The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $150,000. THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY. Established 1840. Head Office - GUELPH, ONT. INSURANCES on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 225, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

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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

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

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.

—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 notes 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 Craem 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. each. 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.

"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, Library, Smoking and Reading Rooms, Barber Shops, Bath Rooms, (hot and cold water), Superbly Appointed Dining Rooms 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.

ACTON SAW MILLS. LUMBER, LATH SHINGLES AND WOOD. DRESSED LUMBER, ROUGH LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES AND STOVE WOOD OF ALL KINDS KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND. James Brown. Terms Cash.

Sun Savings and Loan Co HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT. Authorized Capital - $8,000,000.00. Ten-year maturity shares are paid Monthly Instalments of 50c. per share for 12 months, when payments cease—$50 00 paid in—maturity value $100.00. Money to loan at 5% straight loan or repayable in monthly instalments on application to R. J. McNabb, Agent, Acton

Poetry.

IS IT TRUE?

A bird in hand worth two in a bush?
Ay, any kind of a bird; a robin or thrush,
An oriole with a golden wing,
Or an eagle, of all birds the king;
If in a bush, I must declare
That you or I would never dare
To say they will fall to our share;
For while we thus all boldly say,
'Tis likely the birds will fly away.

A bird in hand—ay, one in cage—
In your very own; you may engage,
If you keep the cage secure and tight
By day, and hang it so high at night
That cat can never bear it away
And eat it as she would other prey,
Two near your window may trill and sing,
And music soft to your ear may bring
Far more sweet than orchestra band;
Because, while you say "I count them mine,"
They soar your thought to divine,
And soar and fly so near to the sky
They are gone e'en to the sight of the eye.

You have heard the tale of the maid, who said:
"The pail of milk I hold on my head
Will buy a gown of the choicest hue,
A ribbon to match; 'tis likely, too,
For what the milk brings in today
For sitting eggs I mean to pay.
The chickens will hatch, and then I guess
That those I sell will buy the dress."
At this the maid grew so elate
She heeded not her present state,
She tossed her head; down came the milk;
And thus was lost the gown of silk.
The bird in hand, we might have said,
The pail of milk on the maiden's head;
Two in the bush the dress so gay,
That as white wings far flew away:
If she the first had held with care,
And not counted those in the bush that were,
She might perchance have made it buy
The prize she wanted so earnestly.

A bird in hand worth two in a bush?
Ay, any kind of bird, a robin or thrush;
And so of jewel we say, or ring,
Or gold, or gem, or anything;
'Tis only when they are in hand
You may count them yours. House or land,
No stock in trade, if ever so great,
If they belong to another's estate,
Are not worth very much to you;
The birds in the bush they are, 'tis true.
The bird in hand, its price count high;
The two in the bush, let them stay or fly.

—ANNA E. WALKER.

Select Family Reading.

A Trial Trip.

ELIZABETH STONE had been afflicted all her life with a deep ambition to be somebody. She was undoubtedly clever. Everybody said so; but her talent was evenly distributed in half a dozen ways.

In short, she was qualified to make some rich man happy, yet nothing was farther from her intentions.

She analyzed herself thoroughly, and at last concluded that the world of literature needed her, and that fame stood beckoning with outstretched hands.

Now Elizabeth never did anything by halves, and accordingly the little west chamber underwent a singular change. An old oak desk, that had been her father's, found itself once more in favor; a couch and a few cushions, a student's lamp, and a shelf of reference books gave the place quite the air of a study. A few good posters, and a head of William Morris, together with a brown stone jug of ink and a ream of Manilla paper completed the equipment.

She contemplated the purchase of a typewriter. Of course she could not use one, but its atmosphere was good. On second thought, however, she concluded to wait and buy it with the proceeds of her first story.

Weeks of hard work followed. Her mail increased twofold. Letters came from all points of the compass, but their contents were always the same. She could read them with her eyes shut.

"The editors of—are glad to have had the opportunity of examining the enclosed manuscript, and regret that they do not find it available."

Still, fame stretched forth her shadowy hands and Elizabeth toiled on.

Early in the spring a new factor in her work appeared. This was Robert Lane. He belonged to that class of men that women abominate. He was too big and good looking to awake their slightest sympathy; too ambitionless and happy-go-lucky to command their admiration, and, above all, he was a firm believer in that old, exploded theory, that a woman has more heart than brain, and that she really needs his love.

Still he had redeeming traits, and Elizabeth, who was beginning to look at all men as "material" concluded that he might be worth cultivating. She would make a thorough study of him, at any rate, for her art's sake.

