The Acton Free Press.

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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 Kennedy 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

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.

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

BADGEROW, CARSON & CO., BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS & NOTARIES. Court Chambers, Cor. Church and Adelaide Sts., Toronto, Canada. Telephone No. 1275. Cable Address:—Badgerow. E. W. BADGEROW, 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.

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

FRANCIS NUKAN, Successor to T. F. (Chapman) BOOKBINDER, St. George's Square, Guelph, Ontario. Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Binding 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.

DEEP Sea Wonders exist in those lands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

Guelph Business College. GUELPH, ONTARIO.

THE ATTENDANCE AT THIS INSTITUTION is now larger than at any former time, which fact is the best evidence of the practical value of its change to young men and women as also the growing popularity of the College. Its graduates are giving equal proof of the thoroughness of their training and meeting with merited success in the cities and towns both of Canada and the United States. Students enter at any time and progress as rapidly as natural ability and previous educational advantages permit. The Fourth Annual Circular giving terms, etc., will be mailed free to any address on application to 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 Half liyer Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of property, on the Premium Note System.

F. W. Stone, President. Chas. Davidson, Secretary.

JOHN TAYLOR, Agent.

R. & J. HOLMES, BUTCHERS, Main Street, Acton.

Have much pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Acton, that they have erected and opened a new butcher shop on Main Street, and are prepared to conduct a straightforward butchering business. Having had large experience in the business we can guarantee all customers who favor us with their patronage perfect satisfaction. All kinds of meat, fresh and good, and poultry, fish, etc., in season, will be found in stock. We respectfully solicit your esteemed patronage. R. & J. HOLMES.

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, 4 ft. high, $60; 5 ft. $75, 6 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

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 Nurseryman 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 the specialties. His inducements to beginners are particularly advantageous. He fulfills all he promises, and guarantees to furnish strictly first class stock. He can give active, square, upright men good positions, and desires to communicate with a few gentlemen, 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.

—NEW—

WALL PAPER

FOR THIS SEASON.

The Finest and Largest Stock Ever Shown in Guelph is now —AT—

DAY'S BOOKSTORE.

DAY SELLS CHEAP.

BUSINESS CHANGE

Having purchased the stock of the business of which I have been manager for nearly 3 years, I desire to thank you for your kind and liberal patronage of the past and to solicit a continuance of past favors.

In addition to the well assorted stock of

General Dry Goods

and Choice Fresh Groceries, I have added a Complete Assortment of

Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers, &c., &c.,

which were bought right and are being sold right. Call and inspect them.

JOHN C. NELSON.

Goods Sold for Cash or Trade Only.

A NEW FACE IN AN OLD PLACE.

O. H. RYDER, MERCHANT TAILOR.

Wishes to inform the public that he has removed his business to the shop where Mr. J. Fyfe has for many years so satisfactorily served his customers.

Here I will open out a larger and more varied stock of goods than ever.

First-class Goods and good fit every time.

Leave your order.

O. H. RYDER.

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.

Splendid in Quality! Complete in Assortment!! Overflowing in Generous Bargains!

MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S

Boots and Shoes

RUBBERS, OVERSHOES, &c.

At prices that always lead to speedy sales

LOWEST PRICES —CONSISTENT WITH— GOOD QUALITY.

Custom Work and Repairing promptly attended to.

W. WILLIAMS, Mill Street, Acton.

INVENTION has revolutionized the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. Grand outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

RICHLY Rewarded are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

Poetry.

A QUESTION FOR 1888.

"What shall I do then," Pilate said,
"With Jesus, whom ye bring to me?
Must He be numbered with the dead?
And shall I set Barabbas free?"

Their awful choice at once they gave:
"This Jesus we refuse to own;"
And to a felon's doom and grave
They thus consigned the Holy One!

"What shall I do with Jesus, then?"—
Still rings that question loud and clear;
'Tis echoing in the hearts of men,
And yet they hold Barabbas dear!

"What shall I do with Jesus?"—see
Thy sands of life are running fast;
Another year is lost to thee;
And now this year may be thy last!

"What shall I do with Jesus?"—yes,
That question oft has come to thee;
Yet oft despising proffered grace,
Thou hast replied: "No Christ for me!"

