The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXVII.—NO. 29. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1902. 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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Accounts payable monthly.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

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

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

DR. DRYDEN, EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE. Corner 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 anæsthetic 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 6%.

R. J. McNABB, Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc. OFFICE—Parryman'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, 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 $200 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 for write to my address, Box 343, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

SPRING HOUSECLEANING AND MOVING

Show the necessities and the way of new

FURNITURE, MATTRESSES, SPRINGS, ETC.

And JOHNSTONE & CO. are confident they can fill your wants very satisfactorily and at the lowest living prices. Special attention is given to Upholstering, either in new work or repairing. Picture Framing is a specialty. All orders receive prompt attention. The New Raymond Sewing Machine is the favorite here. 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.

Balance of Christmas Stock To Be Cleared at

DAY'S.

Remainder of Ladies' and Gents Purses at 1/2 off.
Toilet Cases at Cost.
Inkstands, half price.
Brass Photo Frames, half price.
Fine Hair Brushes, 25 per cent. off.
Bibles, half price.
Toy books and Games, Dolls, Toys, Dolls, Carriages, Etc., at Cost.
First comes, get first choice.

DAY'S BOOKSTORE GUELPH. DRY DULLS 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.

Letters of Credit, available in all parts of the world, issued at this office.

Special attention given to Farmers' Business.

MONEY ORDERS. FOR ANY SUM UP TO $30

Payable at any banking point in Canada outside of the Yukon Territory, may now be procured at the Bank Counter without any delay.

ACTON BRANCH J. H. WALLACE, Manager.

Our Store is Filled with

Christmas Goods

Too Numerous to Mention and too Lovely to Describe

Waters Bros. ART STORE 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

The Long Distance Telephone

Is the Ideal Rapid Transit.

Long Distance Equipment

Increases the speed and cuts down overtime charges. The Contract Department will furnish particulars.

The Bell Telephone Co. of Canada.

—ACTON— LIVERY —AND— BUS LINE

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

Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured

At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 10 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Careful attention given to everyone. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS Proprietor

NASSAGAWEYA Saw and Planing Mills.

Lumber and Shingles AT LOWEST PRICES.

Mill stuff cut to order. Wool at 11.00 a load at the mill.

P. Savers, Proprietor

—THE— TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

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

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. F. H. JONES, Manager.

BEDS

What gives a more comfortable look to a bedroom than a fine Brass mounted bed?

We can supply you with Beds in brass mounted or iron at prices from $3.50 upwards, strong, well made and very neat. We have a very large assortment to choose from. Also Child's Cribs in iron. Beds to be shipped carefully packed. Our prices always right.

JOHN M. BOND & CO. HARDWARE GUELPH.

—SALT—

How are you off for Salt?

Five Carloads Just In.

1 car of Liverpool Imported in 150 lb sacks best salt for meat and cattle.
1 car of Windsor Salt in bbls, 200 lb, 50 lb, 20 lb, 15 lb, 10 lb, 7 lb and 3 lb sacks. Beatrable and dairy salt.
1 car Rock Salt for Horses, Cattle, Etc.
1 car Coleman Salt in bbls, sacks, etc.
And lastly 1 car of Sarnia Coarse Salt in 300 lb barrels and 200 lb sacks.
We are headquarters in salts and are the most convenient to load in your waggon. Call at McDonnell St. Side.

Geo. J. Thorp Opposite Market GUELPH.

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 AGRIMOTOR

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.

ACTON SAW MILLS

LUMBER, LATH SHINLES AND WOOD.

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

KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

James Brown. Terms Cash.

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, Proprietor.

ACTON Machine and Repair Shops HENRY GRINDRILL Proprietor

A shop 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 and painted 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, home ride, definite salary no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 1 Beaubien St., Chicago.

Poetry.

OUR NATIVE PLACE.

The Rev. James Hamilton, of Grand Rapids, Mich., who visited friends and relatives in Acton and vicinity recently, is something of a poet as well as a preacher, as the following lines will attest; composed in memory of his old time friends in Acton and vicinity:

When we think of native place,
Of friends and kindred dear,
A sob of mingled joy and pain
Attends the falling tear.