The next story was sold. The next and the next went to market and brought back their returns.

"Betty," said her brother one day, "what do you know of love? Not an atom, and yet that little sketch would make one think you felt it all!"

The weeks melted away. Elizabeth had never been so happy before. Of course, it was simply the realization of her own strength, and knowledge that the world held out a welcome.

As for Robert, he was a splendid subject. They walked and drove together in all her leisure hours; they took long trips out into the country and sat till twilight in the tall, deep grass, and did a thousand foolish things!

Elizabeth wore her most becoming gowns, because—well, just because! She baked all sorts of toothsome things, she never knew just why; and the stories grew better and better as the days went by.

The year was beginning to grow old. The asters and the golden-rod had held their summer fete, and the leaves had danced until they lay, all tired out, in russet heaps.

Robert had proposed spending an afternoon in the canyon, and they had started with the coffee-pot for chaperone, for it was to be their last camp supper of the year.

They followed the creek up towards its head, upon the stepping stones, and laid the supper cloth among the ferns, like happy children.

"Betty," he said at last, "what makes you good to me?"

The girl sat, looking past him, up to where the mountain line was turning pink against the sky. The man bent towards her. She laughed, but there was a tremble in it, and still she looked away.

"I haven't been good," she said, shaking her head slowly, "only to myself!"

A great gladness came to Robert's eyes. "Oh, Betty," he said, "I—"

"Yes, only to myself," she went on hurriedly. "You see, I needed you in my—work, you know. I-I-I oh, you understand, I wanted you to study from; that's all!"

Lane drew in his breath sharply as if something had hurt him, and looked at the girl in a dull, stupid way.

The light on the mountains was changing now. The pink was turning into violet. Perhaps it was the reflection that made Elizabeth so white.

Robert rose at last, slowly, as a sick man does, and she watched him as he went down the path for the team. Mechanically, she gathered up the fragments of their little feast, and put them away; then sat waiting with her hands clasped tightly.

It was sometime before he came. The mountains had grown gray and cold. Deep purple shadows were upon their face, and Robert was like them.

He helped her into the rig without a word. The drove homeward silently. The road seemed long and lonely, and Elizabeth was cold.

A choir of crickets commenced their twilight serenade. Lights began to glimmer from the little houses along the road, and children's voices reached them now and then, like a memory through the years.

"By Jove!" said Robert Lane, when they were nearly in town, "I almost forgot! I'm going east next week!"

Elizabeth felt the blood going to her brain; her ears rang.

"You see," he went on, "my vacation has been a long one, and I must be getting back to work. Old ties and old friends are calling me, and, after all, 'there's no place like home,' is there?" He glanced at Elizabeth. She was sitting erect. Her lips were compressed and her eyes had grown strangely dark.

There was the suspicion of a twinkle in Robert's own eyes as he continued: "We've been good companions you and I, and I'll never forget the jolly times we've had together. You've quite won me over to your theories, too. This talk of woman's realm is old fogyism! Bread and biscuit and babies. They have interested our great grandmothers, but to women of to-day, with their advanced 'mental concepts,' it's all twaddle! You've got the right kind of stuff in you—no sentimental nonsense. Just believe in yourself and go ahead, and you'll bring up with the best of us!"

Elizabeth did not sleep that night. She sat up, staring out of the window at the stars. The coffee had been a little strong she told herself. That dull, miserable pain about her heart was indigestion.

A letter came from Robert a week later. He had been so busy at the last, that there had been no time to call on even the oldest friends. He wished her success in her work, and hoped that some day in future years their paths would cross again. He had a secret to tell her too. On the night of the fifteenth he would be with the one woman he could love. He would ask her to be his wife. Would she, Elizabeth, remember him, and pray for him and wish him well?

"Elizabeth Stone sat in her study with the letter in her hands. She read it once, twice. Of course she did not care. Why should she? Their friendship had been purely platonic; she had found in him what she wanted a model. He would be one tiny stone in a great wall of fame with which she would surround her life. She was happy, she told herself, but she laughed as a women does when her heart is breaking.

On the fifteenth! It was just a week now. All through the days that followed she worked with a fierce determination, and perhaps it was because she was weary that she lay at night with her heart pressed up hard against the pillow. Once, she woke, with a cry, her arms outstretched in the darkness. It was only a pitiful longing for fame, of course.

The evening of the fifteenth dragged itself around, and Elizabeth went to her study and closed the door. She commenced a dozen things—threw each in turn aside, and sat staring unseeingly into space. The clock ticked noisily, and the atmosphere of the room seemed to stifle her. She opened the window. Cool night air flooded in heavy with the breath of roses.

