The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXVII.--NO. 48. Every Subscription Paid in Advance. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 29, 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.

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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 and Frederick Streets, Acton. Office Hours:—6 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL. L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH. L. R. F. & S. GLASGOW. MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, ETC. SUCCESSOR TO DR. NELLY. 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 6 p.m. SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

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

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

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

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

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

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $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 322, or telephone 64, 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. AM well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam fitting, horse shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired and painted in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gumming and filing done.

Retiring from Business

..SALE..

$15,000 Stock of

Fine Wall Paper, Books, Stationery, Office Supplies, Fancy Goods, etc.

Wall Paper
Bibles
Window Shades
Fine Note Paper and Envelopes to Match
Toys, Lamps
Purses, Satchels
Baby Carriages
Go Carts

Everything at Cost.

This is your chance to get Wall Paper and other Supplies cheap.

T. J. DAY.

DAY'S BOOKSTORE.

This stock will be also offered at so much on the $, and the store can be rented by purchasers.

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

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE

The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can all ways be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 10 a.m. and 8.10 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order.
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS
Proprietor

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

—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, Tiles, Linoleum, Oil Cloth, and all Building Hardware.

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

Just Received

From Cobourg—75 miles east of Toronto—car of Seed Potatoes,

"White Burbanks"

grown on the land. Best table potatoes going. Immense yielders.

This is the potato for the American market. They command more money than any other potato.

Buy them, try them. Change your seed and you will never regret it.

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

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 ASERMOTOR

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

ICE CREAM—
ICE CREAM SODA.

Yes, we have your favorite flavor in Ice Cream Soda, we feel pretty sure. Come in and try them.

Crushed Fruits; the best of extracts. We give special attention to those little details which mean so much in giving you satisfaction. Drop in any time and get a refreshing drink.

Fresh Candies.

Fresh Candies of all kinds. In this line too, we can please you.

Bread, Cakes and Pastry.

There are not many things in the line of Baking that cannot be got here. Just as cheaply as they can be made at home. Try a loaf; we leave the argument to the Bread.

T. STATHAM & SON
Bakers and Grocers.
MAIN ST. - - - - ACTON

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—$6.00 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

NASSAGAWEYA
Saw and Planing Mills.

Lumber and Shingles
AT LOWEST PRICES.

Mill stuff cut to order.
Slabs, stove length, $1.25 a double car at the mill.

P. Sayers, Proprietor

Poetry.

"I MIND THE TIME."

She sits and dreams, no doubt, at home
Of the babe with the laughing eyes
That coosed and crowed in her arms and rode
On her basom's fall or rise.
And now, he's grown, and he, too, thinks,
Tho' miles away divide the twain,
Of the soft caresses—of the low "God bless
My Child!" And he sees again
The mother's face, with an angel's grace,
Away in a distant clime.
And he says apart, to his list'ning heart;
"I mind the time!"

"I mind the time, My Heart, when she
Was winsome and young and fair;
But the blossoms depart from the face, My Heart,
When the soul is filled with care!
I mind the time when her eye was bright
And her lips the life of song;
But the light has fled and the song is dead,
And the days are growing long!
Her head is bent with the weight of years,
Perhaps—but I think that she,
When she kneels to pray, remembers to say
A word, as of old, for me."
And he fell asleep, with a smile on his lips,
And dreamed of the distant clime;
And an angel heard, and an angel wept
As he murmured low where he calmly slept:
"I mind the time."

—BALTIMORE NEWS.

Select Family Reading.

...The... Baby's Plea.

By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

"WELL? Quick; what is it?"

The anguish of heart-break was in the woman's voice, but the baby's cry, as she crushed him against her breast, rose shrill, and indignant above it, and made the answer of the girl in the doorway a mere moving of lips.

