The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXVII.---NO. 4. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1901. PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, - ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

CONTRACT RATES—The following table shows our rates for the insertion of advertisements for specified periods:—

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO.
20 inches	$50.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
10 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	5.00
6 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

Advertisements without specific directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. For changes oftener than once a month the composition must be paid for at regular rates.

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:—8 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 3 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, Brookville; Friday, Rockwood.
The latest anaesthetic 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—Ferryman's Block,
ACTON - - - ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. A. P. HUSBAND, V. S.
Graduate Ontario Veterinary College.
Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society.
Office—Over Wright's Harber Shop, next door to Weed 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.
Prepared 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

W. 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 $155,000.
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 343, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph.

SPRING HOUSE-CLEANING AND MOVING
Show the necessities in the way of new
FURNITURE, MATTRESSES, SPRINGS, ETC.
And JOHNSTONE & CO. are confident they can fill your wants very satisfactorily and at the lowest living prices.
Special attention is given to Upholstering, either in new work or repairing.
Picture Framing is a specialty. All orders receive prompt attention.
The New Raymond Sewing Machine is the favorite hereabouts and Johnstone & Co supply them.
Carpets made up to order, and Housefurnishings also in variety. Roller Blinds of all kinds in stock.
JOHNSTONE & CO,
Furniture Dealers & Undertakers
Main St., Acton.

WALL PAPER
Nice Ingrain Papers with Borders and Ceiling to match, at 10c a roll.
10c Papers for 4½c.
7½c Papers for 5c.
5c Papers for 3c.
25c Gold Papers for 15c and 18c.
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
J. H. WALLACE, Manager.

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

LEE SHUN
CHINESE LAUNDRY.
In Mrs. Secord's, Block, Acton.
Laundry collected and returned. Family Washing at reasonable rates. All work done by hand. No machines or chemicals used.
LEE SHUN, Proprietor.

SUPPOSE:
You wish to make an appointment for the evening with a friend or client.
Unexpectedly you are called upon to entertain guests and have numerous errands to run in a hurry.
You are obliged to be away from home and desire to get news at any point.
The most convenient and satisfactory means by which you may adjust these conditions is "Telephone Service."
ORDER A TELEPHONE.
The Bell Telephone Co.
OF CANADA.

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

Excelsior Bakery and Grocery
The summer weather is now here in earnest. In addition to our daily supply of bread, buns, cakes, etc., we are now prepared to supply the public with
Pure Ice Cream
Summer Beverages
and we are making a specialty of Ice Cream Soda and soda drinks generally. We have in a first-class soda fountain and keep it put supplied with ice-cold soda and the purest fruit flavors.
A larger stock of groceries than ever before, and the public know our prices are right.
Wedding Cakes a Specialty.
T. STATHAM & SON
MAIN ST. ACTON.

—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.
HOODWOOD
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 20 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.

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

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.

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

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation! $900 per year, payable weekly; $2 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.

Poetry.

DOES IT PAY?

Does it pay, I wonder, to toil for gold
Till the back is bowed and bent,
Till the heart is old and the hair is white,
And life's best days are spent;
Till the eyes are blind with the yellow dust
That we strive for day by day,
Till all we hear is the coins clink,
I wonder does it pay?

Does it pay, I wonder, to strive for naught,
But the pleasures life will give,
To dance all night and to dream all day,
To be merry while we live;
To work and worry and fume and fret
Over what we shall wear to-day,
What we shall see and what we shall drink,
I wonder does it pay?

Does it pay, I wonder, to give our strength,
The treasures of heart and brain,
The gift of the goods and the skill of hand,
For that which brings no gain;
To labor for that which is bread alone,
And the things which pass away,
Till the heart is full of an aching void,
I wonder does it pay?

Does it pay, I wonder, to never stop,
In the ceaseless rush and care,
And list to the songs of the bird and brook,
Or wander through woodlands fair
To never think of what lies beyond,
The narrow sphere of to-day,
Till the new life dawns on our inner mind,
I wonder does it pay?

