The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE,

ACTON, ONTARIO

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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THREE MONTHS.....25 CTS.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

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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 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. F. 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" Market Block, Milton. Money to loan at 6 per cent.

SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD,

Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,

TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN.

Offices:—Cochran'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.

Offices:—Ontario Hall, 50 Church street, Toronto.

G. W. BAGEROW, M.P.P., JOHN CARSON, B.A.L.

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 addressed to him at Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.

Also prepared to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $300 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:—Tracey's Hotel Block, Market Square.

FRANCIS NUNAN

Successor to T. F. Chapman

BOOKBINDER,

St. George's Square Guelph, Ontario.

Account Books of all kinds made to order. Paper ruled to any description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,

MILL STREET, ACTON.

A easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good sea-foam, an 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 FOURTH SCHOLASTIC YEAR begins September 1st. The faculty has been strengthened, the College premises enlarged and new appliances added. Each of the six members of the faculty is an experienced and successful teacher. The thorough and practical nature of the work done by the College is proven by the success of its graduates both in Canada and the United States. Ladies are admitted to all the advantages offered by the Institution. For terms, etc., address

M. MacCORMICK,
Principal.

19-1y

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 Dwellings, 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 city establishment can be found better stocked at all season.

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, 1ft. 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 mare 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.

RE-OPENING

Of Schools.

All the books used in the High and Public Schools to hand at Day's Bookstore.

Day's 3 cent Exercise Books is the largest and best in the City.

200 page Scribbling Book for 5 cents.

All Kinds of School Supplies

—AT—

DAY'S BOOKSTORE,

GUELPH.

DAY SELLS CHEAP.

—JUST ARRIVED AT—

THE BAZAAR

—A LARGE STOCK OF—

Wools, double and single Berlin, Zepher Andulesian, 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, Pon-Pons, Chenille Cords, Bangles, 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.

The Picture Gallery, Guelph.

WATERS BROS.,

WHO WERE

BURNT OUT MONDAY NIGHT

have temporarily removed to

NELLES' OLD STAND,

where they are preparing to

Sacrifice their tremendous Stock.

Poetry.

JOHN BUNYAN.

A star on the night had arisen—
A prophet—and men bade him cease.
He "must speak"! Then they shut him in prison,
But "the name of the chamber was Peace."

Did the angels laugh out in their pleasure?
We cannot but share in the mirth;
A sentence of Silence and Leisure,—
Oh, boon of ineffable worth!

A vision from God came to cheer him—
He could not be lonely or sad
While his little blind daughter sat near him,
And faith made his heart to be glad.

He climbed the Delectable Mountains,
He breathed the soft flower-scented air,
And immanuel's Land, with its fountains,
Lay before him, enchantingly fair.

He was dressed in whole armour by Graces,
And he was the victor in fight,
And he others, love-lighted faces
Smiled forth in the darkness of night.

From the Valley of Humiliation
He rose to the tasks that remained,
Until, with a shout of salvation,
The Gate of the City was gained.

As to John in far Patmos was given,
So to him—the commandment to "Write!"
(Are Johns best-beloved of Heaven?)—
Both wrote that the world might have light.

And he, whom men silenced, has spoken
In tones that the whole world has heard,
He was one sent from God by the token
That the hearts of all nations were stirred.

Now, in palace and cabin his pages
Are treasured as if they were gold:
And these words shall be heard through all ages,
"Thank God for John Bunyan of old."

Select Family Reading.

One of my Heroes.

MRS. J. E. BARNEY.

"Even a child is known by his doings." It was years ago, and I was in a New England country town, called there to speak for the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Resting at a farm-house, a little fellow, in the glory of first pants, came into the room, and after looking me over, announced, "I've got the heathen woman's friend, I have." Of course I thought at once of the Methodist paper of that name, marvelling in my thoughts that it was taken up there among Baptist friends, and that the child should think to tell me of it, in that way, so I replied, "Do you like the little paper, 'The Heathen Woman's Friend'?"

