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—AT THE—

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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 Street and Frederick Street. 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. L. P. & S. GLASGOW. MEMBER HAYNES 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 DAYS.—First and third Tuesdays, Brookville; Friday, Rockwood. The latest anæsthetic used if desired.

LEGAL.

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

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. A. P. HUSBAND, V. S. Graduate Ontario Veterinary College. Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society. Office—Over Worden's Harber Shop, east 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.

W. M. 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 $800 and upwards.

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

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $185,000.

THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY. Established 1840. Head Office - - GUELPH, ONT. INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 343, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

Sun Savings and Loan Co

HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT

Authorized Capital - $3,000,000.00

Ten-year maturity shares are paid. Monthly Instalments of 50c. per share for 12 months, when payments have been 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

PUBLIC TELEPHONE STATIONS

Place the vast facilities of the Telephone System at the disposal of every one.

Are convenient for the use of non-subscribers.

THE BELL TELEPHONE CO. OF CANADA.

My Retiring from Business

..SALE..

Is Still Going on.

Fancy Note Papers and Envelopes to match. Office Stationery, Wall Paper, Bibles, Hammocks.

AT COST.

The stock is for sale en bloc at so much on the dollar.

A $25,000 Stock.

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

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Capital $6,000,000
Rest 2,700,000

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.

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

"The Overland Limited"
ELECTRIC LIGHTED
..TO..
CALIFORNIA
Via THE UNION PACIFIC.
THIS TRAIN REALY IS
A First-Class Modern Hotel
WITH....
Handsome Parlors
Drawing Rooms
Bed Chambers
Boudoirs
Libraries
Smoking and Reading Rooms
Barber Shops
Bath Rooms, hot and cold water
Superbly Appointed Dining Room
Glittering with
Mirrors
Cut Glass
Fragrant Flowers
Electric Candelibra,
Promenades
Observation Rooms
Electric Lights
Telephones
Electric Reading Lamps
Perfect Heat, Etc.
Runs every day in the year.
Full Information Cheerfully Furnished on Application to
G. G. HERRING, G. A.
126 Woodard Ave.,
DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

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.
Bill stuff cut to order.
Slabs, stove length, $1.25 a double cord at the mill.
P. Sayers, Proprietor

—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Capital paid-up, $1,000,000
Assets Over $9,000,000.
Guelph Branch
(NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE)
Savings Bank Department
HIGHEST CURRENT RATE OF INTEREST paid on sums deposited of $1 and upwards. Interest allowed from date of deposit to date of withdrawal ... paid or compounded half yearly.
Advances made to responsible farmers on their own names at the lowest current rates. No charge made for collecting sales notes if payable in Guelph.
A general banking business transacted.
A. F. H. JONES, Manager.

Write for Our Prices on Ice Cream Freezers ?

Any regular size from two quart to ten quart.

We like enquiries for any goods in our line.

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. 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 Powdes, 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.

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

ICE CREAM--
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 apply 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

EMERTON 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 HORTON,
PROPRIETOR

Poetry.

POLLY'S COMING HOME.

Tell the neighbors, Lish, as you drive to-night
That Polly, my Polly, is coming home.
That's why the place looks alive with light,
That's why I've put on my silver comb
And my best black silk, and have set the table
With honey and chicken and yellow cream,
I have gathered roses and ferns and heather,
And made her room like a fairy's dream.

Polly, my Polly! I've watched all day,
Doing my work in a happy maze.—
I've travelled down from that great hot town,
And counted the mile-stones, glad to gaze
On the dear old birches all a-quiver,
And the fields with the daisies gold and white,
And the tangle of green on the edge of the river,
I've laughed to see them with Polly's sight.

Down the hollow and up the rise,
The old stage coach has rumbled along,
Climbing our hills that melt in the skies,
Skirting our brooks so swift and strong.
Polly, my Polly, home from college,
Coming back to her Dad and me!
Lish, as you drive, just tell the neighbors,
They'll all be glad as glad can be.

Father, here, quick with the lantern, please,
The stage is turning in at our lane,
I feel the blood growing weak at my knees,
I'm dizzy with joy, she 'tis love's own pain—
Oh! here is my girl, she flies to mother,
Straight as ever a bird to her nest.
Darling, my Polly, 'twas lonesome without you,
Welcome to them that love you best.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Select Family Reading.

