The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

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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.

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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 3 p. m., and 7 to 9 p. m.

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L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH.
L. L. P. & 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—8 to 10 a.m.; 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 p.m.
ACTON - - - ONT.

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Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets.
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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
OFFICE—Mill Street in Matthews' Block, potaire.
Georgetown Branch—Main Street, open Wednesdays and Saturdays.

DENTAL.

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GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.
DENTIST.
ACTON.
Office at Residence, Main St.
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E. AND J. HARDY & CO.,
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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, Residence—Cor. Montague 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 Alma P. O., telephone to Alma or Ospringe, 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 wished 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.

Get the Best business education by attending this far famed institution. A young man living four Thousand miles away has just signified his intention to take a course at the Guelph Business College.

A Continuous procession of educated young men and women is moving forward from Principal MacCormick's classes to occupy remunerative positions of trust and responsibility. One of our young men has just accepted a responsible position at Twelve Hundred Dollars a year.

Now is the time for ambitious young men and women to get the education and training that qualify for marked success.

Come Direct to the College Office, Masonic Block, Upper Wyndham Street, or address
M. MacCORMICK, B.A.
Principal.

New Pictures
at Waters Bros.

New ideas in Framing..... Artists' Supplies... ....Oil and Water Colors..... Always fresh and of the best quality.

WATERS BROS. GUELPH
ART STORE.

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

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

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

WASH DAY
Necessaries

Tubs
Pails
Wash Machines
Washboards
Wringers
Boilers
Kettles
Granite Kettles
Clothes Baskets
Clothes Racks
Rope and Wire
Reel Heads
Cotton Mitts.

WE DON'T SELL SOAP.

The Big Hardware Store carries a large quantity of Household Hardware.

"Our Prices are always right."

The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Phones 97. 103 Limited. GUELPH

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.

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.

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

..PAPER..
MAKERS
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

BOOK, NEWS AND COLORED PAPERS

JNO. R. BARBER

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 161 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. 17-26

Poetry.

IKE WALTON'S PRAYER.

I crave, dear Lord,
No boundless hoard
Of gold and gear;
Nor jewels fine,
Nor lands, nor kine,
Nor treasure-troves of anything.
Let but a little but be mine,
Where at the hearthstone I may hear
The cricket sing,
And have the shine
Of one glad woman's eyes to make
For my poor sake
Our simple home a place divine—
Just the wee cot—the cricket's chirr,
Love, and the smiling face of her.

I pray not for
Great riches, nor
For vast estates and castle halls—
Give me to hear the bare foot falls
Of children o'er
An oaken floor,
Newrinsed with sunshine, or bespread
With but a tiny coverlet
And pillow for the baby's head;
And, pray Thee, may
The door stand open and the day
Send ever in the gentle breeze
With fragrance from the locust trees,
And drowsy moan of doves, and blur
Of robin-chirps, and drone of bees,
With after-hushes of the stir
Of intermingling sounds, and then
The good wife and the smile of her,
Filling the silence again.
The cricket's call
And the wee cot,
Dear Lord of all
Deny me not.

I pray not that
Men tremble at
My power of place
And lordly sway—
I only pray for simple grace
To look my neighbor in the face
Full honestly from day to day—
Yield me his horny palm to hold,
And I'll not pray
For gold—
The tanned face, garlanded with mirth,
It hath the kingliest smile on earth—
The swart brow, diamonded with sweat,
Hath never need for coronet,
And so I reach,
Dear Lord, to Thee,
And do beseech
Thou givest me
The wee cot, and the cricket's chirr,
Love, and the glad, sweet face of her!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Select Family Reading

Nan's Conquest

BY ANNA SHIELDS

Mr. Edward Carpenter was described by the gossips of Snowville as a "crusty old bachelor, too hateful to live," having refused, for some twenty-five or thirty years, to yield to the fascinations of maid or widow. He lived in a large, old-fashioned house, occupying the lower floor only, and his domestic duties were performed by Jonathan Stubbs, who was older and crustier than his master, but who cooked and cleaned to his entire satisfaction.

