The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, - - ACTON, ONT.

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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick streets, Acton.

S. A. McKEAGUE, M. D.,
Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Licentiate of Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh.
Office and residence.—Dr. Lowry's late residence, head of Frederick street, Acton.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST,
GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

McLEAN & McLEAN
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan.
Office:—Town Hall, Acton.
WM. A. McLEAN. | JNO. A. McLEAN.

J. A. MOWAT,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC.
Money to Loan.
OFFICE DAYS—Tuesday and Saturday.
OFFICE:—Kennawin's Block, Acton, up-stairs

R. J. McNABB,
CONVEYANCER, COLLECTOR, ETC.
Rents and accounts collected. Agent Fire and Life Assurance. Property bought and sold. Money to loan on the most favorable terms.
J. A. MOWAT'S Office. Acton

SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & STONE,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,
TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN.
Offices—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and Traders' Bank Chambers, 63 Yonge st., Toronto.
J. SHILTON, B.A. W. H. WALLBRIDGE. H. E. STONE.

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS
HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA.
Twenty Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

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 $300 and upwards.

JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT, GUELPH, ONT.
OFFICE—Wyndham Street.

FRANCIS NUNAN
(Successor to T. F. Chapman)
BOOKBINDER,
St. George's Square, Guelph, Ontario
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
MILL STREET, ACTON.
An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good sea-foam an exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.
J. & H. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artists.

Acton Lodge, No. 204, I.O.O.F.
MEETS in the Oddfellows' Hall, Hill's Block, every Wednesday evening. Visiting brethren always welcome. For copy of constitution and laws apply to the undersigned or any of the members.
W. WILLIAMS, N. G. | H. H. WORDEN, Secretary

SALESMEN WANTED.
WE want both travelling and local salesmen to represent the old established Fonthill Nurseries. SALARY PAID FROM THE START to salesmen experienced in our line, liberal terms to beginners and a permanent situation assured. We have 700 acres under cultivation and furnish only first-class stock. OUTFIT FREE. Hardy varieties for Northern Ontario and Manitoba a specialty. WE GUARANTEE OUR STOCK. Apply for terms at once. We want you Now. STONE & WELLINGTON, Toronto, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED
In every Township,
To sell "The Pictorial Cyclopedia of Live Stock and Complete Stock Doctor."
The most complete and comprehensive work ever published. Its authors stand at the head of their profession and have a continental reputation. Worth its weight in gold to any one having Horses, Sheep, Cattle, Swine, Poultry, Dogs or Bees. A grand opportunity to make money. Secure territory at once. Address
E. N. MOYER, Publisher,
120 Yonge St. Toronto

Hamilton's Marble Works.
HAMILTON's Block (formerly Hatch's Block), the corner of Woolwich and Norfolk streets, Guelph, Ont.
JOHN H. HAMILTON, Proprietor,
Wholesale and retail dealer and direct importer and manufacturer of all kinds of Granite and Marble Monuments, Tombstones, etc. Having had an extensive experience for the last 16 years, the public may rely on getting all superior articles at a cheaper rate than any other dealer in the West.
N. B.—15 per cent. off on a direct order received for the next 30 days.

S. M. COOK & CO.,
GEORGETOWN,
Licensed Auctioneers, Appraisers, Valuators, Collectors, Real Estate and General Land Agents,
—FOR THE COUNTIES OF—
Halton, Peel, Wellington, Simcoe, York and Ontario.
Money to loan from $100 up at six per cent.
Parties placing their sales or other business in our hands will have the same promptly attended to at moderate charges.
OFFICE AND SALES ROOMS:—Mill St., Georgetown, or address Box 186, S. M. Cook & Co., Auctioneers.
BRANCH OFFICE:—31 Queen St., East, Toronto.
S. M. COOK & CO., Auctioneers, Georgetown and Toronto

Every week we are getting NEW EFFECTS in INGRAIN WALL PAPERS, with BORDERS and CEILINGS to MATCH. These papers are used by the best families. They are as cheap as the common papers—ONLY 15 CTS A ROLL — and much handsomer. When you are in GUELPH call at DAY'S BOOK-STORE and see how nice and cheap they are.
DAY SELLS CHEAP

Bank of Montreal
CAPITAL $12,000,000
REST 6,000,000
A SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
Has been opened in connection with this Branch.
Interest Allowed at Current Rates.
JAS. H. FINLAY, Manager GUELPH BRANCH.

