The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXIX.---NO. 14. Every Subscription Paid in Advance ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 1, 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
30 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	6.00	3.50	2.00	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.

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

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL. L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH. L. R. 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 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 at Residence, Main St. 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 Reed Store, Mill Street, Acton.

FRANCIS NUNAN BOOKBINDER, Wellington St., Guelph, Ontario. (Over Williams Store.) Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound, ruling neatly and promptly done.

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

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

VALUABLE
Farm Property For Sale!
Farm, Nassagaweya 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, 3½ to flourishing Village of Acton on G.T.R. For terms apply to JOHN SHAW, on premises, or address Acton P.O., Ont. tfu

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 862, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor
A BRM 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 repaired by a satisfactory machinist. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Raw hedging and filing

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 timed raw material into earning power and placed 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. Fine 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 2,000,000
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.

Eden Mills Flour
Fine Quality of this flour 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

Acton Pump Works
Main Street Acton
If you are in need of a good Pump, either in wood or iron, come to Acton Pump Works.
—Cisterns Made—
—All Repairs Promptly Attended to—
—Wells Cleaned—
THE
CHICAGO NORMOTOR
Is acknowledged the lightest running and best windmill manufactured. I am agent for this district. Call and investigate before you buy.
T. EBBAGE,
Main Street Acton

..Plymouth..
Binder Twine
BEST AND CHEAPEST IN THE MARKET
ALWAYS ON HAND
The usual lines of
Flour and Feed.
Oatmeal. Rolled Wheat.
Crushed Wheat. Graham Flour
Germ Meal. Buckwheat Flour
Beans. Pot Barley. Split Peas.
Potatoes.
Garden Seeds of all kinds.
ACTON FLOUR AND FEED STORE
All kinds of Grain wanted
AT
ACTON GRANARY
GEORGETOWN ELEVATOR
AND
NORVAL MILLS

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 FAMOUS 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

GUELPH
BUSINESS COLLEGE
Traders' Bank Building, Guelph, Ont.
The ONLY BUSINESS COLLEGE in Canada giving full, up-to-date commercial, stenographic, pen-art, English, French, German and Spanish courses.
Full Information sent free to any address
M. MacCORMICK, D.A., Principal

—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 every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

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

The Staff of Life
Statham's Bread
is 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

Poetry.

THE PARASOLS.

When the pitch comes up in bubbles
from the cracks between the bricks,
When your flannel chest protector too
affectionately sticks,
When the sun gets down to business
with his most persuasive shine
And each dead wall's resurrected by
the green of climb'ring vine,
Then you know that summer's coming,
but the surest sign of all
Is the fact that every woman bears a
dinky parasol.

Parasols of blue and purple; parasols
with ruffled edge;
Parasols as red as blazes or as green as
new-trimmed hedge;
Parasols the size of biscuits, till one
idly wonders why
Women carry them protruding toward
the hot and glaring sky;
But, although they're no protection
from old Phoebus' parching heat,
They are stylish, so they're carried
down the scorched and sizzling
street.

Still, the pitch bells up in bubbles from
the breaks between the bricks,
And your undiscarded flannel, too,
affectionately sticks,
For the sun is down to business with
his most effective shine
And each dead wall's resurrected by
the cool and climb'ring vine.
These are harbingers of summer, but
the surest sign of all
Is that every sweltering woman bears
a three-inch parasol.

—S. W. Gillilan.

Select Family Reading.

The Young Reporter's Dilemma.

"SHERIDAN," remarked the city editor, with his accustomed colorless brevity, without glancing up from his desk, "I want this story by 3 o'clock." He pushed a slip of paper across his desk and set instinctively in the direction of the young reporter and promptly submerged his identity in the ever-present problem of news values.

Sheridan rose from his seat at the reporter's table, and crossing the room, picked up the bit of paper. It was an easy assignment, being merely an interview with a charming young society woman concerning her alleged engagement to an English duke, but the athletic young reporter suddenly turned white and leaned heavily against the editorial desk for support.

