps you have needed, my child; Just as much love, just as much admiration as she had gained from us all is waiting for you, dear, if you will only fill your place—for no one has taken it, Helen; it has only stood empty.

"This letter is from Agnes's father. He is settled in California, and is anxious to have Agnes join him as soon as possible. The dear child is very happy about it; she is writing to your uncle about it now. I am sure, you will make the remainder of her stay here as pleasant as you can."

A week afterward Agnes went to her father. A remark made by Mr. Alston a few months later will perhaps show that Helen had learned her lesson. It was called forth by some slight service his daughter had rendered him—slight, but performed with promptness and the heartiest good-will.

"Mamma," he said to his wife with a meaning smile. "I don't think we miss Agnes half so much as I was afraid we should."

THEIR ADVANTAGE.

There are some things in which our English cousins have the advantage of us. An American millionaire, accustomed to purchase anything he wanted, tried to obtain from an Oxford gardener the secret of the beautiful lawns which make the pride of England—or a portion of it.

"Tell me, my good man, how you manage it," he said condescendingly, putting his hand significantly into his pocket.

"It is warry simple, sir," replied the gardener, quietly. "You cuts it as close as ever you cut, and you rolls it and cuts it for six hundred years."

NO INTEREST IN IT.

Some people seem to be incapable of looking at any subject except from the point of view of property—and of their own property.

An English paper says that last summer a man and his wife were sailing on a steamer at Blackpool and the Isle of Man. A little gale came up and the wife was frightened.

"O John! John!" she gasped, "the ship is going down!"

"Well, never mind," said her husband, "it isn't ours!"

ONE MAN'S EXPERIENCE.

First Lawyer—Do you really believe that truth really lies at the bottom of a well?

Second Lawyer—It would seem so—judging by the amount of pumping we have to do to get a little of it.

FREDDIE AND HIS EXPRESS.

"Take your little wagon and run down to Mr. Bell's for a few groceries, Freddie if you please," said Mrs. Brown, one Saturday morning after breakfast. "Here is the list."

"All right," and taking the piece of paper, Freddie went out to the shed for his red express wagon of which he was so proud.

"Me go, too Freddie," cried little Bertha, getting up hastily from the corner where she had been dressing her doll, with many admonitions as to its conduct during the day, and now dropping it on the floor in her excitement.

"All right," said Freddie again, "I guess there'll be room enough for you and the groceries, too, won't there, mamma?"

"Oh, yes, plenty. I only want a few things," replied mamma, tying the little girl's bonnet under her chin.

"Bertie go, too," continued Bertha, picking up her doll feet foremost and clambering into the wagon, where she was soon holding dolly very carefully, right side up, and calling, "Get up, pony! Get up!"

Freddie trotted off, kicking his heels frantically about, greatly to the delight of his passenger.

Mr. Bell's store was a small one, with a rather light trade, and his only assistant was a strong, good-sized boy, who helped behind the counter and also delivered by hand the greater part of the purchases, aside from those carried home by customers themselves.

This morning the clerk was absent, and Mr. Bell was looking glum.

"Where's Dan? Delivering goods?" inquired Freddie, just to be sociable.

"No; I wish he was," replied Mr. Bell, in a rather unamiable tone "He's home, sick. Fever of some sort. What I'm going to do till he gets back is more'n I know. Have to hunt up another boy, I suppose; but don't know of any one that would do that I'd want.

"Trade's slim now," he continued, encouraged to talk by Freddie's evident interest, "and I could get along tolerably well alone while, if 'twas'n't for delivering. I have got to have someone for that, any how."

"Oh, let me Mr. Bell, with my express! Freddie cried eagerly, dropping the package of tea which the merchant had just handed him right on top of Bertha's head instead of into her lap. "I can just as well as not. I want to earn some money for Easter like everything, and I'd work cheap."

Mr. Bell looked sharply at the animated little fellow, whose snub nose came just above the counter, and considered a few moments before answering. Then he said slowly, "Well, I don't know but what you do. I guess you could carry most everything. If there was anything you couldn't manage, I could hire a team a little while. I have to sometimes, anyhow.

