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H. F. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

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## Poetry.

### KNOWING HOW

I've sometimes heard my grandpa tell
That folks who know just how to
smell
Can get the summer from one rose
Or from a little breeze that blows.

And father says, no matter where
You live, if you just take care
And make the best of your two eyes
You'll see so much you'll grow real
wise.

And then, my mother's often heard
One little pleasant-spoken word—
That's made somebody smile and
smile,
And feel cheered up for quite a while.

They say it doesn't matter much
Whether a child has such and such;
It's how she'll learn to "make things
do";
And p'raps it's so with grown folk
too.

## Select Family Reading

## How I Won

By Lawrence Foster

One winter when congress was in session I was invited to the national capital to spend a week with my friend Jim Trenadall in company with others, forming a very pleasant house party. Jim had not been long married, and I was a bachelor. I have always thought that his wife got up the affair especially for my benefit and that of Miss Mildred Sweet, Mrs. Jim desiring to make a match between us. If she did she had no trouble, so far as I was concerned, for I had not been acquainted with Miss Sweet ten minutes before I remarked to myself, "That's the girl I am looking for."

I have a theory that a good way to win a girl is to conjure up something in which you and she may have a mutual interest. Fortune favored me in this wise:

One evening at dinner Mrs. Jim showed plainly that something had happened. She said nothing to any of the guests and when they spoke to her replied in monosyllables. Trenadall labored hard to keep a certain amount of life in the party, but was not successful.

After dinner Jim took me up to a little den he used to hide away in and told me what was the matter. His wife had lost a diamond as big as a hickory nut. It had been handed down to her for five generations and been turned over to her on her wedding day. She had taken it out of its receptacle to wear it that evening at a reception that was to occur at the White House and had left it on her bureau while giving some directions about the dinner.

He had no sooner told me this than it occurred to me to make a detective of myself for the purpose of discovering the thief and to take Miss Sweet into the business with me. By interesting her in the case I hoped eventually to turn that interest from the gem to myself.

I asked Jim a good many questions, but only elicited the information that every servant in the house during his wife's absence from her room was downstairs and quite busy, most of them with the preparations for the dinner. The men guests were all in the billiard room. Two of the women guests were dressing in their rooms for dinner and after that the function at the White House. A third, a widow, Mrs. Jernegan, with a little daughter, five years old, had finished her toilet and was assisting her nurse to put the child to bed.

Mrs. Jernegan was my first choice for the thief. Women who are not dressed don't run about in another person's house, and Mrs. Jernegan was the only person on the floor at the time the stone was lost. I went to the White House reception with Miss Sweet and during the evening told her about the loss and began to excite her curiosity as to who could have been the thief.

"It would be a nice thing," I said, "if you and I, working together, could recover the stone and turn it back to the rightful owner."

"Indeed it would," she said, "but how can we do that?"

"I don't know that we can, but we can try."

I confided to her that I suspected Mrs. Jernegan. She did not especially fancy the widow, but could hardly bring herself to feel that she had stolen the diamond. I told Miss Sweet that she, being a woman, could keep an eye on the suspect better than I, and she agreed to do so.

I had a little scheme up my sleeve to compel Mrs. Jernegan to show her colors if she were guilty. Of course that would prevent her guilty or get that back the stone, but it would serve for a clew. I invited a party, including Mrs. Jernegan, to visit the capitol. Miss Sweet was, of course, with us. After showing the party through the building I took them up into the dome. There is a whispering gallery in this dome in which a voice speaking on one side can be heard at the other. Leaving the widow on one side of the dome, I took Miss Sweet halfway round the semicircle, and, watching till Mrs. Jernegan was separated from the others, I suggested to Miss Sweet to put her mouth near the wall and whisper the words, "What did you do with it?"

She did so, and the effect was instantaneous and unmistakable. The widow staggered, turned pale and looked hurriedly about her. When she turned her eyes upon us we were looking down on to the marble floor far below.

