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The Acton Free Press

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M.,
SUCCESSOR TO
J. P. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick streets, Acton.
Office Hours:—6 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 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 Wellington and Baker Streets,
GUELPH.
OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 3 to 5 p.m.
SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

DENTAL.

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

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

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

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OFFICE—Ferguson'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 Food Store, Mill Street, Acton.

INSURANCE AGENT,
W. H. DENNY,
General Agent Confederation Life Association.
Agent United 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. Head 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 terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $185,000.
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 32, or Telephone 56, 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 10 a.m. and 6.10 p.m.
Careful attention given to everyorder
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR.

"Tarry Thou Till I Come," By CROLY.

"The Helmet of Navarre," By RUNKLE.

"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 BULLS 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

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 EBRAGE
Main St., Acton

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.

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, 251 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO

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.

PORTLAND CEMENT
Farmers why not be up-to-date ?
Imported "Star"
Imported "Peninsula"
Limehouse and Deseronto.
These are the brands we handle. All high-class cement. Be up-to-date and have your stable, cellar, and wood house floors laid in cement. Special prices on large quantities.
"Our Prices Are Always Right."
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.

NASSAGAWEYA
Saw and Planing Mills.
Lumber and Shingles
AT LOWEST PRICES.
Bill 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
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 aid 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

THE SIGN OF THE BLUE BELL
IS a reminder that you need not wait or inconvenience yourself to see a customer in person. While your competitor, who has gone in person, WAITS, you can have a PRIVATE INTERVIEW at any Pay Station.
The Bell Telephone Co.
OF CANADA.

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 here. Linoleums 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

Poetry.

THE OLD RAIL FENCE.

In the merry days of boyhood, when we never knew a care,
Greater than the mumps or measles or a mother's cut of hair,
When a sore toe is a treasure and a stone bruise on the heel
Filled the other boys with envy which they tried not to conceal,
There were many treasured objects on the farm we held most dear:
Orchard, fields, the creek we swam in, and the old spring cold and clear;
Over there the woods of hickory and of oak so deep and dense
Loomed up behind the outlines of the old rail fence.

On its rails the quail would whistle in the early summer morn,
Calling to their hiding fellows in the field of waving corn,
And the meadow larks and robins on the stakes would sit and sing
Till the forests shades behind them with their melody would ring.
Where the catbird and the jaybird sat and called each other names,
And the squirrels and the chipmunks played the chase-and-catch-me games,
And the garter snake was often in unpleasant evidence,
In the grasses in the corners of the old rail fence.

As we grew to early manhood when we thought the country girls
In the diadem of beauty were the very fairest pearls
Oft from spellin' school or meetin' or the jolly shuckin' bee
Down the old lane we would wander with a merry little "she."
On the plea of being tired (just the country lover lie),
On a grassy seat we'd linger in the moonlight, she and,
And we'd paint a future picture touched with colors most intense
As we sat there in the corner of the old rail fence.

There one night in happy dreaming we were sitting hand in hand,
Up so near the gates of heaven we could almost hear the band,
When she heard a declaration whispered in her list'ning ear—
One she often since has told me she was mighty glad to hear;
On my head there's now a desert fringed with follages of gray
And there's many a thread of silver in her dear old head to-day.
Yet the flame of love is burning in our bosoms as intense
As it burned in the corner of that old rail fence.

Denver Post.

Select Family Reading.

A Forest Lily.

BY MARY E. MOFFAT.

"I TELL you, Brown, there's a splendid chance!"

"Be careful, sir—" Brown's words were interrupted by the sharp crack of a rifle, and a doe which had been browsing among the new growth in a partially cleared woodland dropped dead, almost before the sound died away. The next moment, a young girl darted forward and, throwing herself down beside the pretty creature, clasped her arms about its neck and moaned and sobbed as though her heart would break.

A few rapid strides brought Monteith Wayne to the spot. He stood for a time silent, with a look of concern upon his handsome face. Then he said:

"I am sorry I shot your pet. I did not know. I thought we were still in the wilds."

