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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Advertisements without specific directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transitory advertisements must be paid in advance.

Changes for quarterly advertisements must be in the office by 9 a.m. on Tuesday, 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 the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence—At the late residence of Frederick Hunt, Acton.

JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto—Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Office:—In Henry Rose's boot and shoe store.—Best of references in the trade. Horses examined as to soundness and certificates given. All calls, night or day promptly attended to. Terms cash.

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, &c. Money to Loan. Office: Date-Trees Joy and Saturday, Over Mingie's Store Block, - Acton, Ontario

SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD, Barristers, Solicitors, &c., TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN. Offices:—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and 65 Fleet street east, Toronto. C. R. ALLAN. J. SHILTON, B.A. J. BAIRD, B.A.

BADGEROW, CARSON & CO., BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS & NOTARIES, Court Chambers, Cor. Church and Adelaide Sts., Toronto, Canada. Telephone No. 1376. Cable Address: Badgerow, Toronto. A. W. BADGEROW, JOHN CARSON, B.C.L. CO. CROWN ATTORNEY.

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS HENRY GEIST, 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. Charges moderate. Also agent for the sale of Sewing Machines. Terms cash.

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

FRANCIS NUNAN, (Successor to T. F. Chapman) UNDERTAKER, St. George's Square, - Guelph, Ontario. Account Books of all kinds made to order and ruled to any pattern, neatly bound. Binding in all its branches promptly done.

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP, Mill Street, Acton. In connection, a stylish bath-room, a comfortable room for ladies' hair cutting, always open. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair cut.

J. & H. WORDEN, Toronto Street, Acton.

DEEP Sea Wonders exist in these days of steam, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of medicine will find, before they leave home, that Burdock Blood Bitters & Co., Purchase, Motion, and receive free full information of their wonderful cures, can come from 9 to 10 per day as happens wherever they live. You are entitled to. Capital not required. Some have made over $5 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

Guelph Business College. 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 filling situations of trust and responsibility, a 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 full lines of Pine and Hemlock as well as Cedar Rails, Lumber, Lath, 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.

Farm Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of property, on the Premium Note System.

F. W. Stone, President. Gnas. Davideon, 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, Hoading, Shingles, Wash Tubs, Churns, Butter Tubs, Pork Barrels, Wood, Flour & Feed,

and anything 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 in debt 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 Roller and Saw in good condition, Gobble & Mc-Culloch 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 Hop of Canby granite quarries and having purchased the entire stock of gray and red granite monuments, headstones, crosses, ornaments, 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, only 7 ft. $75.00, 8 ft. $90.00, 9 ft. $105.00. All work, and material warranted for ten years. Parties wanting anything in the line, will do well to call and see us before purchasing elsewhere, as we guarantee our prices here from 20 to 30 per cent. below all other dealers.

LIVERY.

J. & H. WORDEN

HAVING purchased the stock of the livery business formerly carried on by Mr. W. Hall, we are now prepared to supply the public with the utmost satisfaction at reasonable rates.

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 boats 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. Planing, ball lining.

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. Rain or shine the more go, whether she has legs or no.

THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

WEAVING.

MR. T. MITCHELL

Desires to inform the people of Acton and surroundings that he is prepared to take orders for weaving all kinds of Fancy Rag Carpets, Flannel Sheeting, Shirting and Dress Goods, striped or plaid, twilled 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 1887; in United States, 1887.)

The finest perfect washer and wringer in the world. It takes the lead wherever introduced. Competition defied. Also of a child's size for exhibition by any other washing machine ever invented on earth. Twenty thousand machines now in use. Every machine guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Machine with wringer $15, without wringer, $8.

Correspondents solicited. Send for circular.

DAVID SHULTIS, ROCKWOOD P. O.

General agent for the Township 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 5 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.

THE MERCHANTS'

Protective and Collecting

ASSOCIATION OF CANADA.

Head Office,—Hamilton, Ontario.

Is an Association of business and professional men, having for its object the

Collection of Debts:

and to put upon the defaulter the responsibility of making bad debts, by furnishing them with lists of parties who refuse to pay their accounts when able to do so. The Association is not a collecting agency, but each member is prepared to collect his own claims, and the Association will furnish the most reliable information as to the standing of debtors. Circulars and full particulars may be had on application to the Secretary, or to any of the Managers, as follows: Hamilton, will receive applications from Hamilton and vicinity; Toronto, from Toronto and vicinity; Montreal, from Montreal and vicinity, &c., &c.

