The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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

Accounts payable fortnightly.

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M., SUCCESSOR TO J. P. UREN, M. D. C. M. Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick streets, Acton. Office Hours:—8 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 3 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL. L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH. L. L. P. & S. GLASGOW. MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, ETC. SUCCESSOR TO DR. NELLY. Office—Frederick Street - - Acton, Ont.

DR. DRYDEN, EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE. Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets. GUELPH. OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 3 to 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 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—Perryman'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 343, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

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.

ACTON

Machine and Repair Shops

HENRY GRINDMIL Proprietor

A MM well equipped with all the machinery necessary to enable us to repair to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam fitting, horse shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any ashius or implement of any make. Saw gumming and filing done.

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 BELLS CHEAP.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

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

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

T. H. WATSON, Manager.

ANY PICTURES TO FRAME?

Any Pictures to Frame?

GO ON SEND TO

WATERS BROS.

Wyndham Street

GUELPH

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

1831 Seventy-second year 1902

The ONLY Agricultural NEWSpaper,

AND ADMITTEDLY THE LEADING AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL OF THE WORLD.

Every department written by specialists, the highest authorities in their respective lines. No other paper pretends to compete with it in qualifications of editorial staff. Gives the agricultural NEWS with a degree of completeness not even attempted by others.

INDISPENSABLE TO ALL COUNTRY RESIDENTS WHO WISH TO KEEP UP WITH THE TIMES.

Single Subscription, $1.50; Two Subscriptions, $2.50; Five Subscriptions, $5.00.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS to RAISERS OF LARGER CLUBS.

Four Months' Trial Trip 50 cents.

SPECIMEN COPIES will be mailed free on request. It will pay anybody interested in any way in country life to send for them. Address the publishers:

LUTHER TUCKER & SON
Albany, N. Y.

W. BARBER & BROS.

Paper Makers

Georgetown, Ontario.

BOOK, NEWS, COLORED PAPERS

JOHN R. BARBER

Acton Pump Works

Main Street, Acton.

If you are in need of a good Pump, either in wood or iron, come to Acton Pump Works.

—Cisterns Made—
—All Repairs Promptly Attended to—
—Wells Cleaned—

THE CHICAGO ADMIMOTOR

Is acknowledged the lightest running and best windmill manufactured. I am agent for this district. Call and investigate before you buy.

T. EBBAGE,
Main Street, 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 advanced each week; STANDARD HOUSE, 334 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. P. H. JONES, Manager.

Bond & Co.,

GUELPH,

FOR

Mechanics Tools.

"Starrett" Tools are THE Tools. They are guaranteed accurate. Our stock includes Micrometers, Callipers, Thread Gauges, Hacksaws, Combination Squares, Centre Gauges, Rules, etc.

Special Tools procured on short notice. Enquiries promptly attended to.

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 Horlop'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 see what we are doing.

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

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

SPRING HOUSECLEANING AND MOVING

Show the necessities the way of new

FURNITURE, MATTRESSES, SPRINGS, ETC.

And JOHNSTONE & CO. are confident they can fill your wants very satisfactorily and at the lowest living prices.

Special attention is given to Upholstering, either in new work or repairing.

Picture Framing is a specialty. All orders receive prompt attention.

The New Raymond Sewing Machine is the favorite hereabouts and Johnstone & Co supply them.

Carpets made up to order, and Housefurnishings also in variety. Roller Blinds of all kinds in stock.

JOHNSTONE & CO,
Furniture Dealers & Undertakers
Main St., Acton.

WHEN YOU WANT FLOUR —and— OATMEAL GET OUR

ORTON AND EDEN MILLS BRAND

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

HENRY HORTOP.

NASSAGAWEYA

Saw and Planing Mills.

Lumber and Shingles

AT LOWEST PRICES.

Mill stuff cut to order.
Wood at $1 a load at the mill.

P. Sayers, Proprietor.

Poetry.

IF I WAS RICH.

