The Acton Free Press.

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

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

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

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—Parryman's Block,
ACTON - - ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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

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

FRANCIS NUNAN
HOUSE, SIGN AND DECORATIVE PAINTER
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 terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $200 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $186,000.

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 893, or telephone 63, 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 ANYTHY ACTON

We Are Stock-Taking

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

27 Fine Lamps at Cost to Clear.

AT

DAY'S BOOKSTORE
GUELPH.
DAY SELLS CHEAP.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

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

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

Interest at most favorable current rates allowed on Savings Bank accounts.

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

Special attention given to Farmers' Business.

MONEY ORDERS.
FOR ANY SUM UP TO $50
Payable at any banking point in Canada outside of the Yukon Territory, may now be procured at the Bank Counter without any delay.

ACTON BRANCH
J. H. WALLACE, Manager.

FRAMES

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

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL Proprietor

All well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse-shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gummis and filing done.

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE

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

Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured

At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 10 a.m. and 6.10 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.

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; $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 expense money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 4 Dearborn St. Chicago

—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.

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 ¼ 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.

NASSAGAWEYA
Saw and Planing Mills.
Lumber and Shingles
AT LOWEST PRICES.
Bill stuff cut to order.
Slabs, stove length, $1.25 a double cord at the mill.
P. Savers, Proprietor

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.

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.

Poetry.

HOYLESS TOWN.

A cross old woman of long ago
Declared that she hated noise;
"The town would be so pleasant, you know,
If only there were no boys."
She scolded and fretted about it till
Her eyes grew heavy as lead,
And then of a sudden the town grew still;
For all the boys had died.

And all through the long and dusty street
There wasn't a boy in view;
The baseball lot where they used to meet
Was a sight to make you blue.
The grass was growing on every base,
And the path that the runners made;
Yet there wasn't a soul in all the place
Who knew how the game was played.

The cherries rotted and went to waste—
There was no one to climb the tree;
And nobody had a single taste
Save only the birds and bees;
There wasn't a messenger boy—not one—
To speed as such messengers can;
If people wanted the errands done
They sent for a messenger man.

There was little, I ween, of frolic and noise
There was less of cheer and mirth;
The sad old town, since it lacked its boys,
Was the dreariest place on earth;
The poor old woman began to weep,
Then woke with a sudden scream;
"Dear me!" she prayed; "I have been asleep,
And O, what a horrid dream!"

—*St. Nicholas Magazine.*

Select Family Reading.

Daisy's Milking-Stool.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

DAISY METCALF and I made our appearance in this world of care upon the same day, and our mammas being old friends we became from we childhood fast friends and companions. We went to school together; we dressed each other's dolls; we entered society together, but under different circumstances.

In the eighteen years during which we had grown from infancy to womanhood, Saul Metcalf, Daisy's father, had made one of those mammoth fortunes that result from successful modern speculation. My dear father, on the contrary, had been treading the path that leads downward in the race for fortune, and we were poor folks compared to the Metcalfs. Daisy, being an only child and a little beauty, entered society as a belle and heiress; her costumes imported from Paris, her jewels of the most costly description, her carriage, horses, surroundings of every kind those that only wealth can procure.

When I say that we were poor folks, I do not mean that were reduced to suffering poverty, but we lived in a very quiet way, kept only two servants, and while I economized in the housekeeping department, Fred, my only brother, worked at clerking in a wholesale drug store, and helped my overworked father in the family expenses. We were invited out and had our share of gayety, but my costumes were the work of my own fingers, the same material often serving for two or three dresses, and my jewel-box was my inheritance from my mother, and but a slender stock of pretty trinkets.

I don't know when I first suspected that Fred was in love with Daisy. We three had been so much together, Fred being only three years older than Daisy and myself, that it was a matter of course for both of us to depend upon Fred as an escort, and to fulfill the duties of a brother to Daisy as well as to his own sister. One block only lay between our modest dwelling and the superb brown-stone front of Saul Metcalf's stately house, and not a day passed that Daisy's feet or mine did not trip over that block to bring us together for girlish chat and exchange of confidences.

