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H. F. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

W. H. HOWEY, M. B., M.C.P.S., Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office at residence—At the head of Frederick-street, Acton.

JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto—Veterinary surgeon, Acton. Office—In Kenny's boot and shoe store.—residence in the rear. Horses examined as to soundness and certificates given. Calls in the city promptly attended to. Terms cash.

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Offices—Town Hall, Acton.
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Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Money to Loan.
Office Days—Tuesdays and Saturdays.
Office in Mackenzie Block, - Acton, up-stairs

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Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,
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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS & NOTARIES.
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Twenty-Three Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

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For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the Free Press office, Acton, or money paid into it in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.
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Account Books of all kinds made to order. Pamphlets of every description carefully bound. Repairing neatly and promptly done.

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At every chair, a stylish hair-cut, a good sea-foam on an elegant razor, champoo always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastefully cut.
J. & H. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artists.

DEEP Sea Wonders exist in those kinds of forms; but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in search 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.

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GUELPH, ONTARIO.
THIS POPULAR INSTITUTION NOW IN ITS fourth year is doing a grand work for the education of young men and women in those branches, a knowledge of which is so essential to the intelligent and successful management of practical affairs. Its graduates are everywhere giving signal proof of the thoroughness of their training and bearing grateful testimony to the practicality of its course of study. The fourth annual circular giving full information will be mailed free. Address
M. MacCORMICK,
Principal

Lumber, Shingles, AND LATH.
The undersigned desires to inform the public that he has now on hand and will keep in stock a full line of Pine and Hemlock as well as other kinds of Lumber, also, First and Second Class Pine Shingles & Lath.

Coal & Wood.
Having purchased the Coal business of Mr. C. S. Smith, I am prepared to supply all kinds of Stove Coal. I have also a good stock of Wood—Hardwood, Ash, Cedar and Mill Wood, at reasonable prices. Wood and Coal delivered.
JAMES BROWN.

MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
—OF THE—
COUNTY OF WELLINGTON.
ESTABLISHED 1840.
HEAD OFFICE, - GUELPH.
Insures Farm Property only, viz: Farm Buildings, 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 Better 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 & Newton's
—AT—
WATERS BROTHERS,
25 WYNDHAM STREET GUELPH

Wellington Marble Works.
QUEBEC ST., GUELPH.
Hamilton & Clark,
PROPRIETORS.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Marble, Granite and everything pertaining to Cemetery work. Direct importers of all kinds of Granite and Marble.
Having lately visited the Bay of Fundy granite quarries, and having purchased the entire stock of gray and red granite monuments, headstones, crosses, urns, etc., of Alexander Taylor, at less than cost, we will, until further notice, sell at prices never before known in Ontario. For instance—Granite monuments, 4 ft. high, $60, 5 ft. $75, 6 ft. $95, 8 ft. $160, 10 ft. $180. 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. D. 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 too our 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 perfect 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.

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 $12, 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. Fife 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.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

Up with the birds in the early morning,
The dewdrop glows like a precious gem;
Beautiful time in the skies are dawning,
She has never a moment to look at them.
The men are waiting their breakfast early,
She must not linger, she must not wait,
For words that are sharp and looks that are surly,
Are what men give when their meals are late.

Oh! a glorious color the leaves are turning,
If she could but just look over the trees,
But here are dishes and there is the churning
These things must always yield to these.
For the world is filled with the wine of beauty,
If she could but pause and drink thereof;
But pleasure, she says, must wait for duty,
Neglected work is committed sin.

The day grows hot, her hands grows weary,
Oh! for an hour to cool her head
Out with the birds in the wind so cheery,
But she must get dinner and bake the bread;
The busy men in the hay field working,
Should they see her sitting with folded hands,
They would call her lazy and say she was shirking,
She never could make them understand.

They do not know that the heart within her
Is filled with hunger for things sublime;
They only know they want their dinner,
Plenty of it and just on time.
Then after sweeping and churning and baking,
And dinner and dishes are all put by,
She sits and sews, though her head is aching,
Till time for supper and chores draws nigh.