If I was rich, I tell you w'at,
I'd have a bully time;
I'd spend a lot on candy—
Why, I guess I'd spend a dime
An' soda water, too, you bet,
I'd buy a glass each day/
An' jus' plunk down a quarter
When it come the time to pay.

I'd buy a lot of soldiers, too,
Like cousin Joe has got,
An' then it wouldn't matter much
If one or two got shot
An' lost their heads an' arms an legs
An' couldn't go to war—
For when a feller's rich, you see,
He goes and buys some more.

I'd have a boat with sail an' things,
An' p'r'aps a train o' cars,
An' all the kinds o' jelly w'at
Comes all put in jars
An' always stays locked up so's I
You can never get a bit,
Except when big folks comes around
An' eats most all of it.

I'd get a pair o' boxin' gloves,
A jumpin' lathe an, tools;
An' picture books, but bet the kind
You see at Sunday Schools;
An' if they tried to make me go
To school thro' rain an' shine,
I wouldn't go a step, no sir,
I'd rather pay the fine.

P'r'aps I'd get a bike, besides,
If I was awful rich,
An' if I a baseball, the kind
What really players pitch;
An' then I'd get a—well let's see,
I can't tell all I'd do—
But pa an' ma should have their share,
An' Sister Nellie, too.

—*By William Wallace Whitelock.*

Select Family Reading.

A Happy Mistake.

DAY by day I had seen the lines of care deepen round my father's mouth and forehead and watched my mother's pale and anxious gaze rest upon him.

Night after night did Maude and I lay side by side and spend the hours when sleep, they tell us, lands us beauty in wondering what trouble was hovering over us.

But the knowledge came all too soon. My father had lent money which he supposed he could call in at any time. The time arrived but the money was not forthcoming. His health was rapidly failing him, a fact his business anxieties in no way helped, and we soon knew that he must mortgage heavily the farm, and that if his health continued to fail he might soon be unable even to pay the interest.

Then Maude and I began to hold our whispered conversations to better purposes—to decide that we were strong and young and healthy and that such gifts were given to us to be made use of, and so it ended in our sending off a mysterious letile to the old school teacher and waiting and watching days for a reply, which came at last to tell us she had succeeded in finding a situation as governess at a competency which to us seemed wealth.

The lady was willing to take any one on her recommendation, and either of us she felt assured, would fill the role. So she left it for us to decide—one must go and one must stay.

At last Maude said it must be she who must go. She was older than I, and she thought that she would be happier away working than at home sitting with folded hands. She was so pretty, so loving and loveable that it seemed as though we could not let her go among strangers.

At first father and mother would not listen to us, but we overruled all objections, and Maude wrote and appointed a day for her coming.

The intervening time passed rapidly away in preparation, and at last the one Sunday left us rose bright and clear. Maude looked so lovely that morning in her pretty hat with its long drooping feather, that I did not wonder the eyes of a stranger in the church wandered persistently to our pew.

He was a tall, handsome man, sitting with the Leonards—a name which in our village represented the aristocracy and wealth.

There were gentlemen from London visiting there constantly, but their gaze did not often wander from the stylish, elegant Misses Leonard to seek any other attractions.

I saw them glance round once or twice, as if to discover what else in the church could possibly distract attention from themselves, and I fear I felt more pride in Maude's beauty than was quite consistent with the sacred place in which we were.

But after she had gone and at night I went for the first time to my room alone I felt that she had chosen the better part—that it was easier even to go forth among strangers, with her hand at the plow, than to sit down quietly on the vacant hearthstone.

However, I soon found plenty for heart and hands. My father grew rapidly worse instead of better, and it was hard to word my letters to Maude so that she should not know of the skeleton in our house—the shadow of coming death.

Her letters were bright and cheery, and when at last I told her that our father grew no better, she answered she had met Dr. Melrose, who was a relative of the lady whose children she taught, and asked him to go down and see father and that she would defray the necessary expenses.

I almost gasped when I heard the name Dr. Melrose. His fame had reached even our ears. I wondered how she could have approached him with such a request, but I said nothing to father of her desire, and one morning, about a week later, his card was put into my hands.

