The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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Accounts payable monthly.

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M.,
SUCCESSOR TO
J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill Frederick streets, Acton.
Office Hours:—6 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

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

DR. DRYDEN,
EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.
Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets.
GUELPH.
OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 3 to 5 p.m.
SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

DENTAL.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST,
GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S. DENTIST,
ACTON.
Office over McKee's Drug Store.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
VISITING DAYS.—First and third Tuesdays, Brookville; Friday, Rockwood.
The latest anaesthetic used if desired.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, AND COMMISSIONER FOR TAKING AFFIDAVITS.
Main Street, Georgetown.
Conveyancing done, and money loaned on first mortgage on farm property at 4½%.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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

HENRY GRIST,
OTTAWA, CANADA.
Solicitor of Patents, for Invention, etc.
Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American, and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks. Send for pamphlet. Thirty-two years experience.

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER,
Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario.
(Over Williams' Store.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order (periodicals of every description carefully bound, ruling neatly and promptly done

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
H. P. MOORE
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening.
Free Press Office, ACTON

WM. HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at his 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 $185,000.
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 15, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph.

AMATEUR CAMERAS AND SUPPLIES

PREMO,
POCO,
RAY,
MAGAZINE,
CYCLONE.

PRINTING FRAMES.
4 x 5 and
Cabinet, 25 cents.

PRINTING PAPERS.
SOLIO,
ARISTO,
VELOX,
PHOTOX.

H. RAMSHAW,
PHOTO ARTIST ACTON

We Are Stock-Taking

and find several ends of paper enough to do a room, ranging from 20c 10c a roll, will clear at 5c. Border and ceiling to match.

27 Fine Lamps at Cost to Clear.

AT

DAY'S BOOKSTORE
GUELPH.
DAY BELLS 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 on 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.

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 hereabouts and Johnstone & Co supply them.
Carpets made up to order, and Housefurnishings also in variety. Roller Blinds of all kinds in stock.

JOHNSTONE & CO,
Furniture Dealers & Undertakers
Mill St., Acton.
Pearson's Old Stand.

W. BARBER & BROS.
Paper Makers
Georgetown Ontario.

BOOK,
NEWS,
COLORED
PAPERS

JOHN R. BARBER

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.

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

—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Capital paid up, $1,000,000
Assets Over $9,000,000.
Guelph Branch
(NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE)
Savings Bank Department
HIGHEST CURRENT RATE OF INTEREST paid on sums deposited of $1 and upwards. Interest allowed from date of deposit to date of withdrawal, paid or compounded half yearly.
Advances made to responsible farmers on their own names at the lowest current rates.
No charge made for collecting sales notes if payable in Guelph.
A general banking business transacted.
A. P. H. JONES, Manager.

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.

Good Shoes
Reasonable Prices.

We are here to serve you faithfully and well. The whole system of our business revolves around the central point, that we sell good goods at reasonable prices. The day of large profits is gone. Sudden fortunes are not often made honestly. We are content with the moderate rewards that come from a large trade well managed. Come and talk Shoes with us; we can't discuss politics, but we are full of ideas on foot gear. We sell all Lines and suit all Customers.

W. WILLIAMS.
The Shoe Man.
Mill Street - - Acton.

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.

T. STATHAM & SON
MAIN ST. ACTON.

Acton Pump Works
Main treet, 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 ASPIRATOR
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.

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

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; $900 per year, payable weekly; $3 per day absolutely sure and all expenses straight, bona-fide, definite salary no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expenses money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE (Dept. 3) Chicago Ill.

Poetry.

HIS VALENTINE.

I saw her first, a little maid,
In scanty skirts and pinafore;
While I was tall, and rather staid,
Her senior by six years or more.
By something charming in her ways—
Some witchery I cannot divine—
She held me, and are many days
I chose her for my valentine.

But in this busy world of ours,
Where love is sacrificed for gold,
The tooth of time the heart devours;
The magnet does not always hold;
And so we went our separate ways,
Her life so far apart from mine,
That in the intervening years,
I lost my little valentine.

