The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XIII.---NO. 40. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1888. PRICE THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

AT THE

FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE,

ACTON, ONTARIO.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

[illegible]

ADVERTISING RATES.

[illegible]

Business Directory.

W. H. [illegible], M.D., M.C.P.S. [illegible]

JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto [illegible]

L. [illegible], DENTIST. [illegible]

JOHNSTON & [illegible]

E. F. B. Johnston. Wm. A. McLean.

J. A. [illegible]

SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD. [illegible]

B. [illegible] CASSELS & CO. [illegible]

PATENTS SECURED [illegible] FOR INVENTIONS [illegible] No Patent, No Pay.

WM. HEMSTREET. [illegible]

JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT. Guelph, Ont. Office—[illegible] Market Square.

FRANCIS NUNAN [illegible] Guelph, Ontario.

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP. [illegible]

DEEP [illegible]

Guelph Business College, GUELPH, ONTARIO.

THE ATTENDANCE AT THIS INSTITUTION [illegible] M. MACCORMICK, Principal.

Lumber, Shingles, AND LATH.

[illegible]

Coal & Wood.

[illegible] JAMES BROWN.

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF THE COUNTY OF WELLINGTON.

[illegible] 1840.

HEAD OFFICE, - GUELPH.

[illegible]

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

JOHN TAYLOR, Agent.

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

[illegible]

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 place 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 & McCullogh 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, 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

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 fine specialties. His inducements to beginners are particularly advantageous. He fulfils 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 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.

—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.

—:o:o:—

Splendid in Quality!

Complete in Assortment!!

Overflowing in Generous Bargains!

—IX—

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.

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.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

One new commandment
  Christ gave us for keeping;
That it is broken
  Is reason for weeping;
If it were kept
  All the world would be singing,
For Love is an angel
  True happiness bringing.

"Love one another,"
  A precept all golden!
But these times are modern
  And that word is olden!
And business and pleasure
  So zealous are proving,
That only a few
  Can find leisure for loving.

"Buy in the cheapest mart,
Sell in the dearest."
"Each for himself alone—
Self is the nearest."
"Life is a battle,
Aye won by the strongest."—
These, says the world,
Are the things that live longest!

Nay! but the heart of man
  Cares for his brother!
More than we think
  Do we love one another.
Self is a tyrant
  We sometimes cast down
And conquer, rejoicing
  Another to crown.

Teach us, O Christ,
  To be constant in loving;
Likeness to Thee,
  Through our faithfulness proving,
So to our life
  Shall new rapture be given,
And love make the earth
  The beginning of heaven.

—*Marianne Farningham.*

Select Family Reading.

MY WHITE ROSE.

"Oh, my rose! my rose!"

The exclamation fell upon my ears just as I was crossing the most crowded and dangerous part of Broadway. I glanced round quickly, and saw a little black-robed figure turn to dart back among the thronging vehicles, but I prevented her. There was no time to expostulate or argue, and so I caught her up in my arms—she was scarcely heavier than a child—and carried her bodily to the sidewalk.

"There!" said I, as I put her on her feet again, "young lady, you have to thank me for your life! If you'd been knocked down in that crowd you'd have been killed!"

But she showed no disposition to thank me; she wrung her little gloved hands with what seemed to me absurd distress, and glanced back into the street with longing eyes that actually had tears in them, and said again, in a tone of genuine anguish:

"Oh, my rose! my rose!"

And, as my eyes followed the direction of hers, there, sure enough, in the middle of the road—on the mud, but yet uncrushed and unspoiled—there lay a fair white rose.

"Well," I said, "I've heard of ladies who had 'a perfect passion' for flowers before, but never of one who would idly and deliberately endanger her life for one. Why, my dear madam, you can get such a rose as that for ten cents at any florist's any day."

She turned her beautiful, tearful eyes upon me then, full of a mute reproach.

"But not that rose," she said. "Oh, sir, it grew upon my darling mother's grave."