W. BARBER & BROS.
PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
—AND—
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.
The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.
WM. BARBER & BROS.

STEEL ENGRAVINGS.
Proof Etchings, Colored Pictures, Room and Picture Mouldings.
IVORY, OAK, FRAMES, SILVER, GILT.
ARTISTS' MATERIALS.
A full stock of Winsor & Newton's Flake White.
Double Tubes, Rowney's, 10c.
8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete 25c.
5 Feet Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 25c.
Our Wall papers
Are said to be the best selected in the city.
WATERS BROS.,
ESTABLISHED 1877.
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, GUELPH.

New Planing Mill
—AND—
Sash and Door Factory.
John Cameron, Contractor,
Has fitted up the building on Main Street, lately occupied as a trunk factory, with new machinery and is prepared to furnish plans, specifications and estimates for all classes of buildings, and execute all kinds of
DRESSING, MATCHING, and MOULDING.
—MANUFACTURER OF—
Sashes, Doors and Windows and Door Frames and Dressed Lumber.
And keep a stock on hand. All orders promptly attended to.
JOHN CAMERON, Acton

—ACTON—
LIVERY —AND— BUS LINE.
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 9 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS.

Wellington Mutual
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
ESTABLISHED 1840.
HEAD OFFICE - GUELPH.
Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of insurable property, on the Cash and Premium Note System.
F. W. STONE, President. CHAS. DAVIDSON, Manager.
JOHN TAYLOR, AGENT.

BELL
Pianos
AND
Organs
WERE AWARDED
THE - GOLD - MEDAL
AT
Jamaica International Exhibition 1891,
In competition with American, German, English and Canadian manufacturers.
FOR SALE
On Monthly or Quarterly Payments only at
C. W. Kelly's
MUSIC STORE,
25 Lower Wyndham street, Guelph. Telephone 178.

Acton Saw Mills,
COAL AND WOOD YARDS.
JAMES BROWN
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Coal and Wood.
Coal and Wood always in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices.
Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always on hand.
Telephone communication.

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA.
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
CAPITAL AUTHORIZED $1,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP 604,000.00
REST FUND 55,000.00
GUELPH BRANCH,
CORNER OF WYNDHAM AND QUEBEC STREETS.
Savings Bank Department.
4 per cent. paid on sums of $1 and upwards from date of deposit to date of withdrawal, or compounded half yearly on 31st May and 30th November.
Deposit Receipts issued.
Advances made to responsible farmers.
Sterling Exchange bought and sold. Drafts issued payable at all points in the United States and Canada.
A general Banking business transacted.
A. F. H. JONES, Manager Guelph Branch.

Graduation
—FROM THE—
GUELPH
Business College,
—MEANS—
Enterprise, Character,
Capacity, Success.
ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.
M. MacCORMICK, Principal.

RARE VALUE
—IN—
Men's Long Boots
—AT THE—
Leading Boot & Shoe Store
GUELPH.
COW HIDE, KIP AND FELT BOOTS
At Lowest Prices. We invite the Farmers to see the Largest and Best Stock of Long Boots ever shown in Guelph.
$1.50, $1.75, $2.00 and $2.25.
We begin with a good cow hide Boot at $1.50 $1.75, $2.00 and $2.25.
In Men's Long Felt Boots we down all other stores in low prices.
HALF FOXED AT $1.50 $1.75 and $2.00.
For something extra good. We recommend our Waterproof Felt Foxed Boots $2.25 and $2.50. Telescopes or Pull Outs $2.25 to $2.75.
We guarantee every pair.
The Leading Boot and Shoe Store
W. McLAREN & CO.,
Cor Wyndham St. and St. George's Sqr. GUELPH.

THE LEADER
99
Upper Wyndham St.
Choice New Novelties in
Scarfs, Ties and Neckwear,
Just Opened up.
The Finest Range of Choice
New Suitings & Fine Trowserings
In the Trade.
Close Prices for Cash.
My Specialty:—Perfect Fitting $4 Pants to Order.
R. E. NELSON,
Merchant Tailor and Gents' Furnisher,
99 Upper Wyndham St., Guelph.

