The Acton Free Press.

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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:—8 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

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

DR. DRYDEN,
EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.
Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets,
GUELPH.
OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 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 DATE—First and third Tuesdays, Brookville; Friday, Rockwood.
The latest anaesthetic used if desired.

LEGAL.

A. J. MACKINNON,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
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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%.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOHN R. MacKENZIE
BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR.
PLANS furnished and estimates given on shortest notice.
Address—ACTON.

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 282, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

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 repairs performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gummin and filing done.

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

WALL PAPER SALE.
....AT....
Day's Bookstore.
Fine New Stock.
Big Values.

DAY'S BOOKSTORE
GUELPH.
DRY GOODS 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. B. WALLACE, Manager.

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

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.

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

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

—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. E. 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.

SPRING FIELD SEEDS.

Timothy	Mandschuen Barley
Red Clover	Black Hulless Barley
Manitoba Clover	White Hulless Barley
Alsike Clover	Spring Rye
Alfalfa Clover	Ligowa Oats
Crimson Clover	20th Century Oats
Orchard Grass	Jeanette Oats
Red Top Grass	Multeller Peas
Bromus Inermus	Lakefield-White Peas
Hairy Vetches	Second Early Peas
Grass Peas	Golden Vine Peas
Spelts	and other Peas

Geo. J. Thorp
Market Square
GUELPH,
Branch at Rockwood.

J. A. SPEIGHT & CO.
Willow St. Acton.
Undertakers
and
Furniture Dealers.
Undertaking in all its branches attended to promptly and quietly.
Furniture—New Stock. Sure to please our customers.
Our prices are low.

Sun Savings and Loan Co
HEAD OFFIC - TORONTO, ONT
Authorized Capital - $5,000,000.00
Ten-year maturity shares are paid
Monthly Instalments of 50c. per share for 12 months, when payments cease—$6.00 aid in—maturity value $100.00.
Money to loan at 5% straight loan or repayable in monthly instalments on application to
R. J. McNabb,
Agent, Acton

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

Poetry.

THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

Oh, the old house at home, where my forefathers dwelt,
Where a child at the feet of my mother I knelt.
Where she taught me the prayer, where she read me the page,
Which in infancy lips, is the solace of age;
My heart 'mid all changes, wherever I roam,
No'er loses its love for the old house at home,
The old house at home, the old house at home,
My heart never changes for the old house at home.

'Twas not for its splendor that dwelling was dear,
'Twas not that the gay and the noble were near;
O'er the porch the wild rose and the woodbine entwin'd,
And the sweet scented jessamine waved in the wind,
But dearer to me than proud turret or dome,
Were the halls of my fathers, the old house at home.
My heart never changes for the old house at home.

But now the old house is no dwelling for me,
The home of the stranger henceforth it must be;
And ne'er shall I view it, or rove as a guest
O'er the evergreen fields which my father possessed;
Yet still in my slumbers sweet visions shall come
Of the days that I passed in that old house at home.
The old house at home, the old house at home,
My heart never changes for the old house at home.

Select Family Reading.

Glory's Wedding Dress.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

THE last part of Dan's letter made Glory laugh.

"Such a boy!" she cried softly. Then she read the lines again.

"Keep your eyes shut, going and coming, won't you, dear? Don't even peep! It's the only safe way! And for a further safeguard, always go round by that What's-its-name Avenue,—remember! You're lost—I mean I am—if you cut through any Poor People's Alley!"

Glory's low, delighted laugh filled the little room again. Dan was the funniest boy; always "safeguarding." And now that it was getting so very near to—it, he was worse than ever, dear boy.

"Well, I suppose he can't help feeling anxious. I'd put it—off once," mused the girl. "But I couldn't help it—I had to," she added.

On his farm in little Quechee, waiting, was Dan. And now there was only a little while to wait. Does anybody call a month long, even to a big, brown farmer boy and a slip of a city typewriter?

Glory got out her precious memorandum and traced the careful items with a tender forefinger that had a faint purple stain,—her trademark, Glory called it.

