THE ACTON
FREE PRESS
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AT THE
Free Press Building,
Next to the Methodist Church, Mill Street,
ACTON.

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H. P. MOORE,
Publisher.

Business Directory.

N. McGARVIN, M. D., M. C. P. S., graduate at Victoria College. Residence, corner of Mill and Frederick streets. Consultation daily from 8 to 10 a. m., and from 3 to 6 p. m.

W. H. LOWRY, M.B., M.C.P.S. GRADUATE of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and Residence—Frederick St., Acton, in the house lately occupied by R. Little, Esq.

ALISTER M. CLARK, BARRISTER,
QUEBEC ST., GUELPH.
BRANCH OFFICE:—In Mr. Matthew's Buildings, Mill St., Acton.
OFFICE OPEN EVERY FRIDAY.

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For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS Office, Acton, or at my residence in Rockwood, will be promptly attended to.
Terms reasonable.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS EXPEDITIOUSLY and properly secured in Canada, the United States, and Europe. Patent guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.
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JAS. CAMPBELL.

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I am prepared to pay the highest cash price for all classes of Lamb and Sheep Skins, delivered at my tannery. Lace Leather constantly on hand.
JAMES MOORE.
41-ly.

AUCTION SALE advertisements inserted in the ACTON FREE PRESS, at low rates, the best local paper of Halton Co.

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CARDS, Billheads and Circulars of every description executed neatly at the ACTON FREE PRESS office, the best local paper of Halton Co.

COMMUNICATIONS on local questions of interest will gladly be received by the ACTON FREE PRESS, the best local paper of Halton Co.

ENVELOPES printed in the neatest style, and at the lowest prices, at the ACTON FREE PRESS, the best local paper of Halton Co.

IF you have farms or farm stock for sale, advertise them in the ACTON FREE PRESS the best local paper of Halton Co.

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A COMPLETE SELF-INSTRUCTOR IN PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
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Young people wishing to acquire a rapid, easy, and beautiful handwriting, without a teacher, will find the GUIDE a perfect instructor. Hundreds are becoming beautiful writers throughout the Dominion, in the United States, by using it.

It consists of a series of COPY SLIPS of convenient size for practising, which contain copies beginning with the first principles and gradually progressing to the most elegant, plain, and ornamental writing; an ORNAMENTAL SHEET, containing German Text, Old English, and Ornamental Lettering, Off-hand Flourishing of Birds, &c.; A BOOK OF FIFTY PAGES with full analysis and instruction, and a beautifully engraved case to contain the whole.

Price $1.00, Postpaid.
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Sept. 1, 1878. 10-ly

Acton Free Press.

VOLUME V. No. 10.—WHOLE No. 219. ACTON, ONT., SEPT. 4, 1879. $1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

BAKERY
AND
CONFECTIONERY.

MESSRS. B. & E. NICKLIN would intimate that they have opened up their
NEW BAKE SHOP
ON THE
Corner of MILL and MAIN Sts.
ACTON,
And that they will always be supplied with A 1. Bread, besides Buns, Cakes, Pastry, &c., &c., &c.

A LARGE STOCK OF CHOICE
Confectionery
will be found on hand, which is all new and fresh—
OATMEAL,
CORNMEAL,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,
CRACKED WHEAT, &c.
always in stock.
This will be found to be the place where the best goods will be kept at the lowest prices.
TEA, TEAS: CASH.
B. & E. NICKLIN.

ACTON
SHINGLE MILLS
EDWARD MOORE,
Wishes to announce to those who intend building or repairing, that he is about to commence the manufacture of all classes of
PINE AND CEDAR
Shingles,
Which will be sold
CHEAP FOR CASH

Elm and Oak Staves,
and Basswood Heading
of the best quality, also manufactured and delivered F. O. B. the G. T. R. cars here at the lowest possible prices.
FIRST-CLASS LATH ALWAYS ON HAND.
Custom Logs cut to order on the shortest notice and at reasonable rates.
Satisfaction guaranteed. Orders Solicited.
EDWARD MOORE.
Acton, April 2nd, 1879.

HARNESS,
HARNESS.
Any person in want of a good sett of Harness either
SINGLE OR DOUBLE;
Should call at
Creech's Saddlery,
ACTON,
Where they can get better value for their money than any place in the County.
A good assortment of
TRUNKS AND VALISES
On hand, all of which will be sold cheap for cash.
Repairing promptly attended to.
R. CREECH.
Acton, Feb. 26, 1879.

