The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXIX.---NO. 13. Every Subscription Paid in Advance ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 24, 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, 5 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 WK.	1 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO
8 inches	$40.00	$25.00	$20.00	$17.00
10 inches	35.00	20.00	15.00	4.00
5 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 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. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

DR. JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M., SUCCESSOR TO J. P. UREN, M. D. C. M. Office and residence—Corner Mill and Frederick Streets, Acton. Office Hours:—8 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 3 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL. L. R. C. P., EDINBURGH. L. L. P. & S., GLASGOW. MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, ETC. Office—Frederick Street Acton, Ont.

DR. DRYDEN, EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE, Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets, GUELPH. OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2 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. MACKINNON, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, ETC. 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.

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 positively done 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 $100 and upwards.

VALUABLE Farm Property For Sale!

Farm, Esquesing Township, Halton Co.; 100 acres, about 80 clear, balance good bush; well fenced, and watered by spring creek. Good concrete house; two barns and silo; orchard. The property is 1½ miles from Limehouse, 4½ to flourishing Village of Acton on G.T.R. For terms apply to JOHN SHAW, on premises, or address Acton P.O., Ont. tfn

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 any address, Box 422, or telephone 54, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

ACTON Machine and Repair Shops HENRY ORINDELL Proprietor.

WE are well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery of any kind 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. Saw here always sharpened.

OIL—SMELTER—MINES, Davidson & Carter Market Square Guelph. REPRESENTING Douglas Lacey & Co. NEW YORK. Stocks paying 8% to 12%. Original investment secured and guaranteed. Call or write for particulars.

A WORTHY SCHOOL which converts more raw material into earning power and places more young men and women in good positions than any institution of the kind in Canada IS THE Central Business College, AND SCHOOL OF Shorthand, Typewriting Telegraphy TORONTO, ONT. Always open. No vacation. Twelve teachers. Most equipment. Special summer session for July and August. Particulars free. Write W. H. SHAW, Principal.

School Books

—at—

...DAY'S...

All the new and big value Exercise and Scribbling Books.

Covered Slates,

The new and latest School Books.

Everything up to date

Send your children to Day's.

He has on hand the books required.

His low prices win every time.

Day's Bookstore GUELPH.

"Day — Bells — Cheap"

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Capital $6,000,000
Rest 2,900,000

ACTON BRANCH

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.

Open every Friday evening from six to eight o'clock.

A. H. DEVITT, Manager.

FRAMES! FRAMES

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

Sayers' SAW MILLS Nassagaweya.

Lumber of all kinds at Lowest Market Prices.

Mill Stuff cut to order.

Wood at $1 25 per cord.

P. Sayers, Proprietor. Nassagaweya P O.

GUELPH BUSINESS COLLEGE

Traders' Bank Building, Guelph, Ont.

FOURTEENTH YEAR under the same successful management. We cannot supply the demand for our graduates. No better time to enter than now.

COMMERCIAL, STENOGRAPHIC, Typewriting, English, French and German courses, by the best up-to-date methods. All branches of Penmanship, practical and artistic, thoroughly taught.

HONOR GRADUATES all hold choice positions. Several of those now in training already spoken for by prominent business men. Our system of training acknowledged to be "The best."

For particulars, apply at the college or address

M. MacCORMICK, B.A., Principal

R. W. PHILLIPS.

Plumber, Steam and Gas Fitter, Queen Street West. GUELPH

PLUMBING ...AND... STEAM-FITTING IN ALL THEIR BRANCHES

A full supply of the Fitch & Steam Valves always on hand.

Eden Mills Flour

Fine Quality of this flour the well-known. It is now for sale in Acton by—

W. MOSIER —AT— ACTON MILLS

The businesses will be continued at Everton and Eden Mills, and Bran, Middlings, Chop Feed, Etc., will be for sale at either of these places.

Chopping done and Oats rolled for horses every day at both Mills

Cash for wheat and Oats.

HENRY HORTOP, PROPRIETOR

Chamberlain's Remedies.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough. Price 25 cents; large size 50c.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For Bowel Complaints. Price 25 cents.

