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.

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THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL. L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH. L. L. P. & S. GLASGOW. MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, ETC. Office—Frederick Street - - - Acton, Ont.

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

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

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $125,000. THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY. Established 1840. Head Office - - GUELPH, ONT. INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 32, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

Sun Savings and Loan Co. HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT. Authorized Capital - $5,000,000.00. Ten-year maturity shares are paid. Monthly Instalments of 50c. per share for 12 months, when payments cease—$60.00 paid in—maturity value $100.00. Money to loan at 5% straight loan or repayable in monthly instalments on application to R. J. McNabb, Agent, Acton.

—ACTON— LIVERY —AND— BUS LINE. The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can at all ways be Secured. At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 10 a.m. and 6.10 p.m. Careful attention given to livery orders. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met. JOHN WILLIAMS, Proprietor.

SCHOOL BOOKS ..AT.. DAY'S BOOKSTORE, GUELPH. All the new and late editions. COPY BOOKS, DRAWING BOOKS, EXERCISE BOOKS.

Full of School Supplies. The newest Books and best value at DAY'S. DAY SELLS CHEAP.

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.

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

Acton Pump Works. Main Street, Acton. If you are in need of a good Pump, either in wood or iron, come to Acton Pump Works. —Cisterns Made— —All Repairs Promptly Attended to— —Wells Cleaned— THE CHICAGO KORMOTOR. Is acknowledged the lightest running and best windmill manufactured. I am agent for this district. Call and investigate before you buy. T. EBBAGE, Main Street, Acton

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

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

—THE— TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA. Capital paid up, $1,000,000. —Assets Over $9,000,000.— Cuelph 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. 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.

"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 Candelabra, 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., 120 Woodard Ave., DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

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

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.

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.

Poetry.

A HOME PICTURE.

Oh! the happy little home when the sun shone out,
And the busy little mother got the children all about;
And Johnny fetched the water and Tommy brought the wood,
And Billy-boy tied both his shoes, as every laddie should—
And Danny rocked the cradle with a clatter and a song,
To make the little sister grow so pretty and so strong.

Oh! the sweet peas and the morning glories climbing 'round the door,
And the tender vine of shadow with its length across the floor.
Oh! the pinks and the roses, and the quiver of the grass,
And the cheery call of friendship from the neighbors as they pass.
Oh! the scuttle, and the shouting, and the little mother's laugh
As a rabbit starts up somewhere, and her "great helps" scamper off.

Oh! the happy little home when the twilight fell,
And all along the meadow rang the old cow bell
With a tingle that is made through the rushing of the years.—
And I see the little mother in the tremble of the tears.
And I hear her happy laughter as she cries: "The boys have come!"
And we know she's getting supper in the happy little home.
Oh! the happy little home when the moon gleams forth,
And Billy-boy would have it that it "raised in the north."
Oh! the raptures and the whispers near the little mother's chair
As the white-robed little figures are flitting here and there.
And we're just as near to heaven as we mortals ever roam,
As we kneel and say our prayers in the happy little home.

—LOUISE R. RAKER.

Select Family Reading.

Their Old Maid Cousin.

IT was a bright and cheerful September morning, but the sunshine was not reflected on the faces of May and Margaret Cheeman. They were pretty girls of 18, but just now their prettiness was sadly marred by the unpleasant frowns they wore.

It was all because of the old maid cousin who had come from her far western home to visit them, and now, by their father's urgent request, was to remain for an indefinite time and take charge of the Cheeman household.

They were motherless girls, these Cheeman twins, and had known no real restraint since their fourteenth year. Naturally they were self-willed and somewhat spoiled, and they resented this interference from one whom they considered a stranger. They took good care not to show this before their father. He was a stern man when aroused, as they had discovered on several unpleasantly remembered occasions. Besides, he seemed to have taken a strong liking to this old maid cousin. He took no pains to conceal his feeling. In fact, her coming appeared to have made a new man of him. Before she came he had been absorbed and very quiet, and sometimes the girls would hear him walking the floor of his room for hours. It was business trouble the girls fancied, but they didn't dare to speak to him concerning it.

And then after Cousin Laura came he suddenly brightened up and was quite himself again. It seemed to have begun with one evening in August when they found their father in the library earnestly talking with this cousin with a good many papers on the library table before them and their father arguing very earnestly as they paused in the doorway. They had been to a concert with Mrs. Jamison, their next door neighbor, and had just returned. Their father looked up at them.