My companion was delighted with the success of my device. She seemed to be struck with surprise and admiration at what she was pleased to call my ingenuity. I was more interested in Miss Sweet than in the thief. I disclaimed any great shrewdness—indeed, thus far I was simply lucky. But I must keep up the illusion. I must find some method of learning from the widow what she had done with the diamond.

And here I showed that instead of being an experienced detective I was a mere bungler. I permitted the widow to discover by keeping a watch over her that I suspected her. I knew that she was aware that I did suspect her, for she showed me plainly that she feared me. Doubtless she would have taken or sent away the diamond (if she had it), but Trenadall, at my suggestion, would not permit any one to leave the place without being searched, the guests volunteering to submit to the ordeal if they were obliged to leave before the gem was found.

I held long deliberations with Miss Sweet, who was now profoundly interested in the case. These deliberations, besides giving us something in common, enabled me to be a good deal with her. I hoped, if I made any further progress, to have my assistant to think that it was her ingenuity or perceptive faculty that was doing the work and not mine. I wished for this on the basis that if you make a person think he is talented it counts for more than if you show your own ability.

"I have made a discovery," said Miss Sweet to me one day, with great glee.

"You don't mean it!" I replied. "Have you found where the gem is concealed?"

"No. I have discovered that Mrs. Jernegan's nursemaid shares her secret with her."

"How so?"

"They know that we are watching them. Whenever the nurse sees me looking at her she quails."

"It's two against two, isn't it?"

"Yes, and we'll beat them yet."

"No doubt of it."

"Have you anything to suggest?"

"Well, no; not just now."

We saw the nurse go out with her charge and knew that every afternoon she took the child to a little park in the neighborhood. Trenadall should not have permitted this, but he said that it wouldn't do to keep the little girl in the house. I proposed to Miss Sweet that we walk out, follow the nurse to the park and see if we could learn anything. She consented, and, getting her hat and wraps, we sallied forth.

We soon saw the nurse walking slowly, the child trotting along, either beside or behind her, carrying a toy balloon. We measured our pace to suit theirs, and they entered the park without knowing that we were near them. A moment later the nurse turned and, suddenly seeing us, gave an involuntary start.

"The plot thickens," I remarked to my companion. "I'll bet that this nurse, being permitted to leave the house, will get rid of the diamond."

"Suppose she has it with her now?" said Miss Sweet.

"It's possible."

"I have never seen her so agitated as when she turned and saw us behind her."

"You are on the track. You made the discovery that she was in league with her mistress. Suppose we let her see by our acts and the expressions of our faces that we are watching her. It may drive her into doing something that will expose her."

By this time the nurse had taken a seat on a bench, while the child played about with her balloon. On several occasions she let go the string, the balloon rose, and the nurse caught it only in time to save it. We walked by the woman and as we did so stared at her ominously. She trembled like a leaf. We walked on a short distance and turned. The child's balloon had escaped and was caught in the branches of a tree overhanging the seat where the nurse sat. The child was crying for her toy, and the nurse was trying to quiet her.

"I'll buy you another, dearie," she said. "That one has gone where one can't get it."

The nurse spoke the truth. Only a long ladder would enable any one to reach the toy. It had lodged some thirty feet from the ground. As I walked past the tree I looked up at it. I noticed that the string attached to it hung straight. It suggested nothing at first, but presently I asked my companion:

"Do you notice how straight that string hangs? Is it caught on a branch, and does the balloon keep it taut?"

"No; the balloon is against a bough. But there is something—very small—tied to the end of the string."

"So there is."

I glanced at the nurse, who knew we were talking about the balloon, and saw she was holding her breath from suspense. I called some boys who were playing near and offered any of them a quarter who would climb the tree and bring down the balloon. One of the boys took my offer, and in a few minutes I was in possession of the toy. At the end of the string was a bit of tissue paper. In the paper was the diamond.

