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The Acton Free Press

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English office, 30 Fleet Street, London, E. C., where Messrs. E. and J. Hardy & Co. will receive for the news, subscriptions and advertisements, and where our readers can, free of charge, see our paper when in England.

H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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SUCCESSOR TO DR. JOHN M. MACDONALD.
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L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH.
L. L. P. & S. GLASGOW.
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Office—Frederick Street Acton, Ont.

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Successor to Dr. McKeague.
Office and residence formerly occupied by the Doctor, Frederick St.
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ACTON - - - ONT.

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It has paid others. It will pay you
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Has now the largest attendance in its history. We have room for more. Enter now. Circulars free. Graduates always successful.
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Are not alike. The men at the head are not alike in temperment, education, experience, or professional standing. This College affords its students the best obtainable in teaching and accommodation. We place every graduate in a good position.
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Engravers and Lithographers, Bank and Commercial Stationers Manufacturers of High Class Calendars and Advertising Novelties.

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All will need
A MOTH BAG
It costs little and prevents great damage from moths.
PRICES
25c, 35c, 45c, 55c, 65c
EACH.
Wire Hanger with each bag.
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All the Latest, from good makers, from
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THE FURRIER
GUELPH

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CHARLIE SUEY
Work done by hand, no machinery; no acids nor chloride of lime used, which destroy the clothes. Care is always used with the work, and to make clothes clean and pure.
Shirts, Collars, Cuffs and Vests a specialty. Ladies' work given the best care and done at lowest prices.
Laundry dried outside
Orders washed every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and ironed and dried every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
If you want first-class work, and entirely satisfactory, go to CHARLIE SUEY'S HAND LAUNDRY
Willow St. Acton, near Henderson & Co

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Four-foot Slabs For Sale
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Lath and Shingles constantly on hand.
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LOCAL SALESMAN
WANTED AT ONCE
For ACTON and surrounding districts.
HIGH-CLASS SPECIALTIES
in Fruit and Ornamental Stock grown and for sale by
CANADA'S GREATEST NURSERIES
A permanent situation for the right party. Liberal inducements. Pay weekly. Handsome free outfit. Write for terms and catalogue, and send 25c in stamps for sair
POCKET MAGNIFYING GLASS
ON 30c. FOR OUR HANDY METAL HACK SAW
STONE & WELLINGTON
FONTHILL NURSERIES, OVER 200 ACRES.
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FARM FOR SALE.
GOOD soil, buildings, water and fences, 1½ good locality, near Guelph. At earliest for immediate sale. Buy now. Want to go West. Inquire of
H. P. MOORE,
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"Our Prices are always right."
The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Phone 67. 103 Limited, GUELPH

A Fine Club of Young Men and Women will invade the halls and class rooms of the Central Business College, Toronto, and become members on Jan. 2nd next. Plan to be one of them. You will get good care and win fine results. Write at once and let us help you to decide. Address, W. H. Shaw, Principal.

Excelsior Bakery
We are headquarters in Acton for Bread, Cakes, Pastry, etc., of first-class quality.
We also carry a splendid stock of Groceries and Confectionery.
T. Statham & Son
Mill Street, Acton

Arnold's Livery
JOHN ST., ACTON
Stylish Rigs, Double or Single, Supplied on Shortest Notice
COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' ORDERS Given Special Attention.
HENRY ARNOLD - - Proprietor

A Beautiful Cook
Cooks Beautifully with Beautiful Flour, Like Ours.
Your Christmas Cooking will be a great success if you are sure to get your supplies of meals and flours from us, for we guarantee everthing right.
ACTON FLOUR AND FEED STORE
ROBT. NOBLE, Proprietor
N. P. MOORE, Manager

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST
HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:—

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for. (6 25)

Poetry.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear,
It matters little if dark or fair,
Whole-souled honesty written there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show
Like crystal panes where heath-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds;
Yet whose utterance prudence guards.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly errands to and fro
Day's humblest ways if God will so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
The needful burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless,
Silent rivers of happiness
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

God hath a presence,
And that you may see
In the fold of a flower,
The leaf of a tree;
In the sun of the noon-day,
In the storm of the darkness,
The oak-fire of light;
In the waves of the ocean,
The furrows of land;
In the mountains of granite,
The atom of sand.
Turn where ye may
From the sky to the sod,
Where can ye gaze
That ye find not a god?
In the sun, the moon, the sky;
On the mountains, wild and high;
In the thunder, in the rain,
In the grove, the wood, the plain;
In the little birds that sing—
God is seen in everything.