Though staid and grey with time and care,
Oh, grey before my time—
The scenes and friends of other days
Are always in their prime.

'Tis high prerogative of soul
To discount years and years,
And live again the days of youth
'Mid laughter and 'mid tears.

The games are just as fresh and fierce,
Contentions just as high,
As though we struggled yesterday
On campus hearer by.

Nor were the parts less enjoyed
By athlete brave and strong,
Because the girls with face demure,
Declared the strife was wrong.

The love-light in the eyes of one
We prized above the rest,
Like setting sun at close of day,
Still lights the landscape west.

The manly lads—the brothers true—
Are broken now and gray,
But they have acted well their part,
And never shunned the fray.

The body only can grow old,
The spirit as of yore,
Assents its right to live and love,
When time shall be no more.

The mean and little we forget;
Like life left far behind,
They make but back-ground for the scenes,
Which so refresh the mind.

Then here's to friends of other days,
That memory holds so dear,
Who grappled us like hoops of steel,
And always lends us cheer.

Now severed far by space and time,
Our fate we'll not decry,
For though we meet no more on earth,
We shall meet bye and bye.

Select Family Reading.

Tilly's Premium Cake.

SYDNEY DAYRE.

"TILLY?"

"Yes'm. Comin' right away."

"Got your churnin' done?"

"Most."

"Where's Mrs. Barnes?"

"Why—ain't you heard? She ain't at home. She's gone to her sister's for a week, 'cause she's sick. I mean her sister's sick"

"I brought over the *Weekly* to show her. But you'll like to see it, I know."

"I guess I will. Thank you more'n a little, Mrs. Carter."

Tilly now appeared, coming up the steps of the dairy-room, through whose open door the conversation had been going on. With a first glance at her you would wonder how so much homeliness hail ever found place in one face, or such awkwardness in one set of limbs.

Her skin was coarse and freckled; her teeth stood out too far and her chin went in too far, as if trying to even up things.

But, getting acquainted with Tilly you would be more likely to wonder if any other face was beamed with such an overflow of good feeling, or if any other hands and feet were so quick and careful in gentle and kindly ministry to any need.

"You're getting on well with your morning's work—all alone," said Mrs. Carter.

"Yes'm." Tilly smiled as she nodded her head with an air of importance. "You see there isn't much farm-work going on next week, so Mis' Barnes said 'twas a good enough time for her sister to be sick, seeing she had to be sick. I'm to see to things while she's gone—there won't be any man to do for except Mr. Barnes and Caleb." Tilly's smile irradiated her face. "I'm to have all my spare time to myself," she said.

"Indeed!"

"Yes. You know what I'm trying to do?"

Mrs. Carter shook her head. If Tilly could have smiled harder she would have done so. Failing this ability, her only resource was in impressively jotting her points as she spoke, with one finger upon the open palm of the other hand.

"Mis' Barnes says—that if I can get enough money—to buy some shoes—and a thick shawl—I'm to—go—to school—this winter!"

"Dear me, Tilly that's good. Do you think you can?"

"Mis' Darby's given me six gingham aprons to make for the children. She's to pay me ten cents apiece, and I can do one a day if I sit up late." Oh, the triumph in Tilly's eyes.

"Why, Tilly, you're a smart girl."

"Think so? Well, perhaps I'll get to go."

"You mustn't forget the County Fair next week. You must take time for that."

"I don't know," said Tilly, wistfully, yet doubtfully. "Mr. Barnes would let me off, I know, if I got victuals enough ready beforehand for him and Caleb. But you see 'twould take a day or two of my sewing, beside costing a quarter to go by the cars."

"No, it won't. We'll take you over there. You oughtn't to miss it. The premium list is in this paper. They're giving real good premiums this year. I'm going to take over some jelly and one of my fruit cakes."

"You'll be sure to get a premium," said Tilly, politely. Precious as was her time, she could not forbear sitting down for a few moments to snatch a view at the premium list.

"'Doughnuts.' 'Pound-cake.' 'Nut-cake.' 'Nut-cake—first premium, two dollars.' Land!" Tilly's eyes, soft and bright, her one good feature, flashed up in excitement. "Mis' Barnes says if there's one thing I can do better'n another that thing's making nut-cake."