"I think it was the winter when we both "came out" at a party given by Mrs. Metcalf, to introduce me as well as Daisy to society, that I first noticed a change in Fred. He began to plead another engagement quite frequently when I was going to Metcalf's, or wanted him to act as Daisy's escort as well as mine. He no longer hurried home when Daisy came to dine and spend a quiet evening at our house. The duettes they had learned together lay untouched for weeks upon the music-rack, and I no longer saw Fred's name upon Daisy's ball programmes for four or five dances. And as he grew graver, and some of the gay, boyish light died out of his eyes, Daisy, too, lost something of the old girlish brightness, and her step no longer danced and sprang as if from mere overflow of joyousness. I might have noticed more if my own heart had not gone out of my own keeping during that winter, and the manly fascinations of Harry Wilmer engrossed my own dreams. This is not my love story, so it suffices here to say that at Easter I became Mrs. Henry Wilmer, and took possession of a handsome house and shared the large income of a wealthy husband. Daisy was one of my bridesmaids, and looked lovely in cream-white cashmere and richest lace, though I fancied a look of pain came into her soft brown eyes at the formality with which Fred filled his position of best man, avoiding rather than courting the opportunities offered to pay especial attention to Daisy.

It had hastened my wedding a little that my father and Fred had had a most favorable offer to go together to Sacramento to open a branch business for the firm who employed Fred. There seemed to be every opportunity for making money, and they were both anxious to avail themselves of the offer. So the old home was broken up, and a week after my wedding father and Fred started for their new home.

On the last evening, Fred took me a little into his confidence, not frankly and fully as he had in many less important matters, but letting me guess much of the subject filling his heart, the pride binding him to silence. By such half confidence, I felt sure that Saul Metcalf's great wealth and his own uncertain prospects kept him from letting Daisy see the love he cherished, almost without hope, for he thought she only felt the sisterly affection of long intimate friendship for him. Even this little he would not have told me, but he did not dare to trust himself to make a farewell call, and intrusted to me his message of imperative business preventing his saying good-bye in person.

"Daisy will think you very unkind not to spare her five minutes," I said.

"You do not understand," he answered, impatiently. "I am not unkind; I am only miserable. There! I don't want any pity. It's all right; but there are some things a fellow cannot stand and not betray himself. To bid her farewell, for years perhaps, calmly, quietly, as a mere friend, is beyond my strength."

"But why not tell her that you love her?"

"Who said I loved her? Don't be romantic. I am not going to figure in Saul Metcalf's eyes, as a fortune hunter. Just tell Daisy I cannot get round, and say good-bye for me."

—And before I could answer Fred was off.

The next morning Harry and I bade my father and brother goodbye for an indefinite time, and, as it proved, my parting from my dear father was a final one. Two years later he died, and it was six years before Fred returned home, and then only for a brief visit to me, in the winter.

It was at the very height of the fever for art embroidery, and my parlors were crowded with specimens of work—gifts, many of them; some of the results of my own industry, though most of my own efforts went to adorn the persons of my first-born, Harry and my wee baby girl, Nettie.

I challenged Fred's admiration for all my pretty trifles, until I led him to a most elaborate affair in hand painted satin, plush bands and chenille fringe.

"This," I said, "is the gem of my lot of artwork. You would never guess that was only a common wooden milking-stool, would you? Just such a stool as our grandmothers used in the country years ago. Did you ever see lovlier painting, and such fine embroidery as there is on the plush bands?"

"Who gave it to you?" Fred asked, trying with brotherly good nature to seem interested.

"I bought it."

"I should think you had enough without purchasing any," my brother said, laughing.

"Yes; but this was to help an old friend. I bought it of Daisy Metcalf. You remember Daisy?" I continued, not noticing the sudden pallor in Fred's face. "She does this sort of work for a store in New York, but they do not half pay her, and her old friends order pretty things they not actually want to help her."

"What do you mean?" Fred cried, his voice sharp with pain.

"You know Saul Metcalf was dead, did you not?"

"No. You must have written that in some of the letters that were lost while I was in Japan."

"It was just about that time," I said. "I surely wrote it to you. We all felt so sorry for Daisy. Her mother died a few weeks before her father, and was spared trouble that followed. Mr. Metcalf's fortune, that was supposed to amount to millions, did not cover his debts when the estate was settled. Everything was sold, even Daisy's jewels and grand piano.

"Why is she not here?" Fred said, walking up and down the long rooms to the infinite peril of my spindle-legged tables and fragile bric-a-brac. "You professed to love her. Why do you not give her a home?"