ONTARIO
BUSINESS COLLEGE
S. G. BEATTY & CO.,
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.
THE design of the above institution, and the work it is most successfully accomplishing, as shown in the great success of its graduates throughout the country, is to prepare boys, and young and middle aged men for Commercial Pursuits by giving them a THOROUGH and PRACTICAL Education in Book-Keeping in all its forms. Penmanship, Arithmetic, Correspondence, Grammar and Spelling; Banking methods; how to deal with notes, drafts, bills of exchange, checks, and all kinds of business paper.
GRADUATES OF THE COLLEGE
who have four months course and taken their diplomas, are each week stepping into good positions, in which, owing to the completeness of their knowledge they speedily attain promotion.
Among our students are those who have been through the grammar schools and universities, as well as those whose education in early life has been neglected. The former come to receive a practical education, such as is needed in every day life, the latter to remedy past neglect, and all to secure that knowledge which will help them to success in the world.
The College Journal, containing full particulars, and specimens of penmanship are sent on application.
Address,
S. G. BEATTY & CO.,
Belleville, Ont.
Sept. 1st, 1878.

A LECTURE TO
YOUNG MEN.
WE have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the RADICAL AND PERMANENT CURE (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.
Price, in a sealed envelope, only six cents, or two postage stamps.
The Celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.
This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.
Address,
The Culverwell Medical Co.,
47 Ann St., New York
Post Office Box 4586.

The Goldfinger and the Thumb.

The Goldfinger wore its diamond ring,
With pearls encircled round,
As proud and gay as eastern king
With regal splendour crowned.

I am Fortune's child and here alone,"
It said to the other four;
"It is due myself and the wealth I own,
To move with you no more."

Then quickly spoke the angry Thumb,
The chairman of the four,
"If thou with us no more wilt come,
We'll help thee then no more."

So in its princely grandeur lone
Goldfinger proud remained,
All for itself it lived and shone,
And kept its pride unstained.

But when June brought her roses fair,
It longed so much for one,
"Help yourself to the rose most rare,"
Said Thumb; "I'll help you none."

Then Goldfinger tried so long in vain
To pluck one blooming rose,
But all its pearls not one could gain,
Before the daylight's close.

It tried in vain a cherry red
To gather from a tree.
"Can's one of all my pearls," it said,
"Some fruit or flowers give me!"

And then a glove it tried to knit,
But all its needles fell;
It could not use its taste or wit;
Its grief no words could tell.

"Forgive me, brothers," then it said,
With a heart-breaking moan;
"With a thousand pearls upon my head
I could not live alone."

"I know I'm homely," said the Thumb,
"And homely I was born;
Yet all the world to me must come,
When they feel most forlorn.

"I am a homely little dwarf,
Awkward, uncouth, and queer,
An artist at my form would laugh,
Yet am I held most dear.

"And all day long, and all the night,
I hold the sword and pen;
I wing the thought's ethereal flight,
To reach the hearts of men.

"I'm first to help and last to leave—
Man's truest, firmest friend,
I am content when he shall grieve,
That grief to soothe or end."

Oh, never grieve the weakest heart,
That beateth by your side;
Some rose of joy it grows for you,
Greater than all your pride.

AN INVISIBLE WOUND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE HUNGARIAN OF MARCUS JOKAI.

One of the most celebrated practitioners of Pesth, Dr. K., was called upon one morning to receive at an early hour a visitor in great haste, who, while waiting in the antechamber, sent in word by the footman that delay for him was danger. He must be received immediately.

The doctor threw on his dressing-gown hastily and had his patient shown in.

He found himself in the presence of a man utterly unknown to him, but who, to judge by his dress and manners, evidently belonged to the best society. His pale face bore traces of great physical and mental suffering. He carried his right hand in a sling, and in spite of his efforts to restrain himself from time to time a stifled sigh escaped him. Seeing the poor man staggering, the doctor invited him to sit down.

"I am tired. I have not slept for a week. There is something the matter with my right hand—I do not know what. Is it a carbuncle? Is it cancer? At first the suffering was slight, but now it is a burning, horrible, continual pain, increasing in intensity day by day. I can bear it no longer. I jumped into my carriage and here I am. I have come to beg you to cauterize it, or to cut out the painful part, for one more hour of this dreadful torture would drive me into perdition!"

