The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXVII.---NO. 21. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1901. PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, - ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M., SUCCESSOR TO J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M. Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick streets, Acton. Office Hours:—6 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 3 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

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

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SPRING HOUSECLEANING AND MOVING show the necessities for a way of new

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PRICES EXTRA LOW.

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DAY SELLS CHEAP.

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

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

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

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DRESSED LUMBER, ROUGH LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES AND STOVE WOOD OF ALL KINDS

KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

James Brown.

Terms Cash.

NASSAGAWEYA

Saw and Planing Mills.

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AT LOWEST PRICES.

Bill stuff cut to order. Wood at $1.00 a load at the mill.

P. Savers, Proprietor.

—THE—

TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

Capital paid up, $1,000,000
Assets Over $9,000,000.

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(NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE)

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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.

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A. Y. H. JONES, Manager.

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GUELPH,

FOR

Mechanics Tools.

"Starret 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.

BRING YOUR

GRAIN

..TO..

ROCKWOOD ELEVATORS.

We pay more than anybody.

We want 10,000 bushels of Wheat from 55 lbs up, 10,000 bushels Barley weighing 44 lbs and up, 20,000 lbs Oats weighing 30 lbs and up, 5,000 bushels Peas.

Can use some buggy peas.

For Sale—Flour, Oatmeal, Salt, Oatmeal, Oilcake Sulphur, Salts, Corn, Etc.

GEO. J. THORP, L. F. MAY, MANAGER.

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Excelsior Bakery and Grocery.

In addition to our daily supply of first-class Bread, Cakes, Buns, Etc, of our own manufacture, we are now supplying Fresh Oysters of the best brands.

Our Oyster Parlor

is now open and patrons will find their orders filled with entire satisfaction.

A larger stock of Groceries and Provisions than ever before, and the public know our prices are always reasonable.

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Sun Savings and Loan Co.

HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, O

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 all 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

ACTON

Machine and Repair Shops

HENRY GRINDELL Proprietor

A RM 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-shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gumming and filing done.

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; $900 per year, payable weekly; $3 per day absolutely sure and all expenses straight, bona fide, definite salary no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STAM PING HOUSE, 1 DEARBORN ST. CHICAGO.

Poetry.

MYSTERIOUS GUESTS.

I had three friends. I asked one day
That they would dine with me;
But when they came I found that they,
Were six instead of three.

My good wife whispered, "We at best,
But five can hope to dine.
Send one away." I did. The rest
Remaining numbered nine.

"I too will go," the second cried.
He left at once, and then,
Although to count but eight I tried,
There were remaining ten.

"Go call them back!" my wife implored;
"I fear the third my go,
And leave behind, to share our board,
Perhaps a score or so."

The second one then straight returning; he,
As might have been expected;
He, with the ten, we quickly learned,
Eleven made. Dejected,

We saw the first returning; he,
With all the rest, turned round;
And there, behold! were my friends three,
Though six they still were found.

For those of you who yet may find
My riddle too complex,
I'll say the friend I had in mind
Were "S" and "I" and "X."

Select Family Reading.

Dapple's Mistress.

A STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

"STOP, Dapple. We must look to this."

The scene was a green stretch of summer lawn in front of a fine old Virginia farmhouse; the speaker a slight, bright-faced girl, gracefully mounted on a small, gray pony.

The sun was dropping out of sight behind the green hills, and far away down the silver band of the Acconeek came the tramp of retreating troops, with now and then the muffled roll of a drum or the shrill bray of a bugle.

Old Virginia, the queen mother of the sunny south, was overrun with soldiers, devastated by fire and sword, shaken to her very foundations by the thunders of the Civil War.

Colonel Moreton was far away from his pleasant home in the front ranks of death and danger; but Irene, his only child, still braved the terrors of invasion and remained at the farmhouse with her invalid mother and a few faithful old servants.

Cantering across the grounds an hour after the retreat of the invading troops, something attracted the young lady's notice—a prostrate figure under the shade of the great cottonwood tree.

"Stop, Dapple. We must look to this."

Dapple stopped, and Miss Irene leaped lightly from her saddle, and, throwing the silken reins over the pony's neck, she went tripping across the ground to the spot where the figure lay.

It was a tall, soldierly figure, clad in army blue, with a pale, worn face and an abundance of curling chestnut hair.

Colonel Moreton's daughter looked down upon the senseless soldier with all her woman's divine compassion stirring within her bosom.

