The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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ACTON, ONTARIO

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

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

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 street, Acton.

JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto—Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Office:—In Kenny Bros. 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.

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

A. C. MCKINLAY, L.D.S., SURGEON DENTIST, Georgetown, Ont., uses the new system of Nitrous Oxide Gas (commonly called Vitalized Air) for extracting teeth without pain. Having been Demonstrator and Practical Teacher in Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto, patrons may depend upon receiving satisfaction in any operation performed. Will visit Acton every second and fourth Wednesday of each month. Office:—In Agnew's Hotel.

J. H. CARRIQUE, SURGEON DENTIST, MILTON. Honor Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario, will visit Acton Thursday of each week, beginning the first of July. Office in Agnew's Hotel. Preservation of the natural teeth a specialty. Artificial teeth inserted on gold, celluloid or rubber bases guaranteed perfect. Vitalized Air, Nitrous Oxide and other anæsthetics used for painless extraction of teeth.

JOHNSTON & MCLEAN
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. Private funds to loan.
Office:—Town Hall, Acton.
E. T. B. JOHNSTON. WM. A. MCLEAN.

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

M. E. MITCHELL,
SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, &c.
Office:—First door west of the "Champion" office, Main street Milton. Money to loan at 6 per cent.

SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,
TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN.
Offices:—Crewlman's Block, Georgetown, and 86 King street east, Toronto.
W. T. ALLAN. J. SHILTON, B.A. J. BAIRD, B.A.

BAGEROW & CARSON,
BARRISTERS-AT-LAW, &c.
Office:—Quinn's Hall, 30 Church street, Toronto.
G. WOODBERROW, M.P.P. JOHN CARSON, B.C.L.
CO. CROWN ATTORNEY.

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

WM. HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

J. A. MURRAY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Halton and Wellington. Orders left at his residence, Main street, opposite Church street, Acton, or addressed to Acton P.O., will receive strict attention. Terms reasonable. Notes discounted if desired.

JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT,
GUELPH, ONT.
OFFICE:—Queen's Hotel Block, Market Square.

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

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

Guelph Business College.
GUELPH, ONTARIO.
THE THIRD SCHOLASTIC YEAR begins September 1st. Patronage drawn from Ten States and Provinces. Young men and boys thoroughly prepared for business pursuits. Graduates eminently successful as Accountants, Business Managers, Shorthand Writers, Clerks, Salesmen, Travellers, etc., both in Canada and the United States. Moderate rates, thorough, practical work and courteous treatment characterize the institution. Ladies admitted to all the advantages of the College. Splendid facilities afforded for the acquisition of French and German.
For information address
M. MACCORMICK, Principal.
wtf

Lumber, Shingles, AND LATH.
The undersigned desires to inform the public that he has now on hand and will keep in stock a full line of Pine and Hemlock as well as other kinds of Lumber, also, First and Second class Pine Shingles & Lath.

Coal & Wood.
Having purchased the Coal business of Mr. C. S. Smith, I am prepared to supply all kinds of Stove Coal. I have also a good stock of Wood—Hardwood, Ash, Cedar and Mill Wood, at reasonable prices. Wood and Coal delivered.
JAMES BROWN

MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
—OF THE—
COUNTY OF WELLINGTON,
ESTABLISHED 1840.
HEAD OFFICE, - GUELPH.
Insures Building, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of property, on the Premium Note System.
F. W. Stone, President. Chas. Davidson, Secretary.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent.

Acton Banking Company,
STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO.,
—BANKERS,—
Acton. - - Ontario.
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES.
Notes Discounted and Interest Allowed on Deposits.

Find the Puzzle.
THE undersigned is prepared to furnish on the shortest notice, in any quantity and at bottom prices, first-class
Lumber, Lath, Staves, Heading, Shingles, Wash Tubs, Churns, Butter Tubs, Pork Barrels, Wood, Flour and Feed,
and anything in the line of farmers', housekeepers' or contractors' necessities.
The puzzle is to find a better place than
THOMAS C. MOORE'S
to buy anything in the above lines, also to find out if you are indebted to him for anything purchased from him. His books say some are and he would like the money.

W. H. RUTLEDGE,
THE BUTCHER,
Deals in everything in the Meat line. No cits establishment can be found better stocked at all seasons.
No Questionable Goods Offered to Customers at any Price.
Lowest prices and square dealing is my motto. One trial convinces on these points.
Cash always paid for cattle. The highest price paid for hides and sheepskins.
W. H. RUTLEDGE.

