The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXVIII.—NO. 37. Every Subscription Paid in Advance. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 12 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	$60.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
10 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	4.50
5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	5.00	3.50	3.00	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 composition 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. F. & S. GLASGOW.
MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, ETC.
Office—Frederick Street Acton, Ont.

DR. DRYDEN,
EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.
Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets.
GUELPH.
OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 3 to 6 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. MACKINNON,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
OFFICE—Mill Street in Matthews' Block, Upstairs.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. A. P. HUSBAND, V. S.
Graduate Ontario Veterinary College.
Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society.
Office—Over Worden's Barber Shop, next door to 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,
Wyndham 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. F. MOORE
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening.
Free Press Office, ACTON

WM HEMSTREET,
DISTRICT 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 $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 347, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL Proprietor
ARE well equipped with a-1 the machinery necessary to enable us to repair 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 trade. Repairing will be done

Acton Bakery
MISS B. MILLAR
Opposite Brown's Drug Store. - Acton.

BREAD
Weston's and Williams'
Received daily and promptly delivered
Cakes, Buns, Doughnuts, etc., fresh every day.
CONFECTIONERY.
Maple Cream, Lemon Taffy,
Pea Nut Brittle, Almond Rock,
Sponge Taffy, Etc., Etc.
All our own make, pure and wholesome. A general assortment of confectionery and a special line of Chocolates.
FRUITS—Navel Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, etc.
Nuts of all kinds.
Fancy Biscuits, Cooked Ham, and Bologna Sausage.
MISS B. MILLAR.

STOCK TAKING SALE
ALL WALL PAPER
At Cost
For Two Weeks
....AT....
DAY'S BOOKSTORE
—GUELPH
DRY + DELLS + CHOP +

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
Seasonabe Prices.
We are here to serve you faithfully and well. The whole system of our business revolves around the central point, that we sell good goods at reasonable prices. The day of large profits is gone. Sudden fortunes are not often made honestly. We are content with the moderate rewards that come from a large trade well managed. Come and talk shoes with us we can't discuss politics, but we are full of ideas on foot gear. We sell all Lines and suit all Customers.
W WILLIAMS.
The Shoe Man.
Mill Street - - - Acton

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

Spring Is Coming!
Why not prepare for it by bringing in your Buggies and Market Waggons now, to be Repaired and Painted?
I am in a better position than any one in the County to give you a first-class job. I keep everything on hand to repair your vehicle. I have plenty of room to store your job until the roads are good.
J. N. O'NEI
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.
Cue ph 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.

SPECIAL FOR MACHINISTS.
GRAND DISPLAY of STARRETT'S CELEBRATED TOOLS.
Last Saturday, came to hand the best assortment of machinists' tools ever brought to Guelph. An education for you in seeing them if not to buy
JOHN M. BOND & CO.
GUELPH.

VIM OATS.
A New Kind of Chopped Feed, only $12 per ton, bags included.
Come and see it. The cheapest feed going, used with corn, wheat or oats it can't be beat.
Whole Corn, &c., in large lots, will be found. Unloading a car at both Guelph and Rockwood this week.
Chopped wheat =22 per ton.
Oilcake, =26 per ton. Guelph, $1.50 per 100.
Oatfeed, =2.25 per sack; $1.75 half sack.
Quaker Oats, 5c a package; Tillsons, 30c package; also Rolled Wheat, Cracked Wheat, Graham flour, Buckwheat flour, Split Peas, Pot Barley, &c., 5, 8, and 10 lbs. beans, for 25c. Have the equalities.
Sulphur and Salts, 12½ lbs for 25c; Saltpetre, 10 lb, 3 lb for 25c; also Gentian, Ginger, Fenugreek, Horse Balls, 15c each, 2 for 25c.
Will be sold Linament, 25c bottle; Cough Powders, Worm Powders, Heave Cure, Spavin Cure.
Sole Agent for
Worthington's Great Stock Food,
10 lb box for 50c, the best made. Also the International Stock Food and the Colonial Stock Food. A full line of each.
Meat Stock Food, all sizes, for poultry foods we have Pratt's, Hess', Parsons, International, Colonial and Hunt.
Oyster Shells, Mica Grit, Ground Bone, Roup Cure, Cholera Mixture, &c., &c.
Timothy and Clover Seed, high in price. First of the season. Seed Peas Barley, Oats, &c., coming in. In fact as a traveller all the other day, we have the largest, best equipped and most up-to-date farmers and stock raisers supply store in the whole Dominion, and he says he travels from Halifax to Vancouver.
Terms—Cash only.
We buy Oats, Peas, Barley, Wheat, Rye, Buckwheat, Beans, Potatoes, Timothy, Wool, Hides, Sheepskins, Furs, etc. Highest prices paid.
Geo. J. Thorp,
GUELPH and ROCKWOOD.

