# The Acton Free Press.

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**The Acton Free Press**

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—AT THE—

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ACTON, ONTARIO

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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 8 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 & Surgeons. Office and residence:—At the head of Frederick street, Acton.

JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto—Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Office:—In Kenny Bros. boot and shoe store,—residence in the rear. Horses examined as to soundness and certificates given. All calls, night or day, promptly attended to. Terms easy.

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

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 DATE—Tuesday and Saturday.
OFFICE:—Matthews' Block, - Acton, up-stairs

SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD,
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TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN.
Offices:—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and 65 King street east, Toronto.
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BADGEROW, CARSON & CO.,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS & NOTARIES,
Court Chambers, Cor. Church and Adelaide Sts., Toronto, Canada.
Telephone No. 1273. Cable Address: Badgerow.
G. W. BADGEROW, JOHN CARSON, Q.C.,
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.

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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. 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 as exhilarating champoo, always given. Razors honed and put to a delicate condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.
J. & H. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artists.

DEEP Sea Wonders exist in those fields of fortune, 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 course 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 attainments permit. The Fourth Annual Circular giving terms, etc., will be mailed free to any address on application to
M. MacCORMICK, Principal
16-1y.

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. E. Smith, I am prepared to supply all kinds of Stove Coal. I have also a good stock of Wood—Hard wood, 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 Buildings, 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, &c., 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 fell 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 feet $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. K. 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 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 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.
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
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 anyone. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.


## Poetry.

### A FULFILLED PROMISE.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

These words hung where I could see,
Ere my childhood passed from me,
Deeper meaning have to-day
While I tread a troubled way.
Like some unforgotten song
Staying with us all day long.
So this promise comforts me—
"As thy day thy strength shall be."

Merrily the time went on,
Till the easy years were gone;
Then the conflict fiercer grew,
And I more of sorrow knew;
Yet, amid the stress and strain
Of the work, or loss, or pain,
Came no time but I have seen
As my day thy strength has been.

Burdens far too great to bear
Came, with no strong friend to share;
Work too high for me to do
But for Him who helps me through;
Cares I could not keep alone—
These I know as I have known;
But the Father speaks to me—
"As thy day thy strength shall be."

Ever to my heart I take
That He gives for love's dear sake;
And, whatever legacy
His good promise falls me not.
He is near in darkest night,
And He leads me into light.
Happy am I, safe and free,
As my day my strength shall be.

Do not fear to trust in Him
Ye who walk through paths we dim.
God's care reaches from above
Unto you, and God is love.
Whether life or death shall come,
Whether wandering or at home,
Fear not, you shall surely see
As your day your strength shall be.

## Select Family Reading.

### THE OLD SLEIGH.

"'Lizabeth!" "Yes, mother, coming. There, mother, the old speckled hen has returned thanks at last," holding up a plump white egg that would do credit to any queen of the poultry yard.

The foregoing interesting conversation occurred in the bright, sunny kitchen of a farm house in Vermont. It was just such a rural New-England home as one might have seen fifty years ago.

"Well, I always said that hen was thankful for past mercies; though your father would laugh every time I said so. Liddy Stephens has just been here; she wanted to see you, but you was gone so long I thought you must be down to Miss Pennell's."

"Yes, I met her as I came through the yard."

"She didn't tell you the news, did she?"

"She told me Will Marston has returned from California."

"It does beat all 'bout that boy—seems just like the piece of poetry you read 'bout the feller that went off and stayed so many years, and then came back and took his mother out of the poorhouse—only it's the father this time. The very worst of the deacon's fix, it called him, and that's just what Will was then. I never believed he had anything to do with that scrape down to the village. Liddy says he's terrible rich, and is going to take care of his father; the deacon must be glad, for, I guess he's staid with Caleb most as long as he can, comfortably. They say he's going to marry Sam Miller's daughter Ruth. You see when Bob Miller went out there for his health, Will found him out and done lots of little kindness for him, and when he was too sick to write home, Will wrote for him. Part of the time Sam was sick himself, so Ruth answered the letters, and he fell in love with her that way. There didn't anybody but the deacon and the Millers know he was coming. Sam drove down to the depot and drove him up to Caleb's. Guess they was some surprised to see him."