"If you'd hev waited a minute, I'd h've set you right. But you were in such a consarned hurry," said Brown.

At the sound of the latter voice, the girl rose suddenly and dried her tears.

"Is it you, Jared Brown? And did you stand by and see poor Brownie killed? I wouldn't have believed it of you?"

"Now, child," and the man's rough voice softened involuntarily as he turned his weather-beaten face toward her, "'twa'n't no fault of mine. If that stranger chap had've kept his sare open and listened to me, them pretty eyes would be bright and peart as two di'monds instead of bein' all bunged up a-cryin'."

Lillian's eyes were bright enough now as she glanced toward the unwitting offender.

"I never regretted anything so much in all my life; and if you will accept this trinket as a token of that regret, it will please me greatly," the young man hastened to say.

As Lilian glanced at the ring he drew from his finger and offered her, a ray of sunlight seemed caught in the single brilliant which flashed and sparkled like a fiery eye. She held out her hand, and Monteith's face brightened as he placed the circlet in its rosy palm, but his visage clouded as suddenly, as, with an imperious, scornful gesture, Lilian tossed it away into the tangled underbush.

"Love is priceless—and its loss cannot be paid for."

She said this very quietly, but her lips quivered and her bosom heaved convulsively in her enforced calmness as she turned and walked away.

"There's the whimsicalest I hanker arter!" said the old hunter, admiringly. "That's rare grit. The gal's true to the backbone. Her goodwill can't neither be bought nor sold."

"She's as pretty as a picture, and I never saw such an air of quiet dignity even among old England's proudest dames. I say, Brown, this grand new world of yours has given me one surprise after another ever since I landed. I wish my rifle had burst though before it sent that unlucky ball! Poor little girl! How she grieved after her pet!"

"I'm acquainted with the Wiltons, and if you say so I'll take you to their clearin', and you kin make yer peace at your leisure. I'm main sorry you've lost your ring—and all for nothin'!"

A few moments more, and the two were standing by the door of a cabin constructed of rough logs. A gentle-looking woman answered to Jared Brown's knock and asked them into an apartment which was evidently at once sitting-room and kitchen. There were some articles in it which seemed incongruous to the principal part of its furnishing. For instance, on the primitive puncheon floor stood a table made of a slab of timber hewn into shape by an axe and supported by legs of the same unskilled workmanship, while upon it was an exquisite little Japanese cabinet decorated with two or three fragile cups and saucers which would have set a collector wild by their rare and delicate beauty; and upon some rudely constructed, hanging shelves were volumes of Shakespeare, Milton, Ben Johnson and Mrs. Browning and a well-thumbed set of the famous Latin and Greek poets in the original.

Looking about in silent surprise, Wayne noted these evidences of a former more cultured and luxurious home than this one in the Western Wilds. A stately-looking old man bowed gravely as the strangers entered, then paid them no more attention.

"How's your accommodations, Mis' Wilton?" said Jared Brown. "Could you give us our feed and lodgin's for a week or so while we hunt and fish hereabout? The gentleman's an Englisher, and I thought, being as how you are from them parts, too, you might like a talk with him about home."

Mrs. Wilton glanced at her husband a little nervously, as she said:

"Our accommodations are, as you see, very limited; but we can give you a mattress of birch-leaves on the floor and plenty of milk and corn-bread, if that will answer."

"Just the thing, Mis' Wilton," said the hunter, heartily. "We don't care a mite about feathers and sich like. The soft side of a plank's like velvet to a man that's been on the tramp all day."

"Can you do this without inconvenencing yourself, Mrs. Wilton?"

At the sound of Wayne's voice the woman turned toward him with a smile.

"It will be a pleasure," she answered, "to see some one from the outside world, of which at present we know so little; and I have no need to ask what part of dear old England you are from your accentitels' me that. It sounds like music to me, a dweller in a strange land."

