Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press,

A FIRST-CLASS LOCAL AND GENERAL FAMILY JOURNAL, PUBLISHED ESPECIALLY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE CITIZENS OF HALTON COUNTY,

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

At THE FREE PRESS Printing and Publishing House, next to the Methodist Church, Mill Street, Acton, Ont.

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JAS. CAMPBELL.

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JOHN CROWE.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

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Paid up Cash Capital,	$ 600,000.00
Gross Assets,	4,798,677.74
Total Liabilities,	3,511,734.37
Surplus to Policy Holders,	1,256,943.37

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BAKERY AND CONFECTIONERY. MESSRS. B. & E. NICKLIN would intimate that they have opened up their NEW BAKE SHOP OF 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.
☞ TERMS: CASH.
B. & E. NICKLIN.

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R. CREECH.
Acton, Feb. 26, 1879.

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Address, The Culverwell Medical Co., 47 Ann St., New York. Post Office Box 4586.

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TUITION.

	Michaelmas. 15 weeks.	*Hilary.* 11 weeks.	*Trinity.* 10 weeks.
Advanced,	$11.50.	$10 50.	$8.50.
Primary,	9.50.	8.50.	6.50.

BOARD and ROOMS can be had in building or outside, at $2.50 per week. **15 weeks Commercial Training for $49.00.** For particulars apply to J. R. JAQUES, D.D., Ph.D., President or M. H. DAVIS, Commercial Master.

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BEATTY'S GUIDE TO ELEGANT WRITING. —TO— ELEGANT WRITING is a perfect self-instructor in PENMANSHIP, by the aid of which young people may become good Writers in a very short time. It consists of a Book of Fifty Pages containing analysis and explanations, a large number of Copy Slips for practicing, a beautiful Ornamental Sheet, and a handsome case to contain the whole. PRICE, POST-PAID $1. Address Robinson & Johnson, Ontario Business College, Belleville. Agents Wanted.

ORGANS —AND— SEWING MACHINES.

ROBT. CRAINE, ACTON, Is prepared to call on persons requiring either Sewing Machines or Organs. HE HAS AGENCIES FROM THE best manufacturers in the country and will guarantee satisfaction to purchasers. Terms very reasonable. Orders left at his residence or addressed to him to Acton P. O. will receive prompt attention.
R. CRAINE.

SCOTT & BOWNE'S PALATABLE CASTOR OIL Is prepared in a form perfectly agreeable to children and most sensitive persons. In its manufacture the properties of the oil that produce pain and griping are eliminated, and it is rendered not only mild and pleasant in its action, but absolutely tasteless and palatable. It is pre-eminently the finest laxative and cathartic known, and as a remedy for Costiveness, Constipation, and all Internal Derangements it is unequalled, and is destined to take the place of crude oil and all drastic pills and purgatives. For sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. Don't fail to try it.

To My Pet "Hon."

BY LUKE SHARPE.

Oh! beautiful hen!
How you can lay
A whopping big egg
On every day
Beats me sick.

Ain't there a chance
Of your giving out,
And, getting quite thin,
Go stalking about
Like a stick?

You're full forty-four,
Right in succession;
Ain't that enough
To give indigestion
To any chick?

I think you'd better
Stop for a while;
Or else you will surely
Be troubled with "bile,"
Like old Nick.

Don't be so ambitious
To lay yourself out,
You're the best hen I've got—
Without any doubt,
"You're a brick."

So give us a rest,
At any rate try:
I'm very much troubled
For fear you will die—
Or get sick.

LASSIE'S RIDE FOR LIFE.

The Story of a Christmas Eve.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

"You know," she said, "the big wood wheer t' two roads meet, half way 'twixt here an' t' mills? Weel, they're to watch for him passing by thoor on his black horse, and, oh, my lady! the shot 'ull come from behind the trees."

"When—when?" I almost shrieked.

"To-neet," she whispered hoarsely, as though the very walls would tell Jim of her great treachery. "There's no toime to loce. Thee must go theesel'; they'n know summat's up if any other body goes by. Which o' the roads does the meester coom by?" she added, with a sudden look of dread in her eyes that was mirrored in my own.

"Sometimes one, sometimes the other," I wailed. "Oh, I cannot tell which!"

"It's hard on thee," she said, with wonderful, pitiful lovingness. "How wilt thou knaw which way to gang?"

"How, indeed?"