Unprejudiced eyes would have seen that Mr. Carpenter was yet on the bright side of fifty, that his features were fine, his eyes large and expressive, and the form that he clothed in mean, shabby garments, was erect and vigorous. That he was wealthy, all Snowville knew, as well as that there was but a small part of his large income spent upon his personal wants.

But he was stern, harsh to boys, savage to intruders upon his privacy, and had been heard to declare that—

"He hated a widow or a brat. If anything was more detestable than a widow it was a brat; and if anything could be worse than a brat, it was a widow."

Therefore, May Carroll, being a widow, though not yet twenty-four, and mother of Nan, who was but four, bestowed upon Mr. Carpenter her most scornful glances and withering frowns.

Nan was a tiny creature—blue-eyed, fair-haired; and to see her draw up her childish stature to its full height and flash contempt from her baby face was really something wonderful.

Who first called Mr. Carpenter "Old Snap-'em-up," from the short, cross speech he bestowed upon children, was never clearly proven. But everybody in Snowville knew the name.

Still it was rather startling to the proprietor of the title, when sauntering through the woods, just at dusk one summer evening, to feel a wee cold hand slipped into his own, and to hear a pitiful voice say:

"Please, Old Snap-'em-up, take Nan home; Nan's lost!"

He looked down. A baby face, red with weeping, purple with berry-stains, but beautiful with its large, brown eyes and rosy lips, looked up at him. No hat, and the golden curls all tangled; one shoe quite gone; an apron, berry-stained and torn; hands grimy and dress to match. That was Nan!

"Nan's so tired," she pleaded, "and the little chicky is runned far away."

Was that Mr. Carpenter who lifted the child and put her on a fallen tree as tenderly as her mother could have done? Was that Old Snap-'em-up, who said: "The naughty chicky!" and then dipped his handkerchief in a little rim of water, and gently washed Nan's face and grimy hands?

"Yes it was," said Nan, "And" it runned so far that Nan lost her shoe and hurted her foot, and she's so tired! Please take Nan home!"

And Nan was lifted into strong arms and cradled so comfortably, that she was fast asleep when Mr. Carpenter met Mrs. Carroll in distracted search of her darling, and did not hear him say, in his gruffest tones:

"Yes, I found her! Here she is, and I wish people would look after their own brats, and not let them run wild all over town."

How could the mother's thanks be gracious after such a speech as that?

But she did not fail to give her timid acknowledgment of his kindness; her great, blue eyes misty with tears, and her little white hands trembling as they were stretched out to take her one treasure.

"You know I am teaching all day," she said, in apology, "and I must leave Nan with Jane, or I cannot earn enough to feed her."

A grunt was the answer to this, and Mr. Carpenter strode homeward frowning heavily, like the woman-hater he was known to be. How could Mrs. Carroll know that just such baby-blue eyes as hers had desolated his life, just such a wee rosy mouth had spoken false vows and broken faith.

But Nan remembered the gentle touch, the sympathetic voice long, after that naughty chicky was entirely lost. She was a thorough gypsy, always wandering away in spite of Jane's vigilance, and was as independent as a hay, perfectly fearless and full of resource.

Snowville's Main Street was the magnet that was most powerful; and when Jane, at the hours when Mrs. Carroll might be expected, went in search of Nan, she was usually found lost in admiration at one of the five shops that comprised the mercantile enterprise of Snowville.

It was three weeks after he met her in the woods, that Mr. Carpenter, walking up Main Street, felt again a tiny hand in his, and looked down upon Nan's yellow curls and big, brown eyes.

"Good morning," said Nan, politely.

No answer, but a scowl, yet the little hand still nestled closely. Presently, still walking beside her friend by election of one, Nan, said:

"I'm pretty well, I thank you," as in a reproachful reminder that her greeting had not been answered. The tone said:

"If you are too rude to inquire how I am, I am polite enough to tell you."