"Because she won't take it! You need not look at me as if I were a monster, Fred. I even offered her a salary to come as nursery governess for Harry and Nettie, and made her laugh out as merrily as she did in our old girlish days when she had not a care. But she is as proud as—as—some other folks I know, and would not take charity, even from me."

"Where is she?"

"She is boarding at 427 L—— Street."

"L—— Street!" my brother cried. "There is not a decent house in the street."

"They are small, poor houses," I said, "but they are respectable. Most of them are boarding houses for clerks, shop-girls and needle-women."

"And Daisy lives there! Daisy, who never knew a want in her whole petted life!"

"Poor little Daisy!" he said, presently. "Think of her wasting her eyesight upon such work as this, while I—"

"Yes," I said, after waiting some time for the conclusion of the sentence—"you?"

"I am not a millionaire, as Saul Metcalf was supposed to be," Fred said, "but I am on the road to wealth, and I am already a rich man. And it is solid money, not gained in speculation, but laid up dollar by dollar in fair, honest commercial business. Our business is flourishing, and I am at the head of the branch house in Sacramento, as you know, with every opportunity to push my own fortune, as well as that of the firm. What time is it? Nearly eleven! Too late to call anywhere now."

"I should say so," I said.

"To-morrow—" said Fred.

"To-morrow Daisy dines here," I said. "She comes to dinner every Tuesday, and Harry escorts her home in the evening. He might, however, be persuaded to resign that duty, for once, to-morrow."

We chatted a few minutes longer, and then Fred went to his room, carrying Daisy's milking-stool with him. Whether he sat up all night contemplating that work of art, I am unable to say; but I do know that the next afternoon, when a pale, little Daisy, in deep mourning, came into my sitting-room, expecting to find me alone, she had no reason to complain of Fred's coolness. Long, long before I had guessed the secret of her rejection of any suitor, and the interest she took in Sacramento letters. But I never hinted at my suspicions, and I looked on at that rapturous meeting, and said nothing, even to Fred, of the added color on Daisy's cheeks or the new brightness in her eyes.

After dinner, the old duetts were rummaged out of a long-closed drawer of old music, and at ten o'clock Harry made no movement when Daisy went to my room for her hat and wrap.

"The course of true love" ran very smoothly for the next month, the time of Fred's visit to me, and when he returned to Sacramento, it was not not alone. Daisy put her pride aside and let me provide her trousseau, and the wedding, at my house, called together all her old friends.

There was a very handsome show of wedding presents, but mine was most carefully packed by Fred's own hands, and was presented at his request. Harry gave the silver tea service I had selected as my gift, for Fred begged that I would give them Daisy's milking stool.

PROVED HIS LOVE.

"Are you sure it is really and truly love?" she asked.

"Positive," answered the practical young man who had just proposed. "I tested it."

"Tested it?"

"Yes. I doctored myself for indigestion for two weeks before definitely deciding just what the symptoms meant."

AN IMPRESSIVE INCIDENT.

I was travelling through the western portion of the state of Texas in the autumn 1879 and stopped one night at a little village called Youngeport, having probably seventy-five inhabitants. There was no inn, and I was entertained by an old settler at his residence.

About midnight I was awakened from sleep by loud voices and the hurrying of feet. I arose, and looking out saw a bright light about two hundred yards away. Hastily dressing I found that one end of the new church building was on fire.

The house had just been erected at a cost of perhaps five hundred dollars by the people of the village. They were all poor, and its loss would prove a sad blow them. I think I never saw such signs of distress as were exhibited by many of the spectators. From their excited remarks I learned that a "revival" meeting was announced to be held the next day in the building, and the impression seemed to be that some enemy had set fire to the church.

Up to this time the fire was confined to the outside of the wall at the back of the building, and the flames were making slow headway. Water even for drinking purposes was very scarce that fall. None, in fact, could be obtained to extinguish the flame. The excited people were running impotently about, thinking it was useless to attempt to stay the fire.

At this juncture a man appeared in the crowd. He was about forty-five years of age, black bearded, with a homely, earnest face. For a moment he stood staring at the fire. Then, flinging his arms above his head and gazing into the sky, in strong, earnest voice he began to pray. His words and tones were the embodiment of entreaty.

