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The Acton Free Press

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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 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. F. & H. GLASGOW. MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, ETC. SUCCESSOR TO DR. KELLY. Office—Frederick Street - - Acton, Ont.

DR. DRYDEN, EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE. Corner Wedlock and Baker Streets. GUELPH. OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2 to 6 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.

LEGAL.

A. J. McKINNON, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER. OFFICE—Mill Street; in Matthews' Block, Upstairs.

J. H. 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—Kerr's clock, 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 Wood 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. 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 $300 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $181,000. THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. Established 1840. Head Office - - GUELPH, ONT. INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications for wards to my address, Box 803, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

W. BARBER & BROS. Paper Makers. Georgetown Ontario. BOOK, NEWS, COLORED PAPERS. JOHN R. BARBER

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; $936 per year, payable weekly; $3 per day absolutely sure and all expenses, straight, bona fide, definite salary no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 1 Dearborn St. Chicago.

We Are Stock-Taking

and find several ends of paper enough to do a room, ranging from 20c to 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 BLOCK GUELPH.

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

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—AT—

Waters Bros

ART STORE

GUELPH

ARTIST'S SUPPLY HOUSE.

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

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.

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 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.

—THE—

TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

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

Guelph Branch

(NEXT DOOR TO POST OFFICE)

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. Y. M. 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.

FARMERS!

Now For a Bargain on Oatmeal.

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY

Commencing Friday, February 14th 1902. Terms strictly Cash.

For 25c we will give 6 lbs
For $1.25 we will give 1 sack, 45 lbs
For $2.50 we will give whole sack 90 lbs including sack.

Cash for Grain, Potatoes, Turnips, Hides, Sheepskins, Etc.

Geo. J. Thorp

Market Square
GUELPH,
Branch at Rockwood.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL Proprietor

ARE 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 by an experienced workman. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gumming and filing done.

The Handiest, Cheapest, Quickest and Most Reliable

SERVANT

for your private and general business is

A TELEPHONE.

Try it.

The Bell Telephone Co. of Canada.

Bread,
Cakes,
Confectionery.
Oysters.
Canned Goods.

Mrs. Anna Maddock

Thanks her numerous customers for their liberal patronage, and announces that she is 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.

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.

NOBILITY.

True worth is being, not seeming,
In doing each day that goes by,
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by,
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kindly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our prices as we measure:
We cannot do wrong and feel right;
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor switch them like mules in herd.
And sometimes the things our life misses,
Help more than the things which it gets.
For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great nor of small;
But just in the doing—and doing
As we would be done by, is all

Through envy, through malice, through hating
Against the world early and late,
No jot of our courage abating,
Our part is to work and to wait.
And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

—*Alice Gray.*

Select Family Reading.

The Little Grey Lady.

SHE used to sit at her window and watch them as they passed, the nurse in her pretty blue uniform. And the doctor looking very handsome and strong—just the sort of man you could trust, she used to say to herself, as the pair turned the corner towards the sea. It was strange how often they met, these two and how often the doctor's duties would permit him to walk just a few steps with nurse, nearly as far as the little house by the park where she lodged—at least where she slept and had a few hurried meals in the course of a week for there was always a great deal of sickness in the seaside town, and the life of a district nurse is not a very easy one. And this brave little soul came as a very ray of sunshine into most of the grimy houses in the old part of the town—houses where once the old-time squires had lived and grown rich on the produce of the old wooden ships that had brought fame and fortune to the port.

Now there are workshops and tenement houses on the old spot, and the busy electric cars run past all day. The little gray lady sometimes sighed over the days and the friends that were gone as she sat at her window and watched the hurrying crowd. And among them all the nurse and the doctor pleased her most, and she wove a little story for them out of her own sharp brain.

The nurse had a very sweet face; she was gentle and kind to the poor souls that she tended. She was not above making the sick woman's fire, or preparing the bairns' dinner; the cottage was always the brighter for her visits, and the poor, tired patients felt a little easier when they knew that she was coming to help them.

