The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XIII.—NO. 30. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1888. PRICE THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE,

ACTON, ONTARIO

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

ONE YEAR.....$1.00 SIX MONTHS.....50 cts.
THREE MONTHS.....25 cts.

Invariably in advance. If not paid in advance 50 cts per year will be charged. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE.	1 yr.	6 mos.	3 mos.	1 mo
2 inches	$5.00	$3.00	$2.00	$1.00
3 inches	7.00	4.00	2.50	1.50
4 inches	9.00	5.00	3.00	2.00
1 inch	4.00	2.50	2.00	1.00

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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. feed and sale stores. Residence on 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 in constant 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 base; satisfaction guaranteed. 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, upstairs

SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD, Barristers, Solicitors, &c., TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN. OFFICE—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and 50 Sing street east, Toronto. F. F. 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.C.L. CO. CROWN ATTORNEY.

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS. HENRY GRIST, Ottawa, Canada. Twenty Years Practice. No Notes? No Pay.

WM. HEMSTREET, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or may be addressed to 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.

JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT, GUELPH, ONT. OFFICE—Queen'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. Binding of every description carefully bound. Binding neatly and promptly done.

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP, MILL STREET, ACTON. An easy shave, a skilful 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.

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.

Guelph Business College. GUELPH, ONTARIO. THE FOURTH SCHOLASTIC YEAR began 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. 10-1y

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. Stores Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of property, on the Premium Note System. P. 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.

For Sale Cheap. THE undersigned is prepared to furnish on the shortest notice, in any quantity and at bottom prices, first-class Cedar Rails and Fence Posts, Staves, Heading, Shingles, Wash Tubs, Churns, Butter Tubs, Pork Barrels, Wood, Flour & Feed, and anything in these lines. 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. MACHINERY. A Stave Jointer nearly new, and a Shingle Bolter and saw in good condition, Goldie & McCulloch make, for sale low for cash. THOS. C. MOORE, Acton, Ont.

PICTURE FRAMES —AT— WATERS BROTHERS. PICTURES —AT— WATERS BROTHERS. Cornice Poles, Banner Rods, Mouldings, Cords, Nails, Glass, Bevelled Mirrors, ARTIST'S MATERIALS Winsor & Newtons —AT— WATERS BROTHERS, 25 WYNDHAM STREET, GUELPH

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, 11 high, $60, 7 ft. $75, 8 ft. $85, 9 ft. $100, 10 ft. $130. 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 25 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, we shall solicit the patronage of the public, and shall 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

WEAVING. MR. T. MITCHELL Desires to inform the people of Acton and surroundings that he is prepared to take orders for weaving all kinds of Fancy Rag Carpets, Flannel Sheeting, Shirting and Dress Goods, striped or plaid, twill or plain, also Bed Blankets and Horse Blankets, two yards wide and over. And I will guarantee that I will give good satisfaction to all farmers and others who will favor me with their patronage. T. MITCHELL.

SALESMEN WANTED. Edward O. Graham, the popular and well known Nurserymen of Rochester, N.Y., desires to make arrangements with one or two live, energetic men to take orders for his Nursery stock. He has a choice stock, including fine specialties. His inducements to beginners are particularly advantageous. He fulfills all he promises, and guarantees to furnish strictly first class stock. He can give entire, square, upright men good positions, and desires to communicate with a few such men, with a view of securing their services. Write to him as soon as you have read this for terms and full particulars. Remember, only square dealing men need apply. Address EDW. O. GRAHAM, Nurseryman, Rochester, N.Y.

DAY'S BOOKSTORE. XMAS CARDS. NOVELTIES: Fancy Lamps, Fancy Glass Pieces, Fine Books. TOYS. Children's Books. Our Stock very full Fine, and new. BEST ASSORTMENT OF NEWEST GOODS. DAY SELLS CHEAP.

J. N. STINSON —:o:— Tailor and Draper, Is now showing a magnificent range of new and choice lines in Fall Suitings, Trouserings and Overcoatings. —:o:— Extraordinary value in Underwear, Ties, Collars, Cuffs, Gloves, &c. Men's working pants one dollar. J. N. STINSON, Rockwood. Next door to Post Office.

IF YOU WANT A NEW SUIT, LEAVE YOUR ORDER WITH O. H. RYDER. MERCHANT TAILOR Mill Street - Acton. A new stock of the latest styles in TWEEDS AND WORSTEDS just received. Good fits are always given and customers go away pleased both with their clothes and my prices. We can give you a good suit, made to order, for $10.00. Cutting done to order. O. H. RYDER.

