The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXVII.---NO. 38. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1902. PRICE THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, - - ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

CONTRACT RATES—The following table shows our rates for the insertion of advertisements for specified periods:—

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO
30 inches	$60.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
12 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	4.50
6 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	5.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

Advertisements, without specific directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. For changes oftener than once a month the composition must be paid for at regular rates.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

Accounts payable monthly.

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 3 p.m., and 7 to 8 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 3 to 5 p.m. SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

DENTAL.

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

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

LEGAL.

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

J. B. McLEOD, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, AND COMMISSIONER FOR TAKING AFFIDAVITS. Main Street, Georgetown. Conveyancing done, and money loaned on first mortgages on farm property at 4%.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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

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

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

MARRIAGE LICENSES. H. 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.

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

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $130,000. 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 299, 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

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

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. B. WALLACE, Manager.

....FRAMES....

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

Sun Savings and Loan Co, HEAD OFFICE - 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—$60.00 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

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.

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

ACTON Machine and Repair Shops, HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor. ARE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to enable all repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse-shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired and painted in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gummed and filing done.

—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. F. 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.

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	Multiplier Peas
Bromus Inovnus	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.

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

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.

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.

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

Poetry.

THE OLD FOLKS' LONGINGS.

Don't go to the theatre, lecture or ball,
But stay in your room to-night:
Deny yourself to the friends that call,
And a good, long letter write.
Write to the sad old folks at home,
Who sit, when the day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
And think of the absent one.
Don't selfishly scribble: "Excuse my haste
I've scarcely the time to write."
Lest their brooding thoughts go wandering back
To many a by-gone night,
When they lost their needed sleep and rest,
And every breath was a prayer
That God would leave their little babe
To their tender love and care.
Don't let them feel that you've no more need
Of their love and counsel wise,
For the heart grows strongly sensitive
When age has dimmed the eyes;
It might be well to let them believe
You never forget them quite—
That you deem it a pleasure, when far away,
Long letters home to write.
Don't think that the young and giddy friends,
Who make your pastime gay,
Have half the anxious thoughts for you
That the old folks have to-day;
The duty of writing do not put off,
Let sleep or pleasure wait,
Lest the letter for which they waited and longed,
Be a day or an hour too late.
For the sad old folks at home,
With locks fast turning white,
Are longing to hear of the absent one.
So write them a letter to-night.

Select Family Reading.

Rielle's Intervention.

BY CARL BRICKETT.

"AH, Bess! Queen Bess! how lovely you look in your plain black grenadine; while, no matter how I dress, I am always the same little dotty I!"

Mattie Martin says these words as we sit talking together in the library.

"A sorry queen, indeed, Mattie," I answer, "for where is my kingdom? I suppose you mean it is in the, schoolroom?"

"Now, Bess!" exclaims Mattie, in her easy, good-natured voice, "you know very well, that any one as beautiful as you is always a queen—over hearts."

I lightly close the speaker's lips with my hand.

"Hush, Mattie! I am only Bessie Alwyn, your sister's music teacher, and dependent upon your mother's kindness for a home. No don't call me 'Queen Bess' any more; that was all well enough in the old days." Just now her mother's voice call's Mattie, and I am left alone with my thoughts, which are somewhat sad to-night.

Five years ago—how well I remember the first day I came to Martin Place, where on my return from boarding-school, my father brought me to place me in his dear friend's care. I can recall now just how cordially I was welcomed. I was sixteen then, and my wealthy father thought nothing too good or too handsome for his little Bess.

I remember how we enjoyed ourselves—we three—Mattie, her brother Neil, and myself. What delightful walks and drives we had together, and how the time flew for one short year. Then—Neil went away across the ocean to enter a French medical university, and Mattie and I were left alone together. I missed Neil very much, for he had grown dearer to me than I had ever imagined. Then I realized that it was not mere friendship I felt for him, but all the fervor of a girl's first love; and that he loved me I knew full well.

But then something happened that drove everything else from my mind. The business in which my father's wealth was invested failed—a disastrous failure; and then things came to me, his motherless daughter, that the shock had brought on a paralytic stroke. Then, (oh, the anguish of it) he was dead—before I could go to him. So I was left alone in the world, and poor.

