THE
Acton Free Press
is published
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
BY
H. P. MOORE,
Editor & Proprietor,
AT THE FREE PRESS
PRINTING & PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Next Door to Methodist Church,
Mill Street, Acton, Ont.

TERMS:—The FREE PRESS will be sent to subscribers, postage paid, for $1.00 per annum in advance; $1.50 if not so paid. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Casual advertisements, 8 cents per line for the first insertion, and 2 cents per line for each subsequent insertion cash. Professional Cards, 10 lines or less, $4.00 per annum. 1 square, 12 lines, $5.00 per annum, payable in 6 months from date of insertion. Any Special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual or company, to be considered an advertisement. The number of lines reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

CONTRACT RATES.

One column one year	$60.00
Half column one year	35.00
Quarter column one year	20.00
One column six months	35.00
Half column six months	20.00
Quarter column six months	12.00
One column three months	20.00
Half column three months	12.00
Quarter column three months	7.00

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transitory advertisements must be paid in advance.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 9 a. m. on Mondays, otherwise they will be left over till the following week.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor & Proprietor

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

NOTICE.—The Canada Advertising Agency, No. 22 King St. West, Toronto, is authorized to receive Advertisements for this Paper.
W. W. BUTCHER, Manager.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

W. H. LOWRY, M.B., M.C.P.S., Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence, at the head of Frederick St., Acton.

M. FORESTER, M. D. PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ETC.
OFFICE:—Forster's Drug Store, Next door to Creech's Saddlery, ACTON, ONT.
RESIDENCE:—Church street, formerly occupied by Mr. W. Hemstreet, auctioneer.

N. McGARVIN, M. D., M. C. P. S., Graduate of Victoria University. GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO,
Will visit Acton on Tuesday and Friday, from 2 to 4 p. m.
If his services are required during any other days of the week, notice left at J. E. McGarvin's drug store will receive prompt attention.

J. D. MATHESON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, &c. Office next door to Wallace's Hotel, Milton.

L. L. BENNETT, DENTIST, Georgetown, Ont.

T. J. FISHER, V. S., GEORGETOWN, Ont., will visit Acton every Wednesday, and will attend to all calls pertaining to his profession. Orders left at McGarvin's Drug Store will receive prompt attention. Terms moderate.
T. J. FISHER.

R. W. KING,
Engineer, Iron Founder & Machinist, GEORGETOWN.
Machinery of every description made to order on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms. Repairing promptly attended to.

ALISTER M. CLARK, BARRISTER, Quebec Street Guelph.
BRANCH OFFICE:—In Matthews Building Mill Street, Acton.
OFFICE OPEN EVERY FRIDAY.

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.
Money to Loan.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

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.
HENRY GRIST,
Ottawa, Canada.
Mechanical engineering, Solicitors of Patents, and draughtsman.

G. REID, VETERINARY SURGEON, Georgetown, Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, will visit Acton every Tuesday, from 1 to 4 p.m. All calls received promptly attended to, by night or day. Horses bought and sold on commission. Residence, West Corner from Livery Stable, Georgetown, Ont.
G. REID.

CASH FOR SKINS.
I am prepared to pay the highest cash price for Hides, Calfskins, Deacons, Lamb and Sheep Skins, delivered at my tannery. Lace Leather constantly on hand.
JAMES MOORE, Acton.

Summoned to Appear Before
THE BARBER.
Where you can get an easy Shave, a stylish Hair-cut, a frothing Shampoon, or a cooling Sea Foam. I spare no pains, and give no pain in the accomplishment of a good shave. Razors and scissors set in perfect order on short notice.
J. WORDEN, BARBER
Mill Street, Acton.

MONEY.
The undersigned has money at his disposal for discounting good, endorsed notes, at a reasonable rate of Discount.
JAMES MATTHEWS.
Acton, May 10th, 1881.

Acton Free Press.

TERMS.—$1.00 in Advance. *The Newspaper.—"A Map of Busy Life, its Fluctuations and its Vast Concerns."* $1.50 if not so paid.

Volume VII. No. 22. ACTON, ONT THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1 1881. Whole No. 354.