"Say, Tilly," said Mrs. Carter, with friendly interest, "why don't you make one for the Fair? I have no doubt you'd get the first premium."

"Dear me!" Tilly's face sobered with the magnitude of the suggestion. "I wonder if I could!"

"It costs fifty cents to enter," said Tilly.

"But that would leave you a dollar and a half."

"I'd have to pay Mis' Barnes for the things I used to make it. But she'd let me have 'em cheap. I could get the nuts of Mis' Deacon Field—she said I could have all of theirs I wanted. But it'll take one of my afternoons to go after 'em. That'd be twenty cents more off."

"Never you mind that, Tilly," said Mrs. Carter, her kind heart full of sympathy with the girl—whose fifteen years of life knew nothing better than drudging for others—so contented with the monotony of it, so brave in her attempts to win for herself something a little higher and better. "Even if you don't make much more than just the fun and interest of doing it, it'll be worth while to you."

Tilly gaped at her friend in a little questioning perplexity. It had never occurred to her to do anything for the fun or interest of doing it. But with the further genial encouragement, the desire grew strong in her to try for the premium. It would involve a degree of relief that excitement very enticing in the prospect. The more she thought of it the more she longed to do it.

"Even if you don't get the premium you'd have your cake," went on Mrs. Carter. "You'd have it whether or no."

"Yes," said Tilly, with another beaming smile, as this opened before her another vista of delight, "and I could give it a present to the parson and his wife. I've always fairly ached to give 'em something—he is such a good man and she such a sweet little woman, and they are always speaking so good to me Sabbaths." Yes; I'd like to. I'm a'most a mind to do it.

"Do," said Mrs. Carter. "I'll give you the spices and the eggs."

"You're no end of kind!" said Tilly, in fervent gratitude.

"That's nothing," said Mrs. Carter, as she rose to go. "You may keep the paper till to-morrow."

Left to herself, Tilly became more and more filled with the delight of this new idea. It was impossible to think of not doing it.

"This is Friday. I believe I'd better go over to Mis' Deacon Field's when I get my work done up this afternoon. Then I can crack the nuts and get 'em picked out to-night. Then I can get my other stuff together to-morrow. Then I can make my cake by getting up early Monday morning."

So in the full brightness of the autumn afternoon, she took her way by the turnpike across lots, then along a strip of woods which brought her to the green lane at the end of which was the house of Deacon Field.

"My!" Along the edge of the woods Tilly clasped her hands at sight of the foliage, in a rapture of admiration whose fervency forbade further speech.

It must have been only the most tender and caressing of fingers which Jack Frost had laid on the trees. Streaming sunshine now sought out and set red and gold and purple aflame. The sight of the colors and the stimulation of the crisp air set Tilly's whole frame a-tingle.

"Well, well!" Tilly sat for a few moments on a log to take in the full beauty of the scene. "If that isn't Solomon in all his glory—sure enough! When I'm on my way back I'm going to get a lot and carry 'em home to stick up round the looking-glass

"Why, yes, Tilly, you can have the nuts and plenty of them," said Mrs. Field, with a welcoming smile, when she reached the deacon's. "But come in here. I've got company—my brother John's daughter from the city, and I'd like to have you meet her. She's weakly, poor thing.

Quite overcome by the compliment conveyed by the request, and flustered at thought of meeting a stranger, it required Tilly's shyest and most clumsy movements to bring her beside the lounge on which lay a delicate-looking girl of her own age. But after a timid grasp of the small hand, which seemed to melt away in the big, hard-working one, Tilly stood with her frank eyes full of sympathy, that appeared too, in her kind voice.

She enjoyed the visit, and both were sorry when she felt obliged to hurry away with her bag of nuts. As she again passed under the glowing leaves a sudden thought struck her.

"I wonder if she wouldn't like so me bright leaves—that poor little creature that she can't get out among 'em! I do believe she would. But it'll take so much of my time—"

Then Tilly took herself severely in hand. "Tilly Parkins, aren't you ashamed of yourself, I'd like to know! 'Cause if you aren't I'd have you understand I'm ashamed of you. You running round enjoying all the blessings of life, and not willing to give up a little for those that can't. Now you pick out the very best you can, and go back with 'em. It isn't but a mile. Mind me!"