Chamberlain's Pain Balm. An antiseptic liniment especially valuable for Cuts, Bruises, Sprains and Rheumatism. Price 25 cents; large size 50 cents.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For Disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Price 25 cents.

Every one of these preparations is guaranteed and if not fully satisfactory to the purchaser the money will be refunded.

Sold by A. T. BROWN.

National Portland Cement

THE FAR FAMED DURHAM, which in its first season, 1903, will have a margin in sale over any other brand on the Canadian market of from seventy five to one hundred thousand barrels—a most convincing argument in its favor.

Sole Guelph Agents—

JOHN M. BOND & CO. GUELPH.

We cordially invite you to examine our exhibit of DUNLOP Carriage, Bicycle Tires, and Rubber Goods of all descriptions, which will be one of the features in the new carriage building at the DOMINION FAIR, TORONTO also at the London, Ottawa, Sherbrooke and St. John Fairs The DUNLOP TIRE CO., Limited Toronto

IF—

it is a Factory Buggy you want I have the best on the market, at $65.00. Then if you want something better I have My Own Make, which I fully guarantee to give best of satisfaction.

If you are going to build a Silo call and see my

Improved Silo Coupler

It is the best coupler made

I also furnish Rods complete with ends.

J. N. O'NEILL GEORGETOWN.

The Staff of Life

Statham's Bread

Always in favor

Fresh Scones, Buns and Dough Nut every day. All kinds of Cakes on hand Tarts made to order. Wedding Cakes a specialty.

Confectionery.

Best assortment of Confectionery from best makers. Popular prices.

FRUITS always on hand in season

VEGETABLES in variety.

GROCERIES at close prices.

ICE CREAM and SUMMER DRINKS.

T. STATHAM & SON Bakers and Grocers. MAIN ST. ACTON

"If they're Williams' shoes they're proper."

WILLIAMS'

Good Shoes are the foundation of correct dress. Williams' Shoes are the best good shoes for Men, Women or Children. They contribute ease and grace to the feet, and are the limit of comfort and durability. In short, the acme of shoe perfection.

LATEST STYLES ARE ALWAYS READY FOR YOUR INSPECTION

FOOTWEAR

WM. WILLIAMS MAIN ST. ACTON

Poetry.

THE OLD-FASHIONED WOMAN.

Oh, well I remember the home of my childhood,
The hill that I climbed in the sunlight and dew;
The rabbits that hid at its base in the wildwood,
The hunters that often would trouble them, too,
But better than these was the ivy-grown dwelling—
Oh, why did I ever away from it roam?
Where lived the dear woman who is story I'm telling,
That old-fashioned woman who made it a home.

That love-fashioned woman,
That sweet-fashioned woman,
That old-fashioned woman that lived in the home.

Oh, where has she gone, with her aprons and knitting,
Her calico gown and her sunbonnet dear?
She never was one that was given to flitting,
Her home was her temple, her empire, her throne,
She cared not for riches, nor travel, nor pleasure;
The wealth that she craved was beneath her own dome,
Her husband, her children, her friends were her treasure,
That old-fashioned woman who lived in the home,

That dear-fashioned woman,
That soul-fashioned woman,
That old-fashioned woman that lived in the home.

The ivy-grown walls of that home stead are falling,
The brambles have choked out the blossoms—the weeds
Grow wild and unsightly—the night hawks are calling
When day into darkness and silence recedes
Oh, never again shall I hasten there to gather
The flowers that grew in the sweet-scented loam,
When my heart and my steps were as light as a feather,
To greet that loved woman who made it a home.

That old-fashioned woman,
That home-fashioned woman,
That God-fashioned woman that lived in the home.

—Mrs. M. L. Rayne.

Select Family Reading.

Under the Surface.

BY ROY RICHARDSON.

"I AM sorry we were invited," observed Mrs. Edmonds to her husband, as they dressed to go out. "We shan't have a good time."

"Why?" her husband inquired. "I always liked Ned."

"Yes," responded Mrs. Edmonds, "I like them both, but, Will, try as I may, they make me absurdly jealous."