"Come in, girls," he said, "and kiss your cousin Laura, and thank her for all her many kindnesses." He did not speak in his usual calm voice, and the twins noticed that his face was flushed and his eyes were unusually bright.

They did as he bade them, Cousin Laura embracing them tenderly, but they wondered at it all and sorely resented the power she seemed to have gained over their father.

Cousin Laura was a handsome woman of perhaps five and thirty years, a woman of unassuming personality and plain attire, who bore in her manner a suggestion of depth of character and strong executive ability.

"You are all the relatives I have in the world," said Cousin Laura, as she beamed upon May and Margaret and then threw a swift glance at their father, "and we must be very good to one another."

The girls knew that she wasn't even a first cousin. She was their father's second cousin, and he hadn't seen her for many years when the letter she had written from a far distant western mining town came to announce her purpose of making them a visit if agreeable. She came, and she stayed. And all the time they felt that her influence was gradually bearing them down to a state of domestic subjection.

And now this particular morning, with its brightness and its reflected sunshine, seemed to have brought matters to a climax.

May had softly slipped into the little writing room that adjoined the library but neither Cousin Laura nor her father knew of her whereabouts.

"They are lovely girls," May overheard Cousin Laura say, "but just a little spoiled and self willed, and I'm sorry to feel that they don't quite like me. They show it in many ways."

May's father's voice suddenly grew harsh.

"Have they been impudent?" he quickly asked.

"No, no!" cried Cousin Laura. "They are ladies. I don't think they could be rude if they tried. But it's a fact that they do not like me."

"And why?" asked the elder Cheeman.

"Because," laughed cousin Laura—"because they think I'm just a meddling old maid."

May's father laughed loud and long.

"We will presently cure all that," he said.

May could not hear Cousin Laura's response, but her father laughed again, and then they went away.

May came out unobserved and lightly ran up stairs to seek her sister.

"Sister," she cried, "do you know what is going on down stairs?"

"Breakfast," said the more matter of fact Margaret.

May frowned heavily, a trick she had learned from her father.

"Don't get maudlin, but listen to me Margaret. I accidently overheard a conversation between Cousin Laura and papa in which they admitted that the wedding would take place very soon."

"What wedding?" inquired Margaret.

"Papa's and Cousin Laura's!" groaned May.

And it was this dire probability that drove away the sunshine and cast the cloud across the two pretty faces.

It was not a very merry breakfast table. Their papa and Cousin Laura talked a little, and then the maid laid a letter on Cousin Laura's plate. The twins saw that it bore a quick delivery stamp.

There was a little blush on Cousin Laura's cheeks as she looked at the head of the household.

"May I read my letter?" asked Cousin Laura.

"Certainly," he added with a laugh.

Cousin Laura tore open the envelope and read the letter. Then the blush deepened, and she smiled at the twin's father.

"To-day," she said.

"Well, well," said the girl's father, "this does seem very sudden. And he laughed again.

Then the girls softly withdrew from the table and went away to their own room. It was all too evident that their father again contemplated matrimony. Their designing old maid cousin had broken down his resolution to remain single for the girls' sake. What an awful woman she was! Could it be that their father had grown fond enough of her to go wherever she led him? Then they both had a good cry.

"And what," groaned Margaret, "do you suppose she meant by to-day?"

"P-p-perhaps they are going t-to elope!" gasped May.

"I'll run into papa's room and see if he has anything packed," cried Margaret and darted away.

Pretty soon she came back.

"No," she said, "nothing is disturbed. Papa's valises are both on the high shelf in his closet and there's dust on them."

So the girls moped through the morning, miserable suspicious, watchful. After luncheon Cousin Laura, who was in excellent spirits, went to her room, saying she would be down presently.

Then came a ring at the bell, and the maids being busy, Margaret hurried to the door. Perhaps curiosity quickened her footsteps.

There was a gentleman in the vestibule, a distinguished looking gentleman who raised his hat and asked for Miss Laura. Then he added, with a bright smile:

"Is this Miss May or Miss Margaret?"

Before the astonished Margaret could reply, there was a quick rustle on the stair and the old maid cousin came fluttering down with both hands outstretched, and the gentleman caught the outstretched hands in his and, stooping, quickly kissed Cousin Laura full on the lips.

At this poor scandalized Margaret beat a hasty retreat and a little later she and May talked the astounding circumstances over. But really they could make nothing of it. Cousin Laura's caller lingered in the parlor and the girls occasionally caught the hum of lively conversation.

"Perhaps," said May, "he's the minister that's come to marry them!"