"Father," he cryed, "pardon us, pardon us. Thou of whom we have been told that no sparrow falls to the ground but its loss is felt by Thee, Thou hast known our efforts, our self-denials for Thy sake. How we have builded this lowly temple to Thee with much hardship. How we are without means to build another. How we meant, if in Thy wisdom another day dawned upon us, that Thy dear word should be preached here. We are unworthy. Our very prayers may be selfish and unworthy,—but, O Thou Searcher of hearts, Thou knowest it was for Thy glory.

"Many hungry souls will come with to-morrow's dawn to be refreshed at Thy altar, and we, stricken with loss, how can we satisfy them? Thy cause will be homeless here. Thy people will turn with empty hearts—some, perhaps, to ways of sin. Consider, we beseech Thee, our cry. Remember in help and sympathy our loss. This home is our all. It has been our delight in anticipation to think that in it Thy name could be up held, and immortal souls brought to Thee. O Lord, our God, stay these flames. Come Thou to our rescue. Only, if our wish lacks submission to Thy will, and is unworthy in thy sight, forgive. But if worthy, grant to Thy servants a gracious answer, that this threatened calamity may be stayed. We plead forgiveness for those who have transgressed against against us, and unto Thee, O Thou Divine Helper, be honor and glory and praise and power forever and ever. Amen."

The prayer was hardly more than two minutes in length, during which the fixed attention of the crowd of people had been held, and their hearts touched by the preacher. Few had noted the black wall of cloud that was sweeping with almost hurricane fury down from the northwest. The last words of the prayer had barely been spoken, when there fell slight drops of rain. Silence followed. There was not a sound of leaf or wind to break the stillness. Then, in an instant, flashed forth a blinding flood of light almost above us, and a burst of thunder that made the very earth rock beneath our feet.

A wild cry burst from the people, a cry half of fear, half of faith and thanksgiving. Shrieking in its might a hurricane hurtled past us tearing the flame from the burning wall, and having upon it a drench of rain that flooded the crowd of trembling people and the endangered building.

In the fright and confusion, amid the roar and turmoil of the tempest, it seemed hardly more than an instant from the moment the first drops of rain fell until the fire was quenched, and I found myself stumbling half-drowned to my feet from the ground, were the wind and water had hurled me. I heard the excited voices of the people calling out of the darkness to each other, and southward was the roar of the departing tempest.

The wall of the church building was only charred, the flame had not burned through it.

I was in the city of Waco, Texas, in the summer of 1880, while a church conference was in progress, and straying into the hall where it was in session, I saw upon the platform the homely earnest preacher of Youngeport. He was describing in glowing words, to an intensely interested audience the magnitude and far-reaching character of the religious awakening which began the day following that night of fire and rain.

He held the people spellbound while he pictured the might and majesty and glory of Him who rules alike the hurricane and holds gentle companionship with souls that seek His service and desire His love.

A FRESH AIR RECIPE.

In a recent case of illness in which a trained nurse was employed, the pleasant air of the sick-room was noticeable. When comment was made, the nurse explained how it was managed. A few pieces of brown paper had been soaked in saltpeter water and allowed to dry. When occasion required, a piece of this was laid in a tin pan kept for the purpose (the coal-scuttle would as well), a handful of dried lavender flowers laid upon it, and a match applied. The aroma was particularly refreshing and agreeable. Another suggestion in the same line applies to the use of lavender in another form. A few drops of oil of lavender poured into a glass of very hot water will purify the air of the room almost instantly. This bit of knowledge is useful to the hostess whose dinner must be served in a small dining-room near the kitchen. If the mixture is made just before dinner is announced, by the time the company enters the room will be filled with a faint, intangible, but thoroughly acceptable odor of freshness, and all disagreeable stuffiness removed.

THE "GRIT BARE-LEGGED LADDIE."

The story of a boy who refused to allow his poverty to stand in the way of his desire for knowledge is related by an exchange.

Nearly a hundred years ago, a stout, freckle-faced, awkward boy of eighteen years, dressed in a ragged waistcoat and short breeches, without stockings or shoes, rapped one evening at the door of a humble cottage in northern England, and asked to see the village schoolmaster. When that person appeared, the boy said, very modestly: "I would like to attend your evening school, sir."

"And what do you wish to study?" asked the teacher, roughly.

"I want to read and write, sir," answered the lad.

