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E. F. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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

WM. HEMSTREET, Licensed Accountant. For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the Free Press office, Acton, or at my residence, 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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THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP, Main Street, Acton. An early call is solicited. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair taste fully cut. J. H. WORDEN, Temperance Artist.

DEEP Sea Wonders still in store, of forms, but are only equaled by the miracles of invention. Those who are in need of the latter should visit the Hub, Bringle's famous emporium, once and shake hands with Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how we offer our goods at prices ranging from $10 to $5 per day and upwards wherever they go. We are sole agents for Maine. Capital not required. Some have made over $10 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

Guelph Business College. GUELPH, ONTARIO. THIS POPULAR INSTITUTION IS ITS fourth year in order, and is a great work for the education of young men and women in three branches, viz., Business, Shorthand and Telegraphy, each of which is taught by the most competent and approved instructors of practical experience. Hundreds testify to the thorough practical nature of our training, and to their success, by their unsolicited and grateful testimony to the importance, value and success of our course. The fourth annual catalogue will be sent free on application to the Principal. Address,

W. H. SHAW, Guelph.

Lumber, Shingles, AND LATH. The undersigned offers to the public the articles named on hand, and will keep in stock a full line of Pine and Hemlock Lumber, of the best quality of lumber, clear, First and Second Clear Pine Shingles & Lath.

Coal & Wood. He has purchased the Coal business of Mr. C. S. Smith, and is prepared to supply all kinds of Stove Coal. I have also 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 Buildings, Merchandise, Household Effects, and other descriptions of property, on the Premium Note System.

P. 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 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 everything in these lines. The public 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 Heller 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, ARTISTS' MATERIALS Winsor & Newtons —AT— WATERS BROTHERS, 25 WENTHAM 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 grey and red granite monuments, headstones, crosses, urns, etc., of Alexander Taylor, at less than cost, we will, until further notice, sell at prices never before known in Ontario. For instance—Granite monuments, 1ft. high, $60, 7 ft. $75, 8 ft. $90, 9 ft. $100, 10 ft. $120. All work and material warranted first-class. Parties wanting anything in this line will do well to call and see us before purchasing elsewhere as we guarantee our prices are from 30 to 50 per cent. below all other dealers.

LIVERY. J. & H. WORDEN HAVING assumed proprietorship of the livery business formerly carried on by Mr. W. E. Smith, we 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 calls 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 ready 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 Flooring, Siding, and Mouldings, &c., made with neatness and dispatch. 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.

BURKE'S NORTH AMERICAN Washing Machine. (Patented in Canada 1885; in United States, 1887) The most perfect washer and wringer in the world. It takes the lead wherever introduced. Competition defied. $500 of a challenge for competition by any other washing machine ever invented on earth. Twenty thousand machines now in use. Every machine guaranteed to give satisfaction. Machine with wringer $13, without wringer, $8. Correspondence solicited. Send for circular. DAVID SHULTIS, ROCKWOOD P. O. General agent for the Townships of Esquesing, Nassagaweya, Eramosa, Guelph and city of Guelph.

—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.

FANCY GOODS STATIONERY, &c. —AT— N. McCARVIN'S Newest Styles, Very Cheap, CONSISTING OF— Toilet Cases, Dressing Cases, Jewel and Odor Cases In Plush, Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Scrap and Auto Albums in Plush and Leather, Photo Albums Latest Designs, Hand Mirrors, Whisks and Whisk Holders, Toilet Bottles for Covering, Shaving Cases and Mugs, Magic Lanterns, Dolls in China, Kid and Rubber, Trumpets & Mouth Organs. Bibles, both Oxford & Bagster Hair Brushes and Perfumes. Boys and Girls Own Annual, Band of Hope, British Workman, Picture Books, &c., &c. Everything worth having will be found at McCARVIN'S Drug and Stationery Store ACTON, ONT.

Poetry.

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

You may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow;
If you listen to all that is said as you go.
You'll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew,
For meddlesome people must have something to do;
And people will talk.

If quiet and modest you'll have it presumed
Your humble position is only assumed;
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're afraid,
But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool:
For people will talk.