Select Family Reading

The Capital Prize

BY CHARLES GRAVES.

THE young man entered the carriage, banged the door shut and settled himself comfortably with a sigh of relief. Opposite him sat a pensive young woman in a bewildering gown of fluffy white. The young man removed his high hat and mopped his perspiring brow. He adjusted his tie and brushed the dust from his coat sleeve. The carriage rattled briskly over the pavements. Outside the early afternoon sunshine flooded the streets with a mellow glow.

"Well," said the young man, straightening himself and smiling at the girl, "another good man gone wrong. Every time I assist at the weddings of these reckless youths I feel somehow like an executioner."

"We're getting to be arch conspirators in the wedding line, aren't we?" the girl laughed. "It seems of late that we are the two together at every one."

"Let's see," he mused; "this is the third so far this month. We're accumulating a great weight of responsibility."

"All my friends seem to be going in for matrimony," she said.

"Mine, too," he returned cheerfully. "Hymen is an indiscriminate old burglar. He gobbles 'em right and left. And when a man's married he's as good as lost to his friends—at first," he added.

"But they all come back to the club and—and the old life, don't they?" she said tentatively.

"Most of them," he admitted.

"That's the man of it," she said.

"Marriage is a lottery," he said, lacking momentarily a more original observation.

"Pleasant the snaffles of courtship, improving the manners and carriage," she quoted.

"'But the colt who is wise will refrain from the terrible thorn bit of marriage,'" he finished.

"There seems to be a great many colts lacking wisdom," she remarked.

"And lots more willing to lack that commodity," he laughed.

"Doesn't a wedding ever impress you as rather pathetic?" she asked.

"Always," he replied "Often heart-rending."

"Well, mine shan't be," she said. "It shall be very, very cheerful."

"That's the kind I should prefer for myself," he acquiesced.

"The service should be short," she said.

"Just long enough to be legal," he agreed cheerfully.

"And it would be a very quiet affair—just a few friends, the cheerful kind, not the weepy sort."

"Second the motion," said he.

She looked up quickly, then turned her eyes and watched the hurrying crowds on the sidewalks.

"At high noon and at the house," she mused. "The church is too big and gloomy and solemn. Surely at the house. And for decorations—a few simple orchids."

"It's amazing how you voice my sentiments," said he.

The carriage swung around a corner and entered a more quiet street. The young man flicked an imaginary bit of dust from his coat.

"That would be a wedding," he said. "You'd have an orchestra behind some palms on the broad stairs, wouldn't you?"

"Yes; a string orchestra," she returned.

"Of course, of course—a string orchestra," said he.

"And a jolly informal wedding breakfast," she went on.

"That's the idea!" he said, approvingly.

"And every one who wept should be fined $5," she said.

"Make it $10," he suggested, "or thirty days in the house of correction. The crime would warrant it."

She laughed gayly.

"It wouldn't be a somber affair, I'll warrant you," she asserted.

"I'll bet it wouldn't" he said enthusiastically.

He mopped his brow nervously and looked covertly at the girl opposite him. Her eyes were still turned from him.

"I'd like to try a wedding of that sort," he said.

"There wouldn't be any ushers," she remarked, pointedly.

"Certainly not," he said. "I fully realize that. I'd like to try it as a bridegroom."

"Why don't you?" she asked faintly.

"Well, I would if I were sure of the girl," he said. "You see"—He paused.

"I'm afraid I don't see," she said laughingly.

"You see, there's only one girl I want, and I don't dare ask her," he said plaintively.

"Indeed!" she said coldly.

