The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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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. F. UREN, M. D. C. M. Office and residence—Corner Mill Frederick Streets, Acton. Office Hours:—6 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 3 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL. L. R. C. P. Edinburgh. L. R. C. S. Edinburgh. 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. DELL, D.D.S., L.D.S. DENTIST, ACTON. Office over McKee's Drug Store. HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY. VISITING DATES—First and 3rd Tuesdays, Brookville; Friday, Rockwood. The latest anæsthetic used if desired.

LEGAL.

A. J. McKINNON, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER. OFFICE—Mill Street In Matthews' Block, Uniopolis.

R. J. McNABB, Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton. Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Best Rates Agent. Money to loan, etc. OFFICE—Parrymans Block ACTON ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. A. P. HUSBAND, V. S. Graduate Ontario Veterinary College. Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society. Office—Over Warden's Barber Shop, next door to Feed store, Mill street, Acton.

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

FRANCIS NUNAN BOOKBINDER, Wellington St., Guelph, Ontario. (Over Williams Store.) Account Books of all kinds made to order Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Rulingheavy 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 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 $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 any address, free of charge, or telephone 14, 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.

R. J. McNabb, Agent, 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.

YONG LEE HING, Proprietor

CROCKINOLE,
PING PONG,
CHATELAINE
BAGS, PURSES.

Our RETIRING SALE should clear at once.

See them at

DAY'S
GUELPH
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
A. H. DEVITT, Manager.

FRAMES!
FRAME
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 CHICKCO AGRMOTOR
Is acknowledged the lightest runnin and best windmill manufactured. I am agent for this district. Call and investigate before you buy.
T. EBBAGE,
Main Street, Acton

W. BARBER & BROS.
Paper Makers
Georgetown Ontario.

BOOK, NEWS COLORED PAPERS
JOHN R. BARBER

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. Make health and fat.
Agent, W. EBBKINE, Acton.
Send two cent stamp for free sample of Cream for Calves.
Address: Day's Stock Food Co., Toronto, Canada.

WANTED
GOOD representative for the sale of fruit trees, ornamental trees, shrubs, etc., in Acton and near by districts. Terms liberal, or salary if satisfactory. We have over 800 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 to-day. Apply now.
Pelham Nursery Company,
TORONTO, ONT.

—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Capital paid up, $1,000,000
Assets Over $9,000,000.
Guelph Branch
(MAY ISSUE NO DRAFTS)
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 same notes if payable in Guelph.
A general banking business transacted.
J. V. H. JONES, Manager.

TOOL HARDWARE
Hand Drills
Chucks
Earle's New Price
Reversible Screw Drivers
Automatic Drills
All Other Drills
Hacksaws
Combination Squares
Drill Gauges
Flexible Rulers
Graduated Rules
Gauges
Micrometers
Speed Indicators
Calipers
Adjustable Nippers
All others on hand or procurable
Our Prices Always Right
John M. Bond & Co.
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
Dressing Rooms
Bed Chambers
Boudoirs
Libraries
Smoking and Reading Rooms
Barber Shops
Bath Rooms, hot and cold water
Superb Appointed Dining Room
Glittering with
Moroes
Cut Glass
Fragrant Flowers
Electric Candelibra,
Promenades
Observation Rooms
Electric Lights
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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 SAW MILLS

LUMBER, LATH SHINGLES AND WOOD.
DRESSED LUMBER, ROUGH LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLE AND STOVE WOOD OF ALL KINDS
Kept Constantly on Hand.
James Brown.
Terms Cash.

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—
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 days be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 10 a.m. and 5.30 p.m. Careful attention, courteous treatment. The wants of the travelling public are fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
Proprietor

Poetry.

MINISTRY.

Your needs are many, and your heart cries out
For sweet relief from all your burning care;
You look to heaven, and ask your God to spare
Your soul from further pain and anxious doubt.

And at your side you do not see the cure
You might so quickly find had you the will;
Seek but your neighbor's life with love to fill
And you'll forget the miseries you endure.

E'en as the Master at the well forgot
His own sore thirst in offering living drink,
So into naught your living needs shall shrink
In giving good to those who have it not.