"Poor fellow!" she murmured, laying her soft hand upon his brow. "I wish I could help him."

The soft voice and the softer touch called back the veteran's wandering senses. He opened his eyes and looked up in the young woman's face. Great, luminous, handsome eyes they were, that somehow reminded Irene of her brother Tom's eyes, and Tom was down in the trenches in front of Richmond. The compassion in her heart stirred afresh. She smoothed back the tangled curls from the soldier's brow.

"My poor fellow!" she said. "Can I do anything for you?"

He struggled up to his elbow with a stifled groan.

"My horse threw me," he explained, and they left me behind. I think I must have fainted from the pain. I must thank you very much, but I don't see how you can help me. I suppose I must lie here till they take me prisoner, and I'd almost as soon be shot."

Irene smiled—a smile that lighted her dark, bright face in positive beauty.

"I am in the enemy's country," she said, "but if you will trust me I think I can help you, at least I will see that you are refreshed and little comfortable."

She put her hand to her bosom, and drawing forth a tiny whistle she put it to her lips and blew a sharp little blast.

Dapple pricked up her gray ears and came cantering to her side, followed instantly by a colored manservant.

"You see," smiled Miss Irene, flashing a beaming glance on the soldier. "I hold my reserve forces at a moment's warning. Here, James, help this gentleman to the horse and then go for doctor Warter to dress his limb."

James obeyed without a word, and by the time the sun was fairly out of sight the Union soldier, refreshed and made comfortable, lay asleep in the best chamber of the pleasant old southern mansion.

Meanwhile, on the long veranda, Irene kept watch, her slight, willowy figure wrapped in a scarlet mantle—her floosy, raven tresses floating on the winds.

By and by, as the midnight stars came out and glittered overhead, above the dreamy flow of the river, above the murmur and rustle of the forest leaves arose the clash and clang, the roar and tramp of advancing troops.

Irene's dark face flushed and her lustrous eyes dilated. She crossed the veranda with a swift step and tapped lightly at the door of her guest's chamber.

"They are coming," she whispered. "They will take you prisoner if you remain, you must go."

The soldier started to his feet and made his way out, but he reeled against the doorpost, faint and gasping for breath.

"I can't walk!" he cried. "There's no hope of escape!"

But Irene held out her lithe young arm.

"Yes, there is," she said cheerfully. "Lean on me. I can help you down, and you shall ride Dapple. He knows the river road and you will overtake your comrades by dawn. Hurry; there is no time to lose!"

The soldier leaned upon the brave, helpful young arm and succeeded in reaching the lawn below.

"Dapple," the young girl called in clear, silver notes, "come here!"

In a breath Dapple was at her side. The girl stood and looked at the gentle creature and then threw her arms around his neck.

"Oh Dapple, pretty Dapple," she sobbed "it breaks my heart to part from you! Goodby, Dapple!"

In the next breath she stood erect, her eyes flashing through a mist of tears.

"Come, sir," she said, "allow me to help you to mount. Dapple, take this gentleman down the river road and at your utmost speed."

Dapple uttered a sagacious whiney, but the soldier hesitated.

"Why don't you mount, sir?" cried the girl impatiently. "Will you remain here and ruin both yourself and me?"

He vaulted into the saddle without a word.

"Away, Dapple, like the wind?" cried Irene, and the lithe mountain pony was off like an arrow.

* * * * * * *

The war was over, and once more over the blasted and desolate home in Virginia peace and freedom reigned.

Captain Rutherford made it his business to go back to the Potomac hills and to Colonel Moreton's farmhouse the moment he was discharged from service. But where the stately old homestead stood he found nothing but a mass of ruins, and of Dapple's mistress not the slightest tidings could he obtain.

Three years went by, and the ex captain found himself the wealthy heir of an old uncle and took himself off on a tour amid the Swiss mountains. Dapple went with him, as he always did since that eventful night when the brave little pony bore him safely beyond reach of the enemy. He had been the captain's inseparable companion in all his wanderings. He was with him now, ambling over the green Tyrol valleys and climbing the Switzer steeps.

"One September afternoon, when the captain's tour was drawing to a close somewhere in the vicinity of Mont Blanc he fell in with a travelling party from New Orleans. It consisted of Madam Lenoir, her son and two daughters and a young American lady who was her companion and interpreter.

