# The Acton Free Press.

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**The Acton Free Press**

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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

Accounts payable monthly.

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.



FALL
HOUSE CLEANING
WALL PAPER SALE.

50c Gold 25c
25c " 15c
20c " 10c
10c " 5c
5c " 3c

Must be sold to make room for New Goods coming in daily.

DAY'S BOOKSTORE
GUELPH.
DRY 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.



—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 Offer An Inducement in Lamps.

October passes out and November and winter pass in. Dark evenings attend November and winter. Brighten these up by a little attention to your light givers. A bright fire is one helper to comfort but a bright light is just as much to the point. Our lamps are the product of such houses as Bradley & Hubbard ("The B & H"), Consolidated Lamp Co., and America Lamp Co. These names alone are a guarantee of the quality of goods. Do not buy cheap makes. The quality and light-giving power is not there. Our experience is as "dealers" against that of mere "handler." Our prices are always right.

JOHN M. BOND & CO.
HARDWARE
GUELPH.



A Few Good Things.

First of all—we buy all kinds of grain, and pay the very highest price in cash.

We also buy Wool, Hides and Skins.

We sell Oatmeal by sack, half sack and pound, Goldie's and Horton's Flour, Bbl. Salt, Oilcake, Flax, Etc.

A Whip for 10c to 50c.

Also Blankets, Rubber Rugs, Etc.

A Wheelbarrow for $3—A 1.

Call and are what we are doing.

GEO. J. THORP.
GRAIN, FEED
FARMERS' SUPPLIES, ETC.
GUELPH & ROCKWOOD.


## 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 3 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL. L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH. L. R. C. S. & M. 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 2 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. ACTON. DENTIST. Office over McKee's Drug Store. HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY. VISITING DAYS—First and third Tuesdays, 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 Worden's Barber Shop, next door to Feed Store, Mill Street, Acton.

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

HENRY GRIST. OTTAWA, CANADA. Solicitor of Patents, for Invention, etc. Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American, and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks. Send for pamphlet. Thirty-two years 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 $400 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 322, or telephone 66, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.



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.



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 expenses money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 1 DEARBORN ST. CHICAGO.



ANY PICTURES TO FRAME?

Any Pictures to Frame?

GO, OR SEND TO

WATERS BROS.
Wyndham Street
GUELPH



—ACTON—
LIVERY —AND— BUS LINE

The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that

Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured

At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 10 a.m. and 6.10 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR.



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



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



CHINESE LAUNDRY.

In Pearson's Building, Willow Street, Acton.

Laundry collected and returned. Family Washing at reasonable rates. All work done by hand. No machines or chemicals used.

LEE KIM, and
MUN LEE, Proprietors.



WHEN YOU WANT
FLOUR
—and—
OATMEAL
GET OUR

OVERTON AND EDEN MILLS BRAND

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

HENRY HORTON.



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.



Bread Confectionary & Fruit Store.

HAVING purchased the business lately carried on by my brother, J. C. Matthews, I beg to solicit a continuance of the generous patronage accorded him. I will continue to supply all customers with

WESTON'S and WILLIAMS' BEST BREAD, BUNS, CAKES, ETC.

Will keep a good assortment of CONFECTIONERY, and FRESH FRUITS in season.

I will endeavor to give satisfactory attention to the wants of every patron.

MRS. ANNA MADDOCK
MILL STREET, ACTON.



SPRING HOUSE-CLEANING AND MOVING

Show the necessities the way of new


## Poetry.

### GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night.
The tiny stars peep on high;
The silvery moon;
The zephyrs whisper; the owls cry,
Good-night.

Good-night.
The busy marts of trade are still;
The water murmurs o'er the mill;
While softly sings the whippoorwill.
Good-night.

Good-night.
The children scamper off to bed,
And "Now I lay me down" is said;
The candle snuffed, the little head.
Good-night.

Good-night.
The church bells toll; the west winds sigh;
The hearth fires flicker, and then die,
While prayer is raised to God on high.
Good-night.

