The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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Accounts payable monthly.

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M.,
SUCCESSOR TO
J. P. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill Frederick Streets, Acton.
Office Hours:—8 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL.
L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH.
L. L. P. & S. GLASGOW.
MEMBER 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 Assurance Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc.
OFFICE—Perryman's Block
ACTON - - ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. A. P. HUSBAND, V. S.
Graduate Ontario Veterinary College.
Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society.
Office—Over Worden's Barber Shop, next door to Food Store, Mill Street, Acton.

INSURANCE AGENT,
W. H. DENNY,
General Agent Confederation Life Association.
Agent Union Fire Insurance Companies.
Office Young St., Acton.

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER,
Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario.
(Over Williams Store.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order in the styles of any description carefully bound, ruling neatly and promptly done

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

WM HEMBTREET,
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 $400 and upwards.

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 343, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph.

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
CHICKAGO WORMOTOR
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

NASSAGAWEYA
Saw and Planing Mills.
Lumber and Shingles
AT LOWEST PRICES.
Mill stuff cut to order.
Slabs, stove length, $1.25 a double cord at the mill.
P. Sayers, 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!
FRAME
PICTURES
FRAMED
...AT...
Waters Bros.
ART STORE
GUELPH
ARTIST'S SUPPLY HOUSE.

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

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

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

—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Capital paid up, $1,000,000
Assets Over $9,000,000.
Guelph Branch
(NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE)
Savings ank 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. P. H. JONES, Manager.

For Those Who Visited the Guelph Exhibition
No 972 (in coupon drawing for Prize Lamp) is the lucky number.
We want to reach No. 972.
JOHN M. BOND & CO.
GUELPH'S BIG HARDWARE.
GUELPH.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL Proprietor
ARE well equipped with all the machinery necessary for the repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of wagon fitting, horse shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired or formed in a satisfactory manner. We can install any machine or implement of any make. Repairing and filing done

WANTED
GOOD representative for the sale of fruit trees, ornamental trees, shrubs, etc., in Acton and near by districts. Terms liberal, on salary or commission basis. We have over 600 acres under cultivation and our stock is guaranteed to be delivered in good condition, free from disease. We have the best and most complete list of nursery stock in Canada today. Apply now.
Pelham Nursery Company,
TORONTO, ONT.

Stock Men Say They Are All Right.
Prof. A. V. M. Day's
English Tonic Powders
(five separate packages) for Horses, Cattle Hogs, Sheep and Poultry They make tonic food. Makes health and fat.
Agent, W. ERSKINE, Acton.
Contracted for in Canada United States by the Day Stock Food Co onto, Canada.

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

"The Overland Limited"
ELECTRIC LIGHTED
...TO...
CALIFORNIA
Via THE UNION PACIFIC.
THIS TRAIN REALIZES
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)
Expensively 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.

Poetry.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

What might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued,
With kindling drops of loving-kindness,
And knowledge pour,
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, ills and wrongs,
All vice and crime, might die together;
And wine and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother,
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

—CHARLES MACKAY.

Select Family Reading.

"The North Room."

"IT is all right, is it Harry?"

"Yes, all right. The deed is signed and Mr. Drumno will take it to the county seat to have it recorded to-morrow."

"Then, after to-morrow mother can't back out, if she wants to?"

"Certainly not. But what an idea. Why should she want to back out? She's not that kind of woman. But where is mother?"

"She went over to Beemer's a few minutes ago. I suppose she wanted to tell them what she had done. Their hired man visits our Jane quite often, you know, and she told me that Beemer's folks have tried to persuade her not to sign the deed over to you. I wonder if they think we could ever abuse mother?"

"It seems they have failed to make her think so; she knows there will be no difference."

"Well, Harry, I mean to drive over to the village to-morrow. I want Mr. Smith to come on Monday and make these alterations in the house that we have so long talked about, you know."

"Have you said anything to mother about them."

"No, why should I? Isn't this our own house, now, and haven't we a right to do as we like?"