The doctor was a young man who was "building up a practice," and his work was long and his faith was boundless. But there are many patients to be had. Some of them, however, forgot to pay their bills when they were well again, and some of them, poor souls, had nothing to pay them with; so that, although the list grew longer, the coffers remained empty, and sometimes the vision of a little home seemed a very long way off. But that was only when the doctor was tired, the night stormy, the roads bad; for at other times the little home seemed very near, and he could sometimes see as he walked through the dark night, the glimmer of the warm light in the little parlor window and the cosy chair by the fire, with his pretty wife sitting waiting for him.

The little old lady in her house at the corner of the long dull street grew to know his footsteps among all the others and to listen for them late at night. Many a time she wished that someone could meet him when he returned to his dreary rooms with a bright smile and a little kindly care.

She was so tender in her thoughts of him and his sweetheart as if they had been her children; the dear lonely soul who had been what the world calls scornfully, only an old maid all her life. They would never have known her if they had seen her in the street, and that was not likely to happen, as she was growing very old now and never went out walking at all.

But her heart was still young, her thoughts still kindly and gentle; she knew every expression on their faces and loved them well in her own quaint way. At last she grew troubled and anxious, for the bright looks faded, and she was sure that some care haunted them both. The nurse did not smile as much as she used to do, and her pretty eyes looked weary as if she sometimes cried at night in the house by the sea. And the doctor coughed in the cold winds of winter, and some of the hard-earned fees went to buy him a new very warm overcoat and even that did not keep away the chills.

And the vicar's wife who came often to see the little old lady, and retail the news, told the poor little old story, never dreaming how it affected her kindly old friend.

"Yes we are sorry," she said gently, thinking of the nurse's sad face as she had seen it only that morning at the sick-bed. He had worked too hard. They wanted to be married in the spring, and he was saving up for the little home; and she poor girl, was getting her things together; and now they say that he must go away and have a thorough rest, or the result may be a complete breakdown." The vicar's wife sighed, for her husband was another busy man, and needed rest and change, and yet with the needs of a large and poor parish, what can one do?

But the little old lady said nothing, only looked out across the corner of the dull street to where the harbor lay stretched out before her. She watched the dull gray waves beating against the pier for a moment; then she said "what a pity he could not marry her before he went away, and then she could go abroad together! They would be so happy."

"Yes," the vicar's wife assented, then added, "but of course, poor things they couldn't. I am so sorry though. Nurse Eileen is so brave about it, and won't let him see how much it hurts her, for fear that he won't go away—at any rate, for a month or two."

And then she said how good and kind the doctor had been to some of their own people, that he had sat up with one poor soul who was dying alone in deep poverty and there was much sorrow at the thought of him suffering and much deep sympathy for nurse Eileen.

The little old lady talked very little that afternoon, and by-and-by the vicar's wife went away. She said to her husband in the evening that she was afraid her dear old friend was failing; she had been so quiet and sad all through the afternoon.

But the little grey lady thought hard during that evening; and did some fancy little sums on an envelope. Finally she laughed to herself with glee and slept peacefully despite the wind which whistled round the gables of the corner house.

"The next morning, Anne, the maid was sent to bring a carriage, and the little old lady in her accustomed quaint garb of grey, came out, and entered the vehicle, which was driven away to town.

When she came back, the little old lady looked younger and brighter than she had been for many a day. As she sat at her solitary lunch, she smiled to herself, and repeated once or twice the words; "From a grateful friend." "It was a good idea," she said once, "and I am grateful, for they have given a friendless woman something to live for and to love, if only from a distance."

The vicar's wife came in a few days later, full of cheerful excitement.

"Such wonderful news!" she said. "Someone—who it is no one knows—has left the doctor some money, and now everything is clear. They are to be married almost at once, and then they are going abroad, to let him get quite strong again. How happy they are now, dear souls! You should see nurse Eileen's face!"

The little grey lady had seen it already from her watch tower, and her heart beat with joy to see the look of great contentment and love on the sweet face. She was giving up something; but then, they will be happy together, I thought he reminded me of someone, she whispered to herself; then after a moment, "God bless them both!"

A SERPENT'S APPETITE.