Mr. Edmonds grew serious. The old excuse, Grace, I thought you had outgrown that bad habit. We've got so much that they can never have.

"There!" he cried, pinching her cheek. "Lets put it aside. We have each other, while you know they quarrel. We must have them here some evening soon. You can sing while I juggle the chafing dish. Ned Constable never could make a decent rabbit. His wife won't let him learn how."

Mrs. Edmonds sighed even at her husband's picture at home. "I shall depend upon you," she said, as they rang the Constable doorbell, to keep me contented, to-night, Will."

It was quite an affair. Mr. and Mrs. Constable, whatever they might be when alone, were a charming host and hostess.

"How well they do it!" exclaimed Mrs. Edmonds to her husband, as they sat eating. Then with a dangerous tone in her voice, she said, "I wish, oh so much, that you and I—"

"There, there," Edmonds broke in gently, "we're not going to speak of that, dearie. Love!" he ejaculated suddenly. "I do believe there's old Tom Goodwin over there all by himself. You remember Tom, don't you, Grace. The fellow who was too poor to come to our wedding, and who said he was sending forks instead of buying a railway ticket? I haven't seen him for months. He writes things, I believe. You must meet him, good old chap."

"Do you know, Goodwin remarked a few minutes later, seating himself beside his new-found friends. "I always promised myself the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Edmonds. And now," and his genial face beamed with good nature, "I see how true it is that unexpected pleasures are the keenest. Funny thing, Mrs. Edmonds, but I didn't want to come here at all."

At this Edmonds smiled at his wife. "Neither did we. Now we are glad we did," he said. "But, Tom, why haven't you called? You might have found us before this in the directory."

"Oh, yes," Tom rejoined; "but you're such dreadful swells I didn't dare. You see," he explained, while Mrs. Edmonds tried to tell him how modest they really were, "I'm just beginning. When you just begin, people don't like you, and mostly you don't take to them, and so I have thought it best to keep away by myself until I had done something worth while."

Goodwin made himself very agreeable, and Mrs. Edmonds liked him. Her husband got deep in debate with a business acquaintance, and the two men presently drifted to the other side of the room, so when the music began in the conservatory Goodwin took Mrs. Edmonds upstairs.

"It's awfully good of you, you know, he said to her as they seated themselves next a dense mass of palms in the ballroom, "not to insist on dancing, but to talk to me. You're so cheerful and seem so contented. Will is a fortunate man, Mrs. Edmonds."

"How odd! I was discontented and blue when I came here to-night," she said, "all because I was—well, I was covetous."

Tom laughed.

"We all get that way at times, I fancy," he remarked. "Look at those De Puysters standing over there; the richest people here. You wouldn't believe it, but they are ridiculously jealous of the Four Hundred. How the Four Hundred fare we never know, but the De Puysters ape them as far as they can, while some of us are silly enough to ape the De Puysters. I am glad you are not one of them."

Before Mrs. Edmonds could confess that indeed she was one of them there came to her ear from behind the palms by which they sat the sound of voices. They both recognized the tones of their host and hostess. It was an awkward position, but they could not have escaped being seen from over the palms.

Constable was evidently remonstrating with his wife. "You can't mean to pretend," he was saying, "to be keeping pace with the De Puysters. One would think you were, to see us to-night. I tell you, Anne, I can't afford it, and that's flat."

"That's what you're always saying—'can't afford this; can't pay for that!'" cried Mrs. Constable, with considerable heat. "Why don't you go into bankruptcy and be done with it? You never used to complain."

"We would look well bankrupt, wouldn't we?" her spouse cut in. "I never used to complain, as you say, because I was getting rich fast then. It is changed now, and I'm often pinched for money to the verge of desperation. I've told you so, Anne. While I've no objection to your entertaining and having a good time, there's a limit to our means, you know, and where the mischief the money for this is coming from I don't see."

"You never told me!" cried Mrs. Constable. "You merely said you were worried. And I'll tell you right now, Ned Constable, I do intend keeping pace with the De Puysters and flatter myself I have done so."