"Wedding-dress," the list began—Wedding dress! Glory's face turned shy and rosy, though she was all alone. White silk, with veil and trimings."

"It looks extravagant, and I guess—it—is," Glory murmured, "but it doesn't matter for once. I am going to have it—white silk with trimmings and veil—I am! I am! I guess I can be extravagant one single time in my life when it's for Dan. I'll economize in all the other things, but not in my wedding-dress. That must be lovely and shining and sweet. I wan't Dan to always remember how I looked in it,—always. And some day, when we're old,"—Glory laughed. The joke of Dan and her ever being old!—"some day, we'll look at it together. I'll put it on and make Dan pretend I'm his little white silk bride again! Oh, I must have my beautiful wedding dress. I—won't economize on that. You hear me, Glory Bemis?"

Glory Bemis nodded curtly. Down the list traveled the slender purple-tinted finger, through "Travelling dress, Travelling hat, Shoes, Gloves,"—through them all. They were all there. She had economized rigidly in every item but the first. The last item of all, Glory always laughed over softly. "Churning dresses,"—it looked so funny and so—dear. A picture went with it, of a housewife in a crisp, print dress,—sleeves rolled up, white apron on,—patting golden butter. To night, Glory looked a long while at the picture, and all her bright face grew solemn and sweet with wonder. The very homeliness of the picture made it beautiful to her.

"I like that name for them—churning dresses," Glory thought. "They go with Dan's blue jeans and the cows and the farm. I shall sew every stitch of those dresses myself—every stitch. But, I'm afraid I don't dare to make the white silk. I wish Miss Lauranna had had a—lover. I should feel better about letting her make my wedding dress."

Miss Lauranna was the Quechee dressmaker. The last week of all Glory was going home to her and Aunt Hope to have her dresses made. The whole place was anticipating, for Quechee loved Glory. And Quechee was anxious too,—Dan was not the only one. Everybody knew the child's tender-heartedness and keen sensitiveness to other people's pain. Part of Quechee called it a "weakness."

"The child will do well if she gets home with a piece o' print to make up," Miss Lauranna said. "I guess you don't expect her to do much more'n than, Hope Bemis! You'd ought to have taken charge of her money and kep' it safe."

"If the child only brings herself home I shall be satisfied," murmured Aunt Hope softly. And that was the way Dan felt.

The next morning Glory went to her work at the Union Fire Extinguisher office through the beautiful, luxurious Grand Avenue. She did not need to shut her eyes. There was no sign of poverty or pain anywhere. Her own happiness seemed shared by everybody she met. She found herself smiling and nodding at all the little children.

But once inside the Union Fire Extinguisher building—ah, Dan, Dan! For Glory found the old black janitor sobbing like a little child on one of the landings.

"Why, why, Uncle Abram!" she cried, pityingly. "I am so sorry. Won't you tell me what the matter is?"

"Oh, I done been dismiss'! I done been dismiss'!" wailed the old voice. "De boss say I'm too ole. 'You can't see de dus',' he say; 'you too ole to sweep any mo', Uncle Abum. You gotter go.' Oh, lordy; oh lordy! How's de poor ole woman gwine to keep wa'm. How's you gwine get coal when you've been dismiss'?"

Glory's tender heart melted within her. Suddenly her hand went out to stroke the old black fingers. She had thought of a way to help.

"Don't, Uncle Abram, don't cry! Listen to me. You will find another job begore long, and any way you shall have the coal. I say you shall. That poor old crippled aunts shall be warm. I'm going to see to it myself."

In her mind, Glory had drawn her pencil through the word "veil" on her memorandum. That was the way she had thought of it. "Dan will not mind, and it will be just as legal without a veil"—she smiled a little wistfully to herself. "I can have the dress trimmed beautifully to make up."

That evening she drew the actual line, straight and unwavering through the little four lettered word that meant so much to her. "I'm sorry, dear, but you are needed somewhere else," she murmur'd; "; 'u're needed to keep that poor old black auntie warm."

