—THE—

Acton Free Press.

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

—AT THE—

FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE,

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.

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One column one year	$60.00
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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.

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.

L. L. BENNETT, DENTIST, Georgetown, Ont

JOHN LAWSON, GRADTATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, TORONTO, Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Office—in Kenney & Son's boot and shoe store, residence in the rear. Horses examined as to soundness, and certificates given. All calls, night or day, promptly attended to. Terms easy.

C. H. RIGGS, L.D.S., of the firm of RIGGS & IVORY, TORONTO, Will be at Campbell's Hotel on the first Monday of every month, in the practice of his profession. All work executed in the latest and most improved style of the dental art. No charge for consultation.

MOWAT & McLEAN, Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. ☞MONEY TO LOAN. OFFICE:—Secord's Block, Mill St., Acton. J. A. MOWAT. W. A. McLEAN.

G. S. GOODWILLIE, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public GEORGETOWN & ACTON. ☞Acton Office, in Mrs. Secord's Block.

JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT. Guelph, Ontario. OFFICE—Queen's Hotel Block, Market Square.

W. B. BRAGG, PRACTICAL MILLWRIGHT. Re-arranging of Flour Mills a Specialty. —P. O. Address, Box 103. Rockwood.

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS. HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA. 20 Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

MONEY TO LOAN. (PRIVATE FUNDS) At Six Per Cent. CLARKE & CANNIFF, BARRISTERS, &c., Cutten's Block, Guelph.

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.

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.

LIME FOR SALE. Lime can be had at the Canada Lime Works in small or large quantities at any time. Apply at the Kiln, near Tolton's mill, or to C. S. SMITH, May, 1st, 1882. Box 172, ACTON.

HANLAN BARBER SHOP. J. P. WORDEN. Has opened a Barber Shop in the premises lately occupied by Dr. Forster as a medical office, and solicits a share of the patronage of this vicinity. Every department of the business will be conducted in first-class style. Give us a call. J. P WORDEN, Jan. 23rd, 1883.

DELAWARE FARMS For Sale. From $10 to $40 Per Acre. —BY— J. D. HENDRICKS, Real Estate Agent, Houston, Delaware. These farms are improved with buildings, fences, fruit trees, and berries of all kinds, good water, plenty of timber land, good roads, schools and churches, good markets, only 95 miles from Philadelphia; plenty of fish, oysters and game; very productive land, climate mild and pleasant, come and see for yourself and be convinced. I am prepared with team and carriage to take visitors to see the farms free of charge. J. D. HENDRICKS, Houston, Delaware.

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 IX. No. 33. ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, FEB. 14, 1884. Whole No. 450.

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.

SCHOOL BOOKS, COPY BOOKS, DRAWING BOOKS, ALL THE NEW TEXT BOOKS FULL STOCK AT DAY'S BOOKSTORE, GUELPH.

DAY SELLS CHEAP.

JAS. F. KIDNER. 10 Cent Store, and CHEAP CASH BAZAR. Upper Wyndham St., GUELPH. Removed to Cheaper but Better Premises. Directly opposite the old store. 10 Cent Store and Cheap Cash Bazar. JAS. F. KIDNER.

Guelph Cloth Hall. OUR SCOTCH TWEED FALL SUITINGS Have now all arrived, and ordeos for Suits are respectfully solicited. SHAW & GRUNDY, MERCHANT TAILORS, GUELPH.

ESTABLISHED 1848. SAVAGE'S Watch, Clock, Jewelry & Spectacle HOUSE. Large Stock. - Prices Right. Special Attention to Fine Watch Repairing. R. SAVAGE, Near Petrie's New Drug Store, GUELPH.

AYER'S PILLS. A large proportion of the disease which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels, and liver. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS act directly upon these organs, and are especially designed to cure the diseases caused by their derangement, including Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Headache, Dysentery, and a host of other ailments, for all of which they are a safe, sure, prompt, and pleasant remedy. The extensive use of these PILLS by eminent physicians in regular practice, shows unmistakably the estimation in which they are held by the medical profession. These PILLS are compounded of vegetable substances only, and are absolutely free from calomel or any other injurious ingredient.