The doctor asked to see the hand, which the patient put into his, gnashing his teeth meanwhile from the intensity of pain, while the physician proceeded to undo the bandages with every possible precaution.

"Above all, doctor, I beg of you not to attach any importance to what you will see. My complaint is so strange that you will be surprised, but I beseech you to take no notice of that."

"Where is the painful spot. It is surprising. I see nothing."

"Nor I either; and yet the pain there is so dreadful that I feel tempted to knock my head against the wall."

The doctor took a magnifying-glass, examined the hand, and shook his head.

"The skin is full of life. The blood circulates very regularly. Underneath there is neither inflammation nor cancer. It is as healthy as any other part of your body."

"And yet it seems to me that it is rather more red there than elsewhere."

"Where?"

The stranger took a pencil from his pocket-book and traced on his hand a circle as large as a ten-cent piece, with the remark, "Just there."

The doctor looked. He began to think that his patient was crazy. "Remain here," he said. "In a few days I will cure you." The doctor saw to his astonishment that his strange visitor spoke seriously. He took off his coat, turned up his shirt-sleeves and took a bistoury in his left hand. A second more and the steel would have made a deep incision in the flesh.

"Stop!" cried the doctor, who was afraid that his patient through unskilfulness might open some important vein. "Since you judge the operation so indispensable, so be it."

He took the bistoury, and holding in his left hand the right hand of the patient he begged him to turn away his head, some people not being able to bear the sight of their own blood.

"It is unnecessary! On the contrary, it is I who will indicate how deep down you must cut."

In fact he watched the operation to the end with the greatest possible composure, indicating how far it was to go. The open hand did not even tremble in the doctor's hand, and when the little round piece of flesh was cut out he heaved a deep sigh, like one who experiences a feeling of immense relief.

"The burning pain has ceased."

"It has quite gone," said the stranger with a smile. "The pain has entirely ceased, as if it had been taken away with the part cut out. The slight pain occasioned by the bleeding is, as compared with the other, like a refreshing breeze after an infernal heat. It really does me good to see my blood flow. Only let it flow, it does me so much good."

The stranger looked with delight at the streaming blood. The doctor was obliged to insist upon dressing the wound.

While he was binding it up the patient's face changed completely. The expression of pain passed away; he smiled on the doctor with a look full of good-humour, and there was no longer any contraction of the features, any look of despair. He seemed to have taken a new lease of life. His brow cleared, the colour returned to his face; his whole person underwent a visible transformation.

When his hand was replaced in the sling he made use of the one that remained free to shake the doctor's hand warmly, saying to him with cordiality: "Accept my most sincere thanks. You have positively cured me. The small remuneration that I offer you is in nowise proportioned to the service you have rendered me. During the rest of my life I will try by what means I can discharge my obligation."

The doctor, however, would not consent to accept the thousand florins placed on the table. The stranger on his side refused to take them back; but seeing that the doctor was beginning to grow angry, he begged that he would bestow them on some hospital and so took his leave.

The doctor informed several of his colleagues of this singular case, and each formed a different opinion on the subject, without, however, any of them being able to give a plausible explanation. Towards the end of a month Dr. K. received a letter dated from his patient's residence. He opened it. It was closely written, and he saw by the signature that his patient had written it with his own hand, from which he concluded that the pain had not returned, for if it had he could hardly have held a pen.

The letter ran as follows:

"MY DEAR DOCTOR:—I do not wish that either you or medical science should be left in doubt as to the mystery of the strange disease which will soon bring me to my grave—and even elsewhere

"I am about to describe to you the origin of this terrible malady. It broke out again a week ago, and I can struggle against it no longer. At the present moment I can only manage to trace these lines by placing on the sensitive part a piece of lighted tinder, to serve as a cataplasm. As long as the tinder burns I do not feel the other pain—and it is nothing in comparison.

"Six months ago I was a very happy man. I lived, without care, on my income. I was on friendly terms with all the world, and I took pleasure in everything that can interest a man of thirty-five. I had married a year ago, married for love, a most beautiful young girl, of cultivated mind, and with the best heart in the world, who had been companion to a certain countess, my neighbour. My wife had no fortune, and the love she had for me was not only gratitude, but also the genuine affection of a child. In a word, I had for my wife an innocent child, who had no thought but for me, and who would confess her dreams to me as enormous crimes if she had not dreamt of me.

