The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXVII.---NO. 41. Every Subscription Paid in Advance. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 10, 1902. Subscription Price, $1.00 Per Annum. SINGLE COPIES---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, 3 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
10 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	4.50
5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	6.00	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. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M.,
SUCCESSOR TO
J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill Frederick Streets, Acton.
Office Hours:—8 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 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. GELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.
DENTIST,
ACTON.
Office over McKee's Drug Store.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
VISITING DAYS.—First and third Tuesdays, Brookville; Friday, Rockwood.
The latest anæsthetic used if desired.

LEGAL.

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

J. B McLEOD,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, AND COMMISSIONER FOR TAKING AFFIDAVITS.
Main Street, Georgetown.
Conveyancing done, and money loaned on first mortgage on farm property at 4½.

R. J. McNABB,
Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc.
OFFICE—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.

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

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

WM HEMBTREET,
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 $125,000.
THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office - - GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 342, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRUNDELL 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. Repairs running 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 at all ways be Secured
At Reasonable. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 10 a.m. and 6.10 p.m.
Careful attention given to everyorder
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
Proprietor

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

DAY'S BOOKSTORE
GUELPH
DRY 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
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.

Acton Pump Works
Main Street, Acton
If you are in need of a good Pump, either in wood or iron, come to Acton Pump Works
—Cisterns Made—
—All Repairs Promptly Attended to—
—Wells Cleaned—

THE
CHICAGO AIRMOTOR
is acknowledged the lightest running and best windmill manufactured. I am agent for this district. Call and investigate before you buy.
T. EBBAGE,
Main Street, Acton

CHINESE LAUNDRY.
In Pearson's Building, Willow Street, Acton.
Laundry collected and returned. Family Washing at reasonable rates. All work done by hand. No machines or chemicals used.
FONG LEE HING, Proprietor

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. Sayers, Proprietor

—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.

JOHN M. BOND & CO.
Guelph's Big Hardware
Want to have a chance to figure on all specifications for barn or house Hardware for 1902. Do not fail to hear from us—many orders secured already this season "Our prices are always right"
JOHN M. BOND & CO.
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

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.
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

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.

Excelsior Bakery and Grocery.
In addition to our daily supply of first-class Bread, Cakes, Buns, Etc, of our own manufacture, we are now supplying Fresh Oysters of the best brands.
Our Oyster Parlor
is now open and patrons will find their orders filled with entire satisfaction.
A larger stock of Groceries and Provisions than ever before, and the public know our prices are always reasonable.
T. STATHAM & SON
MAIN ST. ACTON.

Sun Savings and Loan Co
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT
Authorized Capital - $8,000,000.00
Ten-year maturity shares are paid Monthly Instalments of 50c. per share for 12 month when payments cease—$60.00 paid 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

Poetry.

THE SHINIEST DIME.

One little girl had five little dimes:
She had counted them over a good
many times,
And again and again she had left her
play
To plan how to spend them for Christmas Day.

For papa and mamma and baby boy,
And grandpa and grandma would all
enjoy
Her little gifts as much as a score
Of other presents that cost far more.

Four of the dimes were dull and old,
But one was shining and new, I'm
told;
And once the little girl said to a
friend,
"This new one is almost too pretty to
spend."

At last the Christmas shopping was
done;
The dimes were spent, yes, every one;
And Annette seemed the happiest
girl alive
As she hurried home with her parcels
five.

She had a secret for mother's ear,
"I bought a nice present for papa
dear,
And for grandpa and grandma and
baby, too;
But I spent the shiniest dime for
you!"

—JEORE L. BURTON.

Select Family Reading.

...A... Franco-Yankee Hat

BY ELIZABETH MCCRACKEN.

THEY were at breakfast at the little round table on their little side porch. The sun was shining; the morning-glories, so carefully trained by Lilia herself, were waving their bright, rainbow-tinted cups; the wrens, who had a nest under the eaves, were chirping. George was softly whistling for sheer lightness of heart, but Lilia was wrapped in silence. She gazed meditatively and silently into space.