The city editor, dimly conscious that something was wrong, came to the surface and realized that instead of a banging door, followed by the absence of Sheridan, the said Sheridan remained leaning heavily against the editorial desk.

"I can't take this assignment," he faltered at length.

"Why not?" asked his chief in astonishment.

"Because I used to know Miss Winterton," he answered with difficulty.

"Then so much the better for the Argus," said the city editor, smiling; "you seem to be just the man for us."

"She was once a very dear friend of mine," went on Sheridan in a low tone, "and you must see how impossible it is for me to go to her on such an errand. I can't do it, that's all."

The city editor sighed deeply, and emerged from his flood of items. He looked the young man squarely in the eyes. It was a crisis for which he was prepared sooner or later in the case of a novice. Usually he said: "I don't care a hang if your father was the Czar of all the Russias... You've got to sink your identity when you enter this office. Try to forget that you were once your father's son, and remember with all your soul that you're only a reporter on the Daily Argus."

This usual advice was to be followed either by an emphatic slam of the door as the young reporter began to sink his identity in that of the Argus, or by an immediate resignation couched with cold civility. But this time, glancing up at the handsome, refined face regarding him with such frank distress and perplexity, the city editor said quite gently for him who was wont to growl as the bear: "You know, Mr. Sheridan, we news-reporters are obliged to belong to the neuter gender."

Although a self-made man himself, and thoroughly proud of the fact, the city editor suddenly experienced a feeling akin to compassion for young Sheridan, whom an unexpected flurry in Wall Street had robbed of his princely inheritance. It occurred to him that possibly the struggle of an impoverished millionaire might offer difficulties more overwhelming than those of a man accustomed to hardships from his birth.

Suddenly, without a word, Sheridan turned and left the room. As the door banged behind him, the city editor sank down again in his items with a sigh of relief that his most promising reporter had not given in his resignation.

* * * *

The footman smiled broadly as he answered the bell, for Sheridan had been a favorite with the Winterton servants, but the young man's face was unusually grave as he said briefly: "Please tell Miss Winterton that a reporter from the Daily Argus wishes to interview her."

The footman's smile widened into an instantly suppressed grin as he listened to this message. He recalled the day, not so very distant, when the young millionaire had driven up in state to the door, and, pressing a gold piece in his hand, had bidden him tell the mistress that a detective would have speech with her at once upon important business. Later, when he was serving the coffee in the drawing-room he had overheard Miss Marion telling her father about an exquisite diamond ring which an unknown detective had found at Tiffany's, and recognized as hers by reason of its surpassing beauty; whereat Mr. Winterton had been much mystified until the young girl laughingly had explained, and showed him the brilliant bauble sparkling on her finger.

"But it doesn't prove to me that Tom Sheridan is a clever detective just because he thinks the finest diamond at Tiffany's belongs to you," teased her father, and the young girl had blushed and smiled as she confessed that Tom had done some very clever work, indeed, in discovering her feelings towards him. "But don't you think that was painfully evident?" said the heartless parent.

* * * *

How familiar it all seemed. Outside he caught a glimpse of steadily falling snow between the heavy folds of the Venetian curtains, but within all was summer-like and soothing. A fire of driftwood sent a delicious warmth through the apartment. A giant bowl of ancient delft brimming over with the delicate La France roses she loved, offered him their incense generously. There was her violin in a corner. The night he had learned he had nothing, and had given her back her freedom, she had played to him in the firelight. It was burned into his memory indelibly. He saw again her tall, slight figure in its clinging, white draperies, her charming face bent softly above her violin as she played "Du Bist Wie Eine Blume," and sang the words almost whisperingly. It was a moment he would never forget, because it was the moment before he had lost her forever, and men remember such things.

How clear and familiar it all was. It would be so easy, so very easy, to turn back time for a little month to that moment when he had stood there in that same place, eager, happy, unconscious, waiting for the sight of her, for the wonderful sound of her voice. The warmth, the fragrance, the delightful, artistic comfort of the room made a harmonious prelude to the bliss of her arrival. When she entered it was like a flash of lovely sunlight after darkness.