"Yes," said Monteith Wayne, "I believe every country has its own peculiar pronunciation, and I am glad to have chanced into a countrywoman's house. My name is Wayne. My father is Sir Athearn Wayne, of Surry Mount."

As he said this, the old man rose and looked at him for a moment intently, while the muscles of his face worked strangely. Then he left the room. His wife sighed heavily as she turned to Monteith.

"My husband has been the victim of a wrong, which has expatriated him and changed him so completely that his former friends would hardly know him. It embittered him so that in a rash moment he took a vow of silence until he should be fully and completely vindicated in the eyes of the world. If he acts anyway strange, please don't mind him. He'd not harm a living creature."

The homely supper-table was soon spread, and the unexpected guests invited to partake of the plain but wholesome fare. As time passed on and Lillian failed to appear, Monteith was conscious of a feeling of acute disappointment. He was curious to see the child again and know if memory had played him false in investing her with such wonderful beauty of face and form. He told her mother of the unfortunate *contretemps*, and asked her to make his peace with Lilian. Mrs. Wilton smiled at the young man's earnestness.

"It is not like Lily to hold anger," she said; "but she gives as much love to her pets as some women do to their children. I suppose she's crying her heart out now in some one of her favorite haunts. There is hardly a nook in the woods but she's familiar with."

It was long after the rest of the household were asleep before Monteith yielded to the drowsy god; but youth is elastic and needs but little rest, and the earliest birds had scarcely begun to twitter their matinsongs before he was dressed and out in the virgin forest, looking as fresh in his young manhood as though the dewy brightness of the glorious morning had penetrated through every fibre of his being. A rosy gleam in the east told of the birth of day, and thither he strolled to watch the first golden shaft sent out by her courtier, the sun.

Suddenly his eyes rested on an unexpected sight. Upon her knees in an open glade was Lilian, filling a basket with the wild strawberries that grew in fragrant profusion around her. Looking up, she saw him and rose to her feet. Half shyly she held the basket toward him:

"Will you have some berries, sir? See how nice and ripe they are! And—I picked them for your breakfast. I felt so sorry that I threw your pretty ring away, that I got up early. I could not sleep for thinking how rude I was. Will you forgive me?"

It was such a sweet, girlish face, that the young man's first impulse was to bend and press a kiss upon the innocent lips; but something in the expression of the grave, clear eyes raised to meet his contradicted the first impression of her childishness. So he bowed his handsome head and said:

"It is for me to ask pardon. I was the real offender, and I shall feel that I have made my peace if you let me pick the rest of the berries while you gather a nosegay to put by your mother's plate at breakfast."

This was the beginning of a few weeks' intercourse between the young heir of Surry Mount and the beautiful forest maiden whose proudest heritage was bounded by the four walls of a rude log-cabin with its surrounding clearing, barely large enough to pasture the cow and to supply the few vegetables needed to sustain life. But swiftly as the days flew by, their memory was destined to cast a glamour over their whole lives.

When Monteith received a letter containing a peremptory summons home, he went with a feeling of sincere regret. Lillian's lips were mute as they parted, but the expression of her great, pleading eyes haunted him for days. He could scarcely refrain from catching her to his heart and kissing her sweet lips; but the thought of his proud lady-mother restrained him, and he had too much honor to rifle the sweetness of a flower unless with the intention of claiming it as his own. Thus he passed from Lilian's world, taking with him the magical brightness which of late had colored to her young eyes everything in earth or sky. While he?

Ah! Lilian thought, with a pang. Was he not going back to that circle of brave men and fair women of whom he had told her so often and from which she was so cruelly shut out?

If she, the forest child, could only be there!

Time passed on. It grew at last to be a source of surprise to Sir Athearn and Lady Wayne that Monteith, their only son and heir, did not seem inclined to marry. One morning, as Lady Wayne was seated at breakfast, Monteith, as was his daily custom, came in with a bunch of flowers and placed them beside his mother's plate.