There is no knowing how long Mrs. Allen would have gone on, her tongue keeping time to the busy click-clack of the needles, had not Mr. Allen's step sounded on the walk.

'Lizabeth never talked much, and she did not mind her silence to-night. A slight quiver about the sensitive mouth alone told how keenly the words were felt, and the sigh of relief which escaped at the welcome sound of her father's voice was lost in the noise he made as he entered, stamping the snow off his boots.

"Why, father, does it snow? I ben so busy talking, I haint thought to look out of the window for some time."

"Yes, it's begun to come down quite smart. I shouldn't wonder if it was good sleighing by to-morrow."

"You don't think it's going to be a long storm?"

Mrs. Allen's face wore an anxious expression as she asked the question, for a long storm meant days of exile to her.

"No, I sh'll be surprised if it don't clear up to-morrow noon—so's 'Lizabeth an' I can take a ride to the village. That'll be a treat, won't it, darter?" and the smile that lighted up his daughter's face pleased him more than any answer could have done. "Guess I'll get the old sleigh out. Ben Smith's ben down to the city, an' he says he saw lots just like it; it's five years since I sent Jim to the village for the new one, an' it's never been out since. I'm glad it's come into fashion again, for I never enjoyed myself complete in the new—always felt a little above my station." And Farmer Allen's laugh rang out through the old sitting room at the fitness of his remark.

"Well, 'Lizabeth, you get supper on the table, and I'll tell father the news while he warms his feet. He's been down to the wood lot all the afternoon, and hain't heard nothing of the strange things that has been happening here."

Having arranged affairs to her satisfaction, the stocking Mrs. Allen had dropped on the entrance of her husband continued to grow under her deft fingers, while the news lost none of its zest by repetition.

That night, after 'Lizabeth had taken her candle and said good night, Mr. Allen sat for some time looking into the fire, then suddenly broke out:

"Mother, mother, don't you think our 'Lizabeth looked kind o' jaded? Then she don't seem to eat as much as usual."

"There, father, you're fretting 'bout that girl. I don't know what you'd a done if you'd a had six, like your brother Jonathan."

"I didn't know but that news about Will might affect her some; you know they used to think so much of each other."

"Massy, father! that was years and years ago, ween they were children. 'Lizabeth's too sensible a girl to let a fellow like Will Marston disturb her. When he stopped writing she gave him up. She's worked hard to-day, and a good night's rest will bring her round."

There seemed nothing more to be said; so he took a light and proceeded to make everything safe for the night. But long after his good wife was asleep he lay awake thinking of the pale face his daughter had lifted for her good-night kiss.

'Lizabeth was not likely to get the strength her mother thought from a good night's rest. Until the first rays of morning lighted up the east she lay thinking of the old days, and living them over again. She could not remember the time when she and Will had not belonged to each other.

When they were children he had drawn her to and from school on his sled, saved for her the largest part of his apple and fought all her battles with a vigor worthy of an older knight. When the years in flight made them no longer children it was always Will who, at the close of meeting or singing school, drew her arm through his with an air of proprietorship and started for the Allen farm.

After his mother's death he had not chosen his associates wisely, but in spite of opposition, without disobedience, she had clung to him and still trusted.

Then came the affair of the village. One dark night a party of roughs had broken into Squire Peasley's barn, tied together the legs of his hens, nailed up Whitefoot's stall, and then climbing the roof of the ell, placed a board soaked in salt water over the chimney. The old gentleman, who lived alone, was obliged to travel on a slippery morning to the nearest neighbor for help; and the villagers were justly indignant, and anxious to punish the miscreants, but no clue to them could be found.

