The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXVIII.---NO. 29. Every Subscription Paid in Advance. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 15, 1903. Subscription Price, $1.00 Per Annum. SINGLE COPIES---THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

CONTRACT RATES—The following table shows our rates for the insertion of advertisements for specified periods:—

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO
20 inches	$40.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
10 inches	25.00	20.00	12.00	4.50
6 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	5.00	3.50	1.00	1.00

Advertisements, without specific directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. For changes oftener than once a month the compositor must be paid for at regular rates.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

Accounts payable monthly.

H. F. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M.,
SUCCESSOR TO
J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill Frederick Streets, Acton.
Office Hours:—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. R. P. & S. GLASGOW,
MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Ont.
Office—Frederick Street Acton, Ont.

DR. DRYDEN,
EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.
Corner Wellington and Baker Streets,
GUELPH.
OFFICE HOURS—8 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2 to 5 p.m.
SUNDAYS—9 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—Ferryman'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. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Repairing neatly and promptly done.

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

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

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $185,000.
THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office - - GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 823, or telephone 54, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDRILL Proprietor
Are 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. Sawfiling 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 Confectionary 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 ✦ WELL ✦ CHOICE ✦

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 6.10 p.m.
Careful attention given to everyone.
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

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

OUR PRICES ARE ALWAYS RIGHT.

JOHN M. BOND & CO.
GUELPH.

FRAMES!
FRAME
PICTURES
FRAMED
AT
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.

GRAIN WANTED!
All kinds of Grain wanted at
Acton and Georgetown Elevators
and at
Norval Mills.
The highest market prices paid.

The Acton Flour and Feed Store
is supplied with high class grades of Flour
All kinds of Feed at Cash Prices constantly on hand.
Rolled Oats, Breakfast Foods, Catda Spices, Etc.
ROBERT NOBLE, Proprietor. *W. J. HUMPHRIES Manager at Acton.*

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

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—$100 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.

MOLL JARVIS O' MORLEY.