J. B. Mills & Co., Managers

McNab & Co.,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

Have secured the services of the business of that well-known stand,

THE EAST END TAILOR SHOP

and will continue the business with a desire to please and satisfy all customers both as to quality, style and prices of goods.

A fair share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.

M'NAB & CO.

H. G. STONE,

GEORGETOWN,

INTERIOR DECORATOR

—AND—

PAINTER.

House, Sign and Ornamental Painting in the Latest Styles.

LESSONS IN OIL PAINTING.

Classes Wednesday Evenings, Thursday and Saturday Afternoons.

Orders left at Free Press Office, Acton, or addressed to Box 16, Georgetown, will receive prompt attention.

H. G. STONE.

JUST ARRIVED.

A Large quantity of the purest

HELLEBORE

and the Finest Quality of

Paris Green.

Also a fine assortment of Scotch and English Turnip Seeds

—AT—

McGARVIN'S

Drug and Bookstore.

ACTON, ONTARIO.

Poetry.

THE BABY.

BY A. D. WALKER.

It tells the story—that high chair,—
Yes, oh, yes, we've a baby here!
A little that crows, and laughs, and cries,
And looks about with wondering eyes:

Sweeter far than a budding rose,
Peep! pure and white and fat, pink toes,
Dimples, smiles and a gleeful laugh;
Half of earth and of heaven half.

Baby the tyrant sweet and fair,
Has toothless mouth, and scanty hair;
But all the household does he sway,—
We never could dare to disobey:

He waves his tiny dimpled hand,
And we, his vassals, waiting stand;
He rules the hearts, both grave and wise,
All hearts are melted by his cries.

His power we own, he does abuse,
His wish he often will refuse;
We mask his kisses, or his tears,
His candies and pastile, coos and such.

But then we own the tyrant's pow'r,
And love him more from hour to hour;
His pranks we cannot cease to sing;
God bless the little darling thing!

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Select Family Reading.

Two Girls.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Nora Rod sat in a very showy and well-fitting attire on a bench in Mr. Binny's Intelligence Office; little Peggy Bird sat near her, sobbing. The kerchief with which she wiped her tears was of Irish linen, but coarse as sacking, and her big blanket shawl was fastened with a black-headed pin. On her head was a green bonnet, with red roses. On her hands no gloves. On her feet thick, heavy "old country" shoes.

"So you want a place, do you? What sort?" asked Nora. "You hadn't much of one, had you?"

"Oh," said Peggy, "an illigant one. She took me from the Castle Garden, an' I've been with her iver since. An' she was that kind I'll never forget it; but the baby is dead. Well one night, and took with croup and gone before morning. Och! I'll break my heart over it—the purthy crayther."

"It's a pity, but so many babies die," said Nora. "It really oughtn't to set you off like that. It was none of yours."

"Oh! but it was pretty; and it knew me well," sobbed poor Peggy, choking. "'Peg! Peg! it would say—the darlin'. Oh! I never will forget its little face!" and Peggy cramped up her tears with her stout linen handkerchief.

"Oh! don't cry," said Nora, impatiently. "But that's the way with you green ones: you're always crying. You'll get a better place. There are finer homes in New York city than you've ever been in, and where they have men servants and all. Your lady only lived in a bit of a flat, where they don't have an elevator. Good enough, no doubt, for a greenhorn, but look higher next time;" and Nora tossed her new bonnet. "For my part, I'm not going much west or east of Fifth Avenue," she added. "I just told Mrs. Smithers so. She wanted me to go to the grocery on an errand. 'No, ma'am,' says I; 'I'm nurse-maid, not errand-girl.'"

"It wasn't obliging of you," said Peggy.

"Oh!" said Nora, with a laugh, "it doesn't pay to be obliging. You'll find that out very soon."

"When I did anything extra for my lady she'd smile as pleasant," said Peggy, "an' say, 'Thank you, Peggy,' and that paid me. I'd have staid with her to do any sort of work; but she didn't kape house any more. She's goin' to travel for her health. Oh, oh!"

