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 and Frederick Streets, Acton.
Office Hours:—6 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. C. 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 anæsthetic used if desired.

LEGAL.

A. J. McKINNON,
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—Ferguson'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 Feed 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,
Wellington St., Guelph, Ontario.
(Over Williams Store.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every 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 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 $300 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 802, or Telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL Proprietor
A RM well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse-shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repairs performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Sawing and filing done.

If You Want
Good Bread
TRY OUR
White, Brown and Currant Loaf.
Fresh Scones, Buns and Dough Nuts every day. All kinds of Cakes on hand. Tarts made to order. Wedding Cakes a specialty.
Confectionary.
Best assortment of Confectionery from best makers. Popular prices.
Oysters and Fruits
of best grades in their season.
Oyster Parlor now open. Oysters served in most popular methods.
T. STATHAM & SON
Bakers and Grocers.
MAIN ST. - - - ACTON

Toys,
Toy Books,
Fancy Goods,
LEFT OVER FROM OUR CHRISTMAS SALE, WILL BE SOLD .....
At Cost and Below
.....AT.....
DAY'S BOOKSTORE
GUELPH.
✦ DRY ✦ 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.

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 hoes 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

For the best
Quality of
FLOUR
GO TO
EVERTON OR EDEN MILLS
Always sure to get the
BEST ARTICLE at RIGHT PRICES.
Bran, Middlings, Chop Feed, Etc., for sale.
Chopping done and Oats rolled for horses every day at both mills.
Cash for wheat and Oats.
HENRY HORTOP.
PROPRIETOR

Are You Going To
Get a New Cutter?
I have a very nice assortment, very Stylish, Roomy and Comfortable, all My Own Makes, best value in the country.
I have a splendid assortment of heavy Bob Sleighs, made of the very best materials and guaranteed to keep the track.
I also have a nice line of pleasure Bob Sleighs 2 and 3 seats, just the proper thing for any farmer to have. Don't fail to call and see my stock. Remember this is the best Shop in the county for all kinds of Repairing.
J. N. O'NEILL.
GEORGETOWN.

—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 8.10 p.m. Careful attention given to everyone. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
Phone 11

—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.
A. E. H. JONES, Manager.

Do You Realize
How Near Christmas Is ?
One month and Christmas will be past. Have you not thought how pleasant it would be to see all the nice things Bond & Co. have for Christmas purposes? Read this partial list of specials. Come and look them over before the busy days commence.
Razors, Carvers, Cutlery of all kinds, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Silver Novelties, Lamps, Carpet Sweepers, Hair Brushes, Razor Strops, etc.
OUR PRICES ARE ALWAYS RIGHT.
JOHN M. BOND & CO.
GUELPH.

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

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.

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 KORKOTOR
Is acknowledged the lightest running and 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

Sun Savings and Loan Co
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT.
Authorised Capital - $5,000,000.00
Ten-year maturity shares are paid Monthly Instalments of 50c. per share for 12 months, when payments cease—$5.00 paid in—maturity value $100.00.
Money to loan at 5% straight loan or repayable in monthly instalments on application to
R. J. McNabb,
Agent, Acton

Poetry.

THE CHOICE.

Which shall it be, dear mother?
To which shall I go?
The grand old castle beside the sea,
Or the little brown cot below?

Which shall it be, dear mother?
A plain, white muslin gown,
Or the richest and rarest of lace and silk
To be found in Inglewood Town?

Which shall it be, dear mother?
A thin, plain gold ring,
Or wealth of gems, or diamonds rare,
That would ransom a captive king?

My child, the heart must answer
The questions your lips have asked,
Lest sowing in pride, you sorrow
When the pride is overpast.

Choose with your heart my darling!
Let pride be swept away!
Flowers are fairer than jewels—
Gather them while you may.

Often glittering diamonds
Conceal but an aching brow,
And the chill heart's bitter throbbings
Bear record of falsehood's vow.

Truth is the brightest jewel
That womanhood can wear;
Never a silken robe can cure
A heart grown sick with care.