The mystery of mystery is this:
Who gives most blessing gains the greatest bliss.

—D. B. MACKIE.

Select Family Reading.

Breath of Scandal.

BY ELIAS LISLE.

YOUNG Mrs. Verrell leaned on the rail of the yacht and looked with disappointed surprise at the approaching dingey.

"There are only Hugh and your cousin in the boat," she announced to her guest. "Mr. Cuthbert isn't there. I'm so sorry."

Her intonation implied that the sorrow was sympathetic rather than personal. Sibyl Beach resented it.

"You needn't be, Helen," she said, the curve of her lips straightening firmly.

"Why, I invited him to come particularly on your account."

"And I wanted him not to particularly on my account," said the girl.

"Why, Sibyl, dear, I thought you were such great friends or even more."

"So did I." There was a suspicion of tears in the bright eyes the girl turned to her friend. "So did I until he disgraced himself. Oh, you'll know all about it soon enough anyway. I may as well show you now."

She held out a clipping from a weekly publication which makes a business of purveying social sewage to its readers.

It came to me in the mail—anonymously, of course," she said.

Mrs. Verrell took it with an expression of distaste.

"You wouldn't believe anything that wretched paper says, I hope," she observed. "Whenever I read it I feel as if I needed a bath to get clean again."

"The Era had a little notice, too, saying that Sid—Mr. Cuthbert—was there, and that is reliable enough. I only wish it weren't."

With pressed lips and frowning brow Mrs. Verrell ran over the clippings. It was a comment, less veiled than is common with that paper, upon the presence of Sidney Cuthbert at the funeral of a woman who had once been well-known in that dim border of the theatrical profession where people of a more dubious world claim habitation.

"It will strengthen Mr. Cuthbert's reputation for generosity among his club and society friends," commented the paragraph, "that he should have borne the expense of the funeral from his own pocket. The woman who was once known as Viola Trevannion was buried beside her son, whose death two years ago was also the occasion of a burst of mortuary generosity on the part of young Cuthbert."

"Isn't that a nice thing to read about a man you had thought you could—could at least respect?" said the girl, bitterly.

"I don't believe it about Mr. Cuthbert," began the other indignantly when the two men came over the rail.

After Verrell and young Dr. Dent had greeted the two women the latter turned to his cousin and said;

"Did I hear you speaking about Sidney Cuthbert, Beauty?"

"You may have if you were listening," said the girl. "And I do wish, Harvey, that you would drop that childish nickname. "I've outgrown it."

"Well, I don't know about your outgrowing it," said Dent, looking at her flushed cheeks and shining eyes, "but you certainly haven't outgrown your childish—beg pardon—childhood temper. But of course—I'll drop it, Sib if you don't like it," he added good naturedly. "But I was interested in Sidney Cuthbert because I used to know him when he was Typh 7 and I was house in Sawgums."

"What's Sawgums?" asked Verrell lazily from his deck chair. "Lunatic asylum? And was Cuthbert one of the numbered patients and you another? I understood you to say you were a house. Quite a singular delusion."

"Sawgums is short for St. Augustine's hospital, where I disported myself as house physician when Cuthbert became typhoid case No. 7," explained the young physician. "As all the private rooms were full he had to go into the public ward and live at $1 per day between a profane and asthmatic car driver and a charity convalescent."

"Very good lesson in economy," observed Verrell virtuously.

"He couldn't give many dinner parties and lend the kind of flowers he used to favor Sibyl with on that basis. Helen, if my feet are in your way I'll have them moved," he concluded, blissfully unconscious of his wife's savage glances. "Did Cuthbert like it, Dent?"

"Don't remember having heard Cuthbert speak of the gentleman," murmured Verrell. "Did he ever bring him to call, Sibyl? Helen, if you kick the only husband you recover likely to have on the shins he'll rise up and desert you."