His Mother's ..Dinner..

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

FOUR girls sat around a pretty lunch table on which was spread a very nice little meal. The room was taste fully furnished, and the dress of the hostess—the latest thing in tea-gowns—proved that she had an ample purse at command. So in fact, did the china, the silver, the damask upon the board.

The tea-gown, the little cap perched upon the lovely hair, all the matronly affectations of dress, as well as the wedding-ring and keeper upon her finger, were tokens that she had now been married a year. But as her guests studied her face, they became aware that it wore a worried, puckered look that they had never seen upon it in the days of her brief single-blessedness, and being near relations, and very intimate, they did not make polite pretence of not noticing it.

"You don't look well, my dear," said her cousin Persis, breaking the silence.

"You don't look comfortable, somehow," said sister Fanny. "I know that look of old."

"You look cross," said Fleda, plumply, taking another tea-biscuit from the plate. "That is the long and short of it, Penelope."

"Thank you," said Penelope, tossing her head. But suddenly she set the plate she was about passing to her guests down upon the table again, flashed a little scrap of lace and linen cambric from some mysterious recess of the tea-gown, and applied it to her eyes.

"I am cross," said she. "I am uncomfortable; and I am—very nearly sick. Girls, I confess to you that I am utterly miserable."

"I thought," said Fleda, who was not yet seventeen, "that when they were once married they always lived happily ever afterward."

"That is because you have read too many fairy-tales, Fleda," said Persis, who was studying medicine. "I believe, for my part that the only true happiness for a woman lies in a single life."

"That is because you have attended all that horrid Mrs. Hateman's lectures," retorted Fleda. "She's just like Gregnon, the witch in Precious and Percinet.

"Certainly, whichever is right," said Fanny, who was engaged to one William Watson, as they all knew, "we thought that Penelope and Laurence Chapone were just too utterly happy for anything."

"We were," sobbed Penelope. "Oh we were!"

"He hasn't taken to beating you, has he?" asked Persis.

"Why! what a question! Of course not!" screamed Penelope.

"There are a number of cases of wife-beating in high circles, I am told," said Persis.

"Gregnon again," cried Fleda.

"At all events," said Persis, "I had as soon be lashed with a whip as with a tongue."

"Laurence is incapable of scolding," said Mrs. Chapone.

"But it is Laurence?" said Fanny.

"It is always the husband when one is married," said Persis.

"Yes, I confess it is Laurence. He—he—he is always talking about his mother's cooking," sobbed Penelope, fairly breaking down.

The girls tried to look grave, but could not do it. Fleda went off into one of her ringing laughs first; Fanny followed; Persis added her "ha, ha, ha!" and Penelope looked at them indignantly.

"I confide in you, and you ridicule me," said she.

"Oh, Penelope," cried Fanny, "I expected greater originality of you. I thought you two might come to grief over the thinness of the wheat, or the 'fourth dimension of space,' or Robert Elsmere, or Bacon wrote Shakespeare, or something of that sort; but 'his mothers cooking!'—the joke of country papers for a century. You cannot really mean it."

"She does," said Persis. Mrs. Hateman alluded to that subject. At home, no doubt, her grieved his mother by criticising her cooking, but he used her for a weapon by means of which to subdue his wife."

"No such thing, indeed!" said Penelope. "Laurence is incapable of such conduct. He really did love the things his mother made for him. Now I deal with a good baker; I have Vienna bread; I vary the sorts, all light and good; and I think I know about meals and vegetables, and I like fruit desserts. I can buy so much that is good, but it is that old New England home-made cookery that Laurence pines for. The other day he said in quite a tragic way, 'Oh, for one of those dear old boiled apple dumplings.'"

"Awfully indigestible," said Persis, in her doctor's voice.

"I went to visit dear Mrs. Chapone before I was married," said Penelope," and you went with me, Fanny."

"How kind she was," said Fanny. "She was always cooking something good—"

"Good!" said Penelope. "Oh, Fanny, I love and respect my mother-in-law. She is the salt of the earth. But everything swam in grease."