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

THE NEW POTATO FROM NOVA SCOTIA
THE SILVER DOLLAR.
This new strain is the most popular general crop potato in the Maritime Provinces. It is an immense yielder and said to be entirely free from rot. It is a round white potato with somewhat deep pink eyes. Its eating qualities cannot be surpassed.
We imported one large car, 405 bags, in November just before the cold weather and they have never seen the frost. We propose to sell them out as long as they last at $1.25 per bag of 90 lbs; not more than 10 bags to any one person, as we wish to distribute the seed and give everybody an opportunity of getting this great potato.
Purchasers not wishing to remove them at once, may, by depositing 25c. per bag on them, leave them with us for a few weeks. This is a good opportunity to get a new blood potato at a very reasonable price.
Geo. J. Thorp,
Guelph

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

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

Poetry.

THE POLICEMAN.

"The nicest man I ever saw,"
Said little Nan to me,
"Is the one who stands outside our school
When we're let out at three.

He's dressed just as the soldiers are;
He wears gold buttons, too,
And he stands up so proud and straight,
The way the soldiers do.

He always says: 'Come, little kids,
I'll take you across the street;' and
I guess 'cause I'm the littlest girl
He always holds my hand.

And all the cars and horses stop—
He's so big they don't dare
To say 'Get up' and drive on on,
Because he's standing there.

He makes believe to chase the boys,
And shakes his fist, and then
He laughs and laughs, and they all come
A-scampering back again.

Sometimes he pats me on the head
And says, 'No, little girl,
You're going to wait till Christmas comes
To cut too off that curl!'

And one time when it rained, the street
Was muddy, and I cried;
He picked me up, and carried me
Right to the other side.

The nicest man I ever saw,"
—Is the one that stands outside our school
When we're let out at three."

Select Family Reading.

Not Proved.

THIS is my sister, Miss Dilman, Mr. Dunn. She has come to spend a month or two with me. I ought to warn you that she is a most incorrigible flirt so that you—

"Why, Molly Ware!" her sister exclaimed in a horrified tone, while the doctor laughed. "What are you saying?"

"Just what is true," Mrs. Ware said defiantly. "He might just as well know it now, at the beginning of the acquaintance, as to be stunned by the fact later on. At all events, my conscience will be clear for having done my duty at the start."

"By the way you talk Molly, one would think I made a practice of going about seeking whom I could devour," said Miss Dilman resentfully. "It's very unsisterly of you to betray one of my blood-bought accomplishments to Mr. Dunn. It's downright brutal!"

"Then you plead guilty to the charge Mrs. Ware has made?" said the the doctor, watching her admiringly.

"Never! And I warn you that my case will be filed away among those 'not proved.'"

"I don't know about that. I shall work hard gathering evidence."

"I defy you."

"And I'll convict you," he retorted laughing. Mrs. Ware and he had been sitting in a shady corner of the piazza, she in her invalid chair and he opposite, when Bab strolled out and joined them, a vision of blonde loveliness in violet.

As his carriage drove up to the gate for the third time he arose to take leave reluctantly—reluctantly because the sunlight of the girl's beauty had got into his eyes and dazzled him. She sauntered to the edge of the piazza.

"It's no more than fair to warn you that as a detective I shall watch you closely," he said, smiling up at her.

"As a detective only?" she said, with an arch laugh.

"There are untold possibilities in the duties of a detective," he said, raising his hat—"I shall exhaust them first."

When he had gone she resumed her low chair beside her sister. "Molly," she said reproachfully, "you are a very mean girl.—Now he'll expect me to flirt with him, and I'll have to do it."

"What of that?"

"Didn't you know that I had come down here to reform?"

"Heavens, no!"

"Your surprise is disheartening."

"I intend it to be. I have set my heart upon a match between you and the doctor. He's very wealthy and has a fine practice besides. It would be an excellent thing for you, Bab, dear, and would please Aunt Nell so much. She has done so much for us both, you know."

The girl's face darkened with pain. "I spent such a horrible winter," she said in a low voice—"one refusal after another. Oh, Molly," in passionate protest, "if only I had some money of my own and could marry for love, how sweet it would be!"