George began to take alarm. Silence, especially at breakfast, was not Lilia's normal state. Unless she went into town to shop, she did not see George from breakfast until evening. As she had been married but four months one week and two days,—to be as accurate as she,—she did not often go into town to shop; and she always had so much to say to George.

"What are you thinking about my dear?" he asked, finally. He was fond of calling her "my dear"; it made them both seem so much older.

"Hats," was Lilia's reply. "I must get one," she continued, "and I was wondering what kind. What would you advise?"

"Me?" exclaimed George, in ungrammatical dismay, "I don't know anything about girls' hats!"

"Yes," said George. "Why don't you get another one like them?" he suggested, eagerly.

"You are an artist," said Lilia, "and besides, you have always admired mine."

Lilia laughed merrily. "What a sight it would be! They've all been different. Imagine — a composite hat!" She laughed again, and then she said, soberly: "But the fact remains that I must get a hat. I really must, and I wish you would come and help me select it."

"By all means, my dear!" George cheerfully replied. "Any time you like; but you see how little I really know about even your hats."

"Well, you can tell me how I look in ones I try on."

"George laughed; and he laughed again as Lilia, before leaving him at the front steps, said, "Then you will meet me at noon to-day, and allow at least an hour—"

"At least an hour? My dear girl, does it take you an hour to buy a hat?"

"It takes me two!" said Lilia, impressively.— What are you laughing at?"

"Hats!" retorted George, mirthfully; but he met Lilia punctually at noon.

"Have you allowed an hour?" she asked, as they went together to what she gravely told him was the only possible place to buy a proper hat.

"An hour and a half," he replied as they went into the only possible place. He wondered why it was the only possible place; he had seen hats, presumably proper, exhibited in many other windows. He followed Lilia in silence; he was suddenly curious as to the cost of girls' hats. Lilia's father was rich. George knew that until her marriage she had not been in the habit of giving the cost of her hats, or, indeed, the cost of anything, very serious attention.

He was very far from rich, and as he looked at Lilia, accustomed all her life to all the things that money can buy, a fear seized him. He had told Lilia once that he was a poor man, and she had smiled a slow, wise smile, and said, "Oh, are you?" He had been so sure that she had understood him, and that she had been willing to forego some of the things that money can buy for the sake of those things that money cannot buy. He had been so certain—until he followed Lilia into the only possible place to buy a proper hat.

She smiled at his grave face. "Don't look so solemn, my dear," she whispered. "The safety of the commonwealth isn't at stake."

She was so like her usual self now that he could not be very solemn, and her all too obvious look of logic in the buying of a hat interested him deeply. "Don't you know what you want?" he inquired, during the absence of the attendant, as Lilia tried on a black hat, and then a white one, and then a brown one.

"Oh dear, yes!" she said.

"Then why don't you ask for it?" he said.

Lilia laughed softly. "I can't; I never know just what it is until I see it."

George stared at her in comic astonishment. "My dear girl—"

"It's madness—but it has some method," said the dear girl, with laughing eyes. It is so delightfully domestic and funny—to have my husband come with me to buy a hat," she added in a whisper, as the attendant returned with still a different hat.

"That is very pretty—and artistic," said George, judicially, as Lilia gazed in the glass at its gray and black effect against her golden hair.

"It is a dream!" said Lilia, conclusively, as the attendant again left them. "It is exactly what I want. Do you really like it?" she added, with delightful anxiety and deference.

"Perfectly charming — and very simple," said George, critically.

"Yes, it is simple," Lilia said. She glanced again at the hat; then a queer, half-tender, half-amused expression crept into her laughing eyes, and she looked closely at George. She suddenly remembered how serious his face had been as they entered the shop.

"How hopelessly stupid of me to come here!" she thought, in dismay. "I actually forget that I can't just get things now and send papa the bills. Still George doesn't know anything about hats. I just won't get one now, and the dear boy need never know I forgot that I can't send big bills to him. He is such a sensative goose about money." She smiled at her husband, described with such indignant affection, and said to the attendant:

"Thank you for showing them to me. "I'm sorry, but none of them are quite what I want."

"But my dear," George began, "you said—"

"None of them are quite what I want," repeated George's wife, decisively.