From a gentleman who was at one time a resident of Brazil, comes a remarkable story about a snake that he encountered in the woods one day which followed him with much persistence.

"Sitting on a stump I became aware of the approach of a huge snake," writes this gentleman. "He must have been fifteen feet in length. There was no doubt the snake was about to attack me.

Without hesitating for a moment I discharged my two barrels. For a short time the reptile raged furiously, and I climbed a nearby tree. I had hardly reached the first boughs when I saw the snake approaching the tree, and it climbed up behind me.

Higher and higher I went. Higher and higher came the serpent. My heavy rubber boots hindered my climbing, so I tried to get rid of them. I took one off and dropped it, and just as I had the second in my hand the snake reached me, and I, in my desperation, tried to shield myself with my rubber boot.

Then the snake made a dash and getting hold of the boot, turned and descended the tree. I was saved, but I had not the courage to leave the tree before my friends arrived. I told them of the adventure I had and rode home minus one boot. Of his snakeship nothing could be seen.

A few weeks later on another hunting trip we found in the road a big dead snake terribly swollen. We cut it open and found to our astonishment, my rubber boot not in the least injured.

APPRECIATION.

How often we hear these words: "Well, what's the use? I do the very best and yet never hear a word of encouragement." They are echoed in every walk of life. How many wives there are in the world who have hung over hot stoves until they were half cooked in preparing something nice for John, who gobbled it down in a silence that was the only proof of how well it pleased him. There are men who have been toiling for years that those honored and beloved beings, their wives, might enjoy every possible luxury, and yet in return they hear nothing but complaints of the hardness of the life to which they are condemned. And so it is on every hand, men and women longing for one kindly expression from a grateful heart that would mean new life and redoubled effort to the strugglers. Too often we forget to speak our feelings until it is too late and the ears that have been listening so long for one little word of praise are deaf to all earthly sounds. Better one appreciative sentence in life than a whole volumn of eulogies.—Pittsburg *Dispatch.*

THE BABY'S NAME.

"Name the child," said the clergyman.

"Superfluous," replied young Mrs. Verdigris, the mother of the chorub.

"What?"

"Superfluous."

"My dear madam," said the preacher in a whisper, "that will never do. I can't give the baby such a name as that. What suggested it to you?"

"My husband's brother."

"Is he a married man?"

"No sir, he's an old bachelor."

"As I suspected. Madam, we will call this baby 'Blessing'."

"I've no objection, sir, but I like the sound of the other better."

SOME EXTRACTS FROM AN OFFICE BOY'S DIARY.

Was told to take a letter to Jones & Co. as fast as I could.

Met Brown's office boy, and had a pleasant chat.

Thought it a good opportunity to do some reading.

Paid off an old score with a big bully. Thoroughly thrashed him.

Had to follow a punch and judy show just to see the performance.

And when I got to Jones & Co's the place had closed. Bother!

ADMIRATION.

"You admire your grandfather very much, don't you, my little man?"

"Yes," answered the youth.

"You think he could do things that no one else could do?"

"I know he could. He used to punish father whenever he felt like it."—Washington *Star.*

HOW ROY CAUGHT A BIRD WITH SALT.

The boarders at Glendale Farm thought little Roy Rogers just "too cute for anything," for he had so many winning ways, and said so many bright things,—and then he was the only little boy on the farm.

It was Roy's first summer in the country, and every day he could scarcely eat his dinner for telling them, at the table, how many wonderful things he had seen.

The birds delighted him most, especially when they sang. He would stand as if spellbound until the song was ended, then he would pucker up his little rosy mouth into a round "O," and try his best to whistle something like what the bird sang.

"If I could only have a bird for my very own!" he said, one day at the table.

"Then why don't you catch one?" asked a big fat man, looking over his teacup at the little boy, as his mother was tucking a napkin under his chin.

"How can I?" he asked, opening his eyes very wide.

"Sprinkle some salt on their tails," said the old gentleman.

There was a general laugh, but Roy remembered. He wondered if a bird could be caught in that way, and, after dinner, he went out into the kitchen and filled both his pockets with salt.

"What do you want it for?" asked the cook.