The glow with which the leaves were received put a new idea into Tilly's head.

"There isn't a soul about here that comes up to me fixing these leaves to keep up their shine. I've the greatest mind to fix some for her, so she can take 'em back with her when she goes. Folks say they don't have such things in the city, poor thing."

The nuts were cracked that evening, to be picked out the evening following. Later she put the leaves through the first process necessary to preserving their beauty, and then Tilly lay down to the dreamless sleep which blesses honest labor.

"Its a beauty, Tilly," said Mrs. Carter, as she looked at Tilly's nut-cake on Monday morning.

"I did have pretty good luck this time," said Tilly in modest delight.

"Yes you did. You bring it over and I'll put it on one of my gold-banded china plates; and I'll take the best care of it, and see that it gets a good place. They'll cut a piece out to taste it, of course, but that wouldn't spoil it to give it to Mr. Barrow. You want to cover it with something, you know. A crash towel will do."

Tilly spread a clean, coarse towel, but did not like it over the dainty frosting.

"Good morning, Tilly!" called a friendly voice behind her. As she was on her way to Mrs. Carter's with her cake. Tilly turned to see Mrs. Field and John's daughter in a comfortable-looking old carriage.

"Is that your cake?" went on Mrs. Field "Show it to us."

"It ain't a very nice towel," said Tilly, uncovering the cake with modest pride.

"Well, it isn't quite nice enough for such a beautiful cake, I think myself," said Mrs. Field. "Here here, Tilly, I'm taking some of my own things over to the Fair, and I can spare you this napkin just as well as not—seeing it'll make you feel better."

As Tilly replaced the crash towel with the snowy, dainty linen, nothing was needed to make up the sum of her happiness; but she treated herself to the pleasure of taking time to do her best work in the preparation of the leaves for the weekly girl.

"I can easily afford the time if I get two dollars premium," thought Tilly.

She carried her gift to Mrs. Field's house, but found no one at home.

"I'm so sorry, Tilly," said Mrs. Carter, when Tilly, on Friday morning, went over to her house to go with her to the fair, but our horse has gone lame, and we can't go. I meant to let you know, but Jim's stiffing, and everything seemed to pile up on me this morning. But I guess you'll be able to get to the station if you hurry."

Tilly hurried the mile and a half to find the train gone. She must then take the afternoon train. She would have given up all thought of going, but there was her cake and Mrs. Carter's plate and Mrs. Field's napkin. They must be looked after.

She reached the fair ground in the afternoon, to find a crowd of people in then confusion of dismantling the fair—premium horses and cattle being led away, premium fowls secured in their cages, premium vegetables being loaded on wagons, household displays of all sorts being arranged in order for taking away. Under a pavilion the voice of a man could be heard shouting out the award of premiums. Tilly joined the listeners and and waited in anxiety.

"Nut-cake—first premium, Mrs. James Bangs. Second — Mrs. Abel Hobbin. Third—Miss Matilda Parkins." A lump came into poor Tilly's throat as she turned away.

"Well," she said to herself, as, jostled on all sides, she made her way to the building in which she was told was the cake exhibit, "if you think you're to have the very best as you go along, Tilly Parkins, it's about time you were taught you aren't. There are some other folks that like first premiums as well as you do, I suppose."

The big, barn-like building was filled with women looking after their belongings. Tilly wandered up and down, looking warily for a frosted nut-cake with one piece cut out on a gold-banded china plate.

"Nut-cake?" said a woman, stopping for a moment in kindly attention to her inquiries. "Why, yes, I was on the tasting committee. I remember that third-premium cake—good one it was. But after the premiums were awarded most of the things that could be eaten that weren't looked after were eaten up. Like enough yours was."

"China plate? Well, now, I did see one get broken over on that side. The pieces are there yet."

And now, indeed, Tilly's heart fell like lead at the sight of the fragments of Mrs. Carter's plate.

"Napkin? No, there don't seem to be any around," as Tilly waited until nearly the last in her anxious search. "Likely it was taken to wipe the dishes with."