"The Cod's real name, as near as he could tell, was Hannigan," continued the physician. "Cuthbert's previous acquaintance with him was purely a business one. Tommy used to sell Cuthbert evening papers on Wall Street until one day a truck ran over his ankle, and when we got him here we found that he had a very interesting case of heart disease, so we kept him. Well, the Cod used to give Cuthbert all the news about the street that he got from his friends who used to visit him. It meant a good deal to Cuthbert, for he was keeping his illness a secret for fear it would bring his mother back from Newport and consequently didn't have any callers of his own. Tommy generously loaned him his visitors, and one day the superintendent, a pious old party, came in unannounced and caught them shooting craps on Cuthbert's cot. They had made dice out of lump sugar, and Cuthbert had won eight cents, when old Barber raided the game. After that the two pals were more cautious. One other visitor the Cod had was a woman who said she was a cousin, but Tommy had other ideas. Certain acquaintances of hers had told Tommy that she was his mother. At any rate, she had treated him white, as he informed me, on several occasions and had 'staked' him to a much needed dollar more than once when he was 'up agin it.'

"In those days we had a night orderly in our ward whom I always meant to poison, but somehow I never got time. He wound up a career of blunders one night by dropping a night lamp into a screen, and two minutes later he dropped the job of fighting the fire and hustled to save our cases. Just as we were congratulating ourselves that all were safely out Tommy the Cod seized the night nurse by the neck and yelled:

'Where's my pal? Where's Typh 7?'

'In the inner passage,' said the nurse, turning white. 'They must have taken him out the other way.'

The first I heard of it was when the nurse came crying to me.

'I tried to stop him, sir, the little heart case No. 15, but he broke away from me and ran back into the ward. He thinks Typh 7 is in there.'

'I thought so, too, and ran for the entrance, end as I reached it a wall of black smoke rolled out upon me, somewhere back of which rose the voice of Tommy the Cod, who was exhorting his pal, and the rattle of a wheeled chair.

'Keep yer head down, buddy. Air's fresher near de floor. Dere's de door ahead! Blast de chair! It's stuck!'

'Never mind me, old man,' I heard Cuthbert say. 'Make a run for it. You can send back after me.'

'Not on yer life,' began Tommy, but the brave words ended in a pitiful strangling cough.

Groping blindly, I stumbled upon the chair and with a rush brought my two patients out into the hall. Tommy keeled over, and we got him to open air unconscious. When he came to, his words were:

'Did yer get my pal?'

'I'm right here, Tommy,' said Cuthbert, catching the boy's hand in his own.

'Dat's all right, den,' said the Cod, contentedly. 'But I guess I'm done. Doy always told me inhalin' wasn't good for kids,' he added with a faint grin.

"Cuthbert looked up at me appealingly, but I had to shake my head, Tommy's diagnosis was correct. Cuthbert climbed out of his chair—against orders—and bent over Tommy.

'Little pal,' he said, 'you saved my life.'

"Tommy waved the matter away airily. 'Dat's all right. It was up to me. Between pals, yer know, yer'd have done de same trick fer me.'

'God knows, I'd have tried. And now there's nothing I can do,' said Cuthbert, his voice breaking. 'Isn't there anything, Tommy? Haven't you got any relations or friends I could help? I'm rich, you know.'

'G'wan!' said Tommy faintly. 'Is dat right? I ought yer was a charity patient.' He pondered for a moment. 'There's dat fluffy-haired loidy dat came to see me last week. She was pretty white to me. You might t'inder look out for her a bit. Doy said she was me old woman, but I dunno. Wot's de difference?' said Tommy the Cod, wearily. 'She was white to me anyway.' And Tommy said no more.

Cuthbert buried Tommy in style. I went to the funeral. Professional interests, you know. Well, Cuthbert has been paying his debt to Tommy ever since, looking after the 'fluffy haired loidy,' as Tommy called her. She called herself Trevannion, I believe on the stage."

"Trevannion," interrupted Sibyl Beach—"Viola Trevannion?"

"Why, do you know her?" asked her cousin in surprise.

"Yes—no; never mind," said Sibyl tremulously. "Harvey, I want you to go ashore and telegraph Mr. Cuthbert that we—that I am expecting him and sign my name—You needn't stare so," she added indignantly. Then she turned and hurried below.