Her boys at school must look like others,
She says as she patches their frocks and hose,
For the world is quick to censure mothers
For the least neglect of children's clothes.
Her husband comes from the field of labor,
He gives no praise to the weary wife;
She has done no more than her busy neighbor,
'Tis the lot of all in country life.

But after the strife and weary hassle,
When life is done and she lies at rest,
The matron's brain and muscle;
Her sons and daughters shall call her blest;
And I think the joys of heaven,
The purest bliss of eternal life,
The fairest crown of all will be given
Unto the weary-worn farmer's wife.

The Young Folks.

A Discarded Inheritance.

BY ANNA SHELLING.

"Mr. Randolph!"

The old lawyer was crossing the wide hall of Mr. Egbert's stately house, when his name, pronounced in a timid voice, fell upon his ear. He stopped, looked back, and saw the library door half open, and a very lovely, but very pale face, with big brown eyes looking wistfully at him.

"You want to speak to me, Miss Zelda?" he added.

"If you can spare a few moments. Oh! the said, pressing her hands together as Mr. Randolph entered the library and closed the door—"Oh! Mr. Randolph, if you will only persuade grandfather not to do what he intends to-day!"

"And that is what?"

"Oh! I forgot you do not know. He is very ill—dying, we are afraid."

"I know that."

"And he is very angry with Celia, Harry and May—my two aunts and uncle—because they ran away when the doctor said he had malignant typhus fever. But they are very angry now, because, they say, I remained here to coax him to leave me money. Indeed, it was not for that, but it was so dreadful to leave him entirely to servants, and so ill. And now—oh, what can I do? What shall I do? Grandfather has sent for you to make a new will, and he means to leave me everything, excepting a small annuity to each of his children—his own children, who ought to have it all. Oh, Mr. Randolph, if you will only make him see that they have the right. I am only a grandchild, and mamma disobeyed him and ran away with papa. I never expected him to leave me money, and he has been very kind since my parents died. They all hate me now, and they will hate me more than ever if he does what he intends."

A bell, ringing furiously, echoed through the house.

"You must go!", Zelda Boyce said, nervously; "that is grandfather's bell!"

The old lawyer, rather pleased that the interruption prevented his making any rash promises, went up stairs to the room where his client, wasted by fever, dying, lay waiting him. Worn out physically, sick unto death, Mr. Egbert retained in its normal strength a temper that had been the life-long curse of his home and family. His voice, weak and broken, was peevish where in health it had been furious, that was the only difference.

"It takes you a great while to get up stairs," he said, fretfully, as the old lawyer greeted him.

"I stopped a moment to speak to Miss Zelda."

"You did! And she told you I am going to make a new will, and was delighted."

"On the contrary, she implored me to prevent you making a new will."

"She knows she is not even mentioned in my old one. Did she tell you that?"

"No! She is only troubled about your own children!"

"Nice, dutiful children! They hate me! They always did hate me, but it has been worse than ever since Zelda came. She loves me. In spite of my nasty temper, she loves me from pure gratitude for giving her a home. And she has nursed me for seven weeks as I was never nursed before, and thinking the fever was contagious they all ran away from it!"

"But Mr. Harry told me yesterday that they would have returned, and you had given orders not to admit them."

"So I did. I want to die in peace. I won't have Celia and May wrangling in here and worrying Zelda to death. I want you to make my will. Give each of my children three thousand a year out of the estate; all the rest, including this house and grounds, with furniture, horses and carriages, to Zelda. The whole to be hers as her aunts and uncle die. Now I won't listen to you, Randolph. My mind is made up. They won't starve on three thousand a year."

"But this is their home."

"Bah! They would quarrel and separate in a week. There, don't make any more objections. When can I sign it?"

"In two hours. I have taken down the legacies."

"Yes;" and then the old gentleman named the various securities and investments of his immense property, appointed the executors of his will, made a few legacies to old servants, and gave the clear details of his wishes, all of which Mr. Randolph wrote down in a fine, clerkly hand upon the legal cap paper he had brought.

"I will come back as soon as I can, and bring witnesses," he said, gathering up his papers.

Again he heard the bell ring with a force simply astonishing by so weak a hand, and gave a little shrug at the power of temper. Zelda had waited in the library, hoping to see Mr. Randolph again, but she obeyed the bell, not wishing to irritate the invalid by delay.