Words, look and tone all thrilled me, and a sentiment of shame oppressed me.

"I beg your pardon," I muttered, and then rescued the pretty blossom, and placed it in its owner's hand.

She thanked me then, with an eloquent uplifting of her soft gray eyes to mine, and a fervent: "Oh, sir, I thank you!"

Both the glance and the tone haunted me for long afterwards. For a while, indeed, I found it difficult to forget her.

How many romantic speculations and theories I wove, in my own imagination, around the pretty creature, with her sweet voice and soft, gray eyes. She was an orphan, without a friend or penny in the world, I thought, the dependent of rich relatives, whose pride made bitter the bread they gave. Each of these theories was my favorite in its turn, although I most inclined to cherish the last one.

I was the junior partner in my uncle's law firm. My mother had always been his favorite sister, and, as he was a confirmed old bachelor, I seemed to stand to him almost in the place of a son. It was generally supposed that I should be his heir. I must confess that I myself was strongly of that opinion. Apart from that hope, however, I had no better prospect than of the average success that most men attain to by patient and conscientious toil.

One evening my uncle summoned me to accompany him on a visit.

"I'll introduce you to the girl I want you to marry," said he.

I was too much startled to speak. He had never mentioned the subject of marriage before, and it took me quite unawares.

"She's a charming girl," the old gentleman went on, "and her father is my old and esteemed friend. She's the girl I'd choose for my son's wife, if I had a son, and if you can please and win her, why, your fortune's made, I'll promise you."

That was the nearest approach he had ever made to a promise that I should be his heir. I made some light reply, and went with him obediently. In my soul I realized the absurdity of the only objection I could at present offer to his wishes—a sentimental fancy for a lovely girl to whom I had only spoken for an instant; whose very name I did not know, and who had probably forgotten my existence.

I asked one question only about the lady I was to meet, and blushed for my own folly while I did so. But I was young, and said I to myself, "There are such romantic coincidences in real life sometimes." So I inquired:

"Has the lady a mother living, uncle?"

My uncle burst out laughing.

"To be sure she has," said he. "Mother and father, too. Why? Are you afraid of a mother-in-law? I'm going to introduce you to Kate Stafford, the banker's daughter."

A handsome girl. Black-haired, black-eyed, tall, imperious in style and temper. She received my uncle warmly, myself with good-natured indifference, half friendly, half defiant. I felt certain that her father's wishes and my uncle's were the same, and that she knew of them, and had made up her mind to resist them.

The dinner passed over pleasantly. I sat by Kate, who entertained me admirably with her somewhat sharp but decidedly witty tongue. Suddenly, in a pause of the conversation, we all caught the sound of a piano in a room above, and a fresh, sweet, lovely voice that thrilled me.

I saw my host glance at Kate as if surprised. She nodded to him lightly.

"She wouldn't come down," she said, as if answering a question. "She dined with the Seldens an hour ago." Then, turning to me, "It's my Cousin Clara," said she. "She lives with us since her mother's death. Such an odd girl!"

My heart beat rapidly. I have explained already that I was young, and naturally inclined to be romantic. Here was a poor, dependent cousin, motherless, and with a lovely voice. Surely, an odd coincidence, at least.

I thought the gentlemen would never get tired of sitting over their wine. I was silent and distrait; I saw that my uncle glanced at me in some surprise, and I fear I impressed Mr. Stafford with the idea of my intense stupidity, but it couldn't be helped, both my heart and my wits had flown away upstairs to the ladies.

At last I had a chance to follow them. My eyes went straight to the piano as I entered the room. There sat a graceful figure, clad in an evening dress of some soft black material, with white flowers at her throat and in her sunny hair. She arose as we entered, and my heart gave a great, wild bound; it was she—it was my sweet White Rose!

For so I had got into the habit of calling her in my thoughts, and so I shall call her always.