Mrs. Ware's eyes filled with tears. "I couldn't," she said gently; then added comfortingly, "but I was not unhappy in my marriage. John was a very kind husband, and I have missed him so much since his death. Your beauty ought to be some sort of compensation to you, dear. I was fairly staggered by it. Aunt Nell has done wonders for you."

"Yes Aunt Nell and her tailor."

"Well, anyway, you will do your best to captivate my doctor, won't you?"

"Oh, he's like all the rest—diplomatic, absolutely in gold form, cultivating only those in high place, with one eye on the god Mammon, the typical physician in ordinary to swelldom. A beautiful, tactful, well-groomed wife would be of assistance to him. Would she be anything more? Has he any heart under that well-groomed, well-tailored exterior?"

"Barbara, we might just a well look upon this question dispassionately, for we both know how necessary it is for you to marry, and marry well."

Barbara went to the end of the piazza and stood looking out at hills for a moment. She returned smiling. "Now I'll be good," she said softly, and I'll do my best to captivate your stupid doctor. You mustn't mind my calling him that, dear, for he is stupid. But, oh Molly, if ever I meet Love face to face, what explanation will be demanded?"

Mrs. Ware could not reply. She stared into space with so melancholy an expression that Barbara laughed by way of diverting her.

Her sister looked up alarmed by the mischievous light in her eyes.

"Barbara!" she said entreatingly, "if he falls in love with you, you will not throw him over, will you, darling? He might go off and shoot himself, and if Aunt Nell should hear of—of—his death and lay it to your doings"—

"She'd never hear of it. We," darkly—"we'd bury him out in the potato patch and never divulge the awful secret. But, really, my dear, you do not know doctors. They never kill themselves if they are disappointed in love. They always take it out on their charity patients."

"Just so," said Miss Dilman, with finality. "I'll make him—bring—me face to face with one or prove him too fond of catering to the rich to do charitable work among the poor."

It was brought about during one of the many drives that Miss Dilman and the doctor had together in the weeks that followed.

"Doctor," she began artfully, "have you any charity patients—left?"

"Left?" he echoed, puzzling over that seeming afterthought. I have some. Why?"

"Would you—er—take me to call upon one?"

"Would you really go?" he asked, looking at her averted face with a passionate light in his eyes.

"Yes, of course I would," she said demurely. "this is good of you," he said unsteadily and turned at once into a side street crowded with tenement houses. The carriage stopped.

"Serve me right," she thought, with an inward laugh, as she followed him into the small ill-smelling room. Faith without sight should have sufficed for me."

A wailing cry greeted their ears. A young Italian woman was bending over a child. There was a heart-breaking look in the face she raised to them. Barbara seated herself graciously. As the doctor bent over his little patient the child held up its arms to him, and he lifted it tenderly to his breast, talking in crooning tones to it. The small hand feebly patted his face, and he held it there against his cheek. He had forgotten all else, even the woman he loved.

Barbara felt strangely isolated. Somehow a breath of tragedy had blown across her little comedy, chilling it and her.

"Stupid—stupid—stupid!" she repeated with miserable self-reproach as she awaited him outside in the fresher air. "Barbara Dilman, if you have a spark of decency, apologize to him for that word!"

They drove on into the woods in silence, he grave and she for the first time in her life all adrift from her worldly self.

"Will it live?" she faltered at last, trying not to wink lest a tear fall.

"I fear not," he said sadly and looked at her just as the tear fell. A great change swept over him He bent lower. "Thank God for that tear, Barbara?" he said huskily.

She struggled wildly, hopelessly, for her usual coolness. "Stupid, but"—

"My heart and soul are yours, dearest. Is there any hope for me?" As his hand closed over hers pleadingly the other tear, splashed down on his glove. His clasp tightened. "Speak to me, Barbara!" he entreated.

"If you were not so—so—stupid—stupid, but—but"—And as she paused a beautiful color rushed over her face.

"But what?" he demanded.

"Dear!" she said tremulously, but with a laugh like music.

I DON'T KNOW.

When a pupil comes to you with a question you cannot answer, what do you say to him? Do you try to patch up something that will sound like an answer, and then give it, with a look of owlish wisdom? Do you put him off with a curt "Look it up." Do you dare to say to him frankly and fearlessly, "I don't know?" Are you afraid that, if you confess honestly that there are some things which you do not know, you will lose your reputation as a master of all knowledge?

My advice to you is, do not be afraid to say I do not know. It is not necessary always to confess ignorance in such a case, it may not be the best thing to do but do not be afraid to do it. And, if you say to the pupil, "Look it up," be sure that he is able to look it up, and, still further, be sure that he does look it up.