ACTON BANKING CO'Y.,
STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO.,
BANKERS,
Acton, Ontario.
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES.
Notes Discounted and Interest allowed on Deposits.

New Goods Opened This week.
—AT—
DAY'S BOOKSTORE,
GUELPH.
Autograph Albums, (12 kinds),
Photograph Albums,
Fancy Velvet Frames,
Jewel Cases,
Japanese Trays,
Japanese Brackets,
Cups and Saucers,
Stationery, Vases,
Toilet Setts, Dolls,
Toys, Etc., Etc.
A Big Stock Very Choice and Very Cheap, at Day's Bookstore, Guelph.
DAY SELLS CHEAP

JULIUS KING'S
COMBINATION SPECTACLES
DOUBLE CONVEX. KING'S PERISCOPIC. PERFECT CONE. PERFECT CONE.
& SYSTEM FOR FITTING EYES
RANGE OF VISION. RANGE OF VISION.
SOLE AGENCY AT
GUELPH AND VICINITY.

B. SAVAGE.

READ THIS.
PARLOR SUITES for $55.00.
BEAUTIFUL LOUNGES $6.00,
(In Raw Silks, Rep, or Hair Cloth.)
Handsome Window Fringe, Gold Tips, 12 in. deep, in Green, Crimson and Maroon, only $1.85 per yard.
Come at Once and Secure a Bargain.
T. F. CUMMINGS,
UPHOLSTERER.
Quebec St., opp. Knox Church, GUELPH.

H. L. THURSTON,
Prof. of the Organ and Vocal Music,
Will organize classes in Acton on 1st of November.
TERMS.—Organ instructions—12 lessons $6, 24 lessons $10. Teacher's course $50. Vocal Instructions—evening classes—class of any number, 12 lessons, $30; or class of any number, 12 lessons, each gent $1; each lady 50c. Teacher's course, $40. Vocal class in day schools a specialty. In all cases, on certain conditions, satisfaction guaranteed to all pupils or parents of pupils. Organ instructions given at the homes of all pupils. Dealer in Organs and Pianos representing the best Canadian and American makes manufactured.
Address, Box 53. Acton P.O.

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

WOOD AND COAL.
The subscriber is prepared to deliver wood or coal in either large or small quantities, as required, to any part of the village.
W. E. ADAMS.
Acton, Sept. 19, '81.

EXAMINE our method of teaching. Watch the progress of our students. It vestigial education is to have the most thorough and practical school in Canada, and, before spending your money, satisfy yourself that the
BRITISH AMERICAN COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, TORONTO,
is the place to learn business. No institution offers equal advantages to young men. Students enter at any time. For circular, and specimen of Penmanship,
Address the Secretary.

Just Received
—AT—
WM. S. SMITH'S
GUELPH,

A NEW ASSORTMENT OF LADIES
Gold and Silver
WATCHES,
ALL PRICES.
BOY'S WATCHES, good timekeepers, and guaranteed for $5 and upwards.
My Stock of Electro Plate is the best and cheapest in Guelph.
CALL and EXAMINE.
No. 26,
West Side Lower Wyndham St.

THE NEWEST BUTCHER SHOP.
H. MARLATT & BRO.
Would announce to the citizens of Acton and vicinity that they have opened out a Butcher Shop in the premises on Mill St. recently occupied by Mr. J. Grant as a Bakery.
They intend keeping on hand a full stock of Meats of all Kinds, and have made up their minds to "live and let live."
A splendid lot of Fowl will be found on hand during the Holiday Season.
Meat delivered to any part of the town.
Call and we will convince you that it will pay you to purchase meat from us.
H. MARLATT & BRO.
P. S.—We have a quantity of first-class White and Red Brick for sale at our kilns, on Con 2, near Acton, which will be sold at the kiln or delivered.—H. M. & Bro.

NEW
BUTCHER SHOP.
W. C. ROBINSON
Would intimate to the people of Acton that he has purchased the butcher business lately carried on by Robert Storey, and that he has always on hand a first-class stock of
Beef, Pork, Mutton, Poultry and Game in season, Etc.
and hopes by strict attention to business to secure a fair share of the patronage of the public. Meat delivered at any time to any part of the town.
Terms Cash - - A Call Solicited
ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
W. C. Robinson.
44-4m.