"Of course I like *her*; she 'longs to me, and she ain't *paper, neither*."

"What is *she* then; come and tell me all about her."

"Well, you just come out o' doors and I'll show her to you," and he led the way. Through a long yard, a gateway, and another yard he hurried me, till, pausing beside a stake to which a cord was tied, he pointed, "There, don't you see the heathen woman's friend?"

My eyes followed the cord, and the other end was tied around the leg of a silver-gray *hen*, which was clucking and scratching in most motherly fashion, for the chickens around her.

"Don't she look like the heathen woman's friend?" asked my little entertainer.

"I don't think I quite understand; you will have to explain this to me," I said.

"Well, you know 'bout Mission Bands, don't you? You see I'm one of 'em, and we are going to get a lot of money. Jimmy Lake and John Jones have got a missionary hen, and papa gave me one. My Aunt Fanny, she's a Methodist, and she said I'd better call mine 'The heathen woman's friend,' and so I did. We set her on some eggs, and how many chickens do you suppose she hatched?"

It seemed impossible to count the restless little things, but looking at Benny's beaming face, I said, "Oh, a dozen, I hope."

"Oh, my! she did better than that! we set her on thirteen eggs, and she hatched *every one*. Don't you think she's the heathen woman's friend?" he asked triumphantly.

Further questioning drew out the statement that "Papa is to buy all the chickens that grow up, and I'm going to put all the money in mamma's mite-box. Don't you guess 'twill burst the top out, and may be the bottom, too?"

In talking with the mother I learned that considerable influence would be brought to bear, by older brothers, to test Benny's missionary zeal, and she promised to write the result, which I give in brief. The "friend" brought up the brood, with only the loss of one chicken, and when the dozen were sold they made a nice sum, and Benny was told that he was under no obligations to give more than the price of one to the missions. However Benny was firm, "I promised 'em to the Lord, and I won't be mean enough to cheat Him," and though he was teased and taunted, he held on, "I can't lie to the Lord," and every cent was given as promised.

Some years after, the mother became a white ribbon woman, and grew frightened as she thought of the influence of her husband's cider press upon the neighborhood. Writing to a friend, she asked, as so many anxious women have asked, "What can I do?" Again the friend was resting in the farm house, before speaking in the evening for the W.C.T.U., Benny, was changed to Ben, a strong, sturdy fellow, full of life and fun, and true as ever. Not one whit afraid of being laughed at, and able to say "No" and stick to it, when occasion required. He was full of interest about the temperance work and readily promised, "I'll help mother and do all I can for temperance." His promise had a speedy test, and a severe one. The time of cider-making came, and as they were leaving the breakfast table, Ben was given his part of the work. The mother had noticed that Ben ate little and seemed very quiet, and she understood it, when Ben, stepping to his father's side, said quietly, "Please, father, let me have some other work; I don't care what, only don't ask me to work at the cider mill, for I can't. There was a moment's silence and then the heavy hand came down on the boy's shoulder.

"You just shut up and give me no more nonsense. This is your mother's work."

"No, mother is not to blame; she didn't know I was going to do this."

"And I don't know about it either," and with unwonted rudeness he put Ben out of the door. Turning to the mother, whose pale face and tearful eyes pleaded for her boy, he said angrily, "This comes of your talk and meetings interfering with my business."

All that busy morning, her hands occupied with household cares, she prayed. No one came to the house and she did not feel it was best for her to go to investigate matters. Dinner time but no Ben, and the men came into supper without him, and to Mrs. —— inquiry, she was told, "We are making a Prohibitionist of him." She had never known her husband to be so cruel, so, though anxious about her boy, had no fear that any harm could come of him. She waited, sure of seeing him. Her work-basket filled with work was untouched, and for once her hands were folded in her lap. The Bible, open upon the stand, had a pencil mark around the verse, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee." Her husband came in, hung up his hat, glanced uneasily at her face, and without speaking passed at once to his room. Her heart sank within her and her head went down into her hands as she dropped upon her knees. There she knelt, without words. By and by her husband came back, halted a moment, then passed out of the door. The clock struck twelve! Midnight! and Ben, where could he be?

