The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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8 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

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Advertisements will be changed once each month, if desired. For changes oftener than above mentioned 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.

English office, 30, Fleet Street, London, E. C., where Messrs. E. and J. Hardy & Co. will receive for us 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.

MEDICAL.

ARTHUR L. HORE, M. B., University of Toronto
Successor to Dr. John M. Macdonald.
Office and rooms—Corner Mill and John Streets. Night calls promptly attended to.
Office Hours—8 to 10.30 a. m., 1 to 2 p. m., and 7 to 9 p. m.

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L. R. C. P. Edinburgh.
L. L. F. & S. Glasgow.
Member British Medical Association Etc.
Office—Frederick Street Acton, Ont.

E. D. AULT, M. D. C. M.
Successor to Dr. McKeague.
Office and residence formerly occupied by the Doctor, Frederick St.
Office Hours—6 to 10 a.m.; 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 p.m.
ACTON - - - ONT.

DR. DRYDEN,
Eye, Ear, Throat and Nose.
Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets, GUELPH.
Office Hours—10 a.m. to p.m. and 3 to 6 p.m
Sundays—10 a.m. to 1 p.m

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A. J. MacKINNON
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.
Office—Mill Street in Matthews' Block, Acton.
Georgetown Branch—Main Street, open Wednesdays and Saturdays.

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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.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. AND J. HARDY & CO.,
Advertising Contractors and News Correspondents,
30 Fleet Street, London, E. C., England.
A File of this Paper can be seen free of charge by visitors to London, to whom advice gratis will be given if required.

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

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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.

W. HULL,
Licensed Auctioneer
Erin, Ontario
Orders left with the Free Press, Acton, will receive immediate attention.

JAMES McDONALD
Licensed Auctioneer
For the counties of Wellington, Halton, Waterloo, Wentworth and the City of Guelph.
Sales conducted on reasonable terms and satisfaction guaranteed in every case.
For terms, dates, etc., apply to Box 376, Hespeler—Cor. McTague St. and Elora Road, GUELPH, Ont. Telephone 147, Guelph. Sales may be arranged at Free Press office, Acton.

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Licensed Auctioneer
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
Orders by letter to Milnesa P. O., telephone to Milnesa or Springe, or left at Free Press office, Acton, will receive immediate attention.

Acton Hand Laundry

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

ATTEND THE BEST!

It has paid others. It will pay you

ELLIOTT Business College.
TORONTO, ONT.

Has now the largest attendance in its history. We have room for more. Enter now. Circulars free. Graduates always successful.

Corner Yonge and Alexander Sts.
W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal

GUELPH Business College
Masonic Block, Upper Wyndham St., Guelph, Ont.

The Great Problem

Of Success in Life
Confronts every young man and woman. How to be successful, how to make money, how to gain business and social success, are the serious problems our young people have to solve.

Thorough Business Training
Constitutes the one way. Good paying positions are open to every graduate of the Guelph Business College. Young men and women have in our diploma a guarantee of proficiency that business firms and employers recognize.

All Business Colleges
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.

For Full Information
Call at the College, Masonic Building, Upper Wyndham St., Guelph, Ont., or address
M. MacCORMICK, B.A.
Principal.

EVERTON AND EDEN MILLS

The Best Quality of
Manitoba
Family and Pastry
Flour
For sale at lowest prices
Our Own Make.

Chopping Done and Oats Rolled every day.
Feed for sale.
Cash for Wheat and Oats.

HENRY HORTOP

Is It Footwear
You Are Looking
?
If that's the case go to
Williams' Shoe Store
I carry a full line of boots, shoes, rubbers, etc., for people of all ages and sizes.
Fall and winter stock now ready for your inspection.
Wm. Williams
The Shoe Man
Mill Street - - Acton

FURS
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.
HATS
All the Latest, from good makers, from
50c to $2.50
Summer Rates on Furs and Storage, Repairing and Remodelling.
LAFONTAINE
THE FURRIER
GUELPH

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $125,000.
THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any Insurance required will be promptly attended to.
W. H. DENNY, Agent, Young St., Acton.
Also agent for The Union Insurance Co., of England.

