The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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H. F. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M., SUCCESSOR TO J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M. Office and residence—Corner Mill Frederick Streets, Acton. Office Hours:—8 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 3 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL. L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH. L. R. 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 6 p.m. SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

DENTAL.

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

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

LEGAL.

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

R. J. MCNABB, Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Insurance Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc. OFFICE—Ferryman'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. Pulling 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. HEMBSTREET, 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. ACTON—ACTON

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $181,000. THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY. Established 1840. Head Office GUELPH, ONT. INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 422, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

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

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

Our Retiring from Business

SALE In Full Swing.

—Bibles, Hymn Books, Prayer
—Books, Glass Goods, Lamps,
—Fancy Baskets, Vallses,
—Ladies' Bags and Purses,
—Fancy Toilet Soap, Dolls,
—Chinese Lanterns, Flags, Scrap
—Albums, Colored Tissue Paper,
—Fancy Note Paper and
—Envelopes to match, Games,
—Toys, Curtain Poles and
—Trimmings Express Waggons,
—Baby Go Carts, Tennis Nets
—Footballs Baseballs, Playing
—Cards, Office Supplies, Etc.,
—Wall Paper, Borders and
—Decorations.

Our $15,000 stock must be sold. I am forty-two years at it in Guelph, and it is time to retire.

J. T. DAY DAY'S BOOKSTORE. GUELPH.

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 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 CHICKCO ACRMOTOR 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

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

—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. ST. 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 Cloths,
and all Building Hardware.

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

Look Here FARMERS! A CAR OF Land Plaster JUST IN AT THORP'S.

$6.50 per ton in bulk, 40c per 100 lbs., or 65c. per sack of 150 lbs. each.
Land Salt $6.00 per ton.
Sack Salt 75c. and 80c sack,
Barrel Salt at $1.10 a barrel.
Pure Paris Green 20c. per lb.
Potato Bug Finish 2c. lb., 15 lbs. for 25c., or $1.25 per 100 lbs.
Slug Shot for Cabbage and and Tomato, Worms, Helebore, Insect Powder, Etc.
Hungarian Millet, Buckwheat, Greystone Turnip and Rape Seeds, all at very lowest prices.
Cash for Wool, Potatoes, Oats, Etc.

GEO. J. THORP GUELPH and ROCKWOOD.

To the Ladies of Acton and Vicinity.

We have just received the very latest things in

Sash-Pins
Brooch-Pins
Bracelets
Lorgnette Chains
Rings, Etc.

Call in and look over our latest novelties. And also remember that we are still headquarters for

Watches, Clocks Jewelery and Silverware.

REPAIRING a specialty.

SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES in profusion.

G. D. PRINGLE Jeweler GUELPH, ONT.

ICE CREAM-- ICECREAM 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 nice freshing 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

ACTON Machine and Repair Shops HENRY GRIMDRILL Proprietor

Are well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse-shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repairs performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gumming and filing done.

Poetry.

TWO OFFERINGS.

I didn't think I could do it,
When first he told me to,
For I love my precious dolly,
And she is almost new.
But, dear me! Uncle Joe knows how
To talk until you feel
As if you'd give your money, and
A part of every meal.

He knows about the Jews, you see,
And how they brought the Lord
The first and best of all their fruits
According to his word.
That must have been so beautiful—
Those harvest offerings!
Well, Uncle Joe, he talked until
I brought him all my things,
To see which I would send away
To China in the box.
And he said my best doll; blue-eyed,
Red-cheeked, with curling locks,
I said: "Do you give what you like,
The very bestest best?
And do you "make a sacrifice"
As you tell all the rest?"
And he said, "Yes," he always gave
To help along the cause,
But as he had no field or fruits,
He couldn't keep Jewish laws.

Now uncle Joe is very good,
But he does love cigars!
He smokes on the piazza till
He almost hides the stars.
So then I said: "If you'll give up
Cigars and pipes and all,
And give the money to the Lord,
Why, then I'll send my doll!"