"Ah, Monteith," she said, smiling up into his handsome face, "those little attentions should not be reserved for me alone. Some one younger and fairer by right should claim a share. Tell me, my son, has no one the power as yet to weave a charm about that heart which I know to be so true and tender?"

Monteith tossed his wavy brown locks back from his forehead with an impatient gesture. He well knew that his parents wished him to choose a wife from among the coterie of fair young English girls, his equals in rank, with whom he was daily brought in contact. But, with a sudden resolution, he turned to his mother. He would see which feeling ruled paramount in her heart—love or pride.

"The truth is, mother mine, the young ladies I meet in society are too artificial. The only girl who ever caused my heart to throb out of its regular fashion was in the wilds of America, and she was a mere child. But her guileless nature was as transparent as a dewdrop, and she was as lovely as the rosebud upon which it rests."

Lady Wayne looked at him in unconcealed surprise. Could this impassioned young man be her indifferent Monteith? She laid her jeweled hand tenderly upon one of his.

"Tell me about her my son," she said. "I am deeply interested."

Then with an eloquence inspired by the beautiful memory of his forest idyl, Monteith described it to his mother in a few brief but glowing sentences. As he repeated Lillian's words, as she rejected his peace-offering: "Love is priceless—and its loss cannot be paid for," Lady Wayne's eyes kindled.

"That is a noble nature! Go, Monteith and win her. I will receive this young American girl with open arms, and see to her education, myself, so that she may become a fitting wife for a Wayne."

"Mother!" said Monteith. Are you in earnest?"

"Yes!" was the answer. "If, as an unformed child, she won such a regard from my critical son as to make him indifferent to all others, it is fate, and," continued the lady, with grave dignity, "the grafting of a stem from the people upon an old stock has often brought with it a blessing upon the race. May it be so in this instance!"

"Mother, you are an angel!" said Monteith, pressing his lips upon her fair old forehead.

No time was lost. Now that the die was cast, each moment was weighted with lead. His stateroom was secured in the first outgoing steamer. It lacked but two days of the time of sailing, when a grand party came off which created a sensation in the world of fashion. Sir Athearn was of the crowded assemblies, so it devolved upon Monteith to escort his mother. He was standing listlessly near a group of titled dames, when his attention was attracted by the delicate Greek profile of a young girl who was listening to the words of an elegant, soldierly looking man who stood beside her. Moving forward almost involuntarily, he gained a full view of her face. Something in its finely cut outlines and in the turn of the proud little head struck Monteith as strangely familiar and caused his heart to thrill with almost painful intensity; but, it could not be Lillian—his forest lily—as he fondly called her in his thoughts. For this young stranger had priceless gems encircling her white throat and nestling amid her banded hair, and she was evidently at home in the brilliant scene.

She turned and their eyes met. A flush like the morning sky spread over her white skin. Her sweet lips parted in a joyful exclamation. She came eagerly toward him and held out her little gloved hand.

"Don't you know me? It is Lilian. Uncle, this is Mr. Wayne whom I told you of—my American friend."

The soldierly-looking man bowed low. A feeling of unreality surged through Monteith's frame as he answered his salutation. But clear thoughts came when Lilian's uncle considerately left them, "to talk over old times," as he said pleasantly.

He offered her his arm for a promenade and heard Lillian's story. Her father had become heir to the family estates by the sudden death of his elder brother. Before that, the real culprit for whom he had suffered had been stricken with remorse and confessed his crime, so that he had come into his inheritance with an unsullied name and was also freed from his vow of silence.

"You wouldn't know my father," Lilian said, in conclusion. "He is so changed. He kept up his book knowledge through all those lonely years, and he is now quite a "bright and shining light" among literary people, and is an honorary member of a number of foreign societies."

"Well, Lilian, that is all very pleasant to hear; but tell me about yourself. Have you kept a memory of me in your heart all these years?"