"Shut up, will you, you little limb—no, no, no, I don't mean it, darlin'! You ain't to blame. You don't know what it was made me crush you up. There, there—there-re!" She rocked the tiny one violently back and forth, in an agony to hush it. "There, there, darlin', mother's son!—oh, hush up! hush up! I've got to hear." Then in a shriek to the girl at the door, "Moll Tinker, how long you goin' to stan' there openin' and shuttin' your mouth? Ain't you goin' to tell me? Pityin' heart, and me waitin' here to know, till the heart of me's turned to water? Ain't you goin' to speak? Ain't you goin' to speak? Ain't you goin' to spe—"

The girl crossed the great bare room at a bound and was at the woman's ear. Under the momentary impatience in her face lay genuine pity.

"Don't say it again, for gracious, Mis' Knapp! I'll holler; I guess you can hear me now, can't you? Well, I saw him. He's settin' there just the same. I shouldn't think he'd moveed."

"Ain't he any different? Say his head isn't held up quite so defiant, Moll, not quite! It'll tell against him; I know it will! You said he'd lowered it some, didn't you, Moll? Why don't you answer?"

"He's holdin' it up just the same," the girl said, slowly. "I can't help it. If he don't know where he's runnin' himself, then he's a fool."

The haggard woman, with the baby in her arms, faced about wrathfully.

"Larry ain't a fool, and you know it, Moll Tinker!" she flashed. "It's his way! Underneath he don't feel that way! It's only the outside. But it'll tell against him; I know it will!"

"It's tellin'," muttered the girl, under her breath. She had seen the disapproving faces on the jury bench and the stern face of the judge. She had caught the fragments of talk back by the door. People said Larry Knapp was bold as brass. How could they know it was only "his way."

Suddenly the haggard woman uttered a cry. "I've got to go! I've got to be there! I can't help it if the baby is sick. You said you'd tell me in time, Moll, is it—time?"

"It's—pretty near," shuddered the girl. "I asked a man. Here, give the baby to me, Mis' Knapp. If you ain't got any hat, take mine. Ain't you goin' to give him to me?"

"He won't stay with you. He'd die cryin'. I can't help it if he dies there—I've got to go. I'm goin' to take him. I can hush him up—I've got to. I've got to be there to smile when Larry looks up. Do you think he's goin' to see 'em all strange, accusin' faces? He's got to see mine there, smilin'. And it's me he's goin' to see when—they—come in. "Moll," her voice sank to a whisper, "you don't think they could've come in yet, do you? While you and me have been talkin' here? Pityin' heart, why didn't I go sooner?"

"Hush, do! They can't go in until they go out, can they? Well, they ain't gone out yet. The man said it wouldn't be before afternoon. The judge's got to charge 'em, ain't he? He ain't done that yet. I said I'd let you know in time, and ain't I? But you better go now if you're goin'."

"If I'm goin'!" the frail little woman cried mightily. "If I'm goin' to Larry in the bitterest hour o' his need! Come—yes, you can carry him as far as the door. It won't hurt any if he cries out o' doors, and my strength needs savin'. Easy Moll!—there ain't any paddin on his little bones. He's dreadful poor."

They were hurrying away down the lane street in the moon sun's glare. The mother shielded the tiny old face with one of her rough, red hands. Her eyes dwelt on it.

"To think his father ain't ever seen him!—to think it'll be the first time there!" she sobbed softly, quieted somewhat from her frenzy. "Him lookin' up sudden—think o' that Moll,—and seein' the face of his son for the first time. It's queer to think of, ain't it? Oh, yes, it's queer. How could anything come round like that, when we were so happy a little while ago, me and Larry? That ain't the way things happen—It ain't right!"

She was sorely in need of her breath and panted between the words. Yet she talked on drearily.

The man was ahead of them, in the crowded court-room, waiting with defiant young face for his sentence. He was charged with a grave crime. In a moment of anger, he had felled a comrade with a single blow of his big fist. The injured man had rallied at first, and then suddenly sunk into a stupor and died. The doctors talked learnedly of complicating conditions, but the outlook was dark for the prisoner. His stolid bearing was against him.

"He had provocation,—can't they see what provocation Larry had? When there's provocation, it always counts, doesn't it, Moll? You've heard so time and often, haven't you? I have, too. The provocation Larry had ought to help him, I tell you! Of course it will—I hope you don't think I'm afraid, Moll Tinker! I'm only goin' there so's to smile when Larry looks up. We must hurry—hurry! We're goin' so slow."