Will was away from home that night, and suspicion rested on him as one of the party, until he could bear it no longer, and decided to go away.

It seemed but yesterday, their parting in the old trysting place. Will had slipped the tiny gold band he wore on her finger—it seemed a thread of gold now—asking her to wear it until he came back.

"For," said he, "I shall not return until I can offer you a name and a home. Somehow Satan has had possession of me lately, but, as bad as I am, I would scorn to do what they accuse me of, torture a feeble old man. While you believe and trust me there are plenty who do not," and with a last "Good-bye, my Beth," he was gone.

When the first letter came addressed to "Miss Beth Allen," in Will's round boyish hand, Mr. Allen frowned, and his wife scolded, but when she was for stopping the correspondence at once he said:

"There, mother, let her write to him now if she wants to. She can't do him any harm, and I can trust her for a true Allen not to go far wrong."

So the matter was dropped, and for five years 'Lizabeth's letters were received without comment; then they ceased suddenly and unexpectedly. For months she watched the mails with an anxious face. Mrr. Allen shook her head, with an "I told you he didn't amount to anything," whenever there was no one but her husband to hear, and Mr. Allen watched in silence.

Time does much toward healing such wounds, and five years made it seem more like an unpleasant dream than a reality, when the news of Will's return awakened the memories of other days.

For once Mr. Allen was weather wise. The snow had fallen through the night, covering the earth with a mantle, the feathery flakes continuing to come lazily down until just before twelve o'clock, when there was a rift in the western sky, and when the the old yellow sleigh stood at the door the sun shone as brightly as ever.

"Be careful, father, and don't let 'Lizabeth get cold waiting for you," was Mrs. Allen's parting injunction as she came to the door to see them off.

There was just enough wind to lift the newly fallen snow and send it in little whirls to lie sparkling and glistening a few rods from where it had fallen. Robin was in excellent spirits, and Mr. Allen declared as he drew up in front of the village post office, that the distance had never seemed so short.

"Draw the robe close around you darter, and don't get tired of waiting. I've got to bargain with Sam Chase about that stove, but I'll be quick as I can; then we'll drive down to Burnham's and get that book you mentioned."

With this and an extra pull at Robin's blanket, Mr. Allen was gone.

"Father is right; the old sleigh is more comfortable than the new one," 'Lizabeth thought, as she nestled down in one corner, drawing the robe more closely to keep out the puffs of wind that tried to find an entrance at all corners.

While tucking the robes between the cushion and one side of the sleigh, her finger touched something smooth, like paper.

"One of father's old receipts; he's so careless," she thought, with a fond smile, as she drew it forth for inspection.

But a glance was needed to show her mistake.

It was a letter, yellow with age, unopened, and addressed to herself in the hand writing she knew so well. She could scarcely trust her eyes, but there was the familiar post-mark, San Francisco, and she was just leaning forward to read the date, when a gust of wind taking it from her hand, deposited it at the feet of a gentleman passing by.

She dared not look up, but in a moment he was holding it toward her, saying:

"Is this your property, Miss Allen?"

At the sound of his voice, so little changed that she would know it anywhere, the hot blood rushed to her face, and she had scarcely courage to reply:

"I think so. I never saw it before."

She felt the keen eyes search her eyes, and there was a touch of scorn in the question that followed:

"It is an old letter addressed to you, and you never saw it before?

She felt that she must vindicate herself, and her answer came full and clear.

"I just found it in the old sleigh. I do not know how long it has lain there."

He glanced again at the letter; it must be the same one; he knew the date so well. The tone was almost eager now.

"You never saw it before, Beth?—You did not receive my last letter and leave it unanswered?"

"Could you doubt me, Will?"

She was looking him in the face now.

"I might have known better; but you were always so punctual, and when I received no answer to my last letter I was too proud to write and ask an explanation. I thought you had given me up, like every one else in B——. Can you forgive my want of confidence?"