The arbor where Robert used to smoke was white with roses still.

Moved by an irresistible impulse, she slipped out, and, closing the door, behind her, hurried down the path.

The arbor looked forlorn and lonely. A band of checkered moonlight fell through the lattice to the vacant seat, and Elizabeth saw it through a mist of sudden tears. She ran past—on down the drive to the berry patch and out into the kitchen garden beyond. The gooseberry bushes caught at her frock, and a twig from the peach tree fastened itself unheedingly in her hair.

A cab stopped at the corner. It had come in haste from the overland depot. As the occupant sprang out, a passer-by grasped him by the shoulder and turned him suddenly around.

"Bob Lane, as I'm a sinner!" said the captor. "Why, we thought you were in the east."

"So I was for four days," replied the traveller, laughing; "a flying trip I'll admit. But you see I have an appointment with your sister—Elizabeth."

"Betty?" asked her brother. "Why she never told us. She's gone off too. Mother's been looking for her. She's not in the study, nor—"

A singular light had been creeping into Robert's eyes.

"I'll find her," he said quietly and was gone.

He tiptoed across the lawn to the arbor. "Elizabeth," he called softly. There was no reply. A breeze rustled in the leaves and set the shadows to dancing. "Betty," he called again.

Out in the kitchen garden Elizabeth was pacing restlessly. Just "once" she pleaded with herself, just for one minute to sit where he used to be! She paused irresolutely—half turning about—paused again, then fled up the drive.

She did not see the figure in the shadow. She did not see his outstretched arms until they were folded close to her, then,—

An hour later the moon peered into the arbor to see why they had grown so still, but the reason was such an old one that she wasn't interested.

CHILDREN AND SUNDAY.

Children are apt to find the quiet of Sunday tedious, unless the mother takes pains to make the day enjoyable. That there should be a difference felt by the little ones, from the time they are old enough to notice such things and as they grow up, between the everyday affairs of the week and the one day of rest is accepted as right and just by most thoughtful mothers. Yet it is not wise to forbid little children to play on Sunday, play being as natural to them as to other young creatures. Kittens, lambkins, and kids frisk about and exercise their young limbs, and so, too, should the children, unchecked and unreproved. Yes, even on Saturdays let the little ones play.

Still, the play may be quieter, and not quite like that of a week day. In a certain closet of a certain home, where the children are very happy and are developing beautifully, there are toys for Sunday, never used on any other day, and therefore coming forth with the zest of novelty when the sacred day arrives. Lately, too, a wise woman, long accustomed to infant school teaching and skilled in kindergarten methods, has invented a set of Bible toys, in the shape, easily adjustable, of ladders, stars, and other devices, by which, while playing games, the children are taught the beautiful old Bible stories, as fascinating to the childish ear as stories from Homer or from fairyland—stories of the garden of Eden, of the deluge, of Joseph, of Samson, of Gideon, of Samuel, of David and Goliath, of Solomon and Josiah—and, coming to later times, the wonderful stories of the New Testament. These cards and cords, reversible, and printed on clear type, are a charming addition to the nursery store of games.

There should be a bright atmosphere about the house on Sunday. It ought to be a gala-day, because it is often the only day in which papa and the babies can make each other's acquaintance with any freedom. Many men are obliged to go to business so early, and they return from it so late, that the children are asleep at both ends of the day, and papa is necessarily somewhat a stranger to their lives and interests. The Sunday breakfast should be later, the Sunday dinner more leisurely than the other days, and as a treat the little ones ought to be allowed to sit up longer on Saturday night. If there is a dessert the little ones like very much, then have that on Sunday, and if ever candy is allowable let Sunday afternoon be the time for it. In homes where the mother can play or sing, the children should have their hour of song on Sunday—an hour to remember in other years and in after life.—Harper's Bazar.

BREAKING THE ICE.

The youthful hope of the family, aged eight, ran away from home directly after luncheon. At night-fall he was found under a hedge, fast asleep, and brought back by a neighbor. The family, consisting of the father and mother, were at dinner when the prodigal returned, but in order the more effectually to punish him, ignored him entirely during the progress of the meal. The little one ate his meal in uneasy silence, eyeing his parents furtively from time to time. Dinner over, the mother took up some sewing and went on with it without saying a word to the child. The culprit, who had remained obstinately voiceless since his return, saw he must break the ice, and cast about in his mind for a way that should at once be effectual and carry with it a proper rebuke to his unfeeling parents.

The cat purring in front of the fire gave him an idea, and, in the voice and manner of one who has just returned from a journey of many years and many lands, he sighed ostentatiously and said, in a reminiscent tone:

"Well I see you have the same old cat."