Captain Rutherford found madam a charming woman, and while the young persons of the party busied themselves in spreading out a collation under the tree he lay amid the long, rustling grasses listening to madam's pretty familiar chatter and in his turn relating incidents and reminiscences of his own war experiences for her edification.

Among other things he told her of Dapple and of his midnight ride among the blue hills of old Virginia.

"Madam was intensely interested.

"And the gallant little pony carried you safely through?" she cried, with beaming eyes.

"Safely through, madam, with the enemy at my very heels," replied the captain.

"Miss Moreton," cried Madam, "will you have the kindness to pass the claret cup? and, pray, Captain Rutherford, whatever became of Dapple?"

The captain raised himself to a sitting posture.

"Dapple, Dapple," he called. "Come here!"

From the forest shadows near at hand a small gray mountain pony came ambling forth. Madam Lenoir's companion, advancing with the claret cup in her slim white hand uttered a cry and wasted all the luscious liquor on the rustling leaves at her feet.

"Oh, Dapple, Dapple!" she cried.

Dapple heard the sweet voice and knew it in an instant. He broke into a joyous neigh and shot like an arrow for the young lady's side. She caught his shaggy head and held it close to her bosom, sobbing like the silly child she was.

"Oh, Dapple, my pretty Dapple, have I found you at last?"

Madam Lenoir, comprehending the denouement, looked on with glistening eyes.

Two weeks later the pleasant party was breaking up. Madam and her party were going back to France.

"And now, Irene," said the captain, "how is it to be?" You will not listen to my suit or accept my love? Then you will be forced to part from Dapple again. She is mine by the right of possession. I cannot give her up. Come, now, give your final decision—are you willing to part from Dapple and me forever?"

Irene looked up with her old, glorifying smile.

"I could bear to part with you," she said wickedly. "but never again from Dapple. If you take Dapple, you will have to take her mistress, too, Captain Rutherford."

And the captain made no objection. A month later saw Dapple's mistress his wife.

KING EDWARD.

Here are some interesting facts about King Edward VII. which are condensed by the *Buffalo Times*, from his biography as written by his private secretary:

He has thirteen university degrees.
He is colonel eight times over.
He popularized the Alpine hat.
His uniforms are worth $75,000
He owns the deepest mind in England.
He loves to travel incognito in Paris.
He has every order of knighthood in Europe.
He is sixty-years-old and has four grandchildren.
He goes to church every Sunday morning.
He started life with an income of $55,000 a year.
He is said to be one of the best shots in England.
He is five feet six inches tall, and weighs 180 pounds.
He receives two hundred letters a day, and answers most of them.
He was the first Christian ever to dine with the Sultan of Turkey.
Every minute of his time in London is spent according to schedule.
His favorite vehicle in London is a handsome cab; his stables cost $75,000 a year.
He has friends in every nation, and speaks German, French, Italian, and Russian.
When he was young he was very tender hearted, and cried for days when a tutor left him.
He has one private secretary, two assistant secretaries, and a staff of clerks to assist them.
He has made more speeches than any other man in the world, but mostly short ones.

HE MISSED THE WHITEWASHING.

It was in the days when the public schools were not located on every square in New Jersey, and in fact, when almost every square embraced a few cornfields. Martin Miller was the schoolmaster, and he had ideas of his own about punishing derelicts.

His place of business was the little one storey, partly whitewashed, frame building which still stands near the handsome city hospital buildings, and which attracts the attention of the Princeton and Lawrenceville students while trolleying from Trenton to their studies, because the schoolhouse shows that the whitewashing was never completed.

"Miller's school was the only name the boys knew, and not until manhood dawned did any of his scholars ever care to inquire as to the frontispiece to his family name.

"Percy Williams!" shouted Schoolmaster Miller one day, through his toothless gums, to the present brick manufacturer, "you've missed yer g'ography!"

"Yes, sir," said Williams, meekly.

"Why?"

"Didn't know it, sir."

"You'll whitewash th' north side o' this schoolhouse fer punishment. Here's the lime an' th' bucket. Thar, git to work!"

"Lou Hynder, stand up!" next said Schoolmaster Miller to the man who is now building trolley lines. "You've missed yer 'rithmatic!"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Got a mistake in the first 'sample."

"You'll whitewash the hull o' the south side o' this schoolhouse for punishment. There's the bucket and brush. Ther'—no back talk—git to work!"