Though fairly educated, I had no particular talent save for music; and even that was more a thing of instinct than of practice or study; for as soon as I seized the soul of an idea my fingers had always readily followed my thoughts, and I had not paid the attention I should have done to the rules and technicalities. What should I do? Then Mrs. Martin, my father's friend, in her kind, womanly way (not wishing to hurt my pride by offering me a home for mere charity, asked me to stay and oversee her little Ethel's studies, and give her music lessons as well.

"Teach her to play as well as you do Bessie," she said, when I tried to show her how much inferior I was to Madame Deedorf, Ethel's present teacher, "and I am sure I shall be satisfied."

So I stayed. Since then four years have passed, and before long the absent son of the house is to come home. He will return to us with the well-earned title of "Doctor."

I wonder if he will be changed, and if he will remember— Ah! but things are very different with me now. I am not the same lively, elegantly-dressed Bess of old. These are the thoughts that flit through my mind as I sit in the dusk. I am aroused by the door opening, and looking up, I can just see the outline of a manly form."

"Here in the dark, and alone, Miss Alwyn? Let me light up for you."

It is Mr. Charles North who speaks—one of the guests who have been making Martin Place gay for the few past weeks. The others had gone, but he still stays, awaiting Neil's return.

I rise and stand silently under the full glare of light. I know Mr. North's eyes are scanning my face (indeed, he seldom loses an opportunity of doing so), and that he must detect the tear traces.

"What!—crying, Miss Alwyn? Surely tears are not meant for those lovely eyes!"

Before he can continue his complimentary strain I make my escape.

The next morning, as I sit in the schoolroom, with Ethel at my knee, trying to initiate her into that bane of most girl's, arithmetic, Mattie comes to me and places a picture in my hand. It is a carte-de-visite taken in Paris, and represents a bright, naive girl face, with the head draped Spanish fashion in black lace.

"Who is it?" I ask, admiringly.

Then sending Ethel away, who is nothing loath to escape from the multiplication table, Mattie sits herself down with what she dearly loves—a story to tell.

"That is 'Rielle De Moran, and you'll see if she isn't as pretty as her picture when she comes with Neil next week."

"Why Mattie! Neil isn't married?"

"No, not married; but I guess he is engaged, and to that lovely girl. Isn't she charming?" (enthusiastically.)

"Go on, Mattie, I say, impatiently.

"Well, it's a regular romance," says Mattie. "Her father was a physician in Paris, and he met Neil and took a great fancy to him, and invited him to his house. Of course Neil was introduced to his daughter Gabrielle; they call her 'Rielle. From what my brother says he must have spent lots of his time there.

"By and by the old gentleman died. And what do you think? He left his daughter and all her immense fortune in our Neil's care.

"So Neil writes to mamma in the letter she received to-day that, in addition to himself, we may expect next week Miss De Moran, and her old housekeeper, who is to come with her. Now, Bess, for once haven't I had an interesting story to tell?"

"Very interesting," I answer and my voice sounds strangely to myself; but Mattie is not very observing.

After she has gone I wander down the terrace to the lake, and there, in a quiet retreat, think it all over.

How blank the approaching years seem to me! Neil's noble face comes before my mind. Can it be that all this time I have been foolishly dreaming of a future in which he shall share, and that he has forgotten me? If so, I must drive such thoughts away now. 'Rielle—what a sweet, odd name.

"Miss Alwyn!" I hear some one say, who, coming down the gravey terrace steps, has caught sight of me in my distant nook.

If there is anything I hate, it is a tete-a-tete with Mr. North. I come down out of the summer house, which is just beside the lake, and stepping into the tiny boat which is always moored there for the accommodation of the guests of the house, with a few vigorous pulls at the oars am out some way upon the water before Mr. North reaches the shore. If my heart were not so heavy I should smile at the baffled, disappointed expression on my admirer's face.

Why will he persist in following me? I am never anything but coldly polite to him; but whenever he has been at Martin Place, he has annoyed me with lover-like words and looks, never heeding my sharp replies and scornful glances. I know that some would think it strange in me; for is not Mr. North handsome, of good family, and rich.

Monday arrives and Neil has come.