"One day I know not what demon whispered in my ear, 'Supposing all this were only dissimulation!' Men are mad enough to seek how they can torment themselves in the midst of the gayest happiness.

"My wife had a work-table, the drawer of which she kept carefully locked. I had noticed this several times. She never forgot the key, and never left the drawer open.

"The question ran in my head, 'What can she be hiding from me there?' I had taken leave of my senses. I no longer believed either in the innocence of her face or in the purity of her eyes, in her caresses or in her kisses. Suppose all that were nothing but hypocrisy!

"One morning the countess came again to fetch her, and after much entreaty succeeded in deciding her to spend the day with her. Our estates were some miles apart, and I promised my wife to go and join her.

"As soon as the carriage had left the court-yard I gathered together all the keys in the house and tried them in the lock of the little drawer. One of them opened it. I felt like a man committing his first crime. I was a thief about to surprise the secrets of a feeble woman. My hands trembled as I drew from out the drawer, prudently, carefully, one by one, the objects contained therein, so that no confusion should betray that a strange hand had ransacked them. My breast heaved; I was well-nigh suffocated. Behold, suddenly beneath a mass of lace, I had placed my hand on a packet of letters! I felt as if a flash of lightening had passed from my head to my heart. Alas! one glance told me what these letters were. They were love-letters!

"The packet was tied by a pink ribbon with a silver edge.

"As I touched the ribbon the thought occurred to me: Is this right? Is this work worthy of an honest man? To steal the secrets of a woman! Secrets which belong to the time when she was a young girl! Can I ask her to render an account of the thoughts she had before she belonged to me! Can I be jealous of a time when she did not know me? Who could suspect her of a fault? Who? I was base enough to do so, and the devil again whispered in my ear: 'Supposing that these letters were of a time when I had already a right to all her thoughts, a right to be jealous even of her dreams, when she was already mine!' I untied the ribbon. No one saw me. There was not even a mirror in the room to make me blush for myself. I opened one letter, then another, and read them to the end.

"Oh! what a fearful hour that was for me! What did those letters contain? The vilest betrayal of which a man was ever yet the victim, and they were written by one of my most intimate friends! And in what a strain! what passion! what certainty of his love being shared! How he spoke of secrecy! What counsels he lavished on the art of deceiving a husband! And all these letters were of a time when I was married and perfectly happy! Shall I tell you what I felt? Imagine the intoxication caused by a deadly poison. I drank deeply of that poison. I read all the letters; all. Then I refolded them, retied the ribbon, replaced the packet, and shut the drawer

"I knew that if I did not go for her at 12 o'clock she would come back from the countess's in the evening. And so it happened. She got down hastily from the carriage and ran towards me as I stood waiting for her on the steps. She kissed me with extreme tenderness and seemed to be glad to be with me again. I let nothing be seen on my face. We talked, we supped together and then retired to our separate bedrooms. I did not close my eyes. Wide awake, I counted every hour. When the clock struck a quarter past midnight I got up and passed into her bed-room. There was the beautiful blonde head buried in the white pillows. It is thus that angels are depicted in the midst of white clouds. What a frightful lie was this on the part of nature; vice with a face of such innocence! My resolution was shaken. I had the stubbornness of the madman haunted by a fixed idea. The poison had corroded my whole soul.

"I placed my right hand gently under her throat and hastily strangled her. She opened for one moment her large, dark-blue eyes, looked at me with astonishment, then closed them and died. She died without struggling against me, as if falling asleep. She was never angry with me, not even when I killed her. One drop of blood fell from her mouth on the back of my hand. you know where. I did not perceive it until the next day, when it had dried. We buried her without anybody suspecting the truth. I lived there in complete solitude. Who was there to control my actions? She had neither relatives nor protectors to question me on the subject, and I designedly put off writing to my friends, so that none of them could arrive in time.

"On coming back from the vault I did not feel the slightest weight on my conscience. I had been cruel, but she deserved it. I did not hate her; I could forget her; I hardly thought about it. Never did a man commit a murder with less remorse than I.

"On my return I found in the chateau the countess so often mentioned. My measures had been so well taken that she also arrived too late for the funeral. She seemed much agitated on seeing me. Terror, sympathy, grief—I know not what—made her speak so confusedly that I could not understand what she said to console me.