SANTA CLAUS HAS ARRIVED HEARTY AND WELL AT THE TEN CENT STORE GUELPH. And is now unpacking some two thousand dollars of wonderful Xmas Presents for the Boys and Girls. JAS. F. KIDNER, TEN CENT STORE.

W. BARBER & BROS. PAPER MAKERS, GEORGETOWN, ONT. MAKE A SPECIALTY OF Machine Finished Book Papers —AND— HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS. The paper used in this journal is from the above mills. WM. BARBER & BROS.

—RIGHT— TO THE FRONT OF ALL COMPETITION WE PLACE OUR Elegant and Substantial Goods. —: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:— LOWEST PRICES —CONSISTENT WITH— GOOD QUALITY. —:o:— Custom Work and Repairing promptly attended to. W. WILLIAMS, Mill Street, Acton.

Poetry.

THE OUTCAST.

I asked of the world but a little place,
A chance to be honest and earn my bread,
I staked my all in the game of life:
I lost, and have nowhere to lay my head.

'Twas weary climbing the mountain height
With no one to lend me a helping hand,
I tried, God knows, but I fell and failed,
My feet sank into the perilous sand.

The play is done. Of the land beyond
I know so little—my heart is sore;
My brain is reeling—I faint and fall—
My eyes are dim—there is nothing more.

I know where the river is flowing fast—
I wonder if I could creep to the brink?
Night tells no tales when the stars are hid;
My brain is reeling—I cannot think.

No one would miss me, no one would care,
For I have not a friend on earth to-night.
I tried to be brave, God knows, I did now
Thro' the deepening shad ow I see no light.

I know where the river is flowing fast,
The water is dark, and cold, and deep,
My brain is reeling—I faint and fall—
My eyes grow dim—is it death or—sleep?

Select Family Reading.

How the Robbers Were Foiled.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

Something ailed Nettie Wilder. Her mother, who gave to this only child all her strong maternal love, knew something of the cause of change, and her thinking hours were often as perplexed and troubled as Nettie's.

For there was Frank Mitchell, on the one hand, the son of the richest man in Coverdale; college educated, handsomely attired, smooth of tongue, and courteous in manner. And there was Harry Lane, on the other hand, a stalwart, young farmer of twenty-five, who owned a well-conducted farm, was as honest and true a man as the wide world could produce, and fully his own master. And both were courting pretty Nettie Wilder.

And poor little Nettie was growing grave and womanly, thinking of the choice she must make. For, if Harry had been her boy-lover all her life, Frank possessed the charm of novelty, and would take her from the drudgery of farm life.

Yet, there was something about Frank Mitchell that Nettie distrusted. She could not define it, and none of the whispers that "Mitchell's son was a little wild" had ever reached her; yet she was conscious of a certain shrinking from his most tender speeches.

She was pondering over all this one pleasant October afternoon; and as a shadow crossed the window, she looked up to see Harry Lane carrying a large covered basket.

"We are gathering the pippins," he said, coming to the window sill, "and I brought over a basket for your mother."

Mrs. Wilder, from the inner part of the room, advanced to speak some words of thanks, adding:

"Don't you want to take some to your grandfather, Nettie? Harry can go to the cross-roads with you."

Half reluctantly Nettie put on her hat and sack, and selected some of the finer pippins for a smaller basket.

With a nod and a smile Nettie left Harry, at the cross-roads, where he promised to meet her at five o'clock, to cross the lot, that saved nearly half a mile of the distance to her grandfather's. On entering the kitchen, she frightened Katie, the old servant, by the ashy pallor of her face, and the strange tremor of her voice, as she said, sharply:

"Where is grandfather?"

"He's not come in from town yet," was the reply. "Whatever's come to you, Miss Nettie? Are you going to faint?"

"No. I am tired. I must watch for grandfather, or he may drive past."

Then she ran across the garden to the gate, for there was a sound of wheels on the road. Her grandfather checked his horse as she opened the gate, to say to her:

"Jump in. I'm going over to Mitchell's."

"Grandfather, have you money for him?"

"Yes. All the quarterly rents. Folks all paid up to day."

"You must not take it over, grandfather. There are three men over in Higgin's old barn waiting to rob you."