Select Family Reading.

Miss Dilloway.

BY CARRIE A. GRIFFIN.

MISS DILLOWAY locked the back door of her small house, and hung the key in plain sight near the kitchen window. How far the safety of her goods and chattels was ensured by this simple act she never stopped to consider; but nothing would have induced her to leave the door unlocked.

On her way down the narrow gravel walk she stopped to pull a weed here and there from the flower-bed, and to pick up an obnoxious piece of paper which had somehow found its way into the midst of the flowers. She straightened a young balm of Gilead tree, and tied it more securely to the small stick which served as a prop; then, closing the gate carefully behind her, she walked briskly down the village street.

She had walked rather timidly along the platform of the little railroad station, and was about to enter the waiting-room when she was accosted by a man standing near, who was checking a solitary trunk.

"Wal, wal, Miss Dilloway! Goin' on a journey?"

"Not much of a one," she answered, curtly.

"Wal, go right in, and I'll be in in a minute."

He soon appeared at the ticket-office window, curiosity written all over his face. Miss Dilloway noted it.

"I want a ticket to Preston. How much is it?" she said.

"Oh, to Preston! Eighty-five cents. Let me see; got any relations up that way?"

"No. Can you change five dollars?"

"Oh, yes—twenty-five, if you say so! Wal, didn't Exry's folks move up Preston way or nigh there?"

"No; they moved to Clar'mont. How soon'll the train go?"

Old Mr. McQuestion leaned forward and looked out through the office window at the clock on the wall.

"In 'bout fifteen minutes. Git down! set down over there in the rocking-chair, and make yourself comfortable. 'Taint every depot 'that's got a rocking-chair. Ahem! Goin' to be gone long?"

"No," answered Miss Dilloway, with a slight smile, rather enjoying the situation.

"No? H'm—h'm! Wal—"

But the good man's curiosity was not to be gratified that morning. A call from the baggage-room necessitated his hurrying away, and the ten o'clock accommodation soon bore little Miss Dilloway out of sight and hearing.

In two hours' time she was standing before a large brick building, over the massive door of which were the words, "Home for the Friendless." She trembled a little as she ascended the granite steps, and waited a little time before she rang the bell.

A white-capped servant showed her into a small reception-room. It seemed as if her nervousness increased with every moment's waiting, and when a tall, serious lady came slowly into the room, Miss Dilloway wished very much indeed that she were safe at home.

"You came to see our little ones?" said the lady, with a smile which drove all the stern lines from her face.

"Ye-es; I did come to get one—to adopt; but now I'm here, I don't know that I'd ought to."

"Perhaps you can tell better after seeing."

"Yes, yes, I suppose I can. You see I made up my mind rather suddenly. Mr. Thornton, our minister—I come from Rentham,—preached a most powerful sermon last Sunday from the text, 'Whoso shall receive one such little child,' and that sermon has been haunting me ever since. He had just come from a visit to Boston, where he had seen an Orphan Asylum; and he said it made his heart ache to see so many little children who never knew what it was to have a mother's kiss on their foreheads."

Miss Dilloway wiped a tear from her eye, and went on:

"And then he said, if the Lord was going to ask us by and by what use we had made of the talents He had given us, he didn't see why He shouldn't ask us what use we'd made of our homes, especially those folks who had been given houses bigger than they needed. He asked them if the people didn't think it wasn't burying rooms, as the man buried the talent, to keep them shut up; did he urge them to open their hearts and homes—to be mothers and fathers to some little waif who didn't have any parents.

Then he capped it all by saying that he and Mrs. Thornton had just adopted a five-year-old boy from that very asylum. They've got seven already! But that's like Mr. Thornton; he always practises what he preaches.