But he needed not words for an answer. When Mr. Allen came hurrying back the old sleigh had two occupants. It was some time before they could explain affairs to his bewildered mind, but when light began to dawn upon him he exclaimed:—

"It was that Jim—he's so careless! Lost a letter for me once."

Will was persuaded to accompany them home and it was a very merry party that surprised Mrs. Allen by their very early appearance.

As soon as possible Mr. Allen hurried his wife off to the kitchen to unravel the mystery, while Will and 'Lizabeth read and re-read the old letter by the light of the hickory fire.

What Ruth Miller would say was a source of much anxiety to Mrs. Allen, until one day Will remarked, much to her peace of mind, that Ruth Miller had been engaged for some time to a friend of his in the West—a gentleman she had met years before, while visiting in the city.

The house upon the hill Will and 'Lizabeth call home, and the old yellow sleigh—well, Mr. Allen says:—

"It's not every sleigh can boast of a romance like that."

### THE THIMBLE.

Did you ever undertake to sew without a thimble? If so, you know how hard it is to push the needle through the cloth, and how the finger pricks and aches from the stabs of the sharp steel.

The thimble is a very small piece of workmanship, but it is a very important and useful one, and Grandma is thankful to the good old Dutchman who was so clever as to invent it, although he is dead and gone centuries ago. I think you would like to hear what I have learned about this little instrument. It was brought to England as far back as 1605, by John Lofting, a Dutchman, and was first called a thumb bell, because it was worn on the thumb, and was shaped like a bell, and afterwards it was called thumble, and later thimble, as we now call it.

Thimbles were first made of iron and brass. Those made of iron must have been clumsy and heavy, and the brass discolored the finger, but soon these disadvantages were seen, and steel, silver, and gold, took their places.

In the ordinary manufacture of thimbles, thin plates of metal are placed in a die and punched into shape, but in Paris this industry is carried on to a great extent, and gold is the metal most used.

Thin sheets of sheet-iron are cut into dies about two inches in diameter. These are heated red-hot and struck with a punch into a number of holes gradually increasing in depth, to give them proper shape. The thimble is then polished, trimmed and indented around its outer surface with a number of little holes, by means of a small wheel. It is then changed into steel, by the cementation (look that up in the dictionary, dears) process, scoured, tempered, and brought to a blue color. A thin sheet of gold is then introduced and attached to the steel by a polished steel mandrel. Gold leaf is then applied and fastened by pressure. The thimble is then complete.

So, you see, my dears, that although so very small, the thimble—or "finger-cap," as the Germans call it—goes through many different processes before it is made ready for the work-box.—*Selected.*

### WIT AND HUMOR

Husband—I never saw a woman so hard to please as you are, my dear. Wife (calmly)—I am not so sure about that, John. I married you, you know.

The girls who take advantage of leap year are the ones that will want to be known in the future as "Mrs. So-and-so and husband."

Artful Jimmy—(conscious of unprepared lessons, and desirous of staying from school)—Mamma, dear, what sort of illness is there you don't have to take medicine for?

"Why do they call that girl honey," asked a young man of his sister, at the time pointing to a beautiful creature on the other side of the room. "I suppose it is because she is bee-loved."

If you could find a great many faults, be on the lookout; but if you want to find them in unlimited quantities, be on the look-in.

Raspberry jam is now made of stewed tomatoes and hay-seed. Give them a little time, and they will make white clover honey out of the phosphate.

Judge: "This man seems sufficiently intelligent. You will please take your seat in the box." Juryman: "So hellup me, Shudge! I was not guilty!"

The London *Lancet* tells "how to be when asleep." If it will teach some people how to keep from lying when awake it will do a public service.

Ruskin says: "Man should resemble a river." Some men do, in one respect at least. The biggest part of them is their mouth.