With quick, trembling limbs, I hastened down to meet him and opened the parlor door to find myself face to face with the stranger who, weeks before, had sat in the Leonard's pew.

My face grew red and pale as I recognized him, but he came forward very quietly and taking my hand said:

"Come, we shall have a little talk first, and then you shall take me to see your father."

I quickly obeyed him and sat down beside him, as he directed, while he, not seeming to observe my agitation, told me of my sister—of her happiness in her new home, how already she had won her way into their hearts and how glad he was that business at this time called him to this spot, and enabled him to perhaps be of some assistance.

Then I found words, and when he left me to visit my father, I found myself awaiting his return with a calm assurance that could mortal aid avail him he would find it in Dr. Melrose's healing touch.

A half hour passed before his return and when he entered the room I knew I might hope.

"It's not so bad as I feared," he said. "Time and careful nursing will soon restore him. The latter I shall trust to you."

Then he gave me his directions so clearly that I could not misunderstand them; and when he bade me goodbye, holding both my hands for a moment in his own, and said, "You must take care of yourself as well, and not give me two patients instead of one," he smiled so kindly that I felt my heart leap as I thought it

"It's for Maude's sake he has done this thing. He loves her."

It did not seem strange that she should have won the heart of a man as high in the world's favor as Ernest Melrose stood. It would not have seemed strange to me had she won royalty. In my eyes she might have graced any throne.

So I wrote of his visit and its wonderful results. How father improved day by day, and how with health came hope and courage, so that soon the clouds would scatter and we shall have her home again.

But she answered, begging me never to think of her except as happy; that in Mrs. Marvin she had found a second mother and in her work only pleasure.

She rarely mentioned Dr. Melrose's name, but I could well understand why she was silent.

So the winter passed. Two or three times the doctor came to relieve the monotony. My parents grew to welcome him as a friend, and I, in my heart of hearts, as a brother, for I felt sure I had guessed the secret of his love for Maude.

He talked of her so constantly, telling me how bravely she did her duty and how her beauty of character far exceeded even the charm of face and form.

We looked to him almost as our deliverer, for father's health and vigor were at last restored, but when he asked him for his bill he laughingly replied:

"That was a private matter with Miss Maude. She is to settle that."

My father looked surprised, but I could appreciate the payment he would accept and imagine their surprise when he should demand it at their hands.

The summer was rapidly approaching—the time for Maude's home-coming was at hand.

With glad, happy heart I decorated our room with the roses she so loved, hung fresh muslin curtains from the windows looped them back with sprays of flowers, all the while singing aloud in my joy.

I had reason to be happy for Maude was coming to a home over which hung no shadow of a debt. The mortgage had been paid. What she had saved should go toward her trousseau when she she needed one, for father had prospered beyond all expectation.

At last I heard the sound of wheels. Nearer and nearer.

"I bring you a surprise," she had written and by her side sat Dr. Melrose. I knew it all. Was it not as I pictured, fancied, hoped? I only know that an impulse which sprang from some corner of my brain caused me to turn hastily up the stairs, and, burying my head in the pillow, sobbed aloud.

"Ellie, darling! Where are you?" questioned a sweet girlish voice. And I sprang up ashamed of my momentary weakness, to find myself clasped in my sister's warm, loving embrace.

She had come back lovelier than ever. Ah, I could guess what had deepened the rose upon her cheeks, the radiance of her eyes.

I smoothed my disordered hair, listening the while to her merry talk, though not a word did she say of him, whose deep, manly tones I could hear now and then as he sat talking.

"Look your best," she said, with a roguish twinkle—"your very, very best! There—I am satisfied."

And, taking me by the hand, she ran rapidly down into the room where they all sat. Dr. Melrose came forward with his old smile of welcome and made a movement as though he would already give me a brother's kiss, but remembered in time that his secret was not yet been disclosed.

The evening passed rapidly away in laughter and jest. Occasionally I intercepted a glance between Maude and her guest, full of meaning, but no one else seemed to notice it. At last he rose to bid us good night, and as he held my hand a moment in his he whispered.