"One—two—three—four," rang out the little clock upon the bracket by the window. We both started, and Lizzie gathered her shawl about her.

"I must gang my way," she said, her head drooping on her breast.

But she lingered a moment more, holding my hand close, and peering eagerly into my face.

"If Jim ketches me," she said; "if he murders me, if I see thy face no more, dunna forget my little 'un, for heaven's love!"

"No, no," I cried; "but do not speak such words! they break my heart! God keep you from harm. He will! He will!"

She shook her head, and a tear trickled down her cheek. "Tell my errand to none," she said, earnestly. "The man love the sight o' thy bonny face, even the rough-cet of them; but they're not theirsel's now; they're loike wild beasts mad wi' the taste o' blood; they'd shoot yo' down like a rat if they guessed your errand."

I had hurriedly fetched a glass of wine, and now held it to her drawn lips.

"Drink's a good servant, but a bad master," she said, when she had swallowed it, "and happen, I'll get whoam the better for that. Good-bye, my lady."

I have always been impulsive—at least, I believe so; at all events, in another moment my lips were pressed against Lizzie's sunken cheek, and her tears and mine mingled. We stood thus, hand in hand, no longer divided by any thought of class or caste, only two sobbing, troubled women, then—

Like a shade that had come and gone, as a strange apparition might do, the tall figure, with its shabby shawl gathered 1 ehroud-like over its head, had glided away among the snow and the trees, and I was left alone to think.

Time—precious time—was passing by. I had—how long to reach the mills? Scarce an hour.

How should I go? By which of the two roads would John come? I stood out on the green, velvety lawn, now white with snow, where of an evening he smoked his cigar while I sat by. I remembered this as I stood there, and had to crush back a cry that rose to my lips.

Just at that moment, once more a low, soft whinny came from Lassie's stable. Then I knew.

The groom was crossing the yard; and speaking measuredly, as one in great haste, I told him to saddle the little mare. "I am going to ride to meet your master; you need not come with me."

Then I turned hastily toward the house, fearing some expression of surprise upon the man's part.

I remembered what Lizzie had said: "Let know one know thy errand."

To fly rather than walk to my bed-room, to equip myself in my riding-dress, in so short a time that it was a wonder mortal fingers could achieve the task, and then, just for one moment, to steal to my darling's little bed; not to weep—tears weaken at such a time—but just to kiss the cheek flushed in sleep, and lying in such sweet repose upon the tiny open palm.

"Oh, baby!" I cried, bowing my head upon my hands as I knelt, "I am going to save him—for you and for me!" And I sobbed, though my eyes were dry.

Who, watching a sleeping infant, has not seen that sudden, ineffable smile that, like a sunbeam playing on the petals of a flower, parts the sweet milk-bedewed lips, and passes swiftly as it came?

I chose to take that smile as a good omen; I chose to think Heaven's angel, in my hour of need, stood by me, and the closed violets of my darling's eyes saw the ministering presence.

I heard the clatter of Lassie's hoofs upon the stones of the yard. I staid one fleeting instant at the nursery-door, and then down the stairs, out through the pretty porch, one spring to the saddle.

Oh, it did not take long, and we were on our way—on our way upon the journey that meant life or death for him and for me—worse than death if the worst befell.

I dare not hurry much at first; I knew that the hedges had eyes, and the trees ears. How they sighed above my head as the winter wind swayed them to and fro.

I clinched my hand on the handle of my riding-whip. I set my teeth hard. I fought for patience.

Every moment was as a "jewel of great price," and yet I dare not hurry. Not yet. Once the horrible gloom of the thick wood past, and then the terrible choice between the two roads would lie before me.

My heart beat so thick and fast I scarce could draw my breath; and just as we were near the thickest part of the bush and trees something stirred, while Lassie gave a sudden start, and then a bound.

"Steady, steady, little one," I said, speaking out loud; "it is but a poor, silly sheep that has strayed into the wood."

Lassie trembled, as I could feel; but she stepped on quietly enough, and—Heaven knows where a woman's strength comes from at such times—I let the reins drop loosely on her shining neck, and sang to myself as I went along.

The ears that listened could not think a woman rode a race of life and death for the sake of the man she loved; could they?

We had reached the fork of the two roads; the dark shadow of the wood lay behind us. A touch, and the mare stood still.

"Which? which? O my God! help me! guide me!" I prayed.

Then I let the rein drop on Lassie's neck, closed my eyes, and gently urged her on. She took the way to the left. The choice was made.

