The Acton Free Press.

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Accounts payable monthly.

H. F. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M.,
SUCCESSOR TO
J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill Frederick Streets, Acton.
Office Hours:—4 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL.
L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH.
L. R. F. & S. GLASGOW.
MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, ETC.
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 5 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 anaesthetic used if desired.

LEGAL.

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

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. A. P. HUSBAND, V. S.
Graduate Ontario Veterinary College.
Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society.
Office—Over Wootten's Barber Shop, back door to Wood 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., (Over Williams Store.) Guelph, Ontario.
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Binding neatly and promptly done.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
H. F. MOORE
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening.
Free Press Office, ACTON

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

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

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $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 54, 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 sold 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

BELL TELEPHONE CO. OF CANADA.
A new issue of the Subscriber's Directory for the District of Western Ontario, including the Acton Exchange, will be issued early in September. Orders for new connections, changes of address, changes of names, duplicate entry of names, etc., should be placed at once to ensure their appearance.
A. T. Brown,
Local Manager.

SCHOOL BOOKS
..AT..
DAY'S BOOKSTORE
GUELPH.
All the new and latest 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!
FRAME
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 DAILY 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.
128 Woodward Ave.,
DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

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 MOTOR
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

CHINESE LAUNDRY
In Pearson's Building, Willow Street, Acton.
Laundry collected and returned. Family Washing at reasonable rates. All work done by hand. No machines or chemicals used.
FONG-LEE HING, Proprietor

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

Good Shoes
Seasonabe 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.
Canned Fruit: the best of canneries. We give special attention to those little details which mean so much in giving you tasty fruits. 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

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

EVERTON AND EDEN MILLS
FLOUR and OATMEAL MILLS.
Best quality of Flour and Oatmeal at right prices.
Bran, Middlings, Chop Feed, Etc., for sale.
Cash for Wheat and Oats.
Chopping every day at both mills.
HENRY HORTOP.
PROPRIETOR

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor
All work equipped with all the machinery necessary for doing all repairing to threshing machinery, such as Steam Engines, and to do all kinds of Chain Gitting, Boiler Riveting and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired, horseshoeing a satisfactory business. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Horse Clipping and Shoeing done.

Poetry.

POLLY AND MOLLY MCGREW.

Polly and Molly they went to school—
Polly and Molly they lived by rule—
They each had a pencil and each had a pen,
And each knew how to begin again.
Polly and Molly they did their hair
In round little knots with the utmost care,
Were bibs to their aprons, and nobody knew
Which was Polly which Molly McGrew.

Said Polly to Molly, one Monday morn,
"We both on the selfsame day were born;
And when I win in the spelling-bee,
To folks don't know if it's you or me,
To wear a plait suppose you begin
While I tuck the bib of my apron in—
For when I win in the spelling-bee,
I would like everybody to know it is me."

Said Molly to Polly, and laughed right out,
And she clapped her hands and she gave a shout:
"If you tuck the bib of your apron in,
To wear a plait I'll at once begin.
For when I am head in the grammar, too,
The folks don't know if it's me or you—
If I parse a long sentence all right, you see,
I would like everybody to know it is me."

So Polly and Molly they went to school,
In the blissful peak of their old-time rule;
A shining braid from a twin head fell,
A bibless front marked the other well—
And all the world in amazement knew
Which was Polly which Molly McGrew.

Said Polly to Molly one later morn,
"We both on the selfsame day were born;
So you should not wear your hair in a braid
While mine in a knot is carefully laid;
And if you've a bib to your apron new,
I should have a bib to my apron too—
For when I am foot in the grammar, see,
I just hate the folks to be sure it is me."

So Polly and Molly went back to school,
Determined always to live by rule—
They each had a pencil and each had a pen,
And each knew how to begin again.
In little round knots was their shining hair
Arranged with the utmost deliberate care—
They wore bibs to their aprons and nobody knew
Which was Polly which Molly McGrew.