Well, when I sat down that afternoon with my Bible and hymn-book, I couldn't get my mind off that sermon. When I heard it, it didn't seem as if 'twas meant for me, but for married folks; but somehow the thought of Abby's chamber upstairs—Abby's my sister who died last year—kind of worked its way into my mind, and I wondered if the Lord would say to me, 'Clothis Dilloway, have you kept that room of yours hid in a napkin?'

Then I thought of the cellar full of provisions, and more than enough in the bank to take care of me if I lived to be a hundred; and before I knew it, I'd said aloud, 'I'll do it! I'll give one of those poor things a home, and I guess I can be a kind of a mother to it, if I am an old maid!'

It's surprising how much company just the thought of having a little girl around has been, for I made up my mind, of course, it should be a girl. Since then I've been kind of getting ready—and—well, here I am!"

By this time little Miss Dilloway was wiping the perspiration from her face. She had talked an unusually long time for her.

"My friend," said the matron, who had been listening with interest to her story, "I am sure you will be blessed in sharing your home with one of God's unfortunate ones. Come with me and let me show you my 'family.'"

She led the way up a broad flight of stairs. Miss Dilloway soon found herself in a large room, which contained so many children that the first sight of them almost took her breath away. She had expected to see a dozen or twenty, perhaps, but here were surely a hundred. How could she choose from among so many?

Over in the corner one of the older girls was trotting a baby. Miss Dilloway was very fond of babies, and she stopped instinctively to speak to this one.

It looked up into her sweet face confidingly, and then held out its small arms toward her. She took it eagerly, and pressed the little form close.

"I do love babies so!" she said, half-apologetically, to the matron, who was looking on with a smile. "I often say to the folks at home that I don't envy them their husbands, their big houses, or their rick-rack, as they call their ornaments nowadays; but I do envy them their babies. They seem to think it's queer, but I don't see why old maids shouldn't love babies as well's married folks."

"Why not adopt a baby?"

Miss Dilloway had intended to adopt an older child, and the suggestion that she should take an infant took her so much by surprise that she hastily returned the baby to its young nurse, and sat down in a chair. Then a strange thing happened: the baby's lip began to quiver; tears gathered in its eyes, and its arms were held out appealingly to Miss Dilloway.

She took it instantly, and asked the matron:

"She ain't more'n six months old, is she?"

"He was just seven months old yesterday."

"He! Is it a boy?" she almost screamed, looking at the child as if he were to blame for not being a girl.

The baby seemed to realize that an important moment in his young life had arrived. He patted Miss Dilloway's cheek with his fat palm, and then snuggled close to her side.

Miss Dilloway cleared her throat.

"Well, I never liked boys very much after they're grown up, but if I should take this one, I guess I should get used to his ways before that time. Do you know anything about his parents?"

"Yes. They were very nice people. The father died only eight months ago, and the mother was so affected by his death that she never rallied after the baby came. The little fellow seems to be wholly alone in the world."

Miss Dilloway's mind was made up from that moment, and early in the afternoon Mr. McQuestion, for the first time in his life, lost his voice as little Miss Dilloway got off the train with a baby in her arms.

Of course the people of Rentham were surprised. It seemed a very amusing thing to some of them that Miss Dilloway should adopt a baby, but those who knew her well and loved her, commended her worthy act and rejoiced in her new happiness—for happy she certainly was.

It was certainly a beautiful sight to see Miss Dilloway with the baby in her arms. The child crowed, cooed, and was unmistakably very fond of his foster-parent.

Donations of slips, stockings and sacks for baby's wear came in almost daily. One thoughtful neighbor sent in a cradle. Children came in with toys innumerable.

Miss Dilloway held counsel with the mothers in the neighborhood, as to the merits of rules, and the demerits of soothing syrups. Advice was freely given, but often of such a contradictory nature that poor Miss Dilloway was puzzled. Nevertheless, baby grew and prospered, and made sunshine in the little old lady's heart.

One day, about three months after baby's advent in Rentham, a very unusual sound rang through Miss Dilloway's dwelling. There were one, two, three clangs of the brass knocker, on the seldom used front door.