Queer cattle is women to deal with!
Loud bless ye, yer honor, they are!
I'd sooner be faced by ten navvies than tackle a woman by far.
Take only they bites and they scratches, and you mustn't not give it 'em back,
But their minds is so awful perverted—they're such an abstropolous pack!
I can hunt down a burglar and nab 'him, and tackle the roughest o' rough,
But when R'an female I'm after, I feels like a regular muff!
For I understands men and their natures, and I knows all their fly little keys,
But there isn't an order breathin' as is up to all feminine ways.
Case in point? Half a score, if you're willin'—say one—well, I'm blowed! Look 'ee there!
See that woman a-turnin' the corner—that queer-looking wench with the hide?
Case in point! Why, she'll do for a good un. She's as mad as a hatter, sir, now!
For a man she went out of her senses, and it's worth yer a-hearin' tell how.
That wench there's Moll Jarvis o' Morley, the place t' other side o' the wood—
Ev'ry man in the force knows Molly; there's pretty good reason he should,
For privates and sergeants and 'spectors, she flummoxed 'em all to a coon,
And she left us like open-mouthed dummies a-wuggin' our heads at the moon.
'Twas in this way it happened: Her husband, a horrible brute of a chap,
Was arrested for smashin' her skull in, and half-killing the babe in her lap.
He was tried, and her evidence taken. She softened it down where she could;
But the women as see'd him set on her, they told how the real matter stood.
"Fifteen years," says the judge. Then she fainted; and Tom, he growls out, with an oath:
"Have a care for yourself and the brat, Moll; when I'm free I'll just finish you both!"
Then she shriek'd and she prayed to the judges to hear what she'd gotten to say,
"Her Tom was mad-drunk when he done it, and he'd never been harsh till that day."
'Twas a lie! Bless your soul, why, he'd whacked her and kicked her night, morning and noon,
You'd 'a' thought as she'd danced at the sentence and think it a merciful boon.
'Twas a squeak for her life as he'd gave her; her head was all strapped in a box,
And she trembled and shook as Tom eyed her—he eyed her that day like a fox.
Lor', but women's rum cattle to deal with; the first man found that to his cost,
And I reckon it's just through a woman the last man on earth'll be—lost.
But that ain't my moral at present; I just wants to prove to your face
That we p'licemen ain't nothin' to go by when a woman gets into the case.
Just a month after Tom got his sentence, the news came he 'scaped from the jail,
And the whole of us round the country was ordered to hunt on the trail.
She heard it and went on her knees, sir, and prayed as he'd get clean away,
And in less than a week we'd a notion that we held Master Thomas at bay.
He was there in—them—woods—over yonder. Those woods is uncommonly thick,
And a man might be hidden a twelvemonth, if he live on rank grass and a stick.
"Starve him out," says our chief. "Draw a cordon of officers right round the place,
Let him choose 'twixt starvation and capture; one or other the beggar must face."
"They're starvin' him out," says a gossip; and Molly she heard what was said,
And she shrieked, and went into hysterics, and cried as her husband was dead.
Till at last she could bear it no longer, so she moaned and moved west and one day;
For it killed her, she said, to be watching while he was a-dying that way.
Oh, a deep un was Molly! Lord bless you! She made us look awfully small!
"Went off to her friends." We believed her; and she never went off, sir, at all.
How she done it we never discovered, but she got in them woods past my muse—
Got clean in them woods to that blackguard, and he got away in her clo'es.
I saw her come by as I fancied, and I gave her "Good evenin'" as well;
And she nodded her head and went onward—did ye ever hear such a sell?
It was him in her dress and her bonnet; he went and he got slick away.
And we've never heard nowt o' the wiper, not a whisper right up to to-day.
Yes, she's gone to the woods to that villain, to the bully who'd maimed her for life.
She had gone and she'd hugged him and kissed him, I s'pose, like a dutiful wife.
Well, we waited a week; then come orders to beat our way right through the wood,
And to capture the chap at all hazards, and shoot him down dead as he stood.
And as all we found there was Molly, all white, and as weak as a rat,
Half-dressed, and a-moanin' wi' terror and gnawing her hands where she sat;
She'd 'a' stopped there and died of starvation to give him more time to get free.
I could see the lade's game in a moment, and it came like a bombshell on me.
For I saw on the face of the woman the red scar stand out on the white,
Just as the fist of the villian she'd crept there to aid in his flight;
And to think as she'd perish of hunger and suffer the torments of hell
For the sake of the wretch who'd half killed her, and had injured her baby as well.
No, she wasn't not charged with a-aidin', and abettin' the fellow's escape;
She was mad when we found her a-hidin', and her reason was clean out o' shape.
But she's harmless enough, and she wanders and babbers and raves about him;
The folks about here knows her story and humors her every whim.
But don't talk to me about women; they ain't got no reason nor brains,
And the man who goes in for to grip 'em is just a big fool for his pains.
They're a blow to the force, that they are, sir, they sends all our best plans to pot;
They're a mixture o' saint and o' devil, and a darned contrydictory lot.

—GEORGE R. SIMS.

Select Family Reading.

An Experience in a Lumber Camp.

BY W. O. TIMOOR.

TOWARDS the close of a cold November day, a number of sleighs, filled with shantymen drew up in front of the Rossin, on their road to Daly's camp, which was situated some thirty miles distant on the northern shore of Clear Lake.

By the time the teamsters had their horses fed and cared for, supper was ready, and sure long, forty hearty fellows had done justice to a substantial meal. But the inner man was not yet satisfied, for the men now took possession of the bar-room and drinking and songs became the order of the hour; but not to all those present, for seated quietly beside the large stove sat Frank Preston, who was about to undergo his first experience in a lumber camp.

Preston had finished his high school course; but was anxious to go to college, and having been unsuccessful in his efforts to secure a position as a school teacher, had at last determined to go to the shanties and thus earn the money to finish his education.

The noise and confusion in the bar-room was now growing worse but Preston neither heard nor saw any of this, for his thoughts were of the little farm-house that he had left that morning, and of the promise he had made his mother not to partake of strong drink. However, he was not left thus—to his meditations—long but was suddenly aroused by a slap on the shoulder, with "Come, Preston, and have a drink."

Looking up, Frank saw that it was Jim Welsh, one of the teamsters, who was offering to treat.

"No thank you, Jim, I don't care to drink."

"Oh, come, Preston, be one of us."

"Sorry not to oblige you, Jim, but I won't drink.

"Look, here, fellows, here's a cad who says he won't drink, but I say he will," and pulling Frank to his feet, Jim began to drag him towards the bar.

Preston being handled rather roughly, gave Welsh a push which sent him staggering backward. Tripping over one of the men's feet as he did so, he fell heavily to the floor.