"He stuck me on 'change for $12,000 last week," muttered Constable. "You may be able to keep up the pace; but I can't at that figure, Anne!"

There was a pause. Then he said pacifically: "You go at it wrong, and, as your husband, I must correct you. Look at Will Edmonds and his wife. They are poor, as the world takes such people, but they are richer and happier than we are."

"Yes," exclaimed Mrs. Constable, "and live in a little place where you can hardly turn around and where you meet starved musicians, impecunious actors or authors who hope to startle the world some day. Perhaps you would like to change places with them."

"I may have to," Constable murmured, "before it is all over. Come, Anne; the people are going. We must get downstairs."

Goodwin and Mrs. Edmonds arose, he serious, she trembling.

"Tell me," he asked her, "should we have gone away?"

"Yes and no," she answered. "We couldn't without their knowing." Then, putting her hand in his as they came to Mr. Edmonds, she observed seriously: "A little while ago I was jealous of them, Mr. Goodwin. Now I am not, and my little place where you can hardly turn around seems sweet and good to me. Come and see us in it. We will welcome you, and you may get an idea of how nice humility is. Good night. I thank you for being here."

* * * * * *

As Grace and Will stood again in their own house later that night she said to him as she kissed him, with tears in her eyes: "I thank the Lord, Will, dearest, for our little place where some people can hardly turn around. Shut your eyes, Will, and say it after me: "Bless our little place where you can hardly turn around. Amen!"

SOUND ADVICE.

Mr. Gustavus B. Swift, the Chicago packer who left a fortune of $12,000,000, is said to have guided his life by the following maxims:

1. No man, however rich, has enough money to waste in putting on style.

2. The richer a man gets the more careful he should be to keep his head level.

3. Business, religion and pleasure of the right kind should be the only things in life for any man.

4. A big head and a big bank account were never found together to the credit of any one, and never will be.

5. No young man is rich enough to smoke twenty-five cent cigars.

6. Every time a man loses his temper he loses his head, and when he loses his head he loses several chances.

7. Next to knowing your own business, it's mighty good to know as much about your neighbor's as possible, especially if he is in the same line.

8. The best a man ever did shouldn't be his standard for the rest of his life.

9. The successful men of to-day worked mighty hard for what they've got. The men of to-morrow will have to work harder to get it away.

MARK TWAIN'S LITTLE JOKE.

Here is a story told by the Rochester Herald, in which the distinguished Bishop Doane, of Albany, and Mark Twain are principals: Bishop Doane was at one time the rector of an Episcopal church in Hartford, and the service at this church Mark Twain would occasionally attend. Twain one day played a joke upon the rector. "Dr. Doane," he said at the end of the service, "I enjoyed your sermon this morning. I welcomed it like an old friend. I have, you know, a book at home containing every word of it." "You have not," said Doctor Doane. "I have so," returned the humorist. "Well, send that book to me, I'd like to see it." "I'll send it," Twain replied. And he sent the next morning an unabridged dictionary to the rector.

INTERESTING BIBLE FACTS.

It may be that the following items from my note book while in Spain some years ago, would interest a number of your readers:

At the old prison, "Place of the Skulls," Madrid, we were told the story of the long imprisonment of the famed Prince Yaga, of Grenada, heir to the Spanish throne, who was kept in solitary confinement for thirty-three years for fear he would aspire to the throne. After this long term in a living tomb death mercifully came to his relief.

The following remarkable researches taken from the Bible, and marked with an old nail on the rough wall of his cell tells how the brain sought employment through the long weary years.

