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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M.,
SUCCESSOR TO
J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick Streets, Acton.
Office Hours:—8 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. C. & S. GLASGOW,
MEMBERS 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 to 12 a.m. and 2 to 5 p.m.
MONDAYS—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.
DENTIS
ACTON.
Office over Brown's Drug Store.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
VISITING DAYS.—Tuesday, Brookville; Friday, Rockwood.
The latest anæsthetic used if desired.

LEGAL.

A. J. McKINNON,
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 6%.

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.

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Graduate Ontario Veterinary College.
Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society.
Office—Over Worden's Barber Shop, next door to Wood Store, Mill Street, Acton.

INSURANCE AGENT,
W. H. DENNY,
General Agent Confederation Life Association.
Agent Union Fire Insurance Companies.
Office Young St., Acton.

HENRY GRIST.
OTTAWA, CANADA.
Solicitor of Patents, for Invention, etc.
Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks. Send for pamphlet. Thirty-two years experience.

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER,
Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario.
(Over Williams' Store.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order periodicals of every description carefully bound, ruling neatly and promptly done

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
H. P. MOORE
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening.
Free Press Office, ACTON

WM HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to Terms Reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable sums, 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 343, or telephone 54, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
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.

—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 8 a.m. and 8.10 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR.

"Carry Thou Till I Come,"
By CROLY.

"The Helmet of Navarre,"
By BURKLE.

"The Crisis,"
By WINSTON CHURCHILL.

"The Puppet Crown,"
By MCCRAITH.

"In the Palace of the King,"
By CRAWFORD.

"The Octopus,"
By NORRIS.

And all the other late novels suitable for summer reading,
at

DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
DRY GOODS 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.

—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 notes at the lowest current rates.
No charge made for collecting sales notes if payable in Guelph
A general banking business transacted.
A. F. H. JONES,
Manager.

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.

ACTON BRANCH
J. H. WALLACE, Manager.

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

Procrastinate!
No! Don't do That
But come to-day to the
Acton Pump Works
and get your Pump repaired or buy a new one. We can do it. Watering Troughs, Cisterns and a general jobbing business done. Satisfaction guaranteed.
CHARLES EBBAGE
Main St., Acton

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

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, buckweed 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; $900 per year, payable weekly; $3 per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight, bona-fide, definite salary, no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 334 DEARBORN ST. CHICAGO.

Up-to-date Business Men.
Use the
Long Distance Telephone.
And have
Long Distance Equipment
In their Offices.
Ask the Local Manager for rates.
The Bell Telephone Co.
OF CANADA.

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.

ACTON
SAW MILLS.
LUMBER, LATH SHINGLES AND WOOD.
DRESSED LUMBER, ROUGH LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES AND STOVE WOOD OF ALL KINDS
KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
James Brown.
Terms Cash.

Poetry.

THE CIRCUS.

Saturday, when the circus comes,
With its chariots and drums,
Then we'll see the tall giraffe,
And the clown that makes us laugh;
For you know he always can,
He is such a funny man.
Then we'll see the great parade,
Then we'll buy some lemonade,
And the kind they always drink
Is so beautifully pink.
I should really like to know
How and why they make it so.

Father says he used to go
To the circus years ago;
Doesn't care about it now;
Only goes to save a row.
Nothing there he wants to see—
Goes because it pleases me.
Mother, she dislikes it too,
Only goes because I do.
Uncle John will go with us;
(Seems to me its curious);
Says he's going for my sake—
Sure he cannot keep awake.
Aunt Jane says she'll come along,
Though perhaps it may be wrong;
But she thinks it ought to see
Things in natural history.

Uncle James will go alone;
Doesn't like to chaperon.
Says he simply means to go
Because he wants to see the show.

Select Family Reading.

Mattie.

BY ANNA SHIELLS.

"HUSH! What was that?"