"I'm being very good," she wrote to Dan a little later; "I've only been bad one little once, and then—well, if you'd been there, Dan, you'd have been bad, too. As if I didn't know! Yes, I go to the office by Grand Avenue. I always will, dear boy, unless I'm late. When you have somebody somewhere who doesn't trust you, you have to do things like that to please him."

But a few mornings after this, Glory was late, and she had to go to her work by the short cut through Grind Street. It could not be helped. "I couldn't go till I'd tried to comfort Nora; Dan wouldn't ask me to," she said. For Nora had been red-eyed and swollen-faced that morning when she brought in the coffee. Glory's heart had gone out to her at once.

"What is it, Nora?" she had beckoned her aside to ask, after breakfast; "I'm afraid you are in trouble. Can't I—le'nt there someway I can help you?"

The big, reddened hands had gone up suddenly before the girl's round face. And Nora's tall body had begun to weave backward and forward in true Irish woe.

"It's the letther, miss, the letther!" Nora sobbed.

"The letter! What letter, Nora?"

"From Kitty Dooney, that's livin' in th' ould place at home. I'm afther hearin' 'about the ould wane from Kitty miss." The sobs grew more violent. Nora's tears leaked through the big fingers and trickled down between the red knuckles. "Me poor heart, 'tis loike to break wid the pain in it, miss."

Glory's eyes filled with tears. "You don't mean—there isn't any one—dead, Nora?" she whispered. The girl's wet face came out of its eclipse.

"No, no, glory be!" cried Nora. "But it's next wor'rust. It's the rint, ma'am. 'Bure 'tis out in th' shtreet th' ould wan' 'll be turned, if you're not sindin' th' rint,' says Kitty. 'They're bound to pay it widin the month,' she says, 'an' 'tis out in two weeks, th' month,' she says. Oh! Oh, th' pain in the sowl av me!" wailed Nora.

"Wait!—how much is the rent, Nora?"

"Twinty dollars, miss. An' 'tis only eliven I'm afther savin'. An' there ain't anny coime."

"Hush! I've thought of a way, Nora. Don't cry any more," Glory said quietly. "The poor 'old ones' shan't be turned out in the street." And that was how Glory came to be late. It takes time to run up stairs and get out a pencil and a little memorandum and draw a line across two words.

"It will be shiny and soft and sweet, without them," Glory smiled unsteadily; "and Dan wouldn't like me any better 'with trimmings.' I guess I know Dan!"

Grand Avenue and Grind Street—the difference between them! Glory shuddered at it as she hurried along. The grims and the meanness and the want stared at her. She should have remembered Dan's warning and shut her eyes. But they were wide open and saw—ah, someone was beating a poor old horse. The thud of the blows struck Glory's heart. It was part of Grind Street—on Grand Avenue no one ever beat a horse.

"Ye old blind bat, ye! Take that, will ye—an' that,—an' that, an' see if ye'll go blunderin' into a lamp post ag'in an' upsettin' yerself. Oh, yer will, will ye? Well, take that, then—an' that—an'"——

"Stop!" rang out the clear voice of a girl. "I command you to stop. Oh, what would I give if there was somebody to make you stop"

The man leered up at her craftily. He knew as well as Glory that there was no society with the long name in the unprogressive little city. So much the better for him—so much the worse for the old blind horse.

But there was Glory. She sprang to the horse's drooping head and patted it protectingly. The guant old skeleton trembled in piteous fright.

"Blind? Not blind?" Glory cried; "and that is why he ran into the post? Because he couldn't see it? Oh, the poor horse!—the poor, the poor horse!"

"The 'poor' limb o' Satan! He ain't walk'n' cartin' to the rubbish heap. Ye old bat, 'ye, taste o' that, will ye, an'"——

"Will you stop!" Glory's eyes shone like twin stars. "Now tell me what you will take for this horse—quick!"

The man's astonished face took on cunning as well.

"Forty dollars, ma'am, an' dirt cheap at that. There's a sight o' work left in 'im ma'am, an' it don't take noothin' for his keep. I've got 'im learned to live without eatin', an'"——

"Would it cost forty dollars to 'cart to the rubbish heap?" Glory cried, in scorn. No, this is what I will do—I will give you ten dollars for him, delivered at Mrs. Quinn's boarding house, on Drinkwater Street at six o'clock to-night. If you will not sell him to me for that, I will have you arrested for assault and battery. There would be no trouble—the poor thing is battered enough. Well?"