This world is not all sunshine;
There's many a stormy day,
And love is the sweetest shelter,
When clouds obscure the way.

So choose from your heart, my daughter;
Remember, this life of ours
Must have some thorns and briers
Amongst its fairest flowers.

But thorns and tears and dark hours,
Matter not if love is true;
While you climb, keep together,
With the higher light in view.

Select Family Reading.

Faint Heart

BY WILLIAM McLEOD RAINE

She noticed that the Cuban sun and fever had taken it out of him a good bit. He walked as erect as ever, but his uniform coat hung loose about him like a sack and his step lacked the buoyant spring that used to distinguish his approach. He took her pink little palm in his tanned yellow hand with a great sigh of relief.

"It's good to get back to God's country again," he told her after the first greetings were past.

"I suppose you did miss a good many things down there. It must have been awful, if the newspaper accounts are true."

He shrugged his thin shoulders.

"It wasn't exactly a picnic; but, then, men don't go to war for fun—at least they are not liable to find it if they do."

"And what did you miss most?"

A flash of his old audacity leaped to his eye.—"A little girl in New York. There were other things I wanted—iced drinks, something to eat that was green, a place to sleep in where the water wasn't more than six inches deep—but it was the girl I wanted to see most."

She gave him her most suave smile.

"I didn't know you had any sisters."

"I haven't. This was another man's sister."

"Oh!"

There did not seem to be anything further to say along that line, so far as she was concerned. Presently she asked:

"Has the regiment been ordered home?"

"Yes; we're all here—what's left of us!" Then he added, "I came home to tell this girl I love her."

"Yes?" she asked with polite interest. "Did you have the regiment ordered home just for that? Isn't it taking a good deal of trouble?"

"Not too much. That's what I'm here for—to take trouble, if I can only gain my end."

She murmured something about hoping she would be able to congratulate him soon.

His big eyes covered her steadily.

"Do you really hope so?"

"Of course. But do tell me about the war. I'm just dying to know all about how it feels to be in battle."

"There's nothing much to tell," he answered, somehow feeling baffled without quite knowing why. "It's awfully hot and dusty, and once in a while some poor fellow gets knocked over." There isn't anything much to see. One gets a throat like a lime-kiln; no trouble at all to raise a thirst. That's about all. But there's something else I'd rather talk about."

"Oh, yes—the charges against the government about the feeding and care of the soldiers," she acquiesced hastily.

"Hang the charges! I'm not worrying about them at all. It's this girl I want to talk about."!

"Oh, that girl again!"

"Yes; I'm interested in her."

"Is she nice?"

"I think so."

"And good looking?"

"Well her looks made a hit with me."

"Doubtless she would be gratified to know it."

"I'm not so sure about that," he answered, looking at her swiftly. In point of fact, she knows it already, only she pretends not to. I can't seem to find out where I stand with her. When I get ready to tell her, she laughs at me with the gravest face imaginable. One can't grow sentimental when a girl is making game of one, you know."

"No, I suppose not," she assented demurely.

He took a grip on himself and decided that the time had come to storm this fortress, to which the run up San Juan hill appeared a mere bagatelle.

"There was once a young fellow at the Point," he began nervously. "Naturally he thought himself in love, but the curious thing is that he was in love. Fact is he didn't know any more about girls than you do about the native jargon of the Hindoo. He never had been with them. But once—well, the sister of a classmate came visiting at the Point, and after that she was the only woman in the world that counted."

She settled herself more comfortably in the chair and smiled dazzlingly at him. Never a maiden more unconscious of his ulterior meaning.

"How charmingly romantic! Do go on. I hope there will be immense difficulties in the way—another lover, obdurate parent, heart-rending separation, mutual vows of undying fealty."

"No; there wasn't any obdurate parent. So far as I could find out her father hadn't any objections to my—this young fellow—marrying his daughter. There were separations enough. He had to play hide and seek with the Apaches in Arizona for a year or two, but I never discovered that her heart wavered."