Jumping up, Jim Welsh was ready to fight at once; while from all parts of the room came the cries of "Give it to him, Jim," "I'll bet on the Welshman, "Good for you, stranger," for though Frank was perhaps the only man in the room who would not drink, still there were plenty to see that he got fair play. What the outcome of the struggle would have been, it is hard to say, had not the foreman of the camp at this juncture arrived, having come unexpectedly to the village on business. As it was the matter was seemingly dropped.

The next evening the men arrived at the camp, a large one-story log building. On entering, Frank was somewhat surprised to find that it contained two rooms, one small and one large. As he afterwards learned, the small room was used as a store-room, while the larger was the general living and sleeping room of the camp, there being three rows of bunks, one above the other, around the room.

These bunks were each capable of holding two men, and not only served as compartments for the men at night but also did duty as benches during the day and evening.

When the men gathered together after their day's work, the evenings were spent in song and story, or more often the fiddle was taken down and the stag dance or some other innocent amusement was indulged in. Altogether, the camp, with the men dressed in their bright woodman's costumes and its huge fireplace, presented a lively scene.

But somewhat to Preston's disappointment, it became his duty, along with Welsh and some others, to draw provisions from Lakehurst, the nearest railway station, to the camp.

As it took several days to make the trip to and from Lakehurst, Frank found that he had to spend most of his evenings at the little log taverns along the route, and very seldom did Welsh or some of the other men let the evening pass without offering to treat; but Frank was true to his promise, though it never failed to bring upon him a certain amount of raillery, which, from Welsh especially, very often terminated in actual abuse.

In fact, he openly boasted that before the winter would be over Daly's camp would be too hot to hold Preston.

Frank took all this good-naturedly, and as time went on won the friendship of the better class of the men. But often they would try to persuade him to drink, saying that it was only a trifle for him and Welsh to quarrel over; but when Frank was most sorely tempted his mother's sweet, patient face would rise before him, and he would answer, No, boys, never."

One morning towards the middle of December the teamsters for Daly's camp were at the Lakehurst railway station, loading their sleighs with oats to take to the camp. At last all the sleighs were loaded, except those of Welsh and Preston, who were each to take a load of provisions. But on making enquiries, it was learned that the consignment of goods would not arrive till the next day, so Jim and Frank decided to wait, as the provisions were needed at the camp.

R. D. WARREN, ESQ.
THE NEW REEVE OF GEORGETOWN.

Early the next morning they got their loads and started back. Everything during the first stage of their journey took place much as usual, except that Welsh was drinking heavier and was more abusive than ever.

On the morning of the fourth day the two men started out, intending to reach the camp that night. It was a cold morning, with a keen wind blowing from the north-east. The men hurried along, anxious to get through. About eleven o'clock Welsh shouted we'll be at Nolin's by noon."

"Yes," Preston answered, "if my team will be able to go through. One of the horses appears to be pretty sick. I can hardly keep him up."

"Oh, he'll be all right," Welsh said, hurrying along.

But before noon Frank's horse was down and it was with great difficulty that they got through to Nolin's tavern, if such it might be called.

It was a small log building kept by an old man and his daughter, and was a regular stopping place for shantymen on their way to and from Clear Lake. For sometime after their arrival Frank's horse was very sick, and he knew that he would not be able to go any further that day.

As for Welsh he enjoyed Nolin's liquor and fireside so much that he was loath to leave, and it was nearly three o'clock before he started out for his team. By this time the liquor he had drunk was beginning to take effect, and Frank knew that it was not safe for him to cross the lake in his present condition, especially as the snowstorm, which had been threatening all day, was now commencing in earnest. Both Frank and Nolin tried to persuade Jim not to start, but he would not hear them—nothing would do but to go through that night.

Although Frank did not like to leave his team with one of them sick, still he could not think of Jim being out on the lake alone and drunk on such a cold and stormy night.

So leaving Nolin to look after his horses, he and Jim started, followed by the best wishes of the old man that they would get safely across the lake.

As Welsh had a spirited team, they reached the lake before dark, but the most perilous part of their journey was yet before them; for Clear Lake, which they had to cross, with a bitter cold storm beating in their faces, was some four miles wide, and what made their journey still more dangerous the ice had cracked, and they had to go down the lake some miles to Sandy Island, to enable them to get around it. This, they were very anxious to do before it grew too dark to be able to follow the track. But the storm was now growing worse and the darkness was quickly settling in, but they kept the horses headed towards the Island, trusting that when once around the crack, they could reach land safely.