THE BIG HARDWARE STORE
A Full Line of
Johnston's Floor and Wood Finishes
For woodwork, furniture, floors, dancing floors; also wood filler, crack filler, wood dyes, weighted brushes, long handled felt brushes for walls.
A complete line of Johnson's prepared Finishes.
None more popular than Johnson's.
"Our Prices are always right."
The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Phone 97. 103 Limited, GUELPH

ACTON PUMP AND TILE WORKS
C. B. EBBAGE, - Proprietor
Our premises are now fully equipped with all the latest machinery and appliances for manufacturing—
Pumps and Pump Supplies
Tile for wells, cisterns, culverts, etc.
Steam Pipe Fitting Tools and Pipe Supplies.
Orders promptly filled.
MAIN STREET, ACTON

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

SAYERS SAW MILLS
NASSAGAWEYA
Four-foot Slabs for Sale
Hemlock and Pine Lumber
2000 Cedar Fence Posts. Telephone Poles, or Cedar for any purpose up to 40 feet long.
Dill Stuff cut to order.
Lath and Shingles constantly on hand.
P. SAYERS & SONS
NASSAGAWEYA P. O.

Lithographers
The David Smith Eng. & Litho. Co.
(Formerly of Rolph, Smith & Co)
56, 58, 60 Church Street
Adjoining Toronto Railway Chambers
TORONTO.
Engravers and Lithographers, Bank and Commercial Stationers Manufacturers of High Class Calendars and Advertising Novelties.

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.

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 persons 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. 1135

Poetry.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me,
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but me departed!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

—Thomas Moore.

Select Family Reading

The Man and His Own Way

By Amelia E. Barr.

On a lovely afternoon, when the balmy air and the fresh, bright toilets of the ladies made a kind of gala day, even on Broadway, Philip Hays stood at his office door, thoughtfully pulling on his neatly fitting gloves. I say "thoughtfully," because that word just describes his state of mind, which was that of halting between two opinions—whether to go for his usual stroll up-town, have a comfortable dinner at his hotel, and a little flirtation with Jessie Mabin afterward; or to cross the river, and take a train to his brother's pretty place in Jersey. He told himself, as he was carefully buttoning his right-hand glove, that the berries were ripe, and that he really needed a little fresh air, etc., etc., etc.

But he knew a far better reason, if he would only have acknowledged it; and what is more, other people knew it, too. Brother Will was wise enough to credit his pretty sister-in-law with Philip's excess of fraternal affection; and little Nona Zabriski herself had a shrewd guess as to what kind of berries Mr. Philip Hays came to the country to taste.

Well, on this particular afternoon, the country proved the most powerful attraction, and in an hour and a half after the gloves had been fitted to a nicety, they were taken off again to clasp the hands of the dearest, sweetest, brightest little country maiden that any man with the right kind of eyes could desire to see.

Everybody pretended to believe the story about the berries, and that, of course, gave him a chance to go with Nona to gather them.

What Philip said to Nona, and what Nona said to Philip, the berries and the evening star probably know; but it was very delightful and so satisfying that the young people came back to the house without any berries at all, and presently there was a great deal of hand-shaking and kissing, and mutual good wishes.

Well, after this, for a couple of weeks, there was no hesitating at the office door. Philip said "peaches," now, when his friends rallied him about his sudden passion for the country, and the "peach," excuse did just as well as the "berries."

Philip's mother and sister were going to some fashionable Virginian springs, and he greatly desired that his little Nona should go with them. For, to tell the truth, he did wish she were a little more stylish, would put up her curls, and abandon aprons, and dress like Jessie Mabin did.

He went about his plans with that tact which young men who have sisters acquire: a little present from the jeweler's, a modest check, "just for spending money," made his sister Cecilia sufficiently interested in his project.

"Nona is a dear little girl, Cecile," he said; "all she wants is a more stately manner and stylish dress."

"If that is what you like, Philip, why did you not marry Jessie Mabin? I thought you liked her well enough."

"Because, Cecile, I want a heart inside the dress—a pure, loving heart."

The next difficulty was to make Nona understand his wishes and influence her to accept the invitation sent by his mother and sister. He approached the subject under the most favorable circumstances; the moonlight did not betray his confusion, and his encircling arm held her so close that he had no fear of securing her attention if argument or persuasion was necessary.

"I am so glad, Nona, that you are going with Cecile. I am sure it will do you good," he said.

And then he stooped and kissed her for emphasis.

"I am going to please you, Philip, for I am quite well, thank you."