"You might try it to-day; but you'll have to go to school next week, won't you?"

Freddie looked rather sober at this, and he also considered a few moments; then his brightened again.

"I'll come in the morning soon as your store is open, and work till nine," he said. "Then I'll come at noon,—we have an hour and a half,— and I'll bring my dinner and eat it when there isn't anything else to do. And I'll come again when school is out, and stay till dark. Couldn't we get along that way, don't you think, Mr. Bell?"

"Why, yes," replied Mr. Bell, whose countenance had now become very cheerful; "that'll do first-rate. You mean business, I see. Run along home now with the little girl and groceries, and be back as soon as possible, if your mother is willing."

The express wagon made excellent time on the homeward trip with its passenger and freight, and was back again empty in a very minutes, ready for business

Freddie worked with a will, finding many little thing to do about the store when there was nothing to be delivered.

"He's no shirk, that's certain," Mr. Bell said to himself more than once.

During the forenoon old Mrs. Lane sent for a sack of flour.

"Well, I must look up some other way of sending that," said Mr. Bell. "You can't manage it. There's several steps to go up, so you can't wheel it in, and there won't be anybody to help you carry it."

"Wait a minute," replied Freddie, as he ran out of the store. Presently he came back with a boy a little larger than himself.

"Tom's going to help me with the flour," he announced adding with a business-like air "Will you please pay him five cents and take it out of my wages, Mr. Bell?"

Mr. Bell assented with an odd smile, and lifted the flour into the cart. The boys started carefully off, Freddie pulling, and his assistant behind steadying the sack, while the merchant went back into the store chuckling and saying to himself, "That little chap has a head on his shoulders, now I tell you."

The next three weeks Freddie worked according to agreement. He got pretty tired some days, but he never thought of giving up, and Mr. Bell never thought of looking for another assistant.

When Dan came back he was not quite strong enough at first for his usual work, so Freddie and his express were retained a little longer.

And when they were not needed any more, Freddie danced gleefully about, jingling the money in his bank and shouting, "Hurrah!" Most ten dollars! Enough for Easter and a start toward my bicycle into the bargain. And Mr. Bell thinks he'll want me again himself. Hurrah!"

HER MOUTH.

It is said that a certain English portrait-painter has almost as great a reputation for joking as for taking excellent likenesses. One evening he was speaking of a beautiful young girl whose portrait he had just finished.

"Her features are exquisitely moulded, I have heard," said a friend who had neither seen the portrait nor its original.

"Beautiful forehead and eyes," returned the artist, concisely. "handsome nose, fine chin, mouth like an elephant's."

"Mouth like an elephant's!" echoed his friend in dismay. "What a terrible misfortune! Do you mean that it is so enormous and—What do you mean?"

"Only that it is filled with supberb ivory, madam," returned the artist with his usual gravity.

True greatness consists in being great in little things.

THE ONE WHO STAYS AT HOME.

The family grows, and some must go
Far from the sheltering roof,
Where phis suns burn or cold winds blow
To hold the few aloof.
But while the many forward run
And great ships go and come,
Yet let us sometimes think of one—
The one who stays at home.

Stout hearts have they who cross the seas,
And distant perils face,
Who wish to escape from deadening ease
Or scale to higher place.
But valiant, too, is he whose heart,
Like theirs, would breast the foam,
Yet at the old hearth keeps his part,—
The one who stays at home.

New countries have great fields to reap,
Need young and vigorous brain,
But Motherland some sons must keep
To sow and bind her grain.
The old folks, too, need someone there;
They can no further roam.
Of all the flock there's one to spare—
The one who stays at home.

Joseph S. Dunn.

BITS PICKED UP.

The rain though raining every day
Upon the just and unjust fellow
Falls chiefly on the just, because
The unjust takes the just's umbrella.

A judge, in crossing the Irish Channel one stormy night, knocked against a well-known, witty lawyer, who was suffering terribly from sickness. "Can I do anything for you?" said the judge. "Yes," gasped the seasick lawyer, "I wish your lordship would overrule this motion."