I lean over the balusters and watch the group in the hall below. Neil introduces a tall, slender girl to his mother and sister, and then a little elderly woman. Soon I hear him say: "Where's Bess?" Then I go down.

I make up my mind immediately that I do not like Miss De Moran, though I have to acknowledge, even to myself, that her portrait does not flatter her. She is gracefully tall, with a pliant, willowy figure, with dark hair and glorious eyes, which, as she lays her soft little hand in mine, seems to read me through and through.

"So this is your friend Queen Bess?" she says, turning to Neil and smiling. By that I see that he must have spoken of me to her.

I watch them together all that evening and notice, with a great sinking at the heart, what a perfect understanding exists between them; and I feel that Mattie is right—if not already engaged, they soon will be. No one must think that I am sitting quietly by while thinking all these things. Far from it; I am more than usually gay.

Mr. North at first seems amazed by my unwonted friendliness, then readily responds.

I catch Neil's eyes turned in my direction now and then with a grave expression in their depths, but my fun only waxes merrier, and when Mr. North proposes a stroll through the garden, I rise and take his arm, nodding a gay good-bye to the rest. The next week is a whirl of pleasure. I am wretchedly unhappy, but I do not show it. Mr. North is as devoted as ever, and I laugh and flirt with him all the long evenings.

Through the day I am busy with my little charge, so thus far I have successfully avoided meeting Neil alone. I keep aloof from Miss De Moran, too, and though we have for some time been under the same roof, we are no better acquainted than at first. Whether the dislike I feel is reciprocated I do not know, though I fancy she is too indifferent to the subject to give it a thought. There is a wide difference between a lovely heiress and a poor teacher.

The days go by. I am out walking this afternoon with Ethel. We have been to the village, and are coming home. Suddenly a quick step approaches, and some one comes to my side and lifts his hat. It is Neil. I bow, coldly, but the hand which clasps Ethel's trembles.

"I am so glad to have met you," he says. I haven't had a chance to speak to you, yet, except before a roomful."

I answer some commonplace, and the conversation lags, despite all Neil's efforts to the contrary.

"Oh!" I exclaim suddenly; here comes Mr. North!"

Neil mutters something under his breath, which I do not catch; then turning to me, he says, abruptly:

"Bessie! tell me truly—are you engaged to that gentleman?"

I flash a haughty look at him.

"By what right do you—"

Before I can finish my sentence, little Ethel says, in her serious, childish way:

"Brother Neil, I have heard Miss Bessie say she can't endure Mr. North.

Ah! these observing children! Mr. North is nearing us rapidly, and Neil has only time to give one quick glance into my face before he turns the conversation into other and safer channels.

We have been home some time, when I go from the school-room down to the library for a book of reference. Awfe suites, I see a scene as sentimental as any I have read of. In the bay window at the end of the room stand 'Rielle De Moran, and by her side is Neil. He has her hand, and I can see he is pressing it warmly, and her usually pale cheeks are suffused by a charming color. I have read of inopportune entrances in the midst of fervent declarations; but I little thought that such would ever be my part to play.

I hear what 'Rielle is saying: "Dear Neil," I shall speak to Bessie to-day. I shall not wait." They are so engrossed with each other my quiet entrance has not disturbed them, and passing quickly out into the hall again, I fly to the school room with burning cheeks and a head throbbing with pain.

So she will come to me and expect me to congratulate her. I suppose Neil has told her of his former affection for me, and she feels a successful rival's pity.

There is a knock at the door, and Ethel says that Miss De Moran wants her to run to the village on an errand for her. The child goes, and, as I expect, Miss De Moran comes in.

Then she sinks into a chair with her own peculiar grace of motion, and begins what she has to say:

"I have sought you, Miss Alwyn, to tell you something." (Just as I thought.) "My dear friend Neil has told me so much about 'Queen Bess,' that I feel as if it were too bad we were not better acquainted, and I have made up my mind that it will not be my fault if we do not become so." I do not interrupt her, and she goes on: "Perhaps it is because I am so very happy to-day that I want a confidante, and feel that I must speak to some one, that I am going to tell you my story. Did you know I was going to be married this year?"

I start.

"What! So soon?"

