The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

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

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

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1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

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

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

Accounts payable monthly.

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M.,
SUCCESSOR TO
J. F. 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. R. C. S. GLASGOW.
MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, ETC.
SUCCESSOR TO DR. KELLY.
Office—Frederick Street - Acton, Ont.

DR. DRYDEN,
EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.
Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets.
GUELPH.
OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2 to 4 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 McKee's Drug Store.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
VISITING DAYS.—First and third Tuesdays, Brookville; Friday, Hockwood.
The latest anaesthetic used if desired.

LEGAL.

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

J. H. 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—Terryman'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 $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 822, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph.

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

Travellers' Samples

of a fine lot of
Ladies' Purses,
Card Cases,
Wallets for Bills,
Photo Cases,
Shopping Bags,
In Seal and Crushed Morocco Calf and Alligator.

BIG SNAPS.

First comes gets the best.

DAY'S BOOKSTORE
GUELPH.
DAY SELLS CHEAP.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Capital $6,000,000
Rest 2,600,000

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

Interest at most favorable current rates allowed on Savings Bank accounts and Deposit Receipts.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Special attention given to Farmers' Business.

MONEY ORDERS.
FOR ANY SUM UP TO $50.
Payable at any banking point in Canada outside of the Yukon Territory, may now be procured at the Bank Counter without any delay.

ACTON BRANCH.
Y. H. WALLACE, Manager.

ANY PICTURES TO FRAME?
Any Pictures to Frame?
GO ON 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

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.

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 once week. STANDARD HOUSE, 1 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 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. V. H. JONES, Manager.

We Offer An Inducement in Lamps.

October passes out and November and winter pays 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 100 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.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL Proprietor

ARE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse-clouting and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gumming and filing done.

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. Savers, Proprietor.

Sun Savings and Loan Co.
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT
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 paid 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

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

WHEN YOU WANT
FLOUR
—and—
OATMEAL
GO TO UR
GVERTON AND EDEN MILLS BRAND
The best in the market.
All wide-awake dealers use it.
Mates quality—prices right.
HENRY HORTON

Poetry.

GIVE ME DRINK.

There's my money; give me drink!
Fire to feed my hungry blood,
Drown my slightest wish to think!
Give me drink!

Drench me in the burning flood,
Until life and soul are numb,
Until every pulse is dumb,
Give me drink!

There's my clothing, there's my food,
Strip my limbs and leave them bare,
What care I how people stare?
Give me drink!

They know not the fearful thirst
Of what they call the cup accursed—
The cup in which my brain's immersed;
Give me drink

There's my children, give me drink!
Make me drunken in my heart!
I would sever every link,
Ere my cup and I should part!
Give me drink!

There is no hopeth here,
Unhallowed by a woman's tear,
Unflavoured with a wise man's sneer;
Their notice makes the draught more dear,
Give me drink!

There's my health and peace of mind,
I will give it all to thee,
I will throw my life behind,
I will crouch upon my knee:
Give me drink!

There's my wife—my wedded wife—
Once I loved her as my life:
What is wife and life to me?
Give me drink!

Here's my standing as a man;
Give me drink!
Here's my Christian love and hope:
Give me drink!

Can I bear the social ban?
I can do what others can:
I can swear, and steal, and kill,
So the draught be at my will—
Give me drink

Here's my faith in all mankind!
Give me drink!
I scatter it upon the wind—
Give me drink!

And here—oh, here's my faith in God
I will not bend and kiss the rod,
I'll trample Heaven iron-shod:
Give me drink!

Make me drunken in my brain,
I will give thee wealth and fame;
Make me drunken in my heart,
I will give thee spotless name:
Give me drink!

Make me drunken night and day;
I will give my soul away,
God, and peace, and child and wife!
Love, and faith, and hope, and life!
Give me drink!

—*J. W. Watson.*

Select Family Reading.

The Carved Ivory Screen.

BY M. CARNIE HYDE.

NOTHING could have been more exquisite than the last bit of bric-a-brac that Mr. Frederick Madson had added to his choice collection.

It was a carved ivory screen, not more than nineteen inches high, but so beautifully done, so Thorywaldsen-like in its grace of design, that one might almost fall on one's knees in worship of it, as a thing divine.