When, with baby in her arms, she opened the door, she faced a tall, square-built man of substantial appearance in more senses than one, with streaks of gray in his hair.

The man glanced at the baby and said, without ceremony:

"I guess I've struck the right place. This is Miss Dilloway, ain't it?"

Tremulously, holding the baby very tight, and with an awful foreboding at her heart, she answered: "Ye—he. Will you walk in?"

"Well, yes, I reckon I will, seeing I've come all this distance to see the little fellow. There, now, don't get scared! I've no notion of taking him from you. I shouldn't know what to do with him if I had him."

Miss Dilloway's face continued to express astonishment.

"Well, well," said the man, "I guess I'd better introduce myself. I'm Reuben Russell, late of Minnesota, at present of nowhere in particular. I got to Preston three days ago, and went to work the first thing to hunt up my niece Clary. I didn't know she was dead until I reached the place where she used to board. I hadn't heard from her for over a year, and I was pretty well taken aback when they told me of her death and of her husband's, so nigh together.

"But I was more taken aback, when I heard she'd left a baby, and that it had been sent to an asylum. Clary Dayton's baby, my nevvy—or grand nevvy—in an asylum!

I travelled pretty quick to the place, and I don't know whether I was glad or sorry when I heard it had been adopted. Anyway, what I came here for's to see the little chap—look round here, soupy!—and to make some arrangement with you about his board—or whatever you call it. I don't want Clary's child to be living on charity."

"But it isn't charity, sir, it isn't charity! You see he belongs to me." Miss Dilloway said this with a half-vindicative air. "I had the papers regularly made out."

"Well, by and by, when he grows up, he'll have to be educated, and clothes bought for him. I'll start him a bank account. What's his name?"

"I—I've always called him 'Baby.' I haven't thought of any name yet," answered Miss Dilloway, not just liking this "look ahead," when this bit of humanity in her arms would need education and boy's clothes.

"Land o' liberty! Clary's baby without a name! Well, well. Ahem! Wh—what do you say to calling him after me—Reuben?"

"I don't know that there's any objection," said the little woman, somewhat meekly.

"Well, you think it over. I've got a little business down this way that needs looking after, so I shall probably be round here for a day or two, and I'll come in again."

Mr. Russell's business must have required more "looking after" than he at first supposed, for it detained him in Rentham more than a week. There seemed to be an hour or two in each day, however, when it did not require his attention, and these were spent in "looking in to see how Clary's baby was getting on."

It would not have got on at all if Miss Dilloway had not been present to interfere, when gingerbread horses and highly colored sugar-soldiers found their way from Mr. Russell's pockets to baby's mouth. Something was brought for baby's amusement at every visit—a jumping-jack, a rattle or a woolly sheep—until Mr. Russell and his small grand-nephew became very good friends. Mr. Russell returned to Preston and was gone just two weeks. At the end of that time he might have been seen one afternoon going toward Miss Dilloway's residence, boldly pushing a handsome baby carriage before him.

He was hardly seated in Miss Dilloway's small sitting-room before he cleared his throat and began:

"I've been thinking a good deal since I left here a fortnight ago, Miss Dilloway, and I found I'd become a good deal attached to—to the baby; and—ahem!—it struck me that, as you're alone in the world, and as I'm alone, and as the baby seems to kind o' belong to both of us, it wouldn't be a bad idea to make one family. What do you say?"

Perhaps what one of the neighbors said a short time after may throw some light on Miss Dilloway's answer.

"She's sixty, and he's sixty-five if he's a day; and it's too ridiculous to see them together—with that baby!"—*Youth's Companion.*

THE SWINGING DOORS.