MANHOOD
How Lost, How Restored
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 of Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.
Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cts. 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 medicines or the use 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.,
41 Ann St., New York.
Post Office Box 450.

HOUSE & LOT FOR SALE.
The undersigned offers for sale the splendid stone dwelling on Main St. near Mr. C. S. Smith's residence—one fifth of an acre, with Stone House in splendid condition. Stable and shop on the premises. Hard and soft water wells. Title indisputable. Terms reasonable. Apply to
ARCH. McNAB,
Rockwood, P.O.

$1000 FORFEIT
Imimix Cancer Cure Depot,
Coatticook, P.Q., Canada
CANCER CURED
without the use of the Knife.
The only Permanent Cure in the world. For particulars enclose 3 cent to S. C. SMITH, Coatticook, P.Q., Canada.
Cures Twin and Certain.

STARTLING DISCOVERY!
LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.
A victim of youthful imprudence, long years of Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., N. Y.

$2 Watches, Stem Winders $1.50. Waltham Watches $2. Warranted Hunting Gold Watches $3. Gold pens $15. Gold pens and best for your every use or speculative purposes. Valuable catalogue free. THORNTON & CO., 148 Nassau St., New York.

THE FREE PRESS.

THURSDAY MORNING, Dec. 1, 1881.

POETRY.

AFTER THE FROST.

After the frost! Oh, the rose is dead
And the weeds lie piled in the garden-bed,
And the peach tree's shade in the wan sunshine,
Faint as the veins in these hands of mine,
Streaks the gray of the orchard wall
Where the vine reaps loose and the last leaves fall
And the bare boughs writhe and the winds lost—
After the frost—the frost!

After the frost! Oh, the weary head
And the hands and the heart are quieted,
And the lips we loved are locked at last
And kiss not back, though the rain falls fast
And the lashes drip and the soul makes moan
And on through the dead leaves walks alone
Where the bare boughs writhe and the winds are lost—
After the frost—the frost!

THE HUSK AND THE KERNEL.

Tom Darcy, yet a young man, had grown to be a very bad one. At heart he might have been all right, if his head and will had only been the same, but these being wrong the whole machine was going to the bad very fast. Tom had lost his place as foreman in the great machine shop, and what money he has now earned came from odd jobs of tinkering, for Tom was a genius as well as a mechanic, and when his head was steady he could mend a clock or clean a watch as well as set up and regulate a steam engine.

One day Tom had a job to mend a broken reaping machine, for which he received five dollars, and the following day he started for his old haunt—the village tavern. He knew his wife was sadly in need of the money, and that his two little children were actually suffering from want of clothing.

Away to the tavern Tom went, where for two or three hours he felt the exhilerating effects of the alcoholic drought, but as usual, stupefaction followed. He drank while he could stand, and then lay down in a corner.

It was late at night, when the landlord's wife came into the bar-room, and she quickly saw Tom.

"Peter," she said, "Why don't you send that miserable Tom Darcy home?"

Tom's stupefaction was not sound sleep, and the calling of his name had stung his senses to keen attention. He had an insane love for rum, but did not love the landlord. In other years Peter Tindar and himself had loved and wooed the same maiden—Ellen Goss—and he won her, leaving Peter to take up with the vinegary spinster who had bought him the tavern, and he knew that lately the tapster had gloated over the misery of the woman who once discarded him.

"Why don't you send him home?" demanded Mrs. Tindar, with an impatient stamp of the foot.

"Hush, Betsy! He's got money. Let him be, and he'll be sure to spend it before he goes home. I'll have the kernel of the nut, and his wife may have the husk."

With a sniff and a snap Betsy turned away, and shortly afterward Tom Darcy lifted himself upon his elbow.

"Ah, Tom, are you awake?"

"Yes."

"Then rouse up and have a warm glass."

"No, Peter, I won't drink any more tonight."

"It won't hurt you, Tom—just a glass."

"I know it won't," said Tom, buttoning up his coat by the one solitary button left. "I know it won't."