"We expect some others next week," said the attendant, who had often served Lilia. "Don't you like this gray one?" she added, indicating the one which George had been under the strongest impression that Lilia did like.

"It isn't quite what I want," replied Lilia.

"I thought you said it was exactly what you wanted," George remarked, as they went into the street.

Lilia laughed. "I changed my mind," she said. "A woman always may," you know," she further explained.

"Shall we go to some other place?" said George, still mystified. "What do you want, my dear?"

"Something to eat. I positively am famished," said Lilia.

"But aren't you going to buy a hat?" asked George, in surprise.

"I think I'll wait until next week." She looked up at him and added, gently, "Don't talk to me any more about hats; you said yourself that you knew nothing about them."

"He did not talk to her about them as she sat opposite him at the restaurant table, and she talked very little to him about anything. She was almost as silent as she had been at breakfast; but she smiled at him in a way that remembered him of the time he had told her that he was poor, and she had said, "Oh, are you?"

After luncheon he took her to her car, and waited until it bore her from sight. As he started to return to his studio he said to himself, "I wonder why she changed her mind about that hat. She certainly said it was exactly what she wanted." Then all at once he understood. "Could it have been possible?" he thought, remembering her added tenderness. "The dear girl!"

For a moment he hesitated; then quickly he returned to the only possible place to buy a proper hat. The proper hat in question was in the show-window. It was, as he had said, very simple. He went into the shop, and to another attendant than the one who had so recently shown Lilia the hat. "How much is that gray hat in the window?" he asked.

The attendant looked at the hat. "Twenty-eight dollars," she said. "It is a new hat from Paris."

"Lilia did know," George said to himself.

"It is very simple," he gasped to the attendant.

"Yes," said the attendant, "but it is from Paris."

"What is it made of?" George asked blankly, wondering how a coil of something gray and soft, combined with one strange black flower, could possibly cost twenty-eight dollars.

"Illusion," said the attendant.

"Illusion? What a name! Is illusion so expensive?"

"Oh, no; quite the contrary."

"Is it the flower then that is so expensive?"

"Oh, no," said the attendant, playing his ignorance. "It is the style."

"The style?"

"The art in the making of it, I mean."

"It is artistic," said the artist, as he once more left the shop.

The price of the style fascinated him to such an extent that he lingered at the window and stared at the gray illusion and the black flower.

"Twenty-eight dollars! Upon my word! It's so simple I could draw it with four lines," he thought, in his mystification. Then a new and remarkable idea came to him, an inspired idea. He snatched out his pencil and a card and made a rapid sketch of the Parisian hat. Then he went with hasty strides from the only possible place to another place, some distance removed. He apparently desired to leave far behind him the atmosphere of Parisian style and its seeming value.

With the sketch in his hand he approached an attendant in this second shop. "Can you make a hat like that?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes," she said, easily. "It is very simple. What color is it? What is it made of?"

"It is gray illusion and a black flower. Where does one get gray illusion and black flowers?"

"We can supply them," said the attendant. "Shall I show them to you?"

"How much will it cost to make it?" George asked.

The attendant told him; he thought it very little indeed, and his bewilderment increased.

The illusion and the flowers were produced. The attendant's curiosity was violently aroused, but she was properly business-like. George actually began to look upon the buying of a girl's hat as his distant vocation. He selected a black flower with the air of a connoisseur, and with his artist's eye the illusion.

"How long will it take to make it?" he inquired.

"I could do it before to-night," the attendant replied. "Will you call for it, or shall I send it?"

"I'll call for it," George said.

He did call for it, and he examined it with an elaborate care that would have convulsed a less well-poised attendant. To his inexperienced eyes it was exactly like the original hat of the only possible place—save the price.

He bore it proudly home, and not until he reached the front gate and heard Lilia playing the piano in the little drawing-room did he wonder what Lilia would say. He had been so borne along on the waves of inspiration that, like many inspired persons he had not stopped to determine his exact route. Actually he faltered. He was overwhelmed by a sense of his own appalling audacity. What would Lilia say? He felt shy of approaching her with the hat, and was indeed meditating upon the feasibility of concealing the box in the shrubbery, when Lilia herself, hearing his steps came out into the fading light to meet him.