They are swinging doors which only go halfway to the ceiling and within a foot of the floor, and it's worth many a thought to watch them. They swing for about sixteen hours a day, and every time they swing it costs money, and more—brains, honesty, force, character! Very early in the morning a couple of men come loafing wearily along the pavement; they stand and stretch and yawn in the fresh young daylight, then swing! They go past the threshold and into the darker place within! Presently they come out, and loaf away to some sleeping place, with the wear and tear of a night's gambling to make up in a heavy, sodden lethargy. The doors swing again. This time upon the heels of a shambling, ghastly-pale, trembling creature, who fumbles at them and shakes so that he can scarcely press their light weight back. He stays within until the trimbling is over, and comes forth, with a desperate look, haunted by a thousand vague horrors, and creeps off to a lair, the last wreck of what was once a man! The doors swing again, upon the heels of a sturdy taxmeter, who comes out brushing the beer from his moustache with his rough sleeve; once more upon the black draggled skirt of a debauched woman, who comes forth huddling a bottle under her cape, and answers the stare of the taxmeter from his dray with a reckless laugh and an insolent gesture. Once more the doors swing after a couple of burly men, who saw in their walk from awkwardness and drink quickly in silence and come out blunderingly, as the doors hit their big forms on the closing swing. So they swing—behind the strong and the weak, the man and the woman, the hard-headed son of toil who loves his beer, the emaciated, half-crazed drunkard who takes his poison in a small glass—swinging, swinging, for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four—and no one seems to mind!—*Toronto Saturday Night.*

FOR MEDITATION.

When people think their hearts will break, they do not. The very fact that they can stop to think about it shows that the shock is not fatal.—Edward Everett Hale.

He who, having lost one ideal, refuses to give his heart and soul to another and nobler, is like a man who declines to build a house on the rock because the wind and rain have ruined his house on the sand.

Every man was once a boy. When he was a boy he had some thoughts about becoming a man. I have a great deal of concern for the boys of the country, and feel that some of them do do not get a chance to make the most of themselves. If they don't have a tyrannical father and nervous mother, they are to be congratulated. Some mothers spend a great deal of their time in making the boy's life miserable because he wants to play on the carpet. The two feet of boys are worth ten thousand feet of the best carpet on the earth, and there will be plenty of carpet long after the boys have grown to be men. To keep the boys on the farm will depend on what they think of home. They should think more of father and mother than anybody else. When a boy begins to doubt the actions and words of his parents, he is not long for that home. Treat the boys as if they were human beings, and make them feel that they belong to the family.

SCARCELY A RECOMMENDATION.

Attendant (to irate female seeking admission to the editor's sanctum)—But I tell you, madam, that the editor is too ill to talk to any one to-day.

Irate Female (with determination)—Never mind; I'll do the talking.—*People's Journal.*

A BIG CAT DROVE THE BURGLARS.

A Denver correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* writes as follows:—

An old lady living alone in a large and dreary house in the western suburbs of this city has just told the neighbors of an attempt to burglarize her house, and the marvellous manner in which the attempt was thwarted. She is well known to have considerable money, as the income from her property exceeds her expenses; and as she has a horror of banks it is the general impression that she keeps the money about the house. She is quite alone, except for a servant woman who comes in the morning and does the work, returning to her home at night. She is always followed by an enormous cat, brindle and white, rejoicing in the name of Dot. He weighs at least sixteen pounds, and attracts a great deal of attention on account of his size, but allows no one to touch him but his mistress.