He heard her light footsteps coming trippingly down the oak staircase. In a moment he would see her again, the charming face, so dear, so different from all other faces, the one face of his dreams, of his prayers.

He took a step toward the door, and then his eyes fell upon a copy of the Daily Argus lying on a table before him. He turned aside brusquely and walked quickly to the window, where the snow was falling steadily beyond the Venetian curtains. But of the weather he was quite unconscious. He saw suddenly the busy, mask-like face of his city editor, the hard, white glare of the green-shaded electric lamp circling down upon his bent head and beneath the pulsing thunder of his brain he heard the city editor's voice saying: "You know, Mr. Sheridan, we news-reporters are obliged to belong to the neuter gender."

He must never forget these words again.

* * * *

"Oh, Tom, dearest," said the voice which was so wonderful and so different from all other voices in the world. "I really began to think you were never coming to see me again."

There was a curious mixture of joy and pain and bubbling, irrepressible laughter in her tone. Sheridan turned away from the dreary reality of brownstone houses frowning grimly in the falling snow, back to the enchanting but forbidden delight of the room so summer-soft and soothing. He dared not lift his eyes to hers, but he said quite firmly in view of the mad beating of his heart:

"I have been sent up by the Daily Argus to interview you about your engagement, Miss Winterton."

"Oh, indeed," said the girl, smiling happily, "you may tell them it's quite true."

"Oh, Marion!" burst forth poor Sheridan helplessly in spite of his fixed determination to merge his identity in that of his paper. "It isn't, it can't be true."

"Yes, it is, dearest," she said, going straight up to to him and putting both her hands on his broad shoulders. "You ought to know it's been true for nearly three months, Tom."

"But I gave you back your freedom, you know," gasped the young man in bewilderment.

"I know you tried to," she whispered to his coat; "but you foolish Tom, didn't you notice that I didn't take it?"

* * * *

The editorial rooms of the Daily Argus were unenriched by the presence of young Sheridan on the day of his unsuccessful attempt to merge his identity in that of the paper. The city editor was in a very bad humor on account of this extraordinary fact, as all the office boys could bear testimony. An entire column had been reserved confidently for Sheridan's story, and as a result of his default a column of elderly tid-bits had disgraced the evening edition.

The temperature was far below zero on the following morning when the young reporter came in.

"Sheridan," began the city editor, sternly, "where is your story?"

"Well," confessed the young man, flushing with the consciousness of guilt, "she's admitted she's engaged, but it's not to be announced yet. And it isn't the English duke, after all."

"Who is it, then? Did you get his name?" asked the editor, professionally on the alert.

"I got his name and address," said Sheridan, still smiling guiltily, "but she asked me, as a special favor, not to give it to the press just yet. However, she promises the Argus exclusive news later."

"Umph!" growled the city editor.

JUST FOR FUN.

The little daughter of the house sat down beside the minister and began to draw on her slate. "What are you doing?" asked the clergyman. "I am making your picture," said the child. She worked very earnestly, then stopped, compared her work with the original, and shook her head. "I don't like it much," she said. "Isn't a great deal like you. I guess I'll put a tail to it and call it a dog."—Duluth Tribune.

"I'm troubled, Jim, about the $500 I got from Aunt Mary. I want to invest it." "Well, go ahead." "But I'm afraid I'll lose it." "Then don't invest it." "But I want to get some profit out of it, and I've just thought of a splendid plan." "What is it?" "I'll give you the money, and you invest it in stock or wheat or something that promises a big return, and if you win, why I'll get the profit." "And if I lose?" "Why, then, it will be your fault, of course, and you'll have to make it up to me."—Chicago Post.