She had never more eagerly awaited him than on that day, never than on that day more happily wandered about the little house, which altogether was scarcely larger than her father's drawing-room, and which yet held a glory that all the money in the world could never have bought. Lilia had never until that day so keenly realized the brightness of that glory.

She came smiling into the twilight, looking like a lily in her white gown.

"Oh, my dear—" she began; then, seeing the hapless hat-box, stopped. Hat-boxes have never been recommended for unobtrusiveness. She could hardly have avoided seeing it.

"My dear boy, what in the world is that?" she demanded.

Haltingly, George told her. He told her more than he realized, and she laughed until her eyes were wet and shining. She insisted upon seeing the sketch, and took immediate possession of it.

"You are a goose!" she told and retold George. "A perfect goose! Do you suppose I care how much money you have? Do you suppose I care whether my hats come from Paris or not—under the circumstances? Really, you are a goose—but I am very fond of you. To think I missed seeing you get that hat! What fun it must have been!"

She tried on the hat, and she explained to him so fully and so warmly that she did not care whether she had hats at all, or he had any money at all, that he could not understand—and she admired the hat profusely.

"It is a perfect dream!" she said; and certainly she looked far more charming, all flushed and bright-eyed, in that than she had looked in the Parisian original.

Lilia keeps it very carefully and she never tires of relating its history.

"No?" she always concludes. "I don't think George will ever again have the courage to select a hat for me, even though I positively loved the one he did select. Oh, I have had a great many other hats,—naturally, and some of them were from Paris, but no other hat that I have had ever gave me such complete and happy and unusual satisfaction as that absurd Paris hat that was really not Parisian at all."—Youths Companion.

OUR LANGUAGE.

A Frenchman, thirsting for linguistic superiority, recently began a course of English lessons with a teacher of languages. After toiling conscientiously through a good many exercises, the following dialogue between the pupil and his master was overheard:

"I find the English very difficult," complained the Frenchman. "How do you pronounce t-o-u-g-h?"

"It is pronounced "tuff."

"Eh bien, "tuff"; "squff," then, is spelt s-q-u-g-h, is it not?"

"Oh, no, sauff is spelt s-a-u-ff. As a matter of fact, words ending in o-u-g-h are somewhat irregular."

"I see, t-o-u-g-h, is "tuff," and c-o-u-g-h is "coff." I have a very bad coff."

"No, it is "coff," not "cuff."

Very well; cuff, tuff and coff. And d-o-u-g-h is "duff," eh?"

"No, not "duff."

"Doff," then?"

"No, "doh."

"Eh, bien! Well, then, what about b-o-u-g-h?"

"That is pronounced "bock."

"Bock!" Then I suppose the thing the farmer uses, the p-l-o-u-g-h, is, "pluff," or is "plock," or "plo?"

"No, no, it is pronounced "plow."

"I shall soon master English, I'm sure. Here we go. "Plow," "coff," "doh," "bock," and now there is another c-o-u-g-h—that is "cow." I suppose."

"Oh, no, my friend, that's "cuff" again."

"And b-o-u-g-h is "buff?"

"No, that happens to be "bow."

"Yes, and I have just c-o-u-g-h of it; that's "cuou," is it not?"

"No, "cuuff."

"Au revoir." Sunshine.

Languor and weakness, due to the depleted condition of the blood, are overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great vitalizer.

A HOME-MADE CLOCK.

"Please, mamma, what time is it?"

"Dear, me, Johnnie, I'm sure that's the twentieth time you've asked me this morning." And mamma pulled out her watch. "It's 15 minutes after 9."

A sprained ankle is bad enough at any time, but when a boy has a new pair of skates, and the ice is a foot thick on Winslow's pond the situation becomes unbearable.

"What time is it now, mamma, please?"

Mamma sighed and pulled out her watch again.

"It's 25 minutes after 9, Johnnie, and now you must really let me sew for a little while without interruption. You'll have to tell what time it is by the sun, I guess."