### NEW SHOES.

When a woman has a new pair of shoes sent home she performs altogether differently from a man. She never shoves her toes into them and yanks and hauls till she is red in the face and all out of breath, and then goes stamping and kicking around, but pulls them on part way carefully, twitching them off again to take a last look, and see if she has got the right one, pulls them on again, looks at them dreamily, says they are just right, then takes another look, stops suddenly to smooth out a wrinkle, twists around and surveys them sideways, exclaims, "Mercy, how loose they are," looks at them again square in front, works her foot around so they won't hurt her quite so much, takes them off, looks at the heel, the toe, the bottom, and the inside, puts them on again, walks up and down the room once or twice, remarks to her better half that she won't have them at any price, tilts down the mirror so that she can see how they look, turns it in every possible direction, and nearly dislocates her neck trying to see how they look from that way, backs off, steps up again, takes thirty or forty farewell looks and says they make her feet look awful big, and never will do in the world, puts them off and on three or four times more, asks her husband what he thinks about it, and then pays no attention to what he says, and finally says she will take them. It's a very simple matter, indeed.

Many there be who buy nothing with their money but repentance.

If you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter—that is to say, with real accuracy—you are, for evermore, in some measure an educated person.

You have no right to feed a dog so long as you have not the money to provide your family with good papers and books.—*American Agriculturist.*

### INFORMATION.

It has been for some time reported that there existed in Madras a plant the leaves of which when chewed destroyed the taste to such an extent that one could not distinguish sugar from sand. The report was supposed to be founded on a mere notion. Specimens received in Europe prove it to be a reality. The plant is *Gymnema sylvestre*. The use of such a plant in removing nausea from disagreeable doses, and in many other ways, is apparent. It belongs, however, to a natural order, *Asclepiadaceæ*, which have potent powers of their own, and it is yet to be known whether its power of destroying taste may not also destroy the value of the medicines it may be used with.

This club system is growing apace in the cities of America, and is a considerable factor in the decline in matrimony among the wealthier and more aristocratic young men. The latter are disposed to contend that the girls are all to blame in the matter. They say that the American girl of a certain social position enters society with a superficial education, with no domestic acquirements (which she has learned to scorn), and with a marked propensity to expensive and extravagant dressing and entertaining. "We can't afford it," is the cry of many young men with salaries ranging from $1,000 to $3,000 a year.—*Baltimore Herald.*

California, with its 160,000 square miles of territory, its 840 miles of sea-coast, its grand Yosemite Valley, its stupendous water-falls, its grand trees, its towering mountains, presents within the limits of a single State all the climates known to the universe, all the differences of surface, from snow-clad peaks to valleys which lie hundreds of feet below the sea-level, all the fruits between the equator and the pole, all the minerals known to geology.—*Chicago Herald.*

There is a church at Bergen, Norway, made of paper, which can contain nearly a thousand people. Its interior is of circular form, while its exterior is octagon shape. The relieves without and the decorative statues within, as well as the vaulted roof, nave, and Corinthian capitals, are made of papier-mache, which has been made waterproof by soaking in a solution of quicklime, curdled milk, and white of eggs.

The popular idea which assumes that many foreigners reside in Japan, and that large numbers are employed in the Government service, is very erroneous. According to the latest returns the total number of foreign residents is 2,850, of which only 592 are Americans. There are but 134 foreigners altogether in the public service, of which number only 17 are Americans.

The London *Lancet* doubts that persons who perish in burning buildings suffer so much as has been popularly supposed. The victim is generally made faint and pulseless by the carbonic acid or carbonic acid gas, and becomes insensible before the fire reaches him.