"Yes. Six years ago I was in America in a school—perhaps you have noticed how correctly I speak English—and though I was only seventeen then, I met my ideal. When papa heard he was very angry, for Maurice was only a poor tutor, and thought to prevent me see my lover again by taking me back to France with him; but Maurice and I corresponded, and then he came to Paris, and did manage to catch a glimpse of me once in a while. So our love surmounted all obstacles. Neil is acquainted with Maurice, and has invited him to Martin Place, so you see now why I am so happy. He comes to-morrow. Neil received his letter to-day."

So it is not Neil she is engaged to, after all! I listened as in a dream, wondering why she spoke thus to me who have always been so cold to her. Suddenly she rises and takes my hand.

"Bessie, did you ever hear that papa made Neil my guardian? He did; and more than that, he wanted me to take him for my husband; but even if I had wanted to, I could not—" She breaks off with a gay little laugh. "Do you know why? Because he had told his friend 'Rielle his secret long before—that all his heart was in America—that he loved as truly as I love my Maurice, a girl named—can you not guess?—Bessie Alwyn."

As she speaks the sound of her voice grows faint to me, and then everything is dark and still. When I return to consciousness I find 'Rielle's little warm hands chafing mine.

How strange that she, whom I have looked upon with so much dislike, should have proved herself my best friend! Then she tells me that her quick woman's wit read the truth at once, and that when she saw how unhappy Neil was becoming over Mr. North's attentions she had made up her mind to speak to me as she had and make things right between us.

When I meet Neil's glance at dinner, my eyes fall, and I leave the table as soon as I conveniently can.

Before long Neil follows, and finds me in my favorite retreat, in the little summer house by the lake.

As we return hand in hand to the house, through the soft, perfumed twilight, we meet Mr. North. He turns to go back with us.

"I was coming to look for you Miss Alwyn," he says, in his languid voice.

Neil released my hand, and draws my arm through his, and there is a significance in his tone he says:

"You are too late, Mr. North. You see I have found her."

OWE NO MAN.

Debt is a troublesome factor in human life. It is easier to get into it than it is to get out of it. Wisdom says, avoid it; run not into it hastily or suddenly; or if it has been incurred, pay it off as soon as possible and keep out of it. Every man thinks he is judge of his circumstances and does not take kindly to advice from outsiders, but the wisest of us would do well to heed the voice of experience. Thousands have suffered because they thought themselves wiser than others. Ruined reputations and business followed heedlessness after going into debt. Numbers contract a habit of borrowing, and with the multiplication of their wants, larger and larger sums are obtained until complete disaster overtakes them; or if some of them manage to keep things afloat during their lifetime by various expedients, they leave bankrupt estates behind them and financial ruin to their dependents. Debt is one of the crying evils of the day. Churches and homes suffer from it as well as society and business. There is need to emphasize anew Paul's practical principle: "Owe no man anything, but to love one another."

THE PRICE FOLLY PAYS TO EXPERIENCE.

A speculator came home recently, where he had a new wife, just from a country town, waiting to receive him. He had been caught that day, and was not happy.

"O, my love," she wailed, "what has gone wrong with you?"

"Everything," he answered, dejectedly.

"No, not everything," darling, for I am still true and loving."

"Yes, you are all right, but it's that stock exchange."

"The stock exchange?"

"Yes."

"What is a stock exchange, love?"

"It's a place, dear, where any fool can exchange his stock of cash for some other man's stock of experience."

"Why, dear, have you met a fool today?"

"O, no, love—the other man met the fool; but let's talk of something else; you'll have to wait until next winter for your sealskin."

TRY IT.

"I wish I could think of some new and unusual birthday present to surprise mamma with this year," said Miss de Muir, wrinkling her fair brow to deep perplexity.

How do you think she'd like a son-in-law?" hoarsely whispered young Spoonmore, falling readily into the only line of thought that seemed to suggest itself.

VALUE OF AN HONEST EYE.

