The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXXVI.---NO. 1. Every Subscription Paid in Advance. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 7, 1910. Subscription Price, $1.00 Per Annum. SINGLE COPIES---THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
AT THE
Free Press Steam Printing Office,
MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

Terms of Subscription—One dollar per year strictly in advance.—All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

Advertising Rates—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 4 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements, without specific directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance. Advertisements will be changed once each month, if desired. For changes oftener than 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.

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

R. E. HOLMES, M. D. (Lond.) M. P. S. O.
Late House Surgeon to St. Joseph's Hospital, Late Chief House Physician to the Victoria Hospital, Surgeon to The Meredith Memorial Maternity Hospital, London.
Office at residence, on Willow Street,—between Merchant's Bank and Town Hall.
Phone No. 80.
ACTON - - ONT.

LEGAL.

A. J. MacKINNON
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.
Office—Mill Street, in Rovels' Block.

R. J. McNABB,
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.

DENTAL.

DR. J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.
Dentist.
Acton.
Office at Residence, Corner Mill and Frederick streets.
Honor Graduate of Toronto University.
The latest anaesthetic used if desired.
At Rockwood Tuesdays.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST,
Georgetown, Ontario

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

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
H. P. MOORE
Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening.
Free Press Office, ACTON

R. MILLIGAN
Licensed Auctioneer
For the Counties of Halton and Peel.
All sales attended to promptly. Farm stock a specialty. Moderate charges.
Apply at store opposite Lehman's Hotel, Acton, or Box 417, Georgetown.

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.

R. J. KERR
Licensed Auctioneer
For the Counties of Wellington, Halton and Dufferin.
Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
Orders by letter to Mimosa P. O., telephone to Mimosa or Ospringe, or left at Free Press office or with W. J. Gordon, Harness Maker, Acton, will receive immediate attention. Special attention to sales in Acton and vicinity.

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 374.
Residence—17 Sydenham St., GUELPH, Ont. Telephone 147, Guelph.
Sales may be arranged at Free Press office, Acton.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL, $105,000.00
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. England.

AT ONCE!
A Good Reliable Local Salesman wanted to represent
Canada's Oldest and Greatest Nurseries
In ACTON and adjoining country.
The demand for Nursery Stock is increasing yearly, and if you become one of our salesmen, you will realize there is good money in the business for you.
Write at once for particulars.
Pay weekly. Free Outfit
Stone & Wellington
Fonthill Nurseries, 850 Acres
Toronto - - Ont.

Watch Competition Is Keen

There's a rivalry between makers as to the merit of their goods.

Mechanical skill has advanced to a marvellous degree in watch-making.

If you can think of an advantage that can be incorporated into a watch to make it a more reliable or more durable timepiece—something new—you can sell your idea for a fortune.

This rivalry is good for you. It lets you possess the most accurate watches that can be made at the lowest possible prices.

We can demonstrate this for you any day. Our stock is large. We carry all the leading makes. We lay them down here, costing us and you the smallest price. We are always glad to talk watches with you.

SAVAGE & CO.
G. T. R. Watch Inspectors
GUELPH - ONT.

ENGLISH LIQUID
House Paints
C. C. SPEIGHT
Has received the sole agency for this famous paint, manufactured by Brandram - Henderson, Ltd. It is the purest paint sold. Popular Colors.
English Pure Floor Paints
Anchor Carriage Gloss Paints and Varnishes
Separator Oil. Etc. Etc.
Paint Brushes of all kinds
C. C. Speight
Mill St. - Acton

The Berlin Steam Granite and Marble Works
CASPER BRAUN Proprietor
Designers and Builders of Statues, Mausoleums, Monuments, Markers and Headstones, and all kinds of
Artistic Cemetery Work
William Hemstreet
Agent, Acton.