Footsteps were nearing the house and subdued voices reached her ear. The door opened, but somehow she could not look up, another moment and the stout boys arms were around her, and an eager voice cried, "Mother, oh mother, I'm all right and so is father!"

The boy had lifted her up, and held her fast as he said, "Now, let's all go to bed, and I guess 'twill be a good day to-morrow." His face was pale, and he seemed anxious to get beyond his mother's questioning eyes. "Don't you want some bread and milk?" inquired the father, as he placed his hand upon a pitcher and glass upon the table. The boy took it, and drank two or three glasses. "Thank you, father; good night father and mother *dear*." As he left, the mother sank into her chair, and, for the first time in her life, came near fainting. With a mother's intuition she knew more than had been told her. As she grew calm, a voice of unwonted tenderness said. "That boy of *yours*, Mary, is a grand one, and he will make a better man than his father."

The next morning at the breakfast table, to the question, How many men will be at the mill to-day? there came the emphatic answer "None." Days after, in the quiet of the Sabbath twilight, as Ben's whistle could be heard outside, the father said, "S'pose Ben told you 'bout that day." "No, not a word; said I must trust him without asking 'questions, as it would be mean to tell." The man groaned aloud, as he cried out, "Mary, I shut that boy up all day without a mouthful, and whipped him—Yes, whipped him twice—and he took it all, and wouldn't work at the cider-mill. Said he couldn't if he died for it." The mother sprang to her feet; this was worse than her fears. "How could you?' she exclaimed, and her husband had never seen such a look upon her face. "Forgive me, if you can," he said humbly; "forgive me; and you shall never have to blush for me again." Woman's love has bridged over many a yawning chasm, and the man's humility made it easy this time.

There came a day, not many months afterward, the whole town was astir, politics ran high and the watchword of the hour seemed *party* rather than *principle*, and the wife hardly dared hope that her husband would be stronger than others.

At 4 p.m., Ben dashed in with a wild "Hip, hurrah!" his hat flew across the room, and seizing his mother, whose hands were in the dough, he shouted: "Guess you'll be beat now, *father voted for Prohibition straight*! Hip, hip, hurrah! for this house."

Mrs.——learned through others, that when some men provoked with her husband, said tauntingly, "Oh, you are tied to your wife's apron strings," he laughingly replied, "You are mistaken, gentlemen; we are *tied together with the white ribbon!*" That made Ben turn somersaults as he went after the cows, climbed trees, and swung himself off the limbs; and as he kissed his mother good-night, said exultingly, "She's coming, mother; *Prohibition's coming!* the white ribbon'll beat every time." Here's courage mothers; the white ribbon heroes are coming; these boys are only a few years away from *their* voting day.—*Union Signal.*

MAY I KISS THAT BABY.

To a soldier, far away from home, there is no more touching sight than that of a baby in his mother's arms. While on their way to Gettysburg our troops were marching by night through a village over whose gateways hung lighter lanterns, while young girls shed tears as they watched the brothers of other women marching on to possible death. A scene of the march was thus described by the author of 'Bullet and Shell.'

Stopping for a moment at the gate of a dwelling, I noticed a young mother leaning over it with a chubby child in her arms. Above the woman's head hung a couple of stable-lanterns, their light falling upon her face. The child was crowing with delight at the strange pageant, as it watched the armed host pass on. 'I beg your pardon ma'am,' said Jim Manners, one of my men as he dropped the butt of his musket on the ground, and peered wistfully into the faces of the mother and her child. 'I beg pardon, but may I kiss that baby of yours? I'v got one just like him at home, at least he was when I last saw him two years ago.' The mother, a sympathetic tear rolling down her blooming cheek, silently held out the child. Jim pressed his unshaven face to its innocent, smiling lips for a moment, and then walked on, saying; 'God bless you ma'am for that!' Poor Jim Manners! He never saw his boy again in life. A bullet laid him low the next day as we made our first charge.—*Youth's Champion.*

TAKES THE CAKE.

