The Acton Free Press.

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

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

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL.
L. R. C. P. Edinburgh,
L. R. C. S. & R. 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 Wooden's Barber Shop, next door to Feed Store, Mill Street, Acton.

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

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

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

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

WM HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton
Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms Reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable sums and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $125,000.
THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office - - GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 343, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph.

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.

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.
DEV 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 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.

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

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.

—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.

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

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well appointed and Stylish Rigs can at all times be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 10 a.m. and 6.10 p.m.
Careful attention given to everyone
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

Bread,
Cakes,
Confectionery.
Oysters.
Canned Goods,
Mrs. Anna Maddock
Thanks her numerous customers for their liberal patronage, and announces that she has added CANNED GOODS and FRESH OYSTERS to her stock.
GUELPH BREAD, ETC.—Bread and Cakes are received from Guelph every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
TORONTO BREAD—Toronto Bread is received every Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.
MRS. ANNA MADDOCK
MILL 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

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

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-side, definite salary or commission; salary paid each Saturday and expenses Monday advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE 1 Diamond St. Chicago

Poetry.

SHOVEL THE SNOW.

Shovel the snow! Shovel the snow!
Laugh at the bone chilling winds as they blow!
Bend to a crescent your suffering back
Until the stiff joints of your vertebrae crack!
Toss the deep fleecelose gayly aside,
While as the robes of a holiday bride,
And let jolly song from your ungry lips shake
As you shovel a path from the steps to the gate.

Hotother your oaths as you shovel the snow—
Swearing will not plough a pathway, you know,
Rather let laughter dance forth from your lips
Though you stand in the beautiful up to the hips.

Think of the mountain folk having to sweep
The snow from their doorways eleven feet deep,
And let glad expressions of gratitude flow
From the depths of your heart as you shovel the snow.

Stop not at the gate, for the sidewalk, you know,
Demands your glad efforts to free it from snow,
And spying policemen regard it as sport
To halt you good morning, then hale you to court.

There his honor will heartlessly mulct you so steep
You'll wish he would sink to a pit dark and deep
In the sultry old regions of sin down below
Where they never fine folk for not shovelling snow.

Shovel the snow! Shovel the snow!
Drive from your face that expression of woe!
Think of the hot suns of summer when you,
Hilloed to the lawn mower, the air blue!
What though your toes and you fingers may freeze!
What though your whiskers congeal in the breeze!
What though the tears from your nose freely flow,
You've got it to do' so just shovel the snow.

—*Hamilton Spectator.*

Select Family Reading.

"Jim" Hill's Boyhood.

BY CY WARMAN.

(This sketch by the popular writer Cy Warman, will be read with much interest because of its local import. It is a coincidence somewhat remarkable that Jim Hill and Dan Mann, two of the best known and most successful railway magnates, are both Canadians and had their birth within six miles of each other—the former at Rockwood and the latter near at Acton.—ED.)

THE artist who pictured "Mr. James J. Hill, President of the Great Northern Railway, shoveling coal at fifty cents a day," drew from his imagination; and the reader who regards the famous railroad man as one who got his first money by rough toil has been misinformed. If the writer has not been imposed upon, Mr. Hill inherited his first few hundred, and from his boyhood his head has always helped his hands.

In the first half of the past century many Hills of Scotch-English origin came from the North of Ireland and settled in the Canadian wilderness. Only two of the original Hills lived long enough to raise families. One of these had two sons, James J. and A. S. T.—"Jim" and "Alec"—and one daughter. Hovering about a rocky glen, clefts by the crystal water of the little Grand, sleeps the picturesque village of Rockwood—the home of the Hill boys. Although but sixty years old Rockwood has six hundred inhabitants, and deserves even more, for it is one of the quietest and most picturesque places in Canada. Moreover it is in the Ontario turnip belt. Here the turnip is entrained and shipped in carload lots to the United States to be made into marmalade and pear preserves. One farmer who was probably trying to be funny, informed me that the Canadian cheese which bore such a striking resemblance to the late William Nye, and which captured first prize at the Pan-American Exposition, was only an ordinary Ontario turnip chemically treated by an enterprising Yankee. A Hartford man, he said had put whiskers on some, stuck pine needles in others and sold them for cocoanuts and pineapples. When I became satisfied that he was chaffing me I mounted my bicycle and wheeled out to the edge of the village where there is a vacant lot, where three half-rotted logs, a stone or two and a small heap of crumbled brick and plaster remain to mark the place where the humble home stood.