She did not appear to recognize me. Indeed, beyond the slightest, casual glance, she scarcely raised her eyes. But I was just as well pleased. Of course, I should find an opportunity to refresh her memory, and the secret of our having previously met would remain our own.

So I watched my opportunity, and presently joined her, as she stood beside an exquisite stand of flowers.

"You love flowers, Miss Vane?" said I. I remember when you came near risking life and limb for a white rose."

Then she knew me. I met the full and thrilling glance of the gray eyes, just as I had met them once before.

"Is it you?" she said, and laid her little hand in mine, impulsively.

A fair beginning for a love affair, and be sure I made the most of it. When I bade farewell to my hosts that night, I felt that I was leaving my future wife behind me, but not the one my uncle had chosen for me.

I did not think it necessary to inform him of that fact, however; there would be plenty of time for that. Indeed, when I reflected upon the evident superiority of my sweet, White Rose to her cousin Kate and all other created women it seemed to me in no way improbable that my uncle would consent to think the same.

"A fine girl, a brilliant girl, a girl after my own heart is Kate," said he, enthusiastically. "The little cousin is well enough too. I suppose Stafford has adopted her. He'll do no more than give her a home, though—his fortune will all go to Kate."

Some six weeks later he asked me how matters progressed.

"You're up there constantly, Stafford tells me," said he. "We thought the thing would have been settled before this. What's the trouble, my boy? Isn't Kate kind?"

She was the kindest of women—though I should hardly have cared to tell him *how*. She had discovered at once how matters stood between Clara and myself, and was our comforter and counsellor—having, in fact, brought us to an understanding far sooner than we should have arrived at it for ourselves.

"Get married," said she. "Clara's a free agent, and so are you. *I* want you married, so that *my* true lover, Dick Grey, may have a chance with papa. As for your uncle, nobody knows that self-willed old gentleman better than I do. Marry Clara, and, take my word for it, he will forgive you within a week."

"I desire nothing better than to marry Clara, forgiven or unforgiven," said I, clasping the blushing girl at my side in a fond embrace. "But will my White Rose risk dwelling in poverty?"

She nestled close to my breast.

"I am not at all afraid of poverty," she said, "if you promise me the sunshine of love."

"I can promise *that*," I said. "Not much *more* than that, Clara, for I am poor."

She smiled brightly.

"You'll be rich when you have me, won't you?" she asked eagerly.

I kissed her tenderly.

"My darling, I shall indeed," I answered. "Rich in happiness."

So I married her privately, with Kate for bridesmaid, and then went straight to my uncle's house. He was sitting in the library. We went in trembling.

"Uncle," said I "I hope you will forgive me. Here is my bride. I was afraid you would never consent, and might even try to part us, if we told you, so I married, my little White Rose."

He had jumped up, and was staring bewilderedly.

"White Rose!" cried he. Kate stepped forward.

"Otherwise Clara Vane," said she. "My father's ward, and the heiress of ten thousand a year. Let me solve the mystery: Clara would not have her riches known, so much afraid was she of being sought for them; and papa wanted me to marry your nephew, because he is to be your heir, although I love another and a poorer man, so I planned—"

I interrupted her, almost shrinking from Clara's side.

"An heiress! You an heiress! My poor, little rose—"

She looked at me with eyes of love and joy. "Not poor," she said, "since your love is mine; but without that I should be poor indeed, dearest. Remember your promise. The sunshine of love is the first necessity of existence to your White Rose."

GOOD RULES.

Reduce the old stock—sell off the old goods cheap.

Stock up with new novelties.

Push trade with energy.

Advertise judiciously.

Be careful in giving credit.

Run a cash business, or as near to it as possible.

Cash customers can be held by fair, generous and courteous treatment.

Credit customers sometimes quit when their bills grow large.

Cash customers never leave unpaid bills.

When your stock gets low, use the telegraph to order goods rather than lose a customer.

It is not the amount of goods sold, but the profit on them that makes one grow wealthy.