Wellington Marble Works.
QUEBEC ST., GUELPH.
Hamilton & Clark,
PROPRIETORS.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Marble, Granite and everything pertaining to Cemetery work. Direct importers of all kinds of Granite and Marble.
Having lately visited the Bay of Fundy granite quarries, and having purchased the entire stock of gray and red granite monuments, headstones, crosses, urns, etc., of Alexander Taylor, at less than cost, we will, until further notice, sell at prices never before known in Ontario. For instance—Granite monuments, 4ft. high, $60, 7 ft. $75, 8 ft. $90, 9 ft. $100, 10 ft. $120. All work and material warranted first-class. Parties wanting anything in this line will do well to call and see us before purchasing elsewhere as we guarantee our prices are from 30 to 50 per cent. below all other dealers.

LIVERY.
J. & H. WORDEN
HAVING assumed proprietorship of the livery business lately carried on by Mr. W. E. Smith, would solicit the patronage of the public, and will do their utmost to please all customers.
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs Can Always be Secured.
First Class Outfit for Commercial Travellers at Special Rates.
A comfortable bus meets all day trains and night also if ordered. Give us a call.
J. & H. WORDEN.

HELLO!
Pause and Consider
That it will be to your own interest to patronize home trade. We would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Acton and surrounding country that we are again in full running order, and in a better position than before the fire to fill all orders entrusted to us. To parties building,
Lumber will be Dressed
while you wait, and Mouldings, &c., made with neatness and despatch.
N. B.—We are also prepared to fill all orders for
PUMPS
on short notice, and from long experience in the business we feel confident that we can give satisfaction every time. So come on with your orders and help to roll the ball along. Money makes the more go, whether she has legs or no.
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

THE FALL
will be here before you know it, but
KENNEY BROS.
—OF THE—
Dominion Boot & Shoe Store,
MAIN STREET, ACTON,
have anticipated its early arrival and laid in a splendid stock of
Boots & Shoes
&c., for fall wear.
—:o:—
Our reputation for good goods
and superior value is well established. We can suit you all.
—:o:—
Our Custom Department Is
turning out first-class work as usual with good stock, and repairing is always promptly and neatly done.
KENNEY BROS.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY
WALL PAPER
CHEAP AT
DAY'S BOOKSTORE,
GUELPH.
Grand Sale Going On.

$1 Roll Wall Paper for	50c
75c " "	38c
30c. Paper for	20c
20c. Paper for	15c
15c. Paper for	10c
10c. Paper for	7½c

Fancy Goods, Books, &c.
low. Must be sold to make room for new stock to arrive this Fall.
DAY SELLS CHEAP.

—JUST ARRIVED AT—
THE BAZAAR.
—A LARGE STOCK OF—
Wools, double and single Berlin, Zepher Andalusian, Fairy Zepher, and all kinds of Fingering Wools for the Fall and Winter Trade. A Lovely Assortment of Embroideries in Cambric and Muslin.
Handsome Baby Robes and Cashmere Cloaks. Lovely Shades in Plushes, Felts, Satins, Arrasines, Embroidery Silks, Filloselles, Pom-Poms, Chenille Cords, Carigles, and all the Latest Trimmings for Tidies, Banners Draperies, Etc.
Underwear made to order. Stamping a specialty.
And don't forget this is where you can get the
LIGHT RUNNING
New Raymond Sewing Machine.
The Machine everybody wants. Needs no recommendation. It recommends itself. Call and see this Popular Machine and inspect our Stock of Fancy Goods.
FRANK R. WEBBER.
Acton, August 18th, 1887.

C. W. KELLY
Sole Agent for Acton and vicinity for the celebrated
BELL ORGAN AND LANSDOWNE PIANO
In the FREE PRESS I notice that Mr. J. C. McLean's advertisement doubts my sole agency for the Bell Organ
I now state that I have a written contract, duly signed by Messrs. W. Bell & Co. giving me the sole agency for the sale of the Bell Organ for the City of Guelph and a radius of twenty miles, including Acton, Rockwood, Eden Mills, Everton, New Germany, Breslau and Hespeler. The above mentioned contract can be seen by any lady or gentleman on calling at my Music Store, opposite the Post Office. I believe the reliable firm of W. Bell & Co. are adhering to the letter of the contract, and that any person other than my agents who are selling the Bell Organ in the above territory is obtaining them in some unsatisfactory way or is selling a second-hand instrument. I notice Proprietor recommended the Bell Organ to Customer. The indisputable reputation of this organ is such that all dealers recommend to customers.
C. W. KELLY,
(Opposite Post Office)
GUELPH.
My wareroom is well stocked with musical Instruments, including Pianos, Organs, Guitars, Banjos, Violins, Harmonicas and Accordians. Also a full line of the latest sheet music, and am receiving new instalments daily.
C. W. KELLY.

