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H. F. 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 and Frederick streets, Acton.
Office Hours:—6 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 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 4½.

R. J. McNABB,
Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc.
OFFICE—Ferryman's Block,
ACTON ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. A. P. HUSBAND, V. S.
Graduate Ontario Veterinary College.
Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society.
Office—Over Worden's Barber Shop, next door to Feed Store, Mill Street, Acton.

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

HENRY GRIST.
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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. F. 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 $145,000.
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.

Sun Savings and Loan C.
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT
Authorized Capital - $5,000,000.00
Ten-year maturity shares are paid
Monthly Instalments of 50c. per share for 120 months, when payments cease—$60.00 paid in—maturity value $100 00.
Money to loan at 5% straight loan or repayable in monthly instalments on application to
R. J. McNabb,
Agent, Acton

NASSAGAWEYA
Saw and Planing Mills.
Lumber and Shingles
AT LOWEST PRICES.
Mill stuff cut to order.
Wood at $1.00 a load at the mill.
P. Savers, Proprietor

Balance of
Holiday Stock
To Be Cleared at
DAY'S.

Remainder of Ladies' and Gents Purses at ½ 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 SELLS CHEAP.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

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

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
Interest at most favorable current rates allowed on Savings Bank accounts.
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 $50
Payable at any banking point in Canada outside of the Yukon Territory, may now be procured at the Bank Counter without any delay.
ACTON BRANCH
J. H. WALLACE, Manager.

....FRAMES....
FRAMES
PICTURES
FRAMED
AT...
Waters Bros
ART STORE
GUELPH
ARTIST'S SUPPLY HOUSE.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL Proprietor
A BE 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 performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gumming and filing done.

ACTON
SAW MILLS
LUMBER, LATH SHINGLES AND WOOD.
DRESSED LUMBER, ROUGH LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES AND STOVE WOOD OF ALL KINDS
KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
James Brown.
Terms Cash.

Removed.
Johnstone & Co.,
Furniture Dealers and Undertakers
Have removed their business to the more central and comodious premises known as
PEARSON'S STORE
and will there supply as usual, everything in
FURNITURE, MATTRESSES, SPRINGS, ETC.
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 about 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
Mill St., Acton.
Pearson's Old Stand.

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; $540 per year, payable weekly; $3 per day absolutely sure and all expenses straight, bona fide, indisputable salary no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expenses money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 4 Dearborn Br. Chicago.

—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Capital paid up, $1,000,000
Assets Over $9,000,000.
Cuelph 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.

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.

W. BARBER & BROS.
Paper Makers
Georgetown Ontario.
BOOK, NEWS, COLORED PAPERS
JOHN R. BARBER
EVERTON
AND
EDEN MILLS
FLOUR and OATMEAL MILLS.
Best quality of Flour and Oatmeal at right prices.
Bran, Middlings, Chop Feed, Etc., for sale.
Cash for Wheat and Oats.
Chopping every day at both mills.
HENRY HORTOP.
PROPRIETOR

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 ACME MOTOR
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.

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

Poetry.

HOLD THE TRAIN.

"Madam, we miss the train at H——."
"But can't you make it, sir?" she gasped.
"Impossible, it leaves at three."
"And we are due a quarter past."
Is there no way? Oh, tell me then,
Are you a Christian?" "I am not."
And are there none among the men
Who run the train?" "No—I forgot."
I think the fellow over here,
Oiling the engine claims to be,"
She threw upon the engineer
Affair face white with agony.

"Are you a Christian?" "Yes, I am."
"Then, O sir, won't you pray with me,
All the long way, that God will stay,
That God will hold the train at H——?"
"I will do no good; It's due at three,
And"—"Yes, but God can hold the train;
My, dying child is calling me,
And I must see her face again;
Oh, won't you pray?" "I will," a nod
Emphatic, as he takes his place.
When Christians grasp the arm of God
They grasp the power that rules the rod.