GOOD FOR NOTHING.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"That makes nine times you've yawned in succession, Meda," said Aunt Prosper, looking sharply up from her knitting.

"Have I?" said Meda. "But then this book is so awful dull. And I'm tired of my crochet, and I can't think of any one to write to!"

"I'm afraid you find country life rather dull, my dear," observed Aunt Prosper, pursing up her lips.

"Oh, I dare say I shall get used to it in time, said Meda, rather dolorously. "I did think, Aunt Prosper—that is, I hoped—for where is the use of mincing matters—to find some marriageable men folks out here. But I haven't succeeded."

"Well, you're pretty to look at," said Mrs. Prosper. "I don't deny that. But you ain't much of a worker."

"Oh," said Meda, a little disdainfully, "a woman must be a worker in this part of the country, must she, to secure respect?"

"Every woman orter be a worker," said Aunt Prosper. "I should be very sorry for my son Rudolph to marry any woman as couldn't bake bread and cook a chicken. When he marries, that is, for he ain't much more than a child yet."

"By the by," said Meda, "where is he?"

"Do you mean Rudolph?"

"Of course. Whom should I mean?"

"He's a fixin' up his rabbit trap in the kitchen. He's got fourteen out already in the pine woods."

"Is that where he goes every morning before daybreak?" cried Meda, with sparkling eyes. "How I should like to go with him."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Prosper. "At that time in the morning!"

"It would be such fun," pleaded Meda.

"Don't let me hear of no such nonsense," said Mrs. Prosper, rather sharply. "With the snow a foot deep and the frost fit to take one's nose off!"

"I suppose the snow isn't any deeper now than it was yesterday when you wanted me to go with Rudolph to the maple sugar camp."

"Paul Germond wanted you to come then."

"As if Paul Germond's wishes made any difference to me," said Meda, beginning to be seriously vexed. "I wish Paul Germond would mind his own business."

"Paul is a fine young fellow," said Aunt Prosper waxing excited in her turn; "and he sets a deal of store by you, Almeda."

"Worse luck for him," said Meda.

"I think so myself," grimly observed Mrs. Prosper; and Meda went to bed in considerable disgrace with her aunt—a circumstance by no means usual with her.

Before daybreak, however, she was up and dressed, her rosy face wrapped around with a fur-edged hood, her eyes sparkling brighter than the pale stars in the March heavens. In spite of Aunt Prosper's positive command, she had determined to go with Rudolph to the rabbit runs in the forest.

"It will be a regular lark," she told herself. "Aunt Prosper is so afraid that I shall flirt with her boy. Well, why shouldn't I? He's a nice little fellow, when once he gets out from under his mamma's wing, although I shouldn't think of marrying him—"

And thus meditating Meda slipped out into the frosty darkness, smiling to hear the regular bassoon snores of Uncle Prosper and the more soprano nasals of his wife, as she passed their door.

"I shall overtake Rudy before he gets to the Black Glen," she thought. "And how pleased and surprised he will be—and how cross Aunt Prosper will be when we come in together at the breakfast table!"

But, as she tripped lightly over the fallen snow, here following the glimmering outline of a little cattle path, there guiding her course by a desolate pine tree, whose tapering crest seemed to point skyward like a spectral finger, she began to wonder that she had not yet reached the clustering cedars that formed the gateway to the Black Glen.

"It can't be possible," she thought with a sudden gasp, "that I have lost my way!"

All of a sudden her heart stood still, her limbs seemed to give way under her—a dreadful fear took possession of her, as she clung to an old stump to avoid the shrieking rush of the chill north wind.

"I shall be frozen to death!" she wailed. "Or—or perhaps eaten by bears!"

The rosy dawn was all clouded over now, the darkness seemed to settle anew over the sky, and the driving snow flakes pierced her face like needles. Out on Benarvon Mountain in a snow storm! Meda indistinctly remembered a legend of a little boy who had been frozen to death ten years ago in this very locality during one of the terrific tempests that were not unusual in the months of February and March. Involuntarily she began to sob and weep like a child.