The schoolmaster glanced over the boy's homely face and rough clothes scornfully and said: "Very well, you can attend, but a grit, bare-legged laddie like you would better be doing something else than learning his letters." Then he closed the door in the lad's face.

If that "grit bare-legged laddie" had said to the schoolmaster: "I mean to become a great inventor, to become the friend of rich and powerful men, to hold conversation with kings and to write my name among the great ones of earth," it is likely he would have called the boy a fool to cherish such wild dreams. Yet this poor ignorant lad, who didn't know his alphabet at eighteen, accomplished all these things before he died.

He did it by hard work and because he made up his mind to do the best he could. He kept pegging away. His ignorance was a misfortune and not a fault. His parents were too poor to send him to school. He was the son of the fireman of a pumping engine in a Northumberland colliery. His birthplace was a hovel with a clay floor, mud walls and bare rafters. When he was five years old he began to work for his living by herding cows in the daytime and barring up the gates at night. As he grew older he was set to pitching stones from the coal, and after that to driving a horse which drew coal from the pit. He went half fed and half clothed; but for "a' that" he had a man's brave soul in his sturdy little body.

For several years he was assistant fireman to his father; then he was made fireman himself. Subsequently, at the age of seventeen he was made plugman of a pumping engine, a post superior to his father's.

But all this time, though ignorant of books he had been studying his engine. Gradually he acquired so complete a knowledge of his machine that he was able to take it apart and make any ordinary repairs. The "grit, bare-legged laddie" was smarter than he seemed, and this fact the teacher was notified in finding out after he began to teach him.

At the end of two years, by attending evening school, he had learned all that the village schoolmaster could teach him. This brought his school life to an end, but he still kept on studying. He bought books on mechanics and engineering, and spent his leisure in studying what they taught and in experimenting. At least he began to think about making better engines than those about him.

Meanwhile he had received the engineer-wright at one of the great collieries of northern England, and he gradually applied his plans for an improved locomotive. He was not entirely successful at first, but he was not discouraged. He saw his mistakes and corrected them. Before he was thirty-five he had constructed several locomotive steam engines, and five years afterwards he had become known as a successful and energetic engineer, and was called upon to build long and difficult lines of railway.

But his locomotives were too slow; he wanted them to run faster. He proposed to build one that would run at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Everybody laughed at him. Some thought that he was going crazy. One gentleman, who considered himself very wise, said to him: "Suppose you invent one that is capable of running nine or ten miles an hour, and while it was running a cow should stray upon the track, would not that be a very awkward circumstance?"

"I should think it would be very awkward—for the cow," he answered.

Well, he succeeded in making his locomotive, and at a trial which took place near Liverpool it attained the unprecedented speed of fourteen miles an hour. By making certain improvements, this same engine, the Rocket, was made to attain the speed of thirty miles an hour. People laughed no longer, but admired.

He was invited as a consulting engineer to foreign countries, and wealth flowed upon him. Philosophers sought his friendship. His king offered him knighthood, but he refused a title, preferring to remain plain George Stephenson.

CRITICISM.

Beware of the habit of criticism. If it takes possession of you it will make you disagreeable, uncomfortable and a laughing stock. Such was the lamentable case of Cyrus Himall.

His time was largely spent in discovering the faults and shortcomings of things animate and things inanimate, while Mrs. Himall, as it seems, was equally vigilant in attempting to bring forward something of which she could say, "There! you can't pick any flaw in that!"

Once she thought this happiness would be here. A certain man in the town inherited large wealth under peculiar circumstance. It was his under the law, but when the court awarded it to him he stood up and said that, in view of all the facts in the case, he believed that the property belonged of right to another heir. His action was generally looked upon as a noble one.

Mrs. Himall was loud in her expressions of praise.

"Yes, I know," said her husband; "'twas a fine thing. Few men would have done it; and that's why he felt embarrassed by the way he stood."

"Cyrus Himall! I should hope you wouldn't find fault with his attitude when he was doing such a grand thing!"

"Oh, no, I have no wish to criticize," said Cyrus; "but if I had been on the platform, facing all those people I should have tried to toe out a little more."

You should not feel tired all the time—healthy people don't—you won't if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla for a while.

EVERY DAY IS THE BEST DAY.

Some skies may be gloomy,
Some moments be sad,
But everywhere always,
Some souls must be glad;
For true is the saying
Proclaimed by the lips—
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year!"