Good night.
So when the night of death is nigh,
And Heavenly gates before us lie
We'll gently whisper as we die,
Good-night.

## Select Family Reading.

### Uncle Siar Sees the Governor.

"CRACKEY! Siar, you's druffully shiftyminded.

That's what mother said when I told her I was a-goin' to the Fair over to Yarmouth. 'Cause we'd talked it all over before-handed and concluded not to go this year. Mother said folks would think we was a-gittin' flighty, goin' to town every year. But when I seed by the *Light* that Guvner Jones was a-goin' to be there I said to myself, "So be I." I hadn't never seed none of the big-wigs, so, says I, here's me chance.

After a spell mother says: "Well, I'm glad you're a-goin for one thing."

"'Cause," says she, "I found a hen's nest under the barn, and the eggs look as if they'd been laid a good while, and I'm feared to break 'em my-self 'cause they might be bad. And I guess, seeos you've a-goin' over to town you can take them eggs along and trade 'em off, so's they won't be wasted."

It does beat all, what a thrifty womern mother is—always thinkin' of ways to save.

"But," says mother, "your hair is druffl-l long and whiskers! And here it is dark and I kaint see to trim 'em."

"Never mind," says I, "I'll drap into one of these here barber shops when I git to town and git barbyoned." I seed mother looked a little mite hurt, 'cause she'd allus barbyoned me these last forty years back. So I hurried up to assure her it was only for lack of time that I didn't have her do it this time.

Next morning I got up real airly and got all my chores done up, and started for the train. Mother seed me off and cautioned me more'n once to be careful of them there eggs.

I'm kindy used to ridin' onto the train now, this bein' my third trip. So when I seed the Mister Conductor a-coming down the ile, I knew he just wanted to let a little daylight through my ticket. So I passed out the cardboard. The conductor passed the time of day with me and I with him. Then he interjuiced me to the gentleman I was settin' with, so's we could chat as we rode along—very thoughtful of the conductor, wasn't it?

Me and my new friend make talk at onct. He told he lived in a town, and had been down to see about forcloein' a mortgage onto some poor feller's place. He had brought his daughter down for a trip, and he pinted her out to me—she sot a few seats ahead of us, admirin' of the scenery along the side of the track. She was a nice lookin' young person about twenty-five years old and had on specs.

"Very intelectral lookin' young womern, I should say," says I.

"Intelectral!" says he, "I should say so. Why, sir, that gal has been goin' to school for twenty years."

"Twenty years!" says I, "what is she goin' to make of herself—principal of a ladies' college?"

"Oh, no," says he. "She don't care for teachin'. Likely she'll git married and settle down after a spell. She's talkin' of learnin' numsin' now, just to fill in the time. But they's one thing shore, she's got a lingin' good iddication."

"Along what lines is she iddicated," I asked.

"Oh, putty nigh everything—mathymatickes—langwidges—why she knows the Greek alpharbit! and she knows navigation—could navigate a ship—in theory, of course—that gal could, and survey a cattycornered field!"

"I'm! very accomplished," says I, dryly. "Does she expect to live among the Greeks, or go to sea for a livin' or be a land surveyor?"

"No, no! None of them things."

"Can she make a good blueberry fungee, or cut out a little pair of trowsers, 'thout having as much fulness in front as in the back?"

"Well, to tell the truth," says he, "she never had no time from her lessons to larn cookin, and as for sewin', when ever she takes up a needle it is to work battercups and things onto little dollies to give to folks Christmas. But she's had great advantages."

"H'm!" says I, thinkin' to myself that she hadn's made extra good use of them, 'cordin' to his tell; then I says: "I wopposs you hain't got no boys and you're stuffin the iddication for half a fambly into the girl."

"Oh, you're mistaken," says he. "I've got a boy too. He left school when he was twelve years old—just cypherin' in long division—and took a job in a store."

"Goin' to make his mark, is he?" I enquired, glaunin' at my friend kindy sideways.