"What shall I do with Jesus?"—shall
His voice plead yet again in vain?
Wilt thou refuse that love and call
The joys that follow in its train?

"What shall I do with Jesus?"—now:
He waits the answer thou shalt give;
Again doth plead that thorn-clad brow.—
O wilt thou not believe and live?

"What shall I do with Jesus?"—come,
What answer dost thou make to heaven?
Thy heart, although thy lips be dumb,
Shall tell the answer thou hast given.

Select Family Reading.

The Cauliflower Gown.

On my fortieth birthday, I heard some one say to another, as I went by to the store, with my little basket on my arm, "There goes poor old Miss Betsy," and I didn't like the sound. I couldn't blame them, and, I wasn't vain; but when I remembered how, twenty years before, I was young Miss Betsy Ashton, my father's pet, and the richest heiress in the place; how I drove my cream-colored ponies, and was sure of the best partners at all the dancing parties, it was a come down.

I looked down at my dusty shoes, one cracked across, for the roads were very stony, and at my black alpaca, rusty with time, and remembered the pretty dresses I used to have—the handsome shawls, the silks and satins; even my cottons were costly India goods—I had one left yet—the one my nephew, little Felix, used to call my "cauliflower gown." It had a little, pale-green figure, on a dusky-red ground. I was a lotus flower, I think; but he thought it looked like a cauliflower. Everybody liked that dress.

Ernest Redmond used to—Captain Redmond! I was engaged to him, and my wedding dress was bought when his ship went down off the Bermudas. That was the beginning of all the trouble. I remembered, when I put on black, how little Felix kept saying: "Why don't you wear your cauliflower gown?" How could I tell the child what mourning meant? How I loved the little fellow! How he loved me! Then father failed and died, and my elder brother, all within a few years; and then my sister-in-law married and went to Europe with her new husband, and took Felix away from me. If I had been rich I should have begged for him. They'd not have minded giving him up; but I was poor—a girl who must earn her own bread. I had had offers, but refused them all. Only, between you and me, I think if Morgan Lowe had not asked me too soon, he might have got me. My first grief was fresh when he came back. He'd been courting me when I met Captain Redmond; and the heart must have time to heal.

I was nineteen then. I was forty now, as I trudged along, thinking it all over, with the key of my two-roomed house in my pocket; and I remember I said to myself, as I rested on the half-way stone:

"I should have been happier if I'd said 'yes' to Morgan."

It's a big world to live in alone, and I had no acquaintances.

I wouldn't visit and not invite, and I had no clothes fit to wear to a tea-drinking even if I would. I had used or sold everything, only one of my cottons. The cauliflower gown hung like a ghost on a peg in my one long closet. Whenever I looked at it I thought of little Felix, and of how Morgan had once coaxed me to make a necktie for him out of a bit I had left over.

It was a cold, cold day, and I was very low-spirited. I had just fifty cents between me and hunger, and I had to buy Indian meal and molasses with that, for I wasn't sure how soon I could get Squire Bateman's shirts done. Mrs. Bateman had been obliged to give them out because she had a fester on her finger, but she drove a close bargain—five dollars for the dozen when finished.

Well, that was better than nothing, and perhaps I could live.

I didn't dare cry for fear of hurting my eyes, and I had an ache in my heart and a lump in my throat, and that "poor Miss Betsy" finished me.

I trudged on, feeling as if I looked like a tramp, only anxious to get home again as soon as possible.

I didn't care whether I ever went out again, either; and when I got to the store, and saw it was full of people, I felt provoked.

"Seven pounds of yellow meal and a quart of molasses," said I to young Pierce at the counter. And when he had taken the bottle, I began to read a notice posted over the counter.

"A box is being made up for the Michigan sufferers. Any one wishing to contribute clothing, will please bring it before Wednesday next."

"The Michigan sufferers!" said I; why, who are they?"

"The Michigan folks that have been burnt out of house and home. Haven't you heard, Miss Betsy?" said the butcher's wife, who was buying a basket of quinces and the sugar for them. "It's really dreadful to read about 'em. I'm going to send all I can. Cleaver spoils lots of clothes."

I didn't take a paper, but I borrowed one that day of the grocer, and took it home.