Then nigh unto a dozen years
Had passed, when I one morning said:
"How desolate my lot appears!
'Tis really time that I was wed!"
Weary of the world I'd grow;
So weary of its toil and strife
I craved a sweet nest of my own,
And the possession of a wife.

But where to look for such a good,
And whether East or West to go,
As if bewildered in a wood,
I must confess I did not know.
It might be those in fashion's whirl
Would listen—nor my suit refuse—
Ah me! there was not any girl
Among them I would care to choose!

I did not know what move to make,
Nor how my interests to advance;
And last there might be some mistake,
I left the matter unto chance.
But fate and fortune then must share
In this thank-offering of mine,
For they together led me where
I found my early valentine.

You are not jealous, love, I know,
Although the tears are in your eyes.
And on your cheek the roses glow,
You are not taken by surprise?
Come closer, closer, to my heart,
Beloved queen, by right divine;
Thou hast no rival for thou art
My first and only valentine?

—By Josephine Pollard.

Select Family Reading.

In The Days of Home-made Valentines.

BY MRS. ELLEN DELLIS.

"I WISH some one would send me a valentine," said Hetty Hanson. She was sitting at the parlor window looking at the moon, and the lamps had not yet been lit in the early February evening, and she had uttered the words aloud. Then, as she turned—for she had frightened herself by speaking aloud—she thought she saw a deeper shade amongst the shadows and heard a step on the carpet. She ran to the hall door. There was no one to be seen, and she rejoiced. It was such a foolish thing to say, and usually she was not silly, but she did want one very much.

There are no longer any valentines Oh! but there are, you say. I know it. The shop windows teem with them. I know it. But the valentine proper ceased to be when the spurious valentine was printed in quantities and to be had of every stationer. The pretty things your female relatives send you, as they do Christmas cards, or the ugly things vulgar enemies forward per post are not to be considered. In Hetty's girlhood, the lover who dared not utter his passion openly was the sender of the valentine.

He could not buy one, but he could get gilt-edged paper or lace paper on which to write, and he could use his brush and color box, and do his best with loves and doves and his muse and his lyre, or if he were rich, pay some poet or painter to do it for him.

Such valentines you may still find amongst the treasures of ancient nations, or of antique spinsters all over the land. And it was such a one that this little Hetty wished for on that February night.

Other girls got them. She had never had one—in fact, she had never had a lover, never an offer of marriage, though she was eighteen years old, and girls usually married early in those days. To be sure, she would have refused every one for she had a little secret of her own; one that she hid in her very soul—deep, deep down where no one could see it.

She liked William Vermilye too well to marry any one else. Though as for William, he, she knew, felt nothing for her beyond friendship; nor was it a match in any way suitable, for William was only her father's apprentice. Her father was a jeweler and silversmith, and William had been with him since he was fourteen years old; he was one of the family. He shared the noon dinner and the six o'clock tea; he went to church with them. His father had been an old friend of hers, but had not prospered in life, and Hetty knew that the match that would be expected of her would be one with a man of some position, who had money or was at least in the way to be rich.

William was just her own age, and an apprentice for three years more. Even if—but that was nonsense—if he admired any one, it was golden-haired Bessie or blue-eyed Grace—some pretty creature; and she was plain, very plain, according to the rules of beauty which were laid down in those days. She was little and dark, with a tip-tilted nose and a mouth large enough to be expressive. Mean little mouths were then admired. She had a round face and low forehead. In those days ladies were anxious to have high ones. In fact, she thought very poorly of her own charms. She did not wonder that no one made love to her—that William did not—but she did want a valentine so very much.

She sat down and looked at the moon again as it rose above the steeple of the church, and she thought of William still at work upon the setting of an engagement ring that a happy lover had ordered for his happy sweetheart; and—oh, she thought, if things were but changed, so that she was a lovely creature, to whom some one just like William was engaged, and that she wore his ring upon her finger, and kept hidden away, more precious than all jewels, the valentine in which he first told her of his love.