Select Family Reading.

In the No. 7 Mine.

PERCIVAL RIDSDALE.

"I AIN'T no use cryin'," said Paddy McGann. "If the boss bounces me tomorrow, I has got to go, but I hate to leave you, Billy; I just hate to."

Billy was Paddy's lead mule in the No. 7 mine, a big rawboned animal with a philosophic countenance and a reputation with all except Paddy of having a vicious temper.

"It ain't right," cried Paddy, "and I ain't a-goin' to stand it. Oh, Billy, if I had lots of money, d'you know what I'd do? Well, I'd buy you and take you up to the surface and let you do nothin' but eat grass and run around the fields. Say, how long has it been, Billy, since you saw the sky? Guess it must be all of seven years."

Billy looked contemplative.

"Well, never mind; there's a good time comin' some day. And say, Billy, if I don't get even with Evan Jones—well, you can kick me for a duffer. It won't be long before I'm as big as he is, and then we'll both get even with him. You say what's the matter, Billy?"

For Billy had shaken off the nose bag with a jerk, and with ears cocked, eyes staring and nostrils agape he was looking down the gangway.

"What is"—began Paddy, and then, sniffing the air, he cried, "Why, it's smoke, Billy."

The mule whinnied, and there was a note of terror in the long, low cry.

"Smoke," cried Paddy again, "and it ain't no powder-smoke neither! Say, Billy, she's afire!"

Down the gangway they sped. Paddy was mystified. Where could the smoke come from? There was nothing along the gangway which could burn. It was all rock. He stopped suddenly, horrified. The air current had changed. He was in an outtake, but the air was rushing inward, and it was bringing the smoke. But why should it come into the outtake? If—but as he asked himself the question Paddy knew what had happened. Some one had left the door open, and the diverted air current was sweeping into the workings, carrying the smoke with it.

Billy pulled at the restraining hand, but again they dashed forward, and again they stopped, for Paddy was crying:

"The shift, Billy—the shift! They is in there. They don't know, Billy. They'll all be killed!"

Far up the gangway and at one side in a remote working the inside foreman and thirty men had gone in the early morning to block an old opening. Paddy knew what that meant. They were isolated and the smoke would not reach them until the very last. By that time the surrounding chambers would be so full of it that escape would be impossible.

This flashed through Paddy's mind before he could bring Billy to a stop. Almost without thinking he had determined what to do. There were two things—he could in a moment or two reach a safe place, or he could go back into the smoke and warn the men. He might be overcome before he could find them, and might find them only to die in their company, but he did not think of these things. With a pull he turned Billy around.

"You've got to help me, Billy!" he cried. "I can't reach them alone." Billy shivered and whinnied.

Clingin' around the mule's neck, he choked and gasped for breath. It seemed that with each inhalation liquid fire poured into his throat, his eyes, though closed, were like balls of fire. How it was faring with Billy Paddy did not know. He felt the mule gasp as he stumbled along, and once when Billy stopped, trembling, and moaned out his agony in a long, despairing scream, Paddy had all he could do to smother the sobs in his own throat and urge the mule on. At last, and it seemed an age, the smoke grew lighter, for they were outracing it, and the farther they got from the entrance to the gangway the lighter it became. Then they reached the spot where the idle working commenced. Billy dashed down the narrow opening and, with a long gasp, drank in great gulps of the comparatively untainted air. Then on they sped until Paddy knew he was close to the working in which the men were. Could he find them? Much—their lives and his—depended on his quickness.

He slipped off Billy's back and dashed from one opening into another, straining his eyes to see any faint glimmer of light. He found himself coughing and knew that the heading was gradually filling up with the smoke, yet he had not found trace of the men. He cried in his vexation then shouted in the utter vainness of his efforts. His eyes and his throat were beginning to smart again, and his breath was short. He stuffed his handkerchief in his mouth, but the relief was slight. Once or twice he had to stop and lean against the rough rib of the heading, but he stumbled on again. Then almost as he fell into an opening he saw light. Gathering all his strength, he raised his voice in a long shout. There came an answer.