She was a little creature, twenty-two years old, and looking about seventeen, with a crop of short, golden curls, a face that was naturally round and rosy, but just at that time pale and thin from much watching and care.

The nurse, a great, gaunt woman, full of active life and pure good nature, declared that her duties were limited to lifting the patient to various positions.

"Which is about the only thing that little handful of a girl can't do for him," she said. "It beats me to see how sweetly she bears his growling and snarling at her, and she feeding him, and giving him his medicines and reading to him till she's as hoarse as a crow, and playing chess and the piano for him. And he never satisfied."

"Which he never was yet with nothing," was the cook's emphatic answer. "And the rest of them as bad. Thank goodness, we have had a little peace down stairs since they all got a scare and left. Two old maids, regular old cats, and Mr. Harry fancying himself a great invalid. He aint ate nothing but messes, slops of gruel, custard and sick stuff, the last sixteen years, and it's my belief there ain't nothing the matter but laziness. 'Taint none o' my business, but Miss Zelda's going to lead a dog's life of it if her grandpa dies."

It had never been a very happy life for the sensitive, tender-hearted girl, who was made to feel herself an intruder by every one but her grandfather. Since he had been ill she had escaped her aunt's sneers and scolding, and her uncle's thousand exactions, but Mr. Egbert was not easy to nurse, and suffering had not softened his temper. It did not cheer her, when she went to his room after Mr. Randolph left it, to be reminded every moment of the new will, and congratulated upon her future importance.

At nightfall, while Mr. Randolph was in the room for the second time, folding up his papers, Mr. Egbert was seized with convulsions and expired. There was the usual confusion, the hurried sending for a doctor's useless visit, and the nurse took command, ordering Zelda out of the room. Dazed by the sudden horror, the girl suffered Mr. Randolph to lead her to the library give her a glass of wine and let her rest.

Suddenly she sprang from her chair.

"The new will. You will let me see it?" she said. "I—I want to read it over."

Mr. Randolph placed a large folded paper in her hand. Through a mist of tears she read the list of investments, securities, legacies, and comprehended the purport of all. And with a quick movement she tossed the document upon the open grate fire.

"Miss Zelda," cried the lawyer, "that is a State's prison offence!"

"Send me there if you will!" she said excitedly.

"Do you know what you have done? Do you know the former will leaves you nothing?"

"My father left me a little, not very much, but it will do until I find some work. I am not afraid. But my poor grandfather!"

And she broke into bitter tears and left the room. She was almost exhausted with nursing, anxiety and grief, and was lying still sobbing upon her bed in her own room when the nurse came in.

"Miss Zelda, the doctor would like to see you a moment. There! You're not fit to move. Lie still and I'll bring him here."

Wondering a little, glad yet fearful, Zelda waited. Dr. Lansdell had been her friend ever since she came to her grandfather's. In his semi-weekly visits to her Uncle Harry, he had managed to meet her often in the grounds. In the village festivities they had met, and Zelda had fancied the doctor was learning to love her, was sure she loved him, when her grandfather's illness, so far from bringing them more closely together, seemed to throw them apart. For the first few weeks it had not been so, but then the doctor ceased the little friendly chats that had made the one spot of brightness in her life, made his visits strictly professional, and refrained from one word look, such as she had learned to love. She wondered, but bore it patiently as was her nature.

It gave her a thrill of surprise, then, when he came quickly to her bedside, his face aglow with what she had so sorely missed, his eyes full of tenderness.

"My poor, weary girl," he said, gently, "you will take some medicine Mrs. Hollis is preparing for you, and let her put you to bed. Zelda, I know it is no time for love-making, but I cannot leave you to-night without the assurance that you have one friend, one lover, dearest, who will never let you want or suffer, if you can trust yourself to him. Your dear, sweet eyes answer me, love! You do love me, Zelda?"

Only her eyes and a little hand that crept into his answered still.

"You have thought me cold and strange, my darling, but it was because your grandfather told me of his new will, and I could not seek you, thinking you a great heiress. But, my darling, I was in the drawing-room when you threw the will into the fire. And I could not let you sleep with the desolate feeling I know you had. Now, you will forgive me for telling you. You will be my wife, Zelda? I will not hurry you; but you will let me take you to my home soon, love, and so cherish you that you will forget you ever heard an unkind word? You will be mine, Zelda?"