"Did I even listen to her? What need had I of consolation? I was not sorrow-stricken. Finally she took me familiarly by the hand and said in a low voice that she was obliged to confide to me a secret and that she counted on my honour as a nobleman not to abuse it. She had given to my wife to keep for her a package of letters that she could not keep herself, and she begged of me to give them back to her. While she was speaking I felt several times that I shivered from head to foot. With apparent coldness I questioned her on the contents of these letters. At this question the lady started and replied with indignation:

"'Sir, your wife was more generous than you. When she took charge of these letters she did not ask me their contents. She even gave me her word never to look at them, and I am convinced that she never even glanced at them. Hers was a noble soul, and she would have disdained to break in secret her given word.'

"It is well,' I replied, 'How can I recognize the package?'

"'It was tied with a pink ribbon with a silver edge.'

"'I will go and search for it.'

"I took my wife's keys and began to search for the packet; although I knew where it was, I pretended to have some difficulty in finding it.

"Is it this? I said, handing it to the countess.

"Yes, yes! See, the knot I made is still there. She never touched it.'

"I did not dare to lift my eyes to her. I feared lest she should read in them that I had undone it, and that I had undone something else beside. I took leave of her hastily; she got into her carriage and drove off. Poor woman! she had her excuse. Her husband was brutal and dissipated. If I had been like him I should have deserved a wife like her. Oh, but my wife! Her heart was innocent, her soul angelic. She loved her husband even in the moment when her husband killed her. I do not know what I did during the first hours that followed. When I came back to the consciousness of the horrible reality, I was in the vault, beside the coffin. I saw the lid slowly raised and the dead woman within rose noiselessly before me. I was stretched, stiff and stark, beside the coffin, one hand on its edge and the other beneath her head. The lips of the corpse were white; one drop of blood hung from them. She bent slowly towards me, opened her eyes as when I murdered her, and kissed my right hand. The drop of blood fell again on my flesh; her eyes shut once more, she fell back on her cold pillow and the coffin closed over her dead body.

"A short time after I was awakened by a pain as sharp as that produced by a scorpion's sting. I rushed into the open air. it was early morning. No one saw me. The drop of blood had disappeared; there was no outward sign of the pain, and yet the spot where the blood had fallen burned as though being eaten away by a corroding poison. The pain gave me no respite and increased from hour to hour. I could sleep sometimes, but even then I never lost consciousness of my suffering. There was no one to whom I could make complaint and for that matter there is no one who would have believed my story. You have been witness to the intensity of my suffering, and you know how much your operation relieved me. But as soon as the wound heals the pain comes back. It has come now for the third time, and I have no longer the strength to struggle against it. In an hour I shall be dead. One thought consoles me—as she has avenged herself on me in this world she will, perhaps, forgive me in the next. I thank you for your good offices. May God reward you for them!"

A few days after the newspapers of St—— recorded that one of our richest landed proprietors had blown out his brains. Some attributed the suicide to grief at his wife's death; others, who were better informed, to an incurable wound. Those who knew best said he was a monomaniac, and his wound, which could not be cured, existed only in his imagination.

Sentenced by a Woman.

A lady has just told me, says a London correspondent, a recent and droll experience. Her husband is a magistrate in India, and his young wife has not yet learned Hindostani. Every morning the policeman comes to the magistrate, reports on the condemned prisoners in "jug," asks what sentence they are to receive and goes and executes it. One morning when the magistrate was by accident absent the *kotwal* or *chabidar* came and was told that the sahib was out. "It makes no difference," replied the *kotwal*, "the mam sahib [*i. e.* lady] can sentence just as well." "But you cannot see her," replied the steward. "Go you then and ask her if I shall put Lall Mohammed in *quaid* [prison] for three months." The steward went and asked if Lall should receive this sentence. The lady thought that the *khansamah* required if he should send up breakfast. She answered "Yes," and Lall went up for his ninety days. However, it turned out to be a righteous and merciful sentence, so it was carried out.

A Tree with a History.