There had been perfect silence in the room for some seconds, for when Hilary sang no one cared to speak for some moments later. She had been singing a German song, that, beginning in a lively movement, sank to a wailing lament, full of pathos. And Hilary's voice, wonderful in its clearness, its compass, its cultivation, was still more wonderful in its power to touch the heart, to waken sympathy, for every emotion it poured forth.

It was a warm evening in September, and the windows were open. From one of them came the sound that called forth George's exclamation:

"Hush! What was that?"

"That," was a sob, distinct and pitiful; and in a moment George was on the balcony, returning with one hand dragging, not ungently, however, a child into the blaze of the gas. Such a child! A little girl of eight or nine years old, wearing a dress of some coarse, woollen stuff, ragged and dirty, barefooted, bareheaded, with a tangled mass of brown hair falling over a pinched, white face.

"What were you doing on the baloony?" George asked.

"Wasn't doin' no harm," the child said, rubbing one foot over the other.

"Wasn't doin' nothin'" persisted the child. "I've been there every evenin' for a week, an' you've not missed nothin' now, have yez?" she asked, earnestly; and pushing back her shock of tangled hair, she lifted to my face a pair of the most beautiful brown eyes I ever saw. It was startling to see them in their radiant beauty, set in the wizened, little, pale face.

"No; we have missed nothing," I answered. "But why have you been on the baloony?"

The dirty little fingers locked and unlocked themselves nervously; the dirty little feet shuffled uneasily; but presently the child said:

"I was only listenin' to her," and she pointed her finger at Hilary, who had twisted round on the music-stool to listen to the conversation.

"There's a compliment, sis," said George; and Hilary blushed really, while Steve rattled some loose silver in his pocket, as if this mead of praise for his pretty betrothed roused his benevolence.

Hilary never was like anybody else. I found that out two years before, when I became George's wife, and his sister came from boarding-school to share our home. She came from the piano, as the child spoke, and bent over her, looking like some guardian angel, in her soft, white, draperies, with her exquisite blonde beauty softened by an expression of tender compassion.

"You love music, then," she said.

"Oh!" was the reply, in a deep, deep sigh. "I think heaven must be like you, when you sing. It makes me glad, but it makes me cry!" and the strange little waif broke into faint, piteous sobbing.

"Are you hungry?" asked George, the practical.

"I'm allers hungry, mister," was the startling reply.

"Where do you live?"

She named a locality that sent a shiver over all of us, so associated was it with vice and poverty.

Steve took out a handful of small coins, and putting them into the thin, claw-like hand, said:

"There, run along home now," and hustled her off, before anyone could interfere.

He was pale with agitation when he came back into the parlor.

Did you touch her, Hilary?" he asked with anxiety.

"No—yes—I don't know," Hilary answered.

"There is no telling what diseases these people carry about with them," said Steve, nervously.

But Hilary, who had sunk down upon a low seat by my side, said softly:

"Poor little waif! Is it not horrible to prison a soul like that in such a home."

"Come, now," laughed George, "what can you know about her soul?"

"It looked through her eyes," said Hilary, her voice trembling. "Oh, why is there so much misery, when we have every thing?"

"That has puzzled wiser heads than the one under your golden curls," said Steve. "Come, sing me the new ballad you promised me.

I wondered if Hilary saw a shadow flit across the baloony as she struck the opening chords of the new song. I think she did, and I think she sang for the ragged waif listening there, as she never sang for our fashionable visitors, who raved about "Nigs Watson's superb voice."

It was after eleven o'clock when Steve left us, and I saw the shadow cross the baloony again, and heard the patter of bare feet sound down the street.

I was not greatly astonished, a few days later, when Hilary came home from a shopping expedition, to see a little ragged figure go down the basement steps, and, presently, come up to the head of the stairs, and wait patiently, with folded hands, until Hilary came to her with an armful of decent clothing.

"For me, miss?" the child asked, lifting her glorious eyes. "Taint no use to giv 'em to me."

"But," Hilary urged, "I told you I had something to give you."