—RIGHT—
TO THE FRONT
OF ALL COMPETITION WE PLACE OUR
Elegant and Substantial Goods.
—:o:o:—
Splendid in Quality!
Complete in Assortment!!
Overflowing in Generous Bargains!
—IN—
MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S
Boots and Shoes
RUBBERS, OVERSHOES, &c.
At prices that always lead to speedy sales
—:o:o:—
LOWEST PRICES
—CONSISTENT WITH—
GOOD QUALITY.
—:o:o:—
Custom Work and Repairing promptly attended to.
W. WILLIAMS,
Mill Street, Acton.

SALESMEN WANTED.
WE are in want of a few more first-class men to canvass for the sale of choice varieties of Nursery Stock. To men who can make a success of the business we can pay good salaries or commission and give permanent employment. We have many new and choice specialties both in the fruit and ornamental lines which other do not handle. Apply at once, with references
MAY BROTHERS,
NURSERYMEN ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Poetry.

BELIEVE HIM TRUE.

A maiden and a sailor-wife sat looking o'er the sea;
The young girl's head lay wearily upon the old wife's knee;
She raised her tearful eyes, and O! so mournfully said she:
"I have not heard from Jamie, and they say he's false to me."

"Do not believe them, lassie, whate'er they say or do;
Oh what should he be thinking while he sails the waters blue
If it is not of his sweet-heart that he knows is good and true?
Do not believe it lassie; your lad is true to you."

"He promised when he parted that he would come again;
He told you that he loved you; you could believe him then;
And now that he is sailing across the dreary main,
Why let your heart be troubled with such a needless pain?

"How can he meet a purer maid out there upon the sea?
And far away in China, would the Chinese ladies be
Very apt to win him from you? Fie upon such jealousy!
If you think you cannot trust him, you had better set him free."

"Oh, no!" she cried. "I love him. That I could never do."
"Then," said the kind old sailor-wife, "believe that he is true.
Heed not the foolish gossiping that brings distress to you,
But pray that God will save the ship that now is over-due."

"Put all your soul in earnest prayer, and dry your idle tears;
I've loved and trusted my good man through many silent years.
And he came home again. Dear child, allay your causeless fears.
Look, lass, without the harbor bar! What sail is that appears?

"Take out the glass and read her name. Is it the Mary Ann?"
"My captain named this ship for me when first our love began."
"It is our ship!" the maiden cried; then up the sands they ran.
At eve each happy woman met her own true sailor-man.

Select Family Reading.

NED'S SACRIFICE

"Hip, hip, hurrah! hurrah!! hurrah!!!" shouted the boys at the Granville school, throwing their caps in the air, turning handsprings, and otherwise expressing their satisfaction at sight of the snowflakes they were falling so swiftly, bringing them promises of unlimited sport that they were to enjoy on the coasting hill. "The old woman's picking her geese," shouted Bobbie Green, "yes and you shall be first to be on the feather bed," said Harry Somers, dextrously plunging him into a soft, fleecy drift, "and he must not sleep alone," he continued boisterously shoving another into the same bed. This was the signal for a general stampede, and soon there was such a confusion of caps, scarfs, mittens, boot heels and boys turned wrong end up, that I greatly fear Mother Goose trembled for the safety of her downy bed. But she is a good old soul, and I suppose realized that boys must have their fun, so she said nothing; but as soon as they had arisen went quietly at work to replace the feathers which they had so unceremoniously dispersed.

Just back of the school house was a long, steep coasting hill, which had so far during the winter, displayed a tantalizingly bare surface, and how the boys had longed for it to be covered, especially Ned Brown. Ned's father was a farmer and did not believe in spending much ox fol-derols, as he termed skates, sleds, and the various accompaniments that are so dear to every boy's heart. Ned was 12 years old, and the only boy in school of that age who did not possess a sled. Being handy with tools he could have manufactured a very good substitute, but he had no time excepting Sundays, and he would as soon have thought of disobeying his father, as working on Sunday, and he must manage some other way to buy the coveted treasure. Early in spring he had commenced hoarding in anticipation of the coming winter, and every penny that he could obtain honestly, went to swell the sled fund. By the last of September he had saved one dollar, but thought he, I will buy as good a one as possible, to pay for my long waiting, and so chink, chink, chink, had occasionally sounded in the little iron bank, until when the first snow came, 50 cents more had been treasured.