Said a professional rhymster the other day—

"There is one word for which no allowable rhyme has ever been found, the word 'window.'"

A smart baker overheard the remark and said—

"I'll undertake to produce a perfect rhyme for 'window,' and will wager the price of a gingercake that I can do it in ten minutes."

"Then your cake's dough, my friend, for you are certain to lose," said the poet.

"You have given me my cue," replied the baker; "wait a little."

In nine minutes he recited the following—

"I'm afraid I've made my dough too thick,"
Said Jack as he shied his lump at the window;
Said Jill, "If you want to make it stick
You must use the very thinnest of thin dough."

"That takes the cake," faintly whispered the poet.

A man's funny bone, we presume, enables him to 'laugh in his sleeve.'

KITTY'S FIRST SCHOOL DAY.

Little Kitty Clover started up in bed just as the sun came peeping in the window. A very sweet little Kitty she was, with her blue eyes and her dimples, for the angel had kissed Kitty Clover three times.

The old clock on the stairs was ticking away for dear life. But to-day it was not saying tic, tic, tic; no, indeed, the old clock had a new tune this morning; "Kitty is five years old! Kitty is going to school!" over and over again.

The little girl jumped out of bed and had her shoes and stockings on before Aunt Dinah came in. "Why!" said Aunt Dinah; "but my chile is a smart chile.

If she larn to read fast as she put on dem shoes and stockings she'll make smart work in do school-room."

"I guess I will, aunty," said Kitty, "for I intend to try."

Kitty's mamma had a pretty satchel all ready, and Kitty placed her brand-new primer in it, and off she started, out the back gate and down the lane. As she passed the barn-yard she heard the hens cackling, loudly, "Kitty is going to school! Kitty is going to school!

Down at the end of the lane was a large bush of hawthorn. A little bird sat on one of the boughs, singing sweetly, "Good-morning, Kitty! Are you the little girl that is going to school?"

A squirrel ran along the fence and perched himself on one of the posts.

"Oh! what a little girl this is to be going to school," he chirruped.

The teacher was very much pleased to see Kitty Clover, and she asked one of the larger girls if Kitty were coming to school all the time.

"No'm just till she gets tired."

"Does people ever get tired coming to school?" asked Kitty; and they all laughed.

She said a long lesson in her primer, read the line of "two times two," and did a "sum." But she could not help thinking of the squirrel and the bird, the chickens and the old clock on the stair.

By and by she rose very quietly and took up her hat and her satchel; she walked up to the teacher, and said in a pitched little voice, "Good-evening, Miss Mary! I guess I have to go home now."

The scholars all laughed again, and one girl called out over her geography:—

"Does people ever get tired coming to school?"

But she was a very bad girl and so Kitty Clover didn't mind her.—*Our Little Ones.*

RAILROADS AND WHISKEY.

Of all the people in the world those connected in any way with the working of railways ought to leave intoxicating liquors severely alone. The "Railway Age" puts the whole case very neatly and very clearly in the following terms:—

It is time to go farther than mere "Temperance." That, to many, means "drinking in moderation"—a dangerous compromise, especially for railwaymen. If an engineer or conductor or dispatcher, or any other worker, feels that he must drink occasionally when he is off duty he is the victim of a powerful habit which may seize him when he is most in need of a clear head, and at any rate his officers cannot feel the implicit confidence that they would have if they knew he was a total abstainer. Moderate drinking is a compromise with dangerous appetite. And where shall the line be drawn between moderate and immoderate drinking? And by whom, the driuker or his employer? How shall the latter know that the invisible line has not been crossed some day, when the engineer or conductor comes out to take his train? How can the former be trusted to decide when he is feeding an appetite in himself which may be daily growing stronger while his self-restraint and power of discernment are daily growing weaker.