Across the rill, at the top of the hill, an old frame storehouse stands. In this store "Jim" Hill worked as a clerk. That was his first job. Here he used to spend his evenings after school, weighing turnips and taking care of the books. When not in the store he did odd jobs to pay his tuition at the Rockwood Academy, for his widowed mother was poor.

Farther down the road I found a man who had been a playmate and schoolmate with the Hill boys. He was an interesting man, who showed the influence of the old academy that flourished there some thirty years ago.

"The secret of Jim Hill's success," he said, repeating my question, "is Jim Hill." He had it in him, and he has hacked out his own fortune with his own hatchet, and deserves it all. What sort of a boy was he? He was a good boy, intelligent, industrious, kind-hearted, scrupulously clean and honest. I did not know then, have never known since, and know not now a finer young fellow than James Hill was when, after making his way through the Rockwood Academy, he quit Passmore's store and walked down the road and out of the village. He may have lost some of his lamblike meekness working his way in the wild West and later battling with bulls and bears in the tumultuous East, but as a boy James Hill was a model."

Many quaint and interesting tales are told of "Jim" Hill around Rockwood, some possible and others impossible. Of a piece with the coal-shoveling story, though more likely—is an incident related by farmer McNabb. He claimed until he died, he employed young Hill to mow a meadow, the contract price being eleven dollars, and that Hill, being anxious to have new boots to wear out West, went barefooted while he mowed, and that was the eleven dollars that carried him out of Canada. Another man was of the opinion that, all told, the President of the Great Northern had sent back to Canada about one hundred dollars for every dollar he had taken away. There is plenty of evidence that from one hundred to two hundred thousand have come back, and there is evidence also that of ready money he had not enough to rattle as he walked down the dusty road from Rockwood.

We hear of him next on the Big Water. Here again his head helps his hands, for he is clerking on a Mississippi mudboat. Farther out and higher up there was another river without boats. Here on the Red River he established a little line of steamers, doubtless with the grub-stake he had from home. He became forwarding agent for other shippers, passed flour, and bacon, tobacco and calico up into the hills, and caught the dust and pelts the prospectors sent down. A vast amount of the Hudson Bay Company's business passed through his hands, and he was in a new academy—taking his first lesson in transportation. By this time "Jim" Hill was pretty well known on this continent and England, for you could not pass through St. Paul without seeing him, and you could not see him without hearing of the wondrous West, of the undiscovered mines in the mountains, unploughed fields of the Red River Valley and the unknown bounding prairies of British Columbia. He talked, too, to men of means, of a poor little railroad that pointed west from St. Paul, in bankruptcy and disgrace. Mr. Hill wanted this railroad, wanted to put an end to its troubles, wanted it for the development of his new empire.

The Bank of Montreal became the unwilling owner of a lot of steel at Joliet, Illinois. The matter was in litigation; two of the bank's representatives were in Chicago with six days to kill. They decided at once that they would not return to Montreal. Should they stay in Chicago or go out and see Jim Hill and his new country, of whom and of which they had heard from the assistant governor of the Hudson Bay country, who is now a Lord?

To decide the matter they flipped the copper. The West won, they saw it, saw the Red River Valley and the wide, wild prairies that billowed away to the north beyond the border. All the while Mr. Hill was between them talking low and earnestly, inspiring them with his honesty, his quiet enthusiasm, and his never-failing faith in the future of the Northwest.

"Twas a wonderful country he had shown them, a wonderful tale he had told them, and he brought them out panting for the West as the hart panteth for the water-brook.

One of the bank officials journeyed to Holland, told what he had seen and heard, and asked the Dutch bondholders to find a few more pfennings to reclaim the little railroad and extend it still farther into that wonderful new world that lay asleep on the eastern slope of the Rockies.

"Nein," said the Dutchman, and his voice shook the sides of the house of gold. "We will sell our bonds to the Bank of Montreal."

"But we have not the money necessary for the extension; besides, it will take six months to secure the legislation needed to allow of the continuation of the road."

"Take a year," said the Hollander, looking over the gold rim of his glasses, "and you can have our bonds at so much on the dollar."

The Canadian staggered, gripped the mahogany and nodded, meaning that the offer would be accepted.