You all read it at the time; and I had enough of suffering myself to feel for those who were worse off than I had been. I cried as I sat by my little wood-fire, and read of woman and children nearly naked and starving, of the homes burnt to ashes, and the people maimed and wounded and killed outright.

"If I was only rich," I said, "I'd take money and send boxes on boxes of everything. I'd go myself to help."

Then I began to wonder if there was anything I could spare. And I remembered my cauliflower gown. It was twenty years old, and all out of fashion, but as good as the day it was made.

I might have altered it to wear, but I couldn't bring myself to rip it. There it was; and there was a blanket, too, that I did not really need.

"They shall go," said I. "I hope some poor soul will be glad of them."

And I got the gown down, feeling glad to see how nice it was.

And it came to me to write on a bit of paper, "From a lonely old woman who knows what loss is herself," and put it in the packet. Then I folded it with the blanket, and barried it to the store, and saw it put into the box, and I felt lighter-hearted as I came back than I had for days before. Folks had been so generous, and seemed to be so sorry for those people in Michigan.

Even that old miser, Daddy Bütters, had brought ofer an old gray overcoat and two carpet slippers.

"I was burnt out once myself," he said, "and I know about it."

And we'd all talked socially about the box, and the minister's wife had thought so much of my gown. "One touch of feeling" had made us all akin for one hour anyhow.

I dreamt a strange dream that night. I thought an angel took me up into the church bell tower, and I could see Michigan from there, and the box had reached them; and I saw Felix, the little boy he was when he left home, eighteen years before, wrapped up in my cauliflower gown.

I finished the shirts, working hard, and took them home, and I can't say that I felt very strong, for I'd turned against the mush and molasses, so that I couldn't eat it heartily, and I hurried from the squire's to the store with five dollars in my pocket, knowing that I needed something better very soon. I bought eggs and ham and other things, and started on, when old Grandfather Bell called out from the post-office corner:

"Say, Miss Betsy, don't you want your letters?"

"Letters!" said I. "Why, are there letters for *me?*"

"Two of them," said he. "One registered."

I pinched myself to see if I wasn't dreaming, but there were the letters and a reddish card that I was to sign; and I put them in my basket, and wondered all the way home what I should find in them. Perhaps my sister-in-law had remembered me, after all those years. Then I should hear of Felix again.

I couldn't understand the registering at all. I'd never had a registered letter before, and I had got out of the way of reading papers, and talked to nobody.

I waited until I had pushed the door shut, and then sat down and tore the letters open. A check fell out of one. The other began in this way:

"DEAR AUNT BETSY"—

I hadn't eaten anything that day, and the next thing I knew I was picking myself up from the floor, where I had been lying half an hour; but I went on with my letter in a little while.

"——, MICHIGAN,

"DEAR AUNT BETSY:—This morning I took a wagon and went over to the place where the sufferers from the fires are collected together in a sort of camp. One or two big boxes had come and we wanted to take them over.

"We had food with us, too, and medicine and salve, and the doctor. I was the doctor. I'm a man of twenty-nine now, you know. I have a house in——, a little wife and a baby, and the fire has not touched us.

"Morgan Lowe went with us. You remember Morgan Lowe? He's a bachelor, and has made a fortune.

"We came to the place, did what was needed, and opened the trunks and boxes. 'Here's a pretty dress,' said my wife. 'I want to give this to little Mrs. Lux. It will just fit her.'

"Of course she had her way. Little Mrs. Lux, a girl-wife who had lost house and goods, but rejoiced in the fact that her husband and old father were not hurt, was somewhere out of sight. Phobe hunted her up, and, having dressed her, brought her to us to be admired.

"'She looks like a picture,' said Phoebe, and I gave a cry! 'Why, I've been that dress before!' 'So have I!' said Morgan. Then it came to me. 'Aunt Betsy's cauliflower gown,' and Morgan did the funniest thing; he put his hand into his shirt bosom and pulled out an old necktie just like it, and matched the pattern.

"He made no explanation; I asked him for none. I saw that the box came from V——; and afterward they found those few lines in the pocket. We all thought you were married long ago.

"Poor and lonely! Why, dear Betsy, not while I have a home and heart. I've fought my own way in the world. A step-father is not often over tender, and mother died long ago. Dear old auntie, you were very dear to me; I've not forgotten. Leave everything and come to us. I send you a check for the expenses of the journey in another envelope. Morgan sends remembrances. Your affectionate nephew,

FELIX."