A business man said that he once devoted half a day to hiring a man whom he needed in his office. In answer to his advertisement a great many applicants called. He rejected the first because he would not look him in the eye. "The second man," said the merchant, "was armed with a double barreled recommendation from his pastor, with testimonials as to his business ability and good character; but, though he looked me in the eye, I saw that we could never hope to get along well together, and so I dismissed him. The third interested me the moment he stepped inside the door. He was poorly dressed, and though his clothes were at least two sizes too small. It was evident that his attire troubled him not the least, for he held his head high and as he approached my desk looked me squarely in the eye. He said that he had no recommendation, that he had no business experience, but that he was willing to do his best to please me. In an instant it dawned upon me that before me was the man that I was looking for. He had nothing to recommend him save and honest, bright eye and a pleasant face, but that was sufficient. I engaged him on the spot.

Instances might be definitely multiplied of the value of an honest eye. That wonderful window of the soul, the eye is a sure index to character. If you have it not, cultivate a bright, honest, straightforward look. It will more than repay your effort. Look up and fearlessly meet the eyes of those with whom you converse. Many a choice position has been lost through an indifferent, flinching eye, and many a coveted position has been won through a fearless, honest eye. That kind of an eye is better than a hundred recommendations.

HE CAUGHT THE CAR.

The man dashed down the street after the retreating State street car.

Every muscle was strained, his breath came in quick gasps, the beads of moisture stood out upon his forehead. His feet were working like the pedals of a bicycle. He only touched the ground in the more altitudinous places.

"I'll—catch—that—street—car," he gasped, "or die."

Faster went the street car. Faster went the man.

He overturned fruit stands and aged blind man in his wild career. He knocked down children and trampled upon them. But onward he rushed. He collided with a baby buggy. The baby was knocked into the street. The mother of the child picked it up. She pointed a finger at the disappearing man. "Murderer!" she hissed through her clenched teeth.

He draws nearer the car. Nearer yet.

He reaches out his hand.

He touches the rail on the rear platform.

He gives one last convulsive effort.

He is on the car.

He sinks breathless into a seat and mops his brow. The conductor touches him on the shoulder.

"Git off here," speaks the conductor. "We're a-goin to the barn. No more cars to-night."

WITH THE SAGES.

A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth it in others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon others' evil; and who wanteth the one to prey upon the other; and who is out of hope to attain to another's virtue, will seek to come at even hand by depressing another's fortune.—Bacon.

Failure is in a sense, the highway to success, inasmuch as every discovery of what is false leads us to seek earnestly after what is true, and every fresh experience points out some form of error which we shall afterward carefully avoid. —Keats.

What an interesting thing the discovery of love, unknown and unexpected. It may well soften some of our hard exterior, there may be a tender feeling, which, if we knew it, would send through us a thrill of joy. —G. W. Blakie.

Strange it is, and sad, that a human life should so often miss the one human preciousness—the preciousness of love, with all the sympathy, all the compassion, all the sustenance that a worthy love includes. —Mary Linskill.

THE BEST WORKS.

A story is told of one of the old time pillars of a New England church who held out firmly for a long time against the innovation of an organ, but when he finally yielded did so without reserve.

From violent opposition he became the most strenuous of all the congregation as to the fineness of the instrument to be purchased.

"Seems to me you aren't very consistent," said one economical brother reproachfully. "Here a month ago you couldn't speak harsh enough about organs, and now you go to advocating extra expense in getting the best that's to be had."

"See here," said the deacon grimly. "If we're going to worship the Lord by machinery, I don't want to putter around with a second rate running gear!"

SHOPPING IN SCOTLAND.

The Scotch have their own idea of a "bargain day," and their view is not without a touch of shrewdness. A London paper describes a conversation between an English matron and Mr. Angus McIver.

"I suppose, Mr. McIver," said she, "that they have bargain days in Glasgow?"

"Ma conscience, no! It wad na do ava!"

"Indeed!" replied the lady. "Why, I thought bargain days would just suit your people!"

"Weel," said he, "that's just it. It wad suit them over weel. If they had bargain days, nae body wad buy onything on the other days, ye ken!"

CONTRADICTORY.

Sometimes queer effects are produced by lecture announcements. A few years ago, when a certain popular clergyman was delivering a lecture about the country, signs like these outside of public halls were common:

To-night! To-night!
A Lecture by Rev. Dr. T—
"The Word of God is Free to All."
Seats $1.00; Admission 50 cents.