"You have always been the most indefatigable in pressing my small claim upon you. To-morrow I will present it to you for payment. May I see you for a few minutes in the morning?"

"Certainly," I answered but my voice trembled, and I think had he stayed a moment longer I should have burst into tears.

All through the long night I watched my sister, sleeping so peacefully by my side, waging my little war with myself.

How natural that he should love her, so young so lovely! But, oh, why—had my heart gone out unasked to meet his? At least the secret is all my own—none would suspect it.

I had not known it myself until I had seen them side by side. With perhaps a shade less color, a little quivering of the lips, but nothing more, I entered the parlor next morning to greet Dr. Melrose who stood waiting for me.

"I have come as you know to claim my payment, Ellie. Can you guess?" A momentary struggle with myself, then I answered bravely:

"Yes I know it all. You have my consent Dr. Melrose, although you take our dearest possession."

He looked bewildered, but suddenly seemed to understand, as he said:

"Then you know, Ellie? Since the day I first saw you in church I have loved you, have cherished the hope as my fondest dream the hope of making you my wife! Darling, you are sure I have your consent?"

I never met with a single instance of adversity which I have not in the end seen was for my good. I have never heard of a christian on his death bed complaining of his afflictions.—A. Proudfit.

Catarrh, an excessive secretion from an inflamed mucous membrane, is radically and permanently cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

TRIP TO COLORADO.

Interesting Description of the Journey and its Varied and Attractive Scenery.

Mr. Chester Matthews has kindly favored the FREE PRESS with the following interesting letter, describing his trip to Cardiff, Col., where he now occupies a lucrative situation:

"Really I have so much to tell you I don't know where to start. Reached Port Huron Monday evening about 7.30; was delayed there till 12 on account of Royal Train delaying train from the east, but it gave me an opportunity of seeing the place. Arrived at Chicago Tuesday about 11 a. m. and stayed there till 6 p. m. I made good use of my time while in Chicago and saw a great deal. I spent about an hour with Mr. Alfred Easton very pleasantly and told him all I could about the Acton people. Was up on Masonic Temple and had a good view of the city and could see for miles out on Lake Michigan. I noticed they have moved the Ferris Wheel from the World's Fair Grounds up to Lincoln Park. State Street appeared to be about as busy as ever.

I took a Pullman from Chicago to Denver and shortly after getting on the train had my berth made up for I was tired. I slept quite soundly all night and when I woke up in the morning we were just coming into Kansas City and as we had about an hour to wait there I had time to see some of the city.

I couldn't help but notice that I was getting into the Western States by the manner and dress of the people. They are so different from our people, not nearly so refined looking. Being on the train for part of three days after leaving Chicago I became acquainted with some of the people in our car and it made it much pleasanter for me. One was a young lady who was going to Topeka and as she was quite familiar with the scenery she described the different places of interest as we went along. She told me that after leaving Topeka we would pass several large apple orchards, one containing one thousand acres, and I found it was as she said, for we passed some very large orchards and the trees were loaded with fine large apples. I was wishing I could get out and secure some, but my wish was gratified as far as the apples were concerned for at the next station we stopped at there were a dozen or so of boys, both black and white, with baskets of apples waiting to supply purchasers on the train.

The scenery was not particularly interesting after leaving Hutchinson, Kansas, till we reached the mountains. Although we were quite a distance from them they were quite attractive all the way to Denver.

I reached Denver Thursday morning at 10 o'clock and my brother Albert met me at the depot. I stayed in Denver till Friday afternoon and spent most of the time in sight seeing. I think Denver is, without doubt, the finest city I was ever in. The buildings are all so clean and tidy. They have such nice weather, too, the sun shines there three hundred days in the year.

From the tower of the State Building one can get a lovely view of the mountains, which appear to be not more than five or ten miles away, but which are in reality about sixty miles. Their summits are covered with snow the year around. Albert was busy all day Friday superintending the issuing of the employees' monthly cheques, which numbered about 16,000, for the Colorado Fuel and Iron Co., so he could not go around with me. A friend of his took me driving, however, so I saw a great deal of Denver.