I felt as people do in happy dreams. It all seemed too good to be real. It was easy enough to get ready to go, and I was so glad and proud to tell the neighbors Felix had sent for me. So pleased as he was to see me when I got there! Such a nice wife and such a pretty baby! But I haven't had courage to write the rest of it to any one yet. I'll tell you because you don't know me. I'm not poor Miss Betsy any longer. I'm not *Miss* at. Besides Felix, of course I expected to meet Morgan Lowe, but I did not know that he had never forgotten me. At least, I wasn't sure. And when, about six months ago, he said to me, "Betsy, will you be my wife?" I could hardly speak at first.

"Why, I'm too old to think of such things," said I—"a faded old maid."

"You're a handsome, young-looking woman," said he; "the sweetest in all the world to me always."

And since I've left off starving I *do* look better. And he was so set upon it, I—well I married him; and I don't believe I ever shall be sorry for it.

But the cauliflower gown did it all; every bit of it, you know.

A DISAGREEABLE ANSWER.

Many years ago Mr. Sam Petterby, a substantial country tradesman of the old school, made up his mind to pay a personal visit to a great London wholesale house. He was very politely received, and one of the proprietors showed him over the immense warehouse. On reaching the fourth floor the customer perceived a speaking-tube in the wall—the first thing of the kind he had ever seen. "What is that?" he asked. "Oh, that is a speaking-tube; it is a great convenience. We can converse with the clerks on the first floor without the trouble of going downstairs." "Can they hear what you say through that?" asked the visitor. "Certainly: and they can reply at the same time." "You don' say so!" exclaimed the visitor; "may I talk through it?" "Certainly," was the reply. The visitor put his mouth to the tube, and asked, "Are Sam Petterby's goods packed up yet?" The people in the office must have supposed it was somebody else speaking, for a moment later the reply came back, "No! We have not packed them yet. We are waiting for a telegram from his town. We believe he is a slippery customer."—*Tablet.*

SCIENTIFIC.

The frequency of accidents occuring through horses becoming frightened by the escaping steam of locomotives is attracting a good deal of attention, and in some states the matter has been taken up by the railroad commissioners. There is a very simple device on the Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis and Chicago Railway which prevents all trouble from this source. It is called a blow-back, and all waste steam is carried back into the tank. There is no noise from escaping steam, whether the engine be standing still or moving.—*New York Mail and Express.*

A new building material called stone brick, harder than the hardest clay brick, is made from simple mortar, but a scientifically made and perfect mortar—in fact, a hydraulic cement; and the grinding together of lime and sand in a dry state—including, also, some alumina, which is usually present in sand—and the subsequent heating by steam, gives the mixture the properties of the burned hydraulic cements at present in use.—*Public Opinion.*

Wax a piece of button-hole twist about two and a half feet long. Tie each end strongly to a small peg, and thrust the pegs down the crevice between the two sashes of your southern or western window, stretching the silk as tight as possible. It will surprise you with the sweetness and variety of the tones the wind will bring from it.—*Boston Budget.*

According to the *Electrical Review* medicine may be introduced into the human system by electricity. The electrodes of a battery are saturated with the medicine and applied locally to the skin. Experiments show that there is an actual absorption of the medicine into the system.

A new tanning agent, called pyrofuscine, has been extracted from coal dust by means of caustic soda. The tanning process is somewhat complicated, but it is claimed to be 50 per cent. cheaper than the bark process, and 20 to 30 per cent. cheaper than the alum process.

The "lower animals," as we are pleased to call them, have a way of revenging themselves for some of the injuries they receive from the higher animal, man. They contract disease in a mild form, and communicate them as virulent epidemics to their masters. The cow has a slight attack of scarlatina—so slight that it hardly causes her inconvenience—and a deadly infection breaks out among those who drink of her milk. From a report which has just been compiled by Dr. George Turner for the Local Government Board it appears that diphtheria may be one of the diseases which we catch from animals. Pigeons suffer from croup, horses and swine from "strangles," lambs from sore throat, all which affections, Dr. Turner thinks, may developed into diphtheria in human beings. The worst offender is the domestic cat, which is liable to suffer from a cold in the head and chest, and to pass it on in a much worse form to children.