"John Seamen, come yere," thundered Master Miller next to his then pupil, now a well-known cigar manufacturer. "You know nothin', 'bout yer spellin' lessin,' an' yer father hain't sent me them two bushels o' onions fer yer teachin' for last month. Why did yer miss it, eh?"

"That air page's torn out o' my speller where th' lession is!"

"You'll whitewash th' east side o' this her' schoolhouse. Ther's th' brush an' th' bucket. Git to work!"

Then Schoolmaster Miller called Cliff Bailey, the remaining scholar.

"Bailey," he shouted, "I hain't looked yer papers over to-day yit. What in the thunderation did you miss? I know you missed somethin.' Yer always miss, yer chucklehead."

"I missed whitewashin' the west side o' the schoolhouse, I guess, Master Miller, 'cause father told me to-day to fall yer when yer come to school that I'd learn more tendin' th' hogs. So I'm leavin' right now, an' I miss the whitewashin."

Then young Bailey jumped through the bareliike door. Bailey is now a captain in the United States army, and in the Philippine Islands.

And the old schoolhouse still stand, but the west side of it has never had a coat of whitewash.—*Evening Sun.*

TELEPHONING TO EUROPE.

According to statements of Michael Idvorsky Pupin, Adjunct Professor of Mechanics in Columbia University, the American Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company had paid him, instead of the $200,000 as originally stated, nearly $500,000 for his recent invention of a system by which ocean telephony is made possible. This in addition to the royalty of $15,000 a year during the life of the patents.

In an interview with Prof. Pupin published in the New York *Herald*, the inventor said: "Prof. Pupin returned to Columbia to day from an out of town trip, and was greatly surprised to learn that his invention had been made public. The Bell Company has tested the invention for six months and express themselves as perfectly satisfied with it. The question of ocean telephony is solved from a scientific standpoint, and there now only remains the commercial question. There is no doubt that as soon as the financial part of the matter is settled it will be perfectly possible to telephone to San Francisco and London and to send cable messages to Europe at far less cost than at present."

Prof. Pupin said that it was almost impossible to give offhand an explanation that would not be too full of technicalities to be easily understood.

"Briefly," the professor said, "the question has been to overcome resistance. In the present ocean cables the current has so many obstacles to batter with that it is comparatively slow in travelling and becomes very weak before it reaches its destination, three thousand miles away."

Prof. Paupin, after long experiments, finally discovered that the insertion of eight induction coils to every mile of wire would overcome this resistance, and messages would be sent over the cable at a much faster rate.

By this means every time the current begins to slacken its strength it will meet one of these coils, which will give it new impetus till it reaches the next coil, and so on. It is practically a relay method of supplying strength. The new system will require new cables, which will involve an enormous outlay. It is this feature only which is retarding the work at present. The cables will require no greater strength in electricity and no different transmitters from those used now.

His invention, when applied to land wires, he explained, will enable messages to be sent much farther without delaying, than at present, and will make conversation between New York and San Francisco easy.—*The Presbyterian.*

A HARD HIT.

A Christian young lady was being greatly tormented by a very frivolous critic, who laughed at her for believing such stories as that of Jonah and the whale. She stuck to her guns, and said that when she met Jonah in heaven she would ask him for a explanation. "But suppose he is not in heaven," said the sceptic, "what will you do then?" "Ah, well," said the lady, "in that case you can ask him."

The breath of the pines is the breath of life to the consumptive. Norway Pine Syrup contains the pine virtues and cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness and all throat and lung troubles, which, if not attended to, lead to consumption.

Loss of appetite is an ailment that indicates others, which are worse—Hood's Sarsaparilla cures them all.

THE HALO OF EARNESTNESS.

A newsie shined my shoes on Saturday, and when he had been paid, and I turned to go, he said: "Wait a minute, boss, till I touch up those heels some more."

In those twelve words is the foundation for a great fascinating success.

The best goods do not always come in the brightest boxes.

Here was a pearl from a lad with a ragged coat, and so I went up street inspired by the newsy.

Here was a bootblack who shed a halo around his profession, ennobled it, picked it from the pavement, and set it on a level with the best.

A halo!

Yes, the halo of earnestness.

"Oh, never mind; don's bother with that; I haven't time," is a phrase foreign to his vocabulary.

"Wait a minute, boss, till I touch up those heels some more."

Nine out of every ten failures of the past have occurred because the failured didn't polish the heels, the heels of their business.

Nine out of every ten of the failures of the future will occurre because the failers will neglect the heels, the little things, the apparently unseen.