The best teacher I ever had, a man of exact and full information, a teacher in a normal school, not unfrequently said, "I don't know." Sometimes he said, "I think I have known, but I don't recollect now," and sometimes he would say, "I do not know," unless he could answer the question fully, clearly and at once. Sometimes he said that simply, some times he added "I think nobody knows." And did we lose confidence in his knowledge? Not a bit of it. We found out that he did know a vast deal, and what he knew he knew thoroughly.

Often, it is no disgrace to say, "I don't know," although this teacher would sometimes say, "I think I ought to know, but I can't tell you." No one of sense not even a child, expects one to know everything; and there are but few who cannot see through the sham when one pretends to know everything. Ignorance may not be disgrace, but sham, assumption and dishonesty are always disgrace.

Humors feed on humors the sooner you get rid of them the better. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine to take.

Children's lies of a father is a man who never puts gravy on their plates when they want it.

HOW JOE LEARNED THE TABLE OF SEVENS.

Joe went to school in a little old-fashioned schoolhouse away out in the country. He liked to go to school. He could read out of the big fourth reader. He could spell the whole school down. He could make beautiful R's and S's in his copy book, but he could not learn the table of sevens in multiplication. In vain the teacher scolded and punished. Joe could not say that table.

Joe always went to school early to start the fire in the big stove. One morning, soon after he started, there came up a sudden storm of snow and wind. Joe could scarcely get through it. When he reached the schoolhouse there was no one there. When nine o'clock came, Joe could not see to the road. Of course none of the children could get there. Even the teacher was "snowed in."

At first it was fun. Joe started a roaring fire in the stove, climbed up in the teacher's chair, and played school.

But the wind blew in great gusts. The snow swept in sheets past the windows. It sifted through the cracks and made little drifts on the sills.

Poor little Joe! The minutes were very long. It wasn't much fun. He tried to read the stories in his reader, but his voice sounded strange and strained in the empty room. He learned his spelling lesson for three days. At ten o'clock he ate some of his luncheon.

The storm grew worse and worse. Joe sat down by the stove. What could he do? Finally, he had a bright thought. Now was just the thing to learn that table of sevens. He took his grimy, dog-eared arithmetic, and went to work with all his might. At twelve o'clock he had learned the table. He went to the blackboard, and wrote it six times—three times forward and three times backward. He knew it—every bit of it.

Joe had almost forgotten the storm. He hadn't noticed that the skies were lighter, that the wind was dying down. But, as he sat down to eat the rest of the luncheon, a sudden ray of sunlight flashed through the little room. The storm was over.

An hour later he heard the clash of sleigh bells and a loud "Whoa!" And there was father, with the colts hitched to the sled! What a jolly ride they had, dashing through the drifts! And wasn't Joe glad to get home?

Next morning he stood up very straight, and said the troublesome table almost in a breath. Everyone laughed when he told how he had learned it.

To this day, when Joe says that table of sevens, he sees again that little lonely schoolhouse with the snow sifting in through the cracks in the windows.—Primary Education.

THE GREAT MISUNDERSTOOD.

Poor old Canada! It seems as if Providence had fated her always to struggle under the overpowering weight of a vast misconception in the eyes of the great British public. For years, from an English point of view, she has been the land of snow and ice, of awe-inspiring infinite cold, the great lone land of the Red Indian, the grizzly bear and the midnight sun. The Dominion Government, half-hopeless, yet never despairing, has struggled heroically to dissipate the vapor of ignorance, to let the light shine in on the millions of darkened minds. At last it has succeeded, but with deplorable results, due to the blinding effect of an excess of light.

I have just come off the top of Liverpool street on a Pimlico 'bus. The driver glared at a newspaper contents-bill which told of a train running off a bridge into a river and drowning fifty people. He turned to me.

"That'd make a fair bit av a splesh!" he said, "we'd'n't it? I shood like t'v seen 't." I ventured that I had seen a whole train run into a river, as a result of heavy rains having weakened a bridge-pier.

"Where?" he asked.

"In Canada."

He gazed pensively at his horses' heads for a few seconds. Then he evidently decided that it behoved him to say something.

"In Keneda! Ow, yes. W'en 't rines owt there in th' troppics it do rine, doun't 't!"