"Well, upon my soul!" mused Dent as he went over the side to send the message. "I must have done that uncommonly well."

NOT POSSIBLE.

An English exchange tells of a courteous retort which came about in a case that was tried when the law courts were held at Westminster.

The judge was a short-tempered man, and had several differences with one of the counsel engaged before him. At last he said, "I can teach you law, Brother—, but I cannot teach you manners."

"That's so, my lord," was the quick response.

JUSTIFIABLE BOYCOTTS.

"The man at the fruit stand is a cheat!" cried Mrs. Marr. She was flushed and excited, and she spoke with angry emphasis. "I paid the price he asked for his best peaches, but when I opened the bag to get one for little Lida Webb," I found that every one was unsound. So I took them back and made him give me my money."

"And you'll go to him just the same next time you want some fruit?" said Mr. Marr.

"Why, very likely. It's the most convenient place. What would you do?"

"I'd have kept the peaches and then—I'd have kept away. The Scotch have a saying, "If he cheats me once, shame on him; if he cheats me twice, shame on me." The easiest way to make sure you won't be cheated twice is to avoid the man who has cheated you once."

Mrs. Marr looked thoughtful, but skeptical. "I suppose that you would like me to think that you practice what you preach?" she said.

"I try to do it. For instance, you know I used to get our Sunday supply of confectionary at Engel's here on the Avenue. I know everything he had in stock. I knew his best candies; the kind I bought were fifty cents a pound.

"Well, I met our girls and two of their friends on the avenue one afternoon and asked them into Engel's to have a soda. Then, as they were all on their way up here, I thought I'd get them some candy. I pointed out the familiar dishes that I had helped so often to empty, and told Engel to give me a pound of those, and put down a half-dollar.

"Seventy cents," said Engel.

"Seventy cents," I repeated.

"Seventy cents," said Engel.

"He took it for granted, you see, that since young ladies were with me I wouldn't want to haggle over prices. I didn't haggle. I gave him two dimes more, and we left the shop. I haven't been in since, and it comforts me to think that Engel is paying interest at the rate of thirty dollars a year on his ill-gotten thirty cents."

"But it's a great bother, sometimes, to go farther for a little thing like that."

"Then go without it," said Mr. Marr, decidedly. "If everybody did as I try to do, half the impudent exactions and petty thieveries that annoy our daily lives would come to an end within a fortnight. The rascals would soon find that it didn't pay.

"If I had to make a rule on the subject, I'd say something like this: 'Don't be in a hurry to pronounce against a man; leave a liberal margin for possible mistakes on your side or his; but when you're perfectly certain that he has cheated you, drop him. You don't have to wrangle with him, and it isn't worth while. Just let him alone, and spend your money with an honest man.'"

HE WAS BUSY.

It is scarcely credible that so faithful a servant and so good a courtier as John Brown of Balmoral could ever deliberately have kept his sovereign waiting, but the London Tatler relates an anecdote which shows that he had a very human side.

Brown was very fond of fishing, and one day, when he had a fine salmon on his hook, there came a message from the castle at Deeside, desiring his presence at once. Queen Victoria was going for her afternoon drive, and it was Brown's duty to attend her, as he always did, sitting in the rumble of the carriage.

"Tell her majesty that I'll be there quickly" he said.

But the salmon was strong and could not be landed at once. Another and more urgent message reached him.

"Tell her majesty that I have a salmon on, but will be in in a few minutes."

Still the salmon held out, and a third and imperative command arrived.

"Tell her majesty," shouted Brown, "that it's not possible for me to leave without the salmon!"

Nor did he. But whether the queen knew enough about fishing and fishermen to appreciate the circumstances is not told.

PASSING IT ON.

A series of accidents witnessed by a correspondent of the Portland Express sprang from so insignificant a beginning, and involved so many victims, that even the most sympathetic of the bystanders could not repress their smiles.

A driver of a package-delivery wagon dropped a bundle upon the sidewalk. It fell with considerable noise and startled a dog, which, in jumping to avoid the bundle, ran against a woman. She, in her efforts to prevent herself from falling, nearly overthrew another woman with whom she collided.