"Eut—er—yes," says he; "he's been there four or five years and he gits three dollars a week now."

"Oh!" says I, keepin' my own opinion on that plut to myself. "It seems to me," says I, "they's something wrong with the school ways in town, as well as in the country. Down our way they vote just as little as the law allows, for school pappooses. Then the trustees have to hustle around and git the cheapest teacher in the country—if some other section haint got him, or her, already. Then they pack the school room so full of kids that the teacher can just squeeze in. Then some parents, when they think the children are beginnin' to larn somethin', put their young uns up to rejoin' old Ned to take up the teacher's time, and the other scholars' too. Then them pame parents or leastwise the fathers, go to the shop, set on nail kegs and spit at the stove, while they tell all comers how many kinds of a fool the teacher is."

"Shouldn't think they wou'd git good results from their schools," said my friend.

"That's just it!" said I. "They don't! There's skarcely a native of this township in the learned perfessions, and we have to send to Shelburne far nearly all our skule marms."

"What remedy would—" my friend started in to say. But we had arrived at Yarmouth. I bid goodby to my friend, and cautioning the conductor to hold the train for me as I didn't expect to be over half an hour late, I started up town with my eggs.

I called into a grocery shop to dispose of my hen-fruit. I seed a feller in there talkin' to the boss. I noticed he had a little basket of eggs almost like mine in appearance. I set my basket onto the counter to look around at the goods and listen to what the feller was a-talkin' about. I heard him say:

"Yes, new scheme. I got me incubator on the last boat. These eggs are pure breed—regular royal purple. Got 'em from from Uncle Israel Allen at Pembroke. I hatch 'em out in my incubator, feed the chicks up good and have nice spring chickens to sell to the Grand Hotel next February—see?" I looked up at the grocery man to see if he was nigh sighted but he didn't appear so. Seemed able to see all right enough. The young fellow circulated around lookin' at a few things and fingerin' up how much he would make off the new scheme, and then went out.

After he had been gone a spell I seed what I wanted and bargained for it. Then I went to get my eggs. Crracky! That young feller had accidently taken my basket and left hisn. I made inqury about who he was and where he lived but the grocer didn't know. Then the thought popped into my mind, if I can't find that feller to return him his eggs, I'll pay cash for the goods and take these eggs home and set them under the rooster (no hens bein' in the mood now) and won't mother be tickled to have a flock of purple chickens.

Then an afterthought popped. Won't Uncle Israel and the maker of that incubator and everybody else in reach get a callin down by that young feller, when his (supposed) royal purple eggs are opened up to see why they don't hatch. I can almost hear him now, and almost smell the eggs, too.

As I passed along the street, after comin' out of the grocery store, I happened to see my image in a lookin' glass in a store window. Notisin' how long my hair was, an' whiskers, I hunted up a barber shop and went in. The head barbyouer motioned me to a chair along side of a table full of papers, as he and his assistant were all busy. Just as I got real interested in lookin' at the pictures of some actresses, some one yelled:

"Necks!"

My first thought was that one of the barbyouers had suddenly gone crazy and was startin' in to cut folks' heads off with a razzor. It give me quite a'start. But seein' that nothin' went on 'cept one man got up out of a big arm chair, and the barbyouer motioned me to sit down in the same chair I sot. It was a mighty comfortable chair, but it didn't have no rockers on it—that was the only fault. They was a place to put your feet on in front, and a shelf with a hull lot of razors and little disguises onto it and a looking glass above. The feller put a big cloth—probably his wife's kitchen apron—over me and tucked under my chin. Then he said in a quiet, soothin' sort of voice:

"Short?"

"Well," says I, kind of stiff like, "I didn't bring much money with me, but I guess I kin scare up enough in my old clothes to pay you for cuttin' my hair and trimmin' up my whiskers a little mite."

"Oh, beg pawdon!" says he, very hastily, "I meant to ask if you wished your hair cut short."