Humors of all kinds are prolific of worse troubles. They may be entirely expelled by a thorough course of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember those in houses of glass
Should never throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do,
But talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried.
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults—and who has not?
The old as well as young;
We may perhaps, for aught we know,
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And find it works full well;
To try my own defects to cure,
Before of others' tell;
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings I'd put in
The faults of others go.

Then let us all when we commence
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those who little know;
Remember curses sometimes, like
Our chickens, "roost at home";
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own.

—*Wellspring.*

PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY.

"Young gentlemen," said the lecturer in chemistry, "coal exposed to the elements loses ten per cent of its weight and power. this is due to the action of the alkali constituents of——"

"But what if there is a dog sleeping near the coal, Professor?"

"None of your levity, young man. This is a serious matter."

"That's what dad thought when 72 per cent of his coal disappeared during three nights of exposure. Then he asked my advice, as a student in chemistry, and I told him to buy a dog. He bought a dog with bay-window teeth, and now we don't lose one per cent of our coal a month. That is practical chemistry."

NOT A COMMON FARMER.

"What, my daughter marry you, a common clod of a farmer? Young man, you must be crazy," remarked the choleric old man.

He looked to see the young man in the overalls wither up and disappear, but instead he smiled faintly, even haughtily, and, jingling a bunch of loose change in his pocket, peaceably said:

"Mr. Vanderfeller, I planted 20 acres of potatoes last spring and the crop was a success."

"What!" cried the old man, surprise and remorse in his tones, "20 acres of potatoes? And I called you a farmer? You're an agriculturist, sir, and I'm proud to have you as a son-in-law."

FUN AND FROLIC.

Some years ago a Boston woman died, and her husband, who was a strong Spiritualist, desired to hold communication with her. He asked "if she was happy."

"Oh yes," was the response. "I'm happy here. But, after all, it isn't Boston."

"Does the foam settle?" inquired the man who had just ordered a glass of beer.

"It does," answered the mixologist.

The man after drinking the beer, started to walk out, when the bartender call him back to pay for it.

"Oh, no!" said the man, "You said the foam would settle."

INTERRUPTED HONEYMOON.

They had been married by the registrar in the morning, and were enjoying their evening meal with one or two friends prior to retiring for the night.

Suddenly a double knock and a ring at the door, and an individual arrived in breathless haste from the registrar office, and asked to see the bridegroom.

"Please, sir, I'm very sorry to trouble you, but the registrar sent me to tell you that if you haven't commenced your honey moon yet he hopes you won't, as he finds he gave you a dog license by mistake this morning."

The Man Who Hit The Prince.

When Prince George was in Canada in 1883 he visited Niagara and attended the fall fair held in the court house, says the Welland *Telegram*. He admired some plums greatly, and reached over to handle the fruit, when a sharp rap over the knuckles from a constable made him to drop them. The constable was Bob Reid. In chatting with Mayor Best on his last visit he asked if Bob was still in town. On being told that he was His Highness asked that Mr. Best hunt him up, which he did and the Duke had a pleasant chat with him over old times.

AN EASY CRAFT.

Small boy (significantly)—I heard you kissing sister in the hall last night.

Young man—What's that, you little rascal.

Small boy (boldly)—I heard you kissing sister in the hall last night, that's what.

Young man—Well, here's a quarter; now keep your mouth shut.

Small Boy (outside)—Gee, wasn't that easy? And I was dead asleep in bed.—Detroit *Free Press.*

HIS REASONING.

"It seems, to me, dad," said the young hopeful, "that the proper kind of present for Christmas is a ten dollar bill."

"Indeed? and why?" growled the parent.

"Because the season's usually spelled 'Xmas.'"

But he never touched him.

A New Dress For Ten Cents, The Price of a Package of Diamond Dyes.

Women of every social condition know from practical experience that it is possible with the aid of Diamond Dyes to make a new dress for ten cents.

Ladies use Diamond Dyes to their entire satisfaction, advantage and profit. There is no reason why you, too, will not find in Diamond Dyes the same aid to economical and stylish dressing. If you prefer to get a new dress for ten cents instead of buying a new one at a cost of from five to ten dollars, buy a package of Diamond Dyes, and with very little work you can make your old dress look like a new one.

Send a Postal Card with your address and The Wells & Richardson Co., Limited 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, P. Q., will mail you free of cost full range of designs of Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns to make selections from.