"Hurry! Danger!"

Then they came with a rush. There was no need to ask questions. The workings were already filling with smoke, and the men dropped everything and ran. One by one they passed Paddy. As the last one passed the boy he shouted back:

"Tell the boss!"

The words rang in Paddy's ears like the roar of a waterfall. All at once a cold and inquiring nose was thrust into his face. It was Billy. With the touch Paddy's senses returned, and he knew what the words meant. Evan Jones, the inside boss, the man who was to discharge him on pay day, was somewhere inside, ignorant of the danger which in a few seconds would overtake him. Even now there might not be time. Paddy said nothing to Billy. Breath was too precious. Instead he grasped Billy's mane and swung himself on the mule's back again. Then straight down the passage they went until, after some minutes they came upon Evan Jones.

"She's—afire?" gasped Paddy.

The boy's face told the foreman there was no time to ask questions, but as he swung himself up beside Paddy and laid his head low on Billy's back to avoid bumping against the hanging roof he cried:

"Where are the others? Do they know?"

"They ran when I told 'em!" gasped Paddy.

"Coward's!" muttered the foreman.

The working was rapidly filling with smoke, but Billy gallantly breasted it beneath the double load, and so they came to the opening upon the gangway. In the darkness they dashed into it, only to recoil the next moment.

"It's full of smoke!" cried the foreman.

Billy, terror stricken, shook them off and would have plunged back down the passage but for Paddy's restraining hand.

"It's our only chance," said Jones. "We must make it. Give me your hand."

"But Billy?" questioned Paddy.

"He'll have to find his own way out. We can't bother with him."

"Go ahead," said Paddy. "Me and Billy'll get out together."

"Fool!" cried Jones. "Come on!" he called as he ran.

Paddy drew off his coat and, throwing it over the mule's head, tried to lead him out, but Billy would not move.

"Billy," cried the boy, "don't you know I'll take care of you? Come on!"

Billy whimpered and then, with a big shake, sprang down the passage, dragging Paddy after him. The foreman was already some distance away, but Billy's burst of speed soon brought them together again. Paddy keeping his feet in a remarkable manner, passed the foreman, and they dashed on into the smoke. Paddy's head was swimming, and his eyes were bursting from their sockets. He seemed to spin along like a top. Then there came a crash, and he found himself on the ground huddled against Billy. The mule sank back with a pitiful cry of pain. His leg was broken.

It seemed ages after that when Paddy opened his eyes to find a lot of anxious faces gazing into his. He was helped up, and a distant roar, like the voice of many people, fell upon his ear. He saw he was at the head of the shaft and that a number of men stood around. Evan Jones bent over him and said:

"Don't cry about Billy. You did all you could to save him, and you were nearly gone when I found you and brought you out. We both had a narrow shave, and so did the other fellows, and we all owe our lives to you. The people want you to say something. Are you strong enough?"

Raised by willing hands, Paddy was greeted by a roar of cheering, and when he found his voice he said, although he could hardly hear himself speak: "Don't say nothin' to me about it. It was Billy done it all. Billy, he was".

But he could say no more, and, turning to his mother, who had forced her way to his side, he burst into sobs and hid his tears on her bosom.

DISTRESSING.

An anxious-looking man had been standing beside a street mail-box for nearly two hours waiting for the carrier to come and take the mail out of the box. When the carrier finally appeared, the young man said:

"See here, I dropped a letter into that box that I've got to have back again."

"Can't have it," replied the postman as he unlocked the box.

"I can't have it? Why, man, I've got to have it! I wouldn't have that letter go to the person it's addressed to for a million dollars!"

"Can't help that, mister. It's against the law to return a letter after it has been dropped into a mail-box. It's government property then until it's given over to the person it is addressed to."