THE NEWSPAPER.

For the FREE PRESS.

The newspaper is the cheapest library printed. It is eagerly seized by thousands on railroads and in homes where books are seldom seen. With its two wings, the telegraph and the reporter, it flies around the world and gathers up a prodigious mass of information to be shied at a man's front door before he comes down to breakfast in the morning. One has put it, "If Gutenberg could see the storm of newspapers which his types have set flying throughout the country, he would have the sensation of the South Sea Islander in a Minnesota blizzard." It seems impossible that such an amazing quantity of history, philosophy and poetry can be hawked about the street for such a mere pittance. But if the newspaper is the cheapest library it is not always the best. Much of the matter of some of the journals is from the sewer. To-day, it devotes a space to the details of a prize fight; to-morrow, to a "blood and thunder" story. The result of this kind of reading is seen in the young perpetuating evil. If a good book or paper can be read without making one better, a bad paper cannot be read without making one worse. Our Canadian papers are not however inferior to the American as a whole, while in both there is too much filth and putridity. Almost every family take some local paper, and it is usually read throughout every week; hence the importance of having every article so pure that no evil thoughts are suggested or sympathies enlisted in behalf of subtle or soul-destroying evils. It is refreshing to read the *Parkhill Review, Stratford Expositor, Clinton New Era,* and Acton FREE PRESS, for while these are local and secular, they nevertheless give much space to moral and religious intelligence.

Dear reader, be careful of what you read. Dear father, be careful of what you admit in your home. In some prisons a reader goes carefully through the papers and clips from them all record of crime before the prisoners see them. Is it possible that criminals can be demoralized by the daily record of wickedness, and boys and girls be unharmed by it? If a man is not willing to shut the daily paper, with its miasma, out of his house, he ought at least to provide some sort of an antidote for its evil influences. The religious paper is as nearly this as can be. Let this come with its purpose and persistant voice into the home, let father and mother set the example of reading it and of finding some good thing in it to talk about.

March, 20th, 1888. OBSERVER.

HOW THE SHERIFF GOT HIM.

In days gone by a Detroit sheriff who had made a close shave of being elected had the ill-luck to lose a prisoner. The fellow made good his escape to the country; but the sheriff overhauled him about eight miles out and drove him under a barn. The prisoner was captured, and yet he was not. If he could not get out, the sheriff could not get in, and threats had no effect on him. In this emergency the officer called out, "Say, Jim." "Yes." "You know I had a mighty close shave getting this office?" "You did that." "Well, I'm laying my pipes for a second term. If I lose you, I might as well hang up. The opposition will hold it up in letters four feet high, and hundreds of men in my own party will slip my name. Do you hear me?" "I do." "Well, I ask you to come out, not exactly as a prisoner going back to gaol, but more as a patriot bound to stand by his party. Come Jim." "I'll be hanged if I don't!" replied Jim. "The judge was agin me, my sentence was unjust and I hate your gaol—but, if it's going to help the party and crush the hydra-headed opposition, out I comes!"

—Ladies kindly read Kelly Bros. advertisement.

JOHN JONES' MONUMENT.

John Jones began at the age of fifteen to build a monument, and finish it at fifty. He worked night and day, often all night long, and on the Sabbath. He seemed in a great hurry to get it done. He spent all the money he earned upon it—some say $50,000. Then he borrowed all he could; and when no one would loan him any more he would take his wife's dresses and the bed-clothes and many other valuable things in his home, and sell them to get more money to finish that monument.

They say he came home one day and was about to take the blankets that lay over his sleeping baby to keep it warm and his wife tried to stop him; but he drew back his fist and knocked her down, and then went away with the blankets and never brought them back, and the poor baby sickened and died from the exposure. At last there was not anything left in the house. The poor, heart-broken wife soon followed the baby to the grave. Yet John Jones kept working all the more at the monument. I saw him when he was about fifty years old. The monument was nearly done, but he had worked so hard at it that I hardly knew him, he was so worn; his clothes were all in tatters and his hands and face, indeed, his whole body, were covered with scars which he got in laying up some of the stones. And the wretched man had been so little in good society all the while that he was building, that he had about forgotten how to use the English language; his tongue had somehow become very thick, and when he tried to speak, out would come an oath.