On his way to school this morning of which I write, he had stopped at the store and priced the sleds, and, ah! *such* a beauty that he could get for $1.50. He had never expected to possess one-half as nice. During school hours his mind had been so filled with it that when the teacher pronounced the word "misled," he spelled "s-l-e-d sled." Ned blushed, the scholars tittered, and even the teacher could not suppress a smile, but noticing that his eyes had been wandering out of the window, and divining where his thoughts were she kindly excused him.

"Bring your sled to-morrow, Ned," shouted a half dozen voices in chorus, when school was dismissed. "Let me christen it," "Give me a ride," "me too," "me too," continued a babel of voices from the midst of a shower of snow balls. Ned swung his cap around his head, bowed laughingly right and left in acquiescence, and started home.

"I say, Ned, said Harry Somers after they had walked a short distance. "let's go round by the store and ask Mr. Jones to put the sled aside. Some one else *might* get it, you know, and it's the only large one in town."

"Oh! yes, certainly. I will do anything to please the boys," good-naturedly asserted Mr. Jones, when Ned timidly requested him to lay the sled one side. "Was once a boy myself," he continued grasping Ned by the shoulder and giving him a playful shake. "And now, my lads, is there anything more I can do for you?"

"No, thanks," politely replied the boys and left the store to walk separate roads home.

Ned had proceeded scarcely a quarter of a mile when these words, in a childish treble, arrested his attention: "Dear Jesus." Ned paused to ascertain from whence the voice came, and after assuring himself it was from the wretched abode he was passing, known as the home of "drunken Jim," he cautiously drew near the broken window and listened.

"Dear Jesus, mamma says you are *very awful* good, and will hear even little ragged boys like me, when we pray. Dear Jesus, mamma says you can do anything you want to, and won't you please make my papa let the nasty drink be, and save money enough to get me some shoes? Dear Jesus, I *do* want to help mamma carry the clothes and bring wood and water, and it's awful cold to go barefoot. Now, dear Jesus, hear my prayer, for Christ's sake. Amen.

In the dim light, Ned could see the pale features, pinched and haggard from the want of proper food and clothing. The closed eyes and bony hands raised in supplicating entreaty, brought tears to his eyes, and the homeward journey was resumed in a very thoughtful mood.

"Ned," said his mother after tea, "if you are not afraid I should like you to go to the village for me. I am out of groceries to-morrow is baking day and I shall want them early in the morning. It will not be very dark, on account of the snow, and you can get your sled and draw the groceries home on it if you want to."

"Oh! I'm not the least bit afraid," replied Ned. "But," he continued, hesitatingly and with a slight tremor in his voice, "I believe—I—will not get the sled."

"*Not get the sled!*" his mother echoed in surprise. "I thought you had been watching every snowflake, impatiently waiting for the ground to become covered. What has induced you to give it up when the coasting is so beautiful?"

Poor Ned! He was only a boy with a boy's love of fun, and as his mother spoke he seemed to feel the thrill of pleasure and the exhilarating breeze as it rushed past in his long descent down the coasting hill. He looked steadily out of the window for a moment, resolutely swallowed something hard that kept rising in his throat, and said:

"Oh, I'm getting so large that I don't care so *very* much for a sled, and if you are willing that I should do as I please with the money I will use it for something else."

"Why, Ned," said his mother, laughing. "I can't see that you are so very much *larger* than you were last evening, and then you seemed to anticipate a great deal of pleasure from the possession of a sled."

Ned then told his mother the story of Johnnie Black's prayer, and that he had resolved to take the hoarded treasure and buy covering for the poor child's feet. His mother kissed him with tears in her eyes and replied: "Well done my noble boy. You have a tender, unselfish heart, and should you never have another dollar that you could call yours, you are rich in the possession of that alone."

As Ned passed the drunkard's hut on his way to the village that evening, through the dimly lighted window he could see Johnnie and his mother hovering over the old cracked stove, vainly trying to keep warm by the miserable fire, and the sight of the poor naked feet banished all thought of the sled which might have lingered in his mind, and he hastened on, anxious to give Johnnie the pleasure which was in store for him.