"Nonsense!"

"It is not nonsense, grandfather. I came across lots with Harry, but when I passed Higgin's place I saw some of those great yellow pears hanging over the barn, and went to get them. When I was up in the tree, I saw and heard the men. They are in the barn, and they know you have been collecting the rents. They mean to stop you and take the money. And, oh, grandfather, if you don't go on they will come over here to rob you. So you must let me do what I have planned. Let me take the money on, and you stay here. If they stop me, I will tell them you have sent the money to Mr. Mitchell.

"You can say I met Mitchell's man, Wilson, in town, if you choose. I often send it out by him, but I met him to-day before it was paid. But, Nettie, I can't let you run into danger."

"There will be no danger to me. They will never think I have the money."

"But they may look to see."

For answer Nettie took down a coil of superb brown hair, that had been neatly twisted up under her hat, Shaking it out, she said:

"Give me the notes, grandfather."

He took a large roll from his wallet, and looked on in mute admiration while Nettie twisted it into her hair, pinning and patting the enlarged coil until it was in order, and finally perching the dainty hat over all.

"Don't worry about me," she said, kissing the old man tenderly. Then, after a moment's hesitation, she said, very, very gravely:

"Grandfather, you will keep a secret, if I tell you one."

"Yes, dear."

"Then, while you are grateful that you are not exposed to robbery, and perhaps murder, thank Heaven, too, for my escape. One of those men is Frank Mitchell."

She kissed him, and was gone before he had sufficiently recovered from his amazement to answer her.

She drove rapidly, hoping to pass Higgin's barn too quickly to be stopped, as dusk was gathering. But three men stood across the road, and the horse stopped. The men were all masked, but Nettie knew well that it was her lover who grasped the horse by the bridle and ordered her grandfather to alight.

It was a hard task to laugh, but Nettie was brave in the face of the actual peril. With a little laugh she said:

"I am not Mr. Snow. Don't you know a girl from an old man?"

"This is Mr. Snow's buggy," growled one of the men.

"Well, hasn't he a right to lend it to his granddaughter to go home in?" retorted Nettie.

"Aint he going over to Mitchell's?" asked the growling voice.

"No. Oh!" as if the idea had suddenly occurred to her—"Oh, you wicked men! You thought grandfather was taking money to Mr. Mitchell's. Oh, I am so glad! He met Wilson in town, and he has sent Mr. Mitchell the rents."

The rudeness of the oaths that met this statement made Nettie's heart sink. But she sat erect, and watched the hand that held her horse. In the first surprise the man turned to his companions, and Nettie gathering the reins firmly in her left hand, suddenly brought the whip lash, with all the force of her young arm, across the hand she was watching. Involuntarily it loosened its grasp, while the horse, startled by the same blow, dashed ahead with a speed that threatened new danger, for the dusk was gathering.

Nettie saw Harry Lane at the cross-roads, patiently waiting, but was compelled to pass at full speed with only a nod of recognition.

Before she reached her destination she had full control of the horse again, but it was a very pale face that confronted the fatherly old man who received her.

With a low, faltering voice she told her story, unbound her hair, and delivered the money.

But instead of counting it, Mr. Mitchell tossed it down, and asked:

"Nettie, did you recognize the men?"

"Only one of them?"

"And that one—who was he?"

"Oh, don't ask me. Oh, Mr. Mitchell, don't, don't ask me!"

And then, thoroughly unnerved at last, Nettie broke into a passion of sobs. She turned to the door, her hair all streaming about her shoulders, but Mr. Mitchell put his hand on her arm and gently detained her.

"You must tell me! Is it for my sake you are silent? Would he—he—the man—rob me? Nettie, you must speak. Was it my son?"

Her face answered him, for she could not speak. With shaking limbs she left the house, and drove home. What spirit of bravado tempted Frank Mitchell to be there, waiting for her, she could not tell, but he was in the sitting-room, chatting with her mother, as she entered. Weary as she was, the sight roused all Nettie's spirit, and in answer to her mother's question:

"Why, Nettie, did you drive home?" she told her story in every detail, excepting her recognition of the man who listened. Then saying:

"I must go and put up my hair," she turned to leave the room again. Stopping as she passed her visitor, she said, in a voice heard only by himself:

"You are wise to wear your gloves until the mark of my whip lash is gone from your hand."