That may seem strange, but I have found out that all who build such monuments as John's prefer oaths to any other words!

Now, come with me, and I will show you John's monument. It stands in a beautiful part of the city where five streets meet. Most men put such things in a cemetery. But John had his own way and put it on one of the finest lots to be found.

"Does it look like Bunker Hill monument?" asks little Amy Arbitt by my side.

Not at all: John didn't want to be remembered that way. He might have taken that $50,000 and built an asylum for poor little children that have no home, and people would have called the asylum his monument.

But here we are at the front door. It is a grand house! It is high and large, with great halls and towers, and velvet carpets, elegant mirrors and a piano, and I know not what all; so rich and grand.

This is John Jones' monument! and the man who sold John nearly all the whiskey he drank lived here with his family, and they all dress in the richest and finest clothes.

Do you understand it?

MERE MENTION.

The richest body of people in this country, as paradoxical as it may seem, is the Osage tribe of Indians of Idaho. Besides the land of the reservation, which belongs to them by a title hard to assail, they have about $7,000,000 bearing five per cent. interest in the hands of the Government. They are paid $250,000 a year in cash. The entire tribe numbers only 1,600, so that they are actually the richest body of people we have.

The people of Japan have made voluntary subscriptions of $2,100,000, and some $600,000 more, than was desired, to the coast defense fund. The sum in excess of that called for will be used in the manufacture of cannon, that industry having been recently established in Japan, at the Osaka arsenal. They are already experimenting with the new Italian composition metal in casting guns.

A postage stamp-exchange and mart is shortly to be opened in Vienna. The Austrian post office sells annually 6,000 florins worth of stamps out of use to collectors. No less than 60,000 florins worth of Eastern postage stamps are exported every year from Vienna. Cards of admission to the Postage Stamp Exchange will on no condition be delivered to collectors under eighteen years of age.

Dr. Schweiz, who was sent out a year ago by the Swedish Government to make an investigation of the Congo Valley, with a view of ascertaining what advantages it offered for colonization, has returned with a highly favorable report. The climate, the soil, the geographical features of the valley are, in his opinion, all favorable to the establishment of colonies.

Over 30,000,000 people crossed the Brooklin bridge in the course of the year ending Dec. 1. Of these 2,664,413 were on foot; the rest were on the cars. The tolls amounted to $850,72[illegible]. Not an accident of any kind happened in that time.

The longest street railway in the country is now in operation between Elizabeth and Newark, N. J., the round trip being thirty miles, for which the fare is twenty cents.

Within the last twelve months, under the operation of the oleomargarine law the manufacturers of this material have paid into the treasury as taxes $950,000.

The ruling profession of the Far West is evidently real estate. In one small town of a population of 3,000, there are twenty-five real estate brokers.

Tubac, a small town in Pima county, Ari., claims to be the oldest settlement in the United States. Its town record extends back to 1539.

The railroad train used by the Czar in his travels is the same as was formerly used by Napoleon III. It consists of twenty cars.

Germany and Switzerland yearly make 2,000,000 artificial eyes. These eyes corrode by use, and last but a few years.

The site of a Roman villa has been discovered near Bristol, England. It is said to be rich in relics of all kinds.

A railway has just crossed the Arctic circle, and yaked, for the first time, the solitude of the frozen zone.

WHEN HE WOULD PAY HIM.

The American Indians were at one time very eager to find out how to make gunpowder. A white trader who sold some to an Indian told him to sow it in the ground, and it would grow like wheat. The Indian was greatly elated. He went home and sowed some of his powder without delay. Month after month he watched for it to sprout, and winter came on before he found out he had been played upon him. He said nothing, but some time after, when the trader had forgotten all about his practical joke, the Indian bought a lot of goods off him on credit. When the time came the trader went to the Indian and demanded payment from him. The Indian quietly heard him through; then, looking him in the eyes, said: "I pay you when my powder grow."

FROM CRADLE TO COFFIN.

We rock the cradle gayly, and swing it to and fro,
A new life sleeps within it. In tender tones and low,
A mother soothes to slumber, in love-notes soft and mild,
While held in sleep and safety there rests an earth-born child.
As we rock the cradle gayly.