A Sufferer from Headache writes: "AYER'S PILLS are invaluable to me, and are my constant companion. I have been a severe sufferer from Headache, and your PILLS are the only thing I could look to for relief. One dose will quickly move my bowels and free my head from pain. They are the most effective and the easiest physic I have ever found. It is a pleasure to me to speak in their praise, and I always do so when occasion offers. W. L. PAGE, of W. L. Page & Bro." Franklin St., Richmond, Va., June 3, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S PILLS in numberless instances as recommended by you, and have never known them to fail to accomplish the desired result. We constantly keep them on hand at our home, and prize them as a pleasant, safe, and reliable family medicine. FOR DYSPEPSIA they are invaluable. J. T. HAYES." Mexia, Texas, June 17, 1882.

The REV. FRANCIS B. HARLOWE, writing from Milnield, Ga., says: "For some years past I have been subject to constipation, from which, in spite of the use of medicines of various kinds, I suffered increasing inconvenience, until some months ago I began taking AYER'S PILLS. They have entirely corrected the costive habit, and have vastly improved my general health."

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS correct irregularities of the bowels, stimulate the appetite and digestion, and by their prompt and thorough action give tone and vigor to the whole physical economy.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

YOUNG, OLD, AND MIDDLE-AGED. All experience the wonderful beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Children with Sore Eyes, Sore Ears, or any scrofulous or syphilitic taint, may be made healthy and strong by its use. Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

Wellington Marble Works, QUEBEC ST., GUELPH. John H. Hamilton, PROPRIETOR. (Formerly McQuillan & Hamilton) Dealer in Marble, Granite and everything pertaining to cemetery work. Received first prizes at Provincial Exhibition Guelph, the Western Fair, and all local exhibitions for excellence of material and superiority of workmanship. Your orders are solicited.

THE OLDEST DRUG STORE IN GUELPH.

BEST CANADIAN COAL OIL, ONLY 20c. a gallon. Now is the time to buy your COAL OIL.

HICINBOTHAM'S Condition Powders have given universal satisfaction, and all who have used them for horses and cattle testify to their excellence. Prepared only by W. G. SMITH & CO.

Winter Fluid.—An elegant preparation for Roughness of the Skin, Chapped Hands, Sore Lips, Frost Bites, &c. Prepared only by W. G. SMITH & CO.

Thorley's Horse and Cattle Food. Sold in any quantity to suit purchaser.

Diamond Dyes, the best and cheapest in the market. W. C. SMITH & CO., Dispensing Chemists, Guelph, 10th Dec., '83.

Acton Free Press.

THURSDAY MORNING FEB. 14, 1884.

POETRY

"I'D BE—WOULDN'T YOU?"

Two little feet running up and down,
Two chubby hands, pulling my gown,
Two little blue eyes peeping at me,
Bless no two little eyes could be.

Who wouldn't be mamma to two little feet?
Mamma to two chubby hands so sweet?
Mamma to two little eyes so blue?
I'd be mamma to them—wouldn't you?

A sweet rod mouth, and one little nose,
Ten plump fingers, and ten little toes,
Two cunning dimples, that play bo-peep
With the smiles that round the corners creep.

Who wouldn't be mamma to mouth and nose?
Mamma to ten little fingers and toes?
Mamma to dear little dimples, too?
I'd be mamma to them—wouldn't you?

Out in the morning, merry and bold,
Trying to pick up the sunbeam's gold,
Pinching the dog, and pulling the cat,
Hiding away under gran'pa's hat.

Who wouldn't be mamma to such a boy?
Mamma to such a dear household joy?
Mamma to one so precious and true?
I'd be mamma to him—wouldn't you?

OUR STORY.

GOOD CAUSE FOR THANKS.

The last week in October!

As a general thing Nature is not bountiful with her smiles these short, dreary days, when the world stands shuddering on the threshold of winter. But this particular Monday was full of balm and sunshine; the air sweet with the indescribable perfume of the colored leaves which were drifted up along the roadside, and collected in rustling layers under the stone-foundations of Exmouth jail. Overhead the sky was blue as a sapphire; and here and there along this woodpath a stray wild-flower lifted its purple eye, the last, lingering relic of the golden September glow.