"Yes, miss, but 'taint no use. Mammy'd jest swap 'em for drinks. If you'll give me some pennies, I'll not get walloped, but them's no use to me."

"Do they beat you, then?"

"Course they does, if I don't get nothin'. I ain't stole nothin', though," she said, earnestly, "cos I promised mother 'fore she died, I wouldn't. She was my true mother, yer mind. Mammy is pop's second an' she wallops Bob an' me, awful, if we don't carry home somethin'."

"I will give you some pennies, then," said Hilary.

"Please, miss!" said the child, "yer wants to be good to me?"

"Yes," Hilary said, gently.

"Well, if yer'll tell 'em not to beat me off'n the winder when you sing."

"No one shall drive you away."

And after that, no one wondered to see Hilary, after singing for us, glide softly to the window and slip some pennies into a greasy, little hand, to save a child from cruelty.

We learned that the child was named Mattie Joyce, and that her father and stepmother were drunken vagrants. There was a scheme started amongst us to take the child away, but it was not accomplished, because George positively forbade our going to the wretched home of the waif, and the child herself refused to leave "Bob and the baby."

But she assured Hilary that her nightly offering of pennies saved them from being "walloped," and she came sometimes for food to the basement, always saving half of what was given her for "Bob and the baby."

It was in September that Mattie was first discovered on the balcony, and we were preparing a trousseau for Hilary's wedding in November. Every day I wept shopping with my little sister-in-law, selecting dainty fabrics to make garments suited to her exquisite face and slender, graceful figure.

It had always seemed to me that Hilary was not fitted for this prosaic world of ours, but should have lived in a poem or a picture. I knew Steve was a splendid fellow, and loved her tenderly, and yet I often trembled at the idea of Hilary presiding over a home, where she must think of the details of everyday life, instead of dreaming and living in a world of poetry and music, as she had done ever since she came to our home. There was nothing practical about her. Even in the preparation of her bridal outfit she gave no thought to the dressmaking, or the providing of useful wear. She ordered bonnets that were marvels of poetic beauty, selected silks to set off her fair face by an inspiration that was far removed from mere vanity, and had a childlike enjoyment of pretty things; but I think she would not have had a pair of boots or a petticoat if my mind had not been eminently practical and commonplace.

Often, during our many shopping expeditions, I saw Mattie hovering about the carriage door, never speaking to us, darting off when noticed, but seeming to keep a sort of watch over the object of her genuine adoration.

One morning, when the wedding day was very near, she spoke to Hilary as we left the carriage at our own door.

"Please, miss," she said, with her eyes misty, "will you give me some wine?"

"Wine!" said Hilary, drawing her gently into the house. "What do you want of wine?"

"Please, Miss, for Bob. Mammy's sick, an' the baby died yesterday. Bob was took bad this mornin', an' the doctor said if he'd some good wine 'twould help him. He—he—" and then Hilary caught the child as she reeled, and would have fallen, but for the quick arm thrown around her.

"I'm only hungry," she said, faintly.

We fed her, and gave her the wine, and for many days we did not see her. But a week later Hilary fainted at the piano, while Steve was turning the leaves of her music. She recovered only to faint again, and George carried her to her room in his arms, while Steve dashed off for our physician.

He was very grave, for from a child he had watched Hilary as we watch a treasure we fear to lose.

"No constitution," he would say, when he came to prescribe for her frequent ailments, and we knew he loved the maiden he had seen grow from babyhood.

Two days later we knew that Hilary had a malignant, typhus fever, and we nursed her tenderly, but hopelessly, as she tossed in delirium, often singing with a pathos and power that was heart breaking. It seemed each day as if we could see that she lost more and more of earthly dross, and drew nearer heaven. Not a word passed her lips, in her wildest raving, that was not pitiful, womanly, full of tender sympathy for the sorrows she had seen afar off, of tender love for those who made her little world.