"Yes," says I, "cut it short. I only come to town once a year."

"So the young feller he took up a little silver dingus and run it up and down the back of my head then around the sides, all around the bald spot. Then I looked into the glass to see how he was comin' on and crackey! there wasn't a mite of hair lef on my head!

"Young feller," says I, "that is too much of the good thing. The old womern won't let me into the house when I git back home."

"Will you have your beard trimmed Edward seventh style?" asked the young feller.

"No," says I, rubbin' the place where my hair used to was, and eyein' my image in the glass. "Not more'n Edward fifth or sixth for me, I thank you."

When he got through I suttenly looked spruey. I think along about Christmas I shall be able to go to meetin' and take my hat off, without a-causin' the young folks to snicker out aloud.

Beginnin' to feel kindy gonish about that time, I asked a young feller where I could get a little snack.

"Right over there to Moir's restaurant."

"Host whose aunt?' says I. "My aunt is dead years ago."

"No, no," says he; "dining-saloon."

"Well, young feller," says I, "dining's just what'll suit yer uncle Siar, but I don't know about them air saloons, if the members of our lodge should—".

"Oh," says he, "John's place is all right," So I drop in and had a bang up good lunch for a quarter. Havin' fortified the inner man I strack off out for the Exhibition buildin'. There wasn't two many bannaer stands outside as usual, but they seemed to make as much noise as ever. I missed Charley Godfrey like go, but I soon found Uncle William Corning was the right man in the right place.

I hung around lookin' at the exhibits, which I enjoyed doin' very much, until the Guvner come. Uncle Joe Wyman hustled around and got a platform erected and got some chairs onto it. I mistrusted like as not that was for the Guvner. Thinks I, as I'm gettin' a little mite nigh sighted and hard of hearin', I'll get up there and set in one of them there chairs. But while I was a-lookin' for a way to get up, I heard a great clappin' of hands and I looked up an' I swan if there wasn's Tom Flint settin' right in the very chair I was a-goin' to take and a whole lot of other chaps settin' in the other chairs, the Guvner and the Mrs. Guvner into the bargain.

Uncle Joe hit the table a couple of whacks with a club and told the people, in a loud tone of voice to pay attention. Then Mr. Cale interjuiced the Guvner to the folks and told him to fire away.

I couldn't hear very well, but as nigh as I could tell the Guvner said he was happy to remember the time when he went to school down to Moody's corner and got his young idea learnt how to fire off a gun, or words to that effect. It was fresh in his mind how he traded jack-knives with the Boulds and got cheated; how he and the Moody's swapped gum; how the Bingays blacked his off eye. It gave him joy to reflect how he swatted the Bingays on the nose; how he put "tick-tacks" on the windows of the Farlaines, and tied tin cans to the tail of anybody's old dog. He spoke reverently of his teacher, almost tearfully, as he alluded to the time when the old gentleman gave him a good trounclo' and started him on the road to bein' Guvner of the Province.

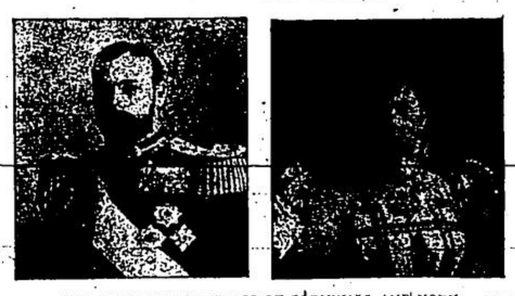
It was great.

But the crowd hustled me out of earshot, so I went out into the cattle yard. There I seed many a sight that did my eyes good. After lookin' at the magnificent geese and ducks, hens of all kinds, rabbits, etc., I came across a pair of cute little kittens. If I'd a-knowed kittens was goin' to be showed I could have brought up stacks of them from down our way.