He was thinking of the bargain—not of her fierce, girlish threat.

"I'll fetch 'im round," he said. And Glory went on down the dreary street. Two blocks on, she stopped and began to laugh hysterically. "What will Mrs. Quinn say? what shall I do with him?" she laughed. "I can give him my supper, but I can't give him my bed to sleep in. Poor old blind—elephant!"

At the office she sat down at her machine, her mind still dwelling on the insoluble problem of her recently acquired property. She began to copy a letter that had been left on her desk "Dear Sir," her swift fingers tapped, "I forward the enclosed — old blind horse," the letters pounded out. Glory stopped and read her copy in dismay. Well? It suggested a way out—Dan! Glory slid the letter back and wrote "Dan" above the crossed out "Sir." Then she finished the letter:

"DEAR DAN—I forward the enclosed old blind horse. I send him to you for a gift. Oh, promise you won't look him in the mouth! promise! Don't look at his eyes or his legs or his poor pounded old bones; look at his soul, dear boy, and give him the softest corner in your barn. I had to buy him; I've got to send him to you. Mrs. Quinn won't take him to board. I forward him, inclosed in the freight car; or do horses go as baggage? He is blind, Dan, blind! Think of being pounded, because you're blind! But, there, I know you will understand. GLORY BE."

That evening "Glory Be" wrote "white wool" over the words "white silk." It was the price she paid for her old blind e'phant. "And white wool is very nice," she said brightly. "I think Dan will like me in white wool. I shall risk it!" The memorandum was looking shabby and crossed out, but Glory smiled over it. "Dan's barn is so sunny and—and soft," she murmured.

The rest of the days went by safely for Glory, until the very last. The next day she was going down town to buy her little list of things. The next day! Glory was smiling shyly over her thoughts when the strange errand-boy came in.

"Why, where is Larry?" Glory cried. She had never missed Larry before. The strange boy regarded her stolidly.

"Him as had my job? Wot's got yer 't' yer ain't heard w'ere he is! He's in the ho'spittle, that's w'e. Smashed. Car took him in the legs." The boy was gone again, but Glory sat up, flushed and distressed. Larry "smashed!" Why, he was such a cheery, honest little fellow! She was so fond of Larry. And "in the legs,"—why, Larry had such beautiful little legs!

After office hours, Glory went to the hospital. "How is he?" she demanded of one of the nurses, for they would not let her see him. "Is he terribly hurt?—He'll get well, won't he? I—I think a great deal of Larry." The nurse's face was grave with doubt.

"Perhaps, if he'd stop worrying, he might," she said. "I don't know but that's going to kill him. He takes on dreadfully about his mother and the little kids."

"Yes, I know,—he's told me. She takes in washing, when she's able. "Meggy" and "little Mick" are the kids. Larry's very fond of them."

"I should think so! He can't rest easy a minute for fear they will all starve without his pay, and from what he tells, I don't know but they will. Anyway it's likely to be the death of the boy."

"No, No! cried Glory softly. "They mustn't!—he mustn't! Tell Larry for me—no, just tell him, 'Say somebody has has advanced his pay for a month. I know how much that will be. I'll send it round.—No, I'd rather not!—just say it's somebody." And Glory went home and made her last change in the word memorandum.

"White cotton will be white. Dan won't mind,—I know Dan. And—and there'll be a little Glory in the white cotton—Glory Be!" she laughed out softly. But when, somewhat later, the wonderful day came round, Dan never knew but that his wee white bride was in shining white silk with the trimmings and the veil!

HOUSEHOLD TALENT.

The Nysoms are busy village folk who represent the best class of Scandinavian immigrants in the second generation. They are rising in the world, but are dependent upon honest and hard work for their livelihood. One of the sons is to be a doctor, another an engineer, another a salesman. The girls do all the sewing and housework.