Then Uncle Joe looked sober, for
You see he loved them so.
I said, "Oh, now you see what 'tis
To let my dolly go!"
I thought he would not do it,
But by and by he said:
"I think you're right. I'll drop cigars
And give their cost instead!"

So now my dolly's going,
And Uncle Joe—just hear!
Will give 'most seventy dollars
To missions every year!
And mamma says she's very glad
About the way I spoke,
Since Uncle Joe has offered up
His sacrifice of smoke!

Select Family Reading.

Jaspar Dane's Caller.

THE door creaked very slightly, but it jarred on Jaspar Dane's nerves. He looked up with a frown.

"Is this Mr. Dane?"

A young woman was framed in the doorway.

Jasper's frown slightly faded as he caught sight of her. She was a pretty young woman and charmingly gowned and she wasn't more than one and twenty. Jasper avoided the woman's page of his paper. He couldn't have told what the young woman in the doorway wore, but he recognized the fact that it was a combination that seemed to be just suited to her.

"Mr. Dane, the editor?"

Jaspar, pencil in hand, bowed again.

"You are much younger than I supposed you to be," she said.

Jaspar's eyes opened wider.

"I am not quite sure that I ought to take that as a compliment," he said.

He even smiled. Then the pressing character of his work reminded him. His features stiffened. He raised his pencil again, and looked at the girl severely.

"It's the very first time I was ever in an editor's sanctum," she said as her glance took in the dingy walls and littered desk.

"How can I serve you, madam?" inquired Jasper.

The girl looked at him and she looked at the chair beside his desk.

"Thank you," she said, and sat down.

Jaspar sighed and stared at the half-written sheet before him.

"Are you sure it is the editor you want to see?" he asked. "The society editor is at the lower end of the hall, so are the musical editor and the art department. So is the dramatic editor."

"I came to see you," said the girl.

Jaspar slightly flushed.

"Thank you," he said. "I am on exhibition at all hours. Is that all?"

The girl shook her head.

"Do you own the paper, too?" she asked.

Jaspar frowned.

"No," he replied. "I believe it is generally understood that Mr. Linus Lamson is the paper's owner.

"The railway president?"

"Yes."

"Has he any children?"

"One."

"Boy?"

"No, a girl. A little girl now studying abroad."

"How old?"

"I don't know. Mr. Lamson speaks of her as his little girl." Jaspar was getting fidgety. "I beg your pardon," he added, "but you have not told me how I can serve you."

"No," she said, "I haven't."

A brief silence followed.

"Am I to infer that you are getting up a society directory?" Jasper inquired with a slight flavor of sarcasm.

"No," said the girl, "the inference would be wrong. Nor do I want my portrait on the society page. No, I have no tickets to sell and no subscription paper to sign. I came here to see the editor of the Dispatch. He's well worth your while."

"Am I reckoned among the leading sights of town?" he asked.

"No," the girl gravely replied. "You come between the geyser fountain and the zoo."

Jaspar laughed.

"And do you come here to tell me that?" he asked.

"That, for one thing," said the girl. "I don't suppose my presence here bothers you in the least, does it?"

"Madam," said Jaspar, "I am a reckless user of the truth. Your presence prevents me from attending to my duties."

"Perhaps this is your busy day?" said the girl, innocently.

"My days are all more or less busy," said Jaspar.

"Then, of course, it is just as convenient for me to call to-day as any other day," said the girl.

Jaspar looked at her with a comical expression. He was a little near-sighted, and, as was his custom with callers he had scarcely given her an appreciative look when she entered. Now, at shorter range, he saw that she was much prettier than he at first supposed. She certainly was a very charming girl. A troubled look came into Jaspar's eyes.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but may I remind you that you haven't stated your business with me?"

The girl looked into his eyes with a clear, frank gaze. Then she slightly smiled and slowly removed an elastic band that she bore in one neatly gloved hand. Jaspar took advantage of her averted gaze to pull down his cuffs and make a quick pass at his twisted tie.