When he got away from the shadow of the tavern he stopped.

"Aye," he muttered, grinding his heel in the gravel. "Peter Tindar is taking the kernel and leaving poor Ellen the husk, and I am helping him to do it. I am robbing my wife of joy, robbing my children of honor and comfort, robbing myself of love and life—Just that Peter Tindar may have the kernel and Ellen the husk! We'll see."

"We'll see," he continued, setting his foot firmly on the ground; and then he wended his way homeward.

On the following morning he said to his wife:

"Ellen, have you any coffee in the house?"

"Yes, Tom." She did not tell him that her sister had given it to her. She was glad to hear him ask for coffee instead of the old, old cider.

"I wish you would make a cup, good and strong."

There was really music in Tom's voice, and the wife set about the work with a strange flutter in her heart.

Tom drank two cups of the strong, fragrant coffee, and then walked straight to the great manufactory, where he found Mr. Scott in the office.

"Mr. Scott, I want to learn my trade over again."

"Eh, Tom? What do you mean?"

"I mean that it's Tom Darcy, come back to the old place, asking forgiveness for the past, and hoping to do better in the future."

"Tom, are you in earnest? Is it really the old Tom?"

"It's what's left of him, sir, and we'll have him whole and strong very soon if you'll set him at work."

"Work! Aye, Tom, and bless you, too! There is an engine to be set up and tested to-day. Come with me."

Tom's hands were weak and unsteady, but his brain was clear, and under his skillful supervision the engine was set up and tested.

"How is it now, Tom?" asked Mr. Scott as he came into the testing house.

"She's all right, sir. You may give your warrant without fear."

"God bless you, Tom! You don't know how like sweet music the old voice sounds. Will you take your place again?"

"Wait till Monday morning, sir. If you offer it to me then I will take it."

At the little cottage Ellen Darcy's fluttering heart was sinking. That morning, after Tom was gone, she had found a two dollar bill in her coffee cup. She knew that he left it for her. She had been out and bought tea and sugar, and flour, and butter, and a bit of tender steak. With prayer and hope she set out the tea-table and waited, but the sun went down and no Tom came. Eight o'clock came—and almost nine. Oh, was it but a false glimmer after all?

Hark! The old step! strong, eager for home. Yes it was Tom, with the old grime upon his hands, and the odor of oil upon his garments.

"I have kept you waiting, Ellen."

"Tom, Tom. You have been to the old shop."

"Yes, and I'm to have the old place, and—"

"Oh, Tom."

And she threw her arms around his neck and covered his face with kisses.

"Ellen, darling, wait a little and you shall have the old Tom back again."

"Oh, Tom! I've got him now—bless him. My husband, my darling!"

And then Tom Darcy realized the full power and blessing of a woman's love. It was a banquet of the gods all restored—with the bright angels of peace and love and joy spreading their wings over the boards.

On the following Monday morning Tom resumed his place in the great machine shop.

A few days later Tom met Peter Tindar on the street.

"Eh, Tom, old boy, what's up?"

"I am up—right side up."

"Yes—I see. But I hope you have not forsaken us, Tom."

"I have forsaken only the evil you have in store, Peter. The fact is I have concluded my wife and little ones have fed on husks long enough, and if there is a kernel left in my heart or in my manhood, they shall have it."

"Ah, you heard what I said to my wife that night?"

"Yes, Peter; and I shall be grateful to you for it as long as I live. My remembrance of you will always be relieved by that tinge of warmth and brightness."

Great Enterprises.

The present time is fruitful in schemes of great magnitude. There are already projected:—

A new Suspension bridge over Niagara river.

A new Atlantic cable in addition to that now in progress of construction.

A ship canal across the isthmus of Darien.

A ship railroad across the same strip of land, separating two oceans.

A railroad over the desert of Sahara, connecting Algeria and Soudan.

A canal which, conveying the waters of the Mediterranean into the sands of Africa, shall make a great inland sea and fertilize arid wastes.

Add to these enterprises, most of which seem likely to be undertaken in the near future:

Ericson's scheme for utilizing the sun's heat.

Edison's scheme for utilizing electricity.