Folks said they "reckoned young Mitchell was jilted by Nettie Wilder 'fore he left Coverdale and went off to York to live; but, after all, she'd got a good husband, for everybody knew Harry Lane had just loved the ground she walked on ever since he was a mite of a boy." And Harry Lane wonders why Nettie always has a grave face for a moment when she sees the first October pippins or any of Higgin's yellow pears.

I WON'T HEAR BAD WORDS.

A little boy in the city, who had no nice play-yard, was sometimes allowed to play in the street. His mother always told him to have nothing to do with boys who used bad words, and Johnny felt a great responsibility for good behaviour when trusted alone.

One day another boy, to whom he had lent his drum, got vexed, and broke out in rude, disagreeable language. Johnny marched right up to the boy, and asked for his drum, saying:

"I must go to my mother."

"Why? What for?" the children all inquired.

"Mamma never lets me play with boys who used bad words," said Johnny.

"Well, I won't use any more bad words if I may play with you," said the boy, sorry to lose the music of the drum.

"I'll ask my mother," said Johnny, "and if she says I may, then I will; but I shouldn't like to learn such words."

"Tell your mother, Johnny," answered the boy, "I'm done now; she needn't ever be afraid any more of my using bad words, for I just won't—that's all, if she thinks so."

Johnny's mother watched the children at their play for a time afterward, and she never learned that the boy broke his promise not to use bad language any more. —*Philadelphia Methodist.*

PERTINENT POINTS.

He that would enjoy the fruit must not gather the flower.

The older the man gets the more difficult it is to pull the wool over his eyes. He has a good deal less wool you know.

A Baptist church in Ocala, Fla., has expelled all its members whose names have appeared on petitions for liquor license.

We are pleased to see that some of our secular exchanges are directing attention to the prevalent cruelty to animals. The brutality that abuses a poor dumb beast will not stop there.

A man may be a good husband, a kind father and a regular attendant at his right church, and yet not able to carve a turkey without arousing angry feelings and unholy thoughts in every one present.

An Irishman threw a side light on the whiskey question when he said: On St. Patrick's day the wholesalers rode in their carriages, and the retailers on horse back, but we consumers trudged on foot.

A little boy in one of the city German schools, while defining demijohn a few days since, made a mistake which was not a mistake. He said: A demagogue is a vessel that holds beer, wine, gin, whiskey or any other kind of intoxicating liquor.

The Christian citizen who takes but a languid interest in public affairs, and half the time fails to vote, is the one who complains loudest of ring rule and corruption in politics. Let him do better or cease his whinings.

A Washington telegrapher has invented a type-writer which will transmit messages by wire, and is said to be far superior to a telephone.

A PROTEST THREATENED!

A story is told of Wash Connor, Jay Gould's old partner in the stock brokerage business, who is well-known in Chicago, which illustrates the proclivity of the Wall street man to play pranks in solemn places. Connor, during a sojourn in London, presented a £25 Bank of England note—which, like our own currency, is simply a promise to pay—to the bank for redemption in gold. The bank's custom on these occasions is to require the person presenting the note to endorse. "Endorse it!" said Connor, when the rule was read to him, "I don't know about that. I'm a little careful what I endorse. This is a note of hand."

The astonishment of the official could not easily be depicted in words.

"I don't believe I'll indorse it all. I don't know you. Besides, it ain't necessary. Give me the gold and take your paper."

"But, sir, it's our rule."

"I don't care anything about your rule. Isn't the paper good?"

"Good! good! Is a Bank of England note good? Are you mad, man?"

"Well, if it's good I want the money on it."

"Who are you? You must be an American. Quit your fuming, man, and indorse it."

The official gasped nearly purple in the face. Connor's countenance did not change a muscle.

"I'll not indorse it," he said. "And as it's a genuine note, if you don't pay it I'll protest it."

"Protest it! Protest the Bank of England. Good heavens!"

"Yes, protest it, and before night."

The clerk climbed down from his stool and ran into a back room. He returned immediately with two elderly officials, all three greatly excited. Connor calmly reduced the new comers to a panic by repeating his threat, and after enjoying the spectacle feigned a sudden understanding of the case, and indorsed the note and got his gold.—*Chicago News.*

THIS AND THAT.