Maddening thoughts throbbed in my brain. Was John, even now, as Lassie's willing hoofs rang out on the hard road, coming along the almost parallel route, each step of his trusty steed leading him nearer death? Or had some blessed chance delayed him? Should I find him at the mill? Would Heaven be so merciful as that to me?

Three miles! three miles! Did ever the road, gleaming palely white before me, seem so long before? The night, like a soft curtain, was falling upon the world: I saw a single star, glimmering above through the falling snow—the robin sang no more.

We were in the open country; we passed no more dwellings where light twinkled through the trees, and seemed to speak of human companionship and happy homes. Alone in the darkness and the night two solitary figures—my little mare and I.

"On, Lassie, on!" I cried to her. "Faster, faster!"

I saw the smoky canopy that overhung the town, though now—ominous sign!—it was less dense than its wont. I could have cried aloud for joy.

"Lassie! Lassie! make good speed, little mare—we have not an instant to spare!"

The road seemed to rush along beneath us.

"Quicker, quicker! make good speed! make good speed, little mare!"

I touched her flanks lightly with my whip; she tossed her pretty head, flung off the white foam that had gathered on her bridle, and sprang forward with added life and spirit.

"Lassie! dear Lassie! bonnie Lassie! see, the tall chimneys are in sight; we are getting near him now, Lassie; we shall save him yet!"

I knew not what wild words I uttered in my mad excitement; hitherto I had managed to keep the curb upon my terror and my pain; but now, as the goal of my desires was nearly reached, I could have tossed my arms aloft; I could have shrieked out to the night; I could have been guilty of any mad thing.

At the entrance to the town I drew rein, and Lassie and I tried to look as quiet and respectable as we could. As we passed through the narrow streets, where men stood about in little groups, and women, with poor starved-looking children clinging to their petticoats, stared at me and my panting steed. The great gates that led into the mill-yard were closed.

How strange a contrast to when they stood widely opened, and a swarm of men, like bees out of a hive, came pouring through them, while the great bell, that meant "work is over," clanged out its welcome message!

A man looked through a grating, and not without some curt expressions of amaze. "Has the master gone?" I asked, in a voice that did not sound like mine.

"Noa, my leddy," he answered in the north country tongue.

Once inside the yard I stepped from my saddle, and left Lassie standing there panting and foam flecked. Gathering my habit in my hand, I went up the steps into the cold whitewashed passages, and so on to a room I knew well—John's room.

He was writing at a table, and the flaring gas above his head showed me his face, grave and anxious, change to a look of uttermost surprise as he saw his wife standing in the doorway.

Perhaps the moment of relief is more trying than the suffering we have waded through to reach it—I cannot tell; but I know that as I met my husband's eyes—as I saw John there before me—as I realized the mighty truth that he was saved, I gave a great cry, and fell down without sense or life at his feet.

These things happened a long time ago. People have almost forgotten the year of the great strikes; I have not.

Baby is a young giant now, a head taller than his mother; and owns a sister whose inches reach well-nigh to his stalwart shoulder. John still smokes upon the lawn of a summer's evening, while I sit by; but I tell him he is growing fat and lazy. At which he laughs, and says he shall soon turn Otway Mills over to his son altogether.

Our mother rests now from all earthly sorrow, and her memory is like a beautiful presence among us.

On the table in my own sitting-room is a little hoof, shod in a silver shoe. The relic is kept under a glass shade, and I always dust it with my own hands. I am sure you will know without my telling you that it is held dear for the sake of Lassie, the little mare. You will divine that it is one of those willing feet that carried me to Otway Mills through the dusk of a memorable Christmas Eve to save a life dearer than my own.

That dear life cost another, for poor Lizzie left her baby motherless, and I had to fulfill my promise. Weakened with fever, and her recent trial, the strain of that errand of love that she set out upon to warn me of her husband's plot against mine, proved too much for her feeble frame.

I have kept my oath sacredly, and no one, save John and I, ever knew that Jim's wife, with a noble disloyalty, "spoke up agen her mon."

THE END.]

Nothing Like Success.

"There is nothing," said little Mr. Birkingdale, who was jumping at the top hook in the hat-rack with his new silk hat—"there is nothing"—he panted, with another desperate jump—"succeeds"—and up he went again—"like"—and he made a jump that a kangaroo would have envied—"like"—he shouted, as he slapped his hat fairly over the hook, hung on to the brim just a second too long, tore it clear off, pulled the hook through the side of his hat, and then, as the whole hat-rack came over on top of him, and he thrust his head through the mirror in the middle of it, he roared in desperate and legitimate conclusion—"success." And all the rest of the guests seemed to think that way, too, for the enthusiasm was tremendous.