Often she talked of Mattie; and George would clinch his teeth hard, for we were quite sure Mattie had brought death to the one object of worship in her dark, troubled life. We knew she had never been near the house since the day when she nearly fainted in Hilary's arms, but we were too much engrossed in our own sorrow to make further inquiry.

Slowly, but surely, the pure, tender life that was so precious to us, burned away in the pitiless grasp of the fatal fever, and one morning in December, a crape, floating from our door, told the story of the death within. I had my own sorrow to control, to comfort George and Steve, the brother and the lover, who had loved the sweet, fair child, who lay in her snowy draperies, pulseless and smiling, as if from the fever-racked body the soul had fled to find perfect peace.

The day before the funeral, I was crossing the hall to the cold room, where Hilary lay upon her own bed. The weather had been intensely cold, and we had pleaded that our darling should not be placed on ice. It was surely terrible enough to have her lying in the awful cold—the child we had guarded from every rough wind.

I was carrying in the flowers that Steve brought every morning to put upon the pillow, when I stopped, paralyzed with amazement.

From the closed room came a voice, round, perfect, full of unearthly pathos, singing the song Hilary loved best: "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth."

My blood seemed to freeze in my veins, for surely it was Hilary's voice! I could not move, but rapid feet came up the stairs, and George, passing me, threw the door open.

The pale, still figure lay quiet on the bed, but, standing beside it, with clasped hands, and uplifted eyes, was Mattie Joyce, singing Hilary's music in Hilary's voice. Ragged, dirty, wasted to the merest skeleton, the child seemed all voice as she sang on, never heeding us.

George stood silent, and I sank down sobbing, until the last note died away, and the child, suddenly waking from her strange ecstacy, threw up both arms, and with a cry of anguish, darted from the room before we could stop her.

Whether she had had the fever we never know, but she sang life away at Hilary's side, for the next morning, when the servants opened the house, Mattie was curled up under the basement steps, cold and dead!

A BRAIN WORKER'S VACATION.

Here is a suggestion worth noting—and trying. Many of our ministers and elders will not be able to take a lengthened vacation this summer. Here is something that may take the place of the usual outing. It is worth a trial at any rate, and we shall be glad to know the issue.

A large proportion of those who read the *Congregationalist's* series of vacation articles will be distinctively brain workers—ministers, writers, lecturers, journalists, lawyers, teachers, students, etc. A vacation idea especially adapted to such workers ought, therefore, to be of interest, and I am encouraged to share with them a plan which has proved of the greatest advantage to myself. Briefly introduced, this plan is that of the every-other-day vacation. In advocating this idea I am assuming, of course, that the brain worker has, to some extent, the command of his own time which is true of brain workers generally, I think (excepting teachers and students, whose long summer recesses would enable them to test the plan.)

The every-other-day vacation defies rush. The idea is simply to work one day and play the next, and to keep this up for periods much longer than are allowed for the average all too brief vacation. Let us note a few advantages of the plan:

1. Its cheapness. It is better taken at home, or in the immediate vicinity of home, where one can keep in touch with accustomed work and tools. No extra cost in living expenses is involved. Necessary domestic duties may still be performed.

2. Its economic advantage. There is no abrupt and total break in the current of productive work. Furthermore, the amount of work accomplished, without extra efforts, by the refreshed and stimulated mind is astonishing.

3. Its magical effect on the system. Work and play thus equally and impartially inter-larded furnish the ideal condition of health. Six months of half-work and half-play are better for both mind and body than six months of all play. Experience proves this statement to be true.

Its availability. You don't have to debate whether you can take the every-other-day vacation or not, that is, if you are measurably your own master. You begin any day, to take it, and the thing is done. Your income keeps about the same—just the same, of course, if you are drawing a salary. Your work does not languish. You keep it well in hand and its quality improves. It grows fresher, stronger, more vital. Your domestic and social duties are not slighted. You retain all the advantage of the rut without being in it all the time.