Your chopping will be done quickly and well, on either plates or stones, if taken to the—
ROCKWOOD
Chopping Mills
Flour - Oatmeal
Bran - Shorts
The best at lowest prices.
HARRIS & CO.
Limited

ACTON PUMP
AND
TILE WORKS
C. B. EBBAGE, - Proprietor
Acton and Georgetown
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

GUELPH
Business College
Masonic Block, Upper Wyndham St.
Guelph, Ont.
BRIGHT YOUNG PEOPLE of ambition, energy and character who take our course of training, are assured of good positions. Recent calls for such were from cities and towns in Ontario, Alberta, Indiana, Michigan and Vermont.
FINE POSITIONS are being offered our trained young men and women, in the business offices of the large manufacturing, merchandising, insurance, banking, mining, railway and other concerns.
NOW IS THE TIME to enter for a thorough course in our famous system of actual business training, including mercantile and corporation book-keeping, commercial law, stenography, typewriting, etc.
COME DIRECT to the College Office, 157 Upper Wyndham Street, or address,
Malcolm McCormick, B. A.
Principal.

Timely Notice
Do not buy cheap Cutlery from peddlers, as your own dealer will sell you Guaranteed Goods at Fair Prices, and be here to back up his sale.
JOSEPH ROGERS & SONS
E. M. DICKINSON
HENRY BOKER
Three of OUR guaranteed lines.
BUY IT AT BOND'S.
The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Retail Phone 97 - - GUELPH

THE HOME OF GOOD GLASSES
SAVAGE
Optical
Establishment
Guelph
"RIGHT AT THE POST OFFICE"

WONDERLAND
MOVING PICTURE SHOW
Open Every Night—7 to 10 o'clock.
BEST FILMS PROCURABLE
(Changed Nightly)
Patronized by the leading citizens
Admission - - - - 5c
Acton Amusement Co.

A. T. BROWN CHEMIST & STATIONER ACTON ONT.
Perfumes
SEELY'S BELLEFLEUR
ROSE OF ALGERIA
Two of the latest and sweetest of perfumes.
Ask for a Free Sample.
Toilet Preparations
Florida Water.
Cream of Violets.
Cream of Almonds and Roses.
Etc.
In Talcum Powder we keep all the best on the market.
SPECIAL—American Beauty of Roses Talcum, made by The Druggists Corporation of Canada.
A. T. BROWN
Druggist and Stationer
Mill St. - ACTON

GOOD VALUE IN PAINT
THE MARTIN-SENOUR PAINT 100% PURE 510 THE MARTIN-SENOUR CO. Ltd. MONTREAL and CHICAGO
R. F. Johnstone
MILL ST. - - ACTON

The
EXCELSIOR
BAKERY
Having recently installed some of the latest improved machinery for bread making, is now in a better position than ever to supply our customers with Bread, Cakes, etc., of first-class quality.
We also carry a splendid stock of Groceries and Confectionery.
Ice Cream, and all kinds of Fruit in season.
T. Statham & Son
Main St., Acton

Poetry.

THE LILY-POND

On this little pool where the sunbeams lie,
This tawny gold ring where the shadows die,
God doth enamel the blue of His sky.
Through the scented dark when the night wind sighs,
He mirrors His stars where the ripples rise,
Till they glitter like imprisoned fireflies.

'Tis here that the beryl-green leaves unfurl,
And here the lilies uplift and unfurl
Their golden-lined goblets of carven pearl.
When the gray of the eastern sky turns pink,
Through the silver sedge at the pond's low brink
The little lone field-mouse creeps down to drink.

And creatures to whom only God is kind,
The loveless, small things, the slow and the blind,
Soft steal through the rushes, and comfort find.
Oh, restless the river, restless the sea!
Where the great ships go, and the dead men be,
The lily-pond giveth but peace to me.
—Virna Sheard, in the Canadian Magazine.

Select Family Reading.

His Heart's Desire

By Harriet Lummis Smith

IT was Saturday and a summer afternoon. Wilbur Burnett was not a young man who made a habit of watching the clock, but to-day he had found himself more than once reflecting that it was a long time between noon and one o'clock. When the dragging hour was over, and the signal came for his release, there was in his face the light of unmistakable anticipation.

"Hello, Burnett? Say, don't you want to go down the bay this afternoon? Van Sant is going, and Nelson, I guess."

Wilbur shook his head.

"No, thank you, Charlie; I've got other plans." He met the other's quizzical glance with a frank laugh, guessing how far his friend's conjectures were from the truth.

Three-quarters of an hour later he was home. He ran up the four flights of stairs to the modest little flat of five rooms, and his sister Caroline had the door opened and was waiting for him.