"Mr. Jones," said Ned on arriving at the store, "I have concluded not to take the sled, that is if it is the same to you."

"Certainly it will be all the same to me. I can find sale for it any day," said Mr. Jones good naturedly, "and now my little man what can I do for you?"

Ned selected the groceries which his mother had desired him to purchase, and then asked:

"Have you any stout boy's shoes?"

"That I have. Some '*stompers*,' replied the jolly merchant, producing them. 'They are high ones, almost as good as boots," he continued.

"The price?" said Ned.

"One dollar-seventy-five."

Ned hesitated for a moment, and then said timidly: "I want them very much, but I have only one dollar-and-a-half."

"Well, well," said Mr. Jones, vigorously applying the pegcutter, "you shall have them. We won't let twenty-five cents stand in the way of a bargain."

Ned took the money from his pocket and placed it on the counter. No need for him to count it. He had done that too many times to admit the possibility of a mistake. The sight of so many small pieces of silver aroused good Mr. Jones' curiosity, but not wishing to appear rude by asking questions, he asked in a careless way:

"Hadn't you better try the shoes on, my boy? They look rather small for you."

Ned hesitated for a moment, and then blushingly told the story of poor Johnnie's prayer. When he had concluded, the good merchant added two pair of warm woollen hose and wrote on the paper containing them, "In answer to Johnnie Black's prayer."

"I should really like to witness the little fellow's joy on receiving them," said Mr. Jones, and calling to a clerk he said: "Here, Frank, I am going out for a few minutes, you please attend to business during absence."

"Yes, sir," respectfully replied the clerk, and Mr. Jones donned his great coat and accompanied Ned as far as Johnnie's house.

They passed a short distance beyond the house and deposited the groceries in a safe place. Returning they cautiously removed a bundle of rags from a broken window-pane, pushed the shoes through, and stationed themselves where they could see, without being seen. The attention of neither Johnnie nor his mother was attracted until the shoes struck the floor with a thud. Mrs. Black turned quickly around, and Johnnie clung to her with a little gesture of fright, but perceiving the parcel she picked it up and carried it to the light. Johnnie's curiosity had overcome his timidity, and he stood by flushed and eager, questioning excitedly while his mother undid the bundle. The moment the shoes were brought to view his eager questioning ceased, and he stood regarding them with parted lips, clasped hands, and a look of reverential awe; then burying his face in his mother's apron he sobbed in his excess of joy. Mrs. Black, scarcely less effected than Johnnie, waited for him to become calm, and then turning the parcel over she caught sight of the inscription, and exclaimed:

"Why, Johnnie! have you been praying for shoes?"

"Oh, yes, mamma! *Do* you think Jesus sent them? You know you said if I would be a good boy Jesus would answer my prayer, and I tried hard to be good for a long time, and then I prayed, and oh! mamma, He must have knowed what I was thinking, for I never said one word about stockings, and here they are—and oh! mamma, *do* you think Jesus sent them to me?"

"They are surely in answer to your prayer my child, for here it is written, and *some* good angel brought them. But do not let us forget to thank Him, and with the tears still streaming down her face, she clasped her hands around the child, and knelt. And from the drunkard's lowly hovel ascended such a prayer of earnest, fervent thanksgiving, that the two spectators outside the window instinctively bared their heads and uttered a fervent "Amen" when it was finished.

"Perhaps," said Ned, with a suspicious tremble in his voice, "Johnnie will always think some good angel brought his shoes and stockings."

"And I am not so sure that he is wrong," said Mr. Jones, grasping Ned's hand and shaking it warmly. There are plenty of angels on earth my boy. Pure, warm hearts constitute them, and I am sure a nobler one never beat under a *small* boy's jacket."

Many times during the winter, Ned met Johnnie toiling carefully through the snow, carrying to and from the village the clothes that his mother had washed, and and as he extended kindly greetings he would oftimes remember the sled and think he was happier in the sacrifice than he would have been in its possession, thus verifying the proverb. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

RULES FOR VISITORS AND TRAVELLERS.

IF RESIDING IN THE COUNTRY.

1. Never neglect your accustomed private duties of reading, meditation, self-examination and prayer.

2. Never fail to attend some place of worship on the Lord's Day, unless prevented by such circumstances as you are sure will excuse you in the eyesight of God.