For my own part, I have given up taking solid and stated vacations, because I find that I get infinitely better results from making my work and my play go hand in hand. Nature balances better thus. Work tempers play, and play relieves work.

Try it, reader. Play hard one day and work as hard as you feel like working—no, harder — the next. Fish and write. Tramp and study. Bicycle and preach, alternately, with Sunday always set aside as the day that belongs to God. Keep it up for a long, generous period—the longer the better. For if you only keep it up long enough, take my word for it, you will catch up with yourself productively and have all your pleasant playtime besides as God's gracious gratuity.—JAMES BUCHAN, in the *Congregationalist.*

HIS LESSON.

It is evident that the boys of English schools are treated very much as the same lads would be treated here in America; when they need "taking down" they are pretty sure to suffer that painful process. Percy Fitzgerald has published some reminiscences of his school life at Stonyhurst, and he frankly owns that he was "cocky" enough on entering to need a lesson. He says:

The perfect of studies was a quiet, amiable man, not without a liking for a humorous situation. On the second day after my arrival the nice point was to be settled to the class in which I was to be placed. I had been long under an admirable tutor, and had not the slightest notion of beginning at the bottom. I accordingly expressed my views boldly to the great man.

"You see, sir," I said, "I shall do very well for syntax"—the third highest class. "They all tell me I am fit for syntax. So I really hope, sir, you will—"

"Oh, indeed! you seem to know all about it. Well, we shall see. What can you do?"

"O sir, I have read Cæsar and Virgil and Homer."

"Well! well! Take that Cæsar in your hand."

And in Cæsar I did fairly. Next came Virgil, then Homer. In these I was very respectable.

"You see—" I began.

"Very well, we shall put you in grammar"—one below syntax.

"O sir, I should not like that at all! Indeed I am fit for syntax!"

"I don't doubt that you think so; but as you are so confident about it, you will of course show yourself superior to your class-fellows, and will be at once promoted."

With this gentle sarcasm, he ended the interview. A few weeks later he sent for me.

"Now," said he, "I have just been consulting your master about you, and he tells me that, so far from being fit for syntax, you are idle and scarcely keep up with with companions. Now let this be a lesson to you not to be so confident in future."

It was a lesson.

READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

"How does it happen," inquired the stranger, "that all the improvements are being made in this street?"

"It doesn't happen at all, sir," replied the citizen, who was showing him about the town, majestically. This is the street I live in. I am chairman of the town council, sir."

Lord Tennyson had an inveterate habit of coming down on a witness. One day, presiding at a circuit dinner, he asked a country magistrate if he would take venison.

"Thank you, my lord; I am going to take boiled chicken."

"That, sir, is no answer to my question. I ask you again if you will take venison, and I will trouble you to say "Yes" or "No" without further prevarication."

A clergyman, taking occasional duty for a friend in one of the moorland churches of a remote part of England, was greatly scandalized on observing the old verger, who had been collecting the offertory, quietly abstract half a crown before presenting the plate at the altar rails. After service he called the old man into the vestry and told him, with emotion, that his crime had been discovered. The clerk looked puzzled. Then a sudden light dawned on him.

"Why, sir, you don't mean that ould half crown o' mine? Why, Oi've 'led off' with he this last fifteen years!"

WHY SHE QUIT THE 'PHONE.

The young woman employed as stenographer had a beau named Will, to whom she talked some twenty-five times a day. The lawyer who labored under the impression that he was paying for the stenographer's time was not pleased that Maggie should drop her work and rush frantically to the 'phone every time the bell rang, and stand there for fifteen minutes debating whether or not Will ought to have told Clara that secret which he knew well enough was none of Clara's business. One day the lawyer left his office, and going to another telephone in the building, called up his own office. Of course Maggie rushed frantically to the 'phone and answered.

"Hello," said the lawyer in a nasal voice. "This is a lineman testing the wire Kindly stand two feet to one side and say hello."