I left Denver Friday evening and met Albert, who had taken an earlier train, in Pueblo, and we went out to the steel works which is one of the largest industries west of Chicago, employing about 3,500 men. It also belongs to the C. P. & I. Co. I was shown all through the works, and saw them making steel rails and a number of different articles. The most interesting thing to me was the blast furnaces. They had just opened a furnace while we were there and a stream of the molten fluid the size of a nail keg gushed out and the sparks flew in every direction. It was a very pretty and exciting sight, but it was a very warm place to be in. The fluid continued to run till it filled 8 or 10 large iron tank cars and then it was taken away to cool.

I spent all day Saturday at the steel works and we left on the 12 p. m. train for Glenwood Springs. At least we were to have left at 12 o'clock, but just as we were leaving Pueblo we ran into the rear end of a freight train and smashed one car all to pieces and put several off the track. Fortunately no one was hurt, and after a delay of about two hours we got started again and am glad to say had no more accidents.

The scenery from Pueblo to Glenwood is delightful. We went through the Royal Gorge, but during the night, so had not the pleasure of seeing it, but I was up at day light next a. m. and saw a great deal for we did not reach Glenwood Springs till noon on Saturday. Really it is utterly impossible to describe the grandeur of the scenery. The Canyon of the Grand was the prettiest of the scenery. We followed the Grand River for several miles through the Canyon and that with a massive wall of rock several hundred feet high made a very attractive picture. At some points we could scarcely see the top of some of the rocks.

Fortunately I am located only 6 or 8 miles from the prettiest part of the Canyon and as there is a goose mountain road running up through it I am going to wheel up some day when I get a day off and take a few pictures. If they turn out all right I will send you some. We passed through several large tunnels on our trip. The longest of these was about a mile and was at the highest elevation in the mountains, being over 11,000 feet. It was on the very summit of the mountains as we were passing from the eastern to the western slope.

After having dinner at Glenwood we drove to Cardiff, my headquarters, about three miles distant and I can't say that I was very favorably impressed with the place when I first saw it and as I knew this was to be my home for some time I felt somewhat blue, but if the place is not the most desirable to live in there are some very fine people living here and I am getting to like it better all the time.

Cardiff is a place of about 200 and the only industry that keeps the place up is the Coke ovens of the C. F. & I. Co.

There are about 200 ovens and they are kept going all the time. It is a very pretty sight at night to see the lurid blaze coming out of the top of all these ovens, which are situated at the foot of the mountain and extend about a half a mile.

Will not write more this time but in my next letter will tell you all about the people here and the customs of the Italians, also about Glenwood, the church there, the hotsprings and the hot cave at Glenwood.

The FREE PRESS is more welcome here at this lonely spot than I ever thought possible. You know I always enjoyed it, but I do a hundred times more now than ever before.

J. C. MATTHEWS.

Cardiff, Col., Nov. 4th 1901.

TRIALS OF THE ADVERTISING AUTHOR.

The trials of the advertising author are recurred to feelingly by *Punch*. The publisher reports to the puzzled and alarmed novelist that his last book is a dead loss, and that "something must be done." Then ensues the following dialogue.

Author (in the spirit of a bright suggestion)—I was thinking—If it could be currently reported that a titled lady had dictated it to her cook through the telephone."

Publisher—But you did that with your "Sentimental Servant Girl."

Author—True. (Bite abashed, but thoughtful).

Publisher perhaps you don't write often enough to the papers. How are the drains in your district? Can you make them a subject of complaint?

Author—I'm afraid not. I'm on the poetry.

Publisher—Yes. That did a little for your "Travels with a Typewriter." What about being taken ill at the theatre?

Author (dejectedly)—Last time I did that it was misunderstood, and I was turned out for being disorderly.

Publisher—Yes; I am afraid there was a little mismanagement somewhere. Couldn't you keep a tiger in your garden?

Author (with great trepidation)—Poor Typer brought what was supposed to be a tame giraffe, to give his last book of verse a fillip, and you remember, it ate him.