Doctor Fitch rode along the lonely bridle-path, the sound of his horse's hoofs on the dead leaves reminding him vaguely of the days, long, long ago, when he was a boy and scoured these very woods in search of nuts, and hunted squirrels and chipmunks with a delight which moose and red deer would not give him now.

"If one could only be a boy forever," said Royal Fitch. Hallo! who's that? as his horse shied slightly at sight of a slender figure, sitting on a fallen log, a few feet back of the road. "Oh, it's you, Mary Trefoil! You got your discharge this morning."

Mary Trefoil looked up—a dark-eyed, pallid-faced woman, of two or three and twenty. Doctor Fitch knew her very well. She had been in Exmouth prison three months for theft, and during these three months she had lain nearly at the point of death, in the hospital ward, with a low, lingering fever. Doctor Fitch was rather proud of the skill which had rescued her from the jaws of death. He stopped his horse and looked at her.

"Yes, sir," said Mary Trefoil, spiritlessly, "I've got my discharge."

"And where are you going now?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Where are your friends?" he asked, not unkindly.

"I have none, sir."

"But this won't do," said Doctor Fitch, noting the troubled light in the girl's eye, the deadly whiteness of her brow and cheeks. "Look here; you must go somewhere, you know. You can't sit here. Can't you think of any place where they would give you food and shelter for a few days until you get strong?"

Mary Trefoil shook her head. She did not seem to be at all interested in the question. Doctor Fitch's horse reached up his head and browsed on the still green leaves of a wild grape-vine, which the boughs of a cedar had sheltered from the early frost. Doctor Fitch himself sat like a statue, and looked at Mary Trefoil.

"A social problem," he said, inwardly. "And she must be solved, somehow."

"Mary," he spoke aloud, "can you walk a mile?"

"I suppose so, sir."

"Then walk along by my horse's side. I know a good old lady who wants a girl. Perhaps you'd suit her. She need not know who you are, or whence you came."

"I didn't put myself in Exmouth jail," sullenly retorted Mary. "And I have told one story from the beginning—that I had nothing to do with the silver. I don't know how it came into my trunk; I didn't know it was there, until the officer dragged it out before my eyes."

"The law thought differently," said Doctor Fitch, who, as prison physician, had heard these protestations of innocency from scores of lips before. "However, that is not the question we are discussing just at present. Will you try to deserve my recommendation, if I give you one?"

"Heaven helping me, sir, I will!" said Mary Trefoil, evidently affected by his kindness.

She walked beside the horse for some little distance, until, down a side road, which seemed to plunge directly into the woods, they came to an old gray-stone house, all mantled with scarlet creepers, with a background of gnarled apple-trees, and the whir of a grist mill sounding somewhere in the background like the ceaseless hum of some gigantic insect.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Glover!" said Doctor Fitch. "Have you suited yourself yet with a girl?"

Mrs. Glover, an apple-faced woman of sixty, looked at them through a pair of round, silver-trimmed spectacles.

"No, sir, nor I ain't like to," said she. "Betsey Keene, she has gone in the millinery trade, and Lucey Lovey, she—"

"Well, I've brought you one," said Doctor Royal Fitch. "Come here, Mary. This is Mary Trefoil," with a quick glance at the silent girl. "I know who she is, and I can answer that she will do her best to please you and make herself useful."

"Indeed, I will, ma'am," said Mary, in a low voice.

"Folks live about here?" said Mrs. Glover.

"I have no relatives, said Mary. "I come from the northern part of the county."

"All the better," said the old lady, briskly. "You wont have no followers. Well, Mary, I won't deny that I'm awful glad to see you, for I'm pretty nigh tuckered out with doing all the chores myself. To be sure, my son Daniel helps me mornings and evenings, before he goes to teach doestrick school, for he's a scholar, my son is," with conscious pride. "And father, he does what he can; but a man can't do much beside tendin' grist-mill in a place like this. You look a little white and peaked, but—"

"Oh, she'll be all right in this pure air, with plenty of your new milk and home-made bread!" said Doctor Fitch, cheerily.

And with a whispered word or two of encouragement to Mary Trefoil, he rode away.