This, in truth, was almost what Mr. Frederick Madson was doing; he was on his knees before it, following out every line in the sweet angel's face and in the delicate forms of the two cherubs she carried, in the shower of fairy roses they sent to the wind, in the perfection of the rococco edge-work; studying all with the bated breath and adoring eyes of one truly worshipping at a shrine of ideal beauty.

"To think that it had been in that shop window for two weeks and I never noticed it, though passing every day! To think that there are human hands so skillful that they can cut this dream from a flat surface! To think that poverty can be so pressing that the carver does this miracle and parts with it for a song!" And he rose from his knees to erect as his own exclamation marks, still admiring it, still adoring it like one charmed.

"Frederick," said a gentle voice behind him, "aren't you ever coming to dinner? The bell has rung twice."

"Yes mother, I'm coming," he laughingly answered, "if I can get away from it. Did you ever see anything lovelier as the light shines through it and brings out a whole gamut of cream tints from the deepest to the palest?"

"It is very beautiful," said his mother, handling over it. "See, here is a name—'Marie, Roma.' Isn't that unusual on work of this kind?"

"'Work of this kind?'" repeated Frederick; "but whoever sees work of this kind? I wonder if it can be a woman who did it? 'Marie!' that sounds feminine enough."

"I have known people in France whose last name was Marie," his mother rejoined, "but still it may be a woman, you know. Come now to dinner and decide that afterward."

Frederick obeyed, but all the time at dinner and after dinner, "Marie, Roma" rang in his ears. Can she be a woman? If so, she must be a lovely one and a poor one; no ugly peasant, but a dainty lady must have carved that charm, and she must be sorely in need of money, or how could she have ever parted with such dreamland loveliness?

"What are you thinking of?" said his mother good-naturedly, sitting near him in the library, some fancy work in hand.

"I? Ah! Oh! I was thinking I would go up to old Preston and ask him if he knows anything of this Marie, Roma."

His mother laughed.

"How in love with it you are?" she asked.

"Yes—no; that is, I might be able to order a special companion-piece if I knew the carver's address," and he went out into the hall for his overcoat and hat.

"I wish the dear boy had a special companion-piece," whispered his mother to herself, as she heard the front door close after him. "I am such a poor, old, fragile piece of bric-a-brac for his fireside;" and she moved farther back from the hot fireplace.

Frederick walked rapidly, coming to the shop where he had bought the screen quite out of breath. Then he pulled himself together and entered into his usual state of dignity.

"You remember the carved ivory screen I bought here early this afternoon?" he said.

"Oh, most certainly," said the shopkeeper, bowing and rubbing his hands heartily. "A most beautiful thing."

"Have you anything more by the same hand?"

The shopkeeper shut one eye and pursed his lips as if reflecting deeply, then said slowly:

"I am sorry we have not. To tell you the truth, a bit of pure art like that is very rare. Still if anything more comes of that kind I will let you know."

"I observed," said Frederick, taking up the conversation, much to the surprise of the little shopkeeper, who had thought it finished, "that in one corner there was Marie, Roma.' Do you know anything of that signature?"

"Oh! Most certainly! The piece was from Rome," he answered; but 'Marie!' No, I don't know that. Perhaps the wrapper it came in would be of some aid. Did you notice it, sir?"

"No, I did not," said Frederick, as if ready to take himself to task for a complete stupid. "I will look it up. Thank you." And he hurried out of the shop just as the next customer entered.

Once more in his library, he fumbled in the waste-paper basket till the screen wrapping came to light. Yes, there was the importer's address, as clear as crystal, on the quadrangular bit of blue paper in one corner: "C. R. Pallatino, — —, Roma. Importer of Fancy Goods." This last in plain English.

"C. R. Pallatino, — —, Roma, must disclose the full address of "Marie, Roma."

Frederick did not intend to be either imaginative or romantic, but with every glance at the screen, "Marie, Roma," was taking definite shape. She was tall and slight, with regular features and the expression of a Madonna, as day after day she bent her sweet face over the delicate carving that kept the wolf of want and hunger from her garret door. Ah, yes! Frederick had worked out the picture completely, even to the garret door. How charming to walk in upon her, wrest her beautiful work from her hands, say, "Marie, you need never carve an inch of ivory again!" Etc., Etc.