In the Bible the word Lord is found 1,853 times; the word Jehovah 6,855 times, and the word reverend but once, and that in the 9th verse of the cxi Psalm. The 8th verse of cxvii Psalm is the middle verse of the Bible; the 9th verse of the viii chapter of Esther is the longest verse; 35th verse, xi chapter, St. John is the shortest. In the cvii Psalm four verses are alike, the 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st. Each verse of the cxxxvi Psalm ends alike. No word, or name of more than six syllables occurs in the Bible. The xxxvii chapter of Isaiah, xix chapter of 2nd Kings are alike. The word girl occurs but once (we have heard this disputed) and that is in the 3rd verse of the iii chapter of Joel. The xxvi chapter of Acts of the Apostles is the finest in rhetoric, and the finest to read. The most beautiful chapter in the Bible in sentiment is the xxiii Psalm. The four most inspiring promises are John xiv chapter and 2nd verse, and John vi chapter, 37th verse, St. Matthew xi chapter, 28th verse, and xxxvii Psalm, 4th verse. The 1st verse, ix chapter Isaiah is the one for a new convert. All humanity should commit the vi chapter, St. Luke, from verse 20 to the end of the chapter. All who flatter themselves with the idea of their perfection should commit the vi chapter Matthew.

There are found in both books of the Bible 3,566,481 letters, 773,693 words, 31,373 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 books. Isaiah has as many chapters as there are books in the Bible. Moreover it has two parts very unlike and the first part has as many chapters as there are books in the Old Testament, and the second part as many chapters as there are books in the New Testament.—L. W. Fike.

A GRECIAN LEGEND.

When Bacchus was a boy he journeyed through Hellas to go to Naxia, and as the way was very long he grew tired and sat down upon a stone to rest. As he sat there with his eyes looking to the ground he saw a little plant spring up between his feet and was so much pleased with it that he determinded to take it with him and plant it in Naxia. He took it up and carried it away with him; but as the sun was very hot he feared that it might wither before he reached his destination. He found a bird's skeleton into which he thrust it and went on. But in his hand the plant sprouted so fast that it started out of the bones above and below. This gave him fresh fear of its withering and he looked about for a remedy. He found a lion's bone which was thicker than a bird's skeleton, and he put the skeleton with the plant in it into the bone of the lion. Ere long the plant grew out of the lion's bone likewise. Then he found the bone of an ass, larger still than that of the lion. So he put the lion's bone, containing the bird's skeleton and the plant into the ass's bone and thus he made his way to Naxia. When about to set the plant he found that the roots had entwined themselves around the bird's skeleton, the lion's bone and the ass's bone, and as he could not take it out without damaging the roots, he planted it as it was, and it came up speedily and bore, to his great delight, the most delicious grapes, from which he made the first wine and gave it to man to drink. But behold the miracle. When men first drank it they sang like birds, next, after drinking a little more, they become vigorous and gallant like lions; but when they drank still more they began to behave like asses. The moral is plain and easy.

FARMING TERMS WERE MIXED.

Not long ago a Columbia graduate, with "Broadway written all over him, in every detail of dress, manner and appearance, was very eager to be placed with a certain firm which asked for a college man.

"You won't do at all," he was told. "These people want a country boy reared on a farm, one who has worked his way through college. You don't look in the least like a boy from off a farm."

"Oh, that's all right," he replied, airily. "I've been in the country a good deal. "I've followed the reaper with a hoe for many a day."

As evidence of his experience on a farm, this statement was not sufficiently convincing to secure him the place.

THE BUTCHER'S WARNING.

A few weeks ago a young lad presented himself at the shop of a local butcher, and, when the burly proprietor appeared, gave a small order.

"You don't buy so much meat now as you did in the summer," remarked the butcher.

"No," responded the lad, "and it's because father has become a vegetarian."

"Well, my lad," came the grave retort, "you give your dad warning from me that, as a rule, vegetarians come to a violent end. Take a bullock—it's a vegetarian. What's the result? Why, it's cut off sudden, in its very prime!"—London Tit Bits.

A GIANT HARVESTER.