The gist of the argument seems to us about this: Drinking is a useless habit, it does no good, it wastes money needed for useful purposes, it often produces crime, disaster and misery. Railway men cannot afford to take the risk which the habit involves, and if they think they can their masters cannot afford to allow it. Hence the safe and satisfactory course for both sides, without a single counterbalancing disadvantage, is total abstinence. Why should not railway officers supplement voluntary abstinence on the part of some by coercive abstinence on the part of the rest, by establishing the inflexible rule that they will not employ any man known to be a habitual user of intoxicating drinks?

We are aware that some will pronounce this intolerance; but we fully believe that the time is rapidly coming when such a rule will be generally enforced on our railways, and that those who are the subjects of its requirements will be its most cordial and grateful supporters.

A single glass may just give the necessary excitement to cause an accident and destroy any amount of life and property. It is a risky business for any one to employ a very moderate tippler, but for any manager of a railway to have any such persons around, as engineers, conductors, pointsmen or what not, is simply downright madness.

STRAIGHT PATHS.

Some of my readers, no doubt, never lived out on the prairie; so perhaps you would like to hear a short story about some of the little folks who lived on the prairies of the west.

When I commenced teaching, my school consisted of quite a number of boys and girls who were always busy; in fact, I never knew one of them to be idle. The time of which I speak was early in the winter, and cold weather had just begun. One evening a light snow fell, and next morning the children were very busy making snow-balls or snow-men, and were all having a very good time, when Johnny cried out:

"Let's make a wheel!"

To it they went. Selecting a hazel bush as the centre, they all started out in different directions, each taking twenty steps from the bush. This being done, they looked behind to see their paths, which were to be the spokes of the wheel. But, alas! there was only one straight track.

"Charlie, said the others, "how did you keep your track so straight?"

"Why, that is easy enough to tell," said Charles. "I took that pole for my mark and kept my eyes on it, and never looked down once."

"But," said Joe, "I took that bush for my mark, and didn't get my path as straight as yours. Why was that?"

"Because you kept looking at us," said the others, "instead of keeping your eyes on the mark."

So remember this, boys, and girls too. You all have a path to make, and the steps as your actions. They will show more plainly than you think. Better begin right then, and make a determination to live a Christian life; asking help from the Lord, and doing all the good you can. Then you will make straight paths in life, as Charlie did in the snow. Instead of looking at others' imperfections, keep your eyes on your perfect mark.

The merest schoolboy could dispute the saying that 'history repeats itself.'

SELF-SUPPORT IN THE WATER.

The utmost care and judgment should be exercised by those who go bathing. It is perfectly foolhardy to take risks that may cost one's life. It is desireable at all times to be master of one's self, but never is presence of mind of more importance than when one is in the water. Many people are drowned because they exert themselves wildly when thrown into the water suddenly, forgetting completely in their fright the buoyancy of the water, which will sustain a body held by a slight support. Every person should learn to float who exposes himself to the danger of drowning. A recent writer says:

"It is, unfortunately, not generally known that a finger laid upon an oar, or the gunwhale of an overturning boat, or a board, or almost any floating object, will sustain the human body in calm water. Persons who have been properly taught, and have acquired the habit of acting with self-possession in the water when they are upse, do not attempt to climb upon the overturned boat, but simply take hold of it and quietly support themselves. A boat half filled with water, or completely overturned, will support as many persons as can get their hands upon the gunwale, if they behave quietly. In case of accident, a person who understands and acts in accordance with these facts would stand a better chance of being saved, even if he were a poor swimmer, than an expert swimmer would have who should lose his presence of mind."—*Iron.*

CHRIST'S ADVICE IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER

"Abstain from all appearance of evil" (2 Thes. v. 22).

"Beware of covetousness" (Luke xii. 5).

"Cleave to that which is good" (Rom. xii. 9).

"Deceive not with thy lips" (Prov. xxiv. 28).

"Envy not the oppressor" (Prov. iii. 31).

"Follow that which is good" (1 Thes. v. 15)

"Grudge not one against another" (James v. 9).