At last the island was reached, and the men felt that the worst part of their journey was over. However, the latter part of the road across the lake was now once more in sight. Suddenly the sleigh began to slide down the bank. Preston jumped off to try to steady it; but before Jim could swing his horses around, one of the runners struck a stone, the horses plunged forward into the darkness and Welsh and the load were thrown into a confused mass into the snow. Preston hurried forward to help Welsh up, but to his dismay found him unconscious. However he was only stunned and in a few minutes was able to sit up.

"Do you think you are badly hurt, Jim?" Frank asked.

"Oh, no, I'm all right," but on attempting to rise, he found that his leg was broken.

"We are in a bad fix, surely, Preston," Jim said, "but there is no use of us both perishing. If the wind don't change you can get to camp all right."

But Frank Preston was not the man to do this.

"No, Jim, if we have to perish it will be together, but never fear, we will reach the camp before long. If I can once get you on my shoulders I can carry you."

At first Welsh would not listen to this, but seeing that Preston would not leave him he consented to let him try.

For a while Frank made fair progress with his burden, but the further he went Welsh's weight seemed to grow heavier; but at last, after a determined struggle he reached the land very near to the road that led to the camp.

"Listen! Yes, those are bells. They are coming to look for us."

Pretty soon a couple of sleighs came along. Welsh's team had found their way to camp and the men, knowing there had been an accident, had started out to look for them.

Welsh was carefully lifted into one of the sleighs, and the party started back. On their arrival at the camp, one of the old experienced woodsmen set the limb, and before the season was over, Welsh was again able to drive his team.

On the morning of his first trip, the men were preparing to start, when he said "Boys, I have something to tell you, and Preston especially. You all know how I boasted that Daly's camp would be too hot for Preston; well on the day I made my last trip, I drugged one of his horses, but I would not have if it had not been for the drink; and with God's help I'll never touch it again, and Preston, I ask your forgiveness." But Frank had taken him by the hand and as the two men looked into each other's eyes they each other's felt that there was no need for further explanation.

STRATTON'S BANK ACCOUNT.

Winfield Scott Stratton, who made millions through his lucky discovery of gold at Cripple Creek on July 4, 1891, never cared to burden his memory with the details of his bank account. In fact he could at no time, without reference to his clerks, make even an approximate estimate of his cash balance. One day Scratton was visited by a man who wanted him to subscribe to a very worthy charity. The object for which the money was desired appealed strongly to the bonanza king. He nodded approval and smiled at his caller diluted upon the benefits that would accede to the people among whom the proposed charity was to do its work. The subscription solicitor, realizing that Stratton was greatly impressed, ventured to ask for a thousand dollar cheque.

"That's not enough," returned Stratton, without hesitation. "I'll give you a cheque for five times that sum, but only on one condition."

"And what is that?"

"Only that I have enough money in the bank to meet the cheque. Wait till I telephone."

In a few moments Stratton learned from his bank that he had a balance of $80,000.

"Dear me," he observed to his visitor, as he hung up the telephone receiver, "I didn't know I had so much ready cash. In that case I'll give a cheque for $10,000.

Throughout his curious career Stratton received material assistance from but two people. One was Senator Tabot, who helped him at a financial crisis, when his need was very great. Stratton never forgot the kindness, and years afterwards he returned it by presenting to Tabot's widow, who had lost her fortune, the profitable Matcher's Mine. Because of that gift Mrs. Tabat is now a rich woman.

His other benefactor, unlike Tabor, involuntarily assisted him to the possession of millions. He was the individual who bought the Independence mine a few days after its discovery. He offered the prospector $10,000 for his claim, and, after paying $1,000 to bind the bargain, became afraid that he had purchased a white elephant, and declined to complete his contract. Stratton was not in a position to force a full recognition of the Independence. Within three years that mine netted him $3,000,000.—New York Times.

WORSE THAN THAT.

It must be a very sad thing for a young man to be obliged to admit that he has ruined himself, blasted his own prospects, with nothing to show for it.

A young man who could not succeed at school, or retain a position longer than two weeks, believed that his ill-health was the cause of all his failures, and sought the advise of a physician.

"Doctor," he said, "I've heard there's such a thing as tobacco heart. I wish you could tell me if you think that's what I've got."

The physician listened to a statement of his symptoms in detail, noted the yellow skin on his fingers, his tallowy complexion, blotched face and slender legs, and replied:

"No, young man, it isn't tobacco heart, that ails you. Its worse than that. It's cigarette brain."