ON Feb. 19, the anniversary of the abolition of serfdom in Russia, the city of St. Petersburg is to present to the Czar a silver casket containing twenty-five water-colour drawings, representing the great public buildings and monuments erected in the capital during the twenty-five years of his reign. This gift is to cost over eight thousand roubles.

Buttonholing with the Pen.

Writers Who Make Personal Bores of Themselves.

There are plenty of amiable people in the world who cannot pass the most casual acquaintance with a bow, but must stop him and tell him about their concerns and those of the world. Their talk is obviously only a spoken continuation of their thoughts. They prose away about whatever has been running in their heads—about their wives, their children, their brothers-in-law, their investments, the most recent movements of the British fleet, the Pluvial period in geology, or their arrangements for next summer. All this seems slightly impertinent in the streets, when the buttonhold victim is in a hurry, and has a mind full of other things. Every one has, not the presence of mind of Charles Lamb, who, being buttonheld by Coleridge in a country lane, cut off the button and made his escape. When Lamb returned by the same path in the evening, he found Coleridge still sawing the air, and contentedly declaiming with the button between his fingers.

The habit of buttonholding is a very ancient one, and the common preying bore was described by Theophrastus—not such, but the much more terse and likely classical writer. Bid as the custom is in common life, it is even worse in literature, where it has long been rampant. Instead of writing about his subject, a reviewer, an essayist, or even a poet, sometimes finds it easier and more pleasant to chatter about himself, his likes and dislikes his relatives, his tailor's bill, nay, the place and circumstances in which he happens to find himself when he takes up his pen. It is uncommonly easy to scribble about such matters, and generally to take the public into confidence about the first nonsense that comes into one's head. Suppose that the literary buttonholder is reviewing a novel, by Mr. Trollope say, there is no reason why he should elaborate, with pains and thought, a criticism of the romance. It is much easier to write like this: "As we were leaving our rose-hung cottage in a nook of sunny, sea-girt Hatlandshire, (reader, you will look in vain for this paradise of cheapness, landscape, and good plain cookery on the county map, or among the advertisements in *Bradshaw*,) we descried the rural postman plodding up the lane. Now, this is no common postman, this postman of ours being, indeed, a postwoman, or a postgirl, who often takes the place of her father, a worthy man, but not the pedestrian he once was. Susan, with a rural courtesy, presented us with a brown-paper parcel, in which a practised eye could readily detect the presence of a novel—Mr. Trollope's last." The buttonholding reviewer will then give some account of his personal acquaintance with his author, and he will get a paragraph or two out of the shady nook in which he was reading the last masterpiece when sweet sleep surprised him. After all this the critique is as good as finished, at no great expense of wit or thought or judgment.

Probably the most awful buttonholder who ever wrote was A. K. H. B. in his palmy days. He used to write essays in such remarkable places—in his stable, for example, using the nose of a favourite mare for a desk—that the description of the steed and the stable entirely swamped the rest of the performance. There can be no doubt that garrulity is not unpopular for its own sake, and that many of the public prefer a picture of A. K. H. B. in a hayrack, or of the *Spectator* napping on the sands, to the most elaborate and ingenious criticism. Thus, it is scarcely fair, perhaps, to blame these artists for drawing portraits of themselves; at the most, we can only say that bald disjointed chat fits badly into an essay which pretends to deal with Hindu pantheism, or with Grimm's law. When a reader is in earnest about a subject, then he gets fierce with the button-holding reviewer. As to the feelings of the author reviewed, they may be easily imagined. Perhaps he has composed a historical tragedy.—He takes up a review, he sees the name of his own poem at the head of six columns of closely-printed matter. This must be favourable, thinks the victim; no one would damn my poem in six columns. So he begins, and reads, and reads, while the clutch of the buttonholding critic grows closer and closer upon him. The critic takes him into his confidence about modern and Byzantine art, about what Mr. Ruskin says and Mr. Arnold thinks, and about the transitional character of the nineteenth century. Then he maunders away to the influence of depressed trade. This brings him to the cyclic year of Plato, which in turn suggests some appropriate remarks on Indian theosophy, *Swamis* and *Zogis*, and the rest, while the performance closes with the observation that it is difficult to write historical dramas in a period of School Boards and elementary education. This is the most common and perhaps the most annoying form of literary buttonholding.