"Perhaps it was loaded or even given away," she bubbled.

He paid no attention to this sally, though he appreciated it.

"There was another lover," he continued, eyes full on hers. "He was a man of a good deal of force, had made his own way in the world and was on the road to wealth. He could give her all the things that this lieutenant couldn't give her, the luxuries she had been used to all her life."

"Oh, I see. He couldn't feed her on bonbons." This most innocently.

"He could provide for her as she ought to be provided for."

"Still it is just conceivable that even a girl might weary of eating sweets the livelong year in and year out, isn't it?" she asked, with a touch of asperity.

"I'm not talking about confections exactly, but there are decencies to be observed. A fellow can't ask a young woman of a wealthy family to come and share nothing with him."

"Oh, no. Much better leave her to her digestion of she confections and other toys you mentioned."

"Arizona is not exactly a place where a society girl would care to live."

"Of course he asked her whether she would like to go there. He didn't go away without giving her a chance, I suppose."

The lieutenant flushed. "He simply could't ask her. The thing was unthinkable. He would have deserved to be shot if he had taken her out there to die of loneliness away from home."

"So he left her to her bonbons. He can't have thought much of her. She was probably only a fancy of the moment."

"But you are quite wrong. He did. Don't you see that it was because he cared so much for her that he could not ask her to share a lot like that with him? He went away and bore his hurt silently."

"That was very generous of him," she admitted cordially. "But you must be wrong about the officer, Lieutenant Weston. He couldn't have really believed in the girl if he thought these luxuries were more to her than the man she loved. If he had thought her a true women he would not have hesitated to give her the choice. It would not have been fair to her to go away without a word. He must have thought her a butterfly."

Weston's eyes grew eloquent. "Believe me, he knew her to be all things good, but he had so little to offer that he knew he had not the right to offer it. There are some things a man may not do."

She had nothing more to say. The rest was for him.

"Besides, he did not know whether she loved him or not. At times it seemed to him that she did, and then again he thought she didn't. Perhaps if he had known—been sure—"

He stopped but she offered him no help. Nor did her eyes meet his fairly. The downcast lids hid the answer that otherwise might have been read there.

"Miss Chisholm—Kate—I have come now to find out. While I lay with the fever heavy on me, face to face with death, things took on new relations to each other. Poverty and wealth and external distinctions of society appeared to me the accident of life; love stood out a great verity to dwarf these. I made a pledge with myself then that if I lived I would find out whether you loved me or not. Long ago I should have asked you but for my pride. To-day it is my pride to brush aside my pride. Will you be my wife, Kate?"

She flashed one radiant look at him, and Weston had his answer before the words trembled from her lips.

A PLEA FOR THE GROWING BOY.

"Ease him over a bit ma'am! Ease him over till he stops growing, he'll be all right then." Such was the advice given a perplexed mother by a wise doctor, when she consulted him with regard to her young son. She complained that of late Tom had changed. From being an industrious, active and obliging boy he had become the reverse. He had lost all ambition, was lazy, and went about his work with a listless air; had an ungracious manner, and was disobliging when asked a favor. And yet he was the picture of health, and growing like a weed. His animal spirits were overwhelming, and his appetite abnormal. He had also grown careless in his dress and manner; forgot to take off his hat in the house, whistled in the sitting-room, and banged every door behind him as he went out. His feet seemed to spread all over the place and knocked against tables and chairs, while his big hands broke nearly everything he touched.

Does any mother of a growing boy fail to observe in the above picture the portrait of her own Tom or Dick or Jack, as the case may be? Have not all parents passed through a similar experience with their growing boys, that period of all others when they needed to be "eased up a bit" over the road from boyhood to manhood? This is a very tender age for poor Tom, too. He is sensitive to a degree, though he will not let you see it you may depend; to be laughed at for his changing voice (varying from a deep base to a high falsetto), is keen agony to him; while, to hear himself described as "all hands and feet," and asked to take his big paws off that book," makes him angry enough to wish he were a bear, and had paws big enough to chastise his tormentors. This is the time of all others when a boy needs his mother to throw herself into the breach and protect him from the taunts of his brothers and sisters or the reprimand of his father, who has little patience with his awkwardness, and speaks threatningly if "Tom does not improve."