"Oh, I don't mean about your health, you little witch! Who could have such bright eyes and red lips and not be quite well? I mean about dress and department and that kind of things."

There was an ominous silence, and then a low, grieved voice:

"I don't think I understand you, Philip."

"No, dear; and, on the whole, I am glad you have never understood, so far; but when we are married, we shall live in the city, and we must dress and behave as city people do. Cecile will show you all about it, darling, so don't trouble your pretty little head."

"I thought you liked me just as I am, Philip. What is wrong in the city that is proper and pretty in the country? Will you tell me?"

"Certainly, Nona. Your loose flowing hair and short dresses and white aprons; your frank ways, all so perfectly charming here, would cause unpleasant criticisms in the city. I want my little girl to be as stylish and fashionable as—as—well, as Miss Jessie Mabin, for instance."

"Ah! she is your ideal, is she?"

Much more, to the same purport, mingled freely with compliments and kisses, was said; but it did not deceive the wounded woman's heart; for Nona, though not a fashionable woman, was a true woman, nevertheless, and understood both all that Philip said and all that it inferred.

Philip thought he had managed cleverly, and when he next saw Nona, in a most perfectly appointed travelling suit, he congratulated himself on his tact and wisdom. It was not possible for him to leave his business entirely, but it had been arranged he was to come at intervals for a few days and be regularly refreshed and comforted by plentiful supplies of letters.

The supply was pretty fair the first week, but fell off gradually, until several days passed without any word from Nona. Still he was not much troubled, for he relied with implicit confidence on the effect which Philip Hays, in his own proper person, could not fail to make. This confidence did not agree with events. He arrived at the springs, and found Nona out driving with Jack Christie, a young man whom he particularly disliked for his pretentious manners.

He was on the piazza when they returned, and he was certain Nona saw him, though she kept her eyes on Jack's face, and pretended the greatest interest in his foolish conversation; for of two things Philip was certain: first, that her interest was "pretended;" and, second, that Jack's conversation was "foolish."

Then he felt unaccountably chilled by the greeting of the splendidly dressed Nona, who calmly gave him the tips of her gloved fingers, with a pretty little assurance of being "glad to see Mr. Hays," and the information that Cecile had been expecting him since the early morning train.

"Cecile!" he said, reproachfully. "And you, too, Nona?"

"Oh, dear, no, Mr. Hays. It is quite too exhausting to expect anything. One honor at a time is quite sufficient."

Philip was shocked and silenced for the time. For one distressing half-hour he tried to assume his right position with his betrothed, but she kept Jack Christie persistently between them; and, angry and hurt, he sought his sister Cecile.

"Cecile," he said, "what a change there is in Nona! What is the cause?"

"A wonderful change. I never saw a girl improve so rapidly. I suppose you are the cause. Do you know she is really the belle? Jack Christie and Ed. Forsyth and half a dozen others are raving about her. Positively they are, Phil."

"Very kind of them, but—"

"Well, so it is, you know; very first families, and all that kind of thing; upon my word, I believe Nona will make a sensation next winter, and mamma is quite satisfied now."

But Philip was not. No, not at all; very far from it indeed. That night at the hop Nona looked grand enough for a queen; her golden hair done up in some picturesque style; yards of satin and lace making a track of glory behind her, and jewels flashing from her throat and wrists. But all in vain Philip pleaded for a dance; Nona had been engaged for every set since breakfast; and she reminded him, rather maliciously, of the necessity of observing the usages of society. So he had the satisfaction of watching the social triumph of the future Mrs. Hays.

But he was not the victor, and it hurt him sorely to be dragged at the chariot wheels, when he should have been holding the reins. Before the world, however, she was irreproachable. Not even his mother suspected any estrangement; for Nona was respectful, kind, always mindful of the proprieties—but she took marvelous care never to be left alone with him.

Three miserable days of continual disappointment, and then Philip determined to go back to New York, and see Nona no more until he could do so in her country home. Perhaps there he could regain his lost ground; but even this determination was very humiliating to the proud young man, who only one month ago had himself dictated the very course which was making him so wretched.

He could not help blaming himself, and he did it very thoroughly and repentantly. Philip Hays was not the first man who has been sorry for not "letting well alone." However he bade his mother and Cecile "good-bye," and gave the regulation kiss to Nona, who received it with perfect placidity, and gave him many kind wishes for his journey; for, as he was to leave very early in the morning, he did not expect to see the ladies again before his departure.