"Honour thy father and thy mother" (Ex. xx. 12)

"Incline your heart unto the Lord" (Josh. xxiv. 23).

"Love one another" (John xiii. 34).

"Mind not high things" (Rom. xii. 16).

"Neglect not the gift that is in thee" (1 Tim. iv. 14).

"Owe no man anything" (Rom. xiii. 8).

"Put your trust in the Lord" (Psa. iv. 5).

"Quench not the Spirit" (1 Thes. v. 19).

"Repent ye, and believe the gospel" (Mark i. 15).

"Set your affection on things above" (Col. iii. 2).

"Take heed what ye do" (2 Chron. xix. 6).

"Use hospitality one to another" (1 Peter iv. 9).

"Vain words regard not" (Ex. v. 9).

"Wait on the Lord" (Ps. xxvii. 14).

"Yield yourselves unto the Lord" (2 Chron. xxx. 8).

"Zealous, therefore, be, and repent" (Rev. iii. 19).

THINGS ONE DOESN'T LIKE TO HEAR.

"No, Mr. Smyth; but I will be a sister to you."

"Good morning. I am introducing a work which should be in every library."

"Sorry, dear boy, but I can't let you have the amount, for I'm dead broke myself."

"Charley, it is half past three o'clock. Where have you been until this hour?"

"Mr. De. Browne, your services will not be required after Sunday night."

"You want to marry my daughter, eh? Well, young man, what are your expectations?"

"Here is the milliner's bill, Algy—only $75."

"I say, Jenkins, I heard a good story to-day, and I must tell it to you."

"Oh, Alfred, what do you think! I received a letter from dear mamma this morning, and she's coming to spend a month with us."

"When will you be ready to return that $10 Robinson? This is the fifth time I've asked you for it."

"If ye plaze, sorr, Miss Heavyswell tould me to tell you she's not at home."

"And fifthly, dear brethren—"

"You are a moderate drinker, eh? Now, my dear sir, let me direct your attention to a few statistics."

GRAFTING FROG'S FLESH UPON A MAN.

An interesting operation of flesh-grafting, which was one of the discoveries of M. Paul Bert, has just been performed by a young French surgeon, named Dr. Dubousquet-Labordiere. A workman had his foot scorched by molten iron, and the skin was destroyed over a surface of about eight inches by four. Dr. Dubousquet took four strips of flesh from the thigh of a young man and four from a frog and transferred then to the wound. By great care the wounds healed in a few days.

The cicatrice obtained by the frog's skin was soft, elastic and inodorous; that from human flesh was a little strained, harder, and produced irritation on some points. The patient has now been able to resume his occupation. The result of the operation is of great importance in showing the superiority of frog skin, while on the other hand human flesh is not always to be had in sufficient quantities for burns or wounds of any size, and the dissection of strips is very painful.

WOOD ASHES.

Prof. James, of the Ontario Agricultural College has issued a bulletin on the subject of wood ashes. His practical conclusions are as follows:

1. Ashes are very beneficial to all soils more or less impoverished, especially to sandy soils.

2. Ashes are adapted to every crop of a woody nature, especially fruit trees and vines.

3. Hardwood ashes are worth to the farmer unleached about 20 cents per bushel, leached about 10 cents per bushel. Soft wood ashes are a little more valuable.

4. Coal ashes contain little or no plant food. They are a good absorbant, make first-class road beds, and are well adapted for filling in hollow walls.

5. Apply from one-half to one ton of fresh ashes per acre, three or four tons of leached ashes.

6. All wood ashes should be kept under cover in a dry place.

The girl who has so many suitors that she cannot make up her mind as to which one to marry may have the satisfaction of knowing that they will dwindle down in the course of time. Later she will try to fix her mind on some old party she can catch.

THE DUSTMAN

When the toys are growing weary
And the twilight gathers in,
When the nursery still re-echoes
To the children's merry din;
Then unheard, unseen, unnoticed,
Comes an old man up the stairs.
Lightly to the children passes
Lays his hand upon their hair.