Plush Parlor Suites
Solid Walnut Frames Complete
FROM $30, UP.
P. SPRAGGE,
Guelph

- - SEASON---1891 - -
WHILE returning thanks to our many patrons for their liberal support in the past we wish to inform you that we have entered into an arrangement with R. Stewart, Guelph, to keep constantly on hand a full stock of the ordinary sizes of
Sash, Doors, Etc.
and will also supply any special sizes on short notice at Guelph rates.
Frames of All Kinds
made to order. We also keep in stock a line of Hose, Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, &c.
Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait.
Price—$1 50 per M.
PUMPS
Being better able than heretofore we will supply either wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager
Acton.

Poetry.

THE WIFE WITH THE MOTHER'S CROWN.

The mother sat in her easy-chair,
Where the morning sun shone in
Through the cottage window, vine-clad,
With rose and jessamine.
And her pretty white hands were busy
Knitting a little shoe;
And she sang at her labor softly,
As happy mothers do.

Right merrily flew the needles,
And cheerily rose the song;
And it really seemed the melody
Was helping the work along.
For stitch by stitch, like magic,
Grew the tiny shoe apace;
'Twas almost as sweet when it was done
As the smile on the mother's face.

The sun streamed through the window,
And over the cradle shone,
Making a dainty tracery
Where the shade of the vines was thrown.
It brightened the baby's yellow hair,
And over the sleeping eyes
It lovingly stole, as if to leave
The blessing of cloudless skies.

The pretty young mother lightly rocked
The cradle to and fro;
She thought of girlhood's happy days,
And the joys she used to know.
And wondered how things so gay and light
Had ever filled her life;
And it seemed had only begun to live.
When she was made a wife.

Many a comfort she laid aside
On the day that she was wed;
And many a duty of heart and hand
She took up in their stead.
But it seems that a blessing from God above
With the baby's life came down;
And she knows the queen of all the earth
Is the wife with the mother's crown.

—*Allie Kinne.*

Select Family Reading.

A Cloud With a Silver Lining

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

It will make little difference whether you continue teaching a few weeks longer, or stop at once; but you will find yourself obliged to give it up."

A professional opinion given in a professional tone, to an office patient, who, having put down the usual fee, quietly left the room.

She walked slowly through the cold, dreary streets, where the first fall of winter snow was melting in a noonday sun, and having gained her boarding house, went to her own room—a back room on the fourth floor, simply but comfortably furnished. In a quiet mechanical fashion she took off her bonnet and shawl, hung them up carefully, freshened her fire, and at last sat down face to face with her position.

Her thoughts ran something in this strain:

"My work is done! My life has virtually ended. For thirty years I have been a teacher, and I am too old now to learn a new trade. I have wasted my whole life. I shall not starve, for I have a little put by for old age, and I can still sew, keep boarders, or win my bread. But I, who always wanted to do something in this world of value to others, have done what? Slaved over a desk for thirty years, grinding geography, history and arithmetic into more or less unwilling brains. Margaret Hensell, you have wasted your life."

"This room, did you say?"

The voice, close to her own door, made Miss Hansell start, even before it was followed by a tap, asking admission.

"Come in!" she answered; and the door opened. A tall figure, in close mourning, stood in the doorway—expensive mourning, Miss Hansell saw at a glance—and when the heavy veil was lifted she recognized as quickly the refinement and high breeding in the delicate, aristocratic face it disclosed.

"Will you come in?" she said, courtesously, placing the chair near the fire.

But, instead of taking it, her visitor crossed the room quickly, saying:

"Do you not know me? I am Mattie Jessup—Mattie Leigh when you used to scold me for inky fingers and torn copy books. My dear, dear teacher, please say you are glad to see me."

"I am very glad!" was the cordial reply, and, then, unnerved by her morning's experience, Miss Hansell found the tears rolling down her cheeks.

Mrs. Jessup had one of those rare natures that are sympathetic by instinct, read trouble under the most plausible smiles, and feel in every sensitive nerve the sorrows of others. In a moment she had drawn a low chair close to the one she gently made her old teacher resume, and said lovingly: "I am so glad to find you! They told me at the school when I went for you that you had not been well and were resting. But you are better, are you not?"

"No, my dear! For years I have been threatened with a permanent trouble in my throat. It has come at last. To-day Dr. G——told me I must give up teaching. Well!" she sighed, "it may be I shall find other work. My life has been of little use so far."