Out from the station swept the train
On time, swept past wood and lea;
The engineer, with cheeks aflame,
Prayed, "O Lord, hold the train at H——?"
Then threw the throttle wide, and like
Some giant monster of the plain,
With panting sides and mighty strides,
Past hill and valley swept the train.

A half, a minute, two are gained;
Along those burnished lines of steel
His glances leap, each nerve is strained,
And still he prays with fervent zeal.
Heart, hand, and brain, with one accord,
Work while his prayer ascends to heaven—
"Just hold the train eight minutes, Lord,
And I'll make up the other seven."

With rush and roar through meadow lands,
Past cottage home and green hillsides,
The panting things obeys his hands,
And speeds along with giant strides.
. . . . . .
They say an accident delayed
The other train a little while; but He
Who listened while His children prayed,
In answer held the train at H—

Select Family Reading.

A Little Benefactor.

MARY L. B. BRANCH.

"THE days are so long and wearisome!" sighed Mrs. Harmon. She had been confined to her room a long time by chronic ailment. She could not go up-stairs or down. She could not visit her kitchen, where a woman hired by the week now filled her place."

Her husband was at work from morning till night out in the fields, and her grown-up daughter was away teaching. She could ring a bell for Mrs. Grigg if she wanted anything, and she could move her chair from the window that looked out on the back yard to the window that looked out on the road.

But it was a road on which there was not much passing, and the chief event each day was the strolling of perhaps a dozen children to school with their dinner pails in the morning, and their return home in the afternoon. For want of other amusement she watched them—languidly at first, and after that with increasing interest.

"Almy Chapin and Grace Clark look to be pretty intimate," she often said to herself, as two pretty little girls in plaid aprons went by, sometimes each with her arms around the other's waist, and sometimes studying from one book as they walked. "Well, I used to be intimate that way with Almy's mother when I was a girl. She was Lucy Gray then. And now I don't see her once in six months. Folks around here aren't very social."

Mrs. Harmon said this resignedly. She knew how busy all the housewives were in their homes. When she was well she had not gone out visiting herself very often. There were the hens, the pigs, the milk and the butter-making to see to, besides the meals for the men and the housework.

But now, forced to give up work, time passed wearily. She had few resources; sewing made her nervous and she cared little for reading, though she had been a bright scholar when a girl, and taught the district school for two summers before she was married. Here she was, a clear-headed woman of forty-five, tied down to an invalid chair waiting—for what?"

"I declare, I won't spend another minute watching that hen scratch up the grass!" she said one morning, as she rolled her chair away from the back window. "It's time for the school-children to go by. Jimmy Grigg is swinging on our gate now, waiting for Benny Chapin to come along. There's Benny now. Lucy Chapin must have big washings. Benny goes to school every morning in a clean apron, and home in a dirty one."

She watched the boys saunter off, and then she watched till Alma Chapin and Grace went by. Presently Tommy Cobb followed running and stumbling, with his hand done up in a red handkerchief.

He was the last, and for more than two hours after, not even a dog passed the house. It was tedious.

But in the afternoon Mrs. Chapin came into Mrs. Harmon's room with Benny. She said there was going to be a mother's meeting at the schoolhouse, and she wanted to leave Benny with Mrs. Harmon till she came back.

"He'll be good," she said. "You sit there, Benny, and if Mrs. Harmon wants anything you can wait on her."

She hastened away, leaving her invalid friend looking at the little round-eyed boy who sat on a low chair opposite her. He sat very still, for he was being a good boy.

"Benny," she said at last, "how old are you?"

"Six and a half," he said. "I had a birthday in December. Did you know I was born in December, just before Christmas? My mother always calls me her Christmas present. I had a sled and six agates on my birthday."

"Do you like your school?"

"Yes, I do. I'm in the Third Reader. Jimmy Grigg and I began the Primer together, and pretty soon I went into the First Reader, but Jimmy stayed in the Primer. Then I went into the Second Reader, and Jimmy stayed in the Primer. Now I am in the Third Reader and Jimmy is in the Primer yet. The teacher says it's because he don't pronounce well, but I think he could pronounce well if he would only take pains."