Them there Devon cattle of George Churchill's was a sight to behold. I had just begun to git a good look at the cows, pigs and sheep when they began to take them away. I would like to particularize more onto the fair but my time and space is used up, and I've got no room for to recount my journey back home. Next time they's a fair in town, if I feel as spry as I be now, you will again hear from

YOUR UNCLE SIAR.

—*Yarmouth Light.*



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

### CANADA'S ROYAL GUESTS.

### 'NOW, SHOOT, IF YOU DARE.'

The man who gave me the facts was Mr. Hankins, an American sailor, who had sailed to a port in Chili. On going ashore to enjoy his day of liberty, he drank a little and became hilarious. One of the police officers, instead of warning him not to make a noise in the street, drew his sword and knocked him down. On that the American sailor got up and knocked the policemn down in return. He was arrested and tried and condemed to be shot on the following morning. Mr. Loring, the American Consul, expostulated with the authorities that it would be monstrous to shoot the man for such an offence; but they paid no attention to him so he thereupon made a formal protest in the name of the United States Government against the barbarious act. Mr. Hankins, the sailor, was in the morning brought out, pinioned, to be shot. As the English Consul, was preparing to hoist the Union Jack he saw the crowd in the field opposite, where the execution of the American sailor of which he had heard, was to take place. Rushing over to the American Consul, he said: "Good God! Loring, you're not going to let them shoot that man!" "What can I do?" he said. "I have protested against it. I can do no more." Quick as thought the English Consul shouted, "Give me your flag!" and in a trice the Stars and Stripes was handed to the English representative. At once taking his own Union Jack in his hand, he hastened across the field, elbowed his way through the crowd and the soldiery, and running up to the doomed man he folded the American flag around him and laid the Union Jack over it. Standing a few paces back he faced the officers and soldiers, and shouted defiantly: "Now, shoot if you dare, through the heart of England and America." And they dared not do it, for they feared the consequences; so the man was at once released."

### A CLOSE CALL.

A circus paid a flying visit to a small town and the price of admission was 20 cents, children under 10 years of age half price. It was Edith's tenth birthday, and her brother Tom aged 13, took her in the afternoon to see the show.

Arrived at the door he put down 30 cents and asked for two front seats.

"How old is the little girl?" asked the money-taker doubtfully.

"Well," replied Master Tom, "This is her tenth birthday, but she was not born until rather late in the afternoon."

The money-taker accepted the statement and handed him the tickets. But it was a close shave.

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

### THE BIBLE AS A WAR CODE.

Mr. Kruger's cable to his Pretoria relative, who enquired what was to be done with the ex-President's house it was no longer tenanted by the late Mr. Kruger, was: "Read Proverbs, vii, verses 19, 20": "For the goodman is not at home, he has gone on a long journey. He hath taken a bag of money with him and will come home on the day appointed."

Under Kruger rule every South African editor found the Bible an indispensable book of reference, most proclamations from Pretoria containing Biblical allusions. The latest cable sent by Mr. Kruger has now prompted a correspondent to a Leeuwarden (Holland) paper to enumerate a number of Scriptural messages exchanged by the Boer leaders just before the surrender of Cronje.

On February 25th 1900, Mr. Kruger telegraphed to General Christian De Wet (who was to rescue Cronje): "Notify Cronje that large reinforcements are on the road, and he will be released. Psalm xxii., 21, which reads:

"Save me from the lion's mouth, for Thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorn."

De Wet heliographed Cronje the same day at 12.20 p. m: "President telegraphs, 'Stand firm, reinforcements are approaching.' As soon as they arrive we shall attack at dawn on the north. Psalm lxiv., 7."

Cronje replied with Psalm xc., 7, also mentioning incidently that his food supplies were getting short, to which the ingenious De Wet retorted: "Psalm lix., 15":—

"Let them wander up and down for meat, and grudge if they be not satisfied."

But Cronje grew impatient; De Wet's promised convoy of food was long in coming, and he again heliographed, "Psalm xx., 7":—

"Some trust in chariots and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God."