"Hetty!" called a kindly voice at this moment from across the hall. "Hetty, my child, you'll never get the ruffles crimped to-night unless you begin them."

In that day many ruffles were worn, and there was much solemn work with a flat-bladed knife after the weekly wash day.

So Hetty went to her ruffles, and shortly afterward William came in to show the engagement-ring to her mother and herself before he placed it among pink cotton in its little Russia-leather box.

How handsome he looked. Hetty could not sleep for a long while that night thinking of him.

From the window of the room in the wing where he slept a light shone. Evidently he was awake.

"What was he thinking of?" she wondered.

She left her shutter open that she might see the yellow rays. They still shone when she fell asleep and dreamed that Cupid came to her—wings, bow and arrow, pink gauze, scarf and all—and with his lowest bow tendered her a valentine.

She awakened on valentine morning to find at the foot of her bed, not Cupid, but Diana; a little black bound girl who did the errands, lighted the fires, opened the door and made herself generally useful. In her hand she held a square packet of the most beautiful paper, all gilded and beflowered, and bearing on a pink space left for the purpose, her name in golden letters.

"Joy bring it, Missy Hetty," said Diana. "Reckon it am a valuntime. 'Valuntime's Day, Missy Hetty. Reckon you'm gwine gimmie suffin' for fetchin' dat yar, Missy. Yah! Yah!"

Hetty took a silver coin from a little bag that hung over the bed-post, and put it in Diana's black palm, and Diana sped away laughing with joy. Then the girl arose and bolted the door, and going back to her couch, opened the wrapper; and within, all blue and silver, amongst little smiling Cupids, such as she had dreamed of, encircled with posies of some fairy-land—for none such grow here—lay her first valentine; to her mind the most perfect poem ever written, though, no doubt, the critics, as hard to please then as now, might have thought differently.

A valentine! Oh, the lovely thing! Oh the precious thing! She kissed it twenty times for its beauty, and tried in vain to guess who could have sent it. But she did not show it to any one. She had always thought that if she had a valentine she should show it to the other girls, and let them tease her about it. She had believed she should be proud of her conquest, as they were. But not she only wanted to keep it to herself. Of course her mother saw it and marvelled and admired as she did; but no one else. But the girl's cheeks grew brighter and her eyes softer, and she sang little love songs in the twilight. And in these days she sail to the moon, very careful not to speak aloud, however:

"I have as dear a valentine as any of them.

And yet, though she half expected it, nothing came of the valentine. No stranger sought an introduction. No wonderful revelation of one who had long loved her secretly was made.

She helped her mother keep the house as usual. She fluted the ruffles and skimmed the preserve kettle. Her father and William worked together, and came in to dinner, taking off their aprons and washing their hands on the back porch. They had tea company, mostly ancient family friends. They paid visits. She even went to a dance, but no lover appeared.

They went to church, and sat in the pew in order of precedence—the father, the mother, the daughter—William at the end of the seat. But still no splendid stranger appeared, "gazing at her with admiration in his eyes," as they often did in the novels of the day.

Where had the Valentine come from? The year rolled by. Valentine's day came again. Nothing had altered in the jeweler's household. But for the records in the family bible, no one would have known that Hetty was a year older than when she confided her wish for a valentine to the evening moon. Perhaps the man in the moon had heard the wish and gratified it. William now nineteen, and had become a splendid workman. Perhaps he did not talk as familiarly with Hetty Hanson as of yore. They were both older, and she said to herself:

"I can be as reserved as he."

A very serious elderly gentleman with a queer brown wig and goggle eyes, had fallen into a habit of calling, and evidently had some intention of offering himself to Miss Hetty. The family spoke of him as "a person of great probity." But, entre nous, great probity, by itself, does not win the virgin heart.

"What if he should send her a valentine?" she thought, before sleep came to her on Valentine's Eve. "What a stiff, poky, dry as dust thing it would be!"

But in the morning there was Diana at her bedside again, and in her hand a splendid wrapper, and within a finer valentine than the first one, and by the same hand. Oh, no, the dry old merchant in the brown scratch wig never sent that.