The Canadian march has more than done its work. Ten years hence we may expect to see the following type of article in the London newspapers inspired by the office of the High Commissioner for Canada:

"Prof. X. Plover and his party of scientists have just returned from the Great Bear Lake and Coppermine River region. Contrary to general belief they report that at no time during the year was excessive heat experienced, the members of the expedition finding it possible to work at all hours of the day without experiencing nervous prostration. They found the climate to be delightfully cool and bracing, and deny absolutely that locusts and dust-storms are among the country's objectionable features. The expedition has once and for all proved the utter falsehood of the stories which have so long gained credence—stories to the effect that the shores of Coronation Gulf and the Arctic Ocean are so overgrown with various species of cactus and prickly pear as to make travelling extremely difficult. We hope in view of these, etc.

BOTANICAL.

The president of a horticultural school, in his address to the graduating class a few days ago, deplored the practice of naming plants in unintelligible Latin.

"It puts a very severe strain on the memmory," he explained. "Not long ago a man whose knowledge of linguistics was confined to English told me that the only flowers whose names he was sure of were the morn breeds and the delirium tremens."

THE PIANO-TUNER.

A lady stepped into a piano warerooom recently to engage a tuner, but before doing so insisted upon the strongest assurance that the tuner was responsible. She was so determined that the manager became curious to know the reason for her disbelief in the reliability of tuners. She gave her experience with the last tuner she had and this is the story as she told it:

He had about finished tuning the piano, when he looked up and said:

"Your instrument was in awful condition, you ought to have sent for me sooner."

"It was tuned only three months ago."

"Then the man who did it certainly did not know his business."

"No?"

"No, ma'am. He had better be doing street cleaning than tuning pianos. Why, my dear madam, a delicate instrument like a piano needs fingers equally delicate to handle it, combined with an ear of unerring accuracy. The individual who attempted to tune this instrument last evidently possessed neither of these. In fact, I am free to say he did it more harm than good."

"Indeed?"

"Indeed he did, May I ask who so abused your instrument?"

"It was yourself."

"Madam, you are wrong. I never tuned a piano in this house before."

"Probably not, but you tuned that instrument, nevertheless, or made a botch of it in attempting to do so. It belongs to Mrs. Jones, who sent it here while she is out of town. She told me you always had tuned it, and to send for you when—

But the unhappy man fled with such haste as to make his coat-tails a good substitute for a table.—Philadelphia Musician.

DO NOT BE A SECOND-CLASS MAN

You can hardly imagine a boy saying: "I'm going to be a second-class man. I don't want to be first-class, and get the good jobs, the high pay. Second-class jobs are good enough for me." Such a boy would be regarded as lacking in good sense, if not in sanity. You cannot be a second-class man, however, by not trying to be a first-class one. Thousands do that all the time, so that second-class men are a drug on the market.

Second-class things are only wanted when first-class cannot be had. You wear first-class clothes if you can pay for them, eat first-class butter, first-class meat, and first-class bread; or if you do not, you wish you could. Second-class men are no more wanted than any other second-class commodity. They are taken and used when the better article is scarce or is too high-priced for the occasion. For work that really amounts to anything, first-class men are wanted.

Many things make second-class men. A man menaced by dissipation, whose understanding is dull and slow, whose growth has been stunted, is a second-class man, if, indeed, he is not third-class. A man who, through his amusements in his hours of leisure, exhausts his strength and vitality, vitiates his blood, wears his nerves till his limbs tremble like leaves in the wind, is only half a man, and could in no sense be called first-class.

WELL UP IN SCRIPTURES.

Few Oxford heads have been so inexact in matters of Scriptural history as Dr. Jowett, late Master of Balliol, about whom the following story is told:

It had reached Jowett's ears that Balliol men were not so successful in the examinations in rudiments of religion as in the classical schools, so he determined to call up the next batch of candidates and catechize them himself.

"Mr. Smith," he is reported to have said on the momentous occasion, "what prophet was carried up to heaven in a chariot of fire?"

"Elijah, sir."

"It is disgraceful that a scholar of this school should be so ignorant!" said the master, severely. "Mr. Jones, what prophet went up to heaven in a chariot of fire?"

"Elijah, sir."

"Mr. Brown, will you answer this perfectly simple question?"

"Elijah, sir."

At this point the library boy entered, and to strike all the undergraduates with shame, he was appealed to:

"Tell these gentlemen what prophet went up to heaven in a chariot of fire?"

"Elijah, sir."

There ensued a pause; then the master said, "Well, gentlemen, perhaps it was Elijah.—You are dismissed."

GREAT THOUGHTS.

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure is contentment; the greatest possession is health; the greatest ease is sleep.