"I have written something," she said," and I want to submit it to you."

Jaspar felt himself weakening. Ordinarily he would have taken the manuscript and hastily scribbling the writer's address on it, would have tossed it aside with the remark that he would communicate with the writer by mail concerning it—and then he would have resumed work. Now he hesitated. His pencil dropped from his fingers. He straightened a little.

"What is the nature of this article?" he asked in what he fancied to be an indifferent tone.

"It isn't an article," said the girl. "Do I look like a person who would write an article?"

"It isn't always possible to judge by the appearances," he said.

"But I fancied article writers were always old, and—and fussy, and—and crankey," said the girl.

"There are exceptions," said Jaspar. "There must be exceptions."

"I suppose you know," said the girl. "But it is isn't an article."

"You aroused my worst fears," said Jasper as the girl spread out the manuscript.

"I think I understand what you mean," she said.

"I am glad you do," said Jaspar.

"And I am glad your worst fears are confirmed," she said."

"Jaspar sighed.

"Then it is verses?" he said.

"I supposed it was poetry," said the girl.

"They always do," said Jasper.

The girl looked up at him with a pretty grimace.

"You are not a bit encouraging," she said."

It's the better way," said Jaspar.

"And yet you write verses yourself," said the girl. "And get them printed, too.

"Perhaps it is because I haven't a friend honest enough to dissuade," said Jasper "I have had no time for that sort of nonsense lately, however."

"That's a pity," said the girl.

"Don't think to soften me in that way."

"I like those lines beginning, 'She came upon me unawares,'" said the girl. "I know them by heart. 'She came upon me unawares; I turned and she was there.'"

"I beg your pardon," cried Jasper. "It is your lines that are under consideration. Pray, produce them."

The girl gave him a sidelong glance.

"Did she come upon you unawares, Mr. Dane?"

Jasper caught the glance and slightly flushed. His look grew troubled again.

"I live in hopes," he said.

"That's enigmatical," laughed the girl. "It shows you are not sure."

"I must object to your manifest intention to throw me into a sentimental mood," said Jasper. "It will not help you."

The girl laughed and passed the manuscript to him.

"I know you like it," she said.

"Why are you so certain?" Jasper asked.

"Because I haven't written on both sides of the paper," said the girl.

Jasper bent over the manuscript to hide his smile. Then his looks changed. The smile faded. He read the lines with great care. Presently he looked up.

The girl had been regarding him intently.

She met his eyes with an inquiring glance.

"You want me to be frank?" he asked.

"Of course."

"The lines are quite too sentimental. They are of the old school where sentiment reigned. Now-a-days we bluntly call it gush."

"But it's not all bad, is it?" queried the girl.

"By no means," replied Jasper. "The exception is good. If the fripperies and sentimentaries were dropped it would be very passable. If you would heed my advice—they never do—I might be tempted to ask you to try again."

"He folded the manuscript and handed it to her.

"Thank you," said the girl.

"I am sorry if my judgment seems harsh," said Jaspar.

"It doesn't," said the girl.

"I have tried to treat you as an honest friend should," said Jasper.

"Thank you again," said the girl. "I will admit that I hoped to see my verses in your paper."

"Try again," said Jasper.

The girl rose and put out her dainty hand.

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Dane," she said. "I have a very dear friend who has sung your praises until I am quite jealous. I was really anxious to meet you. Goodbye." The she swiftly added with a sweet and charming smile "I am sure we shall meet again."

"The smile and the words quite overcame Jasper.

"I—I hope so," he fairly stammered as he rose to his feet and watched her flutter from the room.

As he resumed his seat a card upon the floor drew his attention. The girl had dropped it. He picked it up, caught sight of the name and at once recognized the angular handwriting. Then he read aloud:

"DEAR DANE—This is my daughter Leonie, just come home from abroad. What she writes, goes of course.

Yours,
Linus Lamson."

Dane whistled softly.