A writer on superstition concerning bees, says that in Yorkshire there is a custom of inviting bees to a funeral; and when a swarm of bees alight on a dead tree, there will be a funeral within a year. In this town there are several deaths within a year, even if a swarm of bees don't alight on a dead tree, and when bees are invited to a funeral it is generally to their own.—*Norristown Herald.*

Magistrate (to prisoner): "What impelled you to commit suicide?" Prisoner: "It was a conversation I overheard, sir, on the boat coming down from Troy. One of 'em said: 'Who's oo ducky?' The other said: 'I'se oo ducky, whose ducky is oo?' So I happened to have some deadly poison in my pocket, and I swallowed it."

Boston mother: "Then you have concluded to marry James, Clara?" Daughter (a school ma'm): "Yes, ma, James will soon be master, and we think it is an economical measure for us to get married." M.: "Where does the economy come in?" D.: "Well, we both wear the same size spectacles."—*Boston Courier.*

I commend to all relatives of corpses the following words of the dean of York, which he addressed last week to the members of the Church of England Burial society: "A costly ostentatious funeral is considered a mark of vulgarity."—*London Truth.*

"How does it happen that there are so many single women among the school-teachers?" asks an inquirer. Well, it is just possible that a girl who has taught school is afraid to marry. She knows what sort of cubs men are.—*Omaha Daily World.*

The mosquito of 1887 is now laid up with a sore throat, and fears are entertained that his vocal chords are permanently injured for this season.—*Boston Herald.*

THE CREOLE LADY.

The aristocratic Creole lady, writes a New Orleans correspondent, is often a model for the imitation of her sex. She is an obedient and respectful daughter, a faithful wife, and a devoted mother. She is soft of speech, and has a grace of manner which gives a charm to all she does. Well educated and accomplished, with keen wit, she makes a brilliant figure in society, but is, nevertheless, an excellent manager of her household, and gives a most careful supervision to every detail that will enhance the comfort of her lord. She looks diligently after the physical and intellectual welfare of her children; especially are her daughters trained under her own eyes, in all that goes to make women lovely in mind and person. Their tasks for school are conned by her side, their music lessons are practiced within her hearing, that she may detect the least false note. She shares in all their amusements; she is their companion, their confidante, their friend. They come to her with all their little hopes and fears, sure of her sympathy.

When the daughter is grown the Creole matron blooms again into a rich second youth; her own girlhood is renewed in that of a child; they are scarcely mother and daughter any longer, but a pair of loving sisters. The young girl is educated in a convent, and leads a secluded existence until she is launched into society, and then in the joyous life that bursts upon her she is always surrounded by the same watchful care that guarded her childhood. Young girls are not allowed to go into society without being accompanied by their mothers or some other married lady, as chaperon—one of the many Creole customs which have been generally accepted by the American residents of New Orleans.

These young girls are often wonderfully beautiful. Good features, handsome eyes, and graceful figures combine to make them very attractive, their beauty being not infrequently Oriental in type, though the vivacity of their manner marks them as essentially French in character. Many Creole women are very accomplished. They have a skill in music and painting that is often artistic.

In the literary clubs which society women have inaugurated of late years in New Orleans the American ladies have been astonished to find the Creole ladies quite as well posted as themselves in English literature, while possessing a much greater knowledge of the literature of other countries.

Money saved and pain relieved by the leading household remedy, "Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil"—a small quantity of which usually suffices to cure a cough, heal a sore, cut, bruise or sprain, relieve lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia, excoriated nipples, or inflamed breast.

WAS HE A GENTLEMAN?

Pride, ill nature and want of sense, says Swift, are the three great sources of ill manners. Without some one of these defects no man will behave himself ill for want of experience, or what in the language of fools, is called knowing the world.

"Who is that man?" indignantly asked a young woman, one of many employes in a public office in the goodly old city of Detroit.

"Not to know that gentleman is to argue yourself unknown."

"Gentleman, indeed!" was the withering rejoinder of the now thoroughly aroused young woman. "I never met a more ill-mannered boor."

"Dear me! Of what has he been guilty?"

"I was obliged to go into Mr. D——'s room just now," she said; "that person whom you seem to esteem so highly, sat reading a paper with his heels on the table, his hat on his head and a burning cigar in his mouth. He coolly, not to say impudently, stared at me, but neither changed his attitude nor ceased to puff at his cigar. If you—if you don't go in there this minute and throw him out of the window, I'll never work where men are spare, never. There!"