3. Never entertain invited company on the Lord's Day, and pay no visits, unless to the sick and needy, as acts of benevolence.

4. Never engage in anything, either on the Lord's or on any secular day, which will compromise your Christian consistency.

5. Seek to do good to the souls of your family and all others within your reach.

6. Always remember that you are to "stand before the judgment-seat of Christ."

IF TRAVELLING.

1. Never, on any plea whatever, travel on the Lord's Day.

2. Make your arrangements to stop, if possible, in some place where you can enjoy suitable religious privileges.

3. If at a public house or watering place on the Lord's Day, do not mingle with indiscriminate company; keep your own room as much as possible, and be engaged in such a way as may make the day profitable to your soul and honourable to your God.

4. Every day find or make time for your private duties of reading, meditation, self-examination and prayer.

5. Carry tracts and good books with you to read, distribute or lend, according to circumstances.

6. Seek opportunities to do good to the souls of those into whose society you may fall.

7. Never, by deed or conversation, appear to be ashamed of your religious profession.

8. Remember you are to stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.

Let me entreat you to read these items of advice over and over again, and recur them in every time of temptation. They are the affectionate warning of one who knows the danger of your situation, and whose heart's desire and prayer to God it is, that you may maintain your Christian integrity, honor God, live in obedience to his will and enjoy the peace which can alone spring from a conscience void of offence, because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart.—*Dr. Bedell.*

LITTLE LAUGHS.

The wise head that makes a sight draft on a sensible heart will have his paper honored with full payment of common sense.—*White-hall Times.*

Guest at summer hotel—Who is that distinguished looking young man wiping dishes? Proprietor—That is Mr. Emerson Tracy Bancroft, who delivered the magnificent oration on "The Ideality of Life" at Yalemouth commencement.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A thunderbolt struck a small boy in Middleton, N. Y., the other day, and scooted down his trousers legs. As they picked him up he exclaimed with agonizing earnestness: "Oh, teacher! I'll be good!"—*Burlington Free Press.*

In these days of "progressive" all sorts of things it would be quite in keeping to call the tramp a progressive parasite.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A new society novel is to be entitled "Will it Wash?" If it refers to the tramp we know blamed well what the answer will be.—*Rahway Advocate.*

A poet writes: "I know sweet songs I cannot sing." That poet has our gratitude.—*Somerville Journal.*

The old saying dosen't read: "Poets are born old maids," but a good many would-be poets are, just the same.—*Somerville Journal.*

"I paws for a reply," says the dog when he asks for a lump of sugar.—*New Haven News.*

Oh! Vassar girl, your tears will drop
When you inform your chum
That there's a failure in the crop
Of chewing gum.

Boston Courier.

We have ceased to hate the man who practices on the cornet. We just pity him and his neighbors. N. B.—We are not one of his neighbors.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A SOVEREIGN DID IT.

The following story is told of an undergraduate of Trinity about forty years back. One night, being engaged to an in-college supper, he unfortunately did not reach the gate till five minutes past ten. [After ten no out-college man could enter, nor could any in-college man go out.] The young man however rang the bell; and to him appeared a vision of an under-porter's face reconnoitring through the peep-hole, of course refusing admittance, and saying, "It's as much as my place is worth, Mr. B., to let you in." To him B., persuasively: "Will a sovereign do it?" The temptation was too great. "Well, Mr. B.," said the janitor, "slip it under the gate, sir." The coin duly appearing, the gate was gently opened; but no sooner was B. inside than, seizing the unfortunate porter by the collar, he hurled him into the street and barred him out. "Oh, Mr. B.," he cried, Mr. B., for Heaven's sake, let me in sir—it's as much as my place is worth!" To him B., master of the situation, from within: "A sovereign will do it; slip it under the gate." The coin duly arriving, the porter was readmitted, and B. went to enliven the supper-party with his story.

God has one mode of saving men and women, and you cannot be saved upon any other principle than that which Jesus Christ taught.

TIGERS LOOSE ON A SHIP.

I once saw three young tigers, larger than Newfoundland dogs, loose on the deck of a British India steamer, crowded with several hundred Mecca pilgrims. The cage in which they were confined was large and barred on each side with a partition running along its middle, which had a drop door. One morning the man who had charge of the animals neglected to put up the bars on the side he had finished cleaning, and so drove the tigers out of the opposite side of the open cage.