Mrs. Harmon felt that she was getting very interesting replies from this talkative little boy.

"I've read 'Robinson Crusoe' through three times," he added.

"Was Tommy Cobb late this morning?" she asked.

"Yes, but his mother wrote him an excuse. He got hurt yesterday. He came to my house and climbed on top of the woodpile. Mother said, 'Get down, Tommy, or you'll fall,' but he didn't get down. She said, 'Tommy Cobb, get right down, or you'll fall and hurt yourself,' and he did fall and hurt his wrist so it swelled all up."

"We'll, I declare!" said Mrs. Harmon. Her next question was, "Almy likes Grace Clark, pretty well, doesn't she?"

"Yes; they're intimate friends. They've begun patchwork together, and they divide their pieces. They've pieces of all my aprons. But everything is used up now and they'll have to stop short. They wanted to make bedquilts, and now they can only make crib quilts; and there isn't a baby in either family."

Mrs. Harmon was very much entertained by Benny's chatter, and she could easily imagine what discussions had gone on between the girls. Quick, practical thoughts came into her mind, and she felt almost excitedly happy.

When Mrs. Chapin came from the meeting she found Benny standing on a stool, which itself stood on a wooden chair, getting down a little jar from the top shelf of the closet.

"I told him to," said Mrs. Harmon. "It's my clover salve. Benny has been a very good boy, Lucy, and I think he would run in often to see me. Can he?"

"Why, of course; he'd like it," said Mrs. Chapin. "Wouldn't you, Benny?"

"Yes, I'd like it first-rate," said Benny. "I've been looking at pictures and shells and featherwork, and another time she will let me see their old compass, if Mr. Harman says so."

"Now," said Mrs. Harmon, "on your way home, Benny, I want you to stop at Mrs. Cobb's and send Tommy right over here, and I'll give him something to cure his wrist. And tell Almy to stop on her way home to morrow; I want to see her."

After the visitors departed, Mrs. Harmon rang the bell for Mrs. Grigg, and told her to send in Jimmy with his Primer.

Jimmy came soberly. He had always felt afraid of the sad-faced woman, but this time she was smiling. She meant to help him to take pains about his pronouncing. Her old school-teaching arts returned to her, and she held the little boy's interest and inspired his zeal.

"I'll give him an hour a day," she said to herself, "till he gets into the Third Reader along with Benny."

When Tommy Cobb arrived, shy and wary, she made him welcome, and was soon doing up the the poor inflamed little wrist in the softest of old linen and with clover salve. When she finished, and he said, "Thank you, ma'am, that feels good," she replied, "Come in to-morrow and I'll do it again."

Next day Alma Chapin came. Grace was going to wait for her at the gate, but Mrs. Harmon tapped on the window for her to come in, too.

She asked the girls about their sewing and showed them a great bag of pieces, which she told them they were free to use till their quilts were done. They agreed to bring all their blocks to show to her, and she said she would do some of the cutting out for them.

"Isn't she nice?" they said to each other, when they started on the road home.

"Mrs. Harmon's been real bright all day," said Mrs. Grigg to Mr. Harmon, when he came wearily into the house at dusk. "I shouldn't wonder if she was going to take a start and get well."

Mrs. Harmon had certainly taken a start of some kind. She really cared about her new interests, and it was a happy day when Tommy Cobb left off his bandages and his mother came over on purpose to thank her for all her skill and her salve.

In a few days Jimmy Grigg was in the First Reader.

"And it won't be many weeks before he is in the Third," Mrs. Harmon said to his mother; and Mrs. Grigg felt so heartened up" that she went about her work singing.

The little girls and their sewing were an almost daily source of pleasure.

"Can this be my invalid wife who was speaking?" Mr. Harmon asked himself, when she said to him: "When those girls get their quilts pieced, I believe I'll let them have a quilting here, and invite the neighbors."