"Faithfully, truly, till I die," she whispered, sobbing, but quietly.

"And now rest. Here comes Mrs. Hollis."

And the doctor became strictly professional, gave the nurse her directions, and left the room, with only a pressure of his hand upon the little trembling one Zelda held out in farewell.

Who told the story of the will? Nobody knew; but the next day Mr. Henry Egbert and his sisters returned to their home, and taking possession, informed Zelda that after the funeral was over she must seek another home.

They were perfectly familiar with the terms of the will that disinherited Zelda's mother, and left their father's estate to them, and they were very explicit in their statements that she need not look to them for any assistance. Many times in that weary four days did Zelda acknowledge her grandfather was right when he said his own children were not fit to have large wealth. Not one generous plan was made; not one thought given to charity or usefulness. It was clearly evident that the old miser would hoard their means, and the old bachelor spend his upon his own selfish, invalid fancies.

Young as she was, Zelda knew that in her weak hands, with her noble, generous husband to guide her, she could have made far better use of wealth than those would into whose hands her reckless act had thrown it. She was really ill, too, and glad to lie quietly in her room most of the day, with Mrs. Hollis petting her, and Dr. Lansdell making a daily visit. She told him on the morning of the funeral the doubt in her heart.

"I could have made grandfather's money of some use," she said, "and I cannot but feel I acted too much on impulse. But I cannot be sorry when the impulsive act gave me your love. We will do what good we can on smaller means."

The will was read after the funeral, in the library, by Mr. Randolph. Very much wearied by the long ride to the cemetery, Zelda lay back in a cushioned chair, scarcely listening. What did it matter to her? She must go away soon. But as Mr. Randolph read she sat erect, her heart beating quickly, her eyes going from one white, enraged face to the other, until, as the steady, monotonous voice ceased, she sprang to her feet.

"What does it mean?" she cried. "I burned that will!"

"Not the will, Miss Zelda," Mr. Randolph said, gravely, "only my client's instructions. You were not in a state of mind to be trusted with the will. I think you admit that yourself."

There was a stormy scene, a disgraceful one, but the disappointed, selfish uncle and aunts had to submit, and after hurling every form of abuse at Zelda, did at last leave her in peaceful possession of the inheritance she did not a second time cast aside.

ADVICE WORTH REPEATING.

My son, when you hear a man growling and scolding because Moody gets $200 a week for preaching Christianity you will perceive that he never worries a minute because Ingersoll gets $200 a night for preaching atheism. You will observe that the man who is unutterably shocked because F. Murphy gets $150 a week for temperance work seems to think that it is all right when the barkeeper takes in twice as much money in a single day. The laborer is worthy of his hire, my boy and he is just as worthy of it in the pulpit as he is upon the stump. In the man who is honestly trying to save your immortal soul worth less than the man who is only trying his level best to go to Congress? Isn't Moody doing as good work as Ingersoll? Wasn't John B. Gough as much the friend of humanity and society as the bartender? Do you want to get all the good in the world for nothing, so that you may be able to pay a high price for the bad?

Remember, my boy, the good things in the world are always the cheapest. Spring water costs less than corn whiskey; a box of cigars will buy two or three Bibles; a gallon of old brandy costs more than a barrel of flour; a "full hand" at poker often costs a man more in twenty minutes than his church subscription amounts to in three years; a State election costs more than a revival of religion; you can sleep in church every Sunday morning for nothing. If you're mean enough to dead-beat your lodging in that way, but a nap in a Pullman car costs you two dollars, every time fifty cents for the circus and a penny for the little ones to put in the missionary box; one dollar for the theatre and a pair of old trousers frayed at the end, baggy as to the knee and utterly bursted as to the dome, for the Michigan sufferers; the race-horse scoops in $2,000 the first day and the church fair lasts a week, works twenty-five or thirty of the best women in America nearly to death, and comes out $40 in debt;—why, my boy, if you ever find yourself sneering and scoffing because once in a while you hear of a preacher getting a living or even a luxurious salary, or a temperance worker making money, go out in the dark and feel ashamed of yourself, and if you don't feel above kicking a mean man kick yourself. Precious little does religion and charity cost the old world, my boy, and the money it does is flung into his face, like a bone to a dog, the donor is not benefited by the gift, and the receiver is not, and certainly should not be grateful. It is insulted.—*Robt. Burdette in Hawkeye.*

VICISSITUDES OF VERSE.