They had been engaged; but they had quarreled, and were too proud to make it up. He called a few days ago to see her father—on business, of course. She answered the door bell. Said he: "Ah! Miss Jepkin, I believe. Is your father in?" "No, sir," she replied. "Do you wish to see him personally?" "I do," was his response, feeling that she was yielding; and he turned proudly to go away. "I beg your pardon," she exclaimed, as he reached the lowest step; "but who shall I say called?"

For a long time the favorite form of "make believe" of little Faith was that of "getting married." For weeks she was a bride, marching down an imaginary aisle, to the strains of an imaginary wedding march, to meet an imaginary bridegroom. At last, her mother, becoming tired of it, said: "Faith, don't you know that when you get married you will have to leave me?" This was a rude awakening, and the game stopped. Not long afterwards she came to ask the difference between "Miss" and "Mrs." To make herself clear her mother said: "Well, when you grow up and become a young lady, you will be Miss Butler; but if some man should ask you to marry him—" "I'd call a policeman!" exclaimed Faith, and her interest was at an end.—Harper's Magazine.

THE KING'S PHYSICIAN ON ALCOHOL.

Nothing has given so much encouragement to temperance reformers in recent times as the speech delivered by Sir Thomas Barlow, the king's physician, at the church house, Westminster. The bold, uncompromising, and faithful testimony borne to the evils of intemperance, particularly among women, marks an era in the onward progress of scientific temperance truth. The chief value of Sir Thomas Barlow's testimony is that in which he contends for effective treatment as against the dallying measures too frequently resorted to, and the excuses which are made to cover the evils.

Sir Thomas said: "No half measures would do....drugs, moreover, are useless." He said that in some cases nurses and even doctors asked, "Why do you not give these people a little alcohol, just to stimulate them when they have this dreadful weakness, heart failure and pain?" "And it is just this damnable thing," said Sir Thomas Barlow, "that you have to stop. His sage advice is: "If you have any cases of alcoholic disease among your own friends, I beseech you to get doctors and nurses who are teetotalers." Then he added, "Don't let them fall into the hands of a doctor who orders stimulants for them." This weighty testimony has led to much comment in the daily press of the country, and the danger which threatens the country cannot, in view of such authoritative statements, be longer ignored.—Scottish Reformer.

GILBERT PARKER'S STORY.

Sir Gilbert Parker considers that a trip to Ireland was richly paid for by a story which he picked up, and which he is telling with great gusto to his friends:

A pompous Englishman, the sort we often read of but rarely ever see off the stage, one of the mutton-chops and the don't-care know-sort, whilst travelling in the rural districts betook himself to a village barber's. He was too much engrossed in himself to notice that the barber was in his cups. But the Englishman bitterly resented the Irishman's free-and-easy manner of handling his face, and protested thereagainst frequently and with dignity. The Irishman was duly repentant, but that did not prevent him from repeating the offence of pinching his customer's cheek with considerable force. The Englishman's wrath reached boiling point, when the barber, relinquishing what seemed like a death grip on his cheek, took his customer's nose between thumb and finger and plucked and pulled as if desirous of finding out if it were loose.

"Doghat arrah! Unhand me, villain! Begone, base caitiff!" roared the irate Britisher.

"Sure, and I daren't, your honor," gurgled the barber between hiccoughs; "if I let go your nose, I couldn't stand up."

LOST INHERITANCE.

"Permit me to say, Miss Flash," said the suitor, "that in suing for your hand I am respecting the wish of my late father." "I beg your pardon, sir," said Miss Flash, "but I fear you have inherited your father's lateness. I accepted Mr. Foreman last evening."

"The strong eat well, sleep well, look well. The weak don't. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the weak strong.

EXPORT APPLE TRADE.

