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The Acton Free Press

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M.,
SUCCESSOR TO
J. 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 4 p.m.
SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

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GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

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

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ACTON ONT.

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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 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 $400 and upwards.

JOHN R. MacKENZIE
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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 22, or telephone 24, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

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

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL Proprietor
A RE 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 kind. New tumming and fitting done.

Two Large Shipments of
American Wall Paper
at
Day's Bookstore
Last Week.

10c. and 15c. Gold Paper for 5c.
20c. Gold Paper for 8c. and 10c.
30c. and 40c. Gold Paper for 20c. and 25c.
Borders and Ceilings to match.
All New Goods and Colorings.
Choice Goods, Big Stock.

Low Prices at
DAY'S
GUELPH.
DAY SELLS CHEAP.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

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

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

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

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

Special attention given to Farmers' Business.

MONEY ORDERS.
FOR ANY SUM UP TO $50

Payable at any banking point in Canada outside of the Yukon Territory, may now be procured at the Bank Counter without any delay.

ACTON BRANCH
J. H. WALLACE, Manager.

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

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

EVERTON AND EDEN MILLS
FLOUR and OATMEAL MILLS.

Best quality of Flour and Oatmeal at right prices.
Bran, Middlings, Chop Feed, Etc., for sale.
Cash for Wheat and Oats.
Chopping every day at both mills.

HENRY HORTOP.
PROPRIETOR

—ACTON—
LIVERY AND BUS LINE
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 10 a.m. and 9.19 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS

—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. H. JONES, Manager.

The More You Are Interested In This List the More We Centre Our Interest In You. What You Require of These Goods See or Write Us Before Buying.

Barb Wire Fence Wire
Fencing Cement
Screen Doors Screen Windows
Garden Tools Farm Tools
Churns Tile
Linoleum Oil Cloth
and all Building Hardware.

JOHN M. BOND & CO.
GUELPH'S BIG HARDWARE.
GUELPH.

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 AERMOTOR
Is acknowledged the lightest runnin and best windmill manufactured. I am agent for this district. Call and investigate before you buy.

T. EBBAGE,
Main Street, Acton

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 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 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

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.

FONGLEE HING, Proprietor

Poetry.

"THANK-YOU DAY."

"Tis 'thank-you' day," said little May
To the brindle cow, one morn;
"I've come to thank you for your gifts—
And here's a sheaf of corn;
I like the milk, so rich and sweet,
Which you give every day
The cheese and butter are so nice—
Cease not to give them, pray!"

"Tis 'thank-you' day," said little May
To the gray mare, in the lot;
"The kindly service you do us
Should never be forgotten;
You bear us swift where we would go,
And steady are your feet;
I've brought to you, this lovely day,
An apple, red and sweet."

"Tis 'thank-you' day," said little May
To the sheep, within the fold;
You give me that which keeps me warm
When winter days are cold.
I have a hood made from your wool,
And some warm stockings, too;
A bit of clover from the glen—
I freely give to you."

"Tis 'thank-you' day," said little May
To the pretty, speckled hen;
"When I was weak and sick, your eggs
Helped me get strong again;
And every day for breakfast I
Eat one that you have laid.
So now I thank you speckled hen,
With words and crumbs of bread."

"Tis 'thank-you' day," said little May
To birdie in the tree;
"And oft you sing the sweetest songs
To mamma and to me.
I'll scatter now some little seeds
That birdies like, I'm sure,
And when you've eaten every one
I hope you'll sing some more."

"On 'thank-you' day," said little May
"We all should thankful be
For the good gifts through the year
Are brought to you and me;
And, since they're brought the whole year 'round,
I don't see why," said May,
"Each day may not in truth be called
A happy 'thank-you' day!"
—MARGARET A. RICHARDS.

Select Family Reading.

Across The Court.

By IRENE C. BYRNE.

O'NEIL'S office was small. He did not need a larger one. Young lawyers seldom do There are several good reasons why they don't, but that has nothing to do with this story.

This office was also an inside one—that is, it looked out on a court, a great well-like space bounded by four walls—not blind, blank walls, but walls fairly bristling with staring, impudent windows.

Behind those window myriads of busy men and women worked at schemes by which they hoped to enrich themselves and, sometimes, incidently to impoverish others; schemes as far-reaching in their consequences as the stone which, thrown into a stream, sends a ripple to the farthest shore.

Still, though these schemes may have been interesting to a thoughtful man making a study of the great tragicomedy of life, neither the walls nor the windows were particularly so. Yet O'Neil passed a large part of his time gazing intently at the window opposite his own.