Something in the sweet, loving face led her on to speak, to think aloud, for she said:

"You should not feel so," was the quick reply. "You, who have done so much good."

"What good? Any other well-educated woman could do the same. And my knowledge is old-fashioned. Girls do not study now what I taught thirty years ago."

There was a moment's silence, and then Mrs. Jessup said:

"Do you remember Julia Porter?"

"Very well, indeed."

"I saw her about a year ago. She had a school in Ohio, a flourishing seminary. Of course, we chatted of our own school-days, and then she told me that you had paid for her tuition, had lifted her from poverty and almost despair to give her an education, clothe and feed her. 'I owe everything to Miss Hansell,' she said to me, 'and more than all, I owe to her my love of my Saviour, the principle that I humbly try to make my life's standard, and impart to my pupils.' I heard not long ago from Mary Desmond, the harum-scarum girl who was in the class above mine. She wrote to a friend of mine: 'I am so happy in my home my husband's love, my dear children, but I know that Miss Hansell saved me from the butterfly existence of a fashionable belle. Whenever I wanted to waste my life, the memory of her face, her voice, made me think.'"

"She was good-hearted, but repulsive," said Miss Hansell, "and she is married you say?"

"She married the man she loved, not the one her parents selected—an old man of immense wealth. There was a great deal of opposition, but she won her mother over, and she is, as she writes, 'happy,' with a limited income, a loving conscience. Little Daisy Cutler is married, too. She was one of your special pets. You see I know all about it. I know who took her, abused and ill, from the miserable home where her drunken father made her life unendurable. I know who persuaded Mrs. Gates to give her a home, who taught her music when she discovered her wonderful talent for it. She has told me how her life brightened and was made sweet by your love and care. Oh, my dear teacher, I could sit here all day and talk to you of the girls who have become noble, true women under the old-fashioned ideas of womanly worth you taught them, by example and words spoken in season. I have often wondered why you were not in your own house, the light and joy of some true heart that could appreciate you. Perhaps I ought not to have said that."

"There is no harm done, Mattie. I am that exceptional old maid who is said not to exist, the one who never had a lover. It is just so, dear! My life has been one of unbroken routine. I was left an orphan at twelve years old, was a pupil teacher until I was twenty-two, studing music and drawing, and teaching after I graduated. Then I became a full teacher, on and on, year after year, with no break save the summer rest. I never knew the sweetness of a love that was for me alone. I never had a lover or even an admirer. So my work was my life; and so to-day, when I was told my work was at an end, I felt that mine had been but a cold, useless life at best. But you have cheered me, dear. Perhaps, after all, I have given my 'mite' in God's service."

"It is not perhaps, it is surely so. But now I want to tell you my errand—why I have sought you out. Why I have come a hundred miles on purpose to seek you."

"My dear, is that so? A hundred miles to see your old teacher?"

"And to ask a favor of her. You know, dear Miss Hansell, I am an orphan too, my uncle's ward. I am rich, but very lonely."

"But I thought—"

"I married ten years ago, and my husband died last spring. It may be I can tell you some time the story of those ten years, but not to-day. I loved my husband, and he married me for my money, and very soon let me know that he had done so. You may guess what my life has been, but he is dead. I tried to do my duty, after my love was crushed and stifled. But to come to my favor. I have three little girls, and we live in S——, in a handsome country seat. My income is large, and my life as I said, lonely. I love my children, but I want the companionship of one I can respect and consult as well as love. And I hoped I might be able to coax you to come home with me, and to instruct my girls as you did their mother. You may think it is a narrow life after having a large school, but we need you so much. My children already love you. Will you come?"

"But, my dear, your children should have teachers in the newer branches of study."

"That will all come in time. I want a friend, one to whom I may come for loving counsel. My children are very young. Will you help me train their hearts as well as their minds, to win them to love what is good and pure and to do right?"

"I will, God helping me."

"Then to-morrow I will come for you. It is well, is it not, you can leave the seminary?"

"Yes; I was planning my letter of resignation this morning, for my throat was very painful. It will not prevent such duties as you require, but I knew I could teach no more in a large school."

"Good-bye, then, till to-morrow."

Alone again, Margaret Hansell knelt in fervent prayer, and the heavy cloud that had obscured the morning was lifted to show her its silver lining.