Hetty laid the two together, folded in their wrappers, and those in a great sheet of what, folk in that day called silver paper, and kept them to admire. And still no lover appeared in person save the elderly merchant, whose name was Mr. Molse, and unless I were to tell you how she arose and went to bed, and how she learned to make salads and to bring jellies to perfection, and bought new dresses and wore them, and called on the Misses Brown and the Misses Black, to say nothing of the Misses Grey, I should not be able to write much about the uneventful year, or only this: In spite of her valentines, the girl's heart was sore, for William Vermilye—now fast approaching twenty—had seemingly lost all his friendship for her, comported himself frigidly, and even betook himself to some other church on Sundays. And she loved him better every day, and was vexed and grieved and wept in secret, but was so haughty in her manner towards him that her mother reproved her. "For William Vermilye is a worthy young man," she said, "and of good birth and well-behaved and I am ashamed to see you use him so because he is your father's apprentice and you have money. Be kind to him.

"Oh, he can do very well without that," said little Hetty, and went up stairs with her nose in the air, and cried as if her heart would break.

At last she had three valentines, each finer than the other, and Mr. Molse had proposed, and she had thanked him for his compliment and declined on the grounds that she had not thought of marrying any one; and at least he did not worry her by calling and looking at her stiffly, but approvingly, as though she were a curiosity in a museum.

And William Vermilye's term was over and, to the jeweler's surprise, he spoke of leaving him, though excellent wages were offered, though it had been expected he would stay.

"It is your snubbing of him," Mrs. Hanson said to Hetty. You use him badly. Why, I cannot think. He never presumes."

And all the while Hetty's heart was breaking for one kind look from him.

She thought of nothing save that he was going away, not even when Valentine's Eve came, though perhaps her unknown lover might remember her again.

She could not sleep that night, but sat in the dark by the window. There she could see William sitting by a shaded lamp, at a table near his window. He was at work and very busy.

But what was he doing? Her curiosity got the better of her at last. She went to a shelf where stood a field-glass that her father had once given her, and took it down. Arranging it to suit her eyes, she could see plainly that he was writing—copying something upon a sheet of paper bordered with bright colors. She could have seen the letters but that her hand began to tremble so. But now a strange suspicion filled her soul. She would—she must see what he was doing. Slipping off her shoes, she glided along the hall and up the garret stairs. There stood Diana's bed; there Diana lay, snoring. Her mistress shook her smartly. Then held her hand over her mouth that she might not cry out.

"It is I, child," said she. "I want you to get up and dress yourself, and go down to Mr. William Vermilye's room, and tell him you think there may be burglars in the kitchen."

"I'm feared to go, if dey is burglars," whined Diana.

"It's only a trick; there are none. Hurry child," said Hetty.

"Like April fool tricks?" asked Diana, grinning.

"Yes, don't laugh," said Hetty.

She watched over the stair-rails, heard Diana whisper her fib, saw William precede her to the kitchen, with a candle, and flew into his room. There lay his work on the table—a valentine, wonderfully beautiful, a wrapper lovlier still, on which her name was written—such a wrapper as those other three she had stored away.

William Vermilye had sent them all. His skill as a jeweler made him able to do this dainty work. Yes, it was he.

Her heart beat so wildly that it shook her whole frame; she could hardly get back to her room, where she listened, holding the door ajar while she heard Diana say:

"I's pow'ful sorry, Mis'r William, I stu'bed you for nuffin—I surely is.

Then she skipped into bed the happiest girl alive.

All that Diana said next morning was:

"Dot yar valuntime, Missy Hetty."

But this time her mistress tore it open, saw what she expected, pressed it to her lips and kissed it, kissed it, kissed it, until Diana burst out into a shrill "Ki-yi" and tumbled out of the bed-chamber. Anything startling always makes young Africa laugh.

What did Hetty care? Let the world laugh: she could laugh with it.

Later, while William worked, sadly enough, in the jeweler's shop, he heard a step behind him. He turned his head and saw Hetty. She held in her hand the valentine. Her eyes shone; her lips were dewy.