A writer may seem to take the public into his confidence, and even to paw and fondle his unhappy readers, through the use of some tedious tricks of style. There are authors who not only twaddle insufferably about themselves, but who twaddle incontinently about their readers. They are always saying "you"—"you do that," or "you do this"—and implying a knowledge of "you" which human nature vigorously resents. This kind of writer particularly rejoices in saying, "You see," when very likely you don't see at all, and in talking about "your" this and that, "your coxcomb," "your commercial traveller,"—a wearisome affectation. He will also turn round on his public and say, "You, too, reader, have known what it is to love in the morning of life," or he will so far condescend as to ask you about the skeleton in your private cupboard. This familiarity has an air of the pulpit which does not make it more agreeable. There is a great deal too much affectionateness in it, too much interest in the reader's private concerns. A distinguished lawyer and moralist has repelled with some disgust the promiscuous affection of the Positivists and their literary grandmother, Jean-Jacques Rousseau. "I do not want any of your 'love;' take your enthusiasm for humanity to human beings who like it better than I do," he said, in effect. The affection of this familiar writer is not less disagreeable. It is generally the result of a pretty wide and exhaustive ignorance of human nature, and of a false following of Thackeray. The most sincere admirers of that great writer must admit that in this matter he was an *exemplar vitiis imitabile*, that he did buttonhold the public with tenacity and perseverance. But then he had matter worth saying, quaint and deep thoughts that could best be expressed, perhaps, in this familiar manner. No one who delights in style, in humor, in observation, tires of this talk, or wearies of following the maze of the "Roundabout Papers." It does not follow that the preaching and the familiar method is a good method. Bossuet is at liberty to preach; but we do not welcome a lecture from the casual curate. Smith is a good companion and a pleasant talker; but his existence does not palliate the prating of Brown, who not only has nothing to say, but says that nothing in the dearest fashion. We like to be buttonheld by Socrates or Montaigne, and it is interesting to know what wines the latter liked, and how deep the former could drink. But it does not follow that the first essayist or reviewer has a right to tease the public with his ideas about matters which intimately concern himself and no one else in the world.

RELIGIOUS AFFAIRS.

THE top stone has been placed on the spire of the Anglican church of Kensington. The spire cost $200,000, and is two hundred and seventy-eight feet high.

THE Free-Will Baptists will celebrate in 1880 the centenary of the existence of their denomination. Their first church was organized at New Durham, N.H.

THE Cardinals have advised the Pope not to open the Vatican Council. It could not, they say, be held in Rome at present and no other place could be thought of.

THE Rev. Charles Sears gives the following statistics of ministers in Great Britain: Episcopal, 25,163; Congregational, 5,246; Presbyterian, 4,951; Methodist, 3,969; total, 30,340.

OF the English Wesleyan Thanksgiving fund of $1,200,000, some $200,000 is to be devoted to foreign missions. Of this sum, $35,000 will be used to pay off the debt of the Missionary Society.

IN Holland there are 2,000,000 members of the Reformed church, 70,000 Lutherans, 45,000 Mennonites, 6,000 Remonstrants or Armenians, 400 Moravians, and 80,000 Separatists, or Old Reformed.

THE Belgian Government grants annually to the Roman Catholics, who comprise 99 per cent. of the population, about $900,000; to the Protestants, $12,873; to the Jews, $2,244. The Jews number about 1,500.

THE general synod of the state church of Prussia passed resolutions condemnatory of mixed schools and government examination of theological candidates. The majority expressed condemnatory views of Falk's policy.

A "PREACHING MATCH" is announced to take place in Dairy, Scotland. Two preachers are to contend for the favourable verdict of the citizens on a stage erected in the public hall. Whether both are to preach from the same text is not stated.

THE Disciples of Christ, or Campbellites, as they are generally called in the west, have missions in England, Denmark, France, and Constantinople, with about 594 members. The money raised the past year for these missions amounted to $19,547.

THE *Royal Gazette*, of Georgetown, British Guiana, publishes a special law, recently passed, empowering the financial authorities of the Government to make a loan of $19,200 to the Wesleyan Missionary Society. This is something new in missionary annals.