"There's only one girl I want," he repeated desperately, "and she's the one who has heard me rail at weddings from time immemorial. I'm afraid she wouldn't believe I was serious."

The girl's face grew very red.

"You—you haven't railed at this imaginary one," she said, without turning her eyes.

In an instant he was on the seat beside her.

"Then she will marry me?" he asked softly.

The girl pressed her hot face against the window of the carriage.

"You said you thought marriage was a lottery," she faltered.

"Well," he said, stoutly, "who wouldn't risk a lottery chance if he knew he should draw the capital prize?"

"KINDER."

The constant repetition of some particular word or phrase is a characteristic of the speech of many a person who is quite unconscious of his peculiarity, and of the amusing effect it sometimes produces.

"And so; a'v married, after all," said a summer resident of Rimlet to Mr. J. ba Larkin, one of the oldest citizens of that flourishing town. "I thought you were a confirmed bachelor."

"Well, I kinder thought I was, too," said Mr. Larkin, with a grim smile; "but I kinder made a mistake, ye see. Come suddin on me, too, matrimony did—that is, kinder suddin."

"How did it happen?" inquired the summer resident, with gratifying interest.

"Well, it was kinder curious, an' yet kinder nat'ral, too," said Mr. Larkin. "Ye see I'd known Mirandy Cummins all my days that is to say, kinder known her, livin' in the same township. But las' winter I kinder run acrost her at her cousin, James Holley's, one evenin'. His wife was kinder sickly, an' Mirandy'd brought her some jell to kinder tempt her appetite.

"Well, when I got through my business with James, I kinder looked round, an' she was gettin' on her bunnit an' shawl.

"An' I kinder waited round for a minute, an' then we kinder went out into the entry t'gether, an' kinder kep' on out o' the house an' along the road. I hadn't ever had any notion o' courtin'," said Mr. Larkin, with scornful emphasis, "but we jest kinder kep' comp'ny for a couple o' months, an' then we kinder got married—that's all there was to it."

"You look as if matrimony agreed with you," said the summer resident, whose sober face belied his internal emotions.

"Oh yes, I'm kinder glad we settled it up as we did," said Mr. Larkin, as he prepared to start for home by loosening his hold on the rail fence over which the colloquy had been carried on. "I'm kinder gettin' on in years, an' Mirandy's fust bloom has been kinder brushed off, as ye might say—but, on the whole, I'm kinder glad!"

IMMATERIAL.

Some years ago, says the New York Word, the Agricultural Department at Washington received a scrawly letter from a Wisconsin farmer. It was one of many, of course, but was noticeable for its laconic indefiniteness.

The envelope was addressed to the "Agrycultral Deptment, Washtif, D. C.," and the communication itself ran thus:

"Sir, I want a agrycultral report on being in the farmin bjness I orter git it."

It happened that the gentleman in charge of the department correspondence was a very conscientious and even elegant letter-writer, and partly by way of pleasantry he replied to this communication in his most elaborately courteous manner. The department would be most happy to comply with his esteemed correspondent's request, he declared, but it needed to be informed somewhat more specifically which of its numerous reports was needed. Would Mr. —— be kind enough to mention the date, or at least the subject of the document in question?

Mr. —— replied promptly and succinctly thus:

"I don't care a rap what the book is about or when it was rote. I want it for a scrap book."

King of All Cough Medicine.

Mr. E. G. Case, a mail carrier of Canton Centre, Conn., who has been in the U. S. Service for about sixteen years, says: "We have tried many cough medicines for croup, but Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is king of all and one to be relied upon every time. We also find it the best remedy for coughs and colds, giving certain results and leaving no bad effects." For sale by all druggists.

A NOVELIST IN THE KITCHEN.

J. M. Barrie says, should literature ever fail him as a livelihood, he might take service as maid of all work. To be sure, he could scarcely claim the wages of a fully competent cook or housemaid; but neither is he a wholly inexperienced "greenhorn." In his charming memoir of his mother, Margaret Ogilvy, the pages of which range from delicious humor to melting pathos, there is one funny little chapter devoted to his experience in running the kitchen department of the little Scottish home, where the mother was too frail to more than the lightest work, and the sisters was disabled by one of her prostrating headaches.