Time and again when he had seated himself at his desk, determined to add a chapter to the book destined to bring him fame, and, what was of even more vital importance, to pay his most pressing bills, he found his glances wandering across the space which separated him from the desire of his eyes.

"I wish she'd move her desk," he muttered half angrily one day as he found himself as usual watching instead of working — watching the slender, modestly dressed girl who sat in the window working so busily that she had no time to discover that opposite her was a young man whose valuable time she was wasting. Or if she had, she had never revealed the fact. But the ways of a maid with a man are not always simple and she may have been wiser in her generation than he knew.

He had scarcely uttered the wish before he was fearful that it might come to pass, so he cried out hastily, as if anxious to propitiate some jealous eavesdropping god who might take him at his word: "No, I don't. I'll take it all back, dear little saint." In fairy tales men have been granted thoughtless wishes to their own undoing and she was the princess of his fairy tale.

Why, then, did he call her the saint? He hardly knew. He certainly could not have told why if asked. Yet he felt that it suited her better than any other name he might have used. Perhaps it was because she never seemed conscious of him—saints have a way of ignoring poor mortals; perhaps because she parted her dark hair, Madonna wise, over her rather pale face in a manner that added solemnity to its youthful seriousness; perhaps because the man who sometimes stood near her, dictating letters to her, looked such a sinner that by the law of contrast he made one think of saints.

O'Neil, at least, thought he looked like a sinner and one for whom there was no hope.

"Old Satyr!" he growled at him as, watching from the shallow depths of his bare little office, he saw him lay a too familiar hand on the girl's shoulder. "I don't like his polygamous eyebrows, by Jove! What a scoundrel!" For the satyr had suddenly stooped and kissed the saint.

O'Neil saw the start which showed how unexpected was the caress, could almost hear the frightened exclamation with which she sprang to her feet. In another moment she stood with her hat on, covering her typewriter, and then she was gone.

The young lawyer was hot with rage, fiery with righteous indignation. He flung himself into the corridor and started around in blind zeal to do something, anything. The need for action was strong within him. But before he made the first turning he felt how impotent he was, for he realized instinctively that the saint would shrink from the publicity of a scene.

But he was determined she should work no more for that man if he could help it. Doesn't a saint belong to the one who worships? And have not men of all times and of all nations came forth gladly to death rather than have their idols desecrated?

Adroitly enough, he learned who the man was, a lawyer, a politician, a professional corrupter of legislatures. And the saint? Oh, a little typewriter, Miss Browne, who seemed rather demure for a man like Lawson, who was rather "a good fellow." Strange that when some men say "a good fellow" they are thinking of qualities never found in a summary of the virtues!

Then O'Neil wrote her a letter such as Galahad, had he lived in these strenuous days, might have written. He explained how he had seen the affront to which she had been subjected, regretted deeply that as his own law practice was such a negative quantity he could not give her a regular position as his stenographer, but offered her desk room in his office and assured her that he would secure her work from the other lawyers in the building, who, like himself, needed work done, but whose meager incomes would not permit them to employ a stenographer the entire time.

The answer was a formal little note requesting him to call at her home to meet her mother.

He went, of course. The mother, soft-voiced and gentle-eyed, explained the saint. She was, indeed, an edition de luxe of her daughter, refined and glorified by life. But the young man was too young, too little of an artist, to appreciate that. Both women were so grateful it was not strange that he went again and often. And he found himself wondering at the truly marvelous way in which women can impart an atmosphere of home and refinement to even a four-roomed flat.

He ceased gazing across the court during his business hours, for was she not enshrined in his own office? She was busy, too, earning more money than when with the satyr, for O'Neill had proved a good solicitor, and he had secured her more than she could do.

Her unflagging industry aroused his own zeal, shamed him into emulation, and the book, until then only dreamed of, was in the publisher's hands before he dared to tell her how long he had called her the "saint" when her real name was a mystery.

"But why?" she said, opening wide her big, brown eyes, that perhaps looked more ignorant of his meaning than they really were. "I am not so very good. You know I have an awful temper."

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Oh, I could say my prayers to you! If I weren't such a beggar I'd ask"— Then he stopped. How could an unworthy man ask a saint to stoop, save in pity, and he did not want pity.

"I thought beggars were the ones who needed to ask," she said softly.

"But I want so much," he pleaded.

"I am sorry," she faltered, though an acute observer would have thought that the, shining like stars, were brightened by other emotions than sorrow, "for I have but little to give."

"So little! Oh, my saint"—imploringly—"you can give me heaven if you only will, if you only will!"

"It isn't mine to give to you, you sacreligious boy, and if it were, I would want to keep it for myself, but," and now he had to bend to hear, for her head was drooping and her voice came softly, tremulously—"but I think we could find it together."