Poor Peggy's nose was red, and her bonnet all on one side, and her coarse handkerchief soaked through and through. And Nora thought to herself what a very ungented figure the girl made, and how much more elegant she looked, smiling and bright and independent as she was.

Meanwhile an old lady in a plain merino dress and fur cloak, with an old-fashioned grandmother's bonnet tied under her chin, had stepped into the office and lingered a moment near the spot where the girls were talking; then took her place on the carpeted half of the office devoted to employers.

In a moment the proprietor of the place was at her side.

"Well, madam, what can I do for you?" he said.

"I want a maid," said the old lady. "That nice, good-natured Amelia is married, and gone to California. Now, let me look about, Mr. Binny, and tell you who to bring me. There! The rosy little girl in the corner, with the green bonnet and plaid shawl, who has been crying."

"Peggy Bird," said Mr. Binby. "Well. Mrs. Rush, I *don't* think she'd suit you. Indeed, I do not. No, indeed. She's a greenhorn, and has had only one very plain place to mind a baby. Now Nora Rod, that pretty girl, she can form her hand to anything, speaks well, looks nice, if you want her about you. *I* recommend Nora Rod."

"Send her here," said the old lady.

Mr. Binny beckoned.

Nora advanced, bridling. She did not like the old-fashioned bonnet. She noticed the old lady had not a bit of jewelry about her, and wore Jersey gloves, not kid. She made but a half civil courtesy, and instantly sat down without being asked to do so, and did not leave it to her employer to begin the conversation, as is usual.

"Well, ma'am," she said pertly, "what kind of a girl do you want?"

"A *good* one," said the old lady, putting on her glasses.

"And for what work?" asked Nora.

"Anything I tell her to do," said the old lady.

"Oh, general housework," said Nora, scornfully.

"Well, I don't call it that," said the old lady, "but if I say do this, the girl is to do it if she knows how."

"Oh! indeed!" said Nora, tossing her head.

"And if she doesn't know how, she's to ask how it is done," said the old lady. "In fact, what I want is an obliging person about me."

"How many other servants?" asked Nora.

"None," said the old lady.

"No dear?" said Nora, "all the washing, &c.?"

"There is no washing," said the old lady —"nothing to speak of."

"I suppose you wear red flannel," said Nora, haughtily, "and use table oil cloth—a thing I can't endure. I might as well tell you plainly I'm looking for a stylish place, with plenty of company in the kitchen, and my duties just this or that, not *anything I'm told.*"

She arose with a stately air, and swept back to her place.

Mrs. Rush nodded to Mr. Binny.

"The girl with the green bonnet," she said.

"I thought you would like Nora," said Mr. Binny. "Indeed, Mrs. Rush, if you'd try her I think you would."

"She doesn't wish to come. She wants more style," said Mrs. Rush.

Mr. Binny bowed and rubbed his hands, and looked polite and astonished, and called Peggy.

Peggy stood before Mrs. Rush with her sweet, little flushed face redder than ever in her confusion.

"Sit down, child," said Mrs. Rush.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Peggy, taking the edge of the chair.

"I want a girl to wait on me," said Mrs. Rush—"to do just what I say. I never give orders that are too hard to be carried out; but it is exactly what I mean. If you come with me you must just mind me and do as you are bid."

"I'll be glad, ma'am," said Peggy; "but I'm very green. Maybe I wouldn't suit at all, at all."

"Of course I shall teach you to do everything my way," said Mrs. Rush. "I like to teach a young thing my ways. Let me look at your hands, child. Yes, they are capable hands. You can learn; I know that by your eyes. Mr. Binny, I shall engage this young girl."

Mr. Binny pocketed the cash offered, made out the receipt, gave Peggy the address of the old lady, and bowed the latter out and into a little cab that stood at the door.

"Have you hired with her?" asked Nora, as Peggy returned.

"I have," said Peggy.

"Well, child, you'll leave before the week is up," said Nora. "You'll have a time of it. No fun—no company. Poor living! Hard work. See if you don't. There's no style about that lady."

"Sure, I'm not used to style wid me mother at home," said Peggy; "and I want the wages, an' the lady looks kind."

"It's very easy looking *kind*," said Nora. "Give me style and a footman in the house."