No servant was kept, as both the capable housekeeper hoisted with great the mere suggestion of such an unnecessary intruder on the domestic privacy of the cottage.

After a gallant struggle with the kitchen fire came the preparation for a very simple breakfast, and the washing of the dishes. "The teapot is fair on the outside," he admits, "but what of the interior?"—and the making of the beds, "and making them thoroughly, because after I am gone my mother will come (I know her!) and look suspiciously beneath the coverlet." After attending to her morning duties the distinguished author at length retired to his desk and began to write.

It is an important chapter; he is in the midst of the hero's proposal to the heroine. Nevertheless, he presently leaves Albert and Marion to settle it between them unaided, on an appeal from his mother to come and help her fold the sheets. The sheets folded, he returns and resumes his task, when this startling question is shot by his sister through the keyhole:

"Where did you put the carrot-grater?"

"It will all have to be done over again if I let Albert go for a moment," the novelist explains, "so, gripping him hard, I shout indignantly that I have not seen the carrot-grater.

"Then what did you grate the carrots on?" asks the voice, and the door handle is shaken just as I shake Albert.

"'On a broken cup,' I reply, with surprising readiness, and I get to work again, but am less engrossed, for a conviction grows on me that I put the carrot grater in the drawer of the sewing-machine."

Nor was that his only error; for presently he overhears his mother and sister lamenting together over the discovery that he has employed one of the best napkins for a dishcloth, and afterward polished the grate with it.

"'It defies the face of clay, mother, to fathom what makes him so senseless.'

"'Oh, it's that weary writing.'

"'And the worst of it is, to-morrow he will talk as if he had done wonders.'

"'That's the way with the whole clamjamfray of them.'

"'Yes, but as usual, you will humor him, mother.'

"'Oh, well, it pleases him, you see,' says my mother, 'and we can have our laugh when his door's shut.'

"'He is most terribly handless!'

"'He is all that; but, poor soul, he does his best.'"

HE LOVED HIS GARDEN.

A former governor of New York, a man of tender feelings and a hater of all injustice, became convinced that a certain man had been wrongfully imprisoned. He lost no time, therefore, in going to the prisoner and telling him how greatly he regretted the circumstance, in the same breath offering him free and full pardon.

"The prisoner, a lean, rugged-faced man, was at work with his hoe in the potato field. He listened to the governor's statement with a meditative air, leaning on his hoe-handle. At last he looked anxiously into the governor's face.

"'I'm much obliged to you, governor, for the pardon," he said slowly, "but you see I know I wasn't guilty, so I haven't worried a great deal over being here. But if it's all the same to you, I should like to stay a couple of weeks, or maybe three weeks, longer, till I get in these potatoes. You see I've taken all the care of 'em so far from the very start, and I should kind o' like to see em through; that is, if you haven't got any special objections, governor,"

GOOD MOTTO.

More than one boy has made his way at the start by the exhibition of a bright mind and a sturdy purpose. There was the case, for instance, of a boy whom we will call Martin Flint.

Martin, thrown on his own resources at the age of fourteen, went around a big city looking for work. Nobody seemed to have any for him, but the offener he was rebuffed the more confident and high spirited he seemed to become; there is nothing like a good big obstacle or bafflement to call out the healthy snap in some natures.

By and by Martin came to a merchant's door which had simply the word "Push" on it so he pushed the door and went in, his hat in his hand. An elderly man in spectacles sat at a desk.

"Well, boy, what do you want?" asked the merchant.

"Work, sir," said Martin.

"What kind of work?"

"Any kind of work, sir."

"Well," said the merchant, laughing, "you've got a large specialty. What's your motto?"

"Same as yours, sir," said Martin.

"Same as mine? How do you know what my motto is?"

"You've got it on your door—It's 'Push,' sir."

The merchant put him to work on the spot, and it was the beginning of a very successful business career.

Late repentance is seldom true, but true repentance is never too late.

ENVIRONMENT.