So this was Lamson's little girl, this splendid young woman! How charming she was, and how friendly. Had he hurt her feelings? What a brute he was! It would have been such a simple favor to publish the verses. And she never showed him her father's note. That was noble of her.

He picked up his pencil and bent over his work. And presently he softly murmured:

"She came upon me unawares,
I turned and she was there."

VARIETIES.

No man can listen to a woman talking baby-talk for five minutes and believe in letting women vote.

The first weeks man is married he acts as proud as he did the day he first wore suspenders.

Probably no butterfly thinks any of the other worms will ever be smart enough to turn the way he did.

Most of us are like the old farmer who said he would be perfectly satisfied if he could just own all the land adjoining his.

Husband and wife are equal: the one not inferior to the other; the wife not a slave, not a housekeeper, but an equal—a companion. And just so far as a young man starts out with that idea fixed firmly in his mind—to make a companion, a comrade, a chum of his wife—just so far does he start out right.

The possession of small abilities is no excuse for the nonperformance of duty or for lack of enterprise in religious work. Philips Brooks once said that most of the work of the world is done by men of one talent or of two-talent men than there are men of other kinds, and ten one-talent men can do as much as, and often can do more than, one ten-talent man.

RUSSIAN RIDDLES.

Here are some riddles which the boy and girls in Russia puzzle their heads over. See how many of them can you guess without looking at the answers:

(1) I am blind, but show others the way; deaf and dumb, but know how to count.

(2) People pray for me and long for my company, but directly I appear they hide themselves.

(3) I have four legs and feathers, but am neither beast nor bird.

(4) There are four brothers under one hat.

(5) Four brothers run side by side, but never catch one another.

(6) What walks upside down over head?

(7) Who are the two brothers that live on the opposite sides of the road, yet never see one another?

(8) A pack of wolves run by; one was shot, how many remained?

Answers: (1) A milestone. (2) rain. (3) a featherbed. (4) legs of a table. (5) wheels of a cart. (6) a fly. (7) your eyes. (8) one—the dead one.

RESPECT FOR THE LAW.

This story was told by Judge Pennypacker in beginning a response to a toast at a Pennsylvania-German banquet in Philadelphia. The story, he said, showed the readiness of the Pennsylvania Dutchman to obey those in authority.

In 1864 Sheridan, under order, burned every barn, farm, valley above Staunton to a certain point below Winchester. A band of angry rebels followed this raid, watching for a chance to pick up the stragglers. Among others who fell into their hands was a little Pennsylvania Dutchman, who quietly turned to his captors and inquired:

"Vat you fellows going to do mit me?"

The reply came short and sharp:

"Hang you."

"Vell," he said meekly "vatever is de rule."

His good-natured reply threw the Confederates into a roar of laughter and saved his life.

DIFFERENT VIEWS.

"Do you ever go to church?" asked a city missionary of a woman who had applied to him for assistance.

"No, I don't," was the reply. "The fact is, I ain't got fit things to wear. My husband's been out o' work so long I've run out o' things; and, anyhow, me and my husband have such different views, I'd have to go alone if I went at all."

"What are your views?"

"Well, I'm a Methodist, and my husband, he's one o' those here Knights o' Pythias."

HOW HE KNEW HIM.

"Yes," said the old man, this here boy is cut out for one o' them literary fellers."

"Sure of it?"

"Plum shore!"

"Well, in the first place, the hair on his head is as long as a hame string; he's fond o' fried singin'-birds; would rather write his name in the sand than plough a mile in it; don't know the value of a dollar, an' eats at the table like he thought every meal wuz a-goin, to be the last!"

Don't think that eruption of yours can be cured. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla—its virtue is its power to cure.

SILENT MARRIAGES.

Among curious and remarkable marriages none, perhaps, have a more pathetic interest attached to them than those in which the contracting parties are either deaf or dumb.