Hours later, in her garret chamber, Tilly counted up the results of her experience on premium cakes:

"Mrs. Carter's plate broken, Mrs. Field's napkin lost, thirty-five cents owing to Mrs. Barnes for stuff for the cake, a quarter for going over on the cars, five days' work that I might have done, no present for Mr. and Mrs. Barrow, fifty cents premium! Tilly Parkins," with a wistful shake of her head, "it's plain to see you weren't one of the sort that were meant to make money in a hurry."

"It was hard to tell of the loss of the borrowed articles, but both ladies were as kind as Tilly had hoped they would be.

"'Twas I put you up to it Tilly," said Mrs. Carter, "and it's no more than fair I should stand a little of the disappointment. But I say, Tilly, it really is something to brag of for a girl like you to come in for any premium at all, when so many old housekeepers try for them. I don't think you've any cause to feel sat down."

By this Tilly felt grateful and comforted.

"Never you mind," said Mrs. Field. "I've got a plenty more napkins. Don't think of it for one moment. I've got a message for you from John's daughter. Her folks were all so well pleased with teeze leave you brought her that they want to know if you won't fix them some more—a real good lot. They want to use them—for trimming up the house for winter."

A spasm of dismay shot through Tilly's heart with the thought of the time it must take—to be instantly put down with shame at her selfishness.

"Why of couse I am glad enough to do," she said coloring with real pleasure at her work being so appreciated. So she spent three days' spare time over them, and carried them to Mrs. Field with hearty good will

A month later she went over two Deacon Field's on an errand. The late-opening country school was to begin in a few days but as yet Tilly saw little prospect of the shoes and shawl.

"I'm glad you came, Tilly," said Mrs. Field, "because I'd have had to go over to you if you hadn't. I've heard from John's folks about the leaves."

"Oh, I hope they like 'em!" said Tilly, with a well-earned warmth in her heart at this mention of her humble free will offering.

"Like them! They couldn't help liking them. Say they've never had any to keep their color so well as yours. And here's the pay they sent for them." Tilly fairly gasped as Mrs. Field held out a gold-piece.

"Why—I didn't do it for pay!" she stammered.

"No matter if you didn't. What folks want is worth paying for. Your time's worth money as well as anybody's time is. You don't know how much 'tis, do you?"

Mrs. Field laughed as Tilly held the money in the palm of her hand, gazing at it in bewildered respect.

"It's ten dollars, and not a bit too much." The earlier scarlet and purple on the trees had changed to dimmer gold as Tilly walked home. All the world was gold to her.

"Well, if that isn't luck!" thought Tilly. "There's the third premium, and here's ten dollars, and everybody's so kind to me—my, I don't feel's if anybody could deserve so much! I guess I'll have to work pretty hard after this, or I won't feel I've half a right to my blessings."—*Youth's Companion.*

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

A MINISTER'S SHIRTS.

A Scotch minister who was preaching on trial in a country kirk was watched with keen eyes by the faithful but critical flock. The preaching was good. The man was earnest and quick-witted, and the people liked his cheery way and plain common sense.

But a Scotchman's sure to find a flaw in human conduct, if there is one; and the oldest and one of the most influential men in the village shook his head gravely and declared that the candidate would not do. When he mentioned the fault of which he complained to the chief men of the kirk they agreed with him that it was a serious matter, but thought that it might be possible to remedy the defect.

The good man's object was based upon a single detail of the minister's dress. He wore collars and cuffs which could be detached from his shirt. The cuffs, moreover, could be reversed. It seemed a petty thing, but the pious critic considered it something very serious.

"Now, are we to know, brethren," he said, whether his shirt is clean or not? The collars and cuffs may be fresh and neat while the shirt may have been on his back for fortnight. It betokens insincerity. A minister who avoids that which is misleading, and is honest and trustworthy, would wear a shirt with its own collar and wristbands."

The good men, who agreed with him, suggested that the young clergyman could probably be induced to buy a new set of proper shirts. Accordingly he was invited to a private conference, and his fault was pointed out by the stern critic with great plainness of speech.

"You see, sir," was the closing remark, "we like your preaching, but we want to be sure that you are what you seem to be and to know with certainty that you shirt is as clean as your collar or your coffs."