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

A young couple were observed as soon as they entered a railway carriage, and immediately put down as a bridal pair. But they were remarkably self-possessed, and acted just like old married folk, so that after a short time the other passengers began to doubt their belief after all.

As the train moved out, however, the young man rose to remove his overcoat, and a shower of rice fell out. The passengers smiled broadly. But even that did not affect the youth, who also smiled, and, turning to his partner remarked audibly—

"Why May, I've brought away the bridegroom's overcoat!"

A COMPARISON.

My son, when you hear a man growling and scolding because a minister of the gospel receives $1,000 a year for preaching Christianity, you will perceive that he never worries a minute because an infidel lecturer gets $200 a night for preaching atheism. You will observe that the man who is utterably shocked because a lecturer on temperance gets $150 a week for temperance work seems to thing it all right when the barkeeper takes in twice as much money in a single day. The laborer is worthy of his hire, my boy, and he is just as worthy of it in his pulpit as he is upon the stump. Is the man who is honestly trying to save your immortal soul worth less than the man who is only trying his level best to go to Congress? Isn't the minister doing as good work as the infidel? Isn't the temperance lecturer as much the friend of humanity and society as the bartender? Do you want to get all the good in the world for nothing, so that you may be able to pay a high price for the bad?

Remember, my boy, the good things in the world are always the cheapest. Spring water costs less than corn whiskey; a box of cigars will buy two or three Bibles; a gallon of old brandy costs more than a barrel of flour; a "full hand" at poker often costs a man more in twenty minutes than his church subscription amounts to in three years; a state election costs more than a revival of religion; you can sleep in church every Sunday morning for nothing, if you're mean enough to dead-beat your lodging in that way, but a nap in a Pullman car costs you three dollars every time; fifty cents for the circus, and a penny for the little ones to put in the missionary box; one dollar for the theatre, and a pair of old trousers frayed at the end, and baggy at the knee, for the Indian sufferers; the race-horse scoops in the $2,000 the first day, and the church fair lasts a week, works twenty-five or thirty of the best women in America nearly to death, and comes out $10 in debt; why, my boy, if you ever find yourself sneering or scoffing because once in a while you hear of a preacher getting a living, or even a luxurious salary, or a temperance worker making money, go out in the dark and feel ashamed of yourself, and if you don't feel above kicking a mean man, kick yourself. Precious little does religion and charity cost the old world, my boy, and when the money it does get is flung into its face, like a bone to a dog, the donor is not benefited by the gift, and the receiver is not, and certainly should not be grateful. It is insulted.

EXTREME GENEROSITY.

While visiting one of the southern islands of the Philippine archipelago with a party of friends, Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd, wife of the Amherst astronomer, met some natives who were particularly distinguished by the very handsome bead-work on their garments. All the women of the touring party coveted specimens, but all attempts to buy proved fruitless. One young woman, who had lived many years in Samoa, overheard their conversation, and remarked that she thought she understood them, their dialect was so nearly like the Samoan language. Some of the chaperons of the young lady urged her to go ahead and see if she could make any headway with them. The chief whom she addressed threw up his hands in surprise. "What," said he, "does the white maiden talk our language?" He was overjoyed, and promptly asked her the Samoan equivalent for "What can I do for you?" She told him in her sweetest Samoan how much she admired the beadwork of their garments, and how much she would like to buy a piece of it to take back to her own country and show her countrymen how skillful and artistic these particular Filipinos were. "No," said the chief, with a lordly wave of the hand; "you shall not buy; you shall take as a gift." Whereupon he quickly removed his trousers and handed them over with the unblushing grace of a child of nature. The young woman hastily resumed her English tongue, and the chaperons made their charges confine their further importunities to the women of the tribe.

CHARACTER CAPITAL.

Jack is sixteen, ambitious, wide-awake. In vacation, on Saturdays, and whenever out of school, he is busy, always securing some place where he can be at work and earning money. He provides his own clothing—is proud to do it—buys his own school books, and is laying up money in the bank besides. He means to save capital to start in business with, he says.

He counts his slowly accumulating dollars and thinks he knows just how much capital he has, but it is probable that he has never reckoned the most valuable part of his earnings. Jack has acquired a reputation for steadiness and industry, for being reliable. What he undertakes he will do. The bargain he makes to-day will not depend upon the mood of to-morrow for fulfillment. It is a matter of honor.

To be known in that way is a very valuable bit of capital to begin business with. Jack is obliging. He is willing to give good measure in his service even beyond the strict measure of the bond, and so he is liked and receives favors in return. To have won the good will of others counts for much in business. In short, character is capital. Aside from all higher views it represents money's worth in the business world. And failure oftener comes from lack of character capital than from lack of money capital.