Gasping and white, she got to the court-room door and held out her arms for the sick child.

"Now!" she whispered in sudden pale calm. "I'm goin' in now. You tell somebody that I've got to have a seat up near Larry. I've got to—I can't help it if the baby cries. We've got to go up there, ain't we, father's little son? Oh, you'll hush up for father, won't you, darlin'? Come I'm ready, Moll."

They went in. Some one made a way through the crowd and piloted the two up to the front. Some one made a chance for them near the prisoner at the bar. The lawyer for the defense was just winding up his verbose plea. There was already a restless expectancy evident on the weary faces of the crowd. It had been a tedious, hot morning.

The haggard little woman's eyes swept the sea of faces rapidly and then whitened. She had not found what she sought. She had not found sympathy. Public opinion was against the man whose life or death seemed trembling in the balance. It was not so much to be wondered at, for all though the monotonous days of the trial he had sat there, defiant and scornful. The first shade of softness was yet to be seen on Lawrence Knapp's face.

"It's his way—it's his way," whispered the little woman to the girl, her friend. "If they only knew it way Larry's way! It's outside—if they could only see him inside! I can—why can't they? That's the way he looked when his mother died—hard, just like that. Just exactly, and don't I know how Larry loved his mother?"

The judge got heavily to his feet. His face was grave and stern. The twelve faces of the jury, impenetrable and dread as fate itself, settled to fresh attention. Then the baby cried. A wailing, piteous cry at first, until it took on notes of pain, when it shrilled and sharpened.

"Hush up—oh, hush up!" breathed Larry's wife in agony, hush up for father, darlin'! You don't want them to put me out—pityin' heart, this is the time I've got to be here! There, there, darlin',—don't!"

The judge was visibly annoyed. A frown gathered between his shaggy brows. But there came a short respite from the baby cry, and the deep voice of the judge filled it resonantly, as he began his charge. The mother's face relaxed with infinite relief, and she turned her attention instantly to the prisoner. But she could not meet his eye. Again and again she was ready with her brave smile, but in vain. The haughty young head of the prisoner lowered not an inch, and the defiant eyes stared on steadily into the sea of faces. It was his way—his way. Oh, if they could only know!

The baby cried again—this time a burst of anguish, that settled into a steady, piteous moan. The mother rocked and hushed vainly. It kept on. And the judge was getting impatient; a rustle of nervousness swayed the audience, the lawyers, the the jury.

Suddenly something happened. The prisoner moved in his seat—when he moved before? He turned about suddenly, and what was this he was doing? He was holding out his arms!

"Give the little chap to me, Lindy; I can hush him up."

That was what he was saying! He had the tiny, wailing one in his arms now. The tiny face was against his breast; he was swaying gently to and fro—the baby had stopped crying! A great silence filled the big, bare place. Every eye was rivetted on the prisoner's face, as it bent over the baby. The wonder of the change in it filled every soul with amazement. For the face of the young prisoner was tender and warm; could it ever have been hard and defiant? Not this one—his face that nestled against the tiny one and gazed at it raptly. This was the face of a father who looks at his son for the first time. But heart of pity, what surroundings! What a background! Since the world began, had this thing ever happened before? Men read the story and gazed in blank wonder, women drew together and touched each other's hands. The pale little woman sobbed on the girl's faithful breast.

A full minute—two, three, four—it lasted. The prisoner seemed lost to everything but the moist, warm touch of the tiny face. He did not cease the gentle swaying of his body for an instant, and people smiled presently and prodded each other, for the baby was asleep. A tiny one's bridge between trouble and unconsciousness is short, and there, in the noisesome, crowded room, in that brief moment of silence, the tired baby had crossed the bridge into sleep. Calm and sweet it lay against the prisoner's tender face above it. A throb of sympathy rose in the crowd and travelled over it from side to side like a wave. Then the judge went on.