AN event at the meeting of the general assembly of the Free churches of Italy was the presence of Bonaventura Mazarelli, member of parliament and justice of the supreme court. He was received into the denomination six months ago. He was chosen vice-president of the assembly.

REV. WILLIAM TAYLOR, formerly known as the "California Street Preacher," has rent, in 16 months, 46 missionaries to South America, and intends to send out 20 more at the beginning of the next year. The expenses and support of these missionaries are paid by general contributions.

THE Samoan islands have been entirely Christianized. Out of a population of about 40,000, some 35,000, or seven-eighths, are connected with Christian churches. The London Missionary Society reports 26,493; the Wesleyans, 4,794; the Roman Catholics, 2,852, and the Mormons, 126.

IT is stated that the only point of difference at present between the Russian government and the Vatican respecting the Catholic church of Poland is the demand of Russia that the Polish bishops shall abandon all rites which imply the separate national existence of the Poles. The Vatican responds that it has no power to compel the concessions. It is expected that the matter will be satisfactorily adjusted.

SOME French Jesuits are causing trouble in Madagascar. They are claiming a large plot of ground in the centre of the capital. It is also stated that: "In one Province they dictate to Governors and native officers; bind and flog Protestant teachers, break up the schools, interrupt the worship of the people in their chapels on the sabbath, officially complain of the preaching, the hymns and even the prayers of the native ministers, and in one case at least they have induced a chief to pull down a Protestant chapel. The Government is in a dilemma, and the whole country is in a state of excitement and trepidation."

LARGE meetings have been held in London, at the call of Archdeacon Denison, on the proposed revision of the prayer-book. Resolutions were passed declaring "that it is not expedient, at the present time, to alter the prayer-book." "That if at any future time such alteration be contemplated, the lower houses of the convocations of Canterbury and York require first to be made adequate representations of the clergy of the two provinces." "That this meeting disapproves, as not coming from a responsible convocation, the bishop of Carlisle's bill to provide facilities for the amendment from time to time of the rites and ceremonies of the church."

PROF. JAMES LEGGE, Chinese professor at Oxford, says in a late *Academy* that the number of Buddhists in China is greatly overestimated. Rhys Davids, in his "Buddhism," estimates the number at 445,000,000 in China and Japan. Says Prof. Legge: "If we lop off 400,000,000 from this aggregate we shall not be doing an injustice to Buddhism. Confucianism is pre-eminently the religion of China. Buddhism has long been tolerated, and is widely spread among the people; still, it is *an item*—a strange system.' Excepting those who have adopted the Buddhist tonsure, the vast majority of the people, however frequently they may be found in Buddhist or Taoist temples, would claim to be followers of the great sage. Of all religious systems, Confucianism, perhaps, has the greatest following: then Christianity, then Hinduism, then Mohammedanism, and we would place Buddhism in the fifth place."

Acres of Perfume.

Some idea of the magnitude of the business of raising sweet-scented flowers for their perfume may be gathered from the fact that Europe and British India alone consume about 150,000 gallons of handkerchief perfume yearly. There is one great perfume distillery at Cannes, in France, which uses yearly about 100,000 pounds of acacia flowers, 140,000 pounds of rare flower leaves, 32,000 pounds of jasmine blossoms, and 20,000 pounds of tube-rose blossoms, together with an immense quantity of other material used for perfume. Victoria, in New South Wales, is a noted place for the production of perfume-yielding plants, because such plants as the mignonette, sweet verbena, jasmine, rose, lavender, acacia, heliotrope, rosemary, wall-flower, laurel, orange, and the sweet-scented geraniums grow there in greater perfection than in any other part of the world. South Australia, it is believed, would also be a good place for the growing of perfume-producing plants, though at present not much cultivated.

Always Turns Out Right.

When you begin a sensational novel never weep over the troubles of the heroine. In the very first chapter she may be abducted by a black-hearted villain and be threatened with instant death on every other page and swallow a pint of strychnine in the middle of the book, but she will come out all right in the last chapter and marry Claude Edgar Fitzclarence Montmorenci, who turns out to be another man's son and falls heir to $2,000,000 by the death of an uncle in Australia, who went there a year previous a poor man; and the girl's father, who wanted her to marry the villain will put his hands on their heads and say, "Bless you, my children;" and the villain aforesaid will look daggers and things at them and grit his teeth as he moves off handcuffed in charge of an officer. It always turns out that way.

THE man who is eternally afraid that somebody will soft-soap him doesn't know enough to realize that green won't wash.