On several occasions when dogs have strayed into the premises Dot has sent them howling from the place. "Last Wednesday night," she says, "I wasn't feeling well and went to bed as soon as the servant left. I sleep up stairs in the south room. Before going to bed I went all around below stairs and fastened every door and window, just as I always do. Dot was sleeping on my bed, just as he always has done all his life. In the night I was awakened by a sudden motion he made, and found when I put my hand on him he raised his head and was listening, trembling all over, he was so nervous. I thought he heard a rat, and was about to go to sleep again when he sprang to his feet and stood beside me, growling very low. Then I listened, and distinctly heard footsteps creeping up the stairs. I was so frightened that a smothering sensation came over me. In all the years I had lived there alone such a thing had never happened. I could hear the footsteps come up to the top of the stairs, and then a hand went feeling along the wall for the door of my room. Directly he found the door, and then the hand went feeling for the latch, and having found it, turned it and the door opened. I knew well enough what was going on, but I could not move or even scream. I just lay there as though I were dead. I heard the feet begin to move slowly across the floor toward my bed, and soon he was touching the bed. Just at that moment Dot made an awful leap, and I am sure he must have landed square on that man's head, for of all the wild yells that ever came from mortal throat that was the worst. "Dick! Dick! come an' help! the devil's got me!" he cried, and ran for the door. Dot jumped off, but the man must have been blinded with blood, for he missed his footing at the top and fell down the whole flight of stairs. At the bottom Dot pounced on him again, and when his comrade ran to his assistance Dot gave him a taste, and I heard him swear that the whole top of his head was torn off. They went out by the cellar window. I don't know how they found out how everything in the house was situated, and I don't believe they will try it again."

LIFE A CENTURY AGO.

One hundred years ago a man could not take a ride on a steamboat.

He could not ride a bicycle.

He could not send a telegram.

He had never crossed an iron bridge.

He had never taken a ride in an elevator.

He had never used anything but a wooden plow.

He had never seen his wife using a sewing machine.

He had never received a typewritten communication.

He could not call in a stenographer and dictate a letter.

He had never seen a reaper or a self-binder harvester.

He had never struck a match on his pants or anything else.

He could not go from Washington to New York in a few hours.

He had never seen an electric light or dreamed of an electric car.

He couldn't take an anesthetic and have his leg cut o without feeling it.

He never looked pleasant before a photographer or had his picture taken.

He never heard a phonograph talk or saw a kinetoscope turn out a prize fight.

He had never heard of the germ theory or worried over bacilli and bacteria.

He couldn't talk through the telephone, and he had never heard of the hello girl.

He had never imagined such a thing as a typesetting machine or a type-writer.

He never saw through a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary with the aid of a Roentgen ray.

He had never purchased a ten-cent magazine which would have been regarded as a miracle of art.

He could not buy a paper for a cent and learn everything that had happened the day before all over the world.

In short, there were several things that he could not do and several things he did not know.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

GIVING, AN ACT OF WORSHIP.

In many of our churches a good custom is creeping in, that of announcing the collection as an act of worship. It is regularly announced, as the hymns are, or as the people are called to prayer. In some instances the usual formula of words, "We shall now worship God by presenting our offering," is spoken in such a manner that the stranger at least who worships there, is made to feel that this is not the collection of a tax, but the offering of our substance to the Lord for His work. Too often the struggles of the choir just at this stage of the service, destroy the effect of this part of the worship, but here, also, we note an improvement. In many congregations the offering is first taken up in reverent silence, and at its close the choir takes up the order and sings an anthem, or hymn of praise.—*Presbyterian Church.*

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 werry simple, sir," replied the gardener, quaintly. "You cuts it as close as ever you can out it, and you rolls it and cuts it for six hundred years."

THE SHIRT WAIST MAN.

There's been a heap o' talkin'
For twelve months past an' gone,
'Bout the feller that's a comin'
With the
Shirt
Waist
On!

We've been a-watchin' for him
From the darkness to the dawn—
The feller that's a comin'
With the
Shirt
Waist
On!

But the gals down here in Billville
Say—not till all men are gone
Will they ever have the fellow
With the
Shirt
Waist
On!

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

MERRY MAKERS.

Robby (at the breakfast table).—Maud, did Mr. Jones take any of the hats or umbrellas from the hall last night?

Maud—Why, of course not! Why should he?

Robby—That's what I'd like to know. I thought he had because I heard him say when he was going out, "I'm going to steal just one, and—"why, what's the matter, Maud?"