Each day and a hero,
Each day helps a saint,
Each day brings to some one
A joy without taint;
Though it may not be my turn
Or yours that is near—
"Each day is the best
Of somebody's year!"

The calendar sparkles
With days that have brought
Some prize that was longed for,
Some good treat was sought;
High deeds happen daily,
Wide truths grow more clear—
"Each day is the best
Of somebody's year!"

No sun ever rises
But brings joy behind;
No sorrow in fetters
The whole world can bind;
How selfish our fretting,
How narrow our fear—
"Each day is the best
Of somebody's year!"

—*Priscilla Leonard.*

TRIED TO FORBID THE MARRIAGE.

A friend sends us the following interesting account of how Miss Hull's pet colt interrupted her wedding. A wedding in rural high life was interrupted in a peculiar fashion at Walnut Hill, Conn., a few days ago.

The parents of Miss Nellie Hull, who was to become the wife of Mr. Abson Gear though it would be the thing to celebrate the wedding in church.

The contracting parties were pleased with the suggestion and preparations were made for an elaborate wedding.

All the people on the Hill were invited, and all went. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers. Built over the path leading from the road to the church was an awning, and on the ground was laid a strip of carpet.

Miss Hull was very fond of pets, and among the animals on the farm she had a pet cow and a pet colt. Her affection for these animals was warmly reciprocated. Either of them would follow her about like a dog. Daisy was the name of her pet colt. It happened that Daisy had his eye on the preparations for the wedding. He stood with his head over the pasture bars and saw his mistress climb into the family carriage and drive down the road. A short time afterwards, according to the testimony of the hired man, the colt cleared the bars at a bound, and with tail up and heels in the air went down the road at a lively rate in the direction his mistress had taken.

The wedding party was in the church and bride and bridegroom were standing before the minister ready to take their vows, when there was a commotion in the vestibule. Every man woman and child in the church turned toward the door just as Miss Hull's colt thrust its head through the opening. Seeing his mistress at the altar, the animal walked down the isle, and thrusting his head between the two and began rubbing his nose against the bride's shoulder, whimpering affectionately.

The preacher stopped, the bride's father attempted to drive the colt out of the church, but it refused to go until induced to do so by his mistress, who led the way. When the horse was outside, the door was closed to keep him out, and the young woman returned to the altar and was married.

When the wedding procession sat out for the Hull residence, where refreshments had been spread for the guests, the colt trotted along by the side of the carriage in which his mistress rode.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

THE OTHER SIDE.

It was an ideal stream for fishing, and the anglers were picturing to themselves a basket of trout, when they caught sight of the following notice roughly executed on a black painted board:

NOTICE—Any persons fishes here do so at their own risk as these grounds is privet. If there be any fish they ain't the sort to be tamted by common worms or dough. Besides there ain't

Here space run out and the note finished.

The anglers, however, were undaterred and decided to take the risk. For two hours they sat endeavoring to tempt those trout with various delicacies, but with no result.

"Have you read that notice?" suddenly inquired a bucolic gentleman, who unperceived, had joined the anglers.

"Yes," was the reply, to which was added by way of apology, "but we were sorely tempted."

"It don't matter," said the farmer, reassuringly. "I thought seein' you a-fishin' as how you didn't read both sides."

The fishermen gave a hasty glance at the reverse side of the board. It bore a continuation of the warning in the three words: "No blessed fish."

NOT WORTH MENTIONING.

Financier—Putting through that railroad deal netted me $200,000.

Wife—Your friend lost by it, didn't he?

"All he had. But, then, he only had $25,000

March is a Favorite Month For Home Dyeing.

In all well regulated homes in city or country, the work of home dyeing is largely done in March. The dresses, skirts capes, jackets, blouses and other articles of wearing apparel used and worn a year ago, but now dingy and faded, will be brought out, carefully looked over and re-lived with some new and stylish color for the season's wear.

With such aids as the popular Diamond Dyes, it is folly to spend money for new material and garments. The Diamond Dyes always make old and faded things as good as new. The best as well as the humblest families use the Diamond Dyes successfully and profitably every spring.

Have you decided to make up a pretty and stylish mat or rug from your rags or waste material? There is a pleasure in being able to point to your own homemade mats and rugs. Send your address to The Wells and Richardson Co., Limited, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, P. Q., and you will receive sheets of designs for your inspection.