Now, the Montreal people needed a man who looked like a Methodist minister, but didn't, to work among the Minnesota legislators, and Jim Hill was at hand.

During that winter Mr. Hill fell in with a young man (who has since been as successful, and made as much mileage if not so much money as he himself has made) on a like mission, but whose business and desires lay rather to the Southwest and the two became friends and allies. Mr. Hill talked soft and low to the fellows from far away while his friend talked fast and fluently to the town boys, making on the backs of envelopes lightning sketches of things to be, and wonderful world pictures of unpeopled provinces still asleep in their virgin beauty in the boundless West. He joked them and jollied them, stayed awake and walked with them to the forks of the road where they met and mingled with the far-aways, when they all filed and voted—voted better than they knew, gave a few acres of wilderness away to men, who, in return, gave to the world a new empire.

Mr. Hill has had luck, but he did not sit down in the little glen at Rockwood and wait for it—he went after it, and who shall say he has not deserved success? I know not how the other fared with his people, the young man who talked fast and fluently to the town boys—but when these Montreal men met to cut up the caribou which all had helped to capture, they gave a hindquarter to Hill, and from that moment he was a millionaire. Yes, he had made a million dollars in a few years, but he has done much more for the West and for the World, and is still up and doing. He has taken a little wrecked and bankrupt road and stretched it across the biggest and best half of the continent, and made it possible for you to cross this once wild West in luxury, with your library, bath, and barber at hand. You know from what you have heard and read that all this, if not actually created, was helped and hastened and brought about by the pluck and patience of "Jim Hill."—Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post.*

LINCOLN'S STORY.

Very often when President Lincoln could not or would not care to give a direct reply or comment, he would tell a story, sometimes funny, but not always so, and these stories were the best responses possible.

In the gloomiest period of the war he had a call from a large delegation of bank presidents. In the talk after business was settled, one of the bankers asked Mr. Lincoln if his confidence in the permanency of the Union was not beginning to be shaken—whereupon, says Walt Whitman, the homely President told a little story.

"When I was a young man in Illinois," said he, "I boarded for a time with a deacon of the Presbyterian Church. One night I was roused from my sleep by a rap at my door, and I heard the deacon's voice exclaiming, "Arise, Abraham! the day of judgement has come!"

"I sprang from my bed and rushed to the window, and saw the stars falling in great showers; but looking back of them in the heavens I saw the grand old constellations, with which I was so well acquainted, fixed and true in their places

Gentlemen, the world did not come to an end then, nor will the Union now."

CRUSHED.

"You are an iceberg!" exclaimed her elderly but well deserved adorer, pale with anger and mortification. "A dozen Cupids, with a hundred arrows each, could never find a vulnerable point in your flinty heart!"

"Not if they use an old bean to shoot with," coldly replied the beautiful girl.

"Better out than in"—that humor that you notice.—To be sure it's out and all out, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ROMANTIC COURTSHIPS OF SOME NOTED PEOPLE.

The wooing of Sir Richard Burton, the great traveller, was quick and very unconventional. One day when Miss Arundel (who, strangely enough, had been told by a gypsy woman that she would one day bear the name of "Burton.") was walking with her sister in Boulogne, she passed a strange man whose dark eyes, as she afterwards confessed, seemed to hypnotize her.

Turning to her sister she declared, "Some day that man will marry me." On the following day the sisters again met the strange gentleman, who chalked upon the wall this question, "May I speak to you?" Miss Arundel chalked in response, "No, mamma will be angry,"—and this was the beginning of one of the most remarkable wooingsand wedded lives in the whole romance of love.

The oft-told story that Mr. Gladstone caught his first glimpse of the girl whose life was to be so closely linked with his for half a century, across the dining table of a mutual friend is denied on authority; the true version of this most interesting wooing being that the youthful statesman (for he was even at that youthful age a minister of the crown) first saw Sir Stephen Glynne's beautiful daughter by torchlight in the Colosseum, and was so charmed by her simplicity and grace, and the intelligence of her remarks, that he whispered to a friend, "If I ever marry, that is the girl who will be my wife." It was under those most romantic of conditions and surroundings that Mr. Gladstone's fate was sealed.

When John Ruskin first saw Adele Domecq, the beautiful daughter of his father's partner, when she came on a visit to his home at Herne Hill, he promptly fell "head over heels" in love with her beautiful oval face and graceful figure. But Adele could speak no English and he knew nothing of her native tongue, Spanish; while his natural shyness made his efforts of love-making so ridiculous that she declared, "If this boy does not desist I shall die laughing."