But each one has some other work which is not done for pay. Jack and Nancy—they have adopted English nicknames—draw, not well enough to make them critics of old or new masters, but well enough to catch a landscape or a face that pleases them, or to make funny little pictures that delight the other members of the family.

One of the boys is a skilful photographer, another collects autographs, another moths. Two of the girls play on the piano and violin, not like professionals, but with taste and feeling. All the members of the family sing. Nancy has a fine soprano voice and the mother a good contralto; and when all join in the chorus, the effect pleases others; it pleases the Nysoms immensely.

"Why," said a city visitor to Mrs. Nysom one day, "why do your children spend so much time in pursuits which never will bring them in any money?"

Mrs. Nysom looked at the performers in the family concert with a smile in her eyes.

"Did you ever go to Norway?" she asked.

"No."

"You would have seen there, when the flocks were going to the upland pastures, girls who drove them fastened a tiny bell around the neck of each sheep. "Why do they do it?" do you ask? It is to keep them them together, and to make music as they go.

"These little talents and pleasures in the household keep the children together, and will, I hope, make music for them all through the long, climbing journey of life. God had an end to serve when He gave to each of us the power to laugh and enjoy, as well as to work."

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

A New Hampshire woman who takes summer boarders occasionally employs as "extra help" the daughter of an neighboring farmer. This young woman is in constant fear that she will be "snubbed by the city folks," and her ideas as to their standards of superiority are sometimes amusing.

One evening one of the boarders went into the dining-room to speak to the landlady, who was taking her supper in company with her sensitive "help." The girl began to eat sponge cake, then took some pound-cake, and was at work on a slice of fruit cake when the boarder at last left room.

"My, but I was glad to see her go!" exclaimed the girl, turning to her employer with a sigh of relief; and relinquishing her hold on the fruit-cake, she reached for the bread-plate. "I'm just 'gouged with cake," she added in frank explanation, "but of course I wasn't going to let one of those stuck-up city folks see me eat biscuit, as if 'twas all I was used to, and I didn't know what was proper!"

If you are scrofulous, dyspeptic, rheumatic troubled with kidney complaint, general debility, lacking strength, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S WIT AND WISDOM.

Few names among the living or departed with the possible exception of Thomas Hood's, stand surrounded with a finer halo of reputation for wit and humor than that of Douglas Jerrold. He was himself quite exceptional to the ordinary maker of sayings and apothegms by his supreme faculty of improvisation. His best things and those oftenest quoted were, the inspiration of the moment—the flash of sudden repartee. In the "Caudle" papers and in his dramas there was premeditation; but bright as these are, his high-water mark was quite as often reached in his genial glow of ordinary conversation. Kembel, the dramatist, said that in one of Jerrold's plays there was wit sufficient for three comedies by any other writer.

If Jerrold had had a single faithful Boswell he might have garnered an encyclopedia of memorable jokes from the bright things the wit uttered in his daily talk. But untold numbers of these sayings were never set down by anyone; and, it is said he did not himself remember them in many cases, after they had served their purpose and occasion. While mere wit is sufficient in itself and needs no excuse, the wit of Jerrold was the very essence of wisdom also. There was a broad philosophy underlying the laughable remark. In him wit and wisdom walked together more often than apart, while the fashion to-day, perhaps, is in the main just opposite thereto.

But I propose to give here not so much a criticism of his famous wit, as samples of his performance. Speaking of dogmatism, he said, "is puppyism come to its full growth?" Of falsehood he said, "Don't give yourself to lying. A lie may do very well for a time, but, like a bad shilling, it's found out at last." His motto about truth was, that "in this world truth can wait; she's used to it." When weary with backbiters he remarked once: "Every man talks of his neighbor's heart as though it was his own watch—a thing to be seen in all its works and abused for irregular going." "There are people," he says, "who make even a million a very small matter merely by their condescending way of speaking of it;" which reminds me of one of Emerson's sayings—that "the English believe in a Providence who does not treat with levity a pound sterling."