Forty years ago, in a tiny village of northern Prussia, lived a little girl named Johanna Ambrosius. So poor were her parents that the child's cradle was rocked by the waterfall, by a curious native device of a wheel attached to a rocker, while the mother toiled on the slope, carrying sod to the naked rocks.

Johanna mended her father's nets in winter, spied for great the news that he could afford in the icy taverns to fish, sing the popular songs, and, when a boy, she and her mother, with the help of the little girl, carried the grain and fell by hand. Were blessings at Christmas she went out to work in other fields, and at twenty married a poor peasant Bill who had loved her from childhood. Until very recently the regularly swing flail on the threshing floor, moved the lazy with scythe, and bound the sheaves in time of harvest.

For twelve years after her marriage, so bitter was her poverty, she never saw a newspaper or a book, a Bible or a hymn-book, the things which above all else she craved. Uncomplainingly, however, she endured her hard lot, and from the darkness rose a poet.

A special messenger was lately sent by the Empress of Germany to find this unknown writer of newspaper verses which had so moved her. He traveled in the dead of winter toward the Russian border, where at last, in a house of a forlorn village, he found the genius all Germany to-day seeks to honor.

A woman of forty, but bent and worn to sixty, the narrator tells us, lay outside the cover of a poor bed, the fever of pneumonia on her thin cheek. On the bed were a pencil and some margins of a newspaper, a paper bought through incredible sacrifices—the Christmas candle, the last fish taken from the river, the last drop of milk from the cow. She was at once surrounded by comforts and brought back from death, though not removed from the home of her sufferings and triumph.

Wherever takes environment for his text must not pass by the story of Johanna Ambrosius. Reared in surroundings of ease and culture, she might have come earlier into her kingdom. Likelier she would never have entered in. To choose was not her lot. Few of us who read her history but might be happier and perhaps worthier amid other surroundings; but the problem is not what one "would do if," but what one will do as things are. No waste of time is quite as criminal as that spent in fighting against one's condition. Actual circumstances and companions, says Emerson, are the mystic officials of our success.

A CHRIST-LIKE ERRAND.

The Well-Spring tells the following story of a real hero who wore the gray during the late war:

The day after the battle of Fredericksburgh, Kershaw's brigade occupied Marye's Hill, and Sykes' division lay 150 yds. ahead, with a stone wall between the forces. The intervening space between Sykes' men and the stone wall was strewn with dead, dying, and wounded Union soldiers, victims of the battle of the day before. The air was rent with their groans and agonizing cries of "water! water!"

"General," said a bay-sergeant in gray, "I can't stand this."

"What is the matter, sergeant?" asked the General.

"I can't stand hearing those wounded Yankees crying for water! May I go and give them some?"

"Kirkland," said the General, the moment you step over the wall, you'll get a bullet through your head; the skirmishing has been murderous all day."

"If you'll let me, I'll try it."

"My boy, I ought not to let you run such a risk, but I cannot refuse. God protect you! You may go."

"Thank you, sir;" and with a smile on his bright, handsome face, the boy-sergeant sprang away over the wall, down among the sufferers, pouring the blessed water down their parched throats. After the first few bullets his Christ-like errand became understood, and shouts instead of bullets rent the air.

He came back at night to his bivouac, untouched.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

SHE COULDN'T COME.

Sallie, a negress, noted for being an excellent worker, was visited one day by one of her old employers. Her little shanty was very small, consisting of three rooms.

"Well, Sallie," began her caller, "I have not seen you for many years, but I have come to ask you to do some housecleaning for me. Will you come to-morrow?"

"Oh, no, missus," replied the other; "I can't come any mo'; I'se married an' has a large family. I can't come."

"How many children have you, Sallie?"

"Twelve, mum."

"Where are they? I don't see any about."

"Yessum. I have twelve—eleven in heaven and one in de House of Refuge."

AT LAST.

Perseverance and devoted affection sometimes have their reward, in spite of crookers.

Joseph—Why, Charley, how beaming you look to-day! What has happened to cheer you up so?

Charley—I've been courting a girl for a long time, but she would never admit that she loved me. She would only say that she respected me; but last night she confessed that she respected me no longer—that she loved me.—Exchange.