"Now that isn't a bad idea," said Uncle Dick, who had just strolled into the room. "Suppose we make a clock of our own so that you won't have to bother your mother all the time."

"How'll we do it Uncle Dick?"

"I'll show you. Got a pencil and paper anywhere about?"

"Yes, sir, over there on the table."

"All right, Jack. I've got them. Now we'll make an observation of the position of the sun." He looked at his watch. "It is exactly half-past nine, and the long ray from that south window has just reached the edge of that red rug in front of the grate. We'll put that down—so."

9.30 A. M.—Sun reaches edge of red rug.

"Now, at a quarter before ten we'll make another record, and so on, every 15 minutes. Do you get the idea?"

Johnnie did get the idea, and he spent the rest of the day filling out his record. Uncle Dick loaned him his watch for the day as a special favor. There was a west window as well as a south one in the room, so the sunshine lasted all day. Here is a sample of the record which Johnnie showed proudly to Uncle that evening:

3.15 P. M.—Sun reaches southwest leg of centre table.

3.30 P. M.—Sun's got to first knot on the table leg.

3.45 P. M.—Sun shines on glass paperweight on the table.

4.00 P. M.—Sun's in mamma's eyes, but she doesn't pull down the blind for fear I'll begin to ask what time it is.

4.15 P. M.—Sun has climbed up the wall to the picture of Queen Victoria.

4.30 P. M.—Sun has just touched Queen Victoria's nose.

4.45 P. M.—Sun reached the picture moulding.

5.00 P. M.—Sun has set.

Luckily, the next day and the next were sunny, and Johnnie scorned to ask what time it was. All he had to do was to observe the position of the sunshine in his room, and then consult his record. Not till a rainy day came did he find that his timepiece was not always to be depended upon. But by that time the lame uncle was well enough to hobble down to the parlor and read the time from the cuckoo clock.—Baltimore Young Folks' Herald.

THEN HE ADVERTISED.

The San Francisco Post quotes an old journalist's account of one of his journalistic exploits. If it isn't true, it might have been.

Once when I was publishing a paper in Seattle, I convinced a man that it paid to advertise. He was a fairly prosperous merchant, and I tried for a long time to get him to insert an advertisement in my paper.

"Oh, it's no use," he would say. "I never read the advertisements in a paper, and no one else does. I believe in advertising, but in a way that will force itself on the public. Then it pays. But in a newspaper—pshaw! Everybody who reads dodges the advertising pages as if they were poison."

"Well," said I, "if I can convince you that people do read the advertising pages of my paper, will you advertise?"

"Of course I will. I'll advertise wherever I think it will do any good."

The next day I ran the following line in the lightest-faced agate in the office, and stuck it in the most obscure corner of the paper between a couple of patent medicine advertisements:

"What is Cohen going to do about it?"

The next day so many people annoyed him by asking what that line meant that he begged me to explain the matter in my next issue. I promised to do it if he would let me write the explanation and would stand to it. He agreed, and I wrote:

"He is going to advertise, of course." And he did.

EASY TO STOP.

William Penn, the great Pennsylvania Quaker, was once advising a drunkard to leave off his habit of drinking intoxicating liquor.

"Can you tell me how to do it?" said the slave of the appetite.

"Yes," answered Penn: "it is just as easy as to open thy hand, friend."

"Convince me of that, and I will promise upon my honor to do as you tell me," replied the drunkard.

"Well, my friend, when thou findest any vessel of intoxicating liquor in thy hand, open the hand that contains it before it reaches thy mouth, and thou wilt never be drunk again."

The toper was so pleased with the plain advice that he followed it. Temperance Cause.

TOO MUCH FOR HER FEELINGS.

A little girl sat upon the floor crying. After a while she stopped and seemed buried in thought. Looking up suddenly, she said:

"Mother, what was I crying about?"

"Because I would not let you go out and see the shop windows."

"Oh, yes," and the little girl set up another howl "Bo-o-o!"

NATURE'S HOUSECLEANING.

Oh dear! sighed Madam Nature,
I must begin to-day
Another spell of housecleaning
For while I've been away
Basking in summer sunshine,
And spending time in play,
My world has been neglected:
It's not rained a single day.