"I'm not ready to die yet," she shuddered. "I've been such a silly, wicked girl! And I always expected to live such a long bright, happy life. Oh, I can't be frozen to death before I am eighteen!"

In a second, as it were, all the little faults and failings of her life seemed to be emblazoned before her eyes in character of fiery gold—the shortcomings, the saucy speeches, the petty negligences and omissions that had seemed such trifles in their time.

"If I could only live it all over again!" cried Meda, wringing her poor little purple hands, and shrinking from the furious onslaughter of the wind.

At that moment it seemed to her—like a sudden inspiration—as if something red flashed before her eyes, and then in vanished.

"There are no will-o'-the wisps here!" faltered Meda. "Is my brain going?"

In a second, however, the red light flashed again; and then she perceived that it was the waving of the cedar boughs between her own eyes and the steadfast glow of some distant blaze that produced the flickering effect.

"It is a fire!" she said to herself. "Oh, if I could only reach it! If I could only be warm once more, before I die!"

Stumbling blindly on all through the stormy dawn, panting for breath, feeling as if her heart were turning summersaults in her poor little breast, she fell just in the edge of a cliff, with a vague sensation as if she were descending some awful chasm!

"Meda! Miss Griffiths! why, how is this?"

And in an instant she found herself in the light and glow of the Maple Sugar Camp, leaning on Paul Germond's arm.

Saved! That was all that she could remember or realize. Saved!

Breakfast in the Prosper farm-house was well nigh over when Mr. Germond came in with Meda. Aunt Prosper, pale as death, started to her feet.

"Meda!" she cried gaspingly, "Meda! where have you been?"

"To the Maple Sugar Camp," she said half laughing, half blushing. "But I didn't start to go there. I started to follow Rudolph to the rabbit-trap, like a silly, foolish child as I was. And then I got lost,—and then—Paul!" she cried, turning her face away, "you may tell the rest!"

"And then," said Paul Germond, composedly, "I found her fainting in the snow, and I have brought her home."

"But that isn't all," said Meda. "Go on, Paul!"

"And she has promised to marry me," added Paul, his whole face radiant with the secret happiness of his heart. "She has promised to be my wife some day!"

Aunt Prosper kissed her niece.

"Child," said she, "you have chosen well."

"But the question is," laughed Meda, "has Paul chosen well? I can't sew and I can't bake, and—"

"I am willing to risk all that," said Paul.

"I am good-for-nothing," said Meda. "Don't every one say so?"

"To me," whispered Paul, "you are the woman of women in all the world!"

THE VALUE OF EGGS.

Eggs are a meal in themselves. Every element necessary to the support of man is contained within the limits of an egg shell, in the best proportions and in the most palatable form. Plain boiled, they are wholesome. The masters of French cookery, however, affirm that it is easy to dress them in more than 500 different ways, each method not only economical, but salutary in the highest degree. No honest appetite ever rejected an egg in some guise. It is nutriment in the most portable form and in the most concentrated shape. Whole nations of mankind rarely touch any other animal food. Kings eat them plain as readily as do the humble tradesmen. After the victory of Muhldorf, when the Kaiser Ludwig sat at a meal with his burggrafs and great captains, he determined on a piece of luxury—"one egg to every man, and two to the excellently valiant Schwepperman." Far more than fish—for it is a watery diet—eggs are the scholar's fare. They contain phosphorus, which is brain food, and sulphur, which performs a variety of functions in the economy. And they are the best of nutriment for children, for, in a compact form they contain everything that is necessary for the growth of the youthful frame. Eggs are, however, not only food—they are medicine also. The white is the most efficacious remedy for burns, and the oil extractable from the yolk is regarded by the Russians as an almost miraculous salve for cuts, bruises and scratches. A raw egg, if swallowed in time, will effectually detach a fish bone fastened in the throat, and the white of two eggs will render the deadly corrosive sublimate as harmless as a dose of calomel. They strengthen the consumptive, invigorate the feeble, and render the most susceptible all but proof against jaundice in its most malignant phase. They can also be drunk in the shape of that "egg flip" which sustains the oratorical efforts of modern statesmen. The merits of eggs do not even end here. In France alone the wine clarifiers use more than 80,000,000 a year; the Alsatians consume fully 38,000,000 in calico printing and for dressing the leather used in making the finest of French kid gloves. Finally, not to mention various other employments for eggs in the arts, they may of course, almost without trouble on the farmer's part, be converted into fowls, which, in any shape, are profitable to the seller and welcome to the buyer. Even egg shells are valuable, for allopath and homeopath alike agree in regarding them as the purest of carbonate of lime.—*London Standard.*