The Los Angeles Herald describes the biggest harvesting machine in the world. It consists of a traction engine, capable of hauling seventy-five tons, and which takes the place of sixty horses, a header or mowing machine, which cuts a swath thirty-six feet wide, and a threshing machine all complete. The threshing machine and header are run by a thirty-horse-power engine, separate from the traction engine, save that they both get steam at the same boiler. The apparatus moves over the ground at different speeds, according to the thickness of the crop, while all the time the header and thresher are going at full speed, whether the grain is thick or thin. The average speed made is about three and a half miles per hour, and a hundred acres a day can be threshed by the machine. The drive wheels of this monster traction engine are eight feet in diameter and have tires four feet wide, on which are ridges an inch and a half high. Eight men are employed on the thresher. Half a minute after the header starts to work the threshed grain begins to fall into the sacks on the other side from whence it was cut, while the straw falls into a cart behind. The heads are carried away from the header by a draper, or moving belt, forty eight inches wide. They are carried through a colander, which breaks the beard from the barley and shells it at the same time, then by a narrow belt through two cleaners, and finally to a bin, from which it is sacked. The sacks are sewed and set aside as fast as filled. When twelve sacks are filled, they are allowed to slide off the cart on which they were stacked, to the ground. Likewise when the straw cart is full it is dumped. This giant automobile is sixty feet long and half as wide, weighing over a hundred tons. It uses oil as fuel, necessitatating the use of four horses to haul oil and water for the use of the boiler as it travels over large areas.

A MISTAKE.

The manager of one of Washington's large departmental stores was at his desk, deep in thought over some intricate business problem of the day.

Not far away stood the young woman who had charge of the sheet music department, carrying on an animated conversation over the 'phone.

When the manager came out of his reverie his attention was arrested by scraps of conversation from the small box-like arrangement that holds the telephone.

"I love you, dear, and only you—I'm wearing my heart away—can't live on love?—I never was hurt until then—I've a longing in my heart for you, and maybe when the harvest days are over I'll think of you—dreamy eyes—just kiss me good-by—yes, a dream of the golden past—good-by, forever."

Before he had recovered from his astonishment and wonder the young woman hung up the receiver and stepped out of the telephone box.

"Miss Jones, come here," he commanded, sternly. "It's strictly against the rules of this store for salespeople to use the 'phone for personal business. I must forbid you to do it any more. Hereafter, when you wish to make love to a young man, don't do it over the telephone, where every one can hear everything you have to tell him. Now go to your department."

"Why, Mr. Brown," she answered, "I was simply ordering some new sheet music, which we need, from the publisher."

He hasn't stopped apologizing yet.—Washington Star.

CORPORATIONS FOR TEMPERANCE.

Speaking of the definite stand taken for temperance by the railroads of the country relative to their employes and its influence upon the temperance movement generally, the report of the National Temperance Society says: "The railroads employ by far the greatest number of men of any organization in the land, demand the highest efficiency, and pay the highest aggregate of wages. It is estimated that they employ a million men, with perhaps five million more dependent on them. Thus about one in every fifteen of the population is either directly or indirectly dependent upon the railway for support. So it can be seen how far-reaching is the temperance rule of the companies." The city of Cheyenne, Wyo., has practically been put on a prohibition basis as the result of an order issued by the Union Pacific Railway Company forbidding employees to enter saloons whether on or off duty.—Union Signal.

THE HOUSE HE REPRESENTED.

Bishop Watterson tells a story of how he was once taken for a "drummer" by a travelling salesman who was riding on the same train. "What house do you represent?" he was asked. "Lord & Church," replied the bishop. "H'm!" mused the drummer; "never heard of it. Any branch house?" "Branch houses all over the world," said the man of God, easily. "That's queer!" went on the drummer, who began to think he had run across a beautful representative of some small concern. "Er—boots and shoes?" "No," said the bishop. "Dry goods?" asked the drummer, beginning to display irritation. "Well, no," said the bishop, "some folks call 'em nations."

HIGH HATOSIH.

The agent for a patent hair restorer received this testimonial:

Dear Sir: A few days ago I accidentally spilled some of your "hair hatcher" on the straw mattress at my lodgings, and when I returned home I found a hair mattress."

BARNYARD PHILOSOPHY.

The rain it raineth every day,
It's spiled a mighty lot o' hay,
But taxpoets! Hallelujaverem!
Did y'ever see the likes of them?

The rain it raineth every night;
The lowland corn has got the blight,
But with our sev'ral million throats
Let's brag about our crop of oats!

It's rainin' hard, but this I know,
It makes the rich white clover grow,
While clover worth a mint o' money,
And that's the stuff makes milk and honey.