"Yes I suppose it is, and, I dare say, mother wouldn't care to be bothered about them."

"Of course she wouldn't. Oh, I will be so glad to have these mean little windows taken out and those awfully old-fashioned green blinds. I have been so mortified about them for nearly the last five years.

"Let me see, Carrie, what other changes do you propose?"

"I shall have back stairs put in where the conservatory is."

"But what will mother say to that?"

"Oh, Harry, don't be too absurd; as if she would not like it better to have back stairs. Besides, I really think the care of all those plants is too much for her in the winter, so I want to have the conservatory taken out while the plants are still out-doors. That will not seem so great a change to her as it would to move the plants if they were once returned to their accustomed shelves.

"Oh, I see," said Harry; "very considerate of you, I am sure," and his wife thought she detected a shade of sarcasm in his voice.

"And what else are you planning to have done?" continued the husband.

"I mean to have the north room fitted up for mother. You know how long I have wanted the back parlor for a library. It will be so cosy with its open fire-place."

"Perhaps mother thinks it's cosy, too, and so may object to being routed out."

"Now, Harry, you know very well that she will give it up gladly, if she thinks you want it," said the wife in her most wheedling voice. "Besides, what difference can it make to an old person like her what room she has? She receives all her visitors in the parlor and sits with the family the greater part of the time. I'm sure she'll not be so selfish as to want the very best room in the house just to sleep in."

"Well, I suppose you know best," said the easy-going husband, as he took up his paper, and the wife knew that she was safe from any interference on his part.

Across the wide hall, in the darkness and silence of the coveted back parlor the mother sat an unsuspected listener to this wholesale readjustment of her old home. Her call across the street had been a short one, and she had slipped in at the open front door unobserved and unheard. Although she had passed her sixty-fifth birthday she did not consider herself an "old woman," for she was strong and well, and of an exceedingly bright and cheerful disposition. She would admit now and then that she was "getting along," but at the close of this unintentional eavesdropping she said to herself: "An old woman," to be laid on the shelf and disposed of at the pleasure of others,

Her thoughts went swiftly back to the day that she came a happy bride to this house that was now to be so ruthlessly overhauled. The green shutters against the white clapboards had seemed to her then the most beautiful things on earth. Was it strange that with a fresh coat of paint now and then they still retained their charm for her? Various additions had been made to the house as the worldly store of its owners had increased, until it was now the roomiest and most comfortable (albeit, a bit old-fashioned) farm house in the county. She and her husband had often dispassed the subject of "back stairs," but as they could only be obtained by sacrificing, the conservatory, they had given them up, for the flowers had become to the wife after the death of her three little girls and the later marriage of her only son, the solace and joy of her life.

"The children know this," she said to herself over and over again, as she in the darkness wiped the burning tears from her eyes; "how can they be so cruel?"

As to the "back parlor," it was here that her husband had been cared for during his last illness, and it was here too, that she had watched his eyes grow dim under the touch of death. When it had seemed advisable that Harry should leave his own farm, and come to the old homestead they found the mother cozily settled in the back parlor, "and here I mean to die," she often said to herself.

"But the north room," she repeated, "the dreariest room in the whole house, the one that I have always thought fit for nothing but an occasional extra hired man."

Again the tears came hot and fast, but after a few moments of this abandonment she roused herself with a little shake.

"I'll show her," she thought. "She's a master hand at planning, but I'll do a little of that myself, I think."

Soon after, according to her usual custom, she joined her son and his wife for an hour or so, and bade them good-night again with her usual gentleness.

The following morning, when Harry entered the dining-room, he asked at once:

"Where is mother, Carrie?"

"She hasn't appeared yet. I suppose she had overslept."

"Nonsense," he answered indignantly, "you know she never oversleeps. She must be ill. How could you wait all this time without finding out?" He left the room with an impatient stride, but in a moment he returned with an anxious look on his face.

"She isn't there," he said.

"Oh, well, that's not strange," replied his wife, "she is, no doubt, outdoors somewhere puttering about her flowers. She'll come in when she gets ready."