The Fruit Division of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, has recently issued two timely bulletins, copies of which have been received at this office. The first is entitled "Export Apple Trade" and is in a large measure a review of the generally accepted principles which form the broad basis of success in the growing and exporting of Canadian apples for European markets. The bulletin deals in the most concise and practical manner with such subjects as: varieties to plant, care of orchard, selling the crop, picking, grading, packing, the package, handling, shipping and storage. The other bulletin deals in a similar way with the growing and marketing of pears. Each bulletin also contains the text of the Fruits Marks Act in its amended form, and explanatory notes for inspectors, growers, owners and packers of fruit. Everyone interested in the fruit business should write Mr. W. A. Mackinnon, Chief of the Fruit Division, Ottawa, for copies of these bulletins, which will be sent free to any address. Letters addressed as above do not require postage.

A COUNTRY DOCTOR'S JOKE.

"I see him still with memory's eye—his big, quaint, slow-moving figure, his loose and wrinkled garb timeworn by trips of mercy over the New England hills, his dust-stained gig, and 'Billi,' his mare, whose name by local people was a perversion of blue pill," says Clarence Deeming, in the Outlook.

Active and interested in town matters, the doctor took scant part in general politics until the anti-slavery movement took shape, when he dashed in with the ardor of a novice, preaching his abolition principles in those early days, when to join the hated party spelled moral nerve and sinew and meant half-ostracism to men personally loss believed. "I don't care much for Texas or the tariff," he would say, "but whep it comes to a fresh and blood matter like slavery, politics needs the doctors." Out of that period of storm came one of his best-loved jokes. The doctor had sent a copy of his Tribune to a rock-ribbed Democrat, who, meeting him next day said, "Doctor, I got yer Tribune. I didn't even open it, but tuk it in my tongs and held it over the fire. "I'll teach yer to throw yer pearls before swine."

"SEND BY INCLOSED GIRL."

An East Side druggist is preparing an unique scrapbook. It contains the written orders of some customers of foreign birth, and these orders are both curious and amusing. Here are some that are copied from the originals:

"I have a cute pain in my child's diagram. Please give my son something to release it."

"Dear Dochter, plea gif bearer five sense worse of Aunty Toxyn for gargle baby's throat and obleage."

"This little baby has eat up its father's parish plaster. Send an anecdote quick as possible by the enclosed girl."

"This child is my little girl. I send five cents to buy two sitlem powders for a groun up adult who is sike."

"You will please give the leetle boi five cents worth of epecac for to throw up in a five months old babe. N. B.—The babe has a sore stummick."

"I haf a hot time in my insides and wich I wood like it to be extinguished. What is good for to extinguish it? The enclosed money is the price of the extinguisher. Hurry pleas."—New York Press.

A MILITARY SONG.

Of reminiscent military songs the annals of music are full. "The Girl I Left Behind Me" according to tradition, became the parting tune of the British army and navy about the middle of the last century. In one of the regiments then quartered in the south of England there was an Irish bandmaster, who had the uncommon peculiarity of being able to fall in love in ten minutes with any attractive girl he might chance to meet. It never hurt him much, however, for he fell out again as readily as he fell in. Whenever the troops were leaving the place where he had a sweetheart he ordered the band to play "The Girl I Left Behind Me," which even then was an old Irish melody. The story of his accommodating heart soon spread through the army and other bandmasters at the request of the officers and soldiers began to use the melody as a parting tune, and by the end of a century it was accounted disrespectful to the ladies for a regiment to march away without "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

THE GOOD, KIND WORLD.

A little girl was trying to get her small brother across the chaos of lower Broadway. He clung to her with one hand and with the other clasped his ragged jacket as if for courage and support. Twice they started to cross and twice retreated. The girl looked about her for help. She let several unpromising people pass, then, says the New York Mail and Express, she found a friend.

A shuffling, ignorant negro boy approached, whistling thoughtlessly. She saw something in his face that other people did not see. "Please won't you help me'n my brother 'cross the street?" she asked, with confidence. The negro smiled charmingly. A genuinely lovely look came over his dirty face. "Come on kid," he said, seizing the small boy by the hand, and plunged ahead among the cars and horses, the two in tow behind him. They ran on without looking around, and he returned unconsciously singing the words of the popular song "Everybody's awful good to me."

IN HOUSECLEANING TIME.