The look of distress on the young man's face deepened as he said cajolingly:

"Oh, come now, that's all nonsense in a case like this. I wrote that letter. I can tell you to whom it was addressed, and you can compare the handwriting with mine if you want to. Hand me back that letter and you can select a dozen of the best cigars in the cigar store across the street."

"Do you know that you are trying to bribe a government official? I would not give you that letter for a whole cigar store."

"But, my good fellow, I've got to have that letter. It's one I—there it is! That one in the large, square, cream-tinted envelope. It's this one and—"

"Hands off, young man, or I'll call a police and have you arrested for robbing the mail. If the postmaster at the general office wants to give you that letter he can do it. I sha'n't!"

"But, say now—wait a minute, please wait! I'll tell you exactly what's in that letter, and if you've a spark of feeling you'll give it to me. That letter contains a proposal of marriage, and ten minutes after I'd posted it I got an invitation to the young woman's wedding! Think of it! These are the blood-curdling facts in the case! Now be merciful enough to let me have the letter."

The dejected suitor followed the postman down the street, while the anxious look on his face deepened into one of actual misery.

CONCERNING OURSELVES.

Each ear has four bones.

The human skull contains thirty bones.

The sense of touch is the dullest on the back.

The body has about five hundred muscles.

Every hair has two oil glands at its base.

The lower limbs contain thirty bones each.

The globe of the eye is moved by six muscles.

The cerebral matter is about seven-eighths water.

The normal weight of the liver is between three and four pounds.

The human skeleton, exclusive of teeth, consists of 200 bones.

Hair is very strong. A single hair will bear a weight of 1,150 grains.

The enamel of the teeth contains over 95 per cent. calcareous matter.

The wrist contains eight bones, the palm five and the fingers have fourteen.

The roots of the hair penetrate the skin about one-twelfth of an inch.

The weight of the average sized man is 140 pounds, of a woman, 125 pounds.

The only involuntary muscle composed of red or striped fibers is the heart.

Men have been known to lose by perspiration 5,000 grains an hour.

Straight hairs are nearly cylindrical, curly hairs are elliptical, or flat.

One hundred and thirty-seven million cells are in the lungs, which would cover a surface thirty times greater than the human body.

The brain is supposed to contain over 200,000,000 cells, in which thought works out problems.

A LUDICROUS WORD TWISTER.

Professor William Archibal Spooner of Oxford University has become famous as a ludicrous word twister. Once at a special service, seeing some women standing at the back of the church waiting to be seated, he rushed down the aisle and addressed the ushers as follows: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, sew these ladies into their sheets." Being asked at dinner what fruit he would have, he promptly replied, "Pips, please." This is the way in which Dr. Spooner proposed to his wife: Being one afternoon at the home of her father, Bishop Harvey Goodwin of Carlisle, Mrs. Goodwin—"Mr. Spooner, will you please go out into the garden and ask Miss Goodwin if she will come in and make some tea?" The professor, on finding the young lady, said, "Miss Goodwin, your mother told me to ask you if you would come in and take me."

DIDN'T REACH TO H.

The young English tenor had been asked to favor the company with a song, and responded with an interpretation of "Happy Be Thy Dreams," in which the singer's antipathy to the letter H was painfully manifest.

"I say, young man," said a blunt old chap, after the singer had finished, "you didn't sound a single H, and the song is full of 'em."

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied the mistaken; it doesn't go any 'igher than G."

AN IMPRESSION.

"Now, I have an impression in my head," said the teacher. "Can any of you tell me what an impression is?"

"Yes'm, I can," replied a little fellow at the foot of the class. "An impression is a dent in a soft spot."

The strong and well, sleep well, look well. The well, don't need Sarsaparilla, makes the weak strong.

UNSELFISH MEN.

Selfishness sometimes manifests itself in hoarding and sometimes in spending money. The miser is a miserable man. No one respects him, and he does not respect himself. The spendthrift is no better than the miser. The man who lavishes his money all on his own comfort, his own pleasure and luxury, is neither happy nor useful. He has friends of a certain kind, but as soon as his money is gone his friends will be gone too. The friends of a spendthrift are not genuine friends.