Evidence of what may be called the intellectual depravity of human nature is found in the tendency to follow errors of recitation, even from well known authors.

Some one happens to blunder into a misquotation, and the incorrect version is sure in a little while, to drive out the correct one from the minds of many who ought to know better. A few instances of misquotation occur to me, which I have myself noted, and the list might no doubt be easily lengthened. The first that comes to mind is Milton's line at the conclusion of the Lycidas, "To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new," where *fields* is commonly substituted for *woods*.

So slight a change as that of a preposition puts a somewhat different meaning into Ben Jonson's memorial verse, "He was not of an age, but for all time." Here *for* is often made to replace *of* in the first clause.

We are all supposed to know our Shakespeare, but in fact a good many persons' knowledge is of the second-hand sort that does not enable them to detect a misquotation. When Mr. Booth or Mr. Irving delivers the "To be, or not to be" soliloquy, some who hear him speak of "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to" may be surprised into fancying that the actor is making a slip, the substitution of *the* for shocks being so common that the right word sounds strangely. In speech and writing how often mention is made of the "bourne" whence no traveller returns. Shakespeare wrote of the "undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns." These misquotations are from one of the best-known plays, oftenest acted on the modern stage, and from the most hackneyed lines in it. Again, people cite from "The Merchant of Venice," "The man that hath no music in his *soul*," where the text has "in himself."—*January Atlantic.*

That latest force or fluid, which permeates all matter, and which bears the conventional name of Electricity, is widely appreciated and recognized as a means of cure in various diseases. Its effects in the form of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil are shown by the relief of pain, both Neuralgic and Rheumatic, as well as the throat and the lungs, and in various other healing ways.

TEMPERANCE SELECTIONS.

For the Free Press.

The key that locks up most doors against the laboring man's progress is whiskey.

A saloon keeper of questionable honesty went to a lawyer to consult him about commencing an action for defamation against a fellow townsman. "The scoundrel," he said fiercely, "has robbed me of my character." "Ah! has he? Are you sure of that fact?" replied the attorney. "If so, for heaven's sake let him go, for it is the luckiest thing that ever happened to you."

"He was about twenty-one years of age, but committed suicide. The mourners go about the streets. 'How did the dreadful thing occur?' "He had been for several months a hard drinker, especially the last days." Exactly! And the saloon still flourishes, and the Canadian people let it flourish, and accept a bribe at its hand. "How long, O Lord, wilt thou not avenge us?"

I am personally opposed to a compensation clause. When canals superseded turnpikes, and railroads superseded canals, and hotels, warehouses and other places of business on their routes were destroyed, no compensation has ever been made. When a curse is destroyed, it is difficult to perceive the justice of society's paying for it. (Judge Aguew.)

Brewers in Iowa have been brought into great perplexity and trouble at the prospect of having to quit their business, because of the recent Supreme Court decision. They are trying to make out that the decision does not reach their case but are also beginning to see that they must submit to the inevitable. The Independent says:—Victory is with us; for the Supreme Being and the Supreme Court are on our side, and against the saloons, and from them it has no appeal.

The man who would argue that it is the careless and immoderate leaping from Brooklyn bridge which should be avoided, and the careful and moderate leap which should be encouraged, would be laughed at for his want of common sense in loosing sight of the fact that any act or practice which involves so great danger is to be set down as an abuse, however carefully and moderately it may be done. So the use in any degree or any article which results so sadly in a great majority of cases, as does the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is an abuse of these wonderful bodies against which experience raises its warning voice. (Ex-Gov. Dingley.)