And then if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They'll call you an upstart, conceited and vain,
But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain
For people will talk.

If three times your dress and old-fashioned your hat,
Some one will surely take notice of that,
And hint rather strongly you can't pay your way,
But don't get excited, whatever they say,
For people will talk.

If your show is in fashion don't think to escape,
For they criticise them in a different shape:
You're robed of your means, or your tailor unpaid,
But mind your own business, there's nought to be made;
For people will talk.

Now the best way to do is to do as you please,
You're mind, if you have one, will then be at ease;
Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse,
But don't think to stop them, it's not any use;
For people will talk.

—*Trowbridge Chronicle.*

Select Family Reading.

The Successful Scheme.

"So that is Leonie Arundel! Well, for my part, I can't see what Eleanore finds so fascinating in her!"

It is Ida Windom who, from her post of vantage by the window, makes the above disparaging remark.

It is lunch-time, and most of the guests at "The Oaks" have assembled in the dining-room. From the low window a good view of the garden is presented, and a little distance off two forms can be seen approaching the house, one, that of the young hostess of the house, and the other, a guest who arrived but a half hour ago. The sun pouring down his most ardent beams, bathes the advancing forms in a flood of glory.

"I differ with you, Miss Ida," a gentleman by Miss Windom's side says. "I think she is very handsome. Just look at her hair,—why, old Sol himself might be jealous to be thus robbed of his brightest beams."

Ida Windom's haughty lips curve scornfully as she moves away without reply from the window, with a hot resentment already kindled in her heart towards the fair young stranger.

A few moments later the door opens, and Eleanore enters with her guest. It does not take long for the necessary introductions to be effected, and then, laughing and chatting, the group gather about the lunch table.

Although now elevated so high among the favored ones of the earth, with youth and health, and the possession of a fine old place, and independent means, Eleanore Dare has known what it is to experience the sting of want and anxiety. It was in those days when she so sorely needed kindness, that she found it in Leonie Arundel's home, where the three, father, son and daughter, lived such a happy, peaceful life that Eleanore had frequently envied in her heart.

But, with a swift whirl, fortune had turned her wheel, and lo! it was Eleanore, who, by the will of a distant relative, was made rich, and given a home grander than she could have imagined in her wildest dreams, while Leonie, suddenly bereft by the death of her idolized father, was drawn still deeper into the furnace of affliction by a living disgrace. Her brother, for whom she had always had such affection and confidence, had been accused, tried, and found guilty of the crime of forgery.

He strenuously protested that he was innocent, but the proofs of his wrong-doing found among his own private papers were incontestable, and he went to prison.

Since then three years have elapsed, and at length Leonie has consented to be drawn from her seclusion and to visit her friend, whose pen has painted in such forcible terms how unhappy her repeated refusals have made her.

The young people at The Oaks soon find that they have gained a charming addition to their circle in Miss Arundel. Nature, when she rummaged her good gifts together to choose which to bestow upon Leonie, must have decided to display her lavish hand by flinging them one and all at her feet. Ida Windom is alone in her lack of admiration for Miss Arundel's beauty.

"Surpassingly lovely!" so Mark Warren had exclaimed in his own mind when he first saw her, and since then nearer acquaintance has not caused him to withdraw that enthusiastic encomium.

One of Leonie's chief beauties is in her luxuriant, sun-tinted hair, that, disdaining all boundaries, ripples and waves in the most distracting rings about her pure, satin-fair forehead; her eyes, eloquent with intelligence, are blue as violets after a shower, and look at one so candidly and winsomely that liking springs spontaneously in the observer's heart; her mouth is an incarnation of sweetness, with its delicious rose-bud curves and its expression, that is more often pathetic than mirthful.

Eleanore has determined that this summer shall be a red-letter time to the dear friend who, though young, has tasted more deeply of life's sorrows than its joys. She surpasses herself as a hostess, her one aim seeming to be the thinking of and bringing together every accessory that shall add to her guest's comfort and enhance their pleasure. And lurking deep within her mind one idea and hope is paramount, and that is a match-making one; but concerning it, she keeps her own counsel, and trusts to the natural course of events to bring about things to her liking.