No relief coming on the morning of the 26th, General Cronje heliographed: "The enemy has been enormously reinforced; I am hard pressed. Psalm iii, 1":—

"Lord, how are they increased that trouble me! Many are they that rise up against me."

The unhappy general's final message to De Wet was at 4.10 on the afternoon of the 26th: "Bombardment terrible; enormous losses. Majority of the burgers clamoring for capitulation. Psalm lx., 11":—

"Lord give us help from trouble, for vain is the help of man."

But this message was captured by Lord Roberts, who is generally credited on this continent with having heliographed to both De Wet and Cronje: "Psalm lxiii., 9, 10, 11":—

"But those that seek my soul to destroy it shall go into the lower parts of the earth.

"They shall fall by the sword; they shall be a portion for foxes.

"But the king shall rejoice in God; everyone that sweareth by him shall glory but the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped."

Most of the verses have been most aptly chosen, and in many cases convey the meaning of the sender as perfectly as a long message sent over the wires in the usual way.

### A FAMOUS CARPENTER.

Not many people knew that M. Carnot, the late President of the French Republic, was a carpenter by trade. It was true that he did not, in his mature years, practise the trade of a carpenter, but in his youth he had been taught that handicraft, and no doubt might have exercised it if it had been necessary. The family of Sadi Carnot's mother came from the little town of Chabanais, in the Charente, a department of western France.

Though they were people of means, they believed in Jean Jacques Rousseau's doctrine that every child should be taught a handicraft, in order that, in case of adversity, he may make his way in the world, and not be a burden upon any one.

In pursuance of their mother's belief in this principle, young Sadi Carnot and his brother were put at work every summer, when they went to Chabanais, to learn the trade of carpentering and joining. It was no mere play, for they were put in the midst of working carpenters and their helpers, on actual "jobs," and had to do their share of the work.

Madame Carnot not only insisted upon this, but gave the boys no preference over the other workers, while they were with them, in the matter of food. They had to eat at the same table and partake of the same plain fare.

In this way both boys became at last practical carpenters. At the same time they learned to enter into the feelings of laboring people, and to appreciate situation; and there is excellent reason to believe that the liberal opinions of the late President rested in large part on his practical acquaintance with the working people.

It is worth noting that these working vacations of young Sadi Carnot were a most agreeable time to him. He remembered the days spent at Chabanais with feelings of delight, and always went there for rest when occasion offered.

His mother, who is still living, looked forward with great pleasure to the expiration of her son' seven years of presidential service, when she expected to take him to Chabanais, as if he were a boy again, and give him a "good rest" there. It is quite possible that, if the assassin's hand had spared him, he might have found at the carpenter's bench a delightful relief from the cares of state.

### THE SHIRT WAIST MAN.

"What is the matter, father?" called Aunt Geehaw from the kitchen as she heard loud words being spoken in the dining room.

"Matter enough!" exclaimed Uncle Geehaw indignantly. "I b'lieve in bein' comfortable and sittin' at table in your shirt sleeves, but I tell thi here summer boarder feller that if he wants taw sit an eat at the table with me an Mary, b' gosh he's got taw put on a vest!"—Brooklyn *Eagle.*

### IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL EVENING.

"Mr. Bashful, how long have you been coming to see me?"

"About six years, Julia. Why?"

"Nothing, only I had a little argument with mamma about it this morning. She thought it was seven or eight. Isn't it a beautiful evening."

### *WHEN SHE'S AWAY.*

When the good wife's away for a visit
And stayeth a week or two,
Pray tell me, kind people, what is it
That maketh the home so blue?
There are ghosts from one end to the other,
In parlor and chamber and hall;
Oh, tell me why is it, my brother,
That gloom overspreadeth all?

"She's gone!" How the doors loudly squeak it;
"She's gone!" saith the key in the lock;
"She's gone!" all the stairs fairly shriek it;
"She's gone! hadly ticketh the clock.
The plants in the window turn yellow,
Their souls seem to sigh through the room,
And home that was sunny and mellow,
Becometh a cavern of gloom.