The solution of the mysteries of Central Africa, and the civilization of its savages.

The destruction of the world's plagues.

The emancipation of every slave.

Universal education.

The adjustment of the relations of labor and capital.

The solution of the population question.

And we need not fear that the world's great thinkers and doers will get out of work, and have to go tramping for a long time to come.

She Paints.

Courbet, the famous painter, said to a friend who contemplated matrimony:

"Why don't you marry Mlle X.? She is an angel."

"Possibly, but she paints herself."

"Come now. Did you ever see an angel that was not painted?"

Let Him Alone.

It is related of George Clark, the celebrated negro minstrel, that, being examined as a witness, he was severely interrogated by the attorney, who wished to break down his evidence.

"You are in the negro minstrel business, I believe?" inquired the lawyer.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Isn't that rather a low calling?" demanded the lawyer.

"I don't know but what it is, sir," replied the minstrel, "but it's so much better than my father's that I am proud of it."

"What was your father's calling?"

"He was a lawyer," replied Clark, in a tone of regret that put the audience in a roar.

The lawyer let him alone.

The Question of Mileage.

Jones held an execution against a farmer, and when he called for a settlement the agriculturist took him out into a big pasture and pointed out a wild steer as the particular piece of property to be levied upon. Jones chased the steer around for a while, and then sat down, and taking out his book began to write.

"What are you doing there?" asked the granger.

"Charging mileage," replied the constable without looking up.

"Do I have it all to pay?" gasped the rancher.

"You bet."

"Then take this tame heifer here. I can't stand any such game as that."

Fast Horses in Germany

"Do you have any fast horses in Germany?" asked Gus De Smith of an old Austin German, who is known as "Truthful Fritz," on account of his sincerity and hatred of everything sensational. "Does ve haf fast horses in Shermany?" he replied, "I should schoost smile. Von day Baron von Kubelwappel, a goot friend by me, dakes me in his horse and paggy. After we rides about an hour, I says: 'What for you drives so much in dis cemetery?' He says: 'Dem vas milestones; but ve goes so fast, de milestones make it look like ve vas in von big graveyard.' And now you vants to know if ve has fast horses in Shermany."

Shouldn't Miss It

In making his pastoral rounds, an Archbishop was examining a number of children in their catechism. Addressing a little boy, he asked:

"Is the sacrament of Confirmation necessary to salvation?"

"No, Monseigneur, but when one has the chance to receive the same he should not lose it."

"Very well," said the prelate, and turning to a little girl he put this question:—

"Is the sacrament of Matrimony necessary to salvation.

"No, Monseigneur, but when one has the chance to receive the same, it is prudent not to miss it."

How to Remove Stumps

It is now time to give a trial to the following practice, recommended by the *Scientific American*, for the removal of stumps:—In the Autumn or early Winter, bore a hole one or two inches in diameter, according to the girth of the stump, and about eight inches deep. Put into it one or two ounces of saltpeter, fill the hole with water and plug it close. In the ensuing Spring take out the plug and pour in a gill of kerosene oil and ignite it. The stump will smoulder away without blazing, to the very extremity of the roots, leaving nothing but ashes.

How He Told It

A young clergyman recently sent the following lines to his mother on a postal card, announcing an interesting domestic event:

"From sweet Isaiah's sacred song, ninth chapter and verse six,
First thirteen words please take, and the following then affix:
From Genesis the thirty-fifth, verse seventeen, no more,
Then add verse twenty-six of Kings, book second, chapter four;
The last two verses, chapter first, first book of Samuel,
And you will learn what on this day your loving son befell."

A Strong Hint.

A young lady once hinted to a gentleman that her thimble was worn out, and asked what reward she merited for her industry. He sent her an answer in the shape of a thimble, on which the following lines were engraved:

I send you a thimble, for fingers nimble,
Which I hope will fit when you try it;
It will last you long, if it's half as strong
As the hint which you gave me to buy it.

How to Suppress Slang

A western lady was relating a plan employed in a school she had attended to purify the speech of the pupils from slang. They kept watch of each other, and noted such improper expressions as they heard. The notes were collected and read aloud at the close of each day, that all might learn what faults to avoid. "And was the plan successful in preventing slang in the school?" was asked, to which came the reply: "You bet!"