Such a ceremony was conducted some months ago in East Dulwich, when a deaf and dumb bride and bridegroom were united in holy wedlock. The bridegroom, Mr. George Barber, was the son of two old and widely-respected people, and an exceptionally talented carver of wood. He first met his bride, Miss Alice Bray, at a deaf and dumb institute at Margate, where they were both educated. Their marriage was witnessed by hundreds of people, many of them being old fellow-students of the young couple and deaf and dumb themselves. The marriage service was first read and then interpreted to the happy couple by gesture, and they, of course, made the responses in the sign language.

A similar ceremony was conducted at Southsea some months ago, when a Mr. Charles Kennayl married a Miss Jane Baker, both being deaf and dumb, as well as the officiating minister. As in the aforementioned case, the marriage ceremony was first of all read in the ordinary way and then translated to the couple by the chaplain of the deaf and dumb in the Diocese of Winchester.

It is seldom that one hears of a woman possessing all her five senses marrying a deaf and dumb man. Such a ceremony took place a short time ago in Liverpool, the bride spending all her leisure hours previous to the marriage in acquiring a knowledge from her lover of the sign language. The marriage service way, of course, conducted by means of the finger alphabet, and so expert had the bride become that she was able to follow the silent ceremony quite as quickly as the man to whom she was being united.

Although the following instance of a blind wedding does not come under the category of silent marriages, yet it is of such an interesting and unique character that it certainly deserves to be placed on record.

This blind wedding took place at Cleveland, in the house of Mr. George W. De Wesse, the secretary of the Blind People's Association. The bridegroom was Mr. W. M. Moore and the bride Miss Lizzie Brown, both of whom were blind. The knot was tied by Justice of the Peace Dwight Palmer, who was also blind, the best man being similarly afflicted. One of the most extraordinary features of this marriage was that fifty blind guests were invited, while an orchestra composed of blind men played the wedding march.—Tit-Bits.

HE WANTED THE BEST.

A little story, which emphasized the fact that there is a great deal of human nature where one would scarcely expect to discover it, is told of an old Quaker. Many years ago, when church organs were regarded with disfavor by many people, it was proposed to introduce one into a New England meeting-house, one of the pillars of which was an old man of Quaker blood.

He was one of the most violent opponents to the plan, and expressed his views so strongly that the person who was collecting money for the organ, when it was at last decided to have it, did not venture to call upon the old Quaker for a subscription.

He met him on the street one day, and was greatly surprised when the old man took out a substantial-looking wallet, and presented him with a most generous sum to add to his collection.

"Why," stammered the young man, "I—I am greatly obliged, sir, but I hardly thought you would care to be asked to contribute."

"My son," said the Quaker, "if thee will worship the Lord by machinery, I would like thee to have a first-rate instrument."

SECRET OF A LONG LIFE.

You sometimes see a women whose old age is exquisite as was the perfect bloom of her youth. You wonder how it is her life has been a long and happy one. Here are some of the reasons:

She knew how to forget disagreeable things.

She kept her nerves well in hand and inflicted them upon no one.

She mastered the art of saying pleasant things.

She did not expect too much from her friends.

She made whatever work came to her congenial.

She retained all her illusions, and did not believe all the world wicked and unkind.

She relieved the miserable, and sympathized with the sorrowful.

She never forgot that kind words and a smile cost nothing, but are priceless treasures to the sorrowful.

She did unto others as she would be done by, and now that old age has come to her and there is a halo of white hair about her head, she is loved and considered. There is the secret of long life and a happy one.

ENGLISH BEEF.

The King of Portugal, although entirely against the doctor's advice, is a somewhat great meat eater, and thinks no form of cooking comes up to that of the English. When staying in England a few years ago he visited Lord Salisbury's beautiful seat at Hatfield. During the dinner, the conversation naturally turned upon the royal visit and the Duke of York—now the Prince of Wales—who was present, said to the King, "Now, what has impressed your majesty most during your short stay in England?"

"The King of Portugal replied, thoughtfully: "Well, I think the English roast beef is very delightful!"

"Oh!" laughed his royal highness, "but surely something else has impressed your majesty as well?"

"Ah!" enthusiastically replied the King, of course! The English boiled beef is also delightful."