On Thanksgiving day, nearly a month later, he came back.

"Hello!" said Doctor Fitch. "Why, Mary, you look like a different creature!"

Mrs. Glover had gone to church, with her son Daniel and "Father," all undismayed by the occasional flakes of snow which were beginning to flutter through the air, and the howling of the wind down the glen.

Mary Trefoil was tripping around the kitchen, with an unwonted tinge of color in her cheeks, and her soft, brown hair parted from her forehead, and a red ribbon tied at the side. She stopped, with a milk jug in her hand, and looked at Dr. Fitch, brightly.

"I am like a different creature, sir," said she, "thanks to you!"

"So it's all going right, eh?" said the doctor. "You like the place?"

"I am perfectly happy here," said Mary. "But, oh, doctor, I have no one to consult, and I've asked myself, the question so many times over that everything seems distorted in my eyes! I wonder if I might dare to speak out my mind to you?"

"What on earth is the girl talking about?" said Doctor Fitch.

"If I could only see the prison chaplain—"

"Come, I'll officiate as prison chaplain for the time being," said Doctor Fitch, good-humoredly. "Out with your trouble! What is it?"

"Well, it—it isn't exactly a trouble," confessed Mary, busying herself with polishing the great red apples which were to be the crowning glory of the dessert. "But I think—I am almost certain—that Daniel Glover is getting fond of me!"

"Hal—lo!" said the doctor.

"Oh, doctor," faltered poor Mary, "ought I to tell him all?"

"Hold your tongue," said the doctor, brusquely. "A close mouth makes a wise head! You say you are innocent of all those charges?"

"I was innocent!" cried Mary, "I am innocent!"

"Very well," said Doctor Fitch; "then you are as good as he is."

And, with a few kindly words, he rode on.

But, as Mr. and Mrs. Glover were coming leisurely home from church, with Daniel sauntering behind, a sullen-eyed tramp slouched up to the former, touching his cap.

"Be you the grist-mill man?" said he.

"I am the miller, friend," said Mr. Glover.

"Well, then," said the dusty-footed stranger, "it is my bounden duty to tell you that you're harboring a prison-bird in your home."

"What?" cried old Mrs. Glover.

"I knows it, blamed well!" asserted the man, "'cos I was in quad at the same time she was. Theft for she, and drunk and disorderly for me. And I wouldn't have blowed on her, but she refused me a drink of cider, and wouldn't let me in to warm my feet. I ain't no tale-bearer; but there's some things as flesh and blood won't bear!"

He stalked on, muttering to himself, while Mr. and Mrs. Glover and Daniel stared at each other in horrified amazement.

"Mother, is it true?" said Daniel.

"It can't be!" said the old lady.

"Ask herself," said the miller, grimly.

Mary met them at the door, with a radiant smile. The dinner was all ready; the humble array of silver and china sparkled on the board; the fire blazed upon the clean-swept hearth.

"I am so glad you have come back!" said she. "Not that I was afraid to be alone, but there was an ill-looking man along just now— Oh, why do you look at me so strangely? Is anything the matter?"

"There is much the matter!" said the old miller, sternly. "Answer me, girl—"

"Father, you shall not be harsh to her!" said Daniel Glover. "Come here, Mary. Lean on me. Nay, do not tremble so. What is there to be afraid of? We all know that the brute spoke lies!"

"Is it a lie," faltered Mrs. Glover, "that you—you were in prison?"

"It is no lie!" said Mary, turning deathly white. "I served a sentence in Exmouth prison; but—but I never was guilty! Circumstances were against me. I- "

"Then," sternly uttered the old man, "you must leave this house!"

"If she goes, father," said Daniel Glover, firmly, "I go with her. For I trust her. I believe in her!"

"Daniel, are you crazy," said his mother.

At that moment, Doctor Fitch rode up, looking flushed and excited, yet pleased withal. He sprung off his horse and walked into the house, looking keenly about him.

"Good people," said he, "what is all this about?"

"We have just heard," wailed Mrs. Glover," that our Mary is—a convict!"