If this bootblack were a grocery clerk he would give full weight, if he were a dry goods clerk he would measure 36 inches to the yard. If his boss said "Do this," he would answer, "Yes, sir," and do it.

He would glorify his clerkship with the halo of earnestness.

If this newsie were a servant he would sweep under the mats, dust behind the pictures, and add to the flying dust this halo, the halo of earnestness.

If he was a cook he would not be dreaming of going out to-night when he should be heating the meat, but he would add this halo of earnestness to the circling steam of the kitchen.

There is a halo in the earnestness that does not study the clock; there is a halo in the earnestness that does a little more than is paid for.

There is a halo in the earnestness that sweats, that brings the blister, the gray hair, the wrinkle.

This bootblack had the pay for the job in his pocket, and didn't need to do any more.

But he did.

He wanted to do a good job.

"Here, John, do this," and if John is the ordinary John, he will do it well so long as you keep your eye on him.

There is a call for earnest men in all walks, bank clerks or law clerks, drug clerks or store clerks, mechanics or bakers, carpenters or engineers, it makes no difference who, for this is the age for the earnest.

We want men who will say, "Wait a minute, boss, till I touch up the heels some more."

Weak in grammar.

Powerful in action.—*Charlie Chesner.*

WHAT TO WEAR THIS WINTER.

A charming new wrap is the Russian blouse, made of shaggy material to wear with a short skirt.

Trimmings of heavy braid and galloon will be worn more than ever before.

Green is the favorite color of the season the more subdued shades prevailing.

Black silk waists, to be worn with odd skirts of black serge, cloth of cheviot, are much in vogue.

For evening wear nothing is more popular than black net or mousseline over black or white silk.

The new flannel waists have flat buttons and long waisted pouch fronts.

Small metal buttons are much used for trimming dresses this autumn.

The parodu sleeve is the latest thing in Paris. It is small at the top and widens toward the bottom, where it becomes quite rge.

Some of the newest things in furs are long stoles, or little round collars with long tabs. Little tight fitting coats are also popular.—November *Ladies' Home Journal.*

CAREWORN MOTHERS.

Life Often Made a Burden Through Nursing a Cross and Fretful Baby.

All babies should be good natural; well babies, if there is no outward reason for discomfort, are always good natured, and yet how many mothers permit themselves to be thoroughly worn out saving day and night for a sick, cross and fretful baby, when a little care and foresight would remove all the trouble and make both mother and baby happy. The little one's suffering and crossness may be caused by any one of the numerous ills that make babyhood a misery to themselves and a constant source of worry and discomfort to the mother, such as colic, worms, indigestion, constipation, the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, etc. When baby is cross do not, if you value your child's future welfare, give it any of the so-called "soothing" medicines, as they only stupify and deaden without removing the cause of the trouble. What is needed is a simple, vegetable compound such as Baby's Own Tablets, which reach the root of all the minor ailments of little one, making them well and happy. The best proof of this is the high praise all mothers who have used this medicine award it. Mrs. W. H. Beaverstock, Church Street, Brockville, says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets in my house for several years and know of no medicine for little ones that can equal them. When my baby was teething she was restless, cross and peevish, and I could do very little with her. I gave her the tablets and they quieted her when other medicines did no good. When baby was troubled with constipation the tablets always gave prompt relief, but above all things I think they are the most excellent in indigestion; she vomited a great deal and was very cross and would scream with pain, and I had to go up with her many times during the night. No matter how much she ate she kept growing thinner. It was then I began the use of the tablets, and she grew plump and fat, and I had no further trouble with her at night. I can recommend the tablets to any mother who has a sickly, cross or fretful baby, and I am sure that she will never be without them again." Baby's Own Tablets are easily administered and dissolved in water can be given safely to the youngest infant. If your druggist does not keep them send 25 cents to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and a box will be sent you post paid.

THE HORSE-SHOE.

"Luck," says Friend Reuben, "Come work;
Work I that's a sovereign charm;
Stick to it, save and don't you shirk—
You'll never come to harm.
Luck I was it luck fenced in my farm?—
Laid by a nest-egg?—Kept it warm?
No!—and when my old cow took sick,
Mind ye, 'twan't witchcraft played the trick.
Good luck or bad—just stop a minute,
You'll find plain sense and nater in it.
Stick to hard fac's—what's that? we'al, yes!
'Twan old hoss shoe 'round I guess.
Boutside the woodhouse, nex' the post.
Found that when I first sense, a' most;
Kude p'inting up'ards, there she stays!
Can't do no hurt," Friend Reuben says.