The roads are dry and dusty,
The flowers droop their heads,
As though thirsting for a shower
To refresh their golden beds;
The grain has changed to golden
And beneath the scythe gone
down,
The corn begins to rustle,
And its silken locks turn brown.

WHERE PROHIBITION IS IN FORCE.

Some think that the agitation for prohibition is confined to Ontario, Nova Scotia, Maine and a few other sections. But the following report will clearly show that advanced civilization is earnestly and determinedly engaged in the important task of assigning the liquor traffic to its proper place in relation to the individual, the family, the community and the whole nation:

Alabama—In 50 out of 65 counties.
Arkansas—In 50 out of 65 counties.
California—In 175 cities and towns.
Colorado—In 50 cities and towns.
Connecticut—In 75 out of 125 towns.
Delaware—In fully half the State.
Florida—In 30 out of 45 counties.
Georgia—The whole of the State except 4 cities.
Illinois—In 650 cities and towns.
Indiana—In 140 towns.
Iowa—The whole of the State.
Kentucky—In 90 out of 110 counties.
Louisiana—In 20 out of 59 counties.
Maine—The whole of the State.
Maryland—In 15 out of 24 counties.
Massachusetts—In 263 out of 453 cities and towns.
Michigan—In 100 cities and towns.
Minnesota—In 100 cities and towns.
Mississippi—In 71 out of 75 counties.
Missouri—In 81 out of 115 counties.
Montana—In a few counties.
Nebraska—In 270 towns and cities.
New Hampshire—The whole of the State.
New Jersey—In 200 cities and towns.
New York—In 700 cities and towns.
North Carolina—In 90 out of 90 counties.
North Dakota—The whole of the counties.
Ohio—In 500 cities and towns.
Oregon—In the great Indian reservations.
Pennsylvania—In 400 cities and towns and 29 counties.
Rhode Island—In 20 cities and towns.
South Carolina—The whole of the State except 10 cities.
South Dakota—The whole of the State except a few cities.
Tennessee—In 70 out of 90 counties.
Texas—In 120 out of 240 counties.
Vermont—The whole of the State.
Virginia—In 35 out of 100 counties.
Washington—In 50 cities and towns.
West Virginia—In 40 out of 51 counties.

It is estimated that fully 30,000,000 of people are living in the United States under prohibition, either by State law or by local option. This is more than a third of the entire population of the Republic.—The Master Method.

UNEXPECTED ADVICE.

Some time ago a man presented himself before the Liverpool magistrates with the following tale:

"Me name is Patrick O'Connor, an' I lives at— —street, an' I kapes hens in my cellar, but the water pipes is burst an' my hens are all drowned."

"Well, my good man, we can do nothing for you. You had better apply to the water company," was all the advice he got.

A few days later the same man appeared with precisely the same tale.

"You were here a few days ago, and we advised you to go to the water company. Did you do so?"

"I did, yer honors."

"And what did they say to you?"

"They told me to kape ducks!"—London Tit-Bits.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

Mrs. Homer—"I didn't want to attend the picnic, but my husband insisted on my going." Mrs. Neighbors—"And did you enjoy it?" Mrs. Homer—"Indeed, I did. My old gown was utterly ruined and my husband had to replace it with a new one."

A dishonest intellect is a dangerous possession.

Handsome Designs Sent free of Cost to Any Address in Canada.

DIAMOND DYE MAT AND RUG PATTERNS ARE THE MOST POPULAR.

The continued and increasing demand for the Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns, is the best proof of their great popularity.

The fascinating art of Mat and Rug making in the home is now cultivated by women of every social rank. There is with many ladies a pride and pleasure in being able to show nice specimens of their handiwork.

The Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns combine beauty and simplicity. After securing one of these patterns, any lady can easily hook it and procure a valuable and attractive room ornament.

The manufacturers of the celebrated Diamond Dyes are prepared to send to any address free of cost sheets of pretty and suitable designs to enable ladies to select from. Address The Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, P. Q.

Many a man who is considered a good story teller fails utterly when he gets home to his wife.