WINTER BED-CLOTHING.

Wherever else economy is commendable, it loses its virtue when applied to the making of winter bed-clothing. Quilts and comforters should be sufficiently long and wide, that they can be tucked under the mattress and be held firmly in place. The clothing on children's beds, particularly, should be of generous size and so securely tucked in, that air-holes cannot be made by the children in their restlessness.

No housewife should be content to buy her comfortables ready made if she can possibly make them herself or hire them made. The ready made ones are so short as to extend only to the foot of the bed, and are correspondingly narrow. Once, as economy of time, I bought some, and although I paid $2.50 each, they were so small as to ever be an annoyance. And I found in them the most inferior cotton batting I ever saw; it was so full of dirt and trash it must have been the very refuse of the cotton. I have recently had some comfortables made which are very satisfactory. Fifteen yards of cloth and six pounds of cotton were used in each. They were three breadths wide and two and a half yards long. At a "bargain" sale I bought for six cents a yard, a soft, twilled cotton goods that usually retails for ten cents. The batting was fifteen cents a pound, and I paid one dollar each for the making. So the cost of my good-sized comfortables, made of good materials, was but little more than the price of the inferior kind that I bought.

AN ORIGINAL APPLICANT.

Last week, Mr. W. V. H. Stanford advertised for a dry goods clerk. Among the applications was the following, peculiar enough to be note-worthy:—

PORT ROBINSON, Oct. 18, 1892.

Your favor in last evening's *Mail* wanting dry goods salesman noted. Replying would say:—

Am simple.
" Presbyterian.
" Aged 29 years.
" Temperate habits.
" Scotch Canadian.
" Considered a hustler.
" Not afraid of work.
" Never caught napping.
" A good sign writer as well.
" Experienced at office work.
" Quick and accurate at figures.

Have had over 10 years' experience in dry goods.
" Been with such houses as A. Murray & Co., Hamilton.
" The highest of references.
" Limited experience at window dressing.
" No bad habits.
" No objections to ten dollars per week to start upon. Would be pleased to hear from you.

Yours truly, ——

—*Renfrew Mercury.*

HOW MR. BEECHER READ UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

I was talking with Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher a few evenings ago, and the conversation happened to turn on "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I asked her if Mr. Beecher had ever expressed an opinion of his sister's famous book, and she told me this interesting story of how the famous preacher read the story:—

"When the story was published in the National Era in chapters, all our family, except Mr. Beecher, looked impatiently for its appearance each week. But, try as we might, we could not persuade Mr. Beecher to read it, or let us tell him anything about it.

"'It's folly for you to be kept in constant excitement week after week,' he would say. 'I shall wait till the work is completed, and take it all at one dose.'

"When the work was finished, the book came to Mr. Beecher on the morning of a day when he had a meeting on hand for the afternoon and a speech to make in the evening. The book was quietly laid on one side, for he always scrupulously avoided everything that could interfere with or retard work he was expected to do. But the next day was a free day. Mr. Beecher arose even earlier than usual, and as soon as dressed began to read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' When breakfast was ready he took the book with him to the table, and reading and eating went on together; but speaking never a word. After morning prayers, he threw himself on the sofa, forgot everything but his book, and read uninterruptedly till dinner time. Though evidently beginning to be intensely interested, for a long time he controlled any marked indication of it; but before noon I knew the storm was gathering that would conquer self-control, as it had done with us all. He frequently gave way to his pocket handkerchief, to use one of his old humorous remarks, in a most vigorous manner. I could not refrain, in return for his teasing me for reading the work weekly, from saying demurely, as I passed him once, 'You seem to have a severe cold. How could you have taken it?' But what did I gain? Not even a half answered shake of the head, or a semblage of a smile. I might as well have spoken to the Sphinx.

"When reminded that the dinner-bell had rung, he rose and went to the table, still with his book in his hand. He asked the blessing with a tremor in his voice, which showed the intense excitement under which he was laboring. We were alone at the table, and nothing to distract his thoughts. He drank his coffee, ate but little, and returned to his reading, with no thought of indulging in his usual afternoon nap. Evidences of almost uncontrollable excitement in the form of half suppressed sobs were frequent.