Publisher (with professional pride)—Yes but he had the satisfaction of knowing before he died that the third edition of his stuff was completely exhausted. It established a record in minor verse.

Author (encouragingly) I've got a motor car.

Publisher (with contempt)—So has everybody. (With sudden inspiration)—Will it blow up?

Author—I—I hope not.

Publisher—Think how it will send up your book!

Author—Yes, but I should go up with it.

Publisher (impatiently)—Of course there is that possibility. Couldn't you manage a little inexpensive lawsuit?

Author (with gloomy countenance at past recollections)—The last one nearly landed me in prison, and cost an enormous amount.

Publisher—You were unfortunate in your counsel. Well something must be done. I am afraid that I shall have to ask you to fall down a coal mine.

Author (hopelessly)—Well if I must, I must; but (with a piteous appeal) I have only just recovered from falling out of a balloon to boom my last book

A BROKEN ARM.

In our city not long ago a gentleman procured from a livery stable a very fine horse and buggy for a drive with his wife. The horse was said to be the fastest horse in the city, only he was shy of the street cars, and his owner advised the man to keep out of reach of the cars. The gentleman promised to heed the caution, but he was in liquor sufficiently to make him feel equal to the task of driving anywhere in perfect safety, and he did undertake to pass a street car. About the time he was passing the car the horse made a lunge and threw the man and his wife out on the pavement, not severely hurting them, but the excited animal, now in full run-a-way collided with a carriage containing a man and his wife, both of whom were thrown violently to the street, the lady sustaining a compound fracture of one arm, very painful of course, and an injury that will be to some extent permanent.

The point in this simple story is that the one who sustained the greatest damages never tasted liquor in her life, which shows as ten thousand worse incidents show, that the common saying "if you let liquor alone it will let you alone," is one of the innumerable lies of the liquor traffic iniquity. The cry of a host that never taste liquor, but who are ruined by it, goes up continually to heaven, like the cry of the blood of Abel. More recently still in our city two intoxicated young men were riding along a highway in the suburbs, and seeing a young woman reading by the light of a lamp, tried the marksmanship on the lamp, and gave the girl a wound from which she will never recover. Thousands of such incidents occur, but they are a sweet song compared with the hearts that are broken, the home utterly wrecked, and the souls destroyed by the liquor we allow to be sold revenue.

IDEAS WANTED.

There are in every society or community a good many people who add no new ideas to the intellectual equipment of the community, although they may all the while with parrotlike perseverance be engaged in multiplying words. On a railroad in Pennsylvania a Dutch train hand, who was being initiated into the mysteries of railroading, was told that when a stop was made at a station he must call out from his end of the train the same name that the conductor announced at the other. Shortly a stopping place was reached. The conductor shouted "Reading." Hans at dis end," shouted the brakeman. That is about as far as the wits of some people go. They are content if, when anybody else announces facts, reaches conclusions, or makes a discovery, they can pipe up with a "Hans at dis end" sort of concurrence. But more than this is required of every man with any pretension to intelligence. No man can invent truth, and no man ought to be "original" at the expense of veracity, but every individual should seek to find to find for himself what truth he can, and to guide others in its direction. From each mind in it, God expects some distinct contribution to the thought and culture of the world.

AN OLD FASHIONED WOMAN.

No clever, brilliant thinker she,
With college record and degree.
She has not known the paths of fame;
The world has never heard her name.
Home is her kingdom, love her dower,
She seeks no other wand of power.
Around her childish hearts are twined,
As round some reverend saint enshrined.
And find all purity and good
In her divinest motherhood.
She keeps her faith unshadowed still;
God rules the world in good and ill.
This sad old earth's a brighter place
All for the sunshine of her face.
Her very smile a blessing throws,
And hearts are happier where she goes.
A gentle, clear eyed messenger,
To whisper love—thank God for her!

—*L. M. Montgomery.*

EIGHTY MILES OF FREE FRUIT.