Harry, however, was not satisfied with this, but sent the eldest boy outdoors to hunt up his grandmother.

"Queer thing for mother to forget meal time," said Harry; "she's always so prompt."

They gathered around the table, but had barely seated themselves when there was a resounding ring at the front door bell. This of itself was an unusual event, but at so early an hour it at once seemed the forerunner of trouble of some kind. They had only time, however, for a mere interchange of frightened glances when Jane ushered into the dining-room the family lawyer, Mr. Drumno.

"Excuse me for breaking in upon you," he said, "but I am in great haste. I want to return to the village in time for the morning train. No, thanks, don't place a chair for me at the table, I've been to breakfast. We had our morning meal about two hours ahead of the usual time."

A sudden thought came to Harry's wife.

"There is some flaw in that deed. Oh, I hope we can get it fixed up and hustle him out of the way before mother comes in. There is no telling what she might do."

Aloud she said, with her smooth est manner:

"I suppose you are taking that deed to the county seat to record this morning?"

"Madame," he said gravely, "I regret to say that I have no deed to record."

"What!" she exclaimed in startled tones. "Harry what does this mean?"

"Mr. Drumno," he said sternly, "explain yourself."

"I will," was the answer. "This morning about five o'clock—

But here he was interrupted by the entrance of the boy who had been sent to look around for his grandmother.

"Grandma isn't anywhere around," he said with a sob.

"No, my son," said the lawyer with a funny little smile, "I left your grandma seated at my table, comfortably sipping her morning coffee, and when she found I was coming over here she sent you her love and said she would stay a day or two with your cousin Julia, and that they would take her home when she was ready to come."

"But," said Harry in great bewilderment, "do you mean to tell me that my mother walked the two miles to your house this morning and reached there at five o'clock?"

"You have stated the case exactly."

"But what in the world did she come for?" asked Carrie, rising angrily, "how did you dare let her get hold of it? Is that the way you look out for your clients' interests?"

"Carrie," said her husband sternly, "you forget yourself."

"I am aware," said the lawyer, humbly, "that I was very remiss, but really the old lady was very sharp. She pretended that there was an error in the description of that creek that runs through her back forty, and she asked me merely to read it over to her. In the first place she had complained that her feet were wet from tramping so far in the dew. I could do no less than build a fire in the kitchen stove, so when she was comfortably ensconced in a rocking chair, with her feet in the oven, she made her business known and said it might make trouble if the deed went on record wrong. I brought the deed out and read it over to her. She showed no desire to get hold of it, and I did not for a moment suspect her of any sinister designs. Finally after repeating the description over many times she said, just as she had said before: "I don't feel quite satisfied." "Then I assured her that the description was an exact copy of the old deed. 'But that may have been wrong,' she persisted. So taking the deed with me I went to my office and brought the township map to the kitchen table, spreading it out to convince her that the creek was properly located on the deed. I said to myself, if she is so anxious to have this all right for Harry as to walk over here before it was fairly daylight, surely I can work for his interest too, and see that it really is all right. Well, I became so intent on following the course of that creek that I forgot to keep my hand on the deed, and the first thing I knew she had jerked it from the table, lifted the stove cover, and it was in the flames. She did it so adroitly that I didn't realize what she had done until my wife cried out, 'Pom!' Then I took it in, but when I lifted the stove cover the deed was only a black, shapeless mass."

As the lawyer ceased, Carrie dropped her head upon her hands and gave way to a torrent of tears.

"Did mother give any explanation?"

"No, she simply said that she had changed her mind."

In a few days the mother returned to her home. Nothing was said about the destruction of the deed, no questions were asked, no explanations were volunteered, and life again flowed on in its wonted channels.

One morning, about six months later, Carrie, feeling in an unusual petulant mood, made some unkind remarks about the ancient appearance of the house. This seemed to the mother a decisive moment and she said kindly, but firmly:

"Carrie, this is my house. I like it as it is; but you do not need to stay here unless you quite prefer to do so. Harry's cousin is ready to take the farm whenever you would like to return to your own more modern and elegant mansion."