Mark Warren's home is some twenty miles away, a place resembling in some of its features The Oaks. His father is Eleanore's lawyer, and the young man himself promises to be at no far distant time one of the shining lights of that honorable and lucrative profession.

From his first appearance upon the scene Ida Windom had decided that here was a foeman worthy of her steel. She had accepted her old schoolmate's invitation to visit her with alacrity, and now congratulated herself that she had done so, when she reflected that the present season might be the means of gaining for her that "one gentleman of good—a wealthy husband.

Where Ida likes she can be a stanch friend—thus Eleanore has found her—but where she hates, she can be a dangerous enemy.

The weeks fly swiftly by; all too swiftly, for Mark and Leonie. The latter sometimes wonders at herself that she can be so utterly, carelessly happy, until, as gradually a sweet conviction becomes implanted in her heart that she is beloved by one whom within her mind she has long since confessed to be the noblest man she has known, her wonder ceases. No words have yet been uttered, but eye has spoken to eye, and heart to heart, with love's mute language.

But at length, just as the time arrived in which the young man has determined to try his fate and risk all upon a woman's yes or no, Leonie's manner undergoes a sudden and complete change. She avoids him, and though he uses his best endeavors he never gains any longer a moment with her alone, and when in the presence of others her demeanor is cold and reserved.

Mark is proud and high-spirited, with a man's usual contempt for anything that savors of coquetry, and as days elapse, and the situation remains unchanged, he makes up his mind that either she whom he has deemed so high above the faults of others of her sex has been trifling with him, or that some egregious mistake, whose nature he cannot divine, has come between them. If the latter is the case, and the subduing of his own pride in seeking an explanation will suffice to clear the mystery, he decides, as a true lover should, to pocket that somewhat rampant attribute of human nature, and humble himself for the sake of winning the fair prize he covets so eagerly.

Let us go back a few days and sit with Leonie by the oriel window of the library. The blinds are closed, but through the open slats the breeze steals in, bringing a delicious scent of the roses which fill all the garden with their royal color and perfume.

Footsteps sauntered slowly along the terrace walk beneath the window where Leonie, her head bent over a favorite book, is reading intently. Suddenly, she hears her own name.

It is Ida Windom's voice that speaks.

"So you think they are engaged? Let me assure you that they are not. Only this morning I ventured to joke Mr. Warren a little upon the subject, and he was very indignant. He said that it was true that he admired Miss Arundel—he is partial to blondes—but that he would consider any man most foolish who, by marriage, should unite to his name a taint of disgrace."

"Disgrace! What do you mean?"

"Why, didn't you know that Miss Arundel's only brother is in prison?"

"In prison? No."

Laura Fairmont's tone is one of unfeigned surprise and horror.

"But it is true. He forged his employer's name three years ago, and since then has been paying the penalty of his crime."

Oh, Ida Windom, you, who know so well who is the occupant of the oriel window beneath which you have designedly taken your stand, could you see the expression upon Leonie's face, and hear the sob of anguish that rites from the young heart you have so cruelly wounded, surely you would repent your cruelty.

"Dear Eleanore, I must go home. If you love me do not press me to stay or ask me the reason for my sudden determination."

As Eleanore sees her friend's distress, surmising at once that some lover's quarrel is at the root of the trouble, though sadly disappointed at the untimely frustration of her fond scheme, she forbears to expostulate against Leonie's proposed departure from The Oaks at the expiration of the week.

It is the day preceeding the one upon which Leonie is to go, and Mark, having failed in his attempts to speak his mind in person, is in his room seeking as a last resort the cold medium of pen and paper.

In words few, but full of a manly directness, he tells Leonie of his love for her, and implores her to let him know what it is that has come between them.

A while later Ida Windom's shrewd eyes from the corridor above notice Mr. Warren's short colloquy with Toinette, Eleanore's French maid.

She waits until the hall door closes upon Mark's retreating form, and then hastily decends the stairs.

"Give it to me, Toinette, and take this. I will see that the note reaches its destination."