The lady with whom Nora engaged had dyed her hair golden and was all ablaze with diamonds. She wanted "a chamber-maid," and told Nora "her appearance pleased her, and she must always dress well." And Nora went home rather sorry for poor, foolish little Peggy, by that time beginning to drudge at the old lady's.

You ought to have done better for little Peggy," she said to Mr. Binny.

"Why, you idiot," said that gentleman, who was not always entirely amiable, "you don't know what you are talking of. I don't think Mrs. Rush will keep poor, green Peggy; but if she *does*, the girl may say hallelujah."

"Oh, p-haw!" sneered Nora, and went her way.

Ten years passed by. The Intelligence Office stood in the same place; the same crowd of employers sat on one side of the great room, the same crowd of employees on the other.

Amongst them sat Nora. She was not so well dressed as before, and her contemptuous expression spoiled her face. Now that the first bloom of youth was gone, she was not attractive as she had been.

Amongst the employers sat a comfortable, rosy-looking young woman, to whom Mr. Binny advanced politely.

He was not altered, except that his whiskers were gray now, and he wore eye-glasses.

"A nurse for baby, Mr. Binny," said the lady, with a slight but pretty Irish accent. "That's what I want now. It takes two to take care of him."

"There's a girl here, Mrs. Hough, that would, perhaps, be glad of the place. She's chambermaid, but she's had hard times. She got married, and the man turned out badly, and she's been—well, a little upsetting, you know; but she's tidy and nice."

"Let me see her," said the lady.

Mr. Binny nodded to Nora who advanced. She looked at the lady. The lady looked at her.

"Oh!" said Nora; "it's you, Peggy."

"Oh!" said the lady, pleasantly. "Why it's Nora!"

"Yes, it is," said Nora sharply; "and, Mr. Binny, I'm astonished you'd ask me to hire with one that has been a fellow-servant of my own. I want to live with real ladies—none of your set-ups. Put a beggar on horse-back, indeed! No, thank you."

"Go out of the place," said Mr. Binny, with repressed fury.

"No, no," said the lady, mildly. "No, Mr. Binny. Maybe it is a natural feeling. I ask it as a favor to say nothing to her. I never concealed from any one that I once lived out. It was honest work. No one should blush for that."

She called a young girl near by to her, engaged her, and left the office.

"Well," said Mr. Binby, to the other ladies who were wonderingly looking on, "there goes a lady that has had great good luck in her life. You know Mrs. Rush—she was very rich, and had not a relation in the world; she outlived them all. She lived at a hotel in her last days, and kept a maid to wait on her. She had one ten years. Then the girl married, and she came to me for another. She engaged that lady you saw just now. She was then what we call a greenhorn—young and poor; I never fancied she'd do, but Mrs. Rush took her in hand, and you see what she looks like now. Well, when the old lady died, she left a great deal to charities and all that, but she left two hundred thousand dollars to 'her faithful maid and dear friend, Peggy Bird.' That's what she will said; and the girl put herself to boarding school at once, and is quite an accomplished person, I'm told. She's married now—a very gentlemanly young doctor—and they're very happy. It's a case of great good luck."

Nora, not far off, heard and sighed.

"Mine's all bad," she thought. "If I had gone with the old lady she might have done the same by me."

But at the same time she glanced contemptuously at a plainly dressed lady who entered, and thought to herself: "I wouldn't hire with any one that dresses like that, I'm sure."

Nora had, though she did not know it, only her wrong views of life, and her contempt for everything but show and glitter, to thank for her ill luck.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

I have heard of men who know more than they could tell, but I never have met one. If a man has a genuine idea, he can make himself understood.—*Uncle Eck, in "The Century."*

WIT AND HUMOR.

You may travel a good ways on whiskey, and travel fast while you are going, but you can't get back when you want to.—*Uncle Jack.*

I have never seen an idea too big for a sentence, but I have read thousands of sentences too big for an idea.—*Uncle Eck.*

Old Thomas Carlyle said one evening at Chelsea that his wife "had read through Browning's poem of 'Sordello' without being able to make out whether Sordello was a man, or a city, or a book."

Little Stuart had spent his first day at school.

"What did you learn?" was his aunt's question.

"Didn't learn any thing."

"Well, what did you do?"