The minister received the suggestion with humility, and said that he was not absolutely unwilling to change his manner of dress, and to buy a set of "proper shirts." "But, brethren" he added, "I do not like to do it. I was born a poor boy in the Grampians, and my good mother taught me to save the pennies. It is very wasteful, it seems to me, to have the whole shirt washed, when only the collar and cuffs are soiled. My pious mother would not have approved of it."

The brethren moved uneasily in their seats.

"Besides," the minister went on, "there ought not to be one rule for the pulpit and another for the pews. When I preach I see good men in front of me who seem to have fine heads of hair, but are really bald and wear wigs which, at least in some cases, deceive persons who see them; would it not be more honest for them to take off their wigs and show their bald pates?"

This was a home thrust. The chief critic was very bald, and wore a long flaxen wig. Other brethren in the church also had wits, and were not what they seemed to be.

There was a long pause; then the main objector remarked grimly:

"You ought to heed your mother's words, wear what shirts you like."

A WELL-WORN SERMON.

An important Aberdeenshire parish being vacant, it became the duty of the Presbytery to supply the pulpit, and when, among others it fell to a minister in close proximity, to officiate, he took as his text: "Now Jacob was a plain man, living in tents." On the following Saturday a brother Presbyter, living at a distance, put up at the manse of him who had previously preached. Discovering that he had left his own intended sermon at home he begged his friend to loan him one, and was told: "If ye open that drawer, you'll find plenty; just help yourself." Taking the first that appeared he retired to another room, saying: "I'm thinking this is a gey nice bit sermonie; I'll just read it ower." Next day, to the astonishment of the congregation, not only was the text of the previous Sunday announced, but it was followed by the well-remembered sermon they had recently listened to. Many were the whispered remarks over the church and when all was over the astonished elders met the preacher in the vestry. It's rather queer, sir—indeed, verra queer—that that's the very sermon Dr. —— preached here last Sunday." "You don't say so," was the reply; "one wonder you think it's strange; I'll certainly tell my friend about it."

But instead of returning to his friend's manse, he rode home, and learning that the dominie of his own parish would preach in the same church on the following Sunday, he thought he would pay off the congregation and elders for having told him he had blundered. So, going to the schoolhouse during the week, he said: "I hear you are to preach at —— next Sunday, an' I thocht ye wad be nane the waur o' a sermon, for your sin are gey ken speckle, and so I hae brocht ye a nice bit sermonie, which ye can tak', if ye like." So off the dominie went, delighted to be so well prepared. But to the consternation out came for the third consecutive Sunday: "Now Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents." From all sides arose murmurs, but when the now familiar introduction followed, up rose the brawny blacksmith, and crying, "Dell take your plain man Jacob and his tent, I'm awa hame," he banged out of the door in a rage.—*Good Words.*

A ROGUE'S TRICK.

Not long ago the wife of a western Kansas politician asked him to lay aside politics long enough one day to dig the potatoes in the garden. He agreed to do it. After digging for a few minutes he went into the house and said that he had found a coin. He washed it off and it proved to be a silver quarter. He put it in his jeans and went back to work. Presently he went to the house again and said he had found another coin. He washed the dirt off it. It was a silver half dollar. He put it in his jeans. "I have worked pretty hard," said he to his wife, "I guess I'll take a short nap." When he awoke he found that his wife had dug all the rest of the potatoes. But she found no coins. It then dawned upon her that she had been worked.—*Kansas City Journal.*

THE ONLY WAY.

Excited Yale Sympathizer—"Can you imagine what Yale would do if Harvard should win?"

Calm Senior—"Lose probably."

SEW! SEW! SO!

This is the way my father sows,
As up and down the field he goes,
Walking fast or walking slow,
Hight and left the grain to throw.
Father knows,
While he goes,
That the grain falling here and there
By and by good crops will bear.
All he loves will have a share
If the grain he throws with care.
So he throws,
So he goes,
Sew! Sew! Sew!

This is the way my mother sews
As up and down long seams she goes,
Working, singing soft and low,
While she's sitting there to sew.
Mother knows,
As she sews,
Jackets, trousers, aprons, too,
Johnnie's hat and baby's shoe.
Patching old or making new,
Love runs all the stitches through.
This she knows,
So she sows,
Sew! Sew! Sew!