This woman's parasol came in contact with a passing man, who dodged his head with sufficient force to shake of his eye-glasses. They fell to the ground, were stepped upon and broken by a young woman who was passing.

The whole series of mishaps did not take a moment, but by the time the man had picked up the useless frame off his eye-glasses the driver of the wagon was some distance down street and unconscious of the mischief his carelessness had wrought, while the poor dog, as if certain he had done something wrong, was rapidly sneaking off up-street.

REIGN AND RAIN.

Mrs. Krank—Yes, I'm fond of pets. I have five cats and four dogs that just rule my house.

Mrs. McCall—Ah! I've often heard of reigning cats and dogs. These must be the ones.

PINK SATIN.

A pretty anecdote of a Revolutionary bride is related by Ellen D. Larned in a recent little volume upon the local deeds and traditions of a Connecticut county. The incident occurred soon after the first successes of the rebel privateers.

A beautiful young girl, betrothed and shortly to be married, admitted one day to the house a wandering peddler, who undid his pack and displayed his wares.

She expected, doubtless, to purchase some trifle to add to her wedding outfit; but times were hard, there was little money to spare, and moreover it was many months since all imported finery had been so frowned upon that no patriotic young woman could venture to buy it, nor any dealer to sell it.

What, then, was the young woman's amusement and delight when the pedler unrolled a voluminous piece of the most beautiful pink satin—satin, too, quite innocent and inoffensive to the most ardently patriotic eye, since he explained that it was a trophy of war, the booty of one of our own privateers.

She gazed upon it in fascination. What a wedding dress it would make. But the cost—she could not, she dared not ask her father for so very much money.

Nor did she. But unrolling the exquisite fabric yet further, she draped the rosy folds flowingly about her supple young figure, and crossing the room to where all the time her father, a stern and silent man, had sat writing at his accounts, observing nothing, she sank upon her knees at his feet.

A hand was laid on his knee; he looked down, wondering, and she looked up, pleading,—and then he understood.

Not a word was spoken on either side, but the old man's hand went quietly into his desk, drew out a purse, opened it, and laid in his daughter's hand forty silver dollars.

At the wedding that soon ensued the bride's gown and the bridegroom's waistcoat were both of pink satin, and there was one more pretty story to hand down of a real Daughter of the Revolution.

THE ADVICE CAME HOME TO ROOST.

The president of one of the prominent railway corporations in America was making a stirring address to an audience of young men, and dwelt with particular emphasis on the necessity of making a good appearance.

"When you are looking for work," he said, "be careful that you are presentable. If you have only twenty-four dollars in the world, spend twenty dollars for a suit of clothes, three dollars and a half for a pair of shoes, and fifty cents for a hair cut and shave. Then walk up to the job, wherever it may be, and ask for it like a man."

This advice was greeted with great applause, and the railway president sat down amid a storm of cheers.

The very next morning a dapper-looking young fellow walked into the outer office of the orator, and handing a note to the clerk said: "Please give this to the president." The note read:

"I have paid twenty dollars for a suit, three dollars and a half for a pair of boots, and fifty cents for a hair cut and shave. I have walked from Harlem, and I would like a job as conductor on your road."

He got the job.

THE BENCH WAS DEBARRED

A king's counsel was appearing in a case of slander, which was being heard before a certain judge, with whom, outside court, he was on the best of terms.

The chief witness was a woman, who appeared to testify to the alleged slander.

"Now, madam," began the K. C., "please repeat the slanderous statements made by the defendant on this occasion just as you heard them."

"Oh, they are unfit for any respectable person to hear!" was the emphatic response, as she looked indignantly at the barrister.

"Then," said the K. C. coaxingly, "suppose you just whisper them to the judge."

HE HAD HIS REASONS.

An officer in one of the English volunteer regiments, who had made himself exceedingly unpopular with the men, was coming home one evening when he slipped and fell into deep water. He was rescued with great difficulty by a private in his own regiment.

The officer was profuse in his expressions of gratitude, and asked his preserver how he could reward him.