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

At Toronto, Ohio, James Williamson captured a live crow in his cornfield. On the way home with it hundreds of other crows came to the rescue and attacked him. He first tried to run away, and then to defend himself with a club, and was finally compelled to seek shelter in a shed, where the besieging crows kept him a prisoner for more than an hour.

If every man who is in debt declines to give anything to the cause of Christ, every wheel of Church progress will stop. Debt is the rule—with the poor from necessity or improvidence, with the rich from the desire to be richer. Be careful lest you rob yourself of a blessing in this matter.

No Christianity without a Sabbath day, no Sabbath day worth the name with the open bar-room. Deduction: Close them in the name of country, religion, and home.

If we do our work faithfully we may safely leave it to others to build the memorials. The perpetual thirst for recognition is the indication of a small soul.—*Edward Judson, D.D.*

It is the duty of every good man to do all he can to check the prevalent tendency to break the nation up into fragments by multiplying all sorts of societies. Let us unify, not segregate.

When a baby grows to be a boy, and a boy to be a man, it is not a boom. It is development. But take him in the cradle and try to blow him up to manhood when he has not cut his teeth, and that is a boom. But it bursts him. You have no man and you have spoiled your baby. He would have grown as big as you wanted him if you had kept the bellows out of him.

THIS AND THAT.

The man who throws away opportunities and renders his own life a failure is not in a condition to complain of the success of others who labored while he idled, who saved while he spent, who worked for definite objects while his own aims were pointless and purposeless.—*Little Rock Gazette.*

One day Ernest had been seriously lectured by his mother, and finally sent into the yard to find a switch with which he was to be punished. He returned soon and said: "I couldn't find any switch, mamma, but here's a stone you can throw at me."—*Harper's Drawer.*

Physician (to patient): "Your case is a very serious one, sir, and I think a consultation had better be held." Patient (too sick for anything): "Very well, Doctor; have as many accomplices as you like."—*Enoch.*

One of the greatest causes of trouble in this world is the habit people have of talking faster than they think.—*Somerville Journal.*

USES.

Sweet smells upsteal from the ground
  After the rain;
Sweet thoughts in the soul are found
  After long pain.

Rain, with its dark and wet,
  Fathers the flowers;
Pain, on a mortal set,
  Saddens the hours.

Only to gladder go
  After a span.
Rain for the rose, I trow.
  Tears for man.

TEMPERANCE FACTS.

BY OBSERVER.

For the FREE PRESS.

It has been discovered that there is scarcely a family in this country that has not suffered directly or indirectly, from traffic in liquors. Its power is not only felt in the lower circles of society. It makes no distinction in its march of ruin; it regards not the vigor of youth, the strength of manhood, nor the weakness of old age. No station in life however exalted, no profession, however sacred, has been invincible to this foe; for

"There walketh a fiend o'er the glad green earth,
  By the side of the reaper Death:
He dazzles alike with the glare and mirth,
Or quenches the light of the household hearth.
  With his foul and withering breath.

He nerves the arms of the relentless hate,
  With the goblet's beaded foam
He lurks in the halls of the rich and great,
In the beggar's moan at the palace gate,
  And curses the poor man's home."