Lillian looked up into his face with her great, earnest eyes as though she would read his soul. And then she drew off one of her gloves and held out her hand. With a great throb of joy, Monteith saw upon it the ring she had once so scornfully discarded.

"After you went away," she said, "I spent many weary hours trying to find it. I felt so lonely and sorrowful that it seemed as if it would be like losing you. I had almost given it up, when, one day, I saw it shining like a little spark of fire. Since then it has never left my finger."

As Monteith imprisoned the tender hand, he whispered, meaningly:

"That has always been a fateful ring, Lilian, and no lady has ever worn it unless she were the betrothed bride of a Wayne or his wife. Will you wear it still?"

"Yes, if you wish it, Monteith."

The words would have been inaudible to any but a lover's ear, but they vibrated through his heart with a melody whose echoes will reach down through all the coming years of Monteith Wayne's life.

CHEERFUL VIEW OF IT.

"Yes," said the gentle optimist, "I confess I am superstitious enough to wear a lucky stone."

"And do you really think it gives you luck?"

"Oh, I am sure of it."

"Did you have it with you yesterday?"

"Certainly."

"And in spite of it you lost a $5 gold piece out of your pocket, tore your coat by catching it on a nail, sprained your ankle, and failed to close the business deal of which you expected so much."

"True," replied the gentle optimist, "but think what might have happened to me if I hadn't had my lucky stone."

AN OLD-TIME ROMANCE.

The Earl of Aberdeen, speaking at a dinner of the United Kingdom Postal and Telegraph Service Benevolent Society at Aberdeen, said that they had to go back to the old mail coach days to get the picturesque aspect of the postal service, and to illustrate this he narrated a romantic incident which occurred in the reign of James II—more than two hundred years ago. Sir John Cochrane, son of a fine old nobleman, Lord Dundonald, was one of those who thought the liberties and interests of the country were in danger, owing to the policy of the Government of the day, and resisted it. Sir John was betrayed into the hands of the enemy and was lodged in Edinburgh jail. One night the door of the prison opened, and he heard the voice of his daughter Grisel, who was allowed to have many talks with him.

Meanwhile the news came that his condemnation had been settled by the council, and the mail would come next week with his death warrant. Miss Grisel Cochrane told her father that she had to go away for a few days. He said: "I hope you will do nothing rash," and she replied that she would do nothing very rash. She rode from Edinburgh to Berwick, where her old nurse lived, and there she changed her clothes for the clothes of a boy. Then she rode to a place between Berwick and Belford, where she made inquiries regarding the King's mail messengers and where they used to put up.

Arriving at a small inn about four miles south of Berwick, she asked for something to eat. The hostess told her not to make a noise, because in the box-bed the King's mail messenger was asleep. "Do be quiet," she said, "with your knife and fork." She began her meal. "Can you get me some water?" The hostess said: "Why, a brew lad like you should sup ale." "Have you no cold, fresh water? If you give me water I will pay you the same as for the ale." The hostess explained that she would have to go to the well, a long distance off and it would take ten minutes but the girl—or rather the apparent boy—persuaded the woman to go for the water.

During her absence the girl went to the box-bed—there was the mail-messenger asleep—a "sweak" fellow with his mail bag under his head, using it for a pillow. On the table were his pistols, and very nervously the girl withdrew the charges. No sooner was this done than the hostess returned with the water. The girl finished her meal, went on the road, made a circuit, and met the mail messenger, and they rode together a bit. After a short chat she drew a little nearer and said: "My friend, I have a fancy for this mail bag." "If it is a joke," said the messenger, it is a pretty poor one. She took out a little pistol and presented it. The messenger pulled out his pistols, and snap!—the first missed fire. He threw it away and drew the other—snap! He had to hand over the mail bag, and she rode into an adjoining wood.