"Man, Handy, is that you?" exclaimed in surprise an old man in the street the other day. "Man, I thought ye were dead. I heard that ye were drowned!" "Oh, no; it wasn't me," returned Handy, solemnly. "It was my brither." "Dear me; dear me!" murmured the old man. "What a terrible pity!" There was a somewhat thoughtful look on Handy's face as he wandered away.

Married Daughter—Oh, dear! I don't have a minute's peace when my husband is in the house. He is always calling me to help him do something or other.

Mother—what does he want now?

Daughter—He wants me to go up stairs just to thread a needle for him so that he can mend his clothes.

Isn't there a great deal of egotism among actors? asked the young woman.

I am sorry to say that there is, answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. Why, I have met no less than three actors who thought they could play Hamlet as well as I do!

Uncle Jethro—There ain't no sense in dictionaries nohow.

Edgar—How do you arrive at that conclusion, Uncle Jethro?

Uncle Jethro—They spell "hose" with an "e" and leave it out when they come to "horsepital."

HERE AND THERE.

"What time is it?" asked his wife, suspiciously, as he came in.

"About one."

Just then the clock struck three.

"Gracious! What did the clock commence to stutter?" he said with a feeble attempt at a justification and a joke.

Lady (at the registry office)—But I shouldn't care to trust her with a baby. She's too small for a nurse.

Manageress—Her size madame, we look upon as her greatest recommendation.

Lady—Indeed! But she is so very small.

Manageress—Yes, but that is an advantage, in my opinion. You see that when she drops the baby it hasn't very far to fall.

Mr. Ferguson—So you lost your pocket-book in a bargain counter crush, did you? Why didn't you keep your wits about you?

Mrs. Ferguson—If that isn't just like a man! Expect a woman to keep her wits about her when she's at a bargain counter!

Sunday School Teacher—When the bad children called the old man "baldhead," the bears came out of the woods and ate them up. What does that teach us?

Scholar—To always climb a tree before calling names.

SULPHUR A PREVENTIVE OF MOSQUITO BITES.

One of our readers informs us that, having seen a statement in some English medical journal to the effect that sulphur, taken internally, would protect a person against flea bites, it occurred to him to try it as a preventive of mosquito bites. Accordingly he began taking effervescing tablets of tartar-lithine and sulphur, four daily. He provided himself with several lively mosquitoes, and having put them into a wide-mouthed bottle inverted the bottle and pressed its mouth upon his bare arm. The mosquitoes settled on his skin but showed no inclination to bite him. If this gentleman's experience should be borne out by further trials, it might be well for persons who are particularly sensitive to mosquito bites to take a course of sulphur during the mosquito season, especially in view of the growing opinion that the mosquito is the common vehicle of malaria.—New York *Medical Journal.*

SCORE ONE FOR THE YOUNG WOMAN.

If the two young people of whom *Answers* tells the following story did not find reconciliation in a laugh, they at least afford amusement to others:—

They had been engaged, but they had quarreled, and were too proud to make up. Both were anxious to have people believe that they had entirely forgotten each other.

He called a few days after at her home to see her father—on business, of course. She answered the door bell.

Said he: "Ah, Miss Jepkins, I believe. Is your father in?"

"No, sir," she replied: "father is not in at present. Do you wish to see him personally?"

"I do," was his response, feeling that she was yielding; "on very particular personal business," and he turned proudly to go away.

"I beg your pardon," she exclaimed after him, as he reached the lowest step; "but who shall I say called?"

THE COINAGE QUESTION.

The Washington *Star* satirizes a somewhat numerous class in the following imaginary dialogue:

"Hiram," said Mrs. Cornfassel, "which kind o' money do you favor?"

"Well," "Mandy," replied the old gentleman, "fer tell ye the truth, I kinder hate ter express any opinion. I've seen a lot o' fellers sit down an' worry 'bout makin' a choice, and the fus' thing they knew they didn't hev none of neither kind."

If you are losing appetite, lying awake nights, take Hood's Sarsaparilla—it's just the tonic you need.