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

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

Such a dainty little girlie
All ready for her ride!
"Now, be very good, my darling,"
Said Mamma at her side.

"Hold mursie's hand across the way,
And when you're in the car
Be gentle and don't speak too loud;
Remember where you are.

"And when you reach dear Grandmamma's
Give her a kiss for me,
And recollect you're not to ask
For any thing you see!"

'Twas some time later in the day
That mamma, from the door,
Espied her coming home.
But what a load she bore!

A jumping-jack, a squeaking pig,
A dolly and her clothes,
A string of beads, and tiny fan;
All these had Baby Rose.

The little girl came smiling in,
"Just look! these all for me,
'Cause I told Grandma I would like
The things I didn't see!"

—M. B. DE WITT.

A HAT PIN'S BIOGRAPHY.

"Listen," said the hatpin, "and I will tell you the story of my life."

The listener groaned. "Oh, don't" he said; "it will be entirely too much for me."

"Pindst upon telling you," continued the hatpin. It's interesting I assure you.

"I started out in a fashionable hat on Fifth avenue, N. Y., and being of steel, with a fine-gift covering, I was not worth much, and was a bonus on the headpiece.

"We—I mean my Lady Gay and I—travelled far and wide. Why, I went to Europe with her once. But she was careless, and left me sticking in the curtains of her cabin.

"The stewardess found me and used me to hold oysters over the grill iron.

"That was only two of my adventures, though. Later on I went West and landed in a boys' boarding school.

"Now, you'd never think I'd have much of a career there, but that was my most useful period. The stewardess had a nephew in Mme. La Farge's academy, and there I became the tick on which marshmallows were held to the blaze of the lamp flame."

The listener laughed outright at this.

"Pretty warm work, eh?"

"Don't inteript," went on the hatpin. "Wait until you hear the rest of my history.

"From Mme. Le Farge's I went on the maid's new corn flower hat as far as Denver, and there I became the tack that held up a poster girl on the wall of a law student's room. Useful career."

"Well I should remark," said the listener.

"Nor was that all," continuyl the hatpin, gravely. "From Denver I went to New York in a private car holding together a shawl bundle that was the property of a traveller. I like travelling, but no sooner had I arrived in New York than I fall into the condition of letter opener in a down town office. That man took me home once—I had such a fine head, you know—and there they used me to spear olives out of a long necked bottle.

"Not satisfied with that, the next thing they were doing was fishing out their postal cards and the ads. from the mail box, for the flat owner had lost the key, of course—did you ever see a flat owner in New York that had a mail box key?

"Positively I thought I had reached the limit—when they lost me down the airshaft and the laundress (coloured) tried to stab the policeman with me when he was only taking her to the patrol waggon."

"You wound up in New York anyou started here?" commented the listener.

"Yes—couldn't stand it anywhere else—I'd rather have taken this fall in life than live away from "Little Old New York," concluded she hatpin, complacently.

SHE WAS THANKFUL.

Not long ago, a clergyman in the course of ministrations among the poor of a large town, called on an old lady who had been bedridden for some years.

"Well, Mrs. Davies," he said, "and how are you to-day?"

"Oh, I'm pretty well, thank you, sir," was the cheerful answer.

"Ah, that's right," responded the clergyman, sympathetically. "I hardly expected you to be in such good spirits, with all your afflictions. I was afraid I should find you downhearted!

"No, no, sir," she cried, interrupting him, "no, no, indeed, sir. I've much to be thankful for, I have. Why, only the other night, when that house just opposite us was on fire, I couldn't help thinking of all the poor people crushing each other in the street and many of them not getting a sight of the fire at all, while her was I, all nice and comfortable in bed, and I could see it beautifully through my window without even turning over! No, no, I've a lot to be thankful for!"

MALT BREAKFAST FOOD.

Is A Food For Health Not For Thought.

A breakfast grain food preparation that requires thought, consideration or deliberation before it can be used is not a safe article of diet for health seekers. Life is too short, health too precious and time too valuable, to make any article of diet a food for thought.

Malt Breakfast Food has passed the stage of infancy; it does not demand hours of thought before it can be used; the ablest medical men and the most noted food experts place it at the head of all grain foods because of its health-giving and energy-producing qualities. It is the food for the weak and strong, the athlete and the invalid. All over this continent the fame of Malt Breakfast Food has been established as a health food. All grocers.