Whatever he might have said,—who knows? Whether he were swayed by pity or the memory of a little face against his own, at some first rapt moment,—who can tell? This is true,—that what he said was undertoned with gentleness and clemency. And the twelve listening faces took on mercy as a visible veil.

"It's tellin'," she murmured the girl beside the haggard mother. "It's tellin'."

And it told. It was a softening sentence they brought in somewhat later. When the young father handed back the sleeping baby, it was not without the hope of holding it again in his arms, before it had quite outgrown its sweetness of babyhood.

"Take care of him, Lindy, and keep him a little 'un till I get out," he said earnestly. "I hanker to put him to sleep again."

KING AND PEASANT.

Here is a little story about the young King of Italy which is being printed in the Italian papers, and which is worth reproducing:

The King was staying in the country at his palace in Racconigi. He is little known to the people there, for in his walks about the country he always strives to preserve his incognito. Hence come some curious adventures. One day, while out tramping, he got very thirsty, and, seeing a woman milking a cow, in a field near by, he went up to her and asked her for a glass of milk.

"I can't give you any of this, but if you'll mind the cow, I'll go to the house and get you some."

So the King minded the cow till the woman returned with a glass of cool milk. Then he asked her where all the farmhands had gone.

"Oh, they're always running away now to try and see the King," answered the woman.

"And why did you not go? Don't you want to see the King?"

"Some one must stay and look after the things."

"Well, little mother," smiled the guest, "you see the King without running away from your work."

"You're joking!" exclaimed the woman, who could not believe that a monarch could be so quietly dressed. But when the King put a gold coin in her hand, she fell on her knees, while he continued his walk, laughing over the incident.—Woman's Home Companion.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

The following sayings are old but worth remembering:

Dean Swift is credited with "Bread is the staff of life."

It was Keats who said: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

"Man proposes but God disposes," remarked Thomas a Kempis.

Franklin is authority for "God helps those who help themselves."

"All cry and no wool" is an expression found in Butler's "Hudibras."

It was an observation of Thomas Southern that "Pity's akin to love."

We are indebted to Colley Cibber, not to Shakespeare, for "Richard is himself again."

Edward Coke, the English jurist, was of the opinion that "A man's house is his castle."

"When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war," was written by Nathaniel Lee.

"Variety's the spice of life" and "Not much the worse for wear" were coined by Cowper.

Edward Young tells us "Death lives a shining mark" and "And a fool at forty is a fool indeed."

Charles Pinckney gave the patriotic sentiment, "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute."

AND SAVE THE FEES.

Mrs. Pigg, a very charming and vivacious widow, called recently on a legal friend of hers—a widower—to consult him on a matter of interest to her.

"You know, sir," she said to him, "that when the late Mr. Pigg died he left me all his fortune, much to my satisfaction, of course, but he handicapped it with the name of Pigg, which I must say I don't like."

"Well," ventured the lawyer, "I presume a handsome woman isn't especially complimented by being left a Pigg."

"I should say not," she laughed. "Now what I came to see you about was whether or not I must execute what you call a deedpoll to get it changed."

"Um—er," he hesitated, as if wrestling with a great legal problem, "um—er—less; but an easier way is to apply to a parson, and I'll pay all the expenses myself."

It was sudden, but a widow is never caught napping, and she appointed that evening for another consultation.

FOR HARMONY'S SAKE.

"Here are a few letters I wish you would post for me, dear," said Mrs. De Style, to her husband, who was preparing to go out.

As Mr. De Style took them he glanced at the stamps and asked:

"My dear, why did you put sixpenny stamps on these letters? Penny ones would have carried them."

"I know it," replied his wife, "but how would a mauve stamp look on that lovely shade? This new stationary is of an exquisite color, and I couldn't spoil its effects with stamps that did not harmonize. These sixpenny stamps are the nearest match I could get."

SAD TIME FOR THE GRUMBLER.