On the principal avenue in a thriving village of New Jersey, stands a very large willow tree. A running stream just at its base has renewed the tree's vigour for nearly half a century. Now, however, it is dying; many of its limbs are bare, and its leaves are sere and yellow. There is an interesting story about this tree. Nearly fifty years ago a happy young couple just wedded started in a waggon over the hilly roads of New Jersey to their new house. It was a day's journey, and to complete it before the setting of the sun the horse had to be urged to unwonted speed, so the bridegroom stopped by the roadside and cut a long, wiry, willow stick. Using this for a whip, the journey was completed with the day, and as the bridegroom alighted from the waggon he thrust the willow wand into the ground, by the side of the stream, where it now grows. It soon began to sprout, and as the years flew by it became a handsome tree. Its drooping branches have furnished shade for the couple whom it served on their wedding journey, and for their children, and now, as the shadows of age are creeping over the bride and groom of half a century ago, the willow is beginning to droop and decay, as if in sympathy with them.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

AUTUMN MILLINERY.

The first importations of autumn millinery consist mainly of large bonnets, but, as was the case last season, two extremes are represented, and there are also small close cottage shapes. The large bonnets are pokes with close sides, and a large brim projecting above the forehead. The Directoire bonnets with square crown and flaring brim are repeated, and there are many rolled brims that have the Rabagas effect once so popular; these frame the face, and are similar to the halo brims that have been found so generally becoming. The small bonnets have scarcely any brim, and seem to consist of a square crown that takes in the back of the head, and covers only about half the top. These shapes have been worn during the summer at Newport and Saratoga, and have looked more like caps than dress bonnets, as they are without face trimmings, plumes, or flowers—being simply trimmed with ribbon loops and bows. Other shapes serve either as a bonnet or round hat. The favourite Carmen bonnet is shown with greater breadth in the back. The rolled brim English turban promises to remain in favour, and there are pretty round hats with a drooping square front, while both sides and the back are turned up. The regular Scotch cap is shown for very young faces, and there are jaunty Derby hats precisely like those worn by gentlemen. Very large Tyrolean hats are seen with high pointed crowns, but these are the only exceptions to the rule of broad crowns. One fanciful shape, a compromise between a bonnet and a round hat, has three curves in the brim on the right side, while the left is rolled up smoothly; this shape and the very large Gainsboroughs are the most picturesque styles exhibited.

PLUSH, FUR BEAVER, AND FELT.

All these quaint shapes are represented in the softest silk plush, in fur beavers with pile an inch long, and in smooth French felt. Sometimes two fabrics enter into one bonnet—as, for instance, the crown will be smooth felt, while the brim is silk plush or the rough-faced fur beaver; or else the crown will be smooth plush, and the brim of rough plush showing very deep pile. A novelty this season is feather felt, with loose shreds of feathers forming the pile of fine felt; in white and pale grey these will be used for dress bonnets. The poke, the Carmen, the Directoire, turbans, Derbys, and Gainsborough hats are shown in these fabrics. Sometimes the edge of bonnets is finished with a wire covered with satin of the same shade. Many of the round hats have their broad rolled brims widely bound with silk or satin of the colour of the felt, ornamented by several rows of stitching. Some of the turbans have indented crowns of plain felt with rough plush brims rolled closely, while others reverse this arrangement, and have smooth brims on rough crowns.

NEW COLOURS.

New tints of cloth shades are shown in the bonnets. Rembrandt green is very largely represented, and is dark like myrtle green, but with more blue in it. The new red is amaranth, with purple shading that will make it popular with blondes, while for brunettes is *vieux rouge*, like the dull scarlet known as Pompeiian red. Japonais is a new green-blue, and there are beautifully fine felt and plush bonnets in the gendarme blue shade that was so difficult to obtain last year; another artistic blue is called Danaier, and all the duck's-breast shades that are both blue and green are represented. Another shade that seems copied from the plumage of birds is *canaque*, a golden brown. The bronze browns with their olive green hues will also be worn again. Prune and plum colours are shown in great variety, shading towards red; the new Burgoyne is a beautiful plum brown colour. In light shades there are many beige tints with cream, ivory white, and a great deal of old gold in very soft tints. *Ciel* blue and rose pink are well used in combinations with the dark colours.

FEATHERS.