It was an easy thing for this wealthy young bachelor to leave his home to his mother and make one of his quick trips to Europe. Nobody questioned; nobody commented, and everybody wished they could do the same. Three weeks later and Frederick was in Rome, threading one of its dark, obsolete little byways and looking up the address of "C. R. Pallatino, — —," with warm, tired ardor, because for an hour it had eluded him.

There it was at last! The name clearly above the brown, weather-worn door, and a crooked, twisting flight of stairs by which to reach it. Very rapidly Frederick climbed them, paid no attention to the "No admission" sign, and tapping quickly, walked into an ill-lighted, rubbish-loaded room, in which a dark, oily Italian was packing odds and ends of art work for importation to America. He looked keenly up at Frederick, as if he were an intruder.

Frederick nodded to him and made a quick inquiry in Italian.

"Ya-as, ya-as, I know what you mean," the importer answered in excellent England. "It was ivory screen, most delicate most bootiful, sent to Meester Preston,—— Street, New York. Oh, ya-as, the name on it was, as you say, 'Marie, Roma,' and he leaned again over his packing as if cutting short the interruption.

"Will you kindly give me the full address?" Frederick continued, with a little assumption of command.

"You wish to obtain more of her work. I am the agent. You must deal directly with me," and the Italian straightened from his bending position, brushing bits of packing from his sleeves. "I regret me much that I have not one thing of here to offer you."

"Bihe!" "Here!"

Frederick caught at the pronouns with a gasp of satisfaction as he replied:

"I have no intention of purchasing directly from the carver, but wish, as long as I am so near, to see the author of this rare work."

The importer smiled shrewdly.

"You can assure me that you are no dealer or importer in this line like myself?"

"Most assuredly," answered Frederick, with considerable scorn in his voice.

"And that you will buy the signorina's work from me and not from her?"

"I think I said so once,"—Frederick responded, making a note of the importer's "signorina."

"Ah, well, it can do no harm, though the signorina is incapacitated from work by an accident to her right hand several weeks ago. Here, Antonio!" And he motioned to a little dark boy dusting vases in a corner, where he had escaped Frederick's notice. "Here, Antonio, I say, take this gentleman to the signorina's, and don't be long about it."

Antonio was instantly at the stair door, beckoning Frederick to follow him into the by-alley.

Placing a fat coin within the importer's easy reach, Frederick hastened after his small guide, turning up and down a labyrinth of footways till they came out upon a street in front of an old palazzo that must have been doing its best to decay and crumble away for the last hundred years. Antonio raised the knocker, held out his dusky palm for his fee, then clattered away as if an unseen taskmaster were after him with a whip.

The door was opened by a neat serving-woman, who admitted Frederick without a question, and carried his card to a fair, blonde young woman in the adjoining room.

There was a suppressed sound of surprise, a slight rustle of draperies, and Frederick looked up to find himself in the presence of not a dark, madonna-faced Italianess, but a sweet little bobolink of a woman who two seasons before had been the belle of the set he had gone out with in New York.

"Marie Furgerson!" he exclaimed.

"Frederick Madison!" she cried, holding out her left hand to him, for the right one was in bandages.

"Explain," he said.

"Tell me," she said, in turn, "have you come to take me home?"

"I—oh—" he stammered, unable to be connective. "I don't think I understand. Is it you that carved that beautiful screen?"

"Yes. Papa lost his all, but I did not mind so long as I could cut ivories; that is such lovely work! A dear old Italian showed me how and lent me his patterns; but now my right hand is injured. I ran a sharp instrument into it, and as I can't work, I cabled to my New York friends that I would come home, so I fancied just in my surprise that perhaps they had sent you to see to my going home; but then I am forgetting that it would not be correct as neither of us is married."

"But we might be," he interposed, recalling the time that Marie Furgerson had seemed all the world to him, till he heard of her engagement to a man he so heartily disliked that the had tried hard to forget both.

"I observed," said Frederick, taking up the conversation, much to the surprise of the little shopkeeper, who had thought it finished, "that in one corner there was Marie, Roma.' Do you know anything of that signature?"

"Oh! Most certainly! The piece was from Rome," he answered; but 'Marie!' No, I don't know that. Perhaps the wrapper it came in would be of some aid. Did you notice it, sir?"

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WHOM DO YOU RUN WITH.