"Mr. Beecher was never a rapid reader. I was getting uneasy over the marks of great feeling and excitement, and longed to have him finish the book. I could see that he entered into the whole story, every scene, as if it was being acted right before him, and he himself was the sufferer. He had always been a pronounced abolitionist, and the story he was reading roused all he had felt on that subject intensely.

"The night came on. It was growing late, and I felt impelled to urge him to retire. Without raising his eyes from the book, he replied:—

"Soon; soon; you go; I'll come soon."

"Closing the house, I went to our room; but not to sleep. The clock struck twelve, one, two, three; and then, to my great relief, I heard Mr. Beecher coming up stairs. As he entered he threw 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' on the table, exclaiming, 'There: I've done it! But if Hettie Stowe ever writes anything more like that, I'll—well! She has nearly killed me, anyhow!'

"And he never picked up the book from that day."—*Weekly Journalist.*

HOW TO FILE A SAW.

Every person should have a cross-cut saw and a rip saw, and should know how to file both. He will need a three cornered file and a couple of straight edged boards, two or three inches wide and about the length of the saw, between which to clamp the saw in position firmly while being sharpened. The principle of sawing is the same as cutting. In ripping, the teeth act like a series of chisels, and should conform to a chisel shape as nearly as is consistent with the proper strength at the base of the tooth. The teeth of rip saws are filed straight across the blade from every way, thus giving an entirely level and straight front to the tooth.

The filing of cross-cut saws is more difficult than rip saws, at least to the amateur, as they are filed at an angle both horizontally and perpendicularly, and the set, or pitch, of the tooth must be governed by the hardness of the wood to be sawed. The softer the wood the steeper the forward pitch of the tooth may be. In this form, the sides and base of the tooth are equally long. This gives the base of the tooth the strength to resist the pressure of the hardest wood. The hardness of the wood has also to do with the size of the teeth, as the harder the wood, the smaller the teeth must be in the same style of saw. The set of the tooth may be given fairly well, by a careful hand, by tapping each tooth with a hammer and punch as it lies flat on the end of a hardwood block, but it is best administered by one of the many good saw sets in use. The width of the set is governed by the softness and sponginess of the wood. Elastic wood, such as willow, requires a very wide set. Give in no instance more set than is required to make the saw run easily, as all beyond this demands extra and useless effort besides wasting the timber.—*Farm and Home.*

Professor Truman Henry Safford, of Williams' college, is one of the most remarkable lightning calculators now living. A gentleman who had heard of his power and wished to test it said to him one day: "I have a little problem for you, Professor Safford. I was born August 15, 1852, and at 3 in the afternoon. This is June 20, 1883 and it is just 3 o'clock. Now can you tell me my age in seconds?" The great man frowned, bent his head and begin to walk rapidly up and down, twisting his moustache and clasping his hands in his nervous way. After a moment or so he returned the answer, which was somewhere in the billions. The gentleman produced a paper containing the problem worked out, and said with a superior smile: "Well, professor, I'll give you credit for great genius, but you're several thousand out." The professor stretched his hand for the paper, and, running over the calculation, said contemptuously: "Humph! You've left out the leap years."

A CANADIAN ALLIGATOR.

A recent number of the *Canadian Manufacturer* gives an illustration of a steam warping tug invented by Messrs. West & Peachey, Simcoe, Ont., and patented in Canada and the United States. It is described as being a steam boat and steam winch combined. The engine can be thrown in gear to drive the paddle-wheels, or to drive the cable drum, which has a capacity to hold a mile of wire cable. The hull is scow shaped, built very strong. On the bottom of the boat are two runners shod with iron, and part of the bottom, and the bow is protected by iron boiler plate. The boiler is pivoted in its longitudinal centre, and has a screw at the forward end by which it may be kept level when the boat is going up or down hill in crossing a portage. In warping, the bow of the boat may be run up to the boom of logs and the end of the cable made fast to it. The cable is payed out, when anchorage is made to a tree on the bank or otherwise, when the cable is wound in, the raft moving but the boat remaining still. Or an end of the cable may be anchored and the boat backed up to the boom, paying out the cable and having connected with the boom, both boat and boom may be hauled by means of the drum up the anchorage. The boat has power under favorable circumstances to move a boom containing 60,000 logs.