"The best way," said the soldier, "is to say nothing about it."

"But why?" asked the officer in amazement.

"Because," was the blunt reply, "if the other fellows knew that I'd pulled you out they'd chuck me in."

A STANDING GRIEVANCE.

Many persons who are compelled to travel on street-cars so crowded that they have to stand, will sympathize with the Chicago man who finally decided to make a determined protest.

He called at the office one day and vigorous terms.

"Who are you, that you come here and talk to us like that?" asked one of the officers of the corporation. "Are you a stockholder?"

"No, sir!" he thundered. "I'm one of the strap-holders!"

Fortify the system against disease by purifying and enriching the blood—in other words, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone:
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THOMAS MOORE.

WON A PLACE BY A WHISTLE.

He was an old-looking figure as he came merrily whistling down the street the morning after the big snow, says an exchange. His nose was red, his hands were bare, his feet were in shoes several times too large, and his hat was held in place by a roll of paper under the sweat-band; but he piped away like a steam whistle, and carried the big snow shovel much as the marching soldier carries his rifle.

"How much?" from an imposing looking man, who was asked if he wanted his walks cleaned.

"Ten cents."

"A nickle's enough."

"It would be if I couldn't do better; but I've got to do the best I can, and business is rushing. "Good morning," and the merry whistle filled the air as the boy started away.

"Go ahead and clean em," shouted the man, whose admiration and better nature had been aroused.

"Just see that little rascal make the snow fly!" he laughed to his wife who stood at the window with him. "Why he's a regular snow-plow; and he does it well, too."

"What a little mite! and how comical! Wonder if he's hungry?"

She called him in as soon as he had finished, but he would not take time for more than a cup of coffee.

"Too busy," he said.

"What are you going to do with the money?" asked the man as he insisted on settling at 25 cents.

"I'm going to get mother a shawl for Christmas. She's wearing one you can see through, and it ain't right."

On he went with glowing cheeks and his cheery whistle. But they had his name and address. It was the wife who took a shawl to the mother; and it was the husband who installed the sturdy little snow-shoveler as office boy in a bright new uniform, and with permission to whistle when he feels like it.

A SEDENTARY OCCUPATION.

The young woman had been elected to the chair of English literature in a small college, and was duly elated. She arrived at the scene of action the day before the session opened, says Harper's Magazine, and the president was explaining her duties:

"I should like you," he said, "to take the junior and senior classes in elocution, and also assume charge of the physical culture."

"Is there no teacher of elocution?"

"Well, no; not at present."

"And who has charge of physical training?"

"We have no teacher as yet."

"And I was elected to the chair of English literature?"

"Yes."

"Well said the young woman with a winning smile, "I will take the work and do what I can with it, but," she added brightly, "why did you not tell me that the chair was a settee?"

ARROW POINTS.

Play is sometimes harder than work.

More own the Bible than obey its teachings.

There are no by-ways to heaven.

Sins that are loved are hard to leave.

Only the spiritual discern the spiritual.

More are governed by custom than by conscience.

One may have shining gifts and yet lack saving grace.

All that is evil does not pass under that name.

Better be bound with Christ than be free without him.

The Grocers of This North American Continent Who Sell Various Brands of Cereal Foods, Use
MALT BREAKFAST FOOD.
IN THEIR HOMES.

Howard K. James, of San Francisco, Secretary of the California Retail Grocers' and Merchants' Association, writes as follows about delicious and healthful Malt Breakfast Food:

"The truest things in advertisements of Malt Breakfast Food is that "the manufacturers start the goods, and quality does the rest."

"Little children who tire of everything in the cereal line, will take up this food and cling to it with wonderful for a change, much longer than they will any other food.

"It is a fact that my own youngster who has passed by everything I have been able to find in the market, after a few days has put the seal of his approval on Malt Breakfast Food to the extent of insisting upon having it three times a day, and this has existed now for over during which time I have gone by without his breakfast, lunch and supper.

"For the old folks I find Malt Breakfast Food is the factory thing on the market for or tired stomachs, and for that jaded feeling that occasionally is ours breakfast time."