Dr. Conan Doyle says that the salutation given him by his little girl when he returned home after his defeat at the parliamentary election, was, "Oh, Daddy, I am so sorry you did not pass!" Dr. Doyle says that though not strictly speaking an examination, yet to stand for a Scottish constituency is a liberal education.

"De trouble wif dis hyah church," said the deacon, "is de contributory negligence of de congregation." "De contributory negligence ob de congregation?" repeated the pastor, "what yo' mean by dat?" "I mean jes' what I sez," replied the deacon; "we'en the plate am passed aroun' nearly all of dem neglecks to contribute!"—*Puck.*

Fair Visitor.—I should thing these iron floors and concrete walks would hurt the feet of the poor prisoners.

Guards.—Yes'm. But you know, the way of the transgressor is hard.

"After I had watched a colored man fishing in a South Carolina brick yard pond for forty minutes without pulling up his hook," writes a contributor to the Washington Post, "I asked him if he thought there were any fish there to be caught.

"'No sah, I reckon not,' he replied.

"'But you seem to be fishing.'

"'Yes, sah.'

"'But perhaps you are not fishing for fish.'

"'No, sah.'

"I waited ten minutes for him to explain, but as he did not, I finally asked him what particular object he had in view.

"'De objick, sah,' he repeated, without taking his eyes off the pond or moving the pole; 'de objick of my fishing' fur fish whar dere kin'any suy, is to let de ole woman see dat I ain't got no time to pick up de hoe an' work in de truck patch."

An English army surgeon in South Africa tells an amusing story of an Englishwoman of high rank who was engrossed by the charms of amateur nursing. One morning on approaching the cot of a soldier to whom she had given special attention, she found him with his eyes tightly closed and a piece of paper pinned on the sheet, on which was written: "Too ill to be nussed to-day. Respekfully J. L."

HIS OTHER PARCEL.

Stories of absent-minded people are constantly accumulating. Lately one has been told in connection with a benevolent old gentleman who lives in a suburb of Boston. He was seen by one of his neighbors, shortly before Christmas, seated in the train bound for home, his arms filled with parcels. In response to a friendly greeting, he turned a perplexed face upon his fellow-townsman, as he made room for to sit down.

"How do you do?" he said; absently. "I'm glad to see you, but you'll excuse me if I seem a little distraught, for I'm sure I've forgotten one parcel I was to get before coming to the train, but I can't remember what the other errand was, and I seemed to have finished all I had to do, so here I am."

He counted and recounted his bundles until just as the preparatory bell rang, and then he sank back in his seat with a sigh.

"I shall have to give it up!" he murmured.

"Probably it wasn't of much consequence," said his neighbor, in a comforting tone. "Tell me, how is you wife."

"Mercy on me!" cried the old gentleman, rising hastily, while his bundles rolled under the seat and out into to the aisle as he clambered over his companion's feet.

"She's the parcel I forgot! I was to meet her! Will you kindly leave my parcels with the station-master?"

And just as the train began to move the old gentleman sprung nimbly from the back platform of the car, and hurried off to get his forgotten "parcel," leaving a careful of people convulsed with merriment.

RUM IN CANDY.

We regret to notice how widespread has recently become the evil upon which also there has been not a little comment in these and other columns, namely, that of the use of intoxicating liquors in confections, more particularly in chocolate candies. The police of Jersey City recently made a raid on some candy shops and seized some chocolate drops filled with rum, and one prominent candy and fruit dealer was arrested. It was noticed that the boys and girls who bought many of the chocolate drops before going to school would invariably act very dull and stupid in the class-rooms. Investigation showed that the children were intoxicated. Detective Hunsted was making the rounds among the dealers in the intoxicating candies. The dealers were given notice that they would be arrested if they attempted to sell any more of this kind of candy to children. Galibons, who was arrested, gave bail for hearing. The parents of the children who are addicted to the use of the drops are greatly alarmed over the developments. Many of the children have developed a strong appetite for drink—*Confectioner.*

That tired feeling is a burden you need not carry. Hood's Sarsaparilla will rid you of it and renew your courage.