"I know you wouldn't be a minute late to-day," she smiled. "I can hardly wait to hear it. Come, your luncheon's on the table."

"Wilbur," cried the girl severely, "I sha'n't allow that. Music is all very well, but you can't live on sweet sounds. Now come to the table, that's a good boy. It won't take long."

Wilbur allowed himself to be persuaded. But before he ate the meal his sister had prepared he took a violin from its case and drew the bow lovingly across the strings. "Listen, Caroline," he called. "Doesn't that sound different from the old one?"

"Yes, of course it does," the girl's voice answered from the dining-room. "But don't touch it till you eat, or I'll never get you away."

The simple meal was soon dispatched, and then with a sigh of tremendous content, Wilbur brought out his new acquisition and seated himself on a back porch, so small and high in the air that it suggested a window-box. The afternoon stretched before him. He tightened the string, smiling. He had nothing to do but play and be happy. His sister, seeing his smile, turned away and sighed.

Wilbur Burnett had loved music ever since he could remember. When a boy of eleven he had taken up the study of the violin. He had made such surprising progress that his teacher at the Conservatory had become deeply interested in him. He was fifteen when his father's failure in business made music lessons one of the expenses to be retrenched, and had sent Wilbur out into the world to earn a living. Two years later Mr. Burnett died. Mrs. Burnett's little income, together with what Wilbur could earn, supported the family of three comfortably if not luxuriously.

Wilbur's music continued to be his greatest pleasure. He gave as much as possible of his scant leisure to his violin. And one day he was surprised by a letter from a cousin informing him that she was sending him by express a really valuable instrument which had belonged to her father.

"It seems a shame, Wilbur," she wrote, "that it should never be used, and I don't feel like selling it under the circumstances. Caroline tells me that you still retain your love for music, and I am sure you will appreciate having a good violin to practice on."

And Wilbur did appreciate it. He sat with half-closed eyes, listening to the strains his bow coaxed from the responsive strings, oblivious to all about him. Presently his content and the luxurious freshness of the summer air began to take form. Caroline came and stood in the doorway.

"That's pretty—the thing you're playing now," she said. "The melody is so sweet. I never heard it before."

Wilbur started and flashed a smile in her direction.

"What is it?" the girl persisted. "What's its name?"

"Don't know. It just came to me."

"Oh, Wilbur!" She caught her breath, and wonder and pride were in her face. "Wilbur, you must write that down. You might forget it, and it's beautiful. I don't know much about music," she cried, "but I know that when an air can catch me up when I'm worrying about the ice bill, and make me forget everything but that it is a beautiful world, it's worth remembering. Won't you write it out just to please me, Wilbur?"

"I will by and by," he promised her and played on; sometimes snatches that he remembered,—sometimes fancies of his own, taking shape in melody. And as he played, a white-haired figure on one of the porches of an adjoining flat building listened attentively.

At half past four the bell rang.

"There's a gentleman to see you," Caroline said, appearing on the porch. "I don't believe he knows you, though. He asked to see the young violinist."

"Probably wants to sell me the latest popular songs arranged for the violin," Wilbur said, rising reluctantly. But when he faced his caller he mentally apologized. The rather shabby man with the white hair had from the first glance a peculiar fascination for him.

"So this is my musical neighbor." The blue eyes under the whitening brows studied Wilbur keenly. "I must plead community of taste as an excuse for my intrusion. I, too, am a violinist."

Wilbur made a suitable rejoinder. The old man continued in a somewhat formal style, which seemed to belong to his air of decayed gentility:

"A sprained wrist which secured me a brief holiday has also given me the pleasure of listening to your impromptu concert. Would you mind playing for me again at closer range?"

The fact that Wilbur found the request a little embarrassing did not keep him from prompt compliance.

His sense of constraint wore off as he played, and his listener nodded approvingly.

"Good! You have the root of the matter in you, plainly enough. A little rusty in your practice, aren't you?"

"I surely am," Wilbur sighed. "You see, I get very little time for it. I'm a clerk at Warren and Deal's."

"Did you ever think you would like to devote your entire time to music?"