And then—oh, the strange unreasonableness of man!—he did the very thing that he had condemned the satyr for doing. But his eyebrows, to be sure, were not polygamous, and the saint, in her goodness, forgave him; so, perhaps, there was a difference.

O'Neil's work, mostly clever magazine articles and editorials, has been in such demand since his book, "Strikes and Socialism," proved a success that he needs the entire services of the saint, whom his friends call Mrs. O'Neill. And the heaven which they share is colloquially known as "the Happy Flatt."

HE WISHED HE WAS A HORSE.

"Papa, how often do you have to get the carriage horses shod?"

"Oh, I don't know Tommy. Whenever the coachman says the horse needs a new set of shoes I tell him to go over to the blacksmith's and have them put on."

"How much does it cost when he has to get a new set?"

"I don't know. I leave all that to the coachman."

"Don't you ever ask him what's the reason the horse wears them out so fast?"

"Certainly not."

"Don't you ever make any fuss about the expense?"

"No. Why should I?"

(Pause.)

"Papa, I wish I was a horse."

ONE STRIKING ADVANTAGE.

There is one point about a clock that strikes the half-hours that may not have occured to the unthinking.

"Papa," asked a boy who had stood in silent admiration before the new timepiece on the mantel until the burden became oppressive, "what's the good of a clock that strikes every half-hour?"

"Well, my son," replied his father, after some reflection, "if you are lying awake at night and hear it strike one three half-hours in succession, you know that when you hear it again it will be two o'clock."

"Better out than in"—that humor that you notice. To be sure it's out and all out, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE COUNTRY SOLON.

In new districts where lawyers of profound learning are not to be had for magistrates, the country justice of the peace, with common sense and a sense of justice, makes an acceptable substitute. Nevertheless, there are numerous instances in which the proceedings of country justices would be the better for more knowledge of the law. Lawyers relate queer instances of their proceedings.

In Franklin County Pennsylvania, not long ago, a German justice of the peace is said to have presided in a case brought by himself, for a divorce from his wife. After testifying in the case himself, and hearing all the evidence of other witnesses, he threw the case out of court on the ground of insufficiency of evidence! His rigorous sense of justice and self-abnegation are likely to rank in history above those of the Roman judge who condemned his own son to death.

When this story was told lately by a Pennsylvania lawyer, another, says the Philadelphia Call, matched it with an account of a country judge up in the mountains, who was presiding in an important horse-stealing case. Although it was properly a jury case, the lawyers on both sides agreed to dispense with the jury, requesting the judge to "act as jury." The judge took the request literally, and also felt that there should be, to satisfy the law, nominally a jury.

After mounting the bench and considering a long time, the judge left the bench, entered the jury-box and had himself sworn by the clerk. He heard the evidence there, but when an objection was made on a law point he left the box, mounted the bench and passed on it as judge, returning to the jury-box when the testimony was resumed.

After the evidence was all in, he wrote out his instructions as judged, and handing the document to one of the attorneys, requested him to read it to the jury. After listening in the box to the instructions, he had himself conducted from the room by the sheriff and locked in the jury-room to consider the case and prepare a verdict.

"How long did he stay out?" asked one of the lawyers to whom the story was being told.

"Six hours."

"What was the verdict?"

"He reported that the jury was unable to agree, and as judge discharged himself!"

BLUNDERS OF REPORTERS.

A friend sends us an extract from a newspaper in which a distinguished citizen whom the reporter meant to call 'venerable' is spoken of as "the vegetable judge." This error is evidently the compositor's. Often, however, such mistakes begin with the reporter, and the compositor, who is under strict rule to follow the copy exactly, does not correct even obvious blunders in the manuscript. Mr. T. L. DeVinne, the New York printer, in his book, "The Practice of Typography," gives some funny mistakes of reporters.

A speaker made this statement:

"In these days clergymen are expected to have the wisdom and learning of Jeremy Taylor."

The reporter wrote and the compositor repeated, ...the wisdom and learning of a journeyman tailor."

Another speaker quoted these lines:

"Oh, come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne."

They were written as the reporter understood the speaker:

"Oh, come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven she crept and froze her knee."

Another orator quoted these lines from Tennyson's "Locksley Hall."

"Better fifty years in Europe than a cycle in Cathay."

But the quotation was written and printed:

"Better fifty years in Europe than a circus in Bombay."

One of the worst perversions of a hackneyed quotation — incorrectly given by a speaker—is this, which seems to be the joint work of the zealous reporter and the equally reckless printer:

"Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed major veritas."