It was even so. The indignant young woman had not exaggerated the situation. Yet this quintessence of coarseness—this last expression of the vulgar ill-breeding and of wanton disregard of the first law of politeness, is an acknowledged social leader, a practical club man and one of the most potential financial factors in the group which Michigan's metropolis boasts. Presumably he does not carry into his club and other channels that know him well the vulgarity that marked his conduct toward the indignant young woman (who, it should be noted, earns her own livelihood) nevertheless he is a representative man, who sways a powerful and far-reaching influence in this ultrafashionable community.—*Detroit Free Press*

WHAT A HOG FOUND.

The Creator has provided the hog with a snout intended to dig for its living. The diligence with which it applies itself, especially when it breaks into a garden, proves that it has accepted the situation. That is more than can be said of some beings of greater intelligence than the hog possesses.

A traveller, in the statement given below, tell what a diligent hog once discovered on the shores of Lake Superior, where are found the greatest copper regions in the world.

"Throughout the rocky, barren Keewenaw Peninsula—good for nothing as farming land—the immense copper deposits have caused large towns to spring up, and they give employment to tens of thousands of men. About eighteen years ago a pig strayed from the drove to which it belonged, and fell into a pit on a spot where the city of Calumet now stands. In rooting about it uncovered a mass of native copper, and thus revealed to the world the scene of the greatest copper mine ever known. As a result of the pig's rooting, humanity is now $50,000,000 richer in the use of the copper there discovered, and the stockholders, who, aided by the pig, have helped the world to this wealth, have received about $30,000,000 for their trouble."—*Children's Paper.*

CONCERNING CANCER.

Mame. White, the well known fashionable milliner, of London, died last week from the effects of an operation for cancer. For the first day or two after the operation she was fairly well, but she suddenly got worse and died. In view of the discussions that are now going on in the medical profession about the possibility of cancer being infectious, it is a curious fact that her husband is suffering from the same malady.

A Boston lady of 50 was told that she must have her cancer cut out. She was very delicate and preferred death. A friend induced her to pick red clover blossoms, make a tea and drink a cupful at least twice daily. The cancer seemed, after a time, to disappear and she lived to be very old. This friend had come of a family who all died of cancer, and she told me that every summer she took clover tea, once daily for several weeks, and that it kept her blood pure from the taint, and she had reached a good age.

INTERESTING PARAGRAPHS.

The will of George E. Downs, a prominent Unitarian of Canton, Mass., distributes about $90,000 among various religious denominations and benevolent causes.

English statisticians now figure a population of 28,000,000 for England and Wales.

Habit has been spoken of as a cable, one thread of which we form each day of our lives, imagining that we can easily break it; but we are rudely awakened at some time to the unpleasant fact that we are bound by a cable from which it is almost impossible to free ourselves.

The good breeding of an irreligious man enables him to do what some professed disciples of Christ fail to do: they forbear to talk about themselves continually.

What some people call their sensitiveness is merely a disinclination to be treated as they would treat others under the same circumstances.—*Journal of Education.*

The woman who shows her love of admiration has not been spoiled by flattery. Only the spoiled girls take it as a matter of course.—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE TUNE THE OLD COW (GOW) DIED OF.

There is a certain cow whose death has insured her a long literary life. The event is chronicled in verse which runs somewhat in this style:—

There was a man who bought a cow,
And he had no food to give her,
So he took up his fiddle and played her a tune;
"Consider, my cow, consider,
This is not the time for grass to grow—
Consider, my cow, consider."

This is said to have been the famous tune of which the old cow died, but long experience has convinced me that an obvious derivation is seldom the correct one, and I would rather put forward another. Among the inspiriting airs often performed on the melodious, and richly modulated bagpipe is, one known as "Nathanial Gow's Lament for his Brother," and when listening to it I have felt an internal conviction that it, and no other, is the "tune the old Gow died of."—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

THINGS NEVER DONE.

Greater deeds than have ever been seen,
Brighter songs than the poet has sung,
Are the things that are dreamed and tried, I ween,
But which have never been done.

The fairest picture the artist paints
Is hung on the wall of his brain;
On his canvas rests but the shadow faint
Of what he wished to attain,

Above success hovers ever the thought,
Marring sadly its bliss;
Better than this was the thing I sought—
Better, far better, than this.

For, strive as we may, we can not grasp
The visions that lure us on—
They are ever held in our mental clasp,
And our best is never done.

But this fancy does oft my senses woo:
That perhaps in the world to come
We shall find the things we have tried to do,
But which have never been done.