This settled the question. The land at the home farm was the best in the country, and as the rent was merely a nominal sum, the daughter-in-law's eyes were too firmly fixed on the "bargain" element to allow her to relinquish her hold lightly.

The mother lived twenty years longer, and when the will was read it was found that everything was left to Harry save a few personal belongings, but following the bequests was a paragraph explaining the cause of the destruction of the deed, closing with these words:

"When you find yourself growing old, hold on to whatever property you may have gained, for human nature is weak, and the temptation to send the 'old folks' to 'north rooms' is more than some people can overcome."

—The Standard.

AS THE CARPENTER SAW IT.

The carpenter looked like a man with no nonsense about him, and he behaved accordingly. It was a small job, the laying of a plank walk from the back door to the street, but he planned it carefully, did it thoroughly, and wasted neither time nor lumber. The woman of the house watched him with delight, and the man of the house complimented him.

"Yes," the carpenter answered, meditatively, "there are some queer people handling tools these days. I heard about four interesting specimens a few weeks ago. In fact, I did the cleaning up after them.

"It was a nice house they were at work on. It hadn't been occupied for quite a while, and when the owner found a good tenant there was considerable repairing to be done. The mechanics were notified in plenty of season, but they came to work just when they got ready.

"First was the paper hanger. He papered one room, did some patching—and upset a bucket of paste in the bath-tub and stole a coil of lead pipe from the cellar.

"Next came the painter. He painted the floor of a room and touched up some woodwork. Then he went off and got drunk. He carried away a key to the house, and his step-ladder and paints are there yet.

"The glazier had three panes of glass to set. He came and set one, and took the measure of the other two. A week afterward he brought the two, but one of them turned out to be too large, and to set the other he needed a long ladder. He started down to the shop to get the ladder and a glass-cutter—and it was seventeen days before he appeared again, and then they had to send for him.

"The plumber was the best of the lot, yet he made such a job of relaying the floor he had ripped up that they had to get me to fix things shipshape.

"For all the work there was in it, that house might have been put in repair in less than a week, but the way those fellers fiddled around it was upset for a month. And they were constantly bragging about being 'union men,' too! Next time that owner or his tenants hear anybody talking about 'the rights of labor,' what kind of a face do you suppose they'll make?

"I'm a union man myself. All the more reason, I say, why I should have some pride about keeping my engagements and doing good work. I don't have to nurse a job till another one hatches. I stick to business and business sticks to me.

"If I had my way, the unions wouldn't say a word about higher wages or shorter hours for the next ten years. The level headed men would just spend that time educating the botchers and trying to teach a conscience into the loafers and shirks. If we could do that, the matter of wages and hours would settle itself."

SAMMY J——'S AUTER-BI-O-GRAPH-Y.

It just makes me mad to think about it! He took a lot o' paine with it, and used up a hull quire o' paper. 'Taint that I care for, but the swindle.

You never see a tickleder man in your born days than Sammy J—— was 'long at first. "I'm an auter-bi-ographer," he says, "an' full-bi-graphies always comes out with pictures."

"I never thought you was that," I says. "I guess," I says, "Sammy J—— can handle the hoe better 'n he can the pen yet."

"'Taint the writin'," says Sammy J——, "that don't count, for it's printed."

"Mebbe you're better in print, I guess," I says, "you'll be a lot easier to read."

"Pshaw!" he says, kind o' mad, "ain't fashion'ble to write so folks can read you right off smart. There's Judge Brown—you'll think he'd dropped a fly in ink and drove him all over the paper; an' there's that there Caine—Hall Caine—Cousin Emeraldy showed me a piece he writ in her book. She's awful proud of it, an' has the pen he writ it with 'all tied up in a blue ribbon. I wish you could see it—crimpy, crompy little writin', not a bit better 'n yourn.' I told her so. 'Mother can do better 'n that off hand' I says. You see, if you've got a big name you can write it as little an' mean as anything an' it'll go."