Wilbur laughed and sighed in one. "I try not to think of it. It's too good to happen, and so I won't stir myself up by dwelling on it."

"H'm!" the other replied enigmatically. "Let me see you do a little sight reading."

With a sense of growing excitement, Wilbur complied. The stranger broke in upon him, after two or three minutes, with a brusque, "That will do. Now listen. I am not empowered to make you an offer, but I think I can safely promise you a chance to realize your ambition."

Wilbur's heart began to throb. The older man continued:

"I am very sure I can get you a position in the orchestra in which I play. The pay is small and much of our music, I must confess, unspeakable stuff." He shrugged his shoulders. "But when once you have your time free for work of this kind, you will astonish yourself, provided you don't drop your ambition as most of us do."

Wilbur was trying to falter out his thanks for this kindness from a stranger. The other waved them away.

"Suppose you go to the matinee with me to-morrow," he said, "and I will introduce you to the leader of the orchestra."

"Oh, yes, they work us hard enough. It's the Troubadour where I play. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays. And a performance every night in the week. I'll call for you at half-past one. Good afternoon."

The door shut behind him. Wilbur put his violin back in the case, his hand trembling. His chance had come, with a distressing uncertainty.

The Troubadour! He knew the place by reputation—an embodiment of the worst traditions of its kind. It occurred to him that when he resigned his class at the Mission Sunday School he must not tell his boys where he was to spend his Sunday afternoons. Caroline and his mother could never come to hear him play. His cheeks burned at thought of their overhearing the unspeakable jests woven into song and thrown like filth across the footlights.

A little later, when he was alone in his room, where it was no longer necessary to parry Caroline's curiosity, he told himself, "I've got to take a common sense view of the matter. I love music and I've got to put that first." Automatically he took up his Bible to read a little before retiring, as was habit. The leaves fluttered open, and he found himself staring down at words which seemed to answer to the thought in his mind.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."

For a moment he stood like one stunned. Then he dropped on his knees, hiding his face in his hands. And when his white-haired new friend called the next afternoon Wilbur did not accompany him to the Troubadour Theater.

"I will be a man first before I seek to be a musician—a man living up to the best that is in him," he murmured. "I could not be living up to my best if I played at the Troubador."

Years later through a lady his mother had befriended when a girl, Wilbur found the way opened for him for further development of his talent for music, and then he would sometimes say:

"And all these things shall be added unto you."

QUITE MISTAKEN

The editor was dying, says an exchange, but when the doctor bending over, placed his ear on his breast, said, "Poor man! circulation almost gone!" the dying editor sat up and shouted, "You're a ——; we have the largest circulation in the country."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

A Terror of a Storm, and Some Other Matters Reported in our Issue of July 10, 1890

A TORNADO AT HOME

On Tuesday, the 8th, a terrific storm covering a strip about two miles wide from about a mile west of Rockwood to a short distance east of Acton carried destruction in its path. Exhibition hall with all its offices was utterly demolished; also the grand stand. Mr. W. Carroll was working there and with some boys went into the stand for safety, but thought wise to leave, not however, until he was severely bruised, while Geo. Agnew, the 14-year-old son of Mr. Robt. Agnew, was rendered unconscious, and little Fred Storey, grandson of Reeve Storey, was blown out of the grand stand into an oat field 20 or 30 feet away. Mr. John Williams was waiting at the station for the 2.27 train and the cover was lifted off the 'bus and thrown on the horses. They started down the track towards the approaching train and Mr. Williams was thrown out and knocked senseless. The horses ran to Froure's mills. The 'bus was badly wrecked, but the horses uninjured. Damage to barns:—A. McPherson's turned over bodily; Thos. Cameron's, new roof off and badly wrecked; John Gamble's roof off and split in two; his son's at at Crewsons Corners, ditto; N. Forbes' at the corners, unroofed; J. Stephenson's farther west, ditto; 30 feet gone off Henry Damper's; L. McMillan's about as bad as the most of them; one of Asa Hall's ruined; A. L. Hemstreet's moved about a foot, and the siding riddled. Trees suffered badly—Nearly all of Mrs. C. S. Smith's apple orchard; scores of maples at Alex. Leslie's; a lot of the old trees at the park, including the historical tree of the Acton boys of 30 years ago, with many names carved thereon; also many fruit and ornamental trees throughout the village. The corner of Harvey's mill shed; the smoke stacks of McCann's planing mill, T. C. Moore's factory and Brown's saw mill, blown down. Along the south of Mill Street much damage was done.—A large dry goods box carried from Kelly Bros.' yard over the street through the window of Worden Bros.' barber shop; chimneys, windows and signs blown down. Mr. Geo. Hynds cut his hand so badly on broken glass trying to save his goods in the window that he fainted from loss of blood. Mrs. McKechnie, of Erin, drove up to her son's house, and when the horse was unhitched the buggy overturned four times. The Brick and Crewsons Corners' church sheds were blown down; the end of the brick shed at St. Joseph's Church blown in; and the brick gable end of the Methodist parsonage on Bower Avenue blown in.