"The bread came to the table from the oven," said Fanny.

"Four kinds each meal," said Penelope. Coffee, tea, chocolate, pies, waffles, for the breakfast. Bacon, fried potatoes, fried everything—"

"And she made one taste it all," laughed Fanny.

"When we got home," said Penelope, "we went to bed, and had a bilious attack apiece. All that time Laurence lived in the country, out of doors all the while, on huckleback in the open air for hours, rowing, fishing, super intending the farm work, leading a hand himself. You know lumber men up in Maine can live on fat pork and beans. But now he comes from his office to the flat, or walks a block or two after tea. If he takes me anywhere we ride usually. I know he would not like the same things, but it has gotten to be a mania with him."

"Just so," said Persis; "and you suffer."

"Why don't you tell him all that?" asked Fanny."

"Why, if I were to hint that his mother's cooking might not be the best known on earth, we should quarrel," said Penelope. "Already I am so sick of that continual repetition of home-made bread that I want to shriek when I hear it. I tried to make a batch, and Bridget tried to make another, and the result was not encouraging."

"I don't know what you are to do," said Fanny.

"Rather tyranny from the first, Penelope, suggested Persis.

"I know what you ought to do," said Fleda. "Ask his mother down. Let her cook for you for a month. She'll do it. She'll know just how her poor boy suffers from want of proper nourishment. She'll come, and you will see."

"I don't know but what you are right," said Penelope. "My sister-in-law knows all her ways now, and is old enough to be left in charge, and Ma Chapone just adores Laurence. Perhaps I can learn to do all those greasy things and make four kinds of hot bread every day. I'd do anything to make Laurence happy."

"Remember I put it into your head," said Fleda. "If I am rather young yet, and don't like Mrs. Hateman's lectures, and do read fairy tales, I have an original idea or two now and then."

And shortly after the three girls tied on their bonnets and went home, and Mrs. Laurence Chapone sat down to write a letter to her mother-in-law.

"Your mother is here," said Penelope, one afternoon, as her husband entered the dining-room. She is out in the kitchen, getting you up one of her dinners. I wrote, dear, and asked her to come and teach me her ways."

"You are an angel," said Laurence. "Dear mother, what a perfect woman she is! And if you only approach her in cooking—"

Then he rushed out into the kitchen, where, amidst steam and a smell of frying, shone his mother's round and rosy face.

"We're just dishing the pot-roast, dear," said she, "and it's beautifully larded with the pork. And you shall have apple fritters to-day. There wasn't quite time for dumplings. Wheat bread and biscuit, Indian and rye, all turned out well. And I've just tossed up a cheese pudding and got the chocolate right. Biddy is as smart as can be to learn."

"With an illigant cook like yourself to the fore, it's a pleasure, marm," said Biddy. "I haven't seen such lashings since I come from Ballyboffay."

"And so, with smiles and pleasant talk, the four weeks' visit and the meals his mother cooked began.

It occurred to Penelope sometimes that they principally lived on butter, had drippings and sweet oil. The very soup was covered with little globules of fat. The hiss of the frying pan awoke her at dawn. There were always jars of "oily cooks"—vulgarly called doughnuts—on the shelves.

Before she went to bed Mrs. Chapone cheered her son with chocolate of the richest sort and Welch rarebit, or with lobster salad and coffee, with beaten eggs.

Penelope took her lessons patiently, and lived in a world of smoke and frizzle, devoted the hours she had spent over her music to beating eggs or straining plum puddings, adopted cooking aprons permanently, and was free from a headache.

Laurence also complained of his head, but his devoted wife never hinted that a whole mince pie after fried scallops galore for breakfast might be the cause of it.

"We haven't seen anything of Penelope for an age," said Cousin Persis, one day. "Can't you run over, Fleda? You have nothing to do."

"Oh! as to nothing to do," said Fleda—"But I'll go." And she went.

When she reached Penelope's flat, the door was ajar, and she entered unannounced. There was no one in the parlor, but from the dining-room she heard Penelope's voice:

"Can't you eat anything, dear?"

"A little weak tea and a slice of dry toast—no butter," replied another voice—that of Laurence—but, never had it been so lugubrious.