"I may cuss Plato, I may cuss Socrates," said Major Veritas.—Youth's Companion.

REVENGE.

A certain noted pianist says that whenever he feels unduly elated by favorable notices of his playing, or by individual compliments, he calls to mind an occasion when his pride received a fearful fall. He had been guest with others at a suburban home for two or three days. The last evening was a particularly pleasant one, and at its close some one begged him to play a Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt.

"I've played two or three times," demurred the pianist, "and its pretty late. Don't you think I might disturb the neighbors?"

"I hope you will," announced the young daughter of the house, "for we are perfectly sure they tried to poison our cat last week. Nothing you could do would be worse than they deserve!"

AN HOUR'S WORK.

"Please tell the court what you did between 8 and 9 o'clock on that morning."

"I gave the two children their breakfast, dressed them for school, made up their lunches, washed the dishes, sorted the soiled linen and put it in the tubs, swept and dusted the parlor, sewed a button or two on the children's clothes, interviewed the gas man, grocer and butcher, put off the landlord, sat down to glance over the morning paper and then"—

"That will do madam."

THE COW THAT PAYS BEST.

The question as to which is the most profitable cow, is one that cannot be decided in any arbitary manner. There are so many circumstances and contingencies to be taken into consideration, that, after all is said and written on the subject, each man must decide the question largely on his own judgement. He will find it necessary to consider the nature of his farm; the suitability of his buildings and implements; the cost of hired help if such is required; the proximity of a good market for his finished products, and many other details. The comparative advantages of beef growing and dairying would probably be the first point considered by a farmer who was just about to make a start in cattle raising. Men who have had long experience in either of these lines, are not likely to change to the other line, involving as it does, change in farm routine, in variety and management of crops, in buildings and equipments, without a good deal of deliberation. That beef-production can be carried on with a smaller expenditure for labor and utensils is perhaps true, and it certainly does not require the constant attention to business that dairying entails.

Next comes the question of breed. It will, I think, be generally conceded by fair minded men that there is no "best" breed. Everything depends on circumstances. A breed that proves highly satisfactory in one district may be found entirely unsuited to different environments. Only four breeds of beef cattle, viz:—Shorthorns, Herefords, Galloways, and Aberdeen-Angus, have attained popularity in Canada, and only the first mentioned can be said to be generally distributed. The others may equal the shorthorns for beef production; and, even surpass them under certain conditions, but the superior milking qualities of the shorthorns, and particularly of the grades, have given them an unequalled popularity among our farmers. Where feed is plentiful, and the country not to high or broken, they are likely to prove satisfactory beefers and in addition will produce a fair amount of milk. The ease with which good bulls of this breed can be procured for grading purposes, is also an argument in its favor. Breeders of the other sorts are comparatively few, and the opportunity for choice is small when one desires to select a bull. In the colder parts of Canada, and on the bare pastures of the mountainous districts, the Galloways and West Highlanders, should prove serviceable on account of their hardiness and activity.

Among the dairy breeds, the Ayrshires, Holsteins, Jerseys, Guernseys and French Canadians are all held in considerable esteem. The latter have been almost unknown outside of the province of Quebec until the last year or two, but they are now attracting considerable attention. Under adverse circumstances, such as scanty pastures, lack of proper winter feed and care, &c., they will probably yield a greater percentage of profit than those breeds which have for generations been accustomed to good food and care. The Guernseys, although highly thought of in the States, have never gained sufficient foothold in Canada, to enable our farmers to judge their suitability for this country. Both they and their close relatives the Jerseys, are especially adapted for the production of fancy butter or cream for a high priced city trade, and the majority of Canadian herds of these two breeds are, I think, used for this purpose. The Ayrshires and Holsteins seem to be gaining in popularity among the general dairy farmers who support the cheese factories and creameries, and with the dairy shorthorns, are likely to divide the greater part of the dairy field between them. The Holsteins are likely to do better on the level lands, with flush pastures and plenty of winter food, while the Ayrshires should, I think, find more favor on rolling or hilly land because of their great actiqity.

But, while certain well-defined differences may characterize the various breeds, yet it may be well to remember that there is much greater difference between individual animals of the same breed than between different breeds. A good cow is a good cow no matter what her breed may be. Therefore let each man select the breed that he considers best suited to his conditions and stick to it. Let him buy, or breed to the best available bull of that breed, and continue to grade up his herd to a higher degree of excellence year by year. The practice followed by some farmers of using bulls first of one breed and then of another is fatal to all plans of building up a handsome uniform and profitable herd of grade cows, and that is just what most farmers require. The average man does not need pure bred females, in fact will do better with good grades. The breeders of pure bred stock, are like the poet, born not made. He must inherit a love for animals and an aptitude for handling them, otherwise his investment will prove unprofitable, and all his efforts a disappointment.