"William!" she said.

He started, for she had called him Mr. Vermilye for a long time, but only rose and bowed.

"Do you want to see my valentine?" asked she, holding it out. "Is it not pretty?"

Again he bowed.

"I think there never was one like it," she said. Who could have sent it?"

"Some one who admired you," he answered.

"But, just think," said she. "I have three others, and still the writer does not reveal himself."

"Perhaps he does not dare," said William.

"What I think," said Hetty, "is that he is making game of me. He knows that I am but a plain girl, and calls me an angel to see how much I will believe. He could not mean all that."

"Every word of it," said William, flushing.

"Not a word, said Hetty, "for I have found you out, sir. You wrote them all. You, who think so little of me, as everyone can see by your very air and speech. You are so formal and unfriendly. You heard me wish on the moon for a valentine. On that saint's eve she always grants wishes; so I asked her just for fun. And you have taken all this trouble to annoy a plain, vain little girl. Oh, I know all!"

She stood before him, half laughing, half crying, and altogether delicious. He could not bear it.

"Yes, Hetty," said he, "I wrote them all such as they are, and I mean more than they can say. I adore you. I always have adored you. Once I thought you liked me but lately you have seemed to scorn me. And I bethought me that I was but your father's poor apprentice. Oh, I am a fool, Hetty."

"So am I," said Hetty.

And suddenly William Vermilye became wise, and he took his little valentine in his arms and kissed her. And as long as they two lived they blessed St. Valentine.

"LAZY WHITE MAN."

The Western Indians, although not fond of work, do not approve of indolent white men. The "heap good white man," in their estimation, is the white man who works hard: and to sit by and watch him as he toils seems to afford them never-failing pleasure.

Some young "warriors" of the Blackfoot tribe sat in the shade one day, watching a group of laborers who were constructing a grade for a branch railroad in Montana. They were commenting upon the workmen and their work, when a bicyclist, the first that they had ever seen, came riding along the newly made grade. He had got off the train at the last station, and was going to the next a little farther on.

The Indians watched the wheelman without a word until he passed beyond a knoll, which hid him from view—then they expressed their sentiments concerning him."

"No good white man!" one remarked.

"No," answered another, with great scorn, "heap lazy white man—sits down to walk!"

Don't think less of your system than you do of your house. Give it a thorough cleansing, too. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE BRIDE WAS LATE.

Mrs. Peevy had just returned from a wedding in the little country church, and was describing the scene to her husband, who had been too lazy to "fix up" and go to see it for himself. Of course she must tell him who was there, and how the bride was dressed. Then she began to laugh, as if at the recollection of something most uncommonly amusing.

"Of course I knew Hattie Francis wouldn't be on time, even if it was her own wedding," Mrs. Peevy remarked, as she carefully removed her best black kid gloves and laid them away in soft, white paper, as was her custom; "but I must say that her being fifteen minutes behindhand was rather unfortunate."

"Did Sam'l Gregg get tired out at the organ 'fore they come in?" inquired Mr. Peevy. "He told me that Hattie's city beau had charged him to begin prompt at seven o'clock, and play till 'twas all over. I understand he was to have five dollars for the job."

"Well, he earned it," said Mrs Peevy with a grim smile. "He began to play at seven sharp, and they were to be there at quarter past. He played the music just as he'd been ordered, and at quarter past seven he struck into the wedding march."

"Was the couple there interrupted Mr. Peevy."

"No!" responded his wife; "but there wasn't anybody quick enough to climb up the winding stairs to the organ and stop Sammel from going on, and he's deaf, anyway. But when he got that middle part where it goes tee-tum—tee-tum—tee-tum—I can't sing it," broke off Mrs. Peevy, after three shrill attempts each higher than the preceding one—"I can't sing it, but when he got that place he twisted round on the stool, and saw that the procession wasn't there.

"Well, it confused him some, and his stock of music isn't very large, and I suppose he thought if there was going to be a delay he'd better save it up, and he was just starting out into "Come Ye Disconsolate," when Hattie and her young man came in the door."