The unselfish and manly man does not waste his money nor his time. He gives his money and himself also to those pursuits that will do most good. When the subway explosion occurred in the city of New York a few months ago, in which much valuable property was destroyed and many lives lost, one young man forgot himself, and running into the burning powder house tried to extinguish the flames. He might have run the other way and saved his life. No one would have accused him of cowardice or neglect of duty. But forgetting his own interest and thinking only of others, he gave himself for his fellow-men.

All men honor the hero who gives himself for others. We may not know him, but when we hear of his unselfish deed a feeling of respect is kindled within us. When the yellow fever broke out among the American soldiers in Cuba an officer in charge of a battalion of colored troops called on them to volunteer to nurse the sick. He told them that it was a dangerous service, not the kind of service they had expected when they enlisted, and that many of them would lose their lives if they should undertake it; that it was not the kind of death a soldier cared to die, and he could not detail them, but asked them to volunteer. Every man in the battalion volunteered. Two weeks after the same opportunity was given, and all that remained volunteered a second time. They gave their lives for the sick and suffering soldiers in the army. Whatever may be our opinion of the colored race no man who has a true heart beating in his bosom can help honoring such a spirit of self-sacrifice for others. It is the opposite of that spirit which says, "Get all you can and keep all you get, or spend it all on self."

We may not be called to give our lives for others in a fire or hospital. Ours is an easier task. We are called to remember our fellow-men who are not so highly favored as we are, and do what we can to give them the light which shines on us.

We cannot do much. We have little money to give. We have little skill to serve. We may be tempted to think that what we can do is so little that it makes no difference whether we do it or not. This is an evil thought. The poor widow who gave an insignificant offering gave more than the rich men who cast in of their abundance. Her little offering has done more to bless the world than the offerings of all the rich men who that day cast into the treasury of the Lord. It may be but a penny; it may only be a moment of your valuable time; it may be a word fitly spoken; it may be a kindly deed or only a grasp of the hand. The great God is able to make it count for infinite results. He who multiplied the loaves and the fishes can multiply the force of the effort you put forth until it shall be felt to the ends of the earth.
—Christian Advocate.

THE DIFFERENCE OF AN INCH.

At one of the reunions of the Army of the Cumberland several former officers of the Union army fell to discussing the wounds they had received during the Civil War. A last one of their number turned to Colonel B., a tall, fine soldierly looking man, who had remained silent during the discussion, and said:

"Well, colonel, you seem to be the only one of the party who escaped uninjured."

"Oh, no, I didn't," answered the colonel quickly. "I was shot at Hubtetam. A bullet went through my nose, taking the gristle out." He wriggled his nose from side to side to prove the truth of the statement.

"Ah, well, you were quite fortunate, after all," said Major M. consolingly. "If the bullet had struck half an inch further in, your soul would have been launched into eternity."

"Yes," said the colonel, "and if the blamed thing had gone half an inch further out it wouldn't have hit me at all."

AN AMERICAN ADMIRAL'S START.

Admiral Jonott, the jolliest old sea dog of all the retired officers of the navy, tells an amusing story of his earlier days as a cadet.

"I was a sociable youngster," he says, "and when I went to my first assignment, the Independence, and saw the Stars and Stripes floating over it, I remembered that my mother had taught me that my first duty was to the flag, so I attempted some conversation along the line with the executive officer, who had received me when I came on board, and who was one of the strictest disciplinarians in the navy of that day.

"Silence, sir!" he roared at my first question, his face red with anger. "Silence, sir! Who gave you permission to speak. Let me hear only six words from you, sir, while you are on this ship—port, starboard, yes, sir, and no, sir."

"And this was my first discipline in the navy."—New York Tribune.

REST.