"You've got as big a name as I'd care to put Mrs. to," I says—"Samuel Jenkins Qan Benthusan Bronson. Whether you wrote it big or little, or mean or good," I says, "I suspicion it's good for the full amount."

He didn't let on to hear me. "Emeraldy says them big chaps don't write only just their names—most like they can't. They keep somebody to do it for 'em—a man-u-en-say's she calls 'em. She says it saves 'em a lot o' work. It's the idea—the idea that takes," says Sammy J——.

"Sammy J——," I says, "I s'posed you had a manner o' sence but I was mistaken. Look a'here," I says, "your idea may be good enough for every day farmin," I says, "but you'll never dip 'em in ink an' sprout 'em on paper an' make em pay. Mebbe," I says, your auter-bi-o-graph-y is like Melia Green's paintin' she's so proud of. The picter's Melia's but the work was the paintin' teacher's over to the Corners."

I said things to Sammy J—— that I oughtin to. It always riles me to see him so puffed up. He's been subject to these spells; gets 'em for the least little thing ever since he writ that ar-bit-u-ary on ole Mr. Stone that comes out in the Corners Press. Meandy Jones says she felt just that way when she first got to be correspondent for the Press. She got used to it after a while. She says they all do.

It seems Abe Fellows signed just as Sammy J—— did. Libbie told me about it. How the agent wanted the name of the most influential man in the neighborhood to encourage the rest. Them's the very words he said to Sammy J——. I s'pose he said em to every man in the neighborhood. I told Sammy J—— my 'pinion. Laws! You couldn't frighten him. He said he knew what he was doin', an' he wouldn't have to take the book when it come unless he wanted to. He said they didn't ask Abe Fellows for his auter-bi-o-graphy, an' he guessed Abe felt cut up about it. He said the agent didn't say it in words, but kind o' hinted that he might get the book grattus for his piece.

Well, that was early in December. We didn't hear any more about the book till long into March. I'd forgot about it, an' I guess Sammy J—— had too. I was goin' over my beddin'—I always do afore I put it away. 'Twas one o' those fine days that wakes up the flies an sets 'em to buzzin' in the sunshine, an' always sets me to thinkin' of the fun we boys an' girls used to have at home in Vermont abollin' down the maple sap. A knock came to the door. I was real surley with the young man. I took him for one o' them "Latter-Day Saints," they call themselves. A couple of 'em had been round the summer before distributin' tracts. I gave ten cents for one. I thought from the name, "A Friendly Discussion upon Religious Subjects," that it 'nd make nice Sunday readin' for Christian folks. When I see what I had, I put it right into the stove, an' never let on a word to Sammy J——. I'm sure Sammy J——'s got wife enough in me, but there's no use puttin' such notions in men's heads.

How the young man laughed when I told him Sammy J—— warn't that kind of a man, and I warn't that kind of a woman; we wasn't no Mormons.

"It's a history of your county, a fine thing," he says, handsomely bound." He held it up, an' it sprang right open to Sammy J——'s picter. "Here's Mr. Bronson," he says.

"Yes," I says, "that's Sammy J——, an' a good likeness, too, the best Henry Evans' boy ever took." Hen Evans takes us every year a-settin' in Ange's dooryard. We have our basket picnic there every year. The picters ain't very good, but we always buy one. Sammy J—— takes his fruit trees off him. I guess the neighbors do, though Tommy Foote's trees is the best for the money. We buy bluin' an' lots o' things like that to help the boy with his schoolin'. The Evanses is neighbors an' close flated, an' the boy is workin' for diplomas. He's got three of 'em now. "You ought to come over an' see 'em, Mis' Bronson," Mis' Evans says to me t'other day, "but laws!, you couldn't read 'em, they're all in Latin." He's a smart boy, I know an' awful independent in some ways. I guess he means to be a lawyer, an' I guess from what I know of him he'll make a first rate one, too.