It was not alone these interests that arose. Others followed fast. She was always getting something new from that little chatterbox, Benny. Once she found out that Mrs. Clapham, down in the hollow, wanted "a dozen Brahma eggs the worst way, for her old yellow hen to sit on."

Another time Benny innocently related to her how Amarilda Green had been to see his mother.

"And old Mrs. Green is over eighty, and Amarilda says she just hankers after jell'. And Amarilldy can't make jell', bedause she don't raise currants. My mother's real sorry that her jell,' is all blackberry."

"And I'm glad mine is all currant," thought Mrs. Harmon to herself.

Before long a warm feeling stole into the hearts of the women of the neighborhood, and as they met at meeting or at sewing society one would say to another:

"Have you seen Mrs Harmon lately? What a good woman she is! They say her health's improving all the time now. I hope so. She's a blessing to the neighborhood."

"So Harmon's wife got well," said the storekeeper to the doctor. What medicine did you give her?"

"Oh! tonics, tonics," said the doctor with a wise smile. "And nature helped, too, of course—nature, helped, too."

But Mrs. Harmon, in her own heart, gave credit to a third agent, and always thought of Benny as her little benefactor.
—*Youth's Companion.*

NO GREAT MATTER.

So many serious and knotty questions have to be discussed in courts of justice that a bit of humor now and then is a welcome relief. *Green Bag* records many such, and here is one of the latest:

The other day an attorney was airing his indignation. He had been robbed. Yes, sir, robbed. It was shameful the way things went on, right under the eyes of the law.

Finally Judge Gary noticed the fuming and fretting.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Matter? It's a confounded outrage! Had my overcoat stolen right from this room!"

The judge smiled.

"Overcoat, eh?" he said. "My dear fellow, that's nothing! Whole suits are lost here every day."

WHY MEN FAIL.

The New York *World* some time ago invited confessions from those who felt themselves to have made a failure in life, and as will readily be supposed, there was no lack of responses. Most of the writers lay the blame of their poor success upon themselves, though some ascribe it to circumstances. One man, at least, charges his failure to his wife, but with no great show of justice, as is clear, even from his own statement. In any case, he should have changed his plea or held his tongue.

One man was ruined by gambling,—which will ruin any man, no matter how rich he may get,—and another made a somewhat similar confession when he says that he came to nothing through trying to get rich too suddenly. One man lays his poor success to lack of concentration and perseverance, but signs himself, "Try, try again;" and one has "dabbled in too many things," made himself master of nothing, and consequently, as he says, has to, "take the bottom place everywhere."

Still another man, a type of a large class, fell through strong drink. He heads his sad story with a motto from Emerson, "The dice of God are always loaded," and thus continues:

"I fell from an estate of influence, usefulness and ease to a condition of drunken pauperism because I lacked self-control, pride, ambition, discipline. I possessed some of the minor virtues,—industry, integrity, honesty, chastity,—but these proved an inadequate bulwark against the evils of social drinking.

Beginning business life at twenty, with a fair education and a good knowledge of stenography, at thirty I was in charge of a newspaper and was an official court stenographer, blessed with a wife and children and a peaceful home, and in the enjoyment of an income of about five thousand dollars. Energetic, skilful, apt, I was successful in my official and private vocations; generous, liberal, unselfish, and open-hearted, I had many friends and a wide acquaintance.

I drank moderately, joined in an occasional game of poker with friends, laid an occasional wager on an election, a ball game or a horse race—never to the material depletion of my purse,—and was neither a gambler nor a rake. Twenty years since, companionable drinking at open bars was more respectable than it is now and being in daily companionship with lawyers, county officials, jurymen, witnesses and politicians who indulged in a social glass, I soon became a regular drinker.

As a consequence of over-indulgence, my health began to fail, and as custom grew into habit, I felt the need of stimulants when my work was prolonged or perplexing. I well remember the shock to my self-respect when I first took a drink alone, but I never stopped to "breathe and exercise the soul by assuming the penalties of abstinence.

Finally nervous prostration compelled me to resign my official position and to sell my badly encumbered business, and soon I was a wreck financially, physically and mentally; and one morning found me at a mirror gazing at my haggard features, and wondering if I had in reality gone mad.