"Wait until I can tell you, laughed Roy, hopskipping out of the door.

Then all that afternoon Roy tried to get close enough to a bird to get some salt on its tail, but found he could not. Much discouraged, he went into a field back of a barn, where there were some little white houses with bits of doors. These doors were open, and out of them something was coming,—yes, surely, just the prettiest yellow birds he had ever seen. But, when he tried to catch one, they would run back into the white house, and Roy would lose sight of them. At last one fellow, more venturesome than the others, came farther out, and, quick as thought, Roy stopped up the door, then got out a handful of salt, and chased the soft, downy creature round and round, while it chirped with fright.

"It can't fly or sing," he said to himself, "I think 'cause it's too young." And, throwing the salt, it fell just above the bird's short tail, and the bird staggered like to the ground.

In an instant Roy pounced upon it, and picked it up with both fat little hands, and fairly flew over the ground until he reached the house. There were mamma and all the rest of the boarders seated at supper.

"I've caught one! I've caught one!" exclaimed Roy in great excitement.

"What can the child mean?" asked his mamma.

"Why, the bird, mama! I caught one with some salt. I frowed it on its tail," and, opening his hands, out dropped something into mama's lap, almost scared to death.

"Sho, now! said the landlady, looking on curiously, "if the boy hasn't gone and caught one of my little chickens!"

Then everybody laughed so that Roy nearly cried, and persisted in wanting to know "if a chicken wasn't a bird."

"To be sure it is," said the old gentleman who had told him about the salt. "To be sure it is,—only a domestic bird. Go and put it back in the coop. You have proved salt will help catch a little chicken, if not a bird. You have done well, my boy, well, indeed."

WHEN TRADE WAS BOOMING.

It was in the morning hours of bake day in the little out of the way village. The mingled odors of fresh bread, pies and cakes floated out of the open kitchen windows.

From one of the smaller cottages at the end of the street came a barefooted child in a colorless calico dress and slat sunbonnet. With the important air of a heavy buyer she entered the village store and handed across the counter a blue teacup. The proprietor took the cup and said in brisk tones:

"Well, Emmy, what does your ma want to-day?"

"Please, sir, ma wants an egg's worth of molasses." And she carefully placed a large white egg on the counter.

From a stone jug a little molasses was poured and the cup set before the customer.

"Mr. Smif," she said as she took her purchase, "I'll be back in a little while for some ginger. Ma said to tell you that the black ban was on.

And the buyer walked with dignity out the store door and up the village street to her home.—*Harper's Magazine.*

A PECULIAR ACCIDENT.

"A little learning," says Pope, "is a dangerous thing." Many young men are daily meeting with failures and running the risk of grave disaster because they know a little but not enough about the task they are undertaking. The *Waverly Magazine* tells of a peculiarly sad accident that occurred recently in a western town.

The big iron safe in a shoe factory refused to open, and the bookkeeper and engineer conceived the idea that they could burn out the combination with the use of carbon and electricity. It took a long time to accomplish their purpose, but they finally succeeded, yet not until they had stood for several hours in the glare of the electric light, taking turns at holding the wire and carbon. When the work was over both complained of dizziness and pain in the head, which increased as the hours passed, and in a short time both went suddenly blind. All efforts to restore their sight have been unavailable, for while the eyeballs appear uninjured, the sight is destroyed.

CRUSHED.

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

"Not if they used an icicle to shoot with," coldly replied the beautiful girl.

THE GIST OF REASONS.

"Why do you bring this to me?" thundered the weary editor, thrusting the manuscript back into the hands of the poet.

"Because," replied the bard timidly, "I have no stamp."

Humors feed on humors—the sooner you get rid of them the better—Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine to take.

NEIGHBORS.