Softly smiles the good old Dustman,
In their eyes the dust he throws,
Till their little heads are falling,
And their merry eyes must close;
Then the Dustman, very gently,
Takes each little dimpled hand,
Leads them through the sweet green forest,
Far away to Slumberland.

FIFTY YEARS OF PROGRESS.

The Milwaukee *Sentinel* thus summarises the events which have rendered the last five decades among the most remarkable in history:—

The discovery of the electric telegraph.

The discovery of photography.

The establishment of ocean steam navigation.

The annexation of Texas.

The war with Mexico and the acquisition of California, with the discoveries of gold that followed.

The French revolution of 1848.

The rise and fall of Napoleon III, and the establishment of the French Republic.

The laying of the ocean cables.

The great civil war and the abolition of slavery in the United States.

The unification of Italy.

The great Franco-German war and the unification of Germany.

The overthrow of the Pope's temporal power.

The emancipation of the Russian serfs.

The extension of Russian power into Central Asia.

The discovery of the sources of the Nile and the Niger and the exploration of interior Africa.

The discovery of the telephone.

GREEN OLD AGE.

The oldest man in Akron, O., is Dr. Hickox, who, in spite of his 92 years, is as vigorous as most men thirty years younger.

Mrs. Jane Ryder, of Orrington, Me., was 103 years old last January, and is not yet helpless from old age. She lives with a son 79 years old.

Isaac Harlow, of Phillips, Me., who was a drummer in the war of 1812, celebrated his 92nd birthday recently, and when his friends assembled gave them an exhibition of how briskly he could still handle the drumstick.

Many citizens of New Preston, Conn., gave Mrs. Betz Averill a handsome present on Thursday last because she was 100 years old on that day. The children of the town gave her a set of books, and fifty of her family and descendants dined with her.

Mrs. Douglass celebrated her 101st birthday at Omaha, Neb., last week. Among those present were relatives representing five generations. She recited two poems learned in youth at Sunday school and entertained the assembly with interesting reminiscences. She talks very plainly, has excellent clear memory and is well preserved except as to her eyesight; she can hardly see; is in excellent health and spirits. She was born at East Long Meadow, Mass.

"THE WAG OF THE TAIL."

"I say, squire, what'll you take fur that ere dog of your'n?" said a Yankee pedler to an old Dutch farmer; "what'll you take for him? He ain't a very good-looking dog; but what, was you calk'lat'n maybe he mought fetch?" "Ah!" responded the Dutchman, "dat dog isn't wort' nothing most; he isn't wort you to buy 'im." "Guess few dollars about yould get him, say; wouldn't it? I'll give you that fur him." "Yaas; he isn't wort' dat." "Wal, I'll take him," said the pedler. "Shtop!" said the Dutchman; "dere's one ting about dat dog I gan't sell." "Oh; take off his collar; I don't want that," suggested the pedler. "Tain't dat," replied Mynheer; "he's a boor dog; but I gan't sell de wag of his tail ven I comes home."

ENGLISH PRACTICALITY.

In a first-class carriage in Germany an Englishman was observed to be constantly putting his head out of the window. The train was going fast, and a sudden gust of wind blew off his hat. With a frightful exclamation he took down his hat box and hurled it after his hat. Then he sat down and smiled on his fellow passengers, but of course did not speak. The Germans roared with laughter, and one of them, indulging in an expletive, exclaimed: "You don't expect your hat box to bring back your hat do you?" "I do," said the Englishman. "No name on the hat—full name and hotel address on the box. They'll be found together, and I shall get both. Do you see now?" Then those Germans subsided, and said they always had considered the English a great and practical nation.

ODE-IOUS.

Author (timidly): "I see that the price paid for Tennyson's Jubilee Ode was $10 a line. I don't expect, of course, that this little effort of mine would be—" Editor (sarcastically): "Oh! you don't. You are two modest, sir." Author: "But if you will kindly insert it in to-morrow morning's paper I'll willingly pay you the regular advertising rate of 50 cents per line. Here's the money—$10."