Is it possible that my story will cause any young drinking man to stop in his downward way? I, too, was sure that I could never sink to such depths, and I piled the wretched ones below me. But here I am, and there are countless thousands coming my way. And they forget that the dice are loaded.

A CASE OF TRANSPOSITION.

Students of grammar know how necessary it is when analyzing poetical sentences or sets of verses of poetry to transpose words, phrases and clauses, and make a liberal paraphrase of the whole, so as to obtain the correct grammatical construction. It is surprising how many different renderings of one line of verse can be made without transgressing any of the laws of grammar pure and simple. One line in Gray's "Elegy" perhaps carries off the palm for this. It can be twisted into at least twenty different readings without materially altering the sense:

"The ploughman homeward plods his weary way."

The ploughman plods his weary homeward way.

The ploughman weary homeward plods his way.

The ploughman weary plods his homeward way.

The ploughman homeward weary plods his way.

The ploughman weary his way homeward plods.

The ploughman plods his homeward weary way.

The weary ploughman plods his homeward way.

The weary ploughman homeward plods his way.

Weary the ploughman homeward plods his way.

Weary his homeward way the ploughman plods.

Weary the ploughman his way homeward plods.

His homeward way the weary ploughman plods.

His homeward way the ploughman weary plods.

His way the weary ploughman homeward plods.

His way the ploughman weary homeward plods.

His homeward weary way the ploughman plods.

His weary way the homeward ploughman plods.

His weary way the ploughman homeward plods.

Homeward the ploughman plods his weary way.

Homeward his way the weary ploughman plods.

Homeward the ploughman plods his weary way.

Homeward the weary ploughman plods his way.

Homeward his weary way the ploughman plods.

And anyone with a little patience could easily add to this number of different readings, all correct from a simple grammatical point of view.

NOT DURABLE.

"Marriages" may be made in heaven," he said thoughtfully, "but if so, they're dealing in a cheaper grade of goods up there every year. They don't last anything like what they used to."

NOT THE SAME GIRL.

The following anecdote has both a comical and a pathetic side. What a long time fifty years are in the life of human beings! And how far apart, how unlike in taste, feelings, opinions and habits, men and women can become, who in childhood slept under the same roof, attended the same school, and dreamed of nothing but of being friends forever! A gentleman whose "courtly manners" were mentioned in all the papers when he died, a few years after this incident, fancied in his old age that he wished to see his boyhood friends, and most of all, the fair young girl whose love, long years before, he almost, but not quite, had dared to ask.

He forgot country manners, and called at half past eleven in the forenoon. He was asked to walk "right out into the kitchen, as there was no fire anywhere else.

His early admiration stood before him, in a worn calico dress, no collar, and a wide and not faultlessly clean apron. Her half-combed, grizzly hair was tucked under a rusty black lock loose nap, trimmed with faded purple ribbon. She had no teeth, and a huge pair of silver-bowed spectacles were pushed up on her her brown, wrinkled forehead!

Fifty-two years before, they had parted with a kiss, and he had been intending to meet her with one, and thus bridge the chasm of years. But he changed his mind, when through his gold-bowed glasses he took in the picture before him.

Wiping her hands on her apron, she gave him a hearty handshake, and bade him "sit right down," adding they were "killing hogs and trying up lard" but if he would "stay to dinner," she would have "a fire lit in the front room."

Of course he declined the invitation, and for his own comfort, as well as for her convenience, he determined to make his call short. Still he must say something complimentary before leaving; but what could he say?

Just then the lard boiled over, and with a shrill cry to her daughter to "come quick," the woman jumped up and caught hold of the kettle. The smoke and perfume were in themselves far from agreeable; but they were grateful to the caller, as they gave him a chance for the desired compliment.

"Your step has lost none of its elasticity since the evenings we sauntered together along the banks of the R——," he said, "while this"—holding out his gold-headed cane—"is needed to support mine."