"Didn't do any thing. There was a woman wanting to know how to spell 'cat,' and I told her."—*Alton Telegraph.*

"I don't see why pennies were invented," said a New York banker, who had received a few in change. "O, that's easily accounted for," remarked a friend from an adjacent city. "Pennies were invented in order to enable New York millionaires to contribute toward the erection of public monuments."

Western man: "O, you folks are too slow. Why don't you build up towns the way we do?" Eastern man: "Our towns are growing." W. M.: "You don't rush them enough. You ought to start dozens of new enterprises every day." E. M.: "Such things take capital, and we are poor." W. M.: "Why, what keeps you poor?" E. M.: "Sending money to our enterprising relatives who have gone West."—*Tid Bits.*

Wife (pleadingly)—I'm afraid, George, you do not love me as well as you used to do. Husband—Why? W.—Because you always let me get up to light the fire. H.—Nonsense, my love! Your getting up to light the fire makes me love you all the more.

"Your town seems to be very quiet," said a traveler. "Yes," replied the Dakota man, "she's lying low for a rise. We're all primed for a boom, but we can't agree whether to work it on natural gas, a new wheat belt, or platinum mines; but when we've decided just how to cut the face, she'll go off like a bomb."

An exchange pertinently remarks: An editor works 365 days in a year to publish 52 papers—that's labor. Subscribers drop in occasionally and pay their subscriptions—that's capital. Now and then some dead beat takes the paper two or three years and does not pay for it—that's anarchy.

"Yes," said Hendricks to the minister, "I am proud of that dog. Why, he knows the different days of the week." Just then the dog began to run to a gun which stood in the corner, then back to his master, and wag his tail. "He's made a mistake this time, pa," said young Bobby. "He thinks it's Sunday."

The following "poetry" appears in a Baltimore paper, under the notice of the death of a father, born in Ireland, aged fifty-four:

"He heard the angels calling him
From the cold tidal shore;
He dropped his wings and away he went
To make one angel more."

BY HIS SON.

The battle of Pine Mountain took place June 14th, 1860. Near the battlefield, on a rude slab, was carved this tribute:

"Here lies William More,
I say no more;
I received the golden shore
June 14, '60."

Bobby: "Ma, you don't want me to play with wicked boys; do you?" Mother: "No, indeed, Bobby." Bobby: "Well, if one little boy kicks another little boy, isn't it wicked for him to kick him back?" Mother: "Yes, Bobby, very wicked." Bobby: "Then I don't play with Tommy White any more. He's too wicked. I kicked him, this morning, and he kicked me back."

A descriptive writer thus concludes an affecting obituary in a Sussex county, N.J., paper:

"To all his friends he bid adieu,
A more excellent death one never knew,
As he was leading his horse to drink,
She kicked and killed him quicker than a wink."

This appeared in the Washington *Star* exactly as follows:

"Farewell dear little Robert Allen,
Gone to meet his dear departed pa:
In yonder lovely world up higher,
Where, by the golden throne of blazing fire,
He waits for his little brothers and his sisters
and His Ma."

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

PNEUMONIA EXPLAINED.—It is generally supposed that pneumonia is due to the accidental penetration of specific microbes into the system, but the observations of M. Jaccound, a French student of the subject, show that the disease really results from the development under favorable conditions of microbic germs permanently present in the system. A chief condition of such development is a sudden chill, which explains the frequent coincidence of lung affections with abrupt changes of temperature.

A DEVELOPING ART.—Probably no application of science is advancing more rapidly than photography. Among recent appliances are a detective camera in the form of a watch, with a charm to hold a supply of miniature dry-plates, and a telescopic camera in which distant objects are brought near by telescopic aid and photographed. Modern dry-plates have made the camera quite available at night, and exquisite pictures are now taken by moonlight and even by starlight.

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.

Just think of it—you can relieve the twinges of Rheumatism, or the most painful attack of neuralgia—you can check a cough, or heal bruised or broken skin, with a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, costing only 25 cents.

CAN'T AFFORD IT.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

"Here, Dan, is something that may interest you," said Farmer Brown, as he handed the lad a milky letter.

"The postman missed his mark there, sure," said Dan, glancing at the untouched stamp.

"That will send a letter to your mother, Dan, and not make you any poorer either," answered the farmer.

"I dare say it will," responded the lad, as he proceeded to moisten it at the mouth of the steaming tea-kettle.