As they passed out of the parlors, Nona turned, and for a moment a flash of the old tenderness made her face beautiful, her lips parted, and she hesitated a moment, as if she would speak, but finally passed on and away.

Poor Philip! He quietly went and sat down on the dark, silent balcony, miserable enough. But in about half an hour a timid little figure stole through the deserted room, and without warning laid her hand upon his shoulder.

He turned rapidly, all the great passion which had grown to a higher and deeper intensity in his suffering, burst out in one imploring whisper of—

"Nona!"

"Philip!"

Well, you know the end. Philip did not like the fashionable Nona at all; his whole heart cried out for the sweet, natural girl, whose worth he had not realized until he thought her lost. Tangled curls, short dresses, ruffled apron never again looked homely in his eyes.

Ever afterward he had the most wholesome fear of Nona becoming fashionable; and Nona to this day, when Philip is in opposition, blandly reminds him of his one experiment in managing women, and assures him that in the long run he would not like his own way, even if he got it. And so he takes her, which, after all, I have no doubt, is the most sensible thing he could do.

THE WORTH OF TWO MEN.

A business man in Philadelphia was asked for a letter of recommendation by one of the younger clerks in his employ, who wished to go to New York. The letter was given, and the man shook hands cordially with the lad, wished him good luck, and then said kindly:

"Stay at home at night, my boy, in that big city. Until you have friends, make friends of books. By the way, here is a guide to show you how to choose them," and he handed him a Dictionary of Authors which lay on his desk.

He was a man who filled his life with friendly acts, and this one, being one of many, was soon forgotten by him.

Forty years afterward a valuable and important library, unique in certain subjects, was presented by its collector to the city of New York for the use of young men. On the day that he made the gift he wrote to the Philadelphian, now an old man:

"I was the lad whom you once counselled to make friends of books. I knew almost nothing of them then; but your advice charmed and excited me. I studied the Dictionary of Authors, and began to study their writings. I have grown rich, but books have been my only luxury."

The kindly word to a friendless boy had been a seed yielding a great harvest, which countless friendless boys will reap.

One evening last year Robert Louis Stevenson, sitting in his chamber at his house in Samoa, wrote a prayer which that night he offered for his wife and the native servants who knelt with him. He besought the Lord to "behold with favor the weak men and women gathered together in the peace of this roof."

He prayed that "when the day returned He would call them with morning faces and morning hearts, eager to labor, eager to be happy if happiness should be their portion."

The day returned, and God called the man who had so prayed, to come to Him. A voice of wonderful power was silenced forever on earth. But the little prayer, which taught the duty of gladness in the midst of suffering, went out through the whole world to touch and uplift despairing hearts.

The word that we speak is a seed which may perish on the wayside, or it may grow into a plant whose leaves shall be for the healing of the nations.

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY.

A Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Times reports the tragical adventures—tragical and comical—of an Ohio miser, one of those belated simpletons who have no faith in savings banks, and hoard their money in an old stocking or in some other equally secure receptable. This man buried his treasure in the ground.

Some time afterward he dug it up to look at it, and to his dismay found that the notes had begun to decompose, and were already almost beyond recognition. In great alarm he emptied the mass—almost twenty thousand dollars—out of the glass jar into a pillow-case, fastened that about his body next to the skin, and started for Washington.

There he presented himself at the Treasury, and after some delay, caused by his unwillingness to trust the treasure in any one else's hands, the stuff was turned over to the ladies of the redemption division, who finally succeeded in identifying about nineteen thousand dollars, or all but about four hundred dollars of the full amount.

Payment was offered the man in the form of a draft, but he would have nothing to do with drafts. He wanted the bills, and of course they were paid him.

It seems that he felt really grateful to the ladies who had done the work of identification, for he sent them the next day a newspaper full of grapes, together with the following original poem:

Since the ladies are skillfully at work
Counting the money,
Wish to say to them truly I am none
So much any one else's honey.
Performing so laboriously a feat,
Will kindly accept a few grapes to eat.

It is said that he was afterwards robbed of the whole nineteen thousand dollars.

THE CARE OF GLOVES.