"Yes," said the woman. "I'm as spry as a kitten; and I've thought ever since you've been here, that I was glad enough that time hadn't changed me as it has you."

DIDN'T THINK IT WAS HIS FAULT.

It is thought by some that eloquence is going out of fashion; that it is becoming, as all ambitious newspapers say, "a less important factor" in human life than formerly it was, when people read less, and depended more upon lectures and speeches. There may be a modicum of truth in this theory, but a smooth tongue and a logical faculty are still persuasive, as is happily illustrated by the following dialogue between a young man and a real estate agent, which we find reported in the Chicago *Post*.

The young man admitted that he had children, and the real estate man frowned and shook his head.

"We are very particular in regard to that building," he said at last, "and if you have children I am afraid I cannot let you have the flat."

"I am very sorry," returned the young man, meekly. "It seems rather hard that a man should be made to suffer for what is no fault of his own; but I suppose it can't be helped."

The real estate man looked surprised.

"You see," explained the young man, "I wasn't given a fair chance, for I never was told in my younger days that it was wrong to have children, or that that there was any penalty attached. I supposed it was all perfectly natural and proper, but I presume the enormity of the offence is fully explained to all the schools now."

"Really, I—"

"Then I had a very bad example set me right in the family," interrupted the young man, "for my parents had children. It seems remarkable, doesn't it? But it's a fact; and they were held to be very estimable people, too. I was taught to revere them, and naturally I fell into the error of supposing that there was nothing unlawful or opposed to public policy about it, and so I married, and now I find myself in such disrepute that I can't get the kind of flat I want.

"I suppose it's all right," he continued, "but you must admit that it seems rather hard on a man who has always aimed to be a good citizen."

"My dear sir, you—"

"Now I think of it," broke in the young man again, "I suppose your parents were guilty of the same offence. I don't see how you can successfully deny it. Now, sir, I would like to ask you if you think it is fair for a man to expect his tenants to be more acceptable than his parents?"

"I was about to say, when you interrupted me," returned the agent, "that under the circumstances I am prepared to suspend that rule regarding children, and let you have the flat."

NO MORE TROUBLE.

Almost anything is better than a quarrel. Even if your neighbor's hens forage in your garden, it is best to control your temper. Try a little innocent strategy, like this reported by the New York *Weekly*. The trick is patented.

"Are you still troubled by your neighbor's chickens?" asked one man of another.

"Not a bit," was the answer. "They are kept shut up now."

"How did you manage it?"

"Why, every night I put a lot of eggs in the grass under the grapevine, and every morning when my neighbor was looking, I went out and brought them in."

TOMMY HAD 'EM BOTH.

"Did you ever laugh until you cried, Tommy?"

"Yes, only this morning."

"What at?"

"Well, pa stepped on a tack and I laughed; then pa caught me laughing and I cried."

The fact that most diseases arise from an impure or low condition of the blood, is fully proven by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

STOP YOUR FRETTIN'

When things don't come along your way
Can't hurry 'em by frettin';
If clouds o' care obscure your day,
Can't chase 'em off by frettin';
Yor tears just brig to your woe
An' freshen up an' help it grow—
Don't wash it out o' sight, an' so,—
There ain't no use in frettin'.

The heavy load you have to bear
Ain't lightened up by frettin';
The sorrow vultures in the air
Ain't scared away by frettin';
If debt is growin', rent is due,
No cash in hand and you are blue,
Brace up and be a man, for you
Can't square yourself by frettin'.

Young fellow, if you get the jilt,
There ain't no use o' frettin'
Remember that the milk that's spilt
Can't be restored by frettin';
There's just as good fish in the sea
As ever struck the net, an' she
Ain't worth a sigh o' misery,
So don't you go to frettin'.

If Chawley quits you in a huff,
Dear girl don't go to frettin';
It's mebbe just a cranky bluff
That isn't worth the frettin';
And if he don't return you'd ought
To thank the Lord you wasn't caught
In sich a trifler's trap and not
Go 'round in tears a frettin'.