"Do you think so?" groaned Margaret. "But he seemed so affectionate. Well, we shall soon know."

And just then they heard their father coming in. He went right into the parlor, and the hum of voices suddenly grew louder. May and Margaret, sitting in the library, strained their ears to catch a word.

"Does it sound like a marriage ceremony?" gasped May.

"No," replied Margaret, "not yet. There's too much laughing."

A little later they heard the door open, and then their father came into the library.

"Oh, you are here, girls!" he said. "I came out to find you. I have something pleasant to tell you. It's about Cousin Laura. Do you know why she come here? She came to be married." Margaret pinched May's fingers until they ached. "We are her only relatives, you know," May stared at at Margaret, and Margaret stared at May. What their father's last sentence had to do with it they couldn't imagine.

"I've been afraid at times," their father went on, "that you have failed to appreciate your cousin. I want you to understand now that you owe her a debt of gratitude. Your cousin is a woman of wealth and unusual business ability. When she came here, your father's business, through an unexpected turn in the market, was in very bad shape. Your cousin Laura found this out. She examined into my affairs, and when she was satisfied that they were not entirely hopeless, she advanced to me a large sum of money and became a silent partner in the business. I am glad to tell you that her money and her advice have put me back on a solid business footing. I tell you this, my dears, because I want you to understand that all the respect and regard you can pay your cousin can never offset the aid she thrust upon your father in his hour of trial." He paused, and the twins gave a gasp.

"There," he went on, "that will do for that. The gentleman who is with your cousin in the parlor is Senator Lorimer, who has just returned from abroad. It is the Senator whom she is to marry, and the wedding will take place here some day next month. It is to be a quiet wedding, but there will be a number of out of town guests, and your cousin will need all the help you can give her. One thing more. They will take a wedding journey to the Pacific coast and then go at once to Washington, and cousin Laura wants you girls to come and spend the winter with her in the new home the senator is fitting up. That's all, my dears," their father concluded. "And now come into the parlor and be presented to you prospective relative."

He stepped into the hall, but the twins hung back.

"Let me take your handkerchief," whispered May.

"I don't," sniffed Margaret. "I'm using it."

A LETTER OF ADVICE.

A son of Erin appeared at the money-order window of a post-office, and said that he wanted to "sind some money to ould Oirland."

"Fill out this blank," said the clerk, handing the applicant one of the blanks used on such occasions.

"An' phwat is that?" asked Jerry.

"It's a blank that every applicant for a money-order must fill out—a kind of letter of advice regarding the money-order."

"An' phat has a letter of advice got to do wid me sindin' tin dollars to me ould mother?"

"A letter of advice to the postmaster where the money is to be paid must always go with a money-order."

Jerry went away from the window grumbling and mystified.

After half an hour of painful effort at a high desk provided for the public at one end of the room, Jerry returned to the window and handed in this letter of advice to the postmaster at Ballycarney:

"Dear Molke: Oi'm tould Oi must give yez a bit av advice before you'll be able to pay me ould mother the two pounds Oi'm sendin' along with this. So Molke, Oi would advise yez to come to Amerikey an' get a job kapin' post-office, for it's illigent post-offices they have here, an' Oi've no doubt the pay is tin tolmes as much as wid you. So now be sure an' pay me poor ould mother the two pounds, for Oi've done as the law says, and sint yez a letter of advice."

TOWN HAD OFFSETS.

"I had been knocking about a Kansas town in the evening," said a drummer with a limp, and in heading for my hotel I walked plump into an open sewer which had no red light of warning.

"I had a bad fall and broke my hip, and I wasn't yet out of the sewer when I made up my mind to sue for $20,000 damages. I was taken to the hospital, and next day the city attorney called on me to know what I was going to do.

'I am going to sue the town, of course,' I replied.

'But what for?' he asked.

'For personal damages. There should have been a railing or a light, but there was neither, and my injury will lay me up for weeks."

'But don't you know what you escaped by falling into the sewer?' he asked.

'No.'

'Then let me tell you that the roof of the hotel fell in last night and killed three men, and if you had been in your bed you would have been crushed to pulp. You really owe this town something instead of talking about damages.'

When able to get out," continued the drummer, "I found that public opinion was against me and the people ready to stand a suit, and by advice of a lawyer I settled the case for $125.

"I didn't even get all that. In tumbling into the sewer I broke two planks and brought on a cave-in, and the damages were assessed at $5.00 and taken out of the money."

THE LABORER AND THE SALOON.