In crossing portages from one body of water to another, it is not necessary to make a level road for the boat to move over. All that is required is to place logs and green skids across under the runners to keep the shoeing from contact with the ground. Attached to the bow of the boat, near the bottom is a heavy chain to which is attached a pully block, and another similar block is attached to a convenient tree. The cable is then rove through these, one end being attached to the bow chain and the other on the drum. By the winding of the drum the boat is drawn along over the land at the rate of a mile or more a day. This Canadian alligator can be made to climb hills and go through swamps and woods, and up small streams. After warping down a boom of logs it will return with the empty boom, doing the work cheaply with great saving in time and labor. It may also be made to take supplies to lumber camps, to tow scows, and to transport horses, wagons and provender.

A number of these machines are now in practical use, both in Canada and also in Michigan, as testified to in letters to Messrs. West & Peachey.

WHEAT.

In 1869 the Suez canal was opened. That made the shipping of wheat easy from India to Great Britain. About the same time railroads began to be built with extraordinary rapidity in both India and the northwestern part of the United States. Both regions thus being opened up began to produce wheat in large quantities. It was not till 1880, however, that the export from India began seriously to threaten the United States trade with England in wheat.

The enormous production still goes on. Great Britain preferably takes her supply of wheat from her own colonies. There are besides thousands of English, Irish and Scotch farmers in the Argentine Republic who send their crops to the mother country. Before the Russian famine our export of wheat to England had fallen off over 50 per cent. This much is certain—the United States cannot any longer depend on Great Britain to take from her the former quantities of wheat. Our own population will in time grow up to the point of consuming all our wheat at home, but it will not be next week, nor in five years.

Meanwhile a despatch says: "There is not an elevator in all the west that is not crammed to bursting with wheat." The storehouses at all the lake ports are in the same condition. In one day not long since there were at Chicago 10,000 cars loaded with grain. Never before in the history of this country has been has there been so vast a store of wheat within its borders. It is really worth considering will it not be well for farmers to let up on the raising of wheat for a year or two and try something else? The southern farmers raised too much cotton last year.

WHOLESOMENESS OF CANNED GOODS.

Although there is but little danger of cholera at this time resulting from the eating of any kind of food, the American Druggist calls attention to the wholesomeness of canned goods as appropriate food if cholera should obtain a foothold in this country. The Druggist says:

"Boiling kills all cholera germs, and hence it is well during a cholera epidemic to use boiled water and boiled milk. Canned goods are also a safe diet at such time, if used at once on opening, owing to the boiling that they receive in processing the cans when being packed, which effectually sterilizes the contents."

There is also the additional fact that canned goods are hermetically sealed while fresh at the sources of supply, and it is impossible for their condition to change afterward until they are opened for use.

Vegetables canned fresh from the garden; fruits, from the tree; fish, from the water, or meats, from the refrigerators in connection with the abattoirs at the West must manifestly be wholesome if eaten within a reasonable time after opening the cans.

Advantage of Going Bareheaded.

A correspondent complains that he cannot take his walks abroad with his head uncovered without being exposed to jibes and flouts and sneers and being treated as a lunatic. "And yet," he asks, "who but the hatter would suffer by the almost complete disuse of the hat? The advantages would be many; we should entirely avoid baldness (which our hats induce): our heads would be as cool as our faces (which we never think of covering, though they are less protected with hair than our heads); we should save our money and a great deal of trouble. In this climate we need not be afraid of sunstrokes, and we should avoid colds in the head. It is a mistake to suppose that either chimney-pot hats or bowlers shade the eyes. They do not do so any more than women's bonnets. Butcher boys and Christ's Hospital boys find that it answers to be hatless. I hear that Mr. Arthur Balfour goes without a hat whenever he can. He is a wise and knowing man."

I was deaf for a year, caused by catarrh in the head, but was perfectly cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. H. Hicks, Rochester, N. Y.

THE OLIVE TREE.

Said an ancient hermit, bending
Half in prayer upon his knee,
"Oh! I need for midnight watching,
I desire an olive tree."

Then he took a tender sapling
Planted it before his cave,
Spread the trembling leaves above it,
As his benison he gave.

But he thought, the rain it needeth,
That the root may drink and swell;
"God, I pray thee, send thy showers!"
So a gentle shower fell.

"Lord, I ask for benefit of summer,
Cherishing this lovely child,"
Then the dripping clouds divided,
And the sun looked down and smiled.

"Send it frost to brace its tissues
O my God," the hermit cried;
Then this plant was bright and hoary,
But at even sere it died.