No matter what your cares and woes,
Don't humor 'em by frettin';
If hard luck aims her heavy blows
Strike back—don't go to frettin'
Screw up your nerve and hold your grip
And keep a frozen upper lip,
For anything on earth kin whip
The man that gits to frettin'.
—*James Barton Adams in Denver Post.*

NOBLE SACRIFICE.

Pearson's Weekly tells a story of a telegraph lineman who has to his credit as brave a service to a comrade as a soldier might render on the field of battle. A few years ago two men were at work upon a telegraph pole standing many feet above the line of railway. A wire had broken, and they were repairing the damaged wire.

The wind blew fiercely from the east, and the pole rocked to and fro. Suddenly a strong gust caused one of the men to turn in his position. In doing so he pushed his comrade, who, taken unawares, fell backward. He clutched at his mate, and both tumbled over among the wires.

For a moment the two men hung without speaking a word. Then one of them said:

"Bill, I can't reach the post, and I'm afraid if I move the wires will break."

As he spoke a wire did break. Both men hanging together, were in danger of being precipitated to the track below.

"Well, mate," said Bill, "one of us has got to drop. It's a big drop to make, but as your's married and have three children, I don't see why I should stay here."

"No, don't do that, Bill; you'll get killed, surely. Let's hang on a little longer."

Another wire broke. One more might drop them both. Bill made up his mind.

"Good-by, mate," he said to the other.

"Good-by," answered his companion, the tears running out of his eyes.

Bill dropped. It was a fall of forty feet. He fell among some rough stumps of bushes, and rolled down an embankment. Then he rose, and called to his companion

"I'm all right, mate! I'm going for help."

The station was half a mile distant. When the poor fellow reached it and had told his story, he fainted away. The doctor found that he had broken both his arms and one of his ribs; but his brave action had very likely saved his companion's life.

THE PASTORS' APT HYMNS.

Not many years ago a minister in one of the Eastern States fell, as will sometimes happen, into a difficulty with his choir, which, for some time, prevented their accustomed attendance. At length the choir relented, and appeared, as heretofore, at the usual time of service. The minister most unexpectedly saw them in their places, and in due time, looking very significantly in their direction, arose and read the hymn:

"And are ye wretches still alive,
And do ye yet rebel?"

A clergyman in Pittsburg, Pa., married a lady with whom he received a dowry of $10,000 and a fair prospect of more. Shortly afterward, while occupying the pulpit, he gave out the hymn, read the first four verses, and was proceeding to read the fifth, commencing, "Forever let my grateful heart," when he hesitated, ahemmed, and exclaimed, "We will omit the fifth verse," and sat down. The congregation, attracted by his apparent confusion, read the verse for themselves, and smiled almost audibly as they read:

Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore;
Who gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more."

A DEADLY INSULT AVENGED.

While James McNeill Whistler, the eccentric American painter, was trying on a hat in a London shop one day, a customer rushed in and mistaking Mr. Whistler for a clerk, exclaimed:

"I say, this 'at doesn't fit."

The artist eyed him for a minute, and then replied, scornfully; neither does your coat and I'll be hanged if I like the color of your trousers."—*Argonaut.*

STRANGE BUT TRUE.

A cuckatoo appeared as a witness in the Brighton (England) County Court. The plaintiff lost a cuckatoo and claimed one that was alleged to have been caught and retained by a farmer. The bird was produced in court and at the plaintiff's bidding said certain words. The judge thereupon ordered it to be returned to the plaintiff.

The Best Evidence of Popularity is The Ever-Increasing Demand

The ever increasing demand for the Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns is a sure and certain indication of their popularity. The fascinating art of mat and rug making in the home is now cultivated by women of all ages and classes. The Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns combine beauty and simplicity. After securing one of these patterns, any lady can easily hook it and produce a really valuable and attractive room ornament. The manufacturers of the celebrated Diamond Dyes are prepared to send to any address free of cost a sheet of pretty and suitable designs to enable you to select from. The Wells and Richardson Co., Limited, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.