The acquittal of Arensdorf at Sioux City for the murder of the Rev. Geo. C. Haddock, and the subsequent scenes when Arensdorf gave a banquet to the jury that acquitted him, and one of his counsel drank a toast to the man who removed the preacher, cannot be surpassed in the history of corrupt proceedings since the creation of man. The New York *Tribune* has a despatch saying that the twelve men were but the mouth-pieces of Sioux City's business men, who, while not yet ready to throttle the law by advising the re-opening of saloons, would make so strenuous efforts to close saloons, were any now running wide open." The liquor traffic is the mother of every abomination, and has the power of corrupting whatever it touches, directly or indirectly.

"It needs no prophet to foretell what will be the character of people made rich across their consciences by the profits of distilling. They cannot be temperance men any more than a wolf can be a sheep by putting on his skin; in becoming Christians they will get far enough only to become hypocites. Men who know very well beforehand what whiskey will do to law, and yet, for money, open its floodgates, will not be very strong defenders of the law against dissipation. A conscience venal to distilleries has no virtue to resist other proffers. Men who unitedly sustain distilleries have no virtue to resist other proffers. Men who unitedly sustain distilleries against public good, will separately catch each other for their private good. Thus young men will grow up without nerve on work; and with just nerve enough to drink; they will be lazy in honesty and industrious in knavery. Men will have too much to do in keeping up courts and jails to have time to build churches, and poor-houses. * * * What juggle, what infernal phantasy has possessed the mind, when public prosperity is sought for amid the ruins of integrity, industry, patriotism and religion. (Beecher.)

OBSERVER.

THE RUM SELLER'S DEMAND.

License me to sow the seeds of poverty and shame all over the community! License me to coin money out of widows' sighs and orphans' tears, and the blood of souls! License me to weave cords of habit about your strong men and lead them captive—bound to the chariot-wheels of Demon Rum! License me to make widows and orphans! License me to write the word "Disgrace" upon the fair foreheads of innocent children! License me to break the hearts of fond fathers and mothers, whose sons I will bring to poverty and shame, and of whose daughters I will make drunkards' wives! License me to take bread from hungry children, and rob them of little shoes for their feet and comfortable clothes from their shivering forms! License me to befog the mind, paralyze the reason, and benumb the conscience of your legislators, and thus corrupt the very foundations of your political life and prosperity. License me to incite red-handed Murder to his work of destruction, and turn thus loose upon society a whole brood of evils that will fill your jails, penetentiaries, poor-houses and asylums! License me to aid in the work of sending one hundred thousand of our American citizens down to drunkard's graves every year. Throw around me the protection of law while I poison the bodies, enfeeble the mind, ruin the souls of my fellow-men!

LARGE AND SMALL MISTAKES.

As a Scotfish minister and an English lawyer were riding together, said the minister to his friend, "Sir, do you ever make mistakes in your pleading?" "I do," says the lawyer. "An' what do ye do wi' mistakes?" was the question. "Why, sir, if large ones, I mend them; if small ones, I let them go." "And, pray, sir, do you ever make mistakes in preaching?" "Ay, sir, I have dune sae." "And what do you do with your mistakes?" "Oh, I dispense with them in the same manner as ye do yoursel'. I rectifee the larrge, an' let go the sma' anes. No lang since, as I was preachin', I meant to observe that the devil was the father o' a' liars, but made a mistake, an' said he was the father o' a' lawyers. But the mistake was so sma' that I let it go."

AUNT BECKY'S ADVICE.

Jediah, put your slippers on
And cease your needless clatter,
I want to have a word with you
About a little matter:

I heard you, on your knees last night,
Ask help to keep from strayin',
And now I want to know if you
Will vote as you've been prayin'?

Jediah, look me in the face;
You know this world's condition,
Yet you have never cast a vote
Right out for Prohibition.

You've prayed as loud as any man,
While with the dew-drops glistin';
Jediah, you must stop sich work,
And do some better votin'!

We women pray for better times,
And work right hard to make 'em;
You men vote whiskey with its crimes,
And we just have to take 'em.

How long, Jediah, must this be?
We work and pray 'gainst evil,
You pray all right, for what I see,
But vote plumb for the devil!

There now, I've said my say, and you
Just save your ammunition,
And vote the way you've always prayed
For total Prohibition.

—*Union Signal.*

SCIENTIFIC.