When a razor refuses to take an edge, the barber stops fussing with it, lays it away, and in a little while no one knows just how, the edge returns. If we treated our brains and our bodies that way instead of wearing them out on the grindstone, it would be a good deal more sensible.

ALONG THE WAY TO MEETIN'

I wonder if the World so wide had
heard my heart a-beatin',
With Sally walkin' at my side along
the way to meetin'.
It seemed to time my every step—jest
keepin' time accordin',
An' sayin': "There's no rest for you
'cept t'other side of Jordan!"

I'd tried, an' tried to say "the word,"
with pat'ntest endeavor
The word that might, or mightn't,
make her heart my own forever;
But, sudden come the word from her
—'twas like a benediction—
"Reachin', John, this meetin' day
you're under deep conviction!"

An' then, I up an' told her all my
heart, so sore afflicted:
I loved her more than all the world—
that's how I stood convicted!
An' then, as close she came to me,
sweeter looks an' fonder,
I read my allnin' titles clear to earth
—an' over yonder!

GOD THANKS YOU.

A kind act is never lost, although the Cousin Jack or other person for whom we may do it may not thank us. The doer always receives a reward, as this little story illustrates:

Little Jack was a four-year-old, and a great pet of mine, with yellow curls and blue eyes, and he had sweet affectionate little ways. One day his cousin, a boy of sixteen, set Jack to work for him. He told him to pull up some weeds in the field while he finished his story. Little Jack worked away until his fingers were sore and his face was very hot.

I was working in my room when a very tired little boy came up to me. "Why, Jackie, what have you been doing?" I asked.

The tears came into his eyes, and his lips trembled, and for a moment he did not speak. Then he said: "I worked diligently hard for Cousin Jack, and he never said thank you."

Poor little Jackie! I felt sorry for him. It was hard lines not to have a word of thanks after all his hard work. But that night, when I had put him in his little cot, he said to me: "Auntie, this morning I was sorry I pulled the weeds, but now I'm not sorry."

"How is that?" I asked. "Has Cousin Jack thanked you?"

"No, he hasn't; but inside me I have a good feeling. It always comes when I have been kind to any one, and do you know, I've found out what it is?"

"What is it, darling?" I asked.

And, throwing his arms around my neck, he whispered: "It's God's thank you."

LUDICIOUS MISTAKE OF TWO CANADIANS IN LONDON.

A good story on themselves is being told by two well-known young men who were with the Coronation contingent to England.

The twain were strolling about the city taking in the sights when the desire for a bath became so strong that they went in search of some place in which they could have a dip. They came to a large house on which were inscribed the words "Bath House" and they were overjoyed that their search was so soon over.

They proceeded to the entrance and rang the bell. They were met by a servant in livery, but at that moment one of the Canucks concluded that a change of underwear would be the right thing. Instead of entering they went and made the purchase. On returning to the building they proceeded to a side entrance and were greeted by another man in livery who asked:

"What are you people doing here?"

They replied that they desired to have a bath. The servant gazed with a surprised look for a moment and then gave them a merry Ha! Ha!

They were incensed at this and asked in angry tones to be taken where they could have their dip. Their tormentor instead of replying called some others in the same uniform as himself, and all appeared to enjoy the joke immensely.

Afterwards the servant told the Canadians that the building was not a bath house.

"Well," said one of the khaki heroes "what does b-a-t-h-house spell if it does not spell Bath House?"

The servant explained the building was not a place for bathing but the city home of Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

The Canadians were considerably taken down, but after being directed to the place they wanted to reach they soon recovered their good humor and laughed heartily over the mistake.

BETTER WORK LATELY.

A very homely man in Chicago has a very pretty daughter. One day she was sitting on his knee right before a looking glass. She contemplated the reflection of their two faces and then asked, "Papa, did God make me?"

"Yes, dear," he replied.

"And did he make you?"

"Yes."

Looking again in the mirror, she drew a long breath and rejoined, "He must be turning out better work lately, isn't he?"

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