The animals on obtaining their liberty, took different directions, and, crouching in the nearest corners, lay snarling and exposing their teeth, showing unmistakable signs of nothing but fear—a most dangerous fear.

There was little confusion. The side of the deck was simply deserted, and the crowd gazed in interest at a respectful distance.

Mr. Flense, the third officer, myself and the keeper each placed ourselves before a tiger, barring their exit should they attempt to move away.

Flense enquired if the tigers had been fed that day. They had not; they had always been fed on living fowls. Flense called for three chickens from the hen coop. Taking these, he threw one in the face of each tiger.

The chickens seemed simply motionless, glued to the spot, so instantaneous was the fixing of teeth and claws. Flense then went deliberately up to a tiger, coolly took the loose skin of the back of the neck with one hand, and the root of the tail with the other, and putting out his full strength, dragged the heavy brute along the deck to the cage, and forced it through the open bars.

The chicken diversion acted perfectly. The brute had no object but that of retaining its prey. It growled fearfully; its eyes blazed; its crashed through the chicken; its unsheathed claws clasped and pierced the quivering body. Redhot irons would hardly have made it loose its grip on the bird.

Then the keeper and I helped Flense in carrying the other two tigers into the cage. *Author of "Three Years of a Wanderer's Life."*

ODDFELLOWSHIP AND TEMPERANCE.

On the great subject of temperance Grand Master Dough gives no uncertain sound in his address in the Grand Lodge:—"It should be a matter of pride to every Oddfellow that in 1823—years before any of the great temperance societies were organized—Oddfellowship took a giant stride in advance of the social customs of the day, and by the "Maryland Reform" abolished the host, the beer-mug and decanter from the lodge room or its precincts.

Again and again has the Sovereign Grand Lodge re-affirmed this law, and declared that while "total abstinence" is not enforced, "temperance" is a cardinal principle of the Order.

And though it has refused to pass a law prohibiting dealers in intoxicating liquors from obtaining membership in the Order, it has laid emphasis upon the fact that it is left to local lodges to determine by the ballot what is meant by good moral character.

Temperance sentiments have undoubtedly made great progress during the past few years. Many societies which formerly celebrated their annual gatherings by dinners at which liquors were allowed have substituted cold water, and gained thereby the approval of the community. Oddfellowship cannot afford, even if no higher end were to be served, to lag behind public sentiment on this question, and if we would command the respect of the public, improve our members morally and intellectually, and fulfil the mission of the Order by warring against vice in all its forms, we must adhere closely to the wise and wholesome restrictons which have been thrown around us in regard to the use of intoxicating liquors.

Oddfellowship and the bar-room have nothing in common, and the pure robes of our Order must never be smirched by the touch of the saloon."

A FUNNY BIT OF VRARITY.

I saw an old man the other day, who, like several other persons I met, looked exceedingly warm, suddenly stop to eye a cab-horse which looked even warmer than he and I was amused to see him walk up to the exhausted animal and begin to fan his head. I really think the horse smiled. At least his look of dejection and suffering immediately disappeared. It was a kind act for a stout old party in a sweltering seersucker to devote his only fan to a poor cabby. It was not so common a sight as to see a Harvard senior fan a lovely girl on class day, but it was more disinterested. A feeling that I had witnessed the scene somewhere before in a comic guise made me smile as I walked away. I was puzzled for a moment to know whence the reminder came, but finally recognized that the recollections of "Titania" and the donkey-headed clown had been stirred by this modern sight. Yet I felt that the old fellow's kind act was wronged by such a thought. He is one of the men who help to compensate for the wrongs done the animal kingdom on the street.—*Boston Post.*

WHAT JIMMY WANTED TO KNOW.

"If there is anything about the lesson you do not understand," said a Sunday-school teacher who had been explaining the crossing of the Red Sea, "just name it and I will endeavor to make the matter clear."

"Jimmy Williams wants to ask a question," said Tobe Green.

"Very good. What is it that you wish to know, Jimmy?" questioned the teacher suavely.

"Where was Moses when the light went out?" sang out Jimmy in a squeaky voice.

GENEROUS, BUT NOT JUST.

An eccentric character in Scotland was on his death-bed. The lawyer, who was writing to his dictation, having written down legacies of $500 to this person and $1,000 to that, and so on, at length laid down his pen saying:—"But I don't believe you have all that money to leave." "Oh," was the reply, "I keh that as well as you; but I just want to show them my good-will!"