I can neither sow nor sew,
When I'm big, I'll learn then, though,
But while little, as I grow,
Little bits of love I'll show.
For I know,
As I go,
Tapping baby, calling Nap,
Running errands like a man,
Helping mother all I can,
Love will grow where it began.
Ah! I know,
Yes, 'tis so.
Little bits of love count up,
Like drops of water in a cup.
Fill it—so!
'Twill overflow!
So! So! So!

—*Eva Lovell.*

GAVE HERSELF.

The old doctor standing with his guest among the crowd of villagers, watched the black pine coffin as it was lowered into the grave. A large portly man handsomely dressed, was the only mourner. He gave a cold, decent attention to the simple ceremonies, walking briskly back to the hotel for his dinner when they were over.

"There is the end of a story which might, I fear, be duplicated in many a city or village," said the doctor, as he walked back home. "Sarah Gibbs, whom we happened to see buried there, was left an orphan at fifteen with a brother at three. That big fellow yonder, hurrying for something to eat, was the child.

"Sarah had great ambitions for her baby as she called him. She worked as a servant to feed and clothe him and send him to school in his earlier years. When he was older, she went into the mills at New London, did extra work, lived upon tea and dry bread, would not buy a gown in years, to save every cent that she might help him through a college course at Harvard.

He was always well fed and very well clothed. He was a noted athlete, and gave strict attention to every muscle. His digestion, his heart, his lungs, every muscle of the body, was washed and nourished under the eye of a professional gymnast of the college.

He was a superb animal when he quitted college. His brain had been trained too. She taught him that his own development was the chief object of life. He was keen and quick-witted, and went into business and has, I hear, been very successful.

And yet, when I remember that he has left his old sister here alone in comparative and lonely poverty all these years, I suspect that in her education of him his soul was forgotten. It has starved and died in him for the want of culture that his mind and body have had.

The doctor walked on in silence for a while. "But she," he said, rousing himself, "had a poor, frail body, made weak by the pinchings and deprivations she had in her love so gladly accepted for his sake. Her brain, too, was not a strong one. She could barely read and write. But when I think of her long self-sacrifice, of her affection, her patience, of the savage hurts she bore of disappointment and neglect, it seems to me God had her soul in training as the athlete had his body. It got strength and endurance through the fasting and the hurts." Glancing upward, the good man continued, in a low voice, "It is I think triumphant now."

"Surely," said the friend, "the education which leaves a man a selfish, keen-witted animal is a mistake?"

"It is a mistake which many self-sacrificing mothers and sisters make," said the doctor.

NEW WAY TO KEEP WARM.

The cabins of the "crackers" of northern Georgia have two opposite doors, but no window. The door stands open for light and air, and heat is furnished by a big fireplace. The cabins contain but one room.

The New York *Tribune* reports that a Northern Superintendent of a Georgia marble company went into such a cabin looking for a workman. It was a bitterly cold winter's day, and the whole family, blue with cold, were huddled over a few pine sticks in the fireplace. Both doors were open, and the icy wind blew through unhindered.

Before proceeding to business, the northerner banged to the doors, threw two or three logs on the coals, and soon had things steaming.

"There!" he said, as the people grew comfortable, "don't you see how quickly you warm up when the wind is kept out. See what a difference it makes to shut the doors?"

The cracker turned to his wife, and said with all heartiness:

"Wife hanged if hit ain't so! Don't forget it. When hit's cold arter this, let's shet the door."

Freddie—"Can't you give me something for my head?"

Doctor—"Wouldn't take it for a gift."

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

Many ladies living in distant rural districts, and regular users of Diamond Dyes, finding it impossible to procure from their general dealer patterns for the making up of mats and rugs, asked the manufacturers of Diamond Dyes to supply them from time to time as required. This necessitated the importing from manufacturers in Scotland of the best Hessian, the employment of a large staff to print and color designs. The manufacturers of Diamond Dyes are now in a position to supply their patterns by mail as well as through the best Dry Goods merchants. Sheets of patterns and designs sent free to address upon receipt of a Postal. The Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, P. Q.