CARE AND LOVE.

When graven on thy much-loved brow,
Lines cross the surface fair—
With one swift thought from them to now,
We sigh: "There has been care!"

But when the clear and shining eyes
Laugh at the brow above;
Away from care the swift thought flies,
To cry: "But there was love!"

—*Patty Carly, in Chicago Times.*

THE BRIDGE OF DEATH.

An Alpine Guide's Sad Fate.—Dangers to be Avoided.

One day in August, in the summer of 1864, two Austrian noblemen were crossing the Grand Plateau in their descent of one of the loftiest mountains of Switzerland. They had crossed the Grand Crevasse in the morning by a snow-bridge which, though apparently insecure, carried them safely over. They reached it again on their return late in the afternoon. The leading guide had advanced to the middle of the bridge, when, to the consternation of his fellow travelers, he suddenly disappeared from their sight. The bridge had fallen beneath his weight; he had proceeded with too little caution, and had disappeared forever in the abyss below. They tied together ropes and let them down into the crevasse, but no hand seized them, no voice arose from the darkness.

How few of us realize the importance of trifles, or that incidents which in themselves seem wholly insignificant lead oftentimes to most momentous results. A single grain of sand holds in a vise-like grip the delicate mechanism of your most reliable time-piece.

The business man tied down to his absorbing cares, goes home at night with a throbbing brow and a lame back. This continues a day or two and he remarks to his wife that he is so overworked he thinks he had better take something to brace him up a little. He tries a tonic and for a few days feels better. He flatters himself he is well. Poor man, how little he realizes that the trifling indisposition was a voice warning him that the tired and overworked kidneys, the most important primary organs of the system, had ceased to perform their proper functions. They no longer eliminate properly the waste matter of the system, and uric acid accumulates.

That means disease. The body cannot be healthy unless it be free from this poison. If the blood channels become vitiated with it, as they must be unless it is carried out of the system, the man is liable to disappear from the ranks of life almost as suddenly as the guide who went down with the insecure but unsuspected bridge. So many of the ordinary diseases, so called, are the direct results of the action of this poison that it is difficult to tell how one will be carried off.

This was precisely the experience of Herman Urban of the celebrated firm of safe manufacturers, McNeale & Urban, of Cincinnati, O. He has always been a very active business man, had overcome many commercial difficulties, but about five years ago he began to run down with a sort of general debility, headache, want of spirit, and nervousness. "There seemed to be no life in my blood, no vigor in my muscles, no marrow in my bones," he says. He tried physicians in vain. Four years after this sad experience he reports that he used Warner's safe cure at that time, and his prostrated condition was completely cured and he remained so to date. "I am," he remarks, "more than anxious that other business men, worn down and likely to be overcome by kidney disease whose manifestations are so mysterious that they cannot positively identify the disease, should try the magnificent remedy that did so much to me."

THE LORD'S TREASURY.

It is written: "Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury." Many of our church members give much more for tobacco and other useless luxuries than for religious purposes. Compared with the liquor bill of the nation, all the money given to the Lord's treasury is a mere trifle—"a drop in the bucket." I ask, is not this meanness offensive to the great Head of the Church? Must He not now be displeased when He beholds "how the people cast money into the treasury?"—*A. T. Robertson, M.A., in Presbyterian Messenger.*

Nothing so suddenly obstructs the perspiration as sudden transitions from heat to cold. Heat rarifies the blood, quickens the circulation and increases the perspiration, but when these are suddenly checked the consequences must be bad. The most common cause of disease is obstructed perspiration, or what commonly goes by the name of catching cold. Coughs, colds, sore throat, etc., if attended to in time are easily subdued, but if allowed to run their own course, generally prove the forerunner of more dangerous diseases. Nine-tenths of the consumptive date their affliction from a neglected cold, and the diseases that are caused by wet feet, damp clothes, or exposure are more numerous than are generally supposed. One of the most efficacious medicines for all diseases of the throat and lungs is Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which frees the lungs from viscid phlegm by changing the secretions from a diseased to a healthy state.

Those twin foes to bodily comfort, Dyspepsia and Biliousness, yield when war is waged against them with Northrop and Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. Its use also insures the removal of Kidney and Uterine maladies, and promotes unobstructed action of the bowels. The purity of its ingredients is another point in its favor. As a blood purifier it has no equal. It is also a great favorite with the ladies.