But for young Ruskin it was the one love of a lifetime, and from the day when Adele became the wife of Baron Duquesne his heart was dead within him.

It is told of a certain distinguished statesman of to-day that his first glimpse of the lady who became his wife was from the window of a club room in Pall Mall. The first glance, however, stimulated his curiosity so much that, leaving the club, he followed her at a discreet distance for more than an hour until she disappeared through the doorway of her home. Having thus ascertained her address he discovered her name, sought and obtained an introduction, and within a year, so impetuous was his wooing, had made her his wife.

Lord Battersea, so the story goes, won his richly dowered bride, the daughter of Sir Anthony de Rotchschild, by stopping her horse, which had bolted with her in Rotton Row; and when the man thus adds the character of a hero to that of one of the handsomest men in England he has little trouble in setting the wedding bells a-ringing.

The beautiful Dutchess of Sutherland found the key to happy matrimonial luck in the number 13. In the early 60's when the Countess of Rosslyn was giving a dinner party, she discovered to her horror, that, unless another guest was produced, 13 would sit down to dinner. To avert this calamity, she called to her aid her young daughter, Lady Millicent, then a school-girl of 16, who not only made the desired 14th, but so captivated the fancy of the Marquis of Stafford, who took her in to dinner, that he had fallen in love with her before the first course was over.

"CREAM OF THE CROP."

Mr Phineas Bent was well known in the small village where he lived as a man ever ready to stand up for what he considered his "rights." He owned a large barren field on the outskirts of the town. The grass, like the soil, was thin and scanty, while the stones were large and superabundant.

One year, when the season for road repairs came round, the workmen gathered several barrowfuls of stones from this field, and used them to fill in a bad gully in the road.

"I reckon Mr. Bent will be willing to pay us something for picking them up," suggested one of the men. But , much to their surprise, he considered that his rights had been infringed upon.

"The town will have to pay for those stones," he announced. "They haven't any more right to go into my field and pick up stones than they have to go in their yard and pick up potatoes."

The morning after he discovered his loss he was seen at an early hour sitting beside the road near the field. He was munching a good dough-nut, and explained to a passer-by that he didn't have time to finish his breakfast.

"I believe in looking after property when you happen to have any," he exclaimed; "and the way things are now, folks will take the cream of the crop off a field without saying a word about it."

FOOLHARDY.

The question was once put to General Wheeler:

"General, what was the most foolhardy thing you ever saw on the field of battle?"

"I didn't see it on a field of battle," replied General Wheeler. "I saw it one day when a young lady tried to enter a revolving door leading a dog by a very long string. She passed through it safely, but not so the dog. The rushing public came along, and the dog was ground both ways and chopped up as though he were in a sausage machine. Each time he escaped his mistress tugged madly at the string and pulled him into it again. She got him through at last, being a very determined girl. The janitor of the building wrapped him up in a newspaper for her, so that she could carry him home. The way she clung to that string was the most foolhardy thing I ever saw."

WORTH THE MONEY.

"What did your son's course in that Eastern college cost you, Mr. Rockingham?"

"About $11,000 as near as I can recollect."

"Do you think he has got the worth of the money?"

"Oh, yes: he learned to say "ah" for "a," and his mother gets more than $11,000 worth of enjoyment out of that alone every time she hears him talk in company." Chicago *Record Herald.*

WITH THE SAGES.

We cannot go so far
That home is out of sight;
The morn, the evening star
Will say "Good day," "Good-night."
The heart that loves will never be alone;
All earth, all heaven, it reckons as its own.

—*Henry Burton.*

Let us unite contemplation with action.—In the harmony of the two, lies the perfection of character.—They are not contradictory and incompatible, but mutually helpful to each other. Contemplation will strengthen for action, and action sends us back to contemplation, and thus the inner and outer life will be harmoniously developed.—Foole.

The everyday cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the wholesome counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion; and when they cease to hang upon the wheels, the pendulum no longer swing, the hands no longer move, and the clock stands still.—Longfellow.

It is defeat which turns bone to flint, and gristle to muscle, and makes men invincible, and formed those heroic natures that are now in ascendancy in the world. Do not then be afraid of defeat. You are never so near to victory as when defeated in a good cause.—H. W. Beecher.

The fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who had so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.—Johnson.

While it is the glory of truth ever to retire before us like the horizon, the thought of eternity, it is the glory of the genuine truth-searcher always to follow after, and, even if baffled in what he seeks to find something as, or more useful.—George Gilfillan.

Be cheerful; do not brood over fond hopes unrealized until a chain is fastened on each thought and wound around the heart. Nature intended you to be the fountain spring of cheerfulness and social life, and not the monument of despair and melancholy.—A. Helps.

Nothing in the superficial to a deep observer. It is in trifles that the mind betrays itself. "In what part of that letter," said a king to the wisest of living diplomatists, "did you discover irresolution?" "In its n's and g's," was the answer.—Lord Lytton.

When men comfort themselves with philosophy, 'tis not because they have got two or three sentences, but because they have digested those sentences, and made them their own; so upon the matter, philosophy is nothing but discretion.—Bacon.

Nothing truly can be termed my own but what I make my own by using well; those deeds of charity, which we have done shall stay forever with us; and that wealth which we have so bestowed, we only keep; the other is not ours.—Middleton.

TOO LAZY TO LIVE.

The laziest man in Scotland is said to have been the Linton joiner who after repeated dismissals from his employment by his master, was at length forcibly laid in his coffin by his shopmates and carried off for burial by way of a joke. On the way they met a farmer, who asked if the man was dead.

"No," was the reply but we intend to bury him. He is that lazy he should not be allowed to live."

At the farmer's request they took off the lid, when the farmer asked the lazy one if he thought he could eat two or three boiled potatoes.

"Are they peeled" inquired the man.

"No," replied the farmer.

"Ah, weel, just let the funeral gang on."

The Missing Line

Bobby was writing his regular weekly composition, for it was in the old days when compositions and declamations formed a part of the school exercises every Friday afternoon.

The subject of Bobby's essay was "True Manhood," and he wished to end it with a poetical quotation. He gnawed his penholder, scratched his head looked at the ceiling, but the quotation would not come.

Then he turned to his elder sister.

"Rachel," he said, what's the line that comes after this: "Honor and shame from no condition rise?"

"I know," spoke up his younger sister, and she promptly quoted:

"Vinegar never catches flies."

HUMOROUS.

An Ohio minister, at the close of some remarks in his own church, said: "We will now hear from our colored brother." The visitor addressed, before entering upon his subject, said: "My brother is mistaken; I am not colored. I was born black."

"This is where we cast our cannon," said the polite attendant. "How interesting!" said the sweet girl. "And where do you blow your great guns?" I've heard a yachting friend of mine speak of that so often.

Charles—I adore you, Edith, but alas! I am poor. However, I have a wealthy uncle from whom I have expec— Edith (eagerly)—Is he married? Charles—No Darling. Edith—Then introduce me to him, there's a dear.

A Clever Jester.

Balakireff, the jester of Peter the Great, once came to intercede for the life of a reckless relative who had offended the Czar, and was under sentence of death. As soon as the jester showed himself, Peter, foreseeing a petition for mercy, roared out angrily:

"It's no use coming here! I swear that I will not grant what you are going to ask!"

Quick as a flash Balakireff fell on his knees and cried entreatingly:

"Peter Alexievitch, I beseech you, put that scamp of a cousin of mine to death."

All present broke into laughter, in which the Czar presently joined, and the scampish cousin kept his head upon his shoulders

A SCOTT PUN.

Calling one day on a Miss Ferguson and observing a fine honeysuckle in full blossom over the door, Sir Walter Scott congratulated his friend on its appearance. She spoke of it as trumpet honeysuckle.

"Weel," said Scott, "you'll never come out o' your sin door without a flourish o' trumpets."

JOE'S WAY AND BOB'S.

"If something would only turn up," sighed Joe,
"I could make a success of life, I know.
And I wouldn't live just for myself—
Everybody should have a share of my wealth."

He might have won both wealth and esteem
But he wasted his time in an idle dream.

"I'll turn something up," said Bob, with smile,
So he tramped over the city for many a mile
Asking for work at office and store,
Until, at last, he reached the right door.
The work was hard and the pay was slim,
But the hard work meant promotion, and that suited him.

The time that Joe was dreaming away
Bob kept on working, and made it pay.
Joe feels that dame Fortune has cheated him.
For Bob's cup with good things, she's filled to the brim.
With the poor and needy he shares his cup.
As Joe will do when something turns up.