One day he was met by a noted bore, who made it a habit of waylaying him whenever he could for a street chat. The thing got to be rather irksome to Jerrold, and to, on one occasion, when his prosy friend came up fairly planted for an attack and said: "Well, Jerrold, what is going on to-day?" Jerrold, darting swiftly along, said: "I am." Of an old woman, who always was in the dumps, and talked lugubriously of everything, he said: "Hang it! she won't allow there is a bright side to the moon." His friend, Albert Smith, having an article in Blackwood, signed it with the initials, "A. S." whereupon Jerrold said: "What a pity Smith will tell only two-thirds of the truth." Of course, this was mere pleasantry, as was also that upon a friend of his, who was a celebrated barrister. This friend entering a club-room where Jerrold and some other friends were enjoying a cigar, said, in an excited state: "I have just met a scoundrelly barrister!" "What a coincidence!" said Jerrold.

When a friend once said to him: "Did you know that Jones has left the stage and turned wine merchant?" "Oh, yes," Jerrold replied, "and I'm told that his wine off the stage is better than his wine on it." Being waited on for a charitable contribution in behalf of a somewhat too frequent petitioner for charity, he asked: "How much does X want this time?" "Just a four and two naughts will put him straight, I think." "Well," said Jerrold, "put me down for one of the naughts." Going to his friend, Mr. Pepper's party, which was fully attended, he said to the host, on entering the room: "My dear Mr. Pepper, how glad you must be to see all your friends mustered!" Many of us are familiar with the story where a dull fellow in the presence of Jerrold spoke of a certain song in these terms: "I never hear it but that I am completely carried away." To which Jerrold added: "Can't some one of the company whistle it?" Another such fellow told him a long, dull joke once, in a very stupid way, adding at the end of it: "I thought I should have died with laughter." "I wish to heaven you had," was Jerrold's response.—Not dissimilar to these was the one where he with a company of literary friends, met, on their walk, a young donkey. A sentimental poet among the group admired it very much, and declared that he would like to send it to his mother. "Do," said Jerrold; "and tie a piece of paper about its neck bearing this motto: "When this you see, remember me."

When a friend said to him, pointing to a favorite family pat: "That cat has a cold." "Yes," said he, "it is subject to cat-arrh." When a rumor reached him that a certain dull actor was laboring under inflammation of the brain, he said: "Depend upon it there is not the least foundation for the report." A certain writer who was greatly disappointed with what he heard was Jerrold's poor opinion of his latest book, went to him and said: "Jerrold I hear you said ——— was the worst book I ever wrote." "No, I did not," said Jerrold. "I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote." "Call that a kind man who is alway away from his family and never sends them a farthing," asked an actor. "Yes; "unremitting kindness," Jerrold replied. Tom Dibdin, the song writer, when he first saw Jerrold, said to him: "Youngster, have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?" "Oh, yes, I've confidence, but I have no guinea."

When he was riding one day with a lively spendthrift, the driver said to him: "What do you think of my grays?" "To tell you the truth," he replied, "I was just thinking of your duns." In the midst of a hot discussion, an excited talker began: "Gentlemen, all I want is common-sense—" "Exactly," Jerrold interrupted, "that is precisely what you do want."

There is no real limit to his witticisms, for, although so many have been lost, his writings alone contain an abundance. The London *Athenæum* said at the time of his death, what is still, perhaps the accepted opinion of him: "He had less frolic than Theodore Hood, less elaborate humor than Sydney Smith, less quibble and quaintness than Thomas Hood; but he surpassed all these in intellectual flash and strength. His wit was all steel points, and his talk was like squadrons of lancers in evolution. It stood nearer poetic fancy than broad humor. The exquisite confusion of his tipsy gentleman who was scraping at the door for an hour with his latch-key, leans back, and exclaims: 'By Jove! some scoundrel has stolen the keyhole!' comes as near farce as any of his illustrations."

STINGING.

At the time of our disasters in South Africa, at the beginning of the war, the foreign waiters at some of the east end hotels and restaurants did not conceal their glee, and in some instances even ventured to chaff their English patrons on the subject.

This tendency to presume on the good-natured tolerance of the Briton is shared by many others of our continental visitors but occasionally it meets with sharp and well-deserved retaliation.