Learning, like money, may be of so base a coin, as to be utterly void of use; or if sterling, may require good management to make it serve the purpose of sense and happiness.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

A SURE CURE.

Mother—I wish you would rake up the dead leaves in the yard.

Small Sammy—I've got a sprain in my wrist, an' the rheumatism in my back, an' growing pains in my right leg, an' an' cramp in my left one, an' headache, an' toothache.

Mother—After you have raked the leaves into a pile, you may set it on fire and jump over it.

Sammy—Whoopee! Where's the rake?

NO REMAINDER.

"Jerusha! upstairs! quick!
By the pantry wall,
Tell me, was the teacher
To her scholars small?"
"One poor sheep was frightened,
Jumped and ran away;
One from seven—have I lost my
Woolly sheep work's pay?"
Up went Kitty's fingers—
A farmer's daughter she,
Not so bright at figures
As she might to be.
"Please, ma'am"—"Well, Ann, Kitty,
Tell us if you know."
"Please, if one jumped over,
All the rest would go."
—LAURA W. NELSON.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Fortunate is the man who is the first to discover his mistakes.

Most connubial ties seem to be love knots—at least they pull out easily.

Fine clothes may not make the wife but they often unmake the husband.

The older a girl gets the more respect she has for the wisdom of her mother.

If there is any petty meanness about a woman it is sure to crop out at a picnic party.

When a man is in love he doesn't know the difference between a brass band and a hand-organ.

The road to success is open to all, but too many want to get there without the trouble of going.

No woman cares so much about the loss of her purse as she does about the lucky penny it contained.

A man never really feels the pangs of poverty until he has to come down from 10c. cigars to the two-for-a-nickel brand.

Listen patiently to every man's counsel.

QUEER BOOKKEEPING.

Mayor's Secretary William P. Ryan was commenting the other day on the way in which many illiterate persons get along in this world. "The late William A. Carroll used to tell a good story along this line," said Mr. Ryan. "He had business connected with the collection of rents which used to take him to a certain place on the eastern shore at intervals. On one occasion he went into a store there, the proprietor of which could neither read nor write. While he was there a man came in who was evidently a regular customer.

"I owe you some money, don't I?" he said to the storekeeper.

"The latter went to the door and turned it around so that the back was visible.

"That's so," he replied. "You owe me for a cheese."

"A cheese?" replied the customer. "No; I don't."

The storekeeper looked at the door again.

"That's so," he said. It's a grindstone. I didn't see the dot in the middle."—Baltimore Sun.

WINE BATHS.

An American traveller, in the streets of Paris, seeing the words, "Wine-baths given here," exclaimed:

"Well, these French are a luxurious people!"

Then, feeling that he could afford whatever any one else did, he walked in and demanded a wine-bath.

Feeling wonderfully refreshed after it, and having to pay five francs, he asked, in astonishment, how a wine-bath could be afforded so cheaply. His sable attendant, who had been a slave in Virginia, and enjoyed a sly bit of humor, replied:

"Oh, massa, we just pass it along into anudder room, where we give baths for four francs."

"Then you throw it away I suppose?"

"No, massa; den we send it lower down, and charge three francs a bath. Dar's plenty of people who ain't so berry particular, who will bathe in it after this, at two francs a head. Den, massa, we let the common folks have it at a franc each."—The Sanitarian.

The Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns Combine Beauty and Simplicity.
The increasing demand for the Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns is the strongest indication of their popularity. The fascinating art of mat and rug making is now cultivated by women of all classes of society. The Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns combine beauty and simplicity. After securing one of these patterns any lady can easily finish it and produce a valuable and attractive room ornament. The manufacturers of the celebrated Diamond Dyes will send to any address by mail, free of cost, a new dye book, samples of 15 dyed colors and sheets of designs for ordering mat and rug patterns. Send your post office address to the Wells, & Richardson Co., Limited, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, P. Q.

MALT BREAKFAST FOOD
Is the World's Best Cereal Food for Maintaining the Health of Those Who Are Now Well and Strong.
While the most noted food experts and medicine men strongly recommend Malt Breakfast Food as the most "beneficial article" of diet for invalids or men of weak digestion, they are also agreed that it is the king of breakfast foods for young and old in good health. Malt Breakfast Food is the only cereal food that regularly furnishes that vitality and energy necessary for the daily success of the body and brain worker. Malt Breakfast Food pleases the whole family, because it is the only cereal food that is thoroughly relished day after day. All grocers sell and recommend Malt Breakfast Food.