There once lived in Edinburgh a well-known grumbler named Sandy Black, whose often-recurring fits of spleen or indigestion produced some amusing scenes of senseless irritability which were highly relished by all except the fellow's good, patient little wife. One morning Sandy rose, hunt on a quarrel. The haddies and eggs were excellent, done to a turn, and had been ordered by himself the previous evening, but breakfast passed without the looked-for compliment.

"What will you have for dinner, Sandy?" asked Mrs. Black.

"A chicken, madame," said the husband.

"Roasted or boiled?"

"Confound it, madam, if you had been a good and considerate wife, you would have known before this what I liked!" Sandy growled out as, slamming the door, he left the house. It was in the spring, and a friend who was present heard his little wife say:

"Sandy's bent on a disturbance today. I shall not please him, do what I will."

The dinner time came, and Sandy and his friend sat down to dinner. The fish was eaten in silence, and on raising the cover of the dish before him, in a towering passion, the former bawled out:—

"Boiled chicken! That's it, madame! A chicken boiled is a chicken spoiled."

Immediately the cover was raised from another chicken, roasted to a turn.

"Madame, I won't eat roast chicken!" roared Sandy. "You know very well how it should have been cooked!"

At that instant a broiled chicken, with mushrooms, was placed on the table.

"Without green peas!" roared the grumbler.

"Here they are, dear," said Mrs. Black.

"How dare you spend my money in this manner?"

"They were a present," said his wife, interrupting him.

Rising from his chair and rushing from the room, followed by a roar of laughter from his friend, Sandy clenched his fist and shouted:—

"How dare you receive presents without my leave?"

TO BE REMEMBERED.

A story is told of an eminent New York lawyer receiving a severe reprimand from a witness whom he was trying to browbeat. It was an important issue, and in order to gain his case, it was necessary, if possible, to diminish the value of the witness's evidence. The following was the dialogue that ensued:

"How old are you?"

"Seventy-two."

"Your memory, of course, is not as brilliant as it was twenty years ago, is it?"

"I do not know but it is."

"State some circumstance which occured, say, twelve years ago, and we shall see."

"Well, sir, about twelve years ago you studied in Judge B—'s office, did you not?"

The lawyer said, "Yes."

"Well, sir, I remember your father coming into my office and saying to me: "Mr. D.——, my son is to be examined to-morrow, and I wish you would lend him twenty dollars to buy a suit of clothes." I remember also, sir, that from that day to to this the money has never been paid. Will that do sir?"

NO INTRODUCTION.

A young married couple, from the country, of course, attended an exhibition of "dissolving views." The bride, being very pretty, attracted the attention of a stylish-looking city gentleman, who happened to occupy the same seat with the happy pair. During the exhibition the part of the hall occupied by the audience was obscured. By some accident the lights went out also on the stage. During the darkness the young man from the city pressed the hand of the bride. She was much alarmed, but offered no resistance. Then he actually leaned over and kissed her. This was too much, and the wife resolved to tell her husband.

"John."

"What?"

"This feller's kissing me."

"Well, tell him to quit."

"No, John, you tell him."

"Tell him yourself."

"No, John, I don't like to tell him. The gentlemen is a perfect stranger to me."

DOROTHEA'S STOLEN CHEESE.

Little Dorothea is one of those children whose silence when awake is certain sign that she is in mischief. One day when she was about two and a half years old, her mother gradually became aware of a silence which boded trouble. She was about to look for the baby when Dorothea came in; her rosy lips still bearing the traces of a feast.

"Where have you been, Dorothea? What are you eating?"

"Cheese," said Miss Dorothea.

"Where did you get it, dear?" asked her mother.

"In the mouf-trap, answered the delinquint.

"In the mouse-trap!" exclaimed the horrified mother.

"Yes."

Then the mother laughed. "But what will the poor mouses do? You will frighten them all away."

"Dey wasn't a bit frightened, mamma. Dey was two mouses in de trap when I eated de cheese."—Brooklyn Life.

Automobile weddings are the latest. They are another form of the automobile wedding.

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

GOOD-NIGHT.