Do not build a home larger than you really want. A thousand dollars' worth of house or other people to look at is a costly vanity. Have a good cistern and a large one, with a brick filter in it. It will pay the cost ten times over in a single year.—*N. E. Farmer.*

### FONDNESS FOR BAKED MONKEYS.

"I have eaten with the Chinese in China," said Colonel Patrick Donan, "I have eaten with the President of the United States in the White House. I have eaten with nearly every nation on earth. In many cases I don't know what I have eaten, for I have always regarded it as bad taste to ask questions about the dishes that are provided in your honour by hospitable people. In China I have eaten rats, but I didn't know it; and what you don't know does you no harm. When the Sioux want to do you honour they will serve you up roast dog. In Spanish Honduras the dish of honour is baked monkey, and sweeter meat you could not imagine. These monkeys live up in the branches of trees and on the vines; their feet never touch the earth beneath them and they live on the choicest nuts and fruit. No chicken was ever so sweet and tender as baked monkey. I do confess, though, that on one of my last occasions of my dining in Honduras I did not feel that all was well when at the end of the meal I found that I had stuffed myself with baked lizard. Of course there is nothing wrong with the lizard except our petty prejudices. It tasted splendid, but when at last I saw the big scaly leg and the claw of the lizard I didn't think I liked it.

### A GRAND DUKE'S PHILOPŒNA.

About a year ago a Grand Duke of Russia, visiting Paris, changed to dine in the company of Rosa Bonheur, the great animal painter. They got on very well, and at dessert they ate a philopœna together—that is to say, shared a double almond. But the duke, when next they met, forgot to say, Philopœna, and lost the forfeit. He asked the artist what present he should give her, and she replied laughingly, "Any pretty little animal that would do to paint." The duke smiled and departed. Nothing more was heard of him, and the lady had the whole affair, when quite lately the royal forfeit arrived—to wit, three enormous Polar bears!

### LICENSING VICE.

Vice, my Lord, is not properly to be taxed, but to be suppressed. Luxury may very properly be taxed. But the use of these things which are simply hurtful—hurtful in their own nature and in every degree—is to be prohibited. If these liquors are so delicious that the people are tempted to their own destruction, let us secure them from these fatal draughts by bursting the vials that contain them. Let us check these artists in human slaughter which have reconciled their countrymen to sickness and to ruin and spread over the pitfalls of debauchery such baits as can not be resisted.—*Lord Chesterfield, British Parliament.*

Sir John Lubbock, in his lecture on "Savages," says that the Negroes never kissed until they were taught by the white people.

No woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty by only the help of speech. Character must shine through the looks and beauty, or its absence, will depend on what the character may be.—*Hughes.*

In Turkey, when any man is the author of any notorious falsehoods, they blacken the whole front of his house. We presume, however, that the law is off during the pendency of a heated political campaign.—*Boston Transcript.*

### *I WANT TO BE A MAN.*

I want to live to be a man,
Both good and useful all I can;
To speak the truth, be just and brave,
My fellow men to cheer and save.

I want to live that I may show
My love to Jesus here below;
In human toil to take my share,
And thus for angels work prepare.

I want to live that I may trace
His steps before I see His face;
And follow Him in earthly strife
Before I share His heavenly life.

Lord! grant me this to live and serve,
And never from Thy laws to swerve;
Then, after years of service free,
In ripe old age to go to Thee.

But should it be Thy loving will
To call me early, Lord, fulfil:
In fewer years Thy work of grace,
Each day prepared to see Thy face.

### THE SUICIDE OF A NAME.

REV. ENOCH STUBBS, D.D.

What are you signing? A petition, to sell strong drink? Place your name to such a document! Surely you forget its sacredness, the company into which you will introduce it, and how certainly you will thus profane it! At this contaminating touch its glory will wither; it will be blasted with moral and social mildew. And so it ought; but spare this suicide of your good name.