Do you know, I've a notion that heaven
Would truly be sorriest hell
With never a woman to leaven
The place with her magical spell,
And I'm sure I'll be awful dreary
Up there in those mansions above,
Unless they're made gracious and cheery
Will smiles of the woman I love.

—*Nixon Waterman.*

### "The Full Dinner Pail."

The American people spent for drink last year $1,059,249,832. This money was an absolute loss to the men who spent it. They received no valuable thing in exchange for their cash.

It was not only a loss, but an actual damage. It impaired their wage-earning ability and reduced their productive power.

It caused a loss to every other industry by reducing the drinker's ability to buy other things.

Their drinking made harder times for the grocer, the butcher, the baker, whom they did not pay and could not patronize.

The amount of last year's drink, if spent for the necessities of life, would give work in shop, factory, and field to 1,649,586 men.

It gives work in producing raw material and in manufacturing drink to only 300,901 men.

Closed gin mills would mean a chance to earn a living for 1,348,685 of the men who are now hunting for a job.

### EXACTLY AS HE ADVERTISED.

An indignant looking farmer returned to a horse dealer's about an hour after purchasing a horse.

"Look here, sir!" he exclaimed, "I don't want this horse you sold me! He shies. I can't get him to cross the bridge.

"That's the reason I sold him," said the dealer calmly. "Why did you come to me for the horse?"

"I saw the advertisement in the paper."

"I thought so. I gave my reason for selling him."

"Yes, to be sold for no other reason than that the owner wants to go out of town."

"Well, if you can get out of town with him," said the dealer, "it will be more than I can do."

### RUSSIAN RIDDLES.

Here are some riddles which the boys and girls in Russia puzzle their heads over. See how many of them you can answer without looking at the answers:

1. I am blind, but show others the way, deaf and dumb, but know how to count.

2. People pray for me and long for my coming; but directly I appear they hide themselves.

3. I have four legs and feathers but am neither beast nor bird.

4. There are four brothers under one hat.

5. Four brothers run side by side, but never catch one another.

Answers:—1. A milestone; 2, rain; 3, a feather-bed; 4, legs of a table; 5, wheels of a cart.

### JUST TO THINK OF.

When a man praises his wife, he always makes a good investment.

Neither the man who never changes mind nor the man who is changing mind all the time is likely to make much progress.

Laughter is said to be a cure for dyspepsia. The trouble with it is that the dyspeptic never feels like laughing.

A compliment paid to a homely girl is never wasted.

Cherries are common in the ladies' hats this year. Cherries and peaches always did go well together.—Somerville *Journal.*

### IF MEN ONLY WOULD.

If the young men who are measuring taps and lasts would surrender their work to the young girls who are seeking employment and turn their attention to the pursuits of agriculture, there would be less misery and more contentment in the land; there would be more independence and less servility; more men and fewer creatures; more happy wives with comfortable homes beautiful children and cheerful tempers.—*Southern Farm Magazine.*

### ACCOMMODATING.

"Come back as soon as possible," said her mistress to Maggie, who was going home in response to a telegram saying her mother was ill.

"Yes, mum," promised Maggie.

A day or two after a letter came:

"Dear Mis Braith; I will be back next week, please keep my place, for me mother is dying as fast as she can.

Toobligd.
Maggie."


NO FAILURES OR DISAPPOINTMENTS WHEN DIAMOND DYES ARE USED.

A Word About Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns.

Do you make up mats, rugs or carpets in your home? If so, you will readily admit that your success is largely due to the lovely and brilliant colors given to your materials by the use of Diamond Dyes. Users of Diamond Dyes know that they never suffer failures or disappointments in their work; they quickly and easily get the exact colors they require, and never waste time or money. If you are interested in the popular work of rug making, and cannot procure the "Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns" from your local dealer, send your address at once to The Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal, and will receive free of cost sheets of designs to select from.


The secret of success is constancy to purpose.—Longfellow.