F. W. HODSON,
Live Stock Commissioner.

A VARIFOLD VERSION.

One of the colored porters on the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad, who was quarantined in Kansas City because of the smallpox, was telling his experience to some of his acquaintances. He said: "Dey done keep me canteened for three weeks and it wasn't smallpox at all. It was nuthin but celluloid."

LOGICAL REASONING.

"But don't you see, Willie," explained his mother, "if you eat any more jam it will make you sick." "It'll make me sick?" repeated the boy, inquiringly. "That's what I said." "Not you?" "No, not me, but you." "Well, then, if I'm willing to risk it I don't see why you should object.—Chicago Post.

A SUMMER CAROL.

I know that summer's coming,
'Cause I can hear the siz
Of the pesky soda fountain,
That's always doing biz.
The signs have each been planted,
In every park you pass,
With haughty information
To "Please keep of the grass."
Sweethearts haunt the gloaming,
Hand-in hand they spoon,
New tales of love they're telling
by the light of the same old moon.
The tramp has started tramping,
His life of listless ease,
Or lies beneath some friendly shade,
Fanned by the cooling breeze.
The cranks have started shouting,
"Empire, yer no good!"
And rival nines are trying
To spill each other's blood.
The kids have started fishing,
And wade the little brook,
The hammock's gently rocking
With girl and her love-lorn book,
The milk is turning thick and sour,
The butter melts away,
The flowers are busy togging up
With the bumble bees to play,
And natures gettin' awful glad
While things are mighty nice,
But I am kind o' sick and sad,
For
who
will
buy
me
ice?
—CHARLES F. RAYMOND.

NAMES OF MATERIALS.

The fine white linen of which cambric handkerchiefs are made is so called because it was first made at Cambral, in the department of the Nord, France. The gauzy fabric muslin is so named from the town of Musal, in Mesopotamia. Alpaca was originally made from the wool of the Peruvian sheep of that name, akin to the llama. In eighteenth century romance we often read of garments made of padusoy, which was simply a smooth kind of silk originally made at Padua, soy or soie being French for silk.

To this day shopkeepers who appeal to the custom of ladies are fond of labeling their goods with French names, and the description of the dresses at a fashionable wedding is a hidden mystery to the male reader. Mousseline de sole is simply silk muslin, and crepe de chine is china crape. Crape is so called from its wrinkled appearance and sharpness to the touch and is the same word as we know in the form of crisp. The rough material called frieze was originally made in Friezeland. Tweed, although Scotch, is not named from the famous border river. It is a corruption of twill.

A MISSING ADJECTIVE.

What Artemus Ward would have described as a high-handed outrage in Utica was perpetrated recently, the victim being a gentleman who prided himself on his grip of the English language. A treacherous friend induced him to undertake to name four adjectives ending in "dious."

"Why," began the expert cheerfully hazardous, stupendous, tremendous. At this point he stopped to think. He is still thinking. To the three certainly more may be added-jeopardous, pteropodous, and nefandous—though the third is obsolete, as well as ugly and unnecessary. Some six more have been suggested, but they find inadequate support in the latest dictionaries.

A POINT OF CARPENTRY.

Senator Platt, of Connecticut, was building a house. He had occasion to hire a carpenter, who was a plain unvarnished son of New England.

"You know all about carpenter work?" asked Senator Platt.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"You can make windows, doors and blinds?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"How would you make a Venetian blind?"

The man thought steadily for several minutes. "I think," he remarked finally, "that I would punch him in the eye.

A CONTRAST.

"Papa, who is that gentlemen over there on the porch?"

"Don't you remember him, my child? He is the gentlemen we met in the restaurant to-day who chatted so pleasantly with us while he waited 25 minutes for his lunch."

"He doesn't seem very pleasant now, papa?"

"Oh, no. He's at home now. See him tearing the newspaper into shreds and trying to throw his hat through the door. He is very angry because it has taken his wife a little over four minutes to get his supper ready."

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Garments and materials dyed with the Diamond Dyes show clear and perfect colors that stand fast as long as the goods hold together. Colors produced by the common package dyes are dull, muddy and streaked, giving full proof of adulterations and worthless coloring ingredients. When it is generally understood that Diamond Dyes with all their superior qualities and a guarantee of perfect work are sold at same price as the poorly prepared dyes, it will be a difficult undertaking to find a woman who will risk her goods with the dangerous adulterations put up in imitation of the Diamond Dyes.

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