"But, Laurence, dear, I can cook everything in your mother's style now," said Penelope. "Won't you have a few fritters?"

"Fritters!" cried Laurence, with an expression of disgust.

"And there is still a mince die." I can heat it at once," said Penelope.

"Don't mention mince pie," said Laurence. "My dear, this is excellent."

"And for dinner?" said Penelope.

"Some plain boiled mutton and potatoes, stale baker's bread, and some oranges," said Laurence.

Fleda smothered a laugh as she made her appearance in the dining-room.

Laurence was very yellow. His nose was red and there were pimples at the corners of his mouth. Penelope's skin was a little rough, and her eyes were not as bright as usual.

"How do you do, Laurence?" Fleda said.

"Not well," said Laurence.

"Nor I," said Penelope.

"We are both bilious," said Laurence, "but we are in the doctor's hand's, and shall get over it no doubt. Good-bye, dear; don't go into that hot kitchen to-day; Bridget can quite manage our plain dinner. Remember—no sweets nor fats—none of those greasy messes. We must diet."

"Well?" said Fleda, looking at her cousin.

"I took your advice, dear," said Penelope, "and Ma Chapone has been cooking for me for a month, and so kind, so sweet she has been, and I've learned all her receipts. The principle is easy—soak everything in grease and eat everything red hot."

"Yes," said Fleda. "Well?"

"And now he won't let me cook anything," said Penelope. "He spoke of greasy messes" to-day. Fleda, his his mother does not dream of it. I wouldn't have her know for the world; but he has had enough of the good old-fashioned cooking he used to bemoan."

"I knew he would," said Fleda; "that is why I proposed that you should ask her to come."

"Fleda!" cried Penelope, "I thought it was that I might learn to please him."

"Not a bit of it," replied Fleda.

"Fleda, you are very young to be so depraved," sighed Penelope.

"Ingrate! you ought to thank me," said Fleda. "You will never hear about his mother's cooking again."

And Penelope never did.

DIAMOND EXPERTS DECEIVED.

"I am convinced that few people know anything about diamonds, no matter how much they pose as experts," said a young business man, of Philadelphia. "A recent experience of mine has forced me to this conclusion. I bought, as a Christmas present for my wife, a brooch containing a cluster of diamonds, and took occasion to show it to several of my friends at the club. They examined it very closely, looked wise, and then started to show me where my judgment was at fault. Every man seemed to be a diamond expert.

"At any rate, I determined to make a test. I went to one of the imitation diamond stores, and for fifty cents bought a brooch, which I placed in the box that had formerly contained the real one. Again I went to the club, and announced to my critical friends that I had taken their collective advice and, by paying an extra $50, had exchanged the brooch in which they had picked so many flaws. They all agreed that the fifty cent bauble which I showed them was a great improvement over the other, and when I told them of the trick I had played on them they wouldn't believe me. To a man they contended that they couldn't be fooled on diamonds. Now I feel better satisfied with my purchase."—Philadelphia Record.

FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS.

The world has so long been at war with the hapless printer, that it will be interesting to know that at least one compositor, has been capable of following instructions.

Once upon a time a printer brought to Booth for inspection proof of a new poster, which, after the manner of its kind, announced the actor as the eminent tragedian, Edwin Booth.

Mr. Booth did not fully approve of it.

"I wish you'd leave out that 'eminent tragedian' business. I'd much rather have it simple "Edwin Booth," he said.

The next week the actor saw the first of his new bills in position. His request had been carried out to the letter. The poster announced the coming engagement of "Simple Edwin Booth.

THE PROPER CARE OF BOOKS.

Never bend a book back until the binding is cracked or loosened; never leave a book open, face downward, on a chair or table; never turn down the corners of the leaves to mark your place, use a slip of paper or ribbon, if necessary, but a true lover of literature always trains his mind to remember just where he left off, and never cut open the leaves of a book with anything but a paper cutter.

If you are losing appetite, lying awake nights, take Hood's Sarsaparilla—it's just the tonic you need.

PENNIES BY THE TON.