She opened the bag and drew out an official letter, and rode with it to her nurse's house, where it was found to contain the death warrent of her father. It was put into the fire. She resumed her girl's clothes and rode quietly to Edinburgh. That caused so much delay that they managed to get a reprieve, and her father was saved. He (the speaker) had a personal interest in that incident, as he understood Grisel Cochrane was a direct ancestor of Lady Aberdeen.

THE ROYAL VISIT.

The Duke of Cornwell would be sure of a hearty welcome in all parts of the British Empire, because he is the son of the Sovereign, but he is winning golden opinions by the sound common sense he is displaying on his trip around the world. The addresses he gives and the letters he writes, away from the guiding hand and wise counsel of his royal father, show him to have an abiding fund of tact and good sense.

His letter to Lord Hopetoun, the Governor-General of Australia, is remarkable for its simple language, feeling and absence of the "stilted commonplace" which so often makes royal addresses so painfully formal and cold.

He gives the Australians warm praise for their "instinct of order," for the readiness with which they have formed a volunteer army, now numbering twenty-five thousand men, and for the example they have set in forming a cadet corps, which, "besides the benefit of the physical training, inculcates into the coming generation that spirit of subordination.....which is so essential, not merely to the soldier, but to the development of the national character."

The Duke certainly appears to have won the greatest possible popularity during his visit to Australia, and while it has given His Royal Highness much practical information, it has also brought more fully home to the Australian his connection with the Empire. It has shown the people of the new commonwealth that they really "stand close to the national life of the vast Empire for which they already have fought so well."

THE INFLUENCE OF HOME.

The home life is the basis of all life, and a happy home is essential to safety and success in any department in life. Occasionally a man or woman is strong enough and sufficiently self-contained to endure unhappiness at home without flinching at any point of duty. But the majority are not so. They become discouraged, lose heart, and at last break down. Many of the sudden and surprising lapses are to be traced to stand almost any storm, meet any foe, endure any hardship or suffering which may fall to his lot in the world if he only has a good home, full of sympathy and love, into which he may retreat. Therein he grows strong. In it he has something for which to endure and fight. Many a man's success and many a woman's triumph are to be attributed to the happy homes in which they live. There is no other place so much like heaven this side of heaven as a happy home.—*Presbyterian.*

WHAT YOU DON'T SAY WON'T HURT YOU.

It is related that a parrot and dog being brought together in a room, the parrot for the fun of the thing said to the dog, "Hie him," the result being that the dog, seeing nothing else to attack, went for the parrot, which lost a good share of its tail feathers before it escaped to its perch. It is related that the parrot after inspecting damages, said to himself, "Poll you talk too much." This is a good story for all our readers to remember.

HIS GARDENS.

I pass where the sun gilds his towers,
When the dewdrops still gleam in the grass,
And the odors that float from his gardens
I breathe without price, as I pass;
The air that blows over his gardens,
Is scented for me as I pass.

I pass down the flower-gemmed vistas,
And praise all the splendor I see;
The gardens are his, but their beauty
Is spread in rich colors for me;
I may never set foot in his gardens,
But their charm is left open to me.

I hurry along to the duties,
The tasks, that await me afar,
And I tell where the tapering chimneys
And the noises of steel pinions are,
Where the smoke gives offense to my nostrils,
And the noises of industry are.

And often I think of his gardens
And him, at his ease, far away
From the noise and the smoke and the bother
While I must toil on through the day—
He breathes the sweet odors and loiters
At leisure through all the long day.

And grateful, at night, by his gardens,
I stay for a moment to see
Their richness, their glory, their splendor,
And, wistful, he gazes at me—
From the chair that is pushed by the servant,
He wearily gazes at me.

I look down the flower-gemmed vistas
And breathe on the sweet-scented air;
The gardens are his, but their beauty
The Lord gives me sense to share—
I pass, praising God for the glory
He graciously gives me to share.

—*S. K. Kizer in Chicago Record-Herald.*

JUST FOR FUN.

Doctor: "I see what the matter is. It's dyspepsia. All you have to do is to laugh heartily before and after each meal." Mrs. Binks: "Impossible. I get them myself, and wash the dishes."