I looked around for the nurse. She had vanished.

The delight both of myself and Miss Sweet may be imagined. We started to the house with the little girl. Far down the street we saw the nurse running ahead of us. It did not occur to us what she was going to the house for till we got there, when we discovered that she had warned her mistress and gone on. Before saying a word to any one I took the stone to Trenadall, and we had a long consultation. Behind no proof against the widow, and since she was a connection of Jim's he decided to tell her that her maid had stolen the diamond and not intimate to her that she herself was supposed to have been an accomplice. This would avoid any unpleasantness

When the matter was given out to the guests I told them all that the find was entirely due to Miss Sweet's ingenuity and foresight. She was the lioness of the party from that moment till we broke up and generally became convinced that she had done it all herself.

That gave me a good start, and in time I won—not a stone, but a woman.

### Anything to Oblige.

The conductor of the old-fashioned, slow-going London horse bus turned to the driver.

"Look 'ere," he exclaimed disgustedly, "a bloke'd just got in that wants yer to pull up at the next 'ouse after the fourth lamppost wot's got yeller blinds!"

"Orl rite—orl rite!" responded John. "People ain't wearin' out their boot leather, I don't think! Just go an' mark 'im which part of the 'ouse 'e'd like to be drug to—later the parlor wi' the family, or hup to 'is room in the hattic!"—London Answers.

### The Voracious Cod.

So voracious is the codfish that it will swallow anything it sees in motion.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

### Funny Things You Didn't Know About Our Nomenclature.

Surnames are not what they seem, and some of the most distressing contain a wealth of meaning.

Take, for example, the surname with which many people think they are cursed—Brooks. This, by no means, seems to be an imposing cognomen; but, as a matter of fact, it is a name of great antiquity, and one of which nobody need be ashamed. In reality, it is a contraction of "Sevenoak." It was first corrupted to Brooncs, which, in its turn, was corrupted to Brooks of to-day.

The original bearer of the name of Legless was so called merely because he was a lawyer. Originally, the name was spelled Laegless, the expression signifying "learned in the law." Strangely enough, Lawless is derived from exactly the same source, and signifies exactly the opposite to its apparent meaning.

Take the case of the surname Heard. It is really a corruption of Hard, which was a name given to show that the owner was a man of firm character and resolute bearing.

One must extend pity to the poor individual burdened with such a name as Gunboil. Yet those who possess the name may be interested to know that it, too, has nothing at all to do with any part of the anatomy. It denotes that its first bearer was a man of considerable importance and great power in the state. It is derived from the Norse word "gunbald," which itself has nothing to do with any affliction, but means "bold in war."

It is quite wrong to assume that the name of Smith is derived from the fact that the original bearers were workers in metal. In reality, Smith is a very fine old name, far more ancient than Anglo-Saxon. The oldest-known bearers of the name were brewers, and it was in use many thousand of years ago in mighty Egypt.

Such names as Swearing and Gambling show how the original meaning has become corrupted. Swears and Swearing are derived from the older Swear, which comes from an Anglo-Saxon word meaning "honorable." "Gambling comes from Gamling, which comes from a Norse word signifying "old decent." The ending "ing" in a surname simply means "son of." Thus, Browning means "son of Brown," and Dunning, "Dunn's son."

Apparently, a very ignoble surname is Tremble, a name which might make one imagine that the ancestor of Mr. Tremble was a craven-hearted creature. Still, the exact opposite is the case, for the name is only a corruption of the ancient word "trumbald," which signifies "steadfast and bold."

Any individual rejoicing in the name of Mr. Earwig may be proud in the fact that originally the name meant the "boar of battle." The surname Mouse denoted at first a man of great courage; while Mr. Raff gets his name from the fact that the first bearer of the name was a wise person, who gave "counsel" to the king.