Maggie obeyed.

"Thank you. Now stand one foot in front of the receiver and say hello."

Maggie complied.

"Thank you. Now stand two feet to the other side and say hello." It was done.

"Thank you. Now stand on your head and say hello."

Maggie seems to be somewhat backward in answering the telephone now.

GIVING HIM A REST.

The energy of one of the oldest inhabitants of a Massachusetts town is a byword among his neighbors and a trial to his grandchildren, who have but inherited their full share of his active temper.

His grandson John in particular suffers from the old man's untiring industry, for John is his assistant in the little grocery shop, where everything, from codfish to brooms, may be found. A purchaser of gingersnaps lingered one day to hear the incontinue address delivered to poor John by his grandfather.

"Now, Johnny, I'm going home for my dinner," said the old man briskly, "and on the way I'll carry up these pails to Miss Manson and fetch back her kerosene can. I shall be gone up'ards of half an hour. You'll have plenty of time to eat your luncheon, and while you're resting after that I wish you'd saw up a little mess of that wood that lays out by the back door and split it up for stove kindling, for the weather's turning sharp already.

"Most likely I'll be back 'fore you get out o' work, and anyways I don't want to keep you at it all the time, so if there's a few extry minutes just set down and make out a bill or two. The first of the month will be upon us 'fore we know it.—*Youth's Companion.*

WANTED TO BE KICKED.

It is related of Horace Greeley, whose handwriting was notoriously illegible, that on one occasion an editorial of his fell into the hands of a new compositor, who made a fearful bungle of it. As he set it the bit of copy made sense, but it was not the meaning Mr. Greely intended to convey.

The following evening Mr. Greeley reached the office in no enviable mood and lost little time in tramping up to the composing room on the floor above. Here he encountered the night foreman, and the air was blue with the chief's imprecations. As soon as it became possible to make oneself heard above this verbal tempest Mr. Greeley was informed of the circumstances and that it was not really the fault of the compositor, who had done the best he could, but that the blame should rest on the assistant foreman, whose carelessness was the cause of the new man getting the "copy" from the "hook."

As the argument appealed to Mr. Greeley's intelligence and he suddenly realized that in giving way to his passion he was making a spectacle of himself he called out in his squeaky treble, "Won't somebody please kick me down stairs?" and shuffled out of the room.

PROVED HER NATIONALITY.

Recently a bent old lady entered one of the Salina street stores and upon being asked what she wished to see made reply in what the clerk judged to be an unknown language. A second inquiry proving no more satisfactory, the clerk excused herself and went in search of one of her colleagues who is of German descent.

"Oh, Miss L.," she entreated, "won't you come over to my counter for a minute? There's a poor old German lady there, and I cant understand a word she says."

Miss L. followed and, pausing before the stool on which the would-be customer was seated, inquired in her sweetest tones:

"Are you a German?"

The "poor old German lady" raised her handkerchief to her lips and evidently extricated something from her mouth. Then, bending a look of the utmost scorn upon the clerk, she explained in a rich and unmistakable brogue:

"German, is it? Indade an' I'm not. But I've got a new set of false teeth, bad scran to thim! An' now, if ye plase, will wan of yez wait on me?"

Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up a broken down system. It begins its work right, that is, on the blood.

NEXT YEAR.

Your patience you must cultivate
And try
To overlook life's a row great,
Nor sigh
And say the fate of honest pluck
Is queer.
Perhaps we'll all have better luck
Next year.

No doubt the trusts will all lay down
Their hands
And bosses cease to give each town
Commands.
Our baseball players—that's the thought
Most dear—
Will march to victory, as they ought,
Next year.

—*Washington Star.*

USEFUL ADVERTISING.

"Wanted—A young French woman to give lessons to an American gentleman. Apply Hotel ——, 10 o'clock, Friday."