"Maria, what's the matter with this coffee? It's beastly." "I made it out of that substitute for tobacco you've allowed to lie about the house so long. I wanted to find out if it wasn't good for something."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A colored woman threw the odds and ends of medicine left after her husband's death into the fire. The explosion that followed carried the stove through one of the windows. "Mos' pow'ful movin' medsin I evah saw'd," said she. "No wondah the ole man died."

A country servant was given a ticket by her mistress for a local concert. She arrived home rather late, and was questioned by her mistress on the matter. "I came away before 'twas over," she replied "and they were hurrying it on, 'cause they were singing two at a time when I left."—*Tit-Bits.*

A town councillor, of Cork, Ireland, is credited with this remark: "There can be no doubt of the virulence of this epademic for I know of people lying dead from it who never died before." The same gentleman thus chivalrously defended a colleague: "I strongly protest against this attack on my absent friend, for surely it is not right to hang a man behind his back."

A little girl had went back her plate for turkey two or three times, and had been helped bountifully to all the good things. Finally she was observed looking rather disconsolately at the unfinished part of her dinner. "What's the matter, Ethel?" asked uncle John. "You look so mournful." "That's just the matter," said Ethel. "I am mor'n full. And then she wondered why everybody laughed.

The poet was watching the sunset. "Can you tell me the time?" asked the stranger. But the poet made no reply. "Have you a watch?" insisted the stranger. But the poet was silent. It was not until the stranger had asked three times and the poet responded. Then he turned and said: "What do you mean by interrupting me? Don't you know I have a train of thought?" "That may be," retorted the stranger; but it isn't an accomodation train.—Chicago *News.*

AN ARKANSAW TRAVELLER.

"Have you spent all your life right here in this one place?" asked a stranger of an old fellow he came across, seated on a rail fence, whittling in front of a log and slab cabin in one of the back counties of Arkansas.

"Not by a derned sight," was the terse reply. "I been hyar the better part o' the time, but, lyk I hev travelled far an' wide."

"Ever been abroad?"

"Wal, not exzackly to say abroad, unless you call it goin' abroad to go from here way over to Petersville. I been over thar twice in the last forty year. It's thirty-six an' a half mile to Petersville, an' have been furder than that, for me an my ole woman went clean to Hogback ridge on our weddin tour an' that is forty-one miles from here. Then I been over to Pettis county to see my wife's folks over there an' that's twenty odd miles from here. Then I been over to Rocky Hill ez many ez four times, an' that's eighteen mile. Ez I say I've been here most o' the time, but I travelled far an' wide just the same. I've seen the four-story mill over at Petersburg an' the engine an' kyars over to Pesville. I did on um three miles an it's all I want o' the pasky things. I've seen a calf with two heads, an' a feller that could eat fire and dance on broken glass in his bare feet. I seen a man hung once, an' a hoss race for a purse of $65. Yes, sir; I've been fur an' wide, an' I reckon I've seen the biggest o' what there is to see in the world, an' I don't lot on doin' any more gaddin' about.—*New Lippincott.*

NELLY, SHAKE HANDS.

One day my brother was out driving in the country when a stranger stopped him by exclaiming: "Hallo! that used to be my horse!"

"Guess not," replied my brother; "I bought her at a livery stable, and they told me she came from Boston."

"It's I!" said the man; "what do you call her?"

My brother answered that the horse was sold to him under the name of "Pink."

"He!" said the man, "that isn't her name."

Suddenly he cried out sharply, "Nelly!" Quick as a flash the horse pricked up her ears and looked around.

"Nelly," said the man, stepping in front of her, "shake hands!"

Up came the horse's right hoof for the man to take.

"Now give us the other hand, Nelly," and she raised her left forefoot.

"There!" said the smiling man; "I'se suppose that wasn't my horse?"

The way to regain your health after sickness is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla—It tones the whole system.