Goose, Gosling, and Jocelyn are corruptions of a word which originally denoted the "Goths." The first Mr. Gander was an individual called "the wolf"; while the original Mr. Duck was a "doughty" man.

No; surnames are not what they seem. For instance, Lind appears to be a somewhat charming name; all the same, it is derived from a Teutonic word meaning a "snake." The apparently quiet and harmless surname Wren comes from a word which denotes "rapine." Then, Fish, though such an innocent name in appearance, originally meant "impetuous." That common surname Haddock is derived from a word meaning "war."

Never judge a person from his name!

## FAKING OLD MASTERS.

### Spurious Antique Paintings and the Credulity of Purchasers.

"The most amazing thing about spurious 'old masters'," said a London picture expert, "is the credulity of the purchasers. They have only to stop and reflect a moment to understand that comparatively few canvases were produced by the masters, who for the most part were slow and careful workmen, and then let them consider how many persons there are who claim to possess Rembrandts, Rubenses and Van Dycks, not to mention Corots, Daubignys and Ziems. The experts themselves are deceived sometimes."

"What is the exact process for reproducing old paintings?" the expert was asked.

"When a dealer finds a purchaser in the form of a nouveau riche seeking to gain a reputation as a patron of art he seeks some artist who is a careful student of old paintings and a man of genius in copying rather than in original work. The artist secures a canvas and chassis, or inner frame, of the period desired. The canvas is probably daubed with the work of some unknown man and is quite worthless.

"All traces of paint are removed by washing the canvas with a hard brush dipped in potash. Next a preparation of calk glue is applied. Several coats of this are put on and smoothed with pumice. Finally, a coat of oil is applied, and when this is dry the canvas is ready to receive the talent of the modern 'old master.'

"It is a mistake to believe that the mellow tints of ancient pictures cannot be reproduced. A clever artist can do anything in the way of coloring. The subject chosen is usually that of a well-known work, with slight changes in composition and the possible omission of details considered unpleasing in the modern eye.

"When the picture is finished it is left to dry for a few months, and it remains only to give it the cracks characteristic of old paintings. This is done by running the thumb along the back of the canvas wherever a crack is desired. White chalk hardens the paint and makes cracking easy. The dealer invents an interesting story of how the picture hung on the walls of this or that historic chateau and strikes off an old sales catalogue to prove its authenticity. He even makes engravings, for it is customary to have engravings of the old masters.

"These devices, with the reputation of the dealer, generally succeed in deceiving the wealthy buyer. I have seen such pictures sold time and again, always bringing the enormous sums which are the market price of genuine masterpieces."

### Stamps in Rolls.

English stamps are to be issued in rolls as well as in sheets as at present. Ribbons of postage stamps wound on a reel are expected to save time for business men, and the stamps need be perforated only on two sides.

### Back to Adam.

A parchment six yards long and a foot wide, tracing in quaint fifteenth century writing the descent of King Henry VI. from Adam, has just been placed in the Welsh National library at Aberystwyth.

## SEATS EASILY LOST.

### Great Britain Is Strict With Her Legislators.

To gain a seat in the British House of Commons is no easy task in those days of strenuously contested elections; to lose one is a far simpler matter.

A glass of beer given by a too generous canvasser to a wavering elector, a promise of employment, an omission in the return of election expenses, or the issue of a poster without the name and address of the printer and publisher, are a few offences, among many, fraught with grave consequences to the triumphant member. Recent election petitions have shown the truth of this.

If personally responsible for corrupt practices, the unhappy candidate, on conviction, is incapacitated for election to any constituency for seven years, and his late election is rendered void. Whether the candidate be personally responsible, or responsible only through his agents, a conviction of illegal practices usually carries with it the latter penalty, and the unseated member has before him the option of retiring from public life for a season or of once more facing the music of another contest.

It must be borne in mind, too, that a candidate is, with certain exceptions, liable for the illegal practices of all persons who may, on the trial of the election petition, be held to be his agents.