His mother, if wise, will observe that praise rather than censure is needed to encourage and bring out the best of a boy at this trying age, and will always if possible, impute good motives to what he does. She will find that this is the way to win his heart and keep his confidence, and believe me, though he tries to hide all feelings, and pretends he does not care, still he is very appreciative of kindness. I know of an instance of this sort in the case of a very mischievous boy who was always in scrapes. One day at the dinner table, when the whole family was present, he was accused by his brother of having done a mean action. "Stop!" said the mother, raising her hand imperiously, "not another word. No one could make me believe that my son would do a mean action. He may have been thoughtless, but he is incapable of meanness." I shall never forget the look of thorough understanding that passed between the two.

Once again, when she was taking his part and urging as an excuse for his late hours in the morning that a growing boy needed sleep, he laughingly said, "And when I have stopped growing, mother will find some new excuse for me;" and so you may be sure she did. But do you think, after that, he failed to try and live up to his mother's standard.

The boy must not be nagged at, nor must he censured in public. That hurts his pride and crushes his only spirit, for at this age he is impatient under restraint, while punishment only makes him more obstinate and wilful. A quiet suggestion spoken in his ear alone, and that at the proper time, will be all-prevailing.

As to his awkwardness, much of it comes from self-consciousness, and a little reassurance will ease him over it. No matter if his big boots do destroy the furniture, or his clumsy hand break your china, all the more reason for allowing him to help you and wait on you. Let him know that such services are always a pleasure. No room is too good for him. Above all, let him know that he is always welcome. The growing boy will all too soon have outgrown the home, and the wide world will have claimed him. And then, oh then, what would we give to have him back with all his noise and awkwardness! How quickly faults will change to virtues, and how tenderly we will remember his provoking ways. Yes, "ease him over" a bit, mother, while you have the chance, and you will be spared remorse:

An old white-haired man, past the "three-score and ten," said to me in speaking of his mother: "I never remember the time in my boyhood, coming home to my mother, that she did not meet me at the door with a smile on her face. All through my long life I have remembered that beautiful smile." And so I put in my plea for the growing boy, while he is at home, so that when he goes out into the world where he will meet many a frown, he may look back with pleasure to the time when there was always a smile waiting for him.—M. E. D. in The Interior.

VARIETIES.

"At this point," said the narrator, "she broke down and wept scalding tears." "My goodness," exclaimed the listener, "she must have been boiling with rage."

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs
He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best
—P. J. Bailey.

Dr. Hannon says, in the St. Louis Advocate, that "eternity will be a hyperbole." Didn't that rare rhetor rend the boundless and bulging cuticle of his vocabulary and let his presently make a toboggan descent down hypotenuse of his verbiage?—Richmond Advocate.

Pay day is always a month off for the spendthrift, and he is severable to realize more than six cents to a good business man, and he never spends the dollar.

"Them city people," said Farmer Smiley, "think themselves mighty smart; but they are an ignorant set. F'rinstance, when I was ridin' 'long Queen Street West last Saturday I seen a sign out, "Great sale of Jerseys, all wool." Ha! ha! What d'yer think of that? They act'ally think that wool grows on Jerseys. Why, any six-year-old boy on the farm knows better 'n that."

A Topeka primary teacher was giving a class of small boys instructions in arithmetic, and the regulation Topeka beefsteak as an object. "Now, children," she said, "if I cut the steak in two, what will each part be?" "A half," came the chorus of answers. "If I cut it into four pieces?" "Quarters," fewer of them said. "And if I cut it into five pieces?" All dropped out but one boy, who had sold enough papers to buy a meal at one of the restaurants, and he jumped up and yelled out, "Hash!"

"You can't go home when it's raining like this. You had better stay and have dinner with us." "O, it's not so bad as that!"