The rain it raineth night and day;
Jes' simply let her rain away;
The apple crop, the beet, the spud,
All prove the proverb, "Rich as mud."

Las' year the valleys had their turn,
This year the hills have wheat to burn;
Las' year the cows went dry for water,
This year—a case of teeter-totter!

If it was dry we'd wish it wet,
Vice versay we would grumble yet;
If it was cold we'd want it hot,
Dissatisfied no matter what.

Th' indignant angels have observed;
They call us mosshacks—name deserved;
A wink'n about as good's a nod,
Now, altogether, boys—thank God!

—The Khan in the "Globe."

VARIETIES.

In a certain Sunday School there is the requirement that scholars shall "study the lesson outside" of church and Sunday school. On a very rainy day one little girl, when asked concerning this, said: "I studied at home, but I could not study outside because I had no umbrella." And this was not meant by the little one to be a joke, either.

My advice to boys and girls on leaving school would be: At once take up some work for the good of others.—I can never be too thankful that I was induced to take a class of boys not much younger, but much more ignorant than myself, when I was seventeen to eighteen years of age. From work of this character I have received untold blessing myself now for over forty years.—George Cadbury.

Dr. Swallow tells a story about George Alfred Townsend, who writes over the nom de plume of Gath. "What does the name mean?" Dr. Swallow was asked by a young lady of his parish. "Why, the letters are the author's initials," answered the clergyman—"G. A. Townsend." "But what does the H. stand for?" the other persisted. "That's where he is going when he dies," came from the Doctor. The questioner was visibly impressed. "Is he such a very bad man?" she asked, almost in a whisper. "Certainly not," replied Dr. Swallow. "The H. stands for heaven."—New York Times.

SATISFIED HIS CURIOSITY.

The curiosity of the natives of wild countries as to everything belonging to the traveller, often leads to amusing situations. Mr. J. W. Wells tells, in "Three Thousand Miles Through Brazil," of his visit to one settlement where only the shopkeeper of the place proved very inquisitive. He was a frequent visitor, and would carefully examine the few belongings of the traveller. His curiosity was finally punished in a very funny manner.

On one of his visits, writes Mr. Wells, he found my bottle of ammonia on the table, and seeing it was something he had not hitherto inspected, he naturally laid hold of it, and asked of me, "What is this?"

"Only a medicine," I replied, and with a perhaps unworthy satisfaction I watched him hold it up to the light, look it all round, and finally remove the glass stopper and then take a good sniff.

I had to rush forward to save my precious ammonia, as he staggered, and gasped for breath, and ejaculated "I am dying!" By dint of much slapping on the back and dousing with cold water, he quickly recovered; but nevermore did he touch any of my things.

POSTAGE ON SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

The lawyers were discussing the merits and demerits of a well-known member of the New Orleans bar who had been gathered to his fathers, and one of the party recalled the time when he studied in the old man's office. We had a copying clerk whose inefficiency continually worked the judge up to a point of explosion. One day a wire basket fell off the top of his desk and scratched his cheek. Not having any court pleader he slapped on three postage stamps and went on with his work. A little later he had some papers to take to the United States Court, and, forgetting all about the stamps, he put on his hat and went out. As he entered the office the judge raised his head and fixed him with an astonished stare. The clerk stopped and looked frightened and finally asked: "Anything—er—wrong, sir?" "Yes, sir," thundered the old gentleman. "You are carrying too much postage for second-class matter."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

DEATH AND THE LAW.

A liquor saloon in this city (New York) on Sunday bore this notice on its door:

CLOSED ON ACCOUNT OF DEATH IN THE FAMILY.

It will be noticed it was Death, not the Law, back of which is the State, that closed that liquor saloon on Sunday. If only Law was as powerful as Death shows itself to be, there is no saying what we might not see in the matter of enforcing legislative enactments, which people would be slow to disregard and with which officers appointed to enforce would not dare to trifle.—Christian Work and Evangelist.

Don't think that eruption of yours can't be cured. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Its virtue is its power to cure.