A well formed figure needs no cloak.

Grief for a dead wife lasts to the door.

Your step has lost elasticity because your blood has lost vitality, which Hood's Sarsaparilla will restore.

PICK BENEATH THE VINE.

I see two little laddies,
Eager to make a dime,
Set out with pail and basket,
'Tis berry-picking time.
The one, "There are no berries!"
Cries, with a peevish whine,
The other calls out cheerfully,
"Pick underneath the vine!"

Again I see the laddies,
While bending o'er their books;
The one is heedless, thoughtless,
With discontented looks,
The other see triumphantly
The hidden meaning shine
Forth, as he ponders deeply;
He picks beneath the vine.

I see the lads in after life;
The one, unknown to fame,
Can scarcely make a living
And keep an honest name.
The other 'mong our statesmen—
That long, illustrious line—
Stands. Would you know the secret?
He picked beneath the vine.

EXPECTED A GREAT DEAL.

"I say, Thompson, did you ever notice that I was brutally indifferent to my children?"

"Certainly not. You're quite the contrary, Holmes."

"Well, do I look like a miscreant who would be only too glad to abandon them to the mercy of strangers?"

"Of course not. Whatever put such an idea into your head?"

"Or have I the reputation of being so selfish that I would not disturb or exert myself in the slightest to secure their safety from the most desperate danger?"

"No, indeed. Who's been accusing you of such things?"

"My wife."

"Your wife? Why?"

"Why, little Johnny got himself lost for a couple of hours the other day, and all I did was to notify the police, hire every private detective in town, and rouse all the neighborhood to help hunt him."

"Wasn't that enough?"

"No. She insists that I am a brutal selfish miscreant, and several other things, because I refused to do all she wanted me to."

"Why, what more was possible?"

"Make the Commander-in-Chief order out the Militia to help in the hunt!"

A POINT IN MANLINESS.

Learn to be a man of your word. One of the most disheartening of all things is to be associated in an understanding with a person whose promise is not to be depended upon; and there are plenty of them in this wide world—people whose promise is as slender a tie as a spider's web. Let your given word be as a hempen cord, a chain of wrought steel, that will bear the heaviest sort of strain. It will go far to make a man out of you; and a real man is the noblest work of God; not a lump of moist putty, molded and shaped by the last influence met with that was calculated to make an impression, but a man of forceful, energized, self-reliant and reliable character, a positive quantity that can be depended upon.

ROSEBERY AND THE BISHOP.

A story is being told of which Lord Rosebery is the alleged subject. On one occasion he went into a large Oxford Street establishment to purchase a new hat, and while he stood bare-headed waiting to be fitted, a bishop entered on the same errand and mistook the earl for one of the shop-assistants.

"Have you a hat like this?" he asked, showing his own extraordinary headgear.

Lord Rosebery took it from him and examined it critically before he answered. "No," he replied at length; "I haven't got a hat like that, and if I had I wouldn't wear it!"

DECORATING BUTTER.

Mrs. Blank, who kept summer boarders, had bought her butter for some months of a neighbor named Jones, living not far distant. The butter was made into pretty little half pound pats, and so peculiarly marked and ornamented that one day, when little Sally Jones had brought the butter, as usual, Mrs. Blank said to her, in the presence of several boarders:

"How does your mother make all of those strange marks on the butter Miss Sally?"

"Oh she does that with her false teeth, ma'am" was the frank and paralyzing reply.

UNIQUE TABLECLOTH.

When a southeast wind is blowing the visitor to Cape Town is treated to a peculiar and interesting natural phenomenon, for under such conditions Table Mountain, in the language of the natives, "puts on a table cloth."

In other words, the thin line of fleecy clouds forming above it descends until it rests flat upon the mountain top, with its edges drooping gracefully over its sides.

It is really not unlike the article of household use which gives it its name.

The Day Is Ours!

MALT BREAKFAST FOOD,

Has Captured Canadian Palates and Hearts.

IT PLEASES THE WHOLE FAMILY, YOUNG AND OLD.

Malt Breakfast Food has won the day and captured the palates and hearts of all Canadians. Lovers of pure and true health foods quickly discovered that Malt Breakfast Food possessed many health virtues unknown to other grain foods. It gave entire satisfaction and pleasure to old and young; it kept the strong and well happy and vigorous, and formed flesh, muscle, and bone for the weak. For these reasons Malt Breakfast Food has won the day and will ever be the favorite breakfast dish. Grocers.