If there is one class of people more than another which is oppressed by the liquor traffic, it is the laboring class. The saloon not only enslaves the workingman, takes his money without giving adequate returns, and and thus robs his family, but also increases his taxes in order to pay for the cost of crime and insanity which it occasions. Without doubt the coffers of the saloon keeper are swelled principally by the hard earned money of the laboring man. At the recent national convention of liquor dealers a resolution was passed recommending that various steps be taken to enlist the aid of the labor organizations in securing additional privileges for plying their nefarious business. What interests the saloon keeper and laborer have in common is hard to see. It is a reflection on his manhood and intelligence, but ought to serve to open his eyes to the "heads I win, tails you lose" game which the saloonist has been playing.—Keystone Citizen.

CUTTING.

There became pleasure in coming upon an anecdote in which the barber does not have the last word. Judge relates this dialogue:

"Hair's very thin, sir."

"It was thinner than that thirty years ago."

"Indeed, sir! You surprise me. Why, you don't look more than thirty now, sir!"

"Thirty yesterday!"

For pimples, blotches, and complexion, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine to take—it has established this fact.

SIMILAR CASES.

This is a true story; not an accumulation of pseudo facts.

A man had spread out a sheet of fly paper.

He noticed that from day to day the number of small black specks increased, each telling the story of the fly's tragic end.

One day, out of idle curiosity, he fell to studying the flies as their doom overtook them.

One fly came to the edge of the paper, tasted the treacherous sticky preparation, then went away for the time being.

Another fly did the same; but waded boldly in and was soon caught fast.

Another fly, flying down straight from above, landed in the middle of the fly paper. His pleasant buzz of anticipation soon changed to a large singing noise, that told of helpless rage and fear.

As the flies landed on the paper, each acted in a different way.

Some beat their wings for a second or two, only to fall over on their sides very soon, and succumb to the sticky poison.

Others showed more intelligence, and, when they realized their danger, stood on the tips of their tiny legs, endeavouring to draw themselves up and fly away.

Now and then some fly with a violent effort of his muscles and of his will, would actually tear himself from the fly paper and escape.

Others could not get away, but made a heroic struggle. They walked across the paper, dragging heavy legs and sticky wings, climbing up on the bodies of the other flies in search of some means of escape.

The man watched the flies, their different kinds of efforts, their different ways of dying, the long struggles of some, the quick submission of others. It is a gruesome but interesting spectacle.

What interested him most was the stupidity of the flies, and the fact that not one of them seemed to learn anything from the fate of the scores of others stretched dead on the sticky surface.

"It is evident," said the man, "that these flies have absolutely no capacity for thinking or estimating consequences.

"Each fly as he approaches the paper must see there are scores of flies lying dead on it. Each of these flies, as he goes back and forth near this death trap, must see the other flies struggling, see their useless efforts, hear their terrified buzzing—yet each fly in his turn runs the risk, and, tempted by the sweet, sticky substance goes to death in his turn.

"I suppose that foolish fly thinks that he will escape the fate of the others. Each one imagines that he can light on the paper and get off again. Perhaps each has noticed the occasional fly that gets on the fly paper and does escape safely.

"What fools these flies are. What a fool each one of them is, not to say to himself that what has ruined so many other flies will surely ruin him. Why do they not get out of this room, if they can, or at least keep away from the fly paper.

Having thus mused philosophically, the man put on his hat and went out, leaving the flies and their foolishness to take care of themselves.

The man turned to the right, then turned to the left, then went through a doorway, and then he was on the fly paper that catches human beings.

He was in a drinking saloon, and he had a glass of whisky in front of him.

At this point we may study this man in the saloon as he studied the flies on the fly paper in his bedroom.

One man goes near the edge of the whisky habit, takes a little, and goes away, like that fly first mentioned, who approached the edge of the fly paper.

This human fly that takes a little, and goes away is almost sure to come back again in time.

Other men who approach the whisky fly paper take a little and promptly wade right in to their doom.

The human victims that light on the whisky fly paper have as many ways of struggling, as many ways of dying, as many ways of suffering, and as few chances of escaping, as the ignorant fly that lights on the sticky fly paper in the hot kitchen.

Of human flies on the whisky fly paper, some struggle feebly for a while against the habit that has caught them, and soon succumb.

Others last for a long time. Only the ends of their feet touch the fly paper. They keep their bodies erect, and for the time being feel quite proud of themselves and call themselves "Moderate drinkers."