A piece of glass about a third of an inch long, which about eleven years ago became imbedded in the heel of a daughter of Mr. R. Wilson, Eden Mills, was extracted by means of a poultice a few days ago from the ankle of Mrs. Jas. Boles, by which name the young lady in question is now known.

Mr. John Harvey was much surprised and pleased the other day to receive a present of a fine family refrigerator from the Bell Ice Co., who had last winter stored some 300 or 400 cars of splendid ice on Mr. Harvey's pond, on the single consideration that the men and teams required in the cutting and storing should be hired in Acton. A couple of thousand dollars were expended for labor, lumber etc.

Mr. T. T. Moore's new house on Young and Mill Streets is up and enclosed.

The foundation is about completed for Mr. J. A. Murray's new house on Mill Street.

Capt. Shaw's Minorca hens laid some large eggs last week, five weighing 10½ oz.—just double the weight of ordinary eggs.

Mr. W. Kannawin, Orelff, preached his maiden sermon in Knox Church on Sunday. Text: "In the day of my trouble I will call upon Thee, for Thou wilt answer me," Psalm 87; 7. We understand he intends entering the ministry shortly.

MARRIED—In Galt, on July 1st, by Rev. E. Beattie, Robert J. Lambert to Miss Maria Peavoy, both of Erin.

BORN—In Acton, on July 6th, to Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Boardmore, a daughter.

THE MECHANICAL CHOIR

"I hear that your church has installed a phonograph stuffed with sacred music?"

"Yes. Had to do it. Choir had struck."

"Now solemn work all right?"

"It's beautiful. Never quarrels with itself, has no skirts to rustle, doesn't fret about the angle of its hat, refrains from giggling or powdering its nose, and if it gets out of order a mechanic can repair it."

One Hundred Dollars Reward

The manufacturers of SALVIA, the new American Hair Grower, offer one hundred dollars reward to any one who can prove that SALVIA contains any injurious ingredient. SALVIA at once stops the itching of the scalp; will positively grow hair or money back. Is guaranteed to kill the Dandruff germ. Ladies of taste prefer SALVIA to any other hair dressing, as it is a non-sticky, daintily perfumed hair tonic and dressing.

Hair is made beautifully soft and wavy. SALVIA has an enormous sale. We know of no other hair dressing and grower that is sold with a guarantee.

SALVIA contains Henna and Sage. Restores dead hair to life. Short, harsh, brittle hair is made long, soft and sparkling with life, which adds beauty to the appearance of every lady. E. J. Hassard will refund your money if it fails.

A large bottle for 50c. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Canadian distributors.

THE EPISODE IN ROOM 222.

A Theory the Hotel Manager Refused to Discuss.

By ARNOLD BENNETT.

The date was the 5th of November. It was a Friday, and yet there are people who affect to believe that Friday is not a day singled out from its six companions for mystery, strangeness and disaster. The number of the room was 222. The hotel I shall call by the name of the Grand Junction Terminus hotel.

The Grand Junction is full every night in the week except Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Every commercial traveler knows that, except on these nights, if he wishes to secure a room he must write or telegraph for it in advance. And there are 400 bedrooms.

It was somewhat late in the evening when I arrived in L. On the spur of the moment I decided to stay at the Grand Junction if there was space for me. It is thus that fate works.

I walked into the hall, followed by a platform porter with my bag. The place seemed just as usual, the perfection of the commonplace, the businesslike and the unspiritual.