Still no answer, and the heavy beard hid the quivering lips. Then the little hand gave a strong pull, and the baby voice said imperiously:

"Candy!"

"Candy?" said the bewildered bachelor, stopping, obedient to the pull.

"Candy! Nan wants some!" and the wee finger was extended to a tempting row of molasses candy pans in the window of the only cake and candy store in Snowville.

A silver piece was put in the rosy palm by Mr. Carpenter, amazed at himself and hoping nobody was looking. But Nan was still holding fast to his hand.

"You come, too!"

"No, no," he said, hastily; "get your candy and run home!" And gently disengaging himself, he hurried off.

But a silver piece bought more candy than Nan had ever before possessed, a great sticky parcel her baby hands could scarcely grasp. Eager to show her prize, and to share it, she ran quickly down the lane leading to Mr. Carpenter's house, and reaching it, thumped on the door with all the strength of her baby fist. Jonathan Stubbs was out, and nobody came. Nan pounded till she was tired, and then her restless eyes spied a little window, wide open.

It was such a small window that burglars could find no entrance there; but it was over a water-butt, and under the butt was a bench. How Nan scaled the water-butt and wriggled in at that window, without losing the precious paper of candy, must ever remain a mystery. But she dropped through, on the floor of a wide hallway, and looked about her.

Door after door yielded to her sticky grasp; and at last Mr. Carpenter was startled to see, right before him, Nan's little figure and tiny hands holding a great parcel of sticky sweetness.

"See!" cried the baby voice, in glad triumph; "Nan got all that. Nan's brought you some!"

Would anybody in Snowville have believed it if he had seen Nan perched on the bachelor's knee, forcing bits of candy between his lips, prattling happily, and receiving such gentle caresses as won her baby heart forever. Nobody saw them, the strong man and the little child, as they exchanged kisses. Nobody heard them as they talked freely of nursery experience, and gave each other views of the merits of "stupid dollies that can't talk, and nice, dear little chickies and kitties that play."

Day after day Nan wriggled through the little window, missed only by Jane, and coming home before the weary little mother completed her daily round of teaching. Snowville began to wonder "what had come to Mr. Carpenter." The rough, shaggy beard gave way to a pair of silky whiskers, that didn't scratch Nan's face when he kissed her. The shabby clothes were replaced by a suit of cheviot, because Nan turned up her dainty nose at the fringe on the trousers and the grease on the coat. White linen took the place of gray flannel, at Nan's request to "look like the picture," after discovering a photograph taken years before.

Nobody guessed how the baby fingers were tearing away the crust a woman's treachery had spread over a tender, generous heart, and letting in the sunshine of protecting love. Jonathan guessed, but Jonathan was mute.

It was winter weather, when one morning Mrs. Carroll, who was giving a music lesson, was startled by a boy who rushed into her pupil's room, crying:

"Oh, Mrs. Carroll, come! come! Old Snap-'em-up is a-killin' o' your Nan! You can hear her a-screamin' 'way down the road!"

The mother flew to the rescue. Already there was a crowd around the house, and everybody talking at once. Doors and windows were barred and bolted; but from its fastness came wailing cries:

"Oh, come to Nan! Oh, mamma! Come!" And then wordless screams of childish fear and agony. No mother could longer endure them, and in answer to her frenzied appeals, two men forced the door. The first object that greeted them was old Jonathan, gagged, and bound fast to one of the hall chairs. Hurrying on, guided by Nan's cries, they opened the door of the room where Mr. Carpenter spent most of his life. The master of the house lay on the floor, senseless, bleeding, and, kneeling by him, Nan was screaming with terror.

Gentle hands lifted him; a doctor was hastily summoned, and life came back very faint and fluttering. But there was a smile for Nan as the injured man's eyes rested upon her.