It is said that enough beer is annually consumed in Chicago, Ill., to give 720 glasses to each man, woman, and child in the city, or \$36.70 to each person. Chicago is enjoying the 'blessings' (?) of high license. One of the curious paradoxes of life is seen in the fact of a bequest of \$1,229 having recently been left by a retired wine-merchant, to the British National Temperance League to be given as prizes for the three best essays in advocacy of the principles of total abstinence.

Within the last few months eighteen counties in Florida have voted on prohibition, and of that number thirteen gave majorities for the dry ticket. The result was a genuine surprise to the whiskey men. They thought, that with the negro vote almost solid for whiskey and the Northerners who have recently moved into the State, supposed to be on that side, there was no doubt that the vote would be in favor of the bar-rooms. They felt so sure of the victory that but little effort was made, and when the votes were counted they could hardly believe their own eyes and ears.

A Detroit policeman shot a burglar a few days ago and then tracked him by his blood drops to the saloon, of course. The path from burglaries, highway-robberies, and sneak-thieving to the saloon is worn smooth with travel. Sam Jones says:—"I do not think I overstate the case when I say that the 200,000 saloons in this country have been instrumental in destroying more human life in the last five years than the 2,000,000 of armed men during the four years of the rebellion. There is an irresistible conflict upon us. This nation can not endure half drunk and half sober, any more than it could endure half slave and half free.

Under high license system Chicago has four thousand saloons, and city collector Onahan says the high tax, while it has not greatly reduced the number of saloons, has certainly prevented an 'overwhelming increase,' but believes that the time is not far distant when a 'higher license will be necessary as a means of preventing the undue increase of saloons.' This statement shows that in the judgment of this high license officer, four thousand saloons are not an 'overwhelming' number, and that an 'undue increase' (say twenty thousand or more) should be prevented by raising the tax. He wants the business kept as tony as possible. Three-fourths of all the bonds are signed by wealthy brewers who likewise pay more than one half the licenses. It is for their interest to do so. How long will it take to wipe out saloons under such a system.

What I have seen since I have been in America convinces me that this country is approaching a great crisis. The subject of drink, I find, is creeping in everywhere through this land. The danger of high license is that you will enthrone liquor in a position which it has not had before.—Canon Wilberforce.

ON HIGH SPIRES.

A writer in the Toronto *Telegram* publishes the following with reference to people that climb high spires:—The two oldest slate roofers in the city are Robert Rennie and George Duthie. Mr. Duthie's son, who has done a good deal of tall climbing said:—"I have never had the least fear, even on the tallest spire, but I have known a great many slaters and roofers who would go up the inside of a steeple firmly purposing to go out and work, but when they got up they didn't dare to go outside. The least dizziness means instant death. On account of the very dangers of the work I think there are fewer accidents than on ordinary buildings. Only those who are accustomed will undertake such a job, and then they are very careful. There are few dare-devils among the spire climbers. I worked several days once on the steeple of the Lutheran Church in Berlin. The spire is about two hundred feet high, but the church is on a hill, and you think the steeple is about four hundred feet high. I sat on a board three feet long, three inches wide and an inch and a half thick, suspended by a single swinging rope fastened to the ball of the spire. People prophesied that I would be killed, but I felt perfectly safe.

CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE.

While passing along the street in a certain city one day I observed two wind wheels, which were so arranged that the same breeze would turn them in exactly opposite directions. So it is among men. Precisely the same circumstances sometimes influence them to act in different and even in contrary ways. Bereavement may fill some with abject despair, while it makes others gentle and resigned. The same sunshine produces side by side the luscious strawberry and the deadly nightshade. Even the gifts of God may produce these differences. Two brothers under the same home influences may grow up, the one to honor, the other to infamy. This is true not only among the good, but among the bad. From a wicked family may spring up one who is pure and noble.

Professor Proctor says that memory is simply vital force. The vitality of some debtors we know of must be very low.