There is, as Prof. Thompson remarks, no assignable "velocity of electricity," as this must vary with the current and the conductor. Wheatstone, in 1833, seemed, to show a transmission velocity of 183,000 miles a second through copper wire, but in later experiments signals were sent over ordinary telegraph wires on poles, and had a rate of only 14,000 to 16,000 miles. With wires near the earth the velocity was 12,000 miles, but reached 24,000 on very high wires.

A new use has been discovered for the electric light. The body of a boy drowned at Winchenden, Mass., on Tuesday, was found through the use of electric light, a bulb being fastened to a pole submerged, illuminating the water for a considerable distance in the neighborhood. The electric light promises to become an important aid in all manner of submarine operations.

Probably the best lookout point or natural watch tower in the world is Caddo Peak, in Johnson County, Texas. It is a beautiful truncated cone, rising three hundred feet above the level of the surrounding country, and from the top of it on a clear day one can see a distance of four hundred miles up the meandering Brazos River.

A powerful disinfectant, adapted to all purposes, has been obtained in Paris from coal oil. It is a sirupy brown liquid, of not a disagreeable odor, resulting from a peculiar saponification of the oil by caustic soda. It destroys moss and fungus on trees, and sponging with a weak solution keeps flies from horses.

An English chemist has shown that the brittleness of the bones of the aged is not due, as is generally supposed, to an increase of the proportion of mineral salts with advancing years. From a section of the femur of fifty subjects of different ages no difference in the proportion of ash could be determined.

THE RULING PASSION STRONG.

In one of the coast states there lived two men of very dissimilar positions, but whose similar taste in one thing led them to "meet together" on an occasion long remembered by many present. One was an eminent judge, and the other was the French keeper of a sailors' loft. The judge was holding court, and the loft keeper was an important witness in a case before him. The witness was called, but he came not, nor answered. "Where is Sinon?" asked the judge, impatient at the non-appearance of the witness.

"He will not answer, your honor," replied the sheriff.

"Go and find him, and bring him into court!" cried the judge, sternly.

The sheriff went to look for him, and found the Frenchman a deeply interested spectator of a cock-fight then going on in the village. Returning to the court-room, he reported to the judge: "Your honor, Mr. Sinon is looking at a chicken-fight, and says that all the judges in the State can't bring him away."

Immediately a change came over the judge's feelings and expression, and in a mild but earnest and clearly heard voice he asked, "Is it true, sheriff, that the cock fight is now a-going on?"

"It is, your honor," replied the sheriff.

"Well, gentlemen," said the judge, addressing the jury and lawyers, "I very much desire to witness that fight myself. The court is adjourned for half an hour."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

AN OBJECT LESSON.

The young people of a certain church in the West had a chance not long since to give an object lesson and did it well. One of their number who had been long absent from home, soon after her return, made an entertainment for her friends; delightful music was to be expected, and some other enjoyments of a special character. The invitations were sent out for Friday evening; to the lady's disappointment, one, and another and another, politely declined the invitation; they were sorry not to be with her; under other circumstances nothing would give them greater pleasure, but for that evening they had a previous engagement. On being pressed as to what it was, they explained that it was the evening for their regular young people's prayer meeting. Their friend was so astonished at this reply, that she took some trouble to learn whether the young ladies had known of one another's intentions in declining her invitation, and found that each had acted without knowing what the other meant to do. Don't you think she must have decided that in the minds of some people the prayer meeting was an important place, and the engagement to attend it was not to be lightly broken?—*Pansy.*

ODD TEXTS.

Clergymen sometimes select odd texts on which to hang their sermons. Here are two which were chosen by a divine who recently died at Wellingborough: "And he took from the lion's mouth two legs and the part of an ear;" "Four and twenty knives and a fork." But still more curious is one that was chosen by a clergyman in the days of chignons: "Top-not come down." On some of his congregation waiting upon him to ask in what part of the Bible he had found it, he referred them to Mathew xxiv. 17. Let him which is on the housetop come down." When Dublin Cathedral was reopened after restoration at the expense of a Mr Wise, the Archbishop took for his text, "Go thou and do like Wise." Not to be outdone, a clergyman in his diocese, when opening a church built by a brewer, said that his text was to be found, He brews x x.—*English paper.*