It is possible, however, to have to vacate a seat in the House under happier circumstances than these. For example, a writ may be issued summoning a member to the House of Lords; and, as peers of Parliament and peers of the realm—with the exception of Irish peers, not included in the twenty-eight representatives of Great Britain—are ineligible for a seat in the Commons, the newly-born peer retires to his rest with blushing honors thick upon him, and leaves to some other aspirant for Parliamentary honors the fierce turmoil of another contest.

Acceptance of the "Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds," or, when that office is not available, the "Manor of the East Hendred," is, of course, equivalent to resignation, and is the usual method of vacating a seat in Parliament.

There are three cases on record where a member has been appointed agent of a militia regiment to enable him to vacate his seat and stand for some other constituency.

The election of a member to the House of Commons can also be rendered void by bankruptcy or lunacy, but, in such a case, the seat is not immediately vacated.

Six months' grace is allowed by law before the House can order the issue of a new writ.

A number of most interesting cases have arisen out of the famous Act known as the 6th of Anne, the 25th section of which enacts that, if a member shall accept any office of profit from the crown, his election shall be void, but such person shall be capable of re-election.

There are certain exceptions, however, provided for by statute. A few offices of profit there are acceptance of which does not entail the vacation of a seat in the Commons, among them being those of Financial Secretary to the War Office, Governor of the Bank of England, and the office of Paymaster-General. A further exemption has been made which provides that a member may accept other offices in succession to the one for which he sought re-election without vacating his seat.

### Jews Keep the Best.

The "best" fried-fish shops in London are kept by Jews. These shops charge higher rates than the others, twopence and threepence being the usual price. In others, the humble halfpenny will purchase a slice of fish. Many places use grease but the Jews use oil to fry the fish. Their shops are also said to be cleaner than the others.

The evening is the harvest time of the fried-fish shop. After six o'clock, when the tired and hungry workers are returning home, the seats in these places will all be occupied, and the rest of the shop filled with customers standing up devouring the luscious delicacy. The cel shops are particularly well patronized.

### Shocked His Pride.

Of his Cambridge days a dignitary of the Church of England tells this story. He always wore a white tie, and when he got his fellowship, full of pride, he went to call upon the master of his college. He rang the bell, the door was opened, and he was about to present his card when the footman, who had run his eye over him, said: "You're too late, young man. I got the place yesterday."

### Voted at Four Years.

At the recent election in England Harold Francis, four years old, of Biggleswade, Bedfordshire, cast his first ballot. By clerical error his name appeared on the register, so he was carried to the polling booth and duly recorded his vote.

### India Land of Holidays.

India is a country of eternal holidays. Every sect and tribe, roughly speaking, has its own festivals, and these are religiously observed. On such occasions the open spaces are filled with swings and merry-go-rounds, and the booths where food and sweetmeats are sold do a roaring trade. It is very interesting to watch the different racial types that come to make holiday—here women veiled and mysterious, there women who show their faces and wear tight-fitting trousers instead of skirts. The people are of all shades—from the fair, almost European, complexion of the northern types, to the practically coal-black of the original Dravidean stock of the south. It is in India, at the typical religious fairs, that you will see the quaint originals of the "Great Wheels" known to exhibition visitors of the west.

### Marriage in Burma.

In Burma marriage is civil, not religious, and is regarded as a simple partnership which, if not happy, may be dissolved at any time. After marriage there is no outward symbol like a wedding ring on a Burmese woman. She does not even adopt her husband's name, but retains her own. The husband has no right over the property which his wife possesses before marriage nor over the property which she might acquire after marriage. The Burmese woman can appear in law courts to represent her husband. In contracts with a third person she and her husband sign their names together. They can borrow money on joint security. Both husband and wife can sign deeds and hold money. And when there is no longer any love between a married couple they can get a divorce with alacrity.