Thrift of time will repay you in after life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams.

There you go Again

To get those beautiful cabinet photos at the Metropolitan Studio, Acton, $2.00 per dozen for one month only, ending Sept. 1st and don't you forget it.

THE FORSAKEN FARM HOUSE.

Against the wooded hill it stands,
Ghost of a dead home staring through
Its broken lights on wasted lands
Where old time harvests grew.

Unploughed, unsown, by scythe unshorn,
The poor, forsaken farm fields lie,
Once rich and rife with golden corn,
And pale green breadths of rye.

Of healthful herb and flower bereft,
The garden plot no housewife keeps;
Through weeds and tangles only left
The snake its tenant creeps.

A lilac spray, once blossom clad,
Sways bare before the empty rooms;
Beside the roofless porch, a sad,
Pathetic red rose blooms.

His track, in mould and dust of drouth,
On floor and hearth the squirrel leaves,
And in the fireless chimney's mouth
His web the spider weaves.

The leaning barn about to fall
Resounds no more on husking eves;
No cattle low in yard or stall;
No thresher heats his sheaves.

So sad, so drear! It seems alone
Some haunting presence makes its sign;
That down yon shadowy lane some ghost
Might drive his spectral kine.

—*John G. Whittier.*

GYPSY PROVERBS.

Two hard stones do not grind small.

Who wants to steal potatoes must not forget the sack.

It is not good to choose women or cloth by candle-light.

What is the use of a kiss unless there be two to divide it?

Who has got luck need only sit at home with his mouth open.

Those are the fattest fishes which fall back from the line into the water.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

There never was a good war or a bad peace.

I care not how much intelligence you have, if you cannot exhibit it you look like an ignoramus.

Truth subsists eternally, and finally triumphs over its enemies, because it is eternal and strong even as God himself.

The philosophers of the world will concede that the elements of which you and I are composed are eternal, yet they believe that there was a time when there was no God.

When the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low, then it is not what we have done for ourselves, but what we have done for others, that we think on most pleasantly.

LIVING ON SKIMMED MILK.

Louis Herbst, who keeps a saloon in Camden, U. S., and who is one of the best known Germans in South Jersey, celebrated yesterday his third anniversary of a skimmed milk diet. Mr. Herbst is a large, finely formed man of about fifty years of age and weighs about two hundred pounds. Three years ago he was afflicted with dyspepsia and kidney troubles and was advised by his physician to try a diet of skimmed milk exclusively.

He tried the remedy for a couple of months and was so benefited by the diet that he determined to try it for a year. At the expiration of the latter period Mr. Herbst's health was almost perfect. Far from becoming thin or emaciated from the long-continued use of skimmed milk, his form was, if possible, even more round than before and by the advice of his doctor he decided to adopt skimmed milk as his exclusive diet permanently. For three years he has eaten or drank absolutely nothing but the article named—not even water—and declared to his friends who visited him that he proposed to continue skimmed milk and dispense with steaks, bread and butter and beer for the rest of his life.

CO-OPERATION IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Probably one of the most memorable circumstances in the long reign of Queen Victoria is the initiation and rise of the co-operative idea in connection with the trade and industry of the United Kingdom. The co-operative proprietary of Great Britain and Ireland now own land, whole streets of dwellings, and almost townships; they occupy and own stately warehouses in Manchester and London, in Newcastle-on-Tyne, and in Glasgow; they operate a bank with transactions amounting to $80,000,000 a year; they possess over 1,400 stores, doing a business of $150,000,000 annually; they own share capital to the amount of nearly $50,000,000; they number 900,000 members who make over $15,000,000 in profits annually; during the last twenty-five years they have done a business of over $1,800,000,000, yielding a profit of nearly $150,000,000. They have ships on the sea, life-boats on the coast, have invested in canals in England, and in trading companies in America. They own libraries, issue a newspaper, erect public fountains, subscribe to hospitals and charities, establish science classes, and rent or own news-rooms.

PEOPLE DEMAND PROTECTION—PATENT MEDICINES.

What are they? As a general thing they are prescriptions having been used with great success by old and well-read Physicians. Thousands of invalids have been unexpectedly cured by their use, and they are the wonder and dread of Physicians and Medical Colleges in the U. S., so much so, that Physicians graduating at Medical Colleges are required to discountenance Proprietary Medicines, as through them the country doctor loses his most profitable practice. As a manufacturer of Proprietary Medicines, Dr. G.