Dora Read Goodale.

A UNIQUE TIP.

The travelling American is the lawful prey of every landlord in Europe. "Candles," especially, are charged to him in the belief that, being long-suffering and good-natured, he will pay the most exhorbitant bills of this kind. The average American yields meekly, and pays for each candle lighted for him during his stay, though only half an inch of it may have been burned. Occasionally, however, he shows more spirit, as in this case, narrated by an American consul in Belgium.

A New Yorker was shown to a room in a hotel in Brussels, where he found twenty candles stuck in a chandelier in the centre. As it was dark, the attendant lighted them all; but the guest had been in European hotels before and made him put them out immediately.

This was of no avail, however. In his bill next day he found them charged; "Twenty candles, 10 francs" ($2).

He went back to the room and took them all out, wrapped them in a bit of paper, and slipped them into his overcoat pocket.

When he was about to leave the house, he found the servants drawn up in two lines in the hall in the European style—ten manservants on one side, ten maid-servants on the other—all smiling and ready for the expected tip. He then drew out his packages and distributed the candles, one to each.

"Allow me, monsieur," said he with a bow; "permit me madame." They are very superior candles, I assure you; I paid ten cents a piece for them;" and he left them all staring at the candles like so many altar boys.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

NEWSPAPER WAIFS.

Miss Paplin—"How lucky of Maud Fritzzer to capture the only man here. At the end of two days she was engaged to him." Miss Pinkerly—"What caused the delay?"—*Tit-Bits.*

The Crowded Front Row.—Scribbs—"You used to have some literary ambition." Stubbs—"Yes, years ago, but fame is so common now that I wouldn't have it."—Detroit *Free Press.*

How To Do It.—Greenie—"How do you manage to make so much money on the races?" Sportie—"I go around and get tips." "Ah, I see." "Yes; and then bet on the other horse."—New York *Weekly.*

A Remarkable.—Mrs. Drummond—"That piano tuner you sent here to-day was a most peculiar character." Mr. Drummond—"Was he really?" Mrs. Drummond—"Yes, he admitted that the piano wasn't very much in need of tuning."—Philadelphia *Press.*

"Suppose now," said the artist's wife, "that we had $1,000 in the house, and you heard a burglar crawling through the window—what would you do?" "Oh, fudge, darling," the artist replied, "why look on the dark side of things? Let's suppose we have a $1,000 in the house and stop right there.

A new publication is named "What to Eat." It should be supplemented by another entitled "How to Get It."—*The Sin of Hope.*

ALL'S NOT WELL.

Dr. Field, who was the examining surgeon for the naval reserves while recruiting was being done in New Orleans during the Spanish-American war, has many a good story to tell of recruits in the service.

A good one he tells is of a German who was walking his post and calling the hours, as is required.

He called, "Seven bells, and all's well."

The next call, however, was a variation. It was: "Eight bells, and all is not well. I haf droppit my musket oferboard."

The truly great and good, in affliction bear a countenance more princely than they are wont; for it is the temper of the highest hearts, like the palm tree, to strive most upwards when it is most burdened.—Sir P. Sidney.

WHY HE DIDN'T.

This note was found in the postoffice recently: "Dear May—The reason I didn't laff when you left at me yesterday was a bile on my face. I kant laff, but you know I love you. P. S.—Burn this up.

NEWSPAPER HINTS.

Foreman—"We need a few lines to fill up a column."

Rural Editor—"Well, say, the King has begun wearing old clothes because they are more comfortable. Perhaps it will start a fashion that you and I can follow."

AS REGARDS AGE.

"Her fiance? He looks old enough to know better."

"Appearances are deceptive. He is, in fact, only old enough to be her father."

YOU CAN MAKE Handsome Mats and Rugs At a Small Cost That Will Outwear Expensive Imported Goods.

The making of pretty mats and rugs in the home is a work that is attracting widespread attention. Women of every social position are cultivating the art and making up artistic creations that compare favorably with expensive imported goods. Thousands of women point with pride to their homemade rugs and mats. If your dry goods dealer has not yet put in a stock of these new patterns for your convenience, send your name and address to The Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, P. Q., and they will send you postpaid, sheets of designs to select from. Like the Diamond Dyes, the Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns are the best in the world.