The next moment the envelope changes hands, and Toinette holds instead a crisp bank-note, which she loses no time in transferring to the pocket of her coquettish apron.

In her own room Ida reads the intercepted letter, while an expression of triumph overspreads her face. Raising the sheet, she tears it into fragments.

"If I cannot win him, she shall not!"

Thus, to Eleanore's extreme disappointment, the pretty love idyl she has planned and schemed for so sedulously and unobservedly, and that seemed at one time so likely to reach a happy fulfillment, comes to an apparent end.

Twelve months go slowly by. Her quiet home never seemed such a haven of peace to Leonie as it did upon her return from The Oaks, and she chided herself that she ever left it. Had she not, her young heart would not now be quivering under the added burden of a poignant shame. Unsought, she had given her maiden love where, instead of being welcomed as a more precious gift than rubies, it had been shunned as a tainted thing. The thought was unendurable, but it was none the less true.

But one afternoon a wonderful thing happened, and as though by the touch of an enchanted wand, the mists of despondency that have shadowed this morning of Leonie's life are dispersed by the radiance of joys sunshine.

The bell rings, and as Leonie opens the door two figures enter. Who one is she does not notice at the moment, for with a shriek of rapture and surprise she clasps her arms about her brother's neck. Her dear brother, whom she had deemed even now in his prison cell, but who instead is holding her in his close embrace, and exclaiming aloud these words:

"I am free. Leonie, do you understand? Your brother is free, and pronounced innocent of the crime imputed to him. The real culprit has been discovered,—and—Leonie, do not give way. Bear up, my darling. This is no time for fainting. Rouse yourself instead, and thank the one who, in God's Providence, has been the means of bringing about this good."

With a great struggle, Leonie succeeds in driving away the weakness induced by the sudden overwhelming joy. She turns, to recognize Mark Warren.

How much there is to be explained, and how delightful the explanation is! For Leonie learns that, after all, she has not given her heart's affection to one who cares not for her, and that her lover and future husband and the deliverer who has rescued her brother are one and the same person.

The details are these. All that Mark had heard, and through inquiry had been able to learn concerning the Arundel forgery, had caused a suspicion to arise in his shrewd legal mind that justice had not been done and that the wrong party was suffering another's penalty. Even when he had been treated, as he thought, so cruelly and heartlessly by Leonie, his determination did not falter to help her, if it were in his power, by restoring to her her brother acquitted of guilt. He had gone to his father and requested his efficient aid, which had not been withheld from him.

The two had worked together, had hired detectives to help them, and had, at last, succeeded in tracing to the proper source, both the crime and the base plot that had so nearly ruined the character and the whole future career of a promising young man. The real forger, a fellow-employee, who had been actuated by motives of jealousy, had covered up his tracks with consummate skill; but, at last, justice, as it always should and generally does, triumphed, and now George Arundel can take his place once more among honest men, and clasping his fair young sister in his arms, can say:

"But for, Leonie, this would never have been; but for the love your sweetness and worth inspired within a man's breast, his thoughts would never have been turned with inquiry and interest to me. So, darling, in your happy future, always remember this—indirectly, your brother owes to you all that makes his life worth the living."

And this is the way Ida's scheme failed, and Eleanore's—to that warm-hearted young person's supreme satisfaction—succeeded.

A PRIZE ESSAY ON THE PAPERS.

The souvenir dancing orders of the Albany Printing Pressmen's Union contains the following contribution from a "printer's devil," which is too funny for publication in so-called comic papers; at least, they seldom have such genuine humor. It is entitled a "Prize Essay on Newspapers!"

Newspapers is called vehicles of information.

Reporters is what is called "the staff"—so many of them being "sticks." They work hard—at refreshment bars.

Proofreaders is men what spoils the punctuation of compositors. They spell a word one way to-day and another way to-morrow. They think they be intelligent persons; compositers think different.

Compositors is men as sets up types and sometimes the drinks. Compositors is very steady men when they is sober—When they seldom is when they can help it.

Editors is men what know everything in the heavens above and earth beneath. They is writers who who doesn't write anything whatsoever. They is the biggest men you ever see.