When one has put a penny in the slot and got his correct weight or a piece of chocolate, says Harper's Weekly, he seldom thinks of the thousands of other pennies dropped that very hour into other machines. The companies that own these "automatic venders" receive tons of pennies which they turn back into circulation only through the United States subtreasury, for banks refuse to handle pennies unless they are counted and packed in rolls, and the slot-machine companies would have to hire a large force of clerks to do this, and that would curtail their profits.

The problem of counting pennies for deposit in the sub-treasury is simple. They are weighed in like so many bullets on a scale, which registers not pounds and ounces but dollars and cents.

The collections from the slot machines do not go directly to be weighed. The coin has first to be sorted, for it is mixed with all sorts of refuse—lead weights, buttons, bangles and counterfeits, put into the slot either in a spirit of mischief or to defraud the company. The boys who do this sorting wear antiseptic gloves, for the coins are very dirty and likely to spread disease.

The refuse from the sorting process is usually valuless, although now and then gold pieces, bits of jewellery, gold and silver charms engraved with tender inscriptions find their way into the iron throat of the machine, which swallows only copper cents. Hundreds of German pennies and coins of higher value are found in the machines, put there through carelessness, for in these cases there can be no intention to cheat; there is nothing lower than a cent.

Counterfeits abound. The cost of making is not great, and the per cent. of profit is large. People seldom take the trouble to look carefully at pennies, so counterfeits pass easily. On the Bowery in New York and at Coney Island from one to two per cent of the copper in circulation is said to be spurious.

So the owners of the penny-in-the slot machines have more trouble with the actual money they receive than men in any other business. Making change relieves a street car company from receiving nothing but nickles, but the penny-in-the-slot company must take the actual copper stuff and turn it into more convenient form. On lower Broadway it is no uncommon sight to see a waggon-load of pennies going to the Treasury, in appearance only a load of canvas sacks, but really a clumsy embarrassment of riches.

SLIGHT MISTAKE.

While there is undoubtedly great beauty to be found in the wonderful old tapestries to be seen in some of the European castles, their designs are not always clear to the uninitated admirer. A party of young women going through an English castle, were shown a celebrated piece of tapestry, for which the castle is famed.

Their guide was an elderly spinster of grim aspect, who conducted them about the great house with much solemnity, making appropriate remarks on each of the treasures she exhibited. At last pointing to several groups of figures on the tapestry she said, addressing the eldest of the group of visitors, whom she had treated with somewhat more of graciousness than the others:

"These, miss, represent scenes in the life of Jacob."

"Oh yes, how interesting!" said the young woman, looking doubtfully at one group where two figures in dingy raiment were represented in close proximity to each other. "Now I suppose," she said, after some moments of careful inspection, smiling confidently at the stern showwoman, "I suppose that is Jacob kissing Rachel."

"No, miss, said the elderly female with an air of mingled pity and contempt, "then he Jacob and the angel wrestling."

A PHENOMENAL DIVE.

Prof. Oscar Browning, of Cambridge, tells in the June Century this anecdote of the Prince Consort at Eton School, in which he took great interest:

The Prince used to bathe frequently at the masters' bathing-place, and he found there, on one occasion, two of the staff whom he knew to be accomplished divers. Having a passion for statistics, which he had derived from Professor Quetelet at Brussels, he asked how long they could remain under water, and desired to witness a specimen of their ability. In the middle of the stream was a small island, covered by a willow-tree. One of the bathers, afterwards a most distinguished bishop, jumped in and swam under water to this island, coming up under the branches of the tree. After resting a few minutes, he entered the water again, and arrived panting at the steps. The Prince was gazing at his watch, and acknowledged that this was a longer dive than he had ever heard or read of.

A DELICATE QUESTION.

A story of a conversation between a traveller, visiting at a popular resort, and one of the permanent residents, is told by the Ram's Horn:

"I am a stranger here, sir; can you direct me to a first-rate church?"

"Oh, yes, right around the corner."

"What sort of a preacher have they got?"

"A very good man."

"Interesting?"

"Intensely so."

"Eloquent?"

"Very."

"The best preaching in town, I suppose?"

"Unquestionably."

"What's his name?"

"Ah, my friend, that is a question which modesty forbids me to answer."

LIP CONTROL.