"Pshaw!" said Doctor Fitch. "So it has got around to your ears, has it? Well, I have just heard that she isn't. I have come from the hospital ward. A man was was brought in, fatally wounded in a liquor saloon fray. I examined his hurts. 'My man,' said I, 'if you have any affairs to settle, they had better be settled at once, for you have not six hours to live.' Said he, 'if I am dying, there's one or two things I would like to say.' And then, in solemn confession, he said, among other black and wicked revelations, that he was one of the burglars in the famous Chartens case—that he hid the silver in Mary Trefoil's trunk when, at the last, he found himself unable to carry it all away, she being seamstress in the Chartens family, and entirely ignorant of the whole thing—that he was too closely tracked to contrive to return, and so she was convicted through circumstantial evidence, being, to use the wretch's own words, 'as innocent as a baby' all the time. He is a dying man now, under the care of the chaplain, but he has done his best to right you, Mary Trefoil, in the eyes of the world!"

"Mary," said the miller, "I was wrong just now when I spoke up so sudden. Will you forgive me?"

"Mary, don't look so pale," soothed Mrs. Glover. "Here—drink some of this cold water!"

"Mary, dearest," whispered Daniel, as he stole his arm around her waist, "I knew all along that you were innocent! I knew you were too good and pure to be aught else!"

And the last words revived her most of all!

Doctor Fitch stayed to help them eat the Thanksgiving dinner which Mary had prepared so daintily — the brown and oleaginous turkey, the cinnamon-flavored apple-pies, the baked potatoes and mince-tarts, with the nuts and apples and sparkling cider afterwards. And when he rose to go, he said, laughing:

"Well, and when is the wedding to be?"

"At Christmas, please God," Daniel uttered, bravely, while Mary Trefoil cried out:

"Oh, Daniel, I never said so."

"But I say so, and mother says so," chimed in Mr. Glover, Sr. "And so the matter is settled by a vote of the majority."

"And I shall claim the privilege of giving away the bride," said Doctor Fitch, merrily.

And so he went out into the snow and darkness, whistling gaily as he vanished.

And Mary, looking earnestly up into her lover's eyes, said, softly:

"Oh, Daniel, I think I never knew before the true meaning of the name Thanksgiving!"

"It does seem providential," said old Mrs. Glover, tenderly, stroking down the bright hair of her daughter-in-law elect, "that all this should have happened on Thanksgiving day!"

As if all things were not providential, when Providence is over us all.

Whose Boy Am I?

I'd just like to know whose boy I am. Every morning when the postman comes, he says, "Hal-lo! whose little boy are you?"

Then I have to say: "Papa's an' mamma's, an' grandpa's, an' grand-ma's, an' uncle Charlie's, an' aunty Lou's, an' aunty May's an'—

"But when I ain't through, he's gone, an' he always laughs when he is going. I like to be some folks' boy, but not everybody's. When I do things papa likes, such as pick up chips, and don't cry when I'm hurt, then I'm papa's boy. An' when I'm hurt, an' do cry, then I'm mamma's boy. An' when any of my gran'-mas come, they say, when I'm right there before 'em, "An' where's garan-ma's boy to-day?" An' cook says: "Be my good little boy," an' las, night a man came on our steps an' he said, "My son, is this Mr. Nelson's house?" an' when I said, no, he said, "Thank you, my boy;" an' a policeman said jus' now, "Run in, my boy, jes' you I'll freeze." I don't like to be a man's boy that I never have; I've been before as all, I don't."

THE YOUNG LADIES' NEW YEAR'S TOILET.

Self-knowledge—The Enchanting Mirror.
This curious glass will bring your faults to light,
And make your virtues shine both strong and bright.

Contentment—Wash to Smooth Wrinkles.
A daily portion of this essence use;
'Twill smooth the brow, and tranquillness infuse.

Truth—Fine Lip Salve.
Use daily for your lips this precious dye—
They'll redden and breathe sweeter melody.

Prayer—Mixture Giving Sweetness to the Voice.
At morning, noon and night this mixture take;
Your tones, improved, will richer music make.

Compassion—Best Eye Water.
These drops will add great lustre to the eye;
When more you need, the poor will you supply.

Wisdom—Solution to Prevent Eruptions.
It calms the temper, beautifies the face,
And gives to woman dignity and grace.