Went the hermit to a brother
Sitting in his rocky cell;
"Thou an olive tree possessest,
How is this my brother, tell?"

"I have planted one and prayed,
Now for sunshine, now for rain,
God has granted each petition,
Yet my olive tree hath slain!"

Said the other, "I intrusted
To its God my little tree;
He who made know what it needed
Better than a man like me."

"Laid I on him no condition?
Fixed not ways and means; so I
Wonder not my olive thriveth,
Whilst thy olive tree did die."

—*Sabine Baring Gould.*

FARM ACCOUNTS AND RECORDS.

There is no good reason why farmers should not be as particular in keeping accounts of their business as people in other trades. Ask a farmer how much it cost him last year to produce a can of milk or a ton of hay, and the chances are that he will give you no direct answer; he may guess that it cost him about as much as he got for it, basing his judgment upon the fact that he is about as much above board, or in debt, as he was a year ago; but beyond this he can, as a rule, give no definite answer. There is no excuse for this sort of reckless management. So long as the farmer does not know whether he is making money or not, so long as he cannot tell which cow he ought to sell and which he should keep; so long as he hesitates about what crops his land can produce to best advantage; just so long he will be likely to drift along from year to year in the same old ways, without adapting himself to changing conditions of the times, and without improving his own financial condition.

The farmer need not keep an elaborate system of double entry books. But he should keep a cash account and a pocket memorandum book, and from these he can easily find out which of his crops pay him best, which of his cows are worth keeping, and whether he ought to make any change in his methods of working.

The pocket memorandum should contain a brief record of the work done each day, which will be found a great convenience for reference. The success of many crops depends very much upon the date at which the seed is sown, the plants transplanted and other operations performed. A record of the exact date of each and manner of doing the work will prevent any doubt or forgetfulness interfering with our judgment of what we ought to do next time to insure success or to avoid failure.

Another sort of record which will prove useful is a daily record of the thermometer and barometer with memoranda of direction of wind and amount of rainfall.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

WHY HE WANTED THE MONEY.

"Why no," said Mr. Peck, the grocer, in a surprised tone, in reply to Benny Bloobumper's request. "I haven't any work I can give you just now. How is it you are asking for something to do? A well-dressed boy like you does not often ask for an odd job."

"Oh, sir," replied Benny, "if you but knew how anxious I am to earn a quarter you would surely give me a few errands to perform."

"You can't be hungry, can you?"

"Oh, no, sir. I have had my usual number of meals so far to-day."

"Do you want to give it to a poor widow or to a blind man?"

"No, sir. I do not now recall any such poor unfortunates.

"Do you want to put it in the missionary box."

"No, sir. My parents provide me with money for that purpose."

"You want to go to the minstrel show, perhaps?"

"You have not yet guessed my need of the money, sir."

"Then what in the world do you want it for?"

"Oh, sir," replied the distressed boy, "my mother said she would cut my hair after supper to-night, and I am extremely anxious to let the barber perform the work before that time."

"My poor boy," replied the grocer, deeply moved, "come right in. I'll give you a quarter's worth of errands to run."

Which he did.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE FILE ON THE FARM.

The file is a more important farm tool than many farmers, who during all their lives have never filed the cutting edge of a hoe blade, are aware of. If such men have a practical demonstration of the difference between a dull and a sharp hoe, they are certain to purchase a small flat file for the workmen to carry in their pocket when engaged in work requiring the use of a sharp hoe. File the hoe upon both sides of the blade, and it will retain an edge longer and cut smoother than when the filing is all upon one side, although it should be filed most on the inside. Both a flat, a three-cornered and a round file should be kept on hand. Their use will often save a trip to the shop in a busy time, and they pay for themselves many times each year in sharper edged tools.

NEVER DECEIVE YOURSELF.

Be honest with yourself, in whatever position in life you fill. If you're a buyer don't imagine you're the only man who buys goods cheap. Misrepresentation in selling sometimes accomplishes a sale that could not be made otherwise; but in the end loses ten times as many sales. Just treatment to employes returns the largest percentage and insures in almost every instance faithful service. Promptness, industry, integrity and politeness often enables employes to become employers. Whatever your situation don't imagine that you're always right. And never imagine that you are indispensable.—*Commercial Enquirer.*