"Have you a room?" I asked the young lady in black whose yellow hair shone gayly at the office window under the electric light.

She glanced at the ledgers in the impassive and detached manner which hotel young ladies with yellow hair invariably affect and ejaculated:

"No. 221."

"Pity you couldn't make it all twos," I ventured, with timid jocularity. How could I guess the import of what I was saying?

She smiled very slightly with a distant condescension. "Name?" she demanded.

"Edge."

In another moment I was in the elevator.

No. 221 was the last door but one at the end of the eastern corridor of the fourth floor. It proved to be a double bedded room, large, exquisitely ugly, but perfectly appointed in all matters of comfort. In short, it was characteristic of the hotel. I knew that every bedroom in that corridor presented exactly the same aspect. One instinctively felt the impossibility of anything weird, anything bizarre, anything terrible, entering the precincts of an abode so solid, cheerful, orderly and middle class.

It will be well for me to relate all that I did that evening. I went down to the billiard room and played a hundred up with the marker. To show that my nerves were at least as steady as usual that night I may mention that, although the marker gave me fifty and beat me, I made a break of twenty odd which won his generous approval. The game concluded, I went into the hall and asked the porter if there were any telegrams for me. There were not. I noticed that the porter—it was the night porter, and he had just come on duty—seemed to have a peculiarly honest and attractive face. Wishing him good night, I retired to bed.

At 3 o'clock I awoke, not with a start, but rather gradually. I know it was exactly 3 o'clock because the striking of a notoriously noisy church clock in the neighborhood was the first thing I heard. But the clock had not awakened me. I felt sure that something else, something far more sinister than a church clock, had been the origin of disturbance.

I listened. Then I heard it again. It was the sound of a groan in the next room.

"Some one indisposed either in body or mind," I thought lightly, and I tried to go to sleep again. But I could not sleep. The groans continued and grew more poignant, more fearsome. At last I jumped out of bed and turned on the light.

"That man, whoever he is, is dying." The idea, as it were, sprang at my throat. "Only a man who saw Death by his side and trembled before the apparition could groan like that."

I put on some clothes and went into the corridor. It seemed to stretch away into illimitable distance, and far off a solitary electric light glimmered. My end was a haunt of gloomy shadows, except where the open door allowed the light from my bedroom to illuminate the long, monotonous pattern of the carpet.

I proceeded to the door next my own—the door of No. 222—and put my ear against the panel. The sound of groans was now much more distinct and more terrifying. I called. No answer. "What's the matter?" I inquired. No answer. Then I tried to open the door, but it was fast.

"Yes," I said to myself, "either he's dying or he's committed a murder and is feeling sorry for it. I must fetch the night porter."

I was compelled to find my way along endless corridors and down flights of stairs apparently innumerable. Here and there an electric light sought with its yellow eye to pierce the gloom. At length I reached the hall.

"There's a man either dying or very ill in No. 222," I said to the night porter.

"Is that so, sir?" he replied.

"Yes," I insisted. "I think he's dying. Hadn't you better do something?"

"If you think he's dying, sir, I'll call up the manager, Mr. Thom."

"Do," I said.

The manager slept on the first floor, and he soon appeared, a youngish man in a terra cotta dressing gown, his eyes full of sleep, yet alert and anxious to do his duty. We all three continued our progress to the fourth floor. Arrived in front of No. 222, we listened intently, but we could only hear a faint occasional groan.

"He's nearly dead," I said. The manager called aloud, but there was no answer. Then he vainly tried to open the door. The night porter departed and returned with a stout pair of steel tongs. With these and the natural ingenuity peculiar to hotel porters he forced open the door, and we entered No. 222.

A stout, middle aged man lay on the bed fully dressed in black. On the floor near the bed was a silk hat. As we approached the great body seemed to flutter, and then it lay profoundly and terribly still. The manager put his hand on the man's head and held the glass of his watch to the man's parted lips.

"He is dead," said the manager.

"H'm!" I said.

"I'm sorry you've been put to any inconvenience," said the manager, "and I'm much obliged to you."

The cold but polite tone was a request to me to re-enter my own chamber and leave the corpse to the manager and the night porter. I obeyed.