At a west end cafe some time ago a foreign gentleman, who is believed to have left his own land to escape enforced military service, loudly harangued some English acquaintances on the general inferiority of the institutions of their country as compared with his, the Britons, listening with amused indulgence.

Our weather, our language, our manners, our trade customs, our clumsy monetary system, our weights and measures, our army and navy, all come under the lash of the continental critic, who declared that in all these and many other respects his country is incomparably ahead of theirs.

At the close of his remarks a quiet man in the background inquired:

"Were you shipwrecked on our coasts, Mr. ———, or were you kidnapped and brought here?"

"I do not understand."

"I mean, in what painful circumstances did you arrive in this country, for I am convinced that a gentleman of such refined tastes could not have come to us of his own free will?"

The critical gentleman looked annoyed, but the quiet man continued, quite unabashed:

"At any rate, I am sorry you are departing so soon. I believe you leave England to-night?"

"I? Certainly not."

"You surprise me," rejoined the satirist. "I should not have supposed it possible that a man of your judgment and intelligence could have remained another day in such a wretched country as this."

And as the continental critic drank his coffee, and departed in a huff, even the foreign waiters grinned.—*Cassell's.*

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

In Germany everybody loves their Empress with the same love that English people give to Queen Alexandra. She is held up by every mother in the Fatherland to her children as an example of all that is good. She herself has taught her children to wait upon themselves and do useful things, and has endeavored to make their lives simple and unostentatious as far as her position will allow. In a quiet little house in the suburbs of Potsdam there lives a widow, Frau Frommel by name, whose husband was a pastor to the Emperor's children. One afternoon quite recently a carriage drove up to her front door, and out of it stepped the Empress and three of her sons.

"We have come to take tea with you, Frau Frommel," said the Empress smiling.

The good woman knew not whether to cry or laugh, for, as she explained, she had allowed all her servants to go out for the day, and there was no one but herself in the house to do what was necessary.

"All the better," good-naturedly said the Empress. "We shall be all the merrier. My boys and I shall make the tea. And, true to her word, they did.

The Crown Prince made up a roaring fire, the second boy sat the table, and young Oscar cut the bread. There was not a happier party sat down to tea in all Germany that afternoon, and as the Empress kissed Frau Frommel good-bye she exclaimed: "I haven't had such a pleasant time for months!"—Chicago *Journal.*

PREPARED FOR COMPLIMENTS.

Auntie—Willie, do you know you are my favorite nephew?

Willie—No'm, but I hin expectin' somethin' o' de kind since I heard you say de woodbox was empty.

MOTHER-HEART.

Dear Mother-eyes
That watched while other eyes were closed in sleep,
That o'er my gliding steps were wont to weep—
Are you now looking from the starry skies,
With clearer spirit vision, love more deep,
Undimmed by tears, while I my vigil keep—
Dear Mother-eyes?

Dear Mother-hands
That toiled when other hands inactive were,
That, clasping mine constrained me oft to prayer
For grace to run the way of God's commands—
Are ye now resting, or in realms more fair
Still find ye some sweet mode ministrant—
Dear Mother-hands?

Dear Mother-heart
That felt the good where others felt the ill,
That loathed the sin, yet loved the sinner still,
And charmed his soul to choose the better part;
Farewell a moment's fleeting space until
God reunites us when it be His will—
Dear Mother-heart.

—*John Henderson in Chambers' Journal.*

The Women of Canada Are Becoming Proficient In In the Work of Mat and Rug Making.

The city and town Fairs and Exhibitions held last autumn in the various provinces of our Dominion, have fully demonstrated the fact that the women of Canada are rapidly becoming proficient in the art of making mats and rugs.

In the sections of Canada's fairs devoted to women's work, the display of mats and rugs made from the Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns was most varied and attractive, and claimed the attention of tens of thousands. The prize winners (who used the Diamond Dyes to color the rags and other materials from which the rugs were made) all agreed that the Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns were the best and easiest to work up.

If you would like to make up a choice mat or rug, send your address to the Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, 300 Mountain Street, Montreal, P. Q., and they will receive full range of new designs.