"I guess they were so flustered they didn't know what was being played, and as for Sammel he never looked round till he got to the end of the verse, 'an so the weddin' procession marched up the aisle to "Come, Ye Disconsolate."

GENTLE REPROOF.

Among the many anecdotes which illustrate the race character of William Augustus Muhlenberg is one which is told of him at the time he taught in Flushing Institute.

He was most unsparing of his own faults, even before his scholars, where they were concerned in the circumstance. One of them a young man very dear to him, often told in after years how, after administering a severe rebuke to him one day, Mr. Muhlenberg at night put into his hand a little box which contained money, and a brief note in which he deplored he had "lost his temper in the morning, and spoiled his admonition by impatient tones and ugly looks."

The note went on to say, "These accounts, are not to be settled between ourselves, but as a peace offering, let me give you this charity box, to which I will add something every time I offend in a similar way, and about the use of which I promise not to inquire. By this penance of love, my infirmities may at least be the occasion of your benevolence."

This arrangement, while it was undoubtely a genuine expression of his grief and humility, may have also been of his loving and ingenious ways of impressing upon the mind of his scholar the ground of the morning's reproof—the fault he wished to guard against and overcome.

RAISING A FEE.

A poor couple living in the Emerald Isle want to the priest for marriage, and were met with a demand for the marriage fee. It was not forthcoming. Both the consenting parties were rich in love, and in their prospects, but destitute in their financial resources. The father was obdurate. "No money, no marriage."

"Give me leave, your riverence," said the blushing bride, "to go and get the money." It was given and she sped forth on the delicate mission of raising a marriage fee out of pure nothing.

After a short interval she returned with the sum of money, and the ceremony was completed to the satisfaction of all. When the parting was taking place the newly-made wife seemed a little uneasy.

"Anything on your mind, Catharine?" said the father.

"Well, your riverence, I would like to know if the marriage could be spoiled now."

"Certainly not, Catharine, no man can put you asunder."

"Could you do it, yourself, father?" Could you spoil the marriage?"

"No, no, Catharine. You are past me now. I have nothing more to do with your marriage."

"That eases me mind," said Catharine, and God bless your riverence. There's the ticket for your hat. I picked it up in the lobby and pawned it."

TORNE MOUNTAIN LEGEND.

There is a Washington legend connected with Torne mountain which is always told to those who visit the Ramapo country. The mountain is the highest in the range, and on a clear day, it is said, one can see Sandy Hook from the summit. Half way up the mountain there is a deep cleft in the rocks, at the bottom of which is a spring. From some hidden point water falls into the spring with a steady dropping not unlike the ticking of a watch.

"Listen and you will hear George Washington's watch," say the old settlers. "He dropped it into the spring when he came up the mountain to watch the British leave New York.

"Tick—tick—tick—tick" is the sound which comes out of the rocks.

"It is going yet," says the guide. "Must have been a good watch, don't you think so?"

A Warning.

To feel tired after exertion is one thing; to feel tired before is another.

Don't say the latter is laziness—it isn't; but it's a sign that the system lacks vitality, is running down, and needs the tonic effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It's a warning, too—and sufferers should begin taking Hood's at once.

Buy a bottle at once.

THE BLOSSOM.

Only a little shrivelled seed—
It might be flower or grass or weed;
Only a bit of earth on the edge
Of a narrow, dusty window ledge;
Only a few scant summer showers,
Only a few clear, shining hours—
That was all. Yet God could make
Out of these, for a sick child's sake,
A blossom wonderous fair and sweet,
As ever broke at angel's feet.
Only a life of barren pain,
Wet with sorrowful tears of rain;
Warmed sometimes by a wandering gleam
Of joy that seemed but a happy dream.
A life as common and brown and bare
As the box of earth in the window there;
Yet it bore at last the precious bloom
Of a perfect soul in a narrow room—
Pure, as the snowy leaves that fold
Over the flower's heart of gold.

—Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

GOT HIM THIS TIME.

Madge painted me a calendar.
Oh, she's a girl of arts!
For all the decorations are
Just hearts and darts and hearts.