GOOD MEDICINE.

Take the cold air,
The more you take the better;
Follow nature's laws
To the very letter.

Let the physic go
To the Bay of Biscay;
Let alone the gin,
The frisky and the whiskey.

Freely exercise,
Keep your spirits cheerful,
Let no dream of sickness
Make you ever fearful.

Eat the simplest food,
Drink the pure cold water;
Then you will be well
Or at least you ought to.

Respect the Laborer

"She isn't anybody; she works for a living."

Such were the words spoken by a handsome, accomplished and well-dressed lady. The subject of her remark was a young girl, neatly but cheaply attired, who passed by the port where the lady and her companion were standing. I was waiting to get our mail, and could not help hearing what she said, and it was said in such a scornful tone: "She isn't anybody; she works for a living."

Now, I say all honor to the girl who can make her own living. It shows she can depend on herself, and every time she wants a cent she doesn't have to go to "father" for it. And I say shame upon the man or woman who slights a person simply because he or she "has to work for a living." What could they do for a living if they were poor? Would they steal, or would they sit down and starve? Those are the only courses I can think of.

Now, I say again, as I said before, all honor to the girl who can earn her own living. People who think otherwise are narrow-minded and ignorant. Let the one who thinks it a disgrace to work, and shuns the society of those who do, put herself in their place—for some time she may be poor—for we all know that "riches have wings." Then what good would your pride be to you? And then, perhaps, you might be glad to "work for a living."

To the girl who works out I say, never be ashamed to own it, for you know, "Toiling hands alone are builders." And if some of our stylish ladies were not so afraid of soiling their white hands in dish water, but would go into the kitchen and do their own work, instead of sitting in the parlor thrumming on the piano, or lying on the sofa reading a trashy novel, we would hear of less failures in business.

Saturday Evening Reflections.

Try your skill in gilt first, then in gold.

A hen to-morrow is better than an egg to-day.

Publish your joys, but conceal your sorrows.

The bearing and training of a child is woman's wisdom.

People's intentions can only be decided by their conduct.

One day is worth three to him who does everything in order.

Sow good services, sweet remembrances will grow from them.

An effort made for the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves.

Let us not burden our remembrances with a heaviness that's gone.

He who throws out suspicion should at once be suspected himself.

Time and the sun will make vinegar without any shouting to help them.

The wrangler, the puzzler, the word-hunter, are incapable of great actions.

To act upon a determination made in anger is like embarking in a vessel during a storm.

The most miserable pettifogging in the world is that of a man in the court of his own conscience.

To Sabbath School Teachers

A little temperance talk to-day, a little more next Sunday, and so on. Keep steadily at it. One crack of the hammer on the wedge under the ship will not launch it, but after the many blows comes the cry: "There she goes!" and with a rush, a bow, a plunge, the "bride of the sea" joins her lover. To launch the temperance cause successfully in a school needs more than one day's work. It depends "blow upon blow, here a little, and there a little," but when you have given a school such a character, and the scholars such an education, what a work for the country, for the Church, and for Christ, you have accomplished.

Will be Used to it.

At a fair in the environs of Paris, a youth enters a booth and consults a clairvoyant on the future that is in store for him.

"You will live in the greatest misery till the age of thirty."

"And then?"

"And then.... You will be used to it."

VERBA VICE: You can always judge a tailor by the make he wears, and a potter by the wear he makes.

A free-thinker was asked the true nature of his religious belief:—

"I am an atheist, thank God!"

At the restaurant:

"Waiter, this wine does not appear to be orthodox."

"I am surprised at that, sir, because the landlord is in the habit of baptizing it."

An editor wrote a personal about a young man going to spark his girl. When it was printed he was horrified to see the letter a substituted for the e in the word spark.

The man who pats his wife twice by the same dog is better adapted for the kind of business than any other.

Simplicity is admirable everywhere. Too many comforts are a discomfort; each one brings its shadow.

Try to make another happy. We can live but one life, and that short one may be replaced, maybe never.