Attention and Obedience—Matchless Pair of Ear-rings.
With these clear drops appended to the ear,
Attentive lessons you will gladly hear.

Neatness and Industry—Indispensable Pair of Bracelets.
Clasp them on carefully, each day you live;
To good designs they efficacy give.

Patience—An Elastic Girdle.
The more you use, the brighter will it glow,
Though its least merit is external show.

Principle—The Ring of Tried Gold.
Yiel! not this golden bracelet while you live;
'Twill one restrain, and peace of conscience give.

Resignation—Necklace of Purest Pearl.
This ornament embellishes the fair,
And teaches all the ills of life to bear.

Love—Diamond Breast pin.
Adorn your bosom with this precious pin;
It shines without, and warms the heart within.

Politeness—A Graceful Bandeau.
The forehead neatly circled with this band
Will admiration and respect command.

Good Temper—Universal Beautifier.
With this choice liquid gently touch the mouth;
It spreads o'er all the face the charms of youth.

Piety—A Precious Diadem.
Whoe'er this precious diadem shall own
Secures herself an everlasting crown.

A Parent's Responsibility.

"A COMMANDMENT WITH PROMISE."

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." (Prov. xxii. 6).

"Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child: but the rod of correction will drive it far from him." (Prov. xxii. 15).

"The rod and reproof give wisdom, but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." (Prov. xxix. 15).

"Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest: yea, he shall give delight unto thy soul." (Prov. xxix. 17).

"Chasten thy son while there is hope: and let not thy soul spare for his crying." (Prov. xix. 18).

"These words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children" (or whet or sharpen them, margin) (Deut. vi. 7).

"The words of the wise (parents) are as goads, as nails fastened in a sure place by the masters of assemblies."

"That thy trust may be in the Lord, I have made known to thee this day." "Trust thou also" (margin Prov. xxii. 19).

"I have written to thee excellent things in counsels and knowledge, that I might make thee know the certainty of the words of truth."

"From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to to make thee wise unto salvation."

An Oddity Showing a Law in Optics.

Here is a very singular illustration of the optical delusion which a change of position will sometimes effect:

Take a row of ordinary capital letters and figures:

SSSSSSXXXXXX333333888888.

They are such as are made up of two parts of equal shapes. Look carefully at these and you will perceive that the upper halves of the characters are a very little smaller than the lower halves—so little that an ordinary eye declares them to be of equal size. Now turn the paper upside down and, without any careful looking, you will see that this difference in size is very much exaggerated; that the real half top of the letter is very much smaller than the bottom half. It will be seen from this that there is a tendency in the eye to enlarge the upper part of any object upon which it looks.

The Tallest Tree in the World.

It seems that America, after all, is unable to make good her claim to the possession of the tallest and largest trees in the world. Every one has read of the marvels of the Yosemite Valley and Yellowstone Park, the huge national sporting ground of the United States. But what are the giants of California in comparison with a tree which has lately been discovered in Australia? It has long been known that in Tasmania there are eucalypti measuring 200 feet from the ground to the first branch, and more than 350 feet in total height; and there is, or lately was, on Mount Wellington, near Hobart Town, a tree of this species the trunk of which was eighty-six feet in circumference. But a still more gigantic monarch of the woods has been recently discovered in Victoria. It is a well-proportioned specimen of *Eucalyptus amygdalina*, and its top is nearer to the sky than the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral, for it is no less than 430 feet above the ground.

Fluid Lightning. Fluid Lightning is the only cure for Toothache, Headache, Earache and Neuralgia. It does not take a day or an hour to cure it, but in less than a minute all pain is good. Thousands have tested its merits within the last year. Fluid Lightning is also a positive cure for Rheumatism. The worst possible cases have been permanently cured in one week. Price 25 cents at McGarvin's Drug Store. 31

To the Ladies. McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate will cure any case of Pimples on the face or Rough Skin on either hands or face and leave them soft as silk. It will also heal any sore when all other preparations fail. Thousands have tested it. Ask your druggist for McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate and do not be persuaded to take anything else claimed to be as good. It is only 25 cents per box at J. S. McGarvin's Drug Store.