—Chicago Record.

ABSORBED.

The bibliophile's passion for rare books has always been a fruitful theme for the humorist, but the engrossing charms of the chase were never more amusingly set forth than in the following anecdote of the Rev. Mr. Brand, one of the most noted book-hunters in England:

One Friday afternoon, while Mr. Brand was roaming in the neighborhood of his church in the East End of London, his eyes fell on the shop of a Jew bookseller which he had not before noticed, and he was astonished to see there a number of black-letter volumes exposed for sale. But the sun was rapidly going down, and the Jew, loath to be stoned by his neighbors for breaking the Sabbath, was hastily interposing the shutters between the eyes of the clergyman and the coveted books.

"Let me look at them inside," said Mr. Brand. "I will not keep you long."

"Impossible," replied the Jew. "Sabbath will begin in five minutes, and I absolutely cannot be drawn into such a breach of divine law." But if you choose to come early on Sunday morning, I will reserve them for you, and you may see them at your leisure."

The reverend gentleman turned up at eight o'clock on Sunday morning, intending to remain until church time, as he had to do duty that day. The literary treasures were more numerous than he expected, and he examined the rare productions, celebrated presses and purchased so freely that his treasures soon began to assume considerable proportions. He was interrupted however, by the Jew calling out to her husband, "Dinner is ready!"

"Dinner!" exclaimed the parson, with a start. "At what hour do you dine?"

"At one o'clock," she replied.

He looked at his watch. It was too true. He hastened to his church. The congregation had dispersed, much concerned at the absence of their worthy pastor, who according to his biographer, atoned in the evening by unwonted eloquence for his unpremeditated prank of the morning.

A ZEALOUS OFFICIAL.

A near sighted but energetic member of the Russia secret police was walking through a little frequented street of St. Petersburg one night, when he espied high up on a lamp-post, a placard.

"Aha!" he said to himself, scenting mischief on the instant, alert for action. "That's one of those incendiary notices about his Majesty the Czar! It must come down at once!"

With some difficulty, bring of a stout build he succeeded in climbing the post and dislodging the placard. He tore it to the ground, and there peering at it by the light of the lamp, he read two Russian words, the English equivalent for which is "Wet Paint."

A BOSTON BOY EDIFIED.

It was at one of the summer schools that flourish up New England way every year and the white haired lady had just finished her address. Among the crowd surrounding her, swayed by a congratulatory spirit, was a little boy—a Boston boy. Presently when he had his opportunity, he shook hands and said:

"I was very much pleased with your remarks. I have been waiting for years to hear you speak on this topic. It was one of the best I ever heard."

The boy was nine years old, the subject was "Motherhood."—*Harper's Magazine.*

SUITED HIM BETTER.

"Is your husband still trying to starve himself well of that stomach trouble of his, Mrs. Ferguson?"

"Oh, dear, no! A few weeks after he began it he saw an article in a newspaper recommending the "food cure," and he's stuffing himself full of victuals five or six times a day now."

A TRUTHFUL MAN.

Guest—You advertised (whack) that there were no (slap) mosquitoes here. Do you consider, sir, (whack) that statement true? Proprietor—Yes, sir! I wrote that circular last January.—*Life.*

JACK AND THE BABY.

Eleanor—What was the baby crying about just now? Did he want the moon again?

Carolyn—No; Jack was trying to make him smile with the glove stretcher.

Carefully Avoid Substitutes and Imitations.

At the present time the Diamond Dyes are the only package dyes absolutely guaranteed by the manufacturers. The great popularity of the Diamond Dyes has brought forth many imitations, and vile deception in the shape of home package dyes. These imitations, cheaply produced, are sold by some dealers for the sake of the extra profit they bring, and many are urged to buy them. If you would avoid trouble and disaster, refuse these adulterated dyes when they are offered to you, and insist upon getting the Diamond Dyes.

The manufacturers of Diamond Dyes will be pleased to send post free to any address their Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Designs. If you are a lover of pretty room ornaments, write to the Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, P. Q.