## THE LITTLE HAPPY THOUGHT

A helpful little Happy Thought went
hastening on its way,
All in the early morning of a long and
busy day.
"I've neither hands nor feet nor
tongue," it mused, "but I'll not
sorrow,
For boys and girls are plentiful, and
so I'll merely borrow."

Now little Nell was skipping by, to
visit Little Jane;
Presto: the little Happy Thought was
beaming in her brain.
And so she turned and hurried back,
and stayed at home instead,
Reading, with merry, tripping tongue,
to poor blind cousin Ned.

Off went the little Happy Thought,
and saw some idle feet
Drumming their heels against the
steps, upon a quiet street,
And soon those feet were carrying,
upon an errand hot,
Their smiling owner, who had whined
and said he'd "rather not."

If "Satan finds some mischief still for
idle hands to do,"
Why, then, a little Happy Thought
can set them working, too.
And, judging from a many things I
notice every day,
That helpful little Happy Thought is
still upon its way.

—St. Nicholas.

### GRAFT.

No city can be injured by the enforcement of the people's laws. To do otherwise is to substitute the will of the official for the laws of the people, and that is tyranny. No state can be hurt by exposing grafting. To do otherwise is to connive at it. There is no secret remedy known for evils of this character. They cannot be cured by hiding them. The disgrace is not in their correction, but in submission to them with supine indifference. It is well for a state to display its virtues and not to parade its faults, but it should not be forgotten that the highest civic virtue is the overthrow of depravity.—Joseph W. Folk.

## TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes From the Free Press of the 24th September, 1891

Mr. Con. Hildenbrand's son, George, picked enough beechnuts on Tuesday evening to fill his pockets, then fell and broke his right wrist.

Painters have been re-painting the iron-clad Beardmore buildings the past week. Painting the roofs of the seven-storey buildings was a hazardous job.

The house of Mr. John Barr, of Crewsons Corners, was robbed of $25 on Monday, while Mr. and Mrs. Barr were at Acton attending the funeral of Mrs. Edward Forbes.

A laced shoe race is the latest for exhibitions. Contestants take off their shoes and hand them over to the referee, who places them in a bag, which is well shaken up and dumped in a heap on the ground. The one who first gets his shoes, put them on and ties them with a bow knot is the winner.

On Tuesday, the great St. Clair Tunnel under the St. Clair River was formally opened to traffic for the Grand Trunk Railway and its leased lines, some seven or eight in number.

The marriage of Mr. Fred H. Smyth, of Toronto, and Miss Ina Pearson, of Acton, on Thursday was a joyous event. The bride was one of the most beloved young ladies in town. She was an active worker in Knox Church and Sunday School, being a teacher in the latter. Mr. Smyth was for eight years in the FREE PRESS office. He is now on the Toronto Truth. They are receiving many congratulations and good wishes.

Mr. Robt. Snyder spent several days with friends in Toronto during the exhibition.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Milburn, Toronto, were guests at Mr. J. B. Pearson's on Thursday.

BORN—In Acton, on September 21st, to Rev. Jos. and Mrs. Edge, a daughter.

BORN—In Acton, on September 13th to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Forbes, a son.

BORN—In Esquesing, September 22nd, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hyde, a son.

MARRIED—On September 17th, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. A. Williams, Toronto, Mr. Fred H. Smyth, Toronto, to Miss Ina R., daughter of J. B. Pearson, Esq., merchant, Acton.

DIED—In Acton, on September 19th, Emma Soper, wife of Edward Forbes, aged 33 years.

DIED—In Acton, on September 17th, at the residence of her uncle, Mr. Chas. Taylor, Caroline, infant daughter of William and Ella Groat, aged 5 years.

There never was and never will be a universal panacea in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir. What would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the others. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtained in a sound, unadulterated state a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves those to whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquilizing the nerves disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which being stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy, animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame and giving life to the digestive organs which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine. By the opinion of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any on the market. All druggists sell it.