Managers is men as takes in the tin and gives patent medicine "ads" tops of columns next to reading matter thirty-seven columns out of thirty-two.

Proprietors ain't nobody. They ain't ever seen.

Printer's devils is the most important persons in a printin' office. They does the hardest work and get the least pay.

Pressmen is—well, there wouldn't be no newspapers, no circus bills, without pressmen to print 'em.

Feeders is men what feeds on the fat of the land.

If I ever start a paper of my own I'll call it The Umbrella. Everybody will take it.

I heard the foreman tell this funny story to one of the "staff" the other day. It must have been funny, 'cause they both laughed. This is the story: "A gentleman was promenading the street with a little boy at his side, when the little fellow cried out: 'O, pa, there goes an editor!' 'Hush, hush,' said the father, 'don't make sport of the poor man—God only knows what you may come to yet.'"

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER

TO ALL WANTING EMPLOYMENT.

We want live, energetic agents in every county in the United States and Canada to sell a patent article of great merit, on its merits. An article having a large sale paying over 100 per cent. profit, having no competition, and on which the agent is protected in the exclusive sale by a deed given for each and every county he may secure from us. With all these advantages to our agents, and the fact that it is an article that can be sold to every house owner, it might not be necessary to make "an extraordinary offer" to secure good agents at once, but we have concluded to make it to show, not only our confidence in the merits of our invention, but in its salability by any agent that will handle it with energy. Our agents now at work are making from $150 to $300 a month clear, and this fact makes it safe for us to make our offer to all who are out of employment. Any agent that will give our business a thirty days' trial and fail to clear at least $100 in this time, above all expenses, can return all goods unsold to us and we will refund the money paid for them. No such employer of agents ever dared to make such offers, nor would we if we did not know that we have agents now making more than double this amount. Our large descriptive circulars explain our offer fully, and those who wish to send to everyone out of employment who will send us three one cent stamps for postage. Send at once and secure the agency in time for the boom, and go to work on the terms named in our extraordinary offer.

Address, at once, NATIONAL NOVELTY CO. 514 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.

Dangerous Counterfeits.

Counterfeits are always dangerous, more so, that they always closely imitate the original in appearance and name. The remarkable success achieved by Nasal Balm as a positive cure for Catarrh and Cold in the Head has induced unprincipled parties to imitate it. The public are cautioned not to be deceived by nostrums imitating Nasal Balm in name and appearance, bearing such names as Nasal Cream, Nasal Balsam, etc. Ask for Nasal Balm and do not take imitations dealers may urge upon you. For sale by all druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price (50c and $1) by addressing Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN THAT LIVED IN A SHOE.

Willie had two tiny mice, with pretty pink eyes and snow-white fur. Uncle Jack gave them to him with a cunning little cage for them to live in.

There was a wheel on one side of the cage, which they would make spin around so fast that it would almost make your head swim to watch it.

One morning, when Willie went to feed his pets, he gave such a howl of dismay that mamma came running from the nursery, where she was washing baby.

"They're gone! they're gone!" wailed Willie.

And sure enough, no trace of the pretty white mice could be found.

Then the baby cried, and mamma went back to the nursery.

Soon she called Willie, and what do you think she had found?

Baby's red slippers lay in the corner by the crib, and in one of them Mrs. White Mouse was curled up with seven little babies, while Mr. White Mouse cuddled outside, and looked up at mamma with twinkling eyes.

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do."

Shouted Willie, as he ran to fetch the little cage.

Mr. White Mouse gave a little squeak of joy and ran into his house.

Mamma made a nest of soft wool and put the little baby mice into it, and then, of course, Mrs. White Mouse was glad to go too. But how she did fuss and pull that wool about before she had it fixed to suit her!

"She wants the shoe! She wants the shoe!" said Willie, with a longing look at baby's red slipper.

"And that's just what she can't have," said mamma, as she put the slipper upon baby's plump foot.

And so Mrs. White Mouse couldn't be "the old woman that lived in a shoe" any longer, but had to bring her babies up in the pretty cage. After all.—*Youth's Companion.*

ARAB CHILDREN AND THEIR GAMES.