Well, Sammy J—— come in an' see the book, an' the bill for $23. He was furious an' vowed he wouldn't pay one dollar if the book was left on his hands. He said he was not to take it unless he wanted to.

The young man was real good natured; he wasn't the one that come round first time. He said he didn't know any more'n his orders—to deliver the books to the people as signed for 'em an' collect the money. He left the book an' went away with the understandin' that he'd explain the matter to his employer.

'Bout two weeks later we got a letter from a lawyer way off in New York, sayin' the bills was put in his hands to collect, an' if the money wasn't remitted at once there'd be trouble. Sammy J——, was for fightin' it an' so was Abe Fellows. I made Sammy J—— pay the $23. "Laws a mercy!" I says, "if some lawyer with half the perseverence of that Evans boy got an action on to us he'd clean us out o' house an' home."

Abe Fellows sent his check for $10, an' so did Fred M'Gowan; but they didn't have their auto-bi-o-graphies in an' Sammy J—— did.

EVANGELINE N. ROBERTS.

COMRADES.

The rough give-and-take and the free-and-easy comradeship of army life are pleasantly illustrated in Rennie Stephenson's book, "Through Rhodesia," wherein he tells some of the experience of sharpshooters in South Africa.

On the march, he says, we had always great difficulty in finding the spot where we had left our saddles. At night we used them as pillows, and often we would be rudely awakened by a gruff voice at the ear, "Here shift! This is my saddle."

"It isn't your saddle."

"It is."

"It isn't."

"It is."

"Well, even if it is, I'm not going to shift at this time of night."

"Won't you? We'll see about that."

Then in the moonlight two forms would be seen struggling, now among the horses and again falling over their comrades.

The fray continues until one or the other man was victorious. Then the two generally sat down and threw remarks at each other:

"Well, cocky, you thought you'd pull me off that saddle, did you?"

"Oh, it's all very well for you. You haven't had fever. Wait till you get it, and then see if you've got any strength left!"

And then the whole argument would presently end thus:

"Well, good night, matey! I'm getting sleepy."

"Good night, lad! I hope our row won't bring back the fever. I didn't know you felt the effects of it still. I'd have given back the saddle at once if I'd known. You can have it now if you want it."

"No, thanks, I'm all right as I am."

"Sure?"

"Yes."

"Good night!"

"Good night!"

A TRUSTWORYHY EMISSARY.

As the train approached a Vermont village, an elderly woman thrust her head out of the window opposite the refreshment-room, says the Boston Courier, and shouted:

"Sonny!"

A bright looking boy came up to the window.

"Little boy," she said, "have you a mother?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Are you faithful to your studies?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you go to Sunday-school?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you say your prayers every night?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Can I trust you to do an errand for me?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I think I can," said the lady, after a cautious pause and looking steadily down on the manly face. "Here is five cents to get me an apple."

"RELATED BY "BORNATION."

Last Thursday a Guelph lady overheard two little boys arguing on the subject of death, and debating if the grim monster were to visit their homes which of their parents they could spare best. With true boyish foresight the first declared he could not think of doing without his father because he took him to all the shows. "Huh," said the other little fellow, "Our fathers are only connected with us by marriage, but our mothers are by bornation."

It is no disgrace for any boy to have to work, but it is a shame for him to do his work poorly.

The prince who is ashamed of labor will never be crowned.

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

THE BUSY MAN.

If you want to get a favor done
By some obliging friend,
And want a promise, safe and sure,
On which you may depend,
Don't go to him who always has
Much leisure time to plan,
But if you want your favor done,
Just ask the busy man.

The man with leisure never has
A moment he can spare,
He's always "putting off" until
His friends are in despair,
But he whose every waking hour
Is crowded full of work
Forgets the art of wasting time:
He cannot stop to shirk.

So when you want a favor done,
And want it right away,
Go to the man who constantly
Works thirty hours a day.
He finds a moment, sure, somewhere,
That has no other use,
And fix you while the idle man
Is framing an excuse.

—W. H. HILLS.