"And you can have the two cents, you thus save for marbles," suggested Mr. Brown, thoughtlessly.

"That would be cheating," whispered Dan's conscience. "The stamp has already done its duty in carrying the letter."

"It will carry another. It is not marked," argued Dan.

"But you know it was a mistake," urged the monitor within.

"That was the postmaster's fault, and not mine," was Dan's inward reply. "It is a very small thing and the Government will not miss it, no, not even know it."

"Will you not know it, and can you afford to be dishonest for so small an amount?" the small voice whispered.

Dan trembled, for it seemed that some one had spoken the words right in his ear. Flinging the stamp he had loosened into the fire, he exclaimed, "No! I cannot afford to sell myself so cheap."

"What's wrong?" asked the farmer, glancing up from his paper. "Lose the stamp after all your trouble?"

"Worse than that," replied the boy sheepishly.

"What, burned your fingers with the steam?" questioned his employer.

"No," said Dan, determinedly; I sold my honor, or came near doing so."

"What do you mean, boy? The stamp is all right. It would never have been found out."

"But I knew it all the time, and two cents is a small amount to get for your own self-respect you see—"

"Besides what?" queried the man.

"God knows about it, and he looks upon the heart," answered Dan.

"It's a mighty small thing to worry over, I am sure," replied Mr. Brown. "The Post-office Department would not have been much the poorer, I assure you."

"It would have been I who would have been poorer. Had I sold my honor for two cents, I should have made the worst bargain I ever did."

And so Dan gained a victory, and he was never sorry that he had obeyed the voice of conscience.—*S. S. Times.*

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

One of our Bishops when pastor at Stamford, Conn., asked a little boy inflicted with an impediment of speech how he would like to be a preacher; the little fellow replied:

"I-I-would-I-I-I like the-p-p-pounding and the b-b-hollering, b-b-but the s-speaking would b-b-b-b-bother m-me!"

Some irreverent Americans recently sang "Here's a How D'ye Do" before the great bronze image of Buddha at Kamakura, Japan. The natives thought it was a sacred hymn in praise of Buddha, and they imagined that the image showed distinct signs of pleasure. The image would feel differently about it if it should hear the song played on a hand-organ for about a hundred consecutive days.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A little boy was told that the Rev. Mr. Goforth, the missionary to China, would be the only Christian minister in charge of a district having as many people as are in the whole of Canada.

"My," he said, "won't he have to holler."—*Toronto Globe.*

DISCIPLINE.

The Church is in imminent danger of becoming corrupt for lack of discipline. In many places pastors hold too loose a rein. Let us see to it that the Church is made and kept pure, and then she will have power and influence. Where grave rumors are in circulation against ministers and members, to cover up such rumors or to treat them with silent contempt will only make matters worse. If we are slandered, let us face our accusers and push the slanderers to the wall. Innocence never dreads investigation; it invites it. The more you rub a silver dollar the more it shines. "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion." *En juste* adjustment and vindications satisfy nobody. Let the traducers know that they will be held to responsibility and required to prove their charges and they will be more cautious in the future. Our neighbor of the New York *Advocate* says "Greater strictness of moral discipline is the demand of the times. When an official board consists of good men it is easy to enforce the discipline."—*S. C. Advocate.*

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.

QUEER COMPROMISE.

A peculiar agreement between an Oxford farmer and his wife was revealed at a private examination at the Court house to-day. The man wanted to execute a mortgage to the Huron and Erie Loan Society, but the wife declined to sign it. Finally the matter was compromised by the wife signing the mortgage and the husband signing an agreement that in case he got drunk or absented himself from home twenty-four hours at a stretch while the mortgage was in force, the farm was to become the sole property of his better half.

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator deranges worms, and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs twenty-five cents to try it and be convinced.

A HOLIDAY HINT.

I.

The Holidays are coming,
Soon business will be humming,
And all the trade that's possible
Each merchant wants to catch:
Yet it is only knew it,
There's but one way to do it,
And that's by advertising in
One paper—THE FREE PRESS.

II.

Our merchants now are active
In making most attractive
The windows with materials
Which no one else can match;
All this is pretty, very
And all that's necessary
To clinch the things to advertise
Each week in THE FREE PRESS.

III.