Little boy sweetheart, with eyes that shine
Blue as the skies on a summer morn,
Lips that are wreathed in a smile divine,
Velvety cheek that is pressed to mine,
Life has seemed fairer since you were born!
Fold up your petals, my rosebud white,
Good night, my baby, good night, Good night.

Little boy sweetheart, I love you so!
How deep that love you will never know,
Night after night, when my work is through,
Worn out and weary, I come to you,
Bend o'er your couch till upon my ear
Falls a faint music I yearn to hear,
Made by your breathing so soft and so light,
Good night, my baby, good night, Good night.

Sometime in days that are yet to be,
In the bad hours you shall come to me,
You who shall stand at your life's noon prime,
There shall we part for the last and time,
Then, as the world recedes from view,
On your dear face I will turn my sight,
And out of death I will call to you,
Good night, my baby, good night, Good night.

DENVER NEWS.

CAUSE OF POPULARITY.

He who tells the story is the owner of a masterly fellow, and winner of admiration as well as prizes. Last summer the dog went with his master and family to a fashionable resort, and was there the centre of undiminished interest throughout the season.

"It was the most delightful summer we ever spent," recited the teller of the story and the owner of the dog the other day, "and the people were the nicest, as a whole, we had ever met. Our popularity with the summer colony was most marked, and when the time came to depart it was with no end of sorrow that we began to make our adieus. Naturally, it filled us with a good deal of pride to think that those with whom we had sojourned should wish we were not going to leave them. But our vanity was short-lived. There came a shock which set us all to thinking and wondering as to whom the credit for our prestige was due. It happened when a bright faced, breezy little girl of 18, who was wont to express her sentiments without reserve, came to say good-bye.

"Don't tell me you are going away?" she negatively queried in a depressed tone of voice, and we been to feel that from her we were to receive the most genuine expression of regret of the colony.

"Yes," I replied. "We have to go back to the city now, but we live in the hope of seeing our very dear friends up here again in the near future."

"Oh," she continued, "I hate to have you go—indeed I do—for we certainly will miss your dog."—Washington Star.

SCHOOLBOYS, ATTENTION!

Let us drop a useful hint to the schoolboys of Canada. Not long ago Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, in speaking to a deputation, made a remark about "the terrible rigors of a Canadian winter."

Quite clearly he needs enlightenment as to the real character of the winter season in this country, and we would suggest that every schoolboy in the land should get a two-cent stamp, a sheet of paper and an envelope, and write him a short letter defending the climate of this country. Such a deluge of letters would serve him right and make a great impression on him. Besides, the etiquette of his position requires that he shall acknowledge letters received, so that if the boys are "game" enough to take up this suggestion, it is reasonably sure that no British public man will ever again venture to libel the Canadian climate. Address Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, London, Eng. That will find him.

EXPERT FIGURING.

Father—"Now, see here! If you marry that young pauper, how on earth are you going to live?"

Sweet girl—"We have figured that all out. You remember that old hen my aunt gave me?"

Father—"Yes."

Sweet Girl—"Well, I've been reading a poultry circular, and I find that a good hen will raise twenty chicks in a season. Well, next season there will be twenty-one hens, and as each will raise more chicks, that will be 420. The next year the number will be 8,400, the following year 168,000, and the next 3,360,000. Just think! At only a florin apiece we will then have £200,000. Then, dear old papa, we will lend you some money to pay off the mortgage on this house."

WONDERFUL HOME HELPERS.

The Ablest Analytical Chemists Say They Are The Best.

"The ablest and best analytical chemists in the world affirm without hesitation that Diamond Dyes are the purest and best dyestuffs for home dyeing. All the colors are guaranteed fast to light and washing with soap; they color more goods, package package, than any other dye in the world.

As there are imitations of the popular Diamond Dyes, ladies should be careful of dealers who attempt to recommend the worthless makes. It should be remembered that these imitation dyes are made up of poisonous and dangerous adulterations, and are often injured by them. Diamond Dyes are so easy to use that even a child can work with them successfully. See that your dealer supplies you with the "Diamond"; refuse all others.

If you are interested in home mat and rug making, send your address to The Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, P. Q., and you will receive free of cost new designs to select from.