If the little Arabs are heathen, they are at least picturesque heathen. In their colored clothing, with their dusky skins, their black eyes, and their lithe, active bodies, they are very picturesque. But, it must be confessed, they appear best at a distance; for soap is not so fashionable among them as might justly be expected from the people of a country which manufactures the most cleansing soap in the world. In watching the children at play, one soon notices that the girls do not always have a good time. Arab boys are not trained to be gentlemanly and courteous to their sisters, although they treat their elders with a delightful deference and respect. Little girls in the East are never welcome. When a baby is born, if it be a girl, "the threshold mourns forty days." So, in taking a glimpse at the amusements of the Arab children, we must be prepared to find that they are chiefly boys' games, in which the girls seldom participate.

A little boy in America asked a person who had lived in Syria if the boys there ever played baseball; and on learning that they did not, he said, "Well, they can't have much fun there." It is very natural for the children of any country to imagine that the children in other countries amuse themselves in the same ways. And the number of games that are in reality universal among children in all countries is really remarkable. For example the Arab children often play blind-man's-buff (they call it ghummaida) and biz nowsin or puss-in-the-corner, and a game like "button, button, who has the button?" (which they play with a pebble,) owal howah or leap-frog, and gilleh or marbles. But there are other games of which you probably have never heard—such as kurd, murboot, shooha, joora, tais-ya-tis, khatim, and the greatest and most exciting of all their games—the national game, it might perhaps be called—jereed.—*Henry W. Ishop in St. Nicholas.*

It is worse than madness to neglect a cough or cold which is easily subdued if taken in time becomes, when left to itself, the fore-runner of consumption and premature death. Inflammation, when it attacks the delicate tissue of the lungs and bronchial tubes, travels with perilous rapidity; then do not delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that grasps this formidable foe of the human body, and drives it from the system. This medicine promotes a free and easy expectoration, subdues the cough, heals the diseased parts, and exerts a most wonderful influence in curing consumption, and other diseases of the throat and lungs. If parents wish to save the lives of their children, and themselves from much anxiety, trouble and expense, let them procure a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and whenever a child has taken cold, has a cough or hoarseness, give the Syrup according to directions.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

Astonishing Success.

It is the duty of every person who has used *Boschee's German Syrup* to let its wonderful qualities be known to their friends in curing Consumption, severe Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Pneumonia, and in fact all throat and lung diseases. No person can use it without immediate relief. Three doses will relieve any case, and we consider it the duty of all Druggists to recommend it to the poor, dying consumptive, at least to try one bottle, as 80,000 dozen bottles were sold last year, and no one case where fairly was reported. Such a medicine as the *German Syrup* cannot be too widely known. Ask your druggist about it. Sample bottles to try, sold at ten cents. Regular size, 75 cents. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers, in the United States and Canada.

CHRISTENING.

To-day I saw a little calm-eyed child—
Where soft lights rippled and the shadows
terried
Within the church's better aisled and nalfaisled—
Peacefully wandering, to the altar carried;

White robed and sweet, in sentiance of a flower,
White as the daisies that adorned the chancel;
Borne like a gift—the young wife's natural
dower—
Offered to God as her most precious bounel.

Then ceased the music, and the little one
Was silent; and the multitude assembled
Hearkened; and when of Father and of Son
He spoke, the pastor's deep voice broke and
trembled.

But she, the child, knew of the solemn words,
And suddenly yielded to a troubled wailing
As helpless as the cry of frightened birds,
Whose untried wings for flight are unavailing.

How like in this, I thought, to older folk!
The blessing falls, we call it tribulation,
And fancy that we were a sorrow's yoke
Even at the moment of our consecration.

—George Parsons Lathrop, in Harper's Magazine for March.

USES OF THE ELECTRIC MOTOR.