WHAT TO

Little Tommy
was so very
He wouldn't
thing.
Wherever h
He couldn't catch
He couldn't c
Upon the slowest
No matter how
He couldn't catch th
If that had been
And, though he had th
He couldn't catch a
But papa saw him teasing
His baby brother Ben,
And you can just make up y
mind
That he caught something
then.

SAVING THE PUMP.

"I have just come from Mandy Shvont's," said Mrs. Brown, dropping wearily into a chair and fanning herself with her wide hat. "I ain't prepared to say Mandy is touched in the head, not yet, but I do say she's certainly odd."

"How's Mandy getting along?" asked her companion.

"Hard. Getting along just the hardest way possible. It's discouraging trying to make her live easy."

"What has she done now—washed the barn floor?"

"No. Worse. You remember when Jud was here this summer he said it was a shame for his mother to lift water out of that old well, and being he was a plumber, he spent his whole vacation and a good deal of money piping water into the house, and putting a pump in the sink. It was just as handy as could be, and he went off to the city feeling real proud.

Now I was down there this morning and found her lugging water out of the old well. I talked up smart to her and what do you think she said?"

The pause was ostensibly made for possible conjectures, but in reality to give weight to the coming statement.

She said she wanted to keep the brass good and bright on the pump, so Jud would find it as good as new when he comes home. I labored with her, and talked pretty plain, but I couldn't turn her; and when we went into the kitchen, there was the pump wrapped up in newspapers to keep it clean. She took them off to show me how clean she had kept it.

I told her it would be a real comfort to her when she was laid up with a broken back to know that the pump was in good order; and do you believe it, she looked at me as innocent as a child, and says, "Won't it?" I could not trust myself to speak, so I just come off home. I declare somebody ought to write to Jud!" and Mrs. Brown began to work briskly, as if to drown her unpleasant reflections.

HE TRIED IT ON A DOG.

A pretty story is told of an attempt of the Queen Dowager of Italy to have her husband follow the example of his father and dye his hair black—the fashion among elderly Piedmontese officers; her pleadings were in vain. Humbert's was an honest nature that did not love these subterfuges. Seeing petition was in vain, the queen had recourse to strategem. She caused a quantity of fine hair-dye to be sent from Paris and put in the king's dressing room, together with directions for its use, making, however, no allusion to the subject. The king said nothing, though he could not fail to have seen the pigments. Now the queen had a large white poodle of which she was very fond. What was her horror, a few days later, to see her pet come running into her room with his candid locks of the deepest blue-black. King Humbert had expended the dyes upon the poodle. From that day forth the subject of hair-dyeing was dropped between the royal couple.—St. James' Gazettte.

THE ORIGIN OF A JOKE.

Dr. Pinders Floterle, the eminent archaeologist, announces that he has deciphered the cuneiform inscription on a tablet he excavated in the plains of Assyria, and believes that it is a copy of a pre-historic comic paper. Among other items it contained the following merry jest, which bears a strangely familiar sound:

"Now, there were gathered together at the place of telling stories many of them that have lived long in the land, and one of them lifted up his voice, and said:

"Behold, it growth cold with much extremeness."

"Whereupon another made answer, saying:

"Verily, it doth. But let us separate and get hence, for here cometh Methusaleh, the aged, and if we tarry he will even tell us again of the cold spell of the year 10."

"And they got hence with much speed."

THE WORLD'S LOOKING GLASS.

We may be pretty certain that persons whom all the world treats ill, deserve entirely the treatment they get. The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly companion; and so let all young persons take their choice.

It Surpasses All Others.

MALT BREAKFAST FOOD.

The Best For Young and Old For the Strong and Weak.

THE BREAKFAST DISH OF ROYALTY.

Malt Breakfast Food rich in Malt, Gluten and Phosphates, predigested and free from insoluble starch, is the one perfect cereal food for the nourishment of the body, nerves and brain. Its marvellous building-up virtues bless the young and old, the strong and weak. Ask your Grocer for a package.