But their feet are on the fly paper, and with nine out of ten of them it is only a question of time when the body and mind will sink to the level of the feet, and that will be the end of the struggle.

An occasional human being escapes from the whisky fly paper, and goes away to tell others that whisky never hurt him.

This human fly does the most harm. He sends others to whisky, and sooner or later he is pretty sure to go back there himself.

When you go into a restaurant or any other places where fly paper is spread out, take a look at the struggling, suffering insects dying slowly and horribly in the sticky mass that fatally attracted them.

You will wonder at the stupidity of each fly as it alights, regardless of the fate of others.

Don't duplicate that fly's stupidity in your own life.

Remember that it has ruined others and it may ruin you. Keep away from the whiskey bottle. Take a walk through the Potter's Field some day—any man at the Morgue can tell you how to get there—and you will find the fruits of the whiskey bottle, quiet and peaceful at last in their final rest on the surface of the fly paper that caught them. New York American and Journal.

MY AIN WIFE.

I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see;
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For pay wife I see;
A bonnier yet I've never seen,
A better cannot be
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see!

O couthie is my ingle-cheek,
And cheerie is my Jean;
I never see her angry look,
Nor hear her word on ane.
She's guide wi' a' the neebors roun',
An' aye guide wi' me—
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.

An' O her baks are kindlie,
They melt my heart outright,
When o'er the baby at her breast
She hangs wi' fond delight;
An' ayne looks to me—
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.

—LAING.

OUR GREATEST CURSE.

The saloon is the greatest curse of the present day, the fountain from whence flows streams of evil. It fills our prisons with criminals, our insane asylums with victims, and our graveyards with paupers' graves. It turns happy homes into barren wastes. It debauches and ruins the husband, the son, the father; it destroys the happiness of the wife, the mother, the daughter. It clothes them in rags, starves them, and breaks their hearts. And for what? That a few men may grow rich and flourish on the burnt ashes of homes. Every conscientious thinker admits that all I have said is only the sad truth. Then why allow this terrible cause of crime and wretchedness to go on? Why not inaugurate a war against it that would overthrow it? If every good man should vote as his better nature dictates, this evil would be abolished. Do not say that it is hopeless to wage war against it, that the foe is too strongly entrenched in human hearts and selfishness, for right will triumph in the end.—Josiah Allen's Wife, in Woman's Home Companion.

THE REASON WHY.

A commercial traveller visiting a town in England recently had a cool reception from the other commercials staying at the same hotel. Somewhat puzzled, he asked the landlord to explain. Boniface hesitated a moment, and then replied:

"Well, I hardly like to tell you sir. Suppose I tell you a little tale instead? In this room a dog and a parrot were shut up one day. The parrot wanted some fun and yelled out "Rats," thus causing the dog to chase imaginary rodents. "Rats," screamed Polly a second time, but the dog did not move, so Polly hopped off the perch and when close to the dog again said, "Rats." Then the dog had its turn, and Polly got back to her perch with a much dishevelled plumage. Shaking her head in a melancholy way, she plaintively murmured: "Now I know what is the matter with me. I talk too much."

CALLED BY ANOTHER NAME.

On one of the Cunard boats a member of the crew (while the passengers were at dinner) picked up a menu and seeing on the top "Table d'hote" inquired of one of his mates the meaning of it. Joe, taking the menu gazed on it with a puzzled air, scratched his head, and said:—

"I can't make nothing of it. Let's ask the bo'sun, he's a schollard, and sure to know."

On giving the menu to the boatswain he thoughtfully stroked his chin and said:—

"Well, look 'ere, mates; it's like this 'ere. Them swells down in the saloon have some soup, a bit of fish, a bit of summat else, and calls it table dottie. We haves table dottie only we mixes it all together and calls it Irish stew or hash.

PROOF POSITIVE.

A lady very fond of cats and a man devoted to dogs fell into controversy over the merits of those animals. In the midst of it the lady said:

"So you really think that dogs sometimes possess more intelligence than their masters?"

"Certainly. I've got one myself that does!"

HELPING THE HEATHEN.

Aunt (severely)—How dare you take the money from your missionary box?

Willie—Didn't you say I was a regular little heathen?

"You are far worse."

"Well, I was saving the money for the heathen."

EASY AS A KINDERGARTEN LESSON.

Lover (mournfully): "Have you learned to love another?"

Flirt (who had just broken off her engagement with him): "Oh, no, George; I didn't have to learn. The man is very, very wealthy, and the love came spontaneously.

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THE FIRST DISH AT THE MORNING MEAL.

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