"Who gave you that name?" This question from a certain well-known church catechism may call up many a tender association. Your name was given by those whom love remembers. They have passed, perhaps, where terrestrial names give place to the "new, new names" of a higher and holier sphere. Your name was their selection. It was not chosen at random. How they thought, questioned and debated—tried this name, not that! Selected again and again, only to try another still. They were making for you a choice for life, and hoped to find a name euphonious to the ear, easy to the pen, pleasant to the eye, and free from unfortunate suggestion—a name for every good place and for every good cause. They searched the lists of "proper names," and ran through the circle of relatives and friends, but scarcely any name seemed good enough for their little one. Whether at length the name was borrowed from warrior, statesman, philosopher, or philanthropist, from names historic, apostolic or inspired, we need not now inquire. The selection was made at last, and with solemn sprinkling with water in the name of the Holy Trinity, by the reverent hands of the minister of God, amid tears, prayers and smiles, the name was given. It is written upon church and family records, nestles between the "Testaments" of the old Bible, and you have answered to it ever since. Your friends are not ashamed of it. You have given it to your son, and it is passing down to posterity. It is music in the family; a talisman in business life. It has nailed many a document fast to the bulletin of history; has been honored at home and abroad; given value to many a paper that would be worthless without it. It has an open sesame at the bank; an inspiration in the social circle; it is a tower of strength in the church of God; and when it pleased in the pillory of contempt, neighbors and brethren would rush to its rescue. Your name is a "good name, rather to be chosen than great riches."

But what is this we hear? It is whispered with bated breath and with sad surprise that you are lending your fair name to the liquor dealer's petition. Your friends are astonished. The vampires of the grogery chuckle and demons rejoice, for your name is paraded before the world in the interest of crime, pauperism and shame. Think of it! This name, found on the fly leaf of Bible and church hymnal, used to foster debauchery, to fan the fires of passion, and to stimulate murder, suicide, and rices worse than death? He who thus uses his name is an enemy to his race.

But perhaps, the whisper against you is not true—the aspersion of an enemy. Sign the liquor petition! Why it might prove the death warrant of your own son, and consign your own daughter to infamy. For aught you know, you are making your will in favor of the devil—signing an order for poverty, shame, disgrace and death to be served upon yourself over to the tormentors.

If you are not mad, you will not thus lend your name to the powers of evil. Cast the pen from your fingers. But if you are determined, and will do it, make your pen from the quill of a demon's wing. Use for ink the blood of rum-made victims. For the signing choose the murkiest night, and let not your eye see the deed your hand is doing. As the pen moves shut your eyes, that you see not the faintest trace of the foul murder of your sacred name. While amid the howling of a storm, that shall be crying of starving children, the wail of wronged wives, the sigh of rum-made widows, and the curses of blasted manhood be not heard. Then, like Cain, with God's mark upon your brow, go and hide from man, for you have used your name as he used his club—to kill your brother!

### THE ABSTAINER'S CREED.

The following is from the pen of Rev. A. T. Pierson, D.D., and is called by the author "The Abstainer's Creed:" "I believe that the Demon of Strong Drink is the gigantic foe of God and man; that it ruins man alike for happiness on earth and blessedness in heaven; and that two-thirds of all the pauperism, crime and woe of earth may be traced to him as his progeny; that he was conceived of Satan, born of the depraved appetites of men, and inflicts only suffering upon his victim; that under his rule reason is crucified, love dies, and conscience is buried; that man descends into a hell even upon earth, and has no resurrection for his manhood nor redemption for his enslaved soul but in the power of God; that no drunkard can enter into the kindom of God or abide his presence who shall come to judge the living and the dead. I believe in the saving and keeping power of the Holy Ghost; that the whole catholic Church should unite to assault and overthrow this awful traffic in strong drink, and deliver humanity from the curse of the drink habit; that the only salvation for humanity is in uncompromising total abstinence for the individual, progressive prohibition for the community, and above all the embrace of the gospel of Christ, who alone can redeem body and soul from the slavery of sin and thrill us with the power of life everlasting."

Johann Most has ready a lecture on "The Scientific Basis of Anarchy." The Scientific Basis of Anarchy costs five cents a glass. Special reduction to large consumers with anarchical growlers.