Fancy feathers will be the leading feature of the trimmings of winter bonnets. Merchants call these fancy feathers because of the fanciful shapes in which they are mounted, but the feathers themselves are of natural colours—not dyed—and are plucked from rare birds. These feather ornaments combine many rich colours, and are mounted in flat pieces that conform to the shape of the bonnet. Occasionally the whole bird is placed in a natural poise on the front or side of the hat, but far oftener one bird is made to do service for two hats by being split in halves from bill to tail, and having a spirited little top-knot or some tail feathers added. The beautiful Brazilian humming-birds that glisten like jewels are more used than the larger birds. Sometimes an ornament consists of five or six of these tiny birds clustered together as if in a nest, their heads and long bills crowded as if pushing each other from the nest, and thus showing their upturned throats with their beautiful plumage. There are coronets with two heads meeting in the centre, a number of tiny wings stuck next in fan shape, and tail feathers at each end; these are to be set between the crown and brim, and will serve to trim the bonnet. The object seems to be to combine as many brilliant colours as can be massed together in one of these clusters. Sometimes an Alsacian bow is formed of birds, or else of their wings, and there are feather butterflies and foliage similar to those used last year. Golden pheasants' feathers, especially the small "eyes" of the feather, and guinea-hen feathers on borders, are shown for turbans. Bits of tinsel, of jet, and many jet beads are added to make feather ornaments. The pompons are in great variety; one of the prettiest is the rose pompon, with feather petals tipped with tinsel; among these are black pompons and bronze with gold edges, also amaranth, plum, white, and blue. Natural grey long ostrich plumes are imported, and all the new shades are show in the tips, demi-long and Mercutio plumes, some of which are tipped with jet, or else they are waved and curled like willow plumes. Feather fringes and borders are made of the tiniest tips closely curled. Odd little tufts of white feathers like snow-flakes are dotted about in dark feather borders. Solitary birds are mounted to show their feet, and sometimes the feet are stuck in pompons or in the flat ornaments; on other pompons a dragon-fly is poised, while still others have either black or white herons' feathers standing stiffly erect in the centre.

WOOLLEN DRESSES FOR FALL.

Dark cloth colours in the new shades of amaranth, Rembrandt green, prune, Burgoyne, golden brown, and duck's-breast blues are shown in the new woollen dresses being prepared in the furnishing houses for early fall wear. The materials are camel's-hair, cloth, cashmere, and a new fabric called *toile de sanglier*, which is regularly woven, yet has a rough surface, and resembles bunting made sufficiently heavy to serve for warm winter dresses. The trimmings are satin of the same shade, silk plush borders, many rows of machine stitching, wide woollen braids, and gay contrasting silks in Scotch plaids or in most intricate mosaic designs. The shirring so popular during the summer will not be given up, and there will be the usual variety in pleatings, from the fine knife-pleating like crimping to the broadest kilting and box pleats.

The coat basque and pleated round skirt will be one of the stylish designs for woollen dresses. The basque is short and even all round, or else it curves shorter on the hips. It may have a vest, or a square guimpe like a plastron made of the material used for trimming, or else it may have the plastron vest, which is pointed below the waist, and really consists of two revers sewn together down the middle, extending from the neck down, and curving narrower at the waist line. This may be of plain cloth or of satin, or else it may be almost covered with parallel lines of zigzag braid placed crosswise in points. The back has very flat position pleats in the middle seam, which may either be of the wool goods or its trimmings, or else it may have a bias revers set in each seam of the side forms. Other basques are slightly double-breasted, requiring only two or three buttons for the doubled part, which discloses the vest set in beneath. The surplice trimming gives the figure such roundness that it will continue in favour; also the wide belt beginning in the seams under the arms and fastening in front.

Blouse effects will also be popular, and these are now used to retain the pretty shirring, and also to combine it with a vest and with pleatings. For instance, one of the newest suggestions shown is a Rembrandt green cashmere with Scotch plaid satin trimmings which has a blouse basque made in this way. The gay plaid satin is laid on the basque lining straight down each side of the front, each side two and a half inches broad, or at least extending to the first dart. The wool material is cut the shape of the lining, and its front edges are shirred crosswise in two clusters—at the waist line and at the top of the dart—and are drawn back to the edge of the plaid satin vest; the fulness below the waist line is folded in flat pleats, and the lower edges are simply pinned. Three sunken buttons fasten the vest. The plaid is again introduced below the waist line in postilion pleatings, in the standing bias collar and in the cuffs. Few outside pockets are seen, but occasionally they are made very effective as trimmings by being cut in a long square-cornered shape, and placed on the edge of the basque, where they hang like a tag. Small fancy plaids of wool and silk combined are also used for trimming plain wool dresses. Those with much red and gold on olive grounds trim effectively. Gendarme blue wool is trimmed with bars of pale blue, olive, and old gold on dark blue ground. The newest and warmest-looking trimming is silk plush of the same shade as the dress, used for panels, borders, and vests, and for stripes down the front of the skirt between box pleats.