Each father and each mother,
Each sister and each brother,
The dollars now are raining up
By every hook and tetrach;
Let all who have a yearning
An itching and a burning
To get those dollars, advertise
Right now in THE FREE PRESS.

DON'T! DON'T! DON'T!

A Quaint Charge to a Pastor at an Installation Service.

Detroit has a beautiful new $27,000 Presbyterian church on Trumbull avenue, and a few weeks ago the new pastor, Rev. Robert J. Service, was installed. Rev. Dr. Kellogg preached the installation sermon and Rev. Wallace Radcliffe delivered the charge to the pastor. It was the very pith of originality. Frequent rustling in the congregation, a way congregations have of expressing themselves when they can't speak, and occasional moderate laughter, showed that the charge was appreciated. It was from the standpoint of "Don'ts," and was as follows:—

IN YOUR HOME.

Don't surrender your selfhsm to anyone but God.

Don't let the congregation tell you how you shall spend your money, where you shall find your companions, what time you shall get up in the morning, whom you shall vote for, or how much you shall pay for your washing.

Don't put yourself into the hands of your friends.

IN THE PULPIT.

Don't preach a mutilated Bible nor a homeopathic dilution of the Westminster confession.

Don't study without prayer.

Don't pray without study.

Don't feed people with unbaked dough.

Don't tell all you know in one sermon.

Don't put the hay too high in the racks.

Don't offer them sentimental concoctions or intellectual shavings.

Don't mistake philosophy for Christianity; cant for piety; noise for zeal; or crowds for success.

Don't run a Presbyterian pulpit for any presbyterian doctrine.

Don't be so broad that you can float nothing but intellectual chips on your shallow stream.

Don't wear blue spectacles all the time, nor own a pair and always have them in the pulpit with you.

Don't scold.

Don't wear the cap and bells.

Don't mistake length for profundity, or brevity for wit.

Don't lash the back of the sinner instead of the back of his sin.

Don't offer to other people manna which you have not tasted yourself.

Don't imagine your sermon to be revelation, or anything but the text to have "Thus saith the Lord" written across it.

Don't let your harp have only one string.

Don't be a vender of nostrums.

Don't try to make bricks without straw.

Don't be anybody but yourself.

IN THE CONGREGATION.

Don't forget that you belong, first to Christ, second to the Presbyterian church, and third; to this congregation.

Don't be a sectarian.

Don't be afraid to be a denominationalist.

Don't let any religious hobby ride you, but don't be afraid to ride any religious hobby, if you have one.

Don't live in the third century.

Don't live in the twentieth century.

Don't live in the clouds.

Don't follow everybody's advice.

Don't be afraid of any man.

Don't be afraid of the devil.

Don't be afraid of yourself.

Don't depend too much upon the Gospel of shoe leather.

Don't become a peripatetic gossip or a persistent tea-drinker, nor on the other hand a solemn clam.

Don't hold yourself too cheap.

Don't try to do anybody's duty but your own.

Don't let a few—and especially the same few—do the work of the many.

Don't spare the people's pocket, for therein lies their hearts.

Don't be too confiding.

Don't despair.

Don't expect the sun to shine through all the 24 hours of the day.

Don't expect that all your geese will be swans, or all your believers saints.

Don't expect Rome to be built in a day, or the Lord to be in as big a hurry as you are.

Don't mistake Detroit for Red Wing.

Don't spread your congregation over every scheme that is presented, lest it suddenly grow thin and vanish.

Don't restrain too much; it is well often that steam escape.

Don't let the young people run away with you, nor the baldheaded put too many brakes on.

Don't drive, but lead.

Don't ask any to work harder than you do yourself.

Don't be disappointed when hay crops do not come in a day and cats do not spring up like Jonah's gourd.

Don't see everything that is wrong in the congregation.

Don't hear everything that is said in the congregation.

Don't carry all your ecclesiastical eggs in one basket.

Don't despise the rich or dislike the poor, nor esteem yourself wiser than your brethren.

Don't feel yourself responsible for the universe nor try to spread yourself over creation.

Don't be an evangelist without a message, a preacher without doctrine, a pastor without devotion, a presbyter without responsibility, or a bishop without episcopalness and you will not be a servant without reward.

Don't fail to appreciate your predecessor.

Don't fail to prepare for your successor.