There is the law of cohesion in the moral as well as the physical atoms of this universe. Like is drawn to like. Birds of a feather flock together, whether they are blackbirds or jailbirds. When you see a man frequent the company of gamblers, drunkards or thieves, it is safe to assume that his plumage harmonizes with theirs, no matter how skilfully he may be disguised by the few respectable feathers he flourishes. Decent men have no affinity with scallawags and vice versa. "Show me your company," says an old proverb, "and I will tell you what you are." When you see a young man—or for the matter, an old man—flock with those birds of gay plumage that flit in and out of the glittering side entrances to Hell, it does not take much of a prophet to outline his career in advance. We have no patience with little fellows who chirp about the difficulty of leading a virtuous life and who whine about the temptations of city or town life being so great, "don't you know." Why an angel from heaven would be corrupted if he spent an hour in the company you were in last night, you poor little devil's fledgling. If you have any ambition to be anything but a moral buzzard, get up and shake yourself free from the company of vultures. "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and walk not into the way of evil men." "Solomon" —*In Canadian Baker and Confectioner.*

THE CANADIAN VOLUNTEER.

The Premier and members of the Dominion Government, who looked on the cavalry, infantry and artillery which paraded before the Duke of York yesterday, ought to take to heart the truth that the Canadian volunteer is worth more than the amount the country spends on his military education.

Militarism is not the only or the highest form of patriotism. Canada is not bloodthirsty, but the review yesterday was in essence a tremendous demonstration, or indication may be a better word, of Canada's wealth in the raw materials of efficiency in the holy science of national self-defence.

It was a great and thrilling sight—the troopers and the gunners and the infantry brave of heart, clear of head, and aided by the native intelligence which makes the free citizen a mightier soldier than the drilled serf.

The lesson of the day is that public opinion will support a policy of liberality towards the volunteers. Public opinion should demand that no imported prejudice or narrow red tape ideas be allowed to squander the money of the Canadian Government or the enthusiasm and high military capacity of the Canadian volunteer.—*Telegram.*

VARIETIES.

The place of the daughter in the home is as large or as small a place as she is able to make it. It is really a creative place one in which she can be the brightest, happiest, most helpful influence in the home, or simply a partaker of the comforts and protection of the home, with no thought of any return on her part.

A large congregation assembled in the little schoolhouse at Spring Hill on Sunday to witness the marriage of a young couple after the regular service, says Susquehanna special to the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. Rev. Elkanah Swift, the preacher in charge, had an old silk hat that had been stored in a loft. At the instance of his wife he took the hat to the schoolhouse. At the close of the service the deacon picked up the hat and received the offering, when scores of wasps emerged from the recesses of the hat and instantly attacked the congregation. The preacher was the first person to escape. He was closely followed by the deacon, while the remainder of the people fled through the door. Few escaped the stings of the angry wasps which had made a nest in the hat. The marriage of the young couple took place at the bride's home in the evening.

THE CLIMAX.

An exchange tells of a father and mother who were trying to find names for their twin babies, who by the way were girls. It was decided that the father must name them. After casting about and finding no names that exactly suited him, he determined to end the strain on his mind and name them Kate and Duplicate. In the course of time another pair of twins came who were boys. This time he wanted his wife to christen the boys. Imagine his feelings when the mother one day told him she had named them Pete and Repeat. But when the third pair came the father grew frightened and named them Max and Climax.

THE JOB HE PREFERRED.

Just after the fall of Bloemfontein soldiers were called upon, owing to the scarcity of civilians, to work the railway. The weary man were lying in camp one night after a hard day's work, when a sergeant called out:

"Any of you men want to put your names down as railway porters, drivers, stokers, or for any other appointment in connection with the railway?"

The silence was broken only by snores. Then one Tommy slowly raised his head and drowsily muttered:

"Put me down as a sleeper."—*London Spare Moments.*

After the grip, pneumonia or typhoid fever, take Hood's Sarsaparilla—It restores health and strength.

SUGAR BEETS AS A MORTGAGE LIFTER.