She had clung to him so desperately that no one had the heart to force her away, and it was Mrs. Carroll who deftly assisted the doctor, as he bandaged and patched up the sorely wounded man.

Investigation proved that Mr. Carpenter had been robbed of a large sum of money drawn from the bank the day before, and it was in a vain endeavor to fight three men at once that he was stabbed and felled by a blow upon the head.

Many long weeks he lay upon his bed, and Nan perched herself beside him. Mrs. Carroll had to take her away to her meals and bed, and when she came for her how could she come empty-handed? Jonathan never could make such jollies and broths as the widow brought, and with which Nan fed the invalid. And if another little hand steadied the baby-grasp of the spoon, there was no word of objection spoken. If little feminine comforts crept in to take the place of Jonathan's well-meant but clumsy devices, who could blame the womanly pity that suggested them?

The doctor said the injuries were fatal, and no one in Snowville was inclined to blame Mrs. Carroll's ministrations to a dying man. But for once medical judgment was at fault. June roses were blooming when the calls were reversed, and Mr. Carpenter began to visit Mrs. Carroll, though Nan still crept through the round window.

There was a wedding in October, blue eyes being true eyes this time, and love-vows made in heartfelt serenity. But Mrs. Carpenter laughingly declares her husband was Nan's conquest, and only married her that he might give Nan a father's love and care.

WHO PAID FOR HER HAT.

From the National Temperance Advocate, published at New York, we clip the following statement well worthy the careful perusal and study of any father who spends money at a tavern bar:

"Papa, will you please give me fifty cents for my spring hat? 'Most all the academy girls have theirs." "No, May; I can't spare the money."

The request was persuasively made by a sixteen-year-old maiden as she was preparing for school one fine spring morning. The refusal came from the parent in a curt, indifferent tone. The disappointed girl went to school. The father started for his place of business. On his way thither he met a friend, and, being hail fellow well met, he invited him into Mac's for a drink.

As usual there were others there, and the man that could not spare his daughter fifty cents for a hat treated the crowd. When about to leave he laid a half-dollar on the counter, which just paid for the drinks. Just then the saloon-keeper's daughter entered, and, going behind the bar, said: "Papa, I want fifty cents for my spring hat." "All right," said the dealer, and, taking the half-dollar from the counter he handed it to the girl, who departed, smiling.

May's father seemed dazed, walked out alone, and said to himself: "I had to bring my fifty cents here for the rum-seller's daughter to buy a hat with, after refusing it to my own daughter. I'll never drink another drop."

IRVING AND THE LAWYER.

Sir Henry Irving was at one time a witness in a case of street robbery. He had seen a sneak thief make off with a girl's pocketbook and he consented to appear as a witness for the girl.

The thief's lawyer was of the type that roars and rants at witnesses and attempts to break them down. He tried this method on the distinguished actor.

"And what hour, sir, did this happen?" asked the lawyer.

"I think—" began Sir Henry, when the lawyer interrupted with:

"It isn't what you think, sir; it's what you know that we want!"

"Don't you want to know what I think?" mildly asked the actor.

"I do not," the lawyer snapped out.

"Well, then," said Sir Henry, "I might as well leave the witness box. I can't talk without thinking. I'm not a lawyer."

"PROFESSORS."

The misuse of the title "professor," when it is applied indiscriminately to musicians in general, finds an amusing example in the following story, credited to Bandmaster Sousa, and printed in "The Musical Age:"

Some years ago Sousa was leading a band at a small country festival. The advent of the band had been awaited with interest by the audience, and when they arrived the bandsmen were quickly surrounded by a surging crowd which hemmed them in so that it was difficult for them to keep on playing.

Sousa appealed to one of the committee to keep the crowd away, and said that unless his men had more room they could not play. The committeeman shook his hand warmly, and turning to the assembled multitude bawled out:

"Gentlemen, step back and give the purfessor's purfessers a chance to play!"

Idle words are by no means idle after they are uttered.