Know much, but little speak; how often slips
The elf of mischief through loquacious lips.
Wise silence is the height of self control;
Who curbs his speech can bridle all his soul.

The word unfitly spoken, that sure seed
Of keen remorse and many a poisonous weed,
Made Zacharias, Israel's priest of old,
For many a tedious week his peace to hold.

The measure of your manhood is the power
You have to guard lips in the evil hour;
The perfect Man, though grieved, was never heard
To speak peevish or impulsive word.

The great man, when assailed by slander's tales
Is silent, knowing character, not words prevail;
The smaller man, to prove his innocence,
Perturbed, sets up a garrulous defence.—

Speak to a person's face, nor courage lack,
Or hold your tattling tongue behind his back;
The devil hatches out of verbal sins
A black brood of his dearest devilkins,
And when the babbling telltale finds her place
Beside your hearth, have you the manly grace
To lend an inappreciative ear—
She'll cease to tattle when you cease to hear.

TIPPING IN SWITZERLAND.

The London correspondent of the New York Times recently called attention to the fact that Swiss hotel proprietors and commercial travellers had by convention fixed a system of tips. This was held at Olten by the Society of Hotel Proprietors and others interested in the question. The convention drew up a tariff of tips, which consists of a fixed maximum sum to be paid by the tourist to hotel servants. The tariff is to be posted up in all hotels, cafes, and public places of amusement this season, and it will be curious to note how the system will work. Visitors are requested to abide by these regulations as far as possible, and give only the tariff's fares. A further question as to whether the tourist should himself tip the servants or hand over the necessary sum to the hotel proprietor for distribution has not yet been settled.

The waiters are now thinking of organizing, for the proprietors of the majority of hotels of Switzerland shamefully underpay their staff—from the directeur to the boot-boy. As a natural consequence, the employees prey upon the visitors, in order to supplement their meagre pay, with the result that the traveller often pays away in tips more than the amount of his hotel bill. Few have been able to face the withering contempt of a hall full of servants gathering together to wish him 'bon voyage' without loosening the strings of his purse.

A short time ago an American tried the experiment of declining to pay tips. This is what happened to him. His trunks and bags were always the last to be put into the railway omnibus; he met with vexatious delays at every turn; he received brusque answers; his hot water, when it did arrive, was cold; at table d'hote he invariably received the leavings of the table, and on three occasions he missed his train. He at last gave up his system of reform in despair, and to make up for the discomfort of three months paid up liberally. A few chalk marks on his luggage—unintelligible hieroglyphics to the tourist—had branded him as a miser on all his travels.

A GOLF SERMON.

To illustrate his text, "Thou are not far from the Kingdom of God," an Edinburgh minister the other day drew upon familiar golf expressions. He said:

"Not far from the Kingdom of God" is not within it. That is how I would put it. "Never up, never in." I dare say those of you who are golfers know what that means, and I am sure if you have ever paid any attention to the game you will be struck by the way in which the game of golf seems to reproduce the common scenes of life. Those of you who don't play may know that the great object is to put the little white ball into the little hole. So long as you are short of that, if you don't do it—well, the other man does it before you. He has won the hole. And in doing this, when you come to what is called the "putting green", and you take your putt—it may be a beautiful putt, it may run straight to the hole, but if it stops short you will say to yourself, and your partner will say to you, "Never up, never in. It is a beauty, but it wants legs." And that is just exactly the situation here—not far from the kingdom. You may be "lying dead", as we say. The next shot is sure to do it. "Never up, never in."

The Sight of it Whets The Appetite.

MALT BREAKFAST FOOD

Always a Welcome Dish At The Morning Meal.

MANY USE IT TWICE A DAY IN THE HOT WEATHER.

Malt Breakfast Food, is a blessing to thousands in the hot weather. Amongst those who toil with brain and muscle, a large proportion have weak and fitting appetites, and were it not for a relished dish of delicious Malt Breakfast Food, the duties and labors of the day could not be properly met. Malt Breakfast Food whets the weary appetite. It is always a welcomed dish at the morning meal. Many with great advantage use it for breakfast and supper in the hot weather. Try it for a week and note your gain in strength. You will recommends it.