We lay aside the cradle, the bird its nest has flown,
And spread its pinions boldly, to make its way alone;
To fly, to fall in sorrow, or rise and keep its way,
Mid toils, temptations, triumphs, fair fruitage of life's day.
As we lay aside the cradle.

We bend above the coffin, another soul has fled—
The earthly flight is over, its won or lost, and dead
The babe who in the cradle first knew of earthly strife,
And there, with hands close folded, lies all we know of life.
As we bend above the coffin.

ALUM BAKING POWDERS.

Their Use Injurious to Health and Their Sale Contrary to Law.

Two men were recently convicted in St. Lawrence County, New York, for violating the food adulteration laws of that State by selling alum baking powders in imitation of pure cream of tartar baking powders. The law of New York is similar to that of this province in forbidding the sale of adulterated and injurious articles of food, but the courts had not before construed it in so far as it related to the sale of alum baking powders.

The baking powder sold by the accused was proved to be made from alum, by Gillet, of Chicago, and expert testimony was taken to show the unwholesomeness of alum in baking powders, bread and other food.

The Court, in inflicting the extreme penalty of the law upon the accused, expressed regret at not being able to impose a punishment more nearly in accordance with the seriousness of the offense.

The sale of alum baking powders is prohibited by direct statute in England. It should be the same here; yet our laws, if not so specific, are probably sufficient to put a stop to the business were they rigidly enforced. It is said that many brands of alum powders are being introduced into the Dominion, and we bespeak the attention of our public analysts to the matter.

THE FLEA.

Fleas love dirt, and in it they flourish and multiply most abundantly. But in spite of St. Dominic's curse and their unclean haunts, they are interesting little fellows. Let us put one under the microscope. It seems to be clothed in a sort of armor formed of brown-overlapping plates, that are so exceedingly tough as to be almost indestructible. Its head is small and very thin, and it has a single eye upon each side. This eye is black, and the rays of light scintillate within it like sparks of fire. Puget managed to look through one of these eyes, and he found that it diminished objects in size, while it multiplied in number—a man appearing like an army of fairies, and the flame of a candle becoming a thousand tiny stars. From the shape of its head, and for other reasons, the flea is supposed to use only one eye at a time. The offensive weapon of a flea is composed of two palpi, or feelers, two piercers, and a tongue. When it feeds it stand erect, thrusting its sucker into the flesh, and it will eat without intermission until disturbed, for it voids as fast as it swallows its food. It is interesting to put several in a glass, and, giving them a piece of raw meat, see them all standing on their hind legs to suck up its juices. Their manner of breathing is still undetermined, but it is thought most probable that they receive air into their bodies through small holes at the ends of the palpi. The legs of a flea are marvels of strength and elasticity. They are joined to the body by long tendons that act like wire springs. In making its leap, which, it is said, can cover two hundred times its own length, the flea draws the leg close up to the body, and then throws it out with great force; but the impulse proceeds from the first joint alone, the others only increasing it by their stretch while the leap is being made.

WHY HE DID NOT SALUTE.

During the siege of Gibraltar its governor, Gen. Elliott, was one day making a tour of inspection when he came upon a German soldier who, though standing at his post, neither presented arms nor even held his musket.

"Do you know me, sentinel?" inquired the general. "Why do you neglect your duty?"

"I know you well, general, and my duty also," was the reply; "but within the last few minutes two of the fingers of my right hand have been shot off, and I am unable to hold my musket."

"Why don't you go and have them bound up?"

"Because in Germany a man is forbidden to quit his post until he is relieved by another."

The general instantly dismounted. "Now my friend," said he, "give me your musket, and I will relieve you. Go and have your wounds dressed."

The soldier obeyed, but went first to the nearest guard house, where he reported that the general was standing on duty in his place. His injury unfitted him for active service, but the story of his courage soon reached England, and he was made an officer.

CURIOUS BIBLE FACTS.

A prisoner, condemned to solitary confinement, obtained a copy of the Bible and by three years' careful study, obtained the following facts: The Bible contains 3,586,489 letters, 773,692 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters, and 66 books. The word reverend occurs but once, which is in the 9th verse of the 111th Psalm. The word *and* occurs 46,277 times. The word *Lord* occurs 1,855 times. The middle verse is the 8th verse of the 118