It would be almost impossible to catalogue the number and variety of purposes for which the electric motor is now in daily use. Some of the most usual applications are for printing-presses, sewing machines elevators, ventilating fans, and machinists' lathes. At the present time, every indication unmistakably points to the probability that within a very few years nearly all mechanical work in large cities, especially in cases in which the power required does not exceed, say fifty horse power, will be performed by the agency of the electric motor, absolutely free from vibration or noise, perfectly manageable, entirely safe, and which, with the most ordinary care, seldom if ever gets out of order. Indeed, there is no reason to suppose that the limit of fifty horse power will not be very largely exceeded within a comparatively short period, when it is remembered that, scarcely five years ago, the production of a successful ten horse power motor was considered quite a noteworthy achievement.—*Franklin Leonard Pope, in Scribner's Magazine for March.*

MR. TEN MINUTES.

A touching story is told of the late Prince Napoleon. He had joined the English army, and was one day at the head of a squad riding horse-back outside of the camp. It was a dangerous situation. One of the company said, "We had better return. If we don't hasten we may fall into the hands of the enemy." "Oh," said the Prince, "let us stay here ten minutes and drink our coffee." Before the ten minutes had passed, a company of Zulus came upon them, and in the skirmish the Prince lost his life. His mother, when informed of the facts, in her anguish, said: "That was his great mistake from boyhood. He never wanted to go to bed at night in time, nor to rise in the morning. He was ever pleading for ten minutes more. When too sleepy to speak he would lift up his too little hands and spread out his ten fingers, indicating that he wanted ten minutes more. On this account I sometimes called him Mr. Ten Minutes." How many have lost not only their lives, but their precious, immortal souls, by this sin of procrastination! When God calls we should promptly obey.

LEFT HANDED.

Left-handed people are, as a class, to be pitied. They are constantly meeting obstacles which are a detriment to good work. If the person is engaged in rural pursuits he will have to use right-handed tools which is very annoying. In the wood-working shops the benches and various tools are constructed for the right-handed man and not the left. If he wishes to learn a trade this fault will certainly be against him. In the school-room the desks with their arm-rests are all right-handed. This fault is not only awkward and annoying, but is certainly a blot on the person's success in life. And so I could enumerate place after place where the person would meet with such obstacles. And now the question rises naturally, "What is to be done?" Simply this, see that your children use their right hands in doing right-handed acts. It may seem hard to them at first, but if this fault is not corrected it will be much harder for them when they go into active life. I speak feelingly on this subject, as I am now laboring under this difficulty.—*Cor. New York Witness.*

SWARMING BOXES.

During the swarming season every bee-keeper should provide himself with a "swarming box." This saves an immense amount of labor, besides obviating the damage often committed on valuable fruit trees and vines by cutting and mutilating them in order to detach swarms therefrom. This box may be made ten by ten, by fourteen inches, inside measurement. It should be perforated with many holes, three-quarters or one inch in diameter; a pole eight or ten feet long should be fastened through the centre of the box, so that it may balance. After a swarm has pretty well settled on a branch of a tree, the box may be pushed up into the cluster of bees, when they will ordinarily take to it and occupy it. If they should not do so readily, the box, being open at one end, may be held under the swarm, when by giving the limb a jar a portion of the bees become dislodged into the box. The remainder will readily alight on the same, and all may be carried to the stand.—*American Agriculturist for May.*

A GOOD REASON WHY.

They had been talking of the sharp games played on innocent people by sharp men. "Gentlemen, I don't brag about my wife being sharper than a razor, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll write a note, sign it with my own name, and ask her to deliver my Sunday suit to bearer for repairs. You may send it up to the house, and I'll bet you $5 she'll be too sharp to let the clothes go." "We'll take that bet!" called two or three voices, and there being five of them they chiped in a dollar apiece. The note was written and signed and despatched by a messenger boy. In half an hour he returned, empty-handed as to clothes but having a note which read: "Come off the perch! all the clothes you have in the world are on your back!" "Gentlemen," said the winner as he pocketed his fiver, "let me recommend it to you as something which always wins, and as I must meet a man at three o'clock, I will now bid you good-day."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Fever colic, unnatural appetite, fretfulness, weakness, and convulsions, are some of the effects of Worms in children. Destroy the worms with Dr. Low's Worm Syrup.