The foregoing advertisement, printed in a Paris paper, almost caused a riot at the hotel at the hour named. The American gentleman was G. Webster Jones, of San Francisco. Mr. Jones left orders that he would receive applicants in a room at the hotel, and they might be admitted to the corridor pending his arrival. When he got there he found a line that reached out into the street and extended all the way to the Place Vendome. Five hundred dashing Parisian ladies were clamoring for a sight of the "American gentleman." They were unanimously resolved to give him lessons.

Jones was paralyzed at the sight and fled, leaving the hotel people to get out of the scrape as best they might. The manager and clerks argued in vain. The ladies would not be pacified. They clamoured for a sight of the evasive American. The police were called in. The women were put out, but more women kept coming all day. The hotel was under police protection for twenty-four hours. Jones fled to another hotel, a wiser, and, perhaps, a better man. He is now convinced that people read advertisements, but he has retired from the business.

THE GOLDEN RULE IN TRADE.

The golden rule of business is always "Mind your own business." Live up to that, and you will do good to yourself and to those you deal with, both in buying and selling.

Don't worry if an opponent spends his time in watching you in order to try to checkmate your best move. He can not do it if you are wide awake, because at best he is but an imitator, and an imitator rarely equals the original and never excels it. If he cannot excel he may as well give up.

Don't give him the satisfaction of allowing him to see that you resent such methods by meeting his prices or cutting below them, unless you are prepared to give him such a crack that will scare him into silence or set him howling like a whipped cur.

A merchant who spends his time in watching his neighbors cannot have much business of his own to attend to, and should be easily vanquished.

THE BISHOP WON THE PRIZE.

One of the strangest prizes ever won by a bishop is in the Episcopal Palace at Fulham, where the newly appointed Bishop of London, who got his bishopric through a love story, will live. Years ago Bishop Proteus was riding through Coggeshall, a village in Essex, and, seeing a crowd, asked what was the cause of the assembly. He was told that it was the annual lying competition for the prize of a whetstone. The Bishop, greatly shocked, drove to the place of assembly and addressed the gathering upon the sin of lying, adding that he himself had never told a lie in his life. The umpires at once awarded the prize to the Bishop and had the whetstone placed in his carriage. The incident struck the Bishop's sense of humor, and he had the stone placed over the fireplace in the palace.

HINTS FOR BATHERS.

The following hints about sea bathing have been issued to English bathers by the Royal Humane Society, and are worth preservation:

Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal.

Do not bathe when fatigued.

Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after perspiration.

Do not invite chills by remaining on the beach or in a boat in the wet bathing costume.

Do not remain in the water after a feeling of chilliness appears.

Bathe when the body is at a normal temperature, neither over-heating nor chilled.

Do not bathe in the sea if subject to attacks of faintness or dizziness, or if any weakness of the heart exists.

WHERE THE PENNY WENT.

A few days ago a child of the Sunny South, where the inevitable organ and monkey attachment, stopped in front of a house in Kensington, to the manifest delight of a little three-year-old girl. After watching the antics of the red-skirted monkey for several minutes the little one begged a penny from her mother to give to the monkey. When she returned from the hall door her mother asked what she had done with the penny.

"I gave it to the monkey, mamma," was the reply.

"And what did he do with it?" queried the mother.

"He gave it to his papa!"—London *Tit-Bits.*

USE OF A LONG BREATH.

When chilled by exposure to cold take a long breath with the mouth firmly shut. Repeat this several times until you begin to feel the heat returning. It required only a very short time to do so. The long breath quickens the pulse, and this causes the blood to circulate faster. The blood flows into all parts of the veins and arteries and gives out a great deal of heat. It is stated that a long deep breath, held as possible, will close the pores of a heated skin, and the danger of taking cold, on stepping outdoors, may be thus guarded against.

TACTFUL.

Mrs. Nosepoke—John, don't you think it's about time for us to call on our new neighbors.

Husband—Why, they only moved in this morning.

Mrs. Nosepoke—Oh, I know, but all their stuff will be downstairs and I can see it better.