If the expectations of the best sugar people come true this industry will prove of immense value to the province of Ontario. There seems little doubt that the industry will succeed as well in Ontario as it has in the adjoining State of Michigan. A deputation of Berlin, Ont., citizens interested in a prospective beet-sugar factory visited Bay City the other day and they bring back a most-to-report of the money that is to be made in the beet-sugar industry, by both farmers and manufacturers. Beet-sugar factories have taken the place of the saw mill that used to flourish at Bay City. Three factories are in operation within a radius of thirteen miles of the city, and several others are under construction. Since their advent the city has built 170 miles of stone road for the benefit of beet growers. To keep an average sugar plant in operation requires 500 tons of beets per day, 90 tons of coal, 75 tons of lime rock, 8 tons of coke, 5,000,000 gallons of river water, 400,000 of pure water, and from this is made about 100,000 lbs. of granulated sugar.

The business men of Bay City say that their business has been better the past year than ever before, not excepting the palmy lumber days. During the first two weeks of the present month 51 mortgages were discharged against farm property, and the lifting of these yokes was directly traceable to the sugar-beet crop. Farm land has increased in value, and it is hard to rent at any price, and the "Farm for Sale" notice so conspicuous in past years is now conspicuous for its absence. The three refineries in the county in which Bay City is situated have brought to the county at least four thousand new people, who have been enrolled as bona fide residents. The farming and agricultural lands have been enhanced in value at least three million dollars. The business and commercial interests of the county have been quickened by the increased capital, which has been placed in circulation. The slipshot method of careless agricultural customs has been abandoned, and the theory of intense farming has been almost universally resorted to. Land which has heretofore produced, when cultivated to ordinary grain crops, from $7 to $10 an acre net to the owner, is capable of producing, when properly grown to beets, from $50 to $90 per acre, besides giving permanent employment to at least four times the number of laborers. Large refineries pay out each year $500,000. There is plenty of work for the poorer classes in the beet fields and good wages are paid. Having plenty of work in the summer, the poorer classes are building their own homes and paying the mortgages on their homes. The laboring classes and such mechanics as carpenters, bricklayers, stonemasons and plasterers are kept steadily working from November until February or March in the refineries, after their outdoor work is through in the fall. This makes the location of the beet-sugar factories most profitable in or near a city, and of lasting benefit to the mechanic.—*World.*

HERE AND THERE.

An old lady asked Prof Hadley, of Yale, (he tells the story himself), what he was teaching. To his reply, Economics, she said thoughtfully: "Oh, you teach your students to be economical! That is good. When I was young they never learned to be economical till they were married."

Patience—How selfish men are, aren't they?

Patrice—What's the matter now?

"Why, haven't you noticed that before a man gives a girl an engagement ring he takes her for her hand?"

"Certainly."

"Well, he does that so that he'll own the hand that wears the ring. Can't you see through that plain enough?"

"I am not much of a mathematician," said a cigarette, "but I can add to a man's nervous troubles, I can subtract from his physical energy, I can multiply his aches and pains and divide his mental powers, and can take interest from his work and discount his chances of success."

"Yes," he remarked to himself, as he gazed at the tall, thin, unprepossessing girl at the school commencement, "she must be what they call a post graduate."

Young bride—No woman is worth looking at after thirty.

Lady Ethel (some fifteen years older than the bride)—Quite true, dear; nor worth listening to before.

They were looking through the library.

"If you had the divine gift, of what would you rather write?" asked the romantic young woman.

"Checks," replied the sordid young man.

WHY WE CHEER.

Don't err, it isn't the Duke of York alone the nation cheers, but the throne and the people behind it—the beef-eaters, the sturdy men, those who have made the little island great.

We look at the Duke and pass him away down the long avenue of British history. We cheer because Wellington won at Waterloo; we cheer because the maimed, glorious Nelson fell and every man did his duty; we cheer because of Gordon, the great man with a soul that wanted to reach out and love the whole world; we cheer because of Alfred the Great, the road-maker and burner of pancakes; we cheer because of Cromwell, the old-time rough rider, because of Shakespeare, the poet for all time, and Milton his brother in immortality; because of Byron and Tennyson, Burns and Gladstone; because of her whom we loved, our Queen, his grandmother; because of our King, whom we respect, his father.

The arches, the great guns, the hat doffed, courtiers on their knees, the cheers are not for the Duke, alone, but in honor of the great of the little Island that he represents, and in whose history he may some time take a vital part as King.

A BACHELOR'S EXPERIENCE.