We haven't any neighbors now-a-days. The "good neighbor" has moved away or gone into "society" and in her place is "the woman next door." Who are they? Good gracious! don't ask me. How should I know? All I am certain of is that they don't go to "our church." I dare say they're all right and all that sort of thing, but—

Especially in city life is the "good neighbor" missing: somehow the "good neighbor" belongs not to advancement, style and fashion are qualities unknown to her environment. She belongs to ill life that have been breathing space and to days that have trouble, to nights when sickness hovers and to days when death sets his dread seal on lips that was love. The "good neighbor" never alters, never changes, never fails us. We don't value her until we lose her—until we let go her hands and turn to face the maddening crowd where the gentle clasp of her honest hand is not felt or known. She has virtues—homely virtues that commend themselves to us only in our need. But we have parted with her heedlessly, thoughtlessly, and unknowingly. Only yesterday we knew she had gone. It was when, in sore distress, we ran next door to ask——whatever the question was it was never asked, for the cold eye that met our own, and the cold voice that answered our own, and the cold reserve that met our honest endeavor to be neighborly, quite froze out all the chance of neighborliness. Where the heart human used to throb joyously now stands the niche for ambition. Where friendship once fed and feasted, now acquaintanceship grows sparsely green. Where we loved and cherished now we admire and esteem, and slack-t-day! Where we trusted implicitly and well, we now watch guardedly and with cause.

The reason for it all is not far to seek. Artificality has deadened truth. We pretend all day long and are phantoms to ourselves. The day of make-believe is with us and until we again come into our own, until we drop sham and shadow pretence, the "good neighbor" has fled our presence, for the true and the false may not co-mingle any more than water and oil do. Home day—it must be a day of awakening—we'll realize that we have given up much in order to gain very little. This thought will come on us in a day of trouble, in that hour we're going to reach our empty, yearning hands to the old, tried "good neighbor," and I hope in that hour of affliction she will be there to hear.

LATE INDEED.

If the words of each one were always taken literally, the result might sometimes be quite startling. The New York *Herald* tells of an instance where we can hardly blame the party for doing as he did.

The chairman of the lecture committee of a literary society sat restlessly on the stage before a large and waiting audience wondering why the expected lecturer did not arrive. Finally he felt that some sort of an excuse was necessary, and stepping to the footlights, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I regret this delay and am unable to account for the absence of Professor Smythe, who was to lecture here to-night. He tell me that he would be on time if he was alive, and as he is not here, we must conclude that he is dead."

Just then the professor rushed onto the stage all out of breath. "Ladies and gentlemen," continued the chairman "allow me to introduce to you the late professor Smythe, who will now address us on The Inferno."

OUR CUSTOMS REVERSED.

The Chinese have a curious way of doing things backward, according to our notions.

The women folks wear the trousers, while the men wear skirts. The women wear their hair short, while the men wear theirs long, even increasing it with silk and linen braid. The man do the dressmaking while the women carry burdens and do the heavy work. Chinese books are read backwards, and what we call foot-notes are placed at the top of the page. The surname of a Chinaman comes first and what we would consider his first name comes last. They serve dessert during the early part of the meal. Upon meeting you, instead of shaking your hand they shake their own. The Chinese dress is white at funerals and they wear mourning at weddings. At weddings they have old women as bridesmaids instead of young girls. They launch their ship sideways instead of prow-on, and they mount their horses from the off-side. The Chinese compass points not to the north but to the south.

GREAT PEDESTRIAN.

A well-known story of Bishop Phillips Brooks represents him as saying diplomatically, but without any untruth when a very homely baby was presented for his admiration. "Well that is a baby!"

And the parents were delighted.

Hardly so well-timed was the remark of another bishop to the proud mother of a two-year-old. The child was not present but the mother was telling how remarkable it was way.

"Can't it walk?" asked the bishop.

"Walk!" exclaimed the mother. "Why, he has been walking six months!"

"Dear me! dear me!" said the bishop, absently. "What a long way he must have got!"

CELT AND SAXON.

One of Sheridan's tales was of an Irishman who met a Briton, of the true John Bull pattern standing with folded arms in a contemplative mood, apparently meditating on the greatness of his little island.

"Allow me to differ with you!" exclaimed the Celt."

"But I have said nothing, sir," replied John Bull.

"And a man may think a lie as well as publish it," persisted the pugnacious Hibernian.

"Perhaps you are looking for a fight?" quarled the Briton.

"Allow me to compliment you on the quickness of yer perception," said Patrick, throwing off his coat and then they pitched in.