MY SWEETHEART.

You may talk about your sweetheart,
With eyes of gray or blue;
And you wonder if she's waiting
At the gate for sight of you.

You may talk of her affection,
Of her deep enduring love;
And say that being with her,
Is a glimpse of the above.

Perhaps her hair is golden,
Or as black as raven's wing;
Or her beauty and her sweetness,
You can forever sing.

But I'd rather be in silence,
While you talk and rave and dream;
Then a sweet face comes before me,
And I name her as my queen.

For I know of one she's thinking,
Her face is pure and true;
And her love for me is greater
Than the girl who waits for you.

With a smile she always greets me,
And no matter how she feels;
In every look and action,
Her love for me reveals.

It not for wealth she does it,
Position, looks or fame;
But just because she loves me,
Mother is her dear old name.

W. J. Printer.

MANNERS FOR BOYS.

Poor fellows! How they get hectored and scolded and snubbed, and how continual is the rubbing and polishing and drilling which every member of the family feels at liberty to administer. No wonder their opposition is aroused, and they begin to feel that every man's hand is against them, when, after all, if they only in a quiet way were informed what was expected of them, and their manliness appealed to, they would readily enough fall into line.

So thought Aunt Mary, as she wrote out the following rules for a little twelve-year-old nephew, who was the "light of her eyes," if not always the joy of her heart, for, though a good-natured, amiable boy in the main, he would offend against the "proprieties" frequently:

Keep step with any one you walk with.

Hat lifted in saying "Good-bye" or "How do you do?"

Hat lifted when offering a seat in a car, or in acknowledging a favor.

Always precede a lady upstairs, and ask her whether you may precede her in passing through a crowd or public place.

Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her.

Look people straight in the face when speaking or being spoken to.

In the parlor, stand till every lady in the room is seated.

Rise if a lady comes in after you are seated, and stand till she takes a seat.

Hat off the moment you enter a house door, and when you step into a private hall or office.

Never play with a knife, fork or spoon.

Use your handkerchief unobtrusively always.

In the dining room take your seat after ladies and elders.

Rise when ladies leave the room, and stand till they are out.

Special rules for the mouth are that all noise in eating and smacking of the lips should be avoided.

WONDERFUL TELEPHONES.

A reporter for the New York Tribune heard an Irish servant regaling two or three friends with an eloquent description of her new place in the suburbs:

"It's a regular palace, electric lights and everything. And they've got the most wonderful telephone. It looks just like a common American one, but you can speak foreign languages through it. When the master's in the city and wants to talk to the mistress so that no one can't understand, they talks French or something, and they can understand every word. And you can talk American through it, too, because I heard the mistress talking to the butcher and ordering roast beef for dinner."

WHAT COULD SHE DO?

An exchange tells of an old lady who, being seriously ill, found herself in a trying position.

"You see," she said to a friend, "my daughter Harriet is married to one of those homeopath doctors, and my daughter Kate to an allypath. If I call in the homeopath, my allypath son-in-law and his wife get mad, an' if I call in my allypath son-in-law, my homeopath son-in-law and his wife get mad; an' if I go ahead and get well without either of them, then they'll both be mad, so I don't see but I'd better die and be done with it."

WOULD NOT "HOLD STILL."

Everybody who knows an amateur photographer is familiar with the excuses that are presented for failures. Sometimes these excuses strain the credulity a little.

"I tried the other day," said one amateur to another, "to get an instantaneous view of Bunker Hill Monument."

"Well, did you succeed?"

"Succeed? No! It must have moved just as I exposed the plate!"

AN END OF ORDER.

A young woman, according to a contemporary, was describing to one of her friends a great chagrin which she had undergone.

"I was just almost killed by it," she said; "I could have cried myself to death."

"Did you cry?" asked the other.

"No; I was just getting ready to, when the dinner-bell rang."

A COMMON COMPLAINT.

"How's your wife?"

"She's having constant trouble with her hand."

"Can't the doctor help her?"

"No—nobody but the milliner."