* * * * * * * *

"What about that man?" I asked the hall porter early the next, or, rather, the same, morning. I had not slept a wink since 3 o'clock, nor had I heard a sound in the corridor.

"What man, sir?" the porter said.

"You know," I returned rather angrily—"the man who died in the night—No. 222."

"I assure you, sir," he said, "I haven't the least notion what you mean."

Yet his face seemed as honest and open as ever.

I inquired at the office for the manager and after some difficulty saw him in his private office.

"I thought I'd just see about that man," I began.

"What man?" the manager asked exactly as the porter had asked.

"Look here," I said, as I was now really annoyed, "it's all very well giving instructions to the hall porter, and I can quite understand you want the thing kept as quiet as possible, but I saw the corpse and was of some assistance to you"—

"Excuse me," said the manager. "Either you or I must be completely mad."

"Do you mean to say," I remarked, with frosty sarcasm, "that you didn't enter room 222 with me this morning at 3 and find a dead man there?"

"I mean to say just that," he answered.

"Well"— I got no further. I paid my bill and left, but before leaving I went and carefully examined the door of No. 222. The door plainly showed marks of some iron instrument.

"Here," I said to the porter as I departed. "Accept this half crown from me. I admire you."

* * * * * * * *

In the course of my subsequent travels I once more found myself late one night at the Grand Junction Terminus hotel.

"Mr. Edge," said the night porter, "I've been looking out for you for weeks and weeks. The manager's compliments, and he would like to see you in his room."

Again I saw the youngish, alert manager.

"Mr. Edge," he began at once, "it is probable that I owe you an apology. At any rate, I think it right to inform you that on the night of the 5th of November, the year before last, exactly twelve months before your last visit here, a stout man died in room No. 222 at 3 a. m. I forgot the circumstance when you last came to see me in this room."

"It seems queer," I said coldly, "that you should have forgotten such a circumstance."

"The fact is," he replied, "I was not the manager at that time. My predecessor died two days after the discovery of the corpse in room 222."

"And the night porter—is he, too, a new man?"

"Yes," said the manager. "The porter who, with the late manager, found the corpse in room 222 is now in the Hanwell Lunatic asylum."

"Then you think," I said, "that I was the victim of a hallucination on my previous visit here?"

"On these matters," said the manager, "I prefer to think nothing."

A LONELY DAY

Yesterday she went away,
Mother did, with Dad;
All her room is cold and dark;
All the chairs look sad.

All the pictures seem to frown;
The bed is cold and high.
There isn't even any lap
Where to sit and cry.

To-morrow she'll be back again,
Mother will, and Dad.
When they see her face again
The mirrors will be glad!
—Woman's Home Companion.

Plato's Tree.

The giant redwood trees of the Pacific coast have a rival in Greece in one respect, for at Athens there lives and even flourishes a tree under which, tradition says, Plato used to expound his doctrines to his disciples. This is an olive tree—one of the longest lived kind among trees—and experts say that the tradition may be true, so far as its age is concerned. It is over twenty-three feet in diameter. For many years it bore no fruit, but was a source of profit to its owner, for every tourist thinks he must visit it. But a year ago it surprised every one by bearing a beautiful crop. The proud owner when the fruit was cured sent presents of these "platonic olives" to all the sovereigns of Europe.—Boston Herald.

Twelve Million Telephones.

It is reported that there are now in this country 12,000,000 telephones, or one for every two houses in the country. This does not mean that one-half of the residences in the country contain an instrument, since many business houses have a large number, but the figures are instructive and illuminating. Practically everybody who is anybody in the cities or towns and villages has a telephone, while those in the country districts are legion. The astonishing fact is that each of these phones is used on an average of six times a day. The total number of calls in a year runs up into the billions, and it is not appreciable by the human mind.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Making Herself at Home.

Last summer five-year-old Lola's aunt came to spend a week with them.

"Now, aunty," said Lola, "you must make yourself at home."

"How can I do that, dear?" queried her aunt.

"Why," answered Lola, "you can pitch in and help mamma work."—Chicago News.

The Finisher.

Lawyer—What is your occupation?
Witness—I'm a piano finisher.
Lawyer—Be a little more definite. Do you polish them or move them?