"Deacon," said a minister out West after a heavy sermon, "I'm tired." "Indeed," replied the deacon, "then you know how to pity the congregation."

Young artist (who has had all his pictures rejected): "I don't see why they did not hang my work." "I suppose they thought hanging too good for it."

"Bother it! I left my watch upstairs on the dressing table, "I feel too tired to run after it." "If, you wait long enough, it'll run down."

Adela—Tell me, are you engaged to Cholly? Hortense (confidentially)—No, but I expect to be—He has already proposed twice!

Landlady—What portion of the chicken would you like Mr. Newcomer? Mr. Newcomer—Oh, half of it will be ample, thank you.

At a cemetery at Middlebury, Vt., is a stone, erected by a widow to her loving husband, bearing this inscription, "Rest in peace—until we met again."

"Let's go have a drink, Smithers." "No. I've sworn off this week for a test." "Why, what are you testing?" "Myself. As long as I can find I can stop, I won't stop; but as soon as I find I can't stop, I will stop."

Mrs. Turkey—Where have you been, pa? Mr. Turkey—I've been seeing that old hen around the corner who tells fortunes. She's a fraud. You ought to have heard the character she gave me.

Wanted—A steady man to look after a garden and milch a cow who has a good voice and is accustomed to sing in a choir.

Do not be imposed on by appearances; check your impulses, and moderate your desires, and keep your reason always in her own power.

HOUSEHOLD CLEANINGS.

A pail of cold water will purify the air of a room.

Sprinkle the inside of damp gloves with violet powder.

Clothes carefully folded and sprinkled are half ironed.

Vaseline, taken half a teaspoonful at a time, cures a cold.

Creaking shoes may be softened by rubbing soap into the seams.

Soak mildewed clothes in buttermilk and spread them on the grass in the sun.

It is claimed that camphor burned in a vessel will keep a room clear of mosquitoes.

Cockroaches shun turpentine, so a few drops sprinkled where they congregate will scatter them.

A baking powder can chops potatoes and apples more quickly and evenly than a knife; try it.

Save all the paper bags. They are most convenient to draw over cans of fruit to shut out the light.

Clear, cold water and tissue paper cleanse and polish lamp chimneys better than anything else.

Dry grapes with the stems; for pies they are almost as good as raisins. When you have plenty of them, try it once.

In bottling pickles or catsup, boil the corks, and while hot press them in the bottles; when cold they are sealed tightly.

Nail a piece of barrel hoop for a handle over a box in which to bring in chips. The dirt will not sift through as when a basket is used.

Washing in cold water when overheated is a frequent cause of disfiguring pimples. Hot water and a piece of flannel for a face cloth are preferable.

Never sun feather beds or pillows. Air them thoroughly on a windy day in a cool place. The sun draws the oil and gives the feathers a rancid smell.

JUST A LITTLE TOO LATE.

His knock on the door of a certain house was answered by a demure little woman, and he felt quite sure of a cold bite as he led off with:

"Madam, do not think me impertinent, but let me ask if it so happened that you had a son wander away from the family fireside years ago?"

"Yes, I did," she replied, and she opened the door a little farther.

"He went out into the world and became a wanderer o'er the face of the earth?"

"Yes, he did."

"Days and weeks and months ran into years and you heard no word of him? You knew not whether he lived or died?"

"As you say, I knew nothing," replied the woman, as she stood in the door and looked fixedly at the tramp.

"Well, ma'am," he continued, "I don't wish to raise any false hopes, but—but—"

"But you are just a little too late!" she finished, as he swallowed the lump in his throat and tried to wipe away a tear. "My wandering son returned about two hours ago, and is now taking a soak in the bath-tub. Had you called early this morning, you know—"

"Then the situation is filled?"

"It is."

"Just my luck, ma'am; but of course you are not to blame for it. I congratulate you and your wandering son, and will bid you good day and try the family next door."

After the grip, pneumonia or typhoid fever, take Hood's Sarsaparilla—it restores health and strength.

He sought for others the good he desired for himself. Let him pass on.—Egyptian.