WITTY ACTRESS.

A leading actress, who is notably well 'billed' all over town and country, observed to an interviewer: "Of course I can't get on without billing, and," she added shyly, "a little cooing. Do I use powder? Why of course. What do you think? And my dear sir, I shall now depend on you for the powder—oh, dear, no—for the puff."

WHAT THE BABY SAID.

You's the bestest mamma
Ever in the world.
But when I'as your mamma
I won't make you curled.
I won't wash your nanny pans,
Dirty as a pig,
When you grow down little
And I grow up big.

That's the way with mamma—
Turn about—for when
Their young children grow up to folks
They grow down again.
Then they are their baby's child,
Then I dance a jig.
You will grow down little
While I grow up big.

Then I'll give you candy,
Take you to the show,
And I'll spank you if you're bad,
I won't hurt you, though.
I won't give you castor oil
Nor call you little pig.
When you grow down little
And I grow up big.

When I kiss the mamma,
Then we'll play and play,
And I'll tell you stories
All day, every day.
When we're tired, we'll find some dirt
And we'll dig and dig,
When you grow down little
And I grow up big.

—*Chicago Post*

A GOOD WITNESS.

Several days ago there was a trial in one of the courts, and a lawyer was engaged in endeavoring to shake the testimony of an old lady who was one of the principal witnesses for the plaintiff. Finally he asked:

"Who have you talked about this case to?"

"Nobody."

"Didn't Colonel Blank, the lawyer, speak to you about it?"

"No, sir."

"Didn't Mr. Smith, the plaintiff, ask you what you would testify to?"

"No."

"Do you mean to tell this jury that you have talked to nobody about it?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did they know what you would tell?"

"They knew that I would tell the truth."—Memphis *Scimitar.*

A Double Team.

A man who was bicycling in southern France was pushing his machine up a steep hill when he overtook a peasant with a donkey cart. The patient beast was making but little progress, although it was doing its best.

The benevolent cyclist, putting his left hand against the back of the cart and guiding his machine with the other hand, pushed so that the donkey taking fresh courage, pulled his load up the hill.

When the summit was reached the peasant burst into thanks to his benefactor.

"It was good of you indeed, monsieur!" he protested. "I should never have got up with one donkey."

Was Prepared.

One of the churches in a little western town has a young woman as its pastor. She was called to the door of the parsonage one day and saw there a much embarrassed young farmer of the German type.

"Dey say der minister lifed in dis house," he said

"Yes," replied the fair pastor.

"Vell—m—I—I want to his merrit!"

"To get married? Very well. I can marry you," said the minister, encouragingly.

"Oh, but I got a girl already," was the disconcerting reply.

COSTLY STOCKINGS.

Some prices paid by rich people for articles of clothing in Paris are remarkable. In one establishment you are shown both stockings priced at a few cents and a pair of silk embroidered hose marked in plain figures 350 francs ($70); and if the saleswoman is in the humor to enjoy your astonishment she will produce yet another pair valued at 1,000 francs ($200) of which the point-lace insertions represent scenes from Boucher reduced to miniature size

HOW COULD THEY BE.

A lady on boarding a Columbus avenue car recently was attracted by two bright children sitting beside their nurse. Turning to the nurse she said: "What beautiful children! Are they twins?"

The nurse answered, a little indignantly: "Twins, indade! I keeps on tellin' the madame, not to dress them alike, but she will. Twins indade! Whoy wan of thim is a bhoy an' the ither a ghurl."—New York *Times.*

COAL ASHES FOR FERTILIZERS.

It appears from an Old Country paper that Canadians are letting a valuable fertilizer go to waste. It is said that finely screened coal ashes contain 7.2 per cent of lime, 1.1 per cent of phosphoric acid, 3.8 per cent equal to phosphate of lime, 11.8 oxide of iron and alumina, and 7 potash. They are valuable on heavy land and are sold in England at two shillings a load. Screened clinkers are sold at one shilling a load for garden walks.

To make no mistakes is not in the power of man; from their errors and mistakes the wise and good learn wisdom for the future.

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