AN OLD-FASHIONED PEW.

Many of the pews in the old New England meeting-houses such had such towering partition walls that only the tops of the tallest heads could be seen when the occupants were seated; occasionally a bench extended across the pew floor with a tier of three shelves: the lowest was used as a foot-rest, the second was for the hats of the men, and the third—a mere ridge—was for the hymn-books and Bibles. Concerning one of these triple-tiered foot-benches, Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, in her volume "The Sabbath in Puritan New England," tells a story which all readers, old and young, are likely to find amusing.

A boy in a certain New England town was prodigiously diverted by an exhibition of tight-rope walking when a travelling show visited the village. Fired by the performance, he daily practised walking on rails, fences and every narrow foothold he could find as a preparation for a final feat on his mother's clothes-line.

In an evil hour, as he sat one Sunday in the corner of the pew, his eyes resting on the narrow ledge which formed the top of the foot-bench. The desire grew stronger to try to walk on that precarious foothold.

His father and mother were peacefully sleeping; the pew walls were high, and the minister seldom glanced to right or left; at last, pulling off his heavy shoes, he softly mounted the foot-bench. He walked forward and back with great success, twice, thrice, but when turning for a fourth tour he suddenly lost his balance, and over he went with a resounding crash—hats, psalm-books, heavy bench and all.

He crushed into hopeless shapelessness his father's grey beaver meeting hat, a long-treasured and much-loved antique; he nearly smashed his mother's kid-slippered foot to jelly, and the fall elicited from her, in the surprise of the sudden awakening and intense pain, an ear-piercing shriek, which, with the noisy crash, electrified the entire meeting.

All the grown people stood up to see what had happened, the children climbed on the seats to look at the guilty offender and his deeply mortified parents, while the minister paused in his sermon and said, with cutting severity, "I have always regretted that the office of tithing-man has been abolished in this community, as his presence and his watchful care are sadly needed by both the grown persons and the children of this congregation."

The wretched boy who had caused all the commotion was of course uninjured by his fall, but a final settlement at home between father and son made the would-be tight-rope walker wish that he had at least broken his arm instead of his father's hat and his mother's pride and the peace of the congregation.

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

In South America girls are often married at the age of fifteen years—at which time they can scarcely be said to have arrived at the age of understanding; especially as the fashionable method of education gives them pretty manners but completely isolates them from the world. An Argentine lady who, some years ago, was married at Buenos Ayres, at the age of fifteen years, to a British subject, tells an amusing story of her wedding.

"I could speak but little English then," she says, "and how much a child I was you may judge from my story. I was married in the English Church, and of course the service was conducted in the English language. I will mention that the season was December, or midsummer, and that the market was full of fruits, the English names of which I had amused myself by learning as I ate them.

"The marriage ceremony had proceeded as far as the place where I was to repeat after the minister the promise to 'love, cherish and obey.' The clergyman was repeating the words in little phrases so that I could follow him.

"'To love, cherish—' said he.

"'No!' said I. I had been taught always to tell the truth. 'Me no love cherries,' I whispered, 'me love strawberries!'

"Then all the people present who understood English were compelled to stuff their handkerchiefs into their mouths to prevent a desecration of a solemn service with laughter."

MOST INCONSIDERATE.

Several British Indian papers print the following, written by a native subordinate in his diary while in a very trying position:

Up a tree where I adhere with much pain and discomposure while big tiger roaring in a very awful manner on the fire line. This is very inconsiderate tiger, and causes me great grief as I have before reported to your honor.

This is two times he spoiled my work coming and shouting like thunder, and putting me up a tree and making me behave like an insect. It is a very awful fate to me and the tiger is most inconsiderate.

Come what come may, time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Things done well, and with a care, exempt themselves from fear.

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.

ORDER OF THE SMILING FACE.

We've formed a new society—
The order of the Smiling Face.
An honored member you may be,
For every one may have a place.