The pleated skirts show every variety worn during the summer, but there are two styles most often repeated, viz., that for tall figures has three side-pleated flounces covering the front breadths horizontally, while that liked by shorter ladies has the *religieuse* pleating extending straight from belt to foot down the front and sides. Few skirts are pleated all round in kilt fashion, yet very few are seen without being pleated somewhere. The fashion of the deep square Roman apron covering the front and sides, while the back is covered by two, three, or four pleatings, will remain in favour.

The Advantages of a Near Horizon.

Foresight is a valuable faculty, but there is such a thing as looking too far ahead. There is wisdom in contenting ourselves with seeing our way a short distance, without concerning ourselves much about what is beyond. In the possibilities of the near future there is enough to keep our ambition in sufficiently vigorous action. A young man just starting in business will succeed better if he have in view a point which he may reasonably expect by honesty and diligence to reach at no very distant day, than if he indulge in dreams of what he will do and have when he shall have built up a mercantile concern second to none in the magnitude of its operations and returns. He stands a better chance of becoming a millionaire in the long run if he is content to keep before his mind at any given time the possible achievements of say a year than if he were to have constantly before him a position which it is utterly impossible, in the ordinary course of things, for him to reach for many years to come. For one thing, the habitual indulgence in these long views is almost sure to make the duties of the present seem trivial, and at the same time feel exceedingly irksome. It goes "against the grain" to measure off a yard of calico, when the constant, dominant idea is the making of a fortune by a corner in the cotton market. A young advocate is hardly likely to pay the necessary attention to the petty cases of his few poor clients if he revels in visions of the fame he shall achieve and the enormous fees rich suitors will gladly pay him when he is leader of the bar, and the reputation which will be his when his place is on the bench. Looking very far ahead is inimical to the hearty and full discharge of the duties which lie immediately around us, and the proper performance of which is the condition of duties of a higher character being assigned us. The nearer our horizon, the better for our own comfort. Would it help a lad who is making his first acquaintance with figures, would it put him in good heart, to pile up before him all the arithmetical, algebraical and geometrical text-books which he must master before his education in this branch of knowledge will be considered complete! Or when he is laboriously stamping on his memory the letters of the Greek alphabet, to display before him all the difficulties of declension, conjugation, syntax, dialect, and the minute shades of meaning which will try his wit and patience in the long years of academic life for which he is preparing! School-books should never be bulky enough to need a thick cover. A big school-book is a formidable and depressing thing. It opens up too long a vista; it suggests too many difficulties, trivial enough for the most part as they are, reached in turn in the course of study, but very disheartening when placed in array before the pupil's eye. So in all the relations and affairs of life. Most persons before they arrive at middle age reach a point where occupations become fixed and determined for the remainder of their active life. What they are doing at thirty-five, the chances are they will go on doing till they die, or till the infirmities of age compel them to step aside. It is therefore manifestly unwise to look very far ahead, so far at least as this world is concerned. Can there be anything more discouraging than to think of repeating through days and months and years to come the things which we are now doing for our daily bread? It does not dishearten to think that to-morrow will be like to-day in most respects,—but a thousand to-morrows—the ten thousand to-morrows which will make up the next thirty years of our life—what a formidable prospect of monotonous employment! A reasonable forecasting is not to be deprecated, or a from-hand-to-mouth method of getting through life to be at all commended; but at the same time we do wisely in only now and then prying into the far future.

A BILL before the Hungarian Parliament proposes that after six years the Magyar language shall be obligatory in all schools

THE district of Adabazar, within one hundred miles of Constantinople, is in a sorry plight owing to the lawless proceedings of the Circassian colonists, of whom there are about forty thousand, against about seventeen thousand other residents. Circassians infest the roads and rob all who venture out. The fields are deserted, for no man can use cattle in a field for three hours without drawing down upon him a mob. Flocks and herds still browse on the hillsides; but they all belong to the Circassians, and no one dares to claim any of the animals as stolen property. The houses in the town of Adabazar are barricaded, but Circassians send nightly storming parties to force the barricades. The bazaar is closed. Trade impossible, as Circassians dog the steps of buyers and sellers, and cast ominous glances at the cash boxes of the merchants.