—*Caroline Stratton Valentine, in Presbyterian Banner.*

MUST CATCH HIS MULE.

A correspondent of the Buffalo *Commercial* relates that while himself and a doctor were travelling in Virginia, they came upon an old colored man, whose mule, attached to an old two-wheeled vehicle was in the dumps and would'n't go.

"Dis mule am balked, boss," said the old man, "an' I'll jis' gib a dollah to de man dat can start 'im."

"I will do it for less than that, uncle,' said the doctor.

He took his case from the carriage and selected a small syringe, which he filled with morphia, and then injected the drug in the animal's side.

The mule reared, gave a loud bray and started off at railway speed.

The negro gave a look of astonishment at the doctor, and with a loud "Whoa!" started down the road after the mule.

In the course of ten minutes they came up with him, standing in the road waiting. The mule was nowhere in sight.

"Say, boss," said the darkey, "how much is dat stuff worth you put in dat mule?"

"Oh, about ten cents,' laughingly replied the doctor.

"Well, boss, yo' kin squirt twenty cents' wuf in me right away. Hush an de nash I must katch dat ar mule."

HAD HIS SUSPICIONS.

Tim Murphy had run up a small bill at a village shop. He went in to pay it and wanted a receipt.

"Oh, we never give receipts for there small amounts," grumbled the proprietor. "See, I will cross your account off the book, and he drew a pencil diagonally across it. "There is your receipt," he added.

"Do yo mane to say that settles it?" asked Pat.

"Certainly."

"And ye'll niver be asking for it again?"

"We'll never ask for it again," said the other, decidedly.

"Faith, thin, said Pat, "and I'll be after kapin' the money in me pocket, for I haven't paid it yet."

"Oh, well," was the angry retort, "I can rub that out."

"Faith, and I thought as much," said Patshyly.

The proprietor of the establishment now issues a receipt for the smallest amount.—*Tit-Bits.*

A TELEPHONE MISTAKE.

Telephone mistakes have their serious side. A man who wished to communicate with another named Williams looked in the directory and then called up a number "south." Presently there came through the receiver a soft femine "Hello!" and he said: "Who is that?"

"This is Mrs. Williams."

"Have you any idea where your husband is?"

He couldn't understand why she rang off so sharply until he looked in the book again and discovered that he had called up the residence of a widow.—Milwaukee *Sentinel.*

JUST FOR FUN.

"Does your husband's sprained ankle trouble him any more?" "Yes, he gets a dreadful pain in it whenever I want him to make evening calls with me."

Doctor—"Why have you deducted a quarter from my bill?" Patient—"That is for the six cigars you broke when you thumped my chest."

"Oh, this is too bad." "What's the matter?" "Delia Jones sent me a lovely book as a birthday gift, and she forgot to take out the card of the person who gave it to her."

"There's one fact," remarked the Sweet Thing, "I can't understand about discovering these new stars." "What's that asked the professor. "How they manage to find out their names."

FORGOT HER PRAYERS.

A four-year-old girl was spending a night away from home. At bedtime she kneeled at her hostess' knee to say her prayers, expecting the usual prompting. Finding Mrs. B. unable to help her out, she continued thus: "Please, God, 'scuse me; I can't remember my prayers, and I am staying with a lady that don't know any."

DEPENDED ON JELLY.

Fond Mother—My dear, are you better this morning?

Dolly—I don't know, mamma. Is the jelly all gone?

Fond Mother—Yes dear.

Dolly—Well, I think I'm well enough to get up now.—*Success.*

GOLD IN YOUR GARRET.

In many thousands of garrets and attics women have gold stored away and are not aware of it. It is not in coins, nuggets or bars that gold is held, neither is it in bank notes or bonds; it is there in the form of cast off and faded clothing, garments and materials that can be turned into a gold value by the use of Diamond Dyes.

At a cost of the cents you can re-color a dress, skirt, jacket, cape, blouse or waist, and make them as good and stylish as new ones purchased in a store. With one or two packages of Diamond Dyes you can give new life and and beauty to your husband's overcoat or suit thrown aside perhaps, for the rag gatherer, our Cotton and wool rags re-dyed with Diamond Dyes will made up handsome mats or rugs that will add to the comfort of your home. All the work and transformations suggested will give your results that have a gold value.