A Warkworth paper tells of a bachelor who bought two sheets of sticky fly paper, and took it to his room to catch the pesky insects that insisted on him having his morning snooze. Carefully placing them on two chairs by his bed, he went out for a smoke, but when he returned he had forgotten about the fly trap and sat down. With the patience of Job the trousers were pulled off to facilitate the removal of the paper. His mind became so absorbed in the operation that he sat down on the other chair. Out of respect for the poor bachelor a veil is drawn over the second scene.

GIRLS ON HALLOWEEN.

Within the kitchen's ample space
A group of girls were seen,
Intent on trying by themselves
The tricks of Halloween.

They melted lead upon the stove,
And curious guesses made,
As in the water it revealed—
The future husband's trade.

The chestnuts danced around awhile;
Then came to sudden stop,
And some were roasted to a coal,
While others went off—pop!
And, oh! the maidens' cheeks were red
As roses are in June,
For 'twas a sign that laggard swains
Would pop the question soon.

They entered in a shadowed room,
And in the mirror gazed,
And, as the face that met their own,
Were pleasantly amazed;
But each had shrined within her heart
The lover she held dear;
So 'twas not strange if in the glass
His image did appear.

Like pretty nuns they sat awhile,
With eyes demurely closed;
Because, forsooth, upon each lid
An apple-pit reposed.
And if the right one lingered long—
Ah! well the sign she knew,
That, though all others might prove false,
He'd be forever true.

The years went on; the girls were wed;
Each one a lovely bride;
As many and many a time they laughed
At tricks that they had tried.
And, strange to say—and yet not strange,
So oft false steps between—
They did not marry those who held
Their hearts that Halloween.

Josephine Pollard.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

Stories of children's sayings are especially interesting when they show the vivid truth with which facts of life appear to an untrained mind for the first time. The little child who opened the window when it thundered because she "wanted to hear God talk," recognized a real truth which her father who taught electrical science had long ago forgotten.

A visitor at Gray Gables last summer found Ruth Cleveland, the bright little daughter of the President, lying flat on her back in the nursery, crying silently and refused to be comforted.

"What is the matter?" asked the guest.

"Toothache."

"But why do you not get up, my child? Doc's lie there."

"The toothache is too heavy," sobbed Ruth. "I can't carry it about."

Job himself in the first ages of the world found no better way to describe his mighty grief.

Another child of four has just had the honor of adding a word to the English vocabulary. He is the son of a well-known Oxford scholar, and was walking in the fields with his father and an eminent philologist, when he spied some tansy growing near. He pulled the leaves and ran with them to his father, crying:

"This is the most smellful flower of all."

The philologists looked at each other. "Smellful" they decided, to be a much needed word, simple and expressive. It may find a place in future lexicons.

Very few children, however, have like these the natural keenness of perception and facility for language which enable them to express a feeling or a fact with novelty and force.

The "smart" saylogs for which children are usually applauded are as a rule imitations of the speech of older people, and argue only the pertect talent in the child. The applause serves to stimulate vanity, and the child who at eight is praised as a prodigy, at eighteen is not frequently shunned as a bore and pretender.

OFFSETTING THE DEBT.

Joseph Rend was telling a little coterie of men at the Great Southern Hotel a funny story recently narrated to him by Governor McCorcle of West Virginia. A colored man was telling a white friend about another negro who owed him $2 and absolutely refused to pay the debt. The creditor dunned and dunned him, but all to no purpose. Finally the creditor went to his white friend, who is a lawyer, and poured his tale of woe into his ear.

"Well," said the lawyer, "if he positively refused to pay you, what reason did he give?"

"Well, boss," said the colored man, "he said he had owed me dat money fo' so long dat de interest had dun at all up and he didn't owe me a cent."

EGOTISM.

A man cannot with propriety speak of himself, except he relates simple facts, as, "I was at Richmond"; or what depends on mensuration, as, "I am six feet high." He is sure he has been at Richmond; he is sure he is six feet high; but he cannot be sure he is wise, or that he has any other excellence. Then all censure of a man's self is oblique praise. It is in order to show how much he can spare. It has all the invidiousness of self-praise, and all the reproach of falsehood.

IN A BAD WAY.

"You'll have to excuse my dolly," said the little four-year-old, with great dignity. "She's indisposed." "What is the matter with her, Kitty?" asked the visitor, with a show of friendly interest and s