You must wake and call me early, call
me early, mother dear,
For I understand that you're about to
start housecleaning here—
That you're going to rip things up,
mother; that there'll be the deuce
to pay,
So I want to get out of the way,
mother, I want to get out of the
way.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that
I shall never wake
If you don't come in and call me ere
the things begin to break.
Oh, I know you will work, mother,
and the things that pa will say,
So I want to be far away, mother, I
want to be far away!
I know how pa will kick when things
are all turned upside down;
Oh, a crosser man than he will not be
abroad in all the town!
You know how he will "balance all,"
and do the grand "washay"—
Oh, I want to get out of the way,
mother, I want to get out of the
way!

So you must wake and call me early,
call me early, mother dear,
For I know that you will just raise
Ned when you get a-going here!
To-morrow'll be of all the year the
maddest, worst old day—
And I want to get out of the way,
mother, I want to get out of the
way!

HIS SLEEPING BOOTS.

An army officer in charge of a native district in South Africa during the late war, presented the Kaffir boy who acted as his particular servant with a pair of strong, heavily-nailed ammunition boots. The boy was delighted with the gift and at once sat down and put the boots on. They were the very first pair he had ever had in his life, and for several days afterward he strutted proudly about the camp in them, his only other article of clothing being a leather waistbelt with a goat skin tuft dependent from it back and front.

But the Kaffir appeared a few days later in his bare feet as usual, with the boots tied round his neck.

"Hallo, Threepence," said his master, for that was the name he went by, "why don't you wear your boots? Too small for you?"

"Oh no sah," replied Threepence. "They plenty big. Berry nice boots, sah, but no good fo' walkin' or runnin' sah. Keep boots now for wear in bed, sah."

WHERE THE OTHER HALF WAS.

A young minister in the course of an eloquent sermon on the pomps and vanities of the world staggered his congregation by exclaiming:

"Here am I standing here preaching to you with only half a shirt on my back, while you sit there covered with gewgaws and other baubles.

The next day a parcel containing several brand new shirts was left at his house by one of his hearers, a kind-hearted old lady. Meeting the donor a few days afterward, he thanked her exceedingly, but expressed much surprise at receiving such an unexpected gift.

"Oh," said the lady, "you mentioned in your sermon on Sunday that you had only half a shirt on your back."

"Quite true," added his reverence, "but you seem to forget the other half was in front."

ANGLING EXTRAORDINARY.

At Winchester, England, it is quite a common thing to see men fishing through the street gratings. Under the High street there flow streams which ultimately discharge into the River Itchen, a noted trout stream. These streams receive the street and surface water by means of the ordinary steel grating. The line is dropped through and fastened to a stick long enough to go through the grating. When the fish is hooked the line and stick are dropped through the grating and the fisherman rushes to a point where the stream emerges from the underground passage, and is there able to recover his line and land his fish.

A Remarkable Record.
Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has a remarkable record. It has been in use for over thirty years, during which time many million bottles have been sold and used. It has long been the standard and main reliance in the treatment of croup in thousands of homes, yet during all this time no case has ever been reported to the manufacturers in which it failed to effect a cure. When given as soon as the child becomes hoarse or even as soon as the croupy cough appears, it will prevent an attack. It is pleasant to take, many children like it. It contains no opium or other harmful substance and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. For sale by A. T. Brown.

When does a farmer double up a sheep without hurting it? When he folds it.

Earache Cured.
Miss J. J. Johnson, Innisfail, Alta., says: "I was troubled with earache for a long time, and nothing helped me until I used Hagyard's Yellow Oil, which cured me completely."

The man who contributes to a church fund does so as a guarantee of good faith.

When you want a physic that is mild and gentle, easy to take and certain to act, always use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale by A. T. Brown.

A good many men would be poorer to-day if their ancestors had left them more.

Stupefying headaches are cured, the head cleared, and the brain brightened by Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders. They do not weaken the heart. Price 10c. and 25c.

"Know thyself," but don't overdo the thing by being too exclusive.