THE FARMER FEEDETH ALL.

The king may rule o'er land and sea,
The lord may live right royally,
The soldier ride in pomp and pride,
The sailor roams the ocean wide;
But this or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The writer thinks, the poet sings,
The craftsmen fashion wondrous things;
The doctor heals, the lawyer pleads,
The miner follows precious leads;
But this or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The merchant he may buy and sell;
The teacher do his duty well,
But men may toil through busy days
Or men may scroll through pleasant ways,
From king to beggar, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The farmer's trade is one of worth;
He's partner with the sky and earth,
He's partner with the sun and rain;
And no man loses for his gain;
And men may rise and men may fall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

God bless the man who sows the wheat,
Who finds us milk and fruit and meat,
May his purse be heavy, his heart be light,
His cattle and corn all go aright;
God bless the seeds his hands let fall,
For the farmer he must feed us all.

OLDER THAN HIS FATHER.

Observing the unmistakable Erin brogue of one of the Central Park attendants, a visitor who was strolling through the park remarked to him:

"You come from the Old Country, don't you?"

"An' shure Oi do."

"Have you been long out?"

"Oh, bedad, if Oi'd lived in the Old Country as long as Oi've lived in New York, Oi guess Oi'd b' the 'owldest man in the city.

"You're a pretty old man then?"

"I'm oulder than me faythe—bless his sowl—if he lived till nixt October, he'd be ded this twinty years."—Philadelphia Times.

BE NOT SEEM.

Be genuine. Whether as a layman giving testimony, or as a preacher declaring the counsel of God, avoid a mere pretense of feeling. Make sure that your tones, your words, and your manner represent only real emotion. "A young hound bays as soon as he is entered upon the chase; wisdom waits until some game has been started." You are in danger of being ineffective throughout a discourse because you are dishonest at the beginning, by making a show of feeling that is soon fictitious. Your audience will not get warm by a painted fire, nor will it become inspired by gush that stimulant-action.—Pacific Christian Advocate.

NO REDUCTION.

Two well-known literary men, one of whom is growing bald, passed a barber's shop, in the window of which was a sign, "First-Class Hair Cut, 15 cents."

That would be a cheap place for me," said the bald-headed man. "I've so little hair left, they couldn't conscientiously charge me more than ten cents."

"You don't understand the sign," said his companion, gravely. "If you had only three spears left, yours would always be considered first-class hair, and you will observe it is that kind for which they demand the fifteen cents."

THE WORST.

A good story is told of a digger who had ridden into a Western Australian town to consult a doctor. Having done so, he went to have the prescription made up.

"How much is this lot?" he asked the chemist.

"Well, let me see," was the reply. "There's seven-and-sixpence for the medicine and a shilling for the bottle." He hesitated, uncertain whether he had charged for everything.

"Oh, hurry up boss," said the impatient miner. Put a price on the cork, and let us know the worst."

THE DEBTOR'S STRATAGEM.

"Yes," said the business man, "I have given up trying to collect that little bill from Bilkins. You see he is a pretty big fellow, and he used to throw collectors out."

"Then why didn't you employ a woman collector? He couldn't do that to a woman."

"That's what I thought, so I got one and sent her round, but she never came back."

"Why not?"

"He married her."

SAVED THEIR LIVES.

The fact that I am a good musician, said the lady from a country village, was the means of saving my life during the flood in our town a few years ago.

"How was that?" asked the young lady who sang.

"When the water struck our house my husband got on the folding bed and floated down the stream until he was rescued."

"And what did you do?"

"Why I accompanied him on the piano."

JANUS.

The poet makes January say: "Janus am I, oldest of potentates." Why not make this month say: Patron am I of rheumatism, which I make more painful; of catarrh, which I make more annoying; of scrofula, which I develop with all its sores, inflammations and eruptions?

Hood's Sarsaparilla can be relied upon to cure these diseases, radically and permanently, and so there is no excuse for suffering from them.

Did it ever occur to you that the average man's intelligence is below the average.