The rules say you must never let
The corners of your mouth drop down,
For by this method you may get
The habit of a sulky frown.

If playmates tease you, let your eyes
A brave and merry twinkle show,
For if the angry tears arise
They're very apt to overflow.

If you must practice for an hour,
And it seems a long, long while
Remember not to pout and glower
But wear a bright and cheerful smile.

The rules are simple, as you see,
Make up your mind to join to-day.
Put on a smile—and you will be
An active member right away.

—Catholic Messenger.

"YES OR NO?"

A pretty story of how Henry M. Stanley wooed and won Miss Dorothy Tennant, though coming to us from private sources, has been made sufficiently public to avert the charge of undue personality. Miss Tennant, it is well known, was the original of Sir John's Millais's famous picture, "Yes or No?" It seems that Stanley had asked the question and the reply was "No."

The great explorer went to Africa again, and after several years returned to London to find himself the most talked of man of the day.

The thought of Miss Tennant was still uppermost in his mind, and he resolved that his first visit should be to her home. In his impatience for the morrow, he turned over the cards and the notes with which the table was strewn and selecting one haphazard, decided to while away the time by attending a certain reception.

The first person he met there was Miss Tennant; they greeted each other formally but later in the evening, Stanley retired to a small anteroom, to find that Miss Tennant had likewise sought solitude. A somewhat embarrassing silence ensued, broken at last by the woman saying, with the manner of one "making conversation:"

"Do you find London much changed, Mr. Stanley?"

"No, I haven't found London changed and I've not changed either," returned the explorer, with his usual intrepidity. "Have you?"

"Yes, I've changed," answered Miss Tennant, softly.

A few days later Millais received a note from his former subject, beginning:

"My Dear Sir John.—The momentous question has been at last decided. It is a joyful and triumphant 'yes!'"

POWER PRESIDENT'S PROPHECY.

It is an open secret that the Ontario Power Company, of which General Greene of Buffalo is President, hopes to be able through the Hydro-Electric Commission to sell a big block of its Niagara power to the municipalities of Ontario. It is understood that under certain conditions the company might even build the necessary transmission lines if Mr. Beck cannot persuade his colleagues that transmission lines owned and operated by the Province will be more likely to make competition a certainty. General Greene, it will therefore be seen, is not a visionary. As the gentlemen along Front street would say, he "has the goods." This is what he told the Empire Club about the value of Niagara Falls power to the people of Ontario:—

"It is not alone in manufactures that cheap power will prove advantageous, but also in lighting possibly in heating, and certainly in many domestic uses, not alone in the great cities, but in the villages and on the farms. I believe the day is not far distant when practically every house in Ontario within two hundred miles of the Niagara River will be lighted by electricity supplied by the power of the great cataract. It will be running the sewing machines, the churns, the ice cream freezers, the ventilating fans, the house pump, the knife cleaner and sharpener, the dish-washing machine, the clothes-wringer and other parts of the laundry, and a host of other domestic utensils not yet invented, but much thought about at the present time by a multitude of inventors."

A QUICK RETORT.

The Duke of Leeds, it is said, will probably be the next governor-general of Canada. He excels at repartee.

The duke, when he was in Parliament as the Marquis of Carmarthen, was the youngest member in the Commons, and the youngest-looking until he grew a beard. It is told of him that on the day of his election some one asked him:

"Say, boy, does your mother know your out?"

"Yes," promptly replied the youthful politician, "and when votes are counted to-night she will know I am in."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

If you have a baby or young children in the home always keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets on hand. Don't wait until the little one is sick, for sometimes an hour's delay may prove fatal. This medicine cures stomach troubles, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fevers and makes teething painless. If children are sick, Baby's Own Tablets make them well; and better still an occasional dose will keep them well. The Tablets are good for children of all ages and are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. Joseph Rose, Hawthorne, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and find them just the thing to keep children well." These Tablets are sold by all medicine dealers or you can get them by mail at 25c a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.