Mr. Samuel W. Allerton, the Chicago millionaire, enjoys the reputation of owning a larger number of farms than any other man in this country. His agricultural holdings comprise thousands of acres of the richest soil in the prairie States. Although his farming is preeminently of the practical kind which yields substantial profits, in one particular he allows sentiment to govern him. Along the roads which skirt and traverse his farms are belts of cherry and apple orchards. If these trees were planted in single file as close together as good results in bearing would permit, the line would reach eighty miles in length. The incident which accounts for the large number of these trees and the fact that they are set close to the public highway is of peculiar interest.

When Mr. Allerton was a boy of twelve years his chief source of income was from driving herds of sheep and droves of calves to the Poughkeepsie market, a distance of thirty miles. The trip to the city was made in two days, and he was generally able to get a ride home with some farmer from his neighborhood who had been to market with produce. The bright place in the pilgrimage, from the view-point of the dusty, barefooted drover boy who trudged behind his flock, were the orchards which were sufficiently near the road for possibilities of free forage, and none of the footsore boy's half so tempting to the tired, dust-choked boy as the luscious cherries which dangled from laden boughs on the farm of an old Quaker, whose place was reached in the heat of the second afternoon of the journey. When convinced that the owner was not near the boy would make a quick raid upon the trees, and then eat the fruit at leisure as he trudged along. And he frequently smiled with satisfaction at the thought that he had not once been seen by the owner.

When returning one day in the wagon of a farmer the boy saw the Quaker standing beside the trees. "Don't you suppose he would let us have a few cherries if we should ask him?" said the boy.

"Of course he would," answered the farmer, who stopped his horses and

ingly repeated the boy's request to the venerable friend. The latter looked serious, placed his hand on the lad's head and inquired calmly: "Isn't thee the boy that breaks the limbs from my trees?"

There was no way of honorable escape, and Allerton tremblingly admitted the charge.

"Don't thee steal any more," continued the kindly old Quaker, "but just pick thy fill as if thee owned them. Now go and pick thy fill, but do not break the branches."

After telling this story recently to a friend, Mr. Allerton said: "I made up my mind then that when I grew to manhood I would do something to show that I appreciated the lesson that the good old Quaker taught me, and the kindness with which it was done. I've planted fully 60 miles of trees in his memory. If he had thrashed me as I expected him to do when I confessed, there would not have been one of those memorial trees. And the man on my farms understand that any boy is welcome to eat his fill of the fruit. That's what the trees are there for."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

WIT AND HUMOR.

"Do you think your sister likes me, Freddie?" "Yes, she stood up for you at dinner." "Stood up for me! Was anybody saying anything about me?" No; nothing much. Father said you were rather a donkey, but he got up and said you weren't, and told father he ought to know better than to judge a man by his looks."

"He is a nice little horse (I saw him myself), and the dealer says I may have him for a song. Would you advise me to buy him?" "That depends upon your eye for a horse and his ear for music."

"Its a poor rule that won't work both ways," said the old gentleman as he stood the boys up back to back, and operated the ruler so that it caught one or the other of them both going and coming.—Chicago *Post.*

Bridegroom—"I don't see anything of your father's $10,000 cheque. He promised it, didn't he?" Bride—"Yes, but he saw that your father had already given us one, and he knew that we didn't care to have any duplicate presents."—Philadelphia *Record.*

Mrs. Hornblower—"There is Gen. Ledenhale over there, one of our most distinguished soldiers." Daisycutter—"Indeed? What battle has he been in?" Mrs. Hornblower—"Oh, not any yet. He has only just been appointed brigadier-general."—*Judge.*

If a woman can bake good bread she has as much right to the word artist as a woman who can paint a bad sunset.—Atchison *Globe.*

THE NEW DESIGNS SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

The manufacturers of the popular Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns are filling orders daily from all sections of Canada and the United States. The pretty designs are attracting the attention of all women who are interested in the making of home-made mats and rugs. Each pattern is brought out in full, rich colors, on the best imported Scotch Hessian, ready for hooking. Scores of pretty creations made from the Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns were exhibited at the autumn fairs and attracted much attention. The Wells & Richardson Co., Limited 200 Mountain St., Montreal, P. Q., will send post paid to any address sheets of new designs to enable ladies to make proper selections.