Too much cannot be said about the necessity for proper care in removing gloves from the hands, for upon this more than anything else depends the length of time a pair of gloves will wear. After unfastening the glove it should be turned back over the hand as far as the fingers, and then should be pushed off without pulling on the fingers of the glove at all, as when this is done the threads of the sewing are broken, and in a short time begin to rip. After the glove is off the hand the fingers should be gently stretched out, the gloves smoothed into shape, and put into a box to keep them from the air as much as possible, as it is the air and the moisture in it that rot the fine thread with which a glove is sewn.

HOW BAR-ROOMS DEGRADE HOTELS.

Conditions are oftentimes found to exist in hotels under license which are disgraceful to the last degree. If these conditions were found to exist under Local Option, there would be a storm of protest, and it would be heralded from one end of the Province to the other.

The Ottawa Free Press recently published a criticism of the Renfrew hotels, which was sent to them by a commercial traveller. The criticism of the correspondent was so severe, that a suit for libel was threatened. The Free Press thereupon sent two of the most trustworthy members of their staff to Renfrew to find out just the exact conditions of the place, and to learn how far the published criticism was justifiable.

The newspaper representatives found a condition of affairs which simply could not be equalled for badness in any place, purporting to do a hotel business that had not a bar-room in connection.

The correspondents put up at what was considered the best hotel in the town, and here is what they have to say in regard to what they saw while there:

Behind the office counter is a clerk so drunk that it is with difficulty that he remains on his feet. Another young man is half lying on the table, completely overcome by liquor and vomiting over the floor.

In front of the counter half a dozen youths, partly intoxicated, are boisterously and with the filthiest of language, baiting a slime-covered middle-aged man, evidently a town character who, drunk when first seen three hours before, has been permitted to buy liquor in the hotel until he is incapacitated.

From a sloppy, foul-smelling den adjoining the rotunda, which does service as a bar, more vile language and drunken laughter offend the unwilling listener, without check or hindrance.

A commercial man who had a few minutes previously retired to his rooms, returns to the office and reports to the clerk that the linen on his bed has not been changed. Unable to make that official comprehend, he transfers his complaint to the bartender, who procures the assistance of the porter to remove the grievance.

Another guest lodged in a room in a wing of the house in which there is no heat, tries to get warmer quarters, but fails because of the inability of the drunken clerk to unravel the mysteries of the register.

Tobacco juice and filth abound, the furniture is of the crudest and least comfortable, and the surroundings cheerless and repellent."

THE COMPLIMENT FELL FLAT.

"John," said Mrs Harkins, "I heard a nice compliment about you to-day."

Mr. Harkins put his paper down, twisted up the ends of his moustache, looked pleased, and said:—

"Well, that's nothing so remarkable, I receive compliments nearly every day."

Mrs. Harkins went on sipping her tea, and her husband waited for her to resume. Finally he said:—

"Well, why don't you tell me what it was? Who was it that complimented me?"

"Oh, you couldn't guess in a week."

"Mrs. Deering?" he ventured.

"No."

"Not Bessie Fallington?" he rather eagerly suggested.

"No."

"Oh, well, of course, if there's any secret about it, I don't care to hear what it was or who said it."

"There isn't any secret about it," Mrs. Harkins sweetly replied. "Mr. Hannaford told me that every time he and I met he became more thoroughly convinced that you were a man of excellent taste."

John Harkins then shoved his hands down in his pockets and walked about to ruminate.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S PEACH.

A young lady sends to the Chicago Tribune a little anecdote of Abraham Lincoln. She says that a good many years ago, when her father was a small boy, her grandfather brought Abraham Lincoln home one night to supper. He was then a poor young man practicing law in Woodford County, Illinois.

It was a cold, stormy night, and grandma hurried around getting supper. To have something nice, she opened a jar of preserved peaches. Lincoln spent a long time over his peach, and finally left it on the plate.

Grandma noticed this, and as soon as he and grandpa had gone into another room she went to look at the dish. Then she saw that instead of a peach she had given the visitor the little muslin sack which contained the peach kernels and the spice. She hastened into the other room and began an apology, but Mr. Lincoln said:

"That was all right, Mrs. Perry. My mother used the same thing, and it was so good that I wanted to get all the juice out of it."

Dangers of a Cold and How to Avoid Them.

More fatalities have their origin in or result from a cold than from any other cause. This fact alone should make people more careful as there is no danger whatever from a cold when it is properly treated in the beginning. For many years Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been recognized as the most prompt and effectual medicine in use for this disease. It acts on nature's plan, loosens the cough, relieves the lungs, opens the secretions and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. Sold by all druggists.

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain.

"COME UNTO ME."

Come to My wounded side,
Sinner, draw near;
Leave all thy doubtfulness,
Banish thy fear.
Prayerful and penitent,
Come unto Me,
Trustingly, lovingly—
Mercy is free.

Come in thy weariness:
Strength shall be given.
Famishing, feed on the
True bread from Heaven;
Needy—My grace all thy
Ways shall supply;
Lowly—thy name shall be
Written on high.

Follow Me steadfastly;
I am the way
Out of the gloom to the
Realm of pure day.
Pardon and peace to thy
Prayer I now give,
Reconciled, justified,
Saved, sinner, live.

A SERVANT'S DILEMMA.

What critics call the "motive" of the following story is pretty old, but the story itself is new and moderately amusing, not to say instructive:

Some time last summer a certain Cleveland family of high social aspirations, let it be generally understood that they were going to the seaside. At the last moment something prevented them from going on the day fixed upon, but they had advertised their departure so thoroughly that they concluded they must actually make it appear that they were gone. They dismissed their help, all save a Swedish girl, sent away the horses, bolted and barred the front of the house, and of course pulled down the shades.

Then they retired to the rear apartments until such time as they could start—after dark, of course, on their journey.

Twenty-four hours passed, and they were still there. Of course they indigined that the appearance of the house would warn away callers, but, strange to say, they had one. She was a lady of somewhat absent-minded ways, and rang the bell so long that at last the girl, carefully coached, was sent to the door.

"Is Mrs. Blank at home?" inquired the caller.

"Mrs. Blank told me to say she was by seaside," said the honest girl.

"Oh, gone away?" said the visitor.

"No, not gone away—yoost by seaside."

"Well, she had to go away to get to the seaside, didn't she?"

The girl looked puzzled.

"I don't know. I go ask."

She was gone some little time, and when she came back her face was very red.

"It's all right," she said. "She was here by seaside yet."

"But I don't understand."

"Well, if you don't understand, I lose my yob."

"Oh, then I guess I do understand," said the friend of the family, and she went down the steps.

AN OMINOUS WARNING.

Crack!

A pane in one of the front-parlor windows shivered in its place, and dropped to the floor a shattered wreck. At the same time a ball rolled in, and, in the absence of other clues, the owner of the front-parlor window kept the ball, which he shrewdly suspected belonged to a little fellow who lived next door.

A day or two afterwards the following ominous note was pushed under the front door:

"Dear Sir,—Your winder was broken by a bad boi, wot throw it throu for the pirpus. The ball belonged to moe; but an enemi of mine sneaked it and did the deed, to put the blame on me. I am sorry he did it, and that it have given you great pain, and I have persecuted the perpetrator wot done it. But you would not have the innocent suffer for the gilty; so if you have a kind hart all will be well, if you drop the ball over the garden wall. If you don't beware!

"(Signed) INNOSENT."

SPYING ON A PRINCESS.

The London Daily News suggests that there may be such a thing as using the Rontgen rays too much and too often. It is all very well to look through a deal door, which Sam Weller protested he could not do, but it is another thing to pry into the antecedents of a young lady of royal lineage, resting for the moment under unjust suspicions.

Every one knows that spurious mummies have from time to time been palmed off upon the public, and a doubt arose in a Vienna museum as to the validity of one daughter of the Pharaohs in their collection. It occurred to them, in view of the general hollowness of life that the young lady might have been manufactured in Birmingham. So they turned the Rontgen rays upon her, and saw at once through her many folded wraps the amulets which the Egyptians placed on the bosoms of their dead.

Their suspicions were entirely allayed, but, as the newspaper suggests, it is a little hard that, even after two thousand years, a lady should be accused of imposture.

THE CARE OF A BABY.

A baby that does not eat well and sleep well, that is not cheerful and playful needs attention, or the result may be serious. Stomach and bowel troubles make children cross and sleepless, but a dose of Baby's Own Tablets soon cures the trouble, the child sleeps soundly and naturally and wakes up bright and smiling. Mrs. J. E. Harley, Worthington, Ont., says: "My little one has had no medicine but Baby's Own Tablets since she was two months old and they have kept her the picture of good health." You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any druggist or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.