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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THREE MONTHS.....25 CTS

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1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

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Changes for contract 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. D., M. C. P. S., a Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence:—At the head of Frederick street Acton.

JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto—Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Office:—In Kenny Bros. boot and shoe store,—residence in the rear. Horses examined as to soundness and certificates given. All calls, night or day promptly attended to. Terms 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. L. MOWAT,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC. Money to Loan.
OFFICE DAYS—Tuesday and Saturday.
OFFICE:—Matthews' Block, Acton, up-stairs

SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,
TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN.
Offices:—Crookman's Block, Georgetown, and 50 King street east, Toronto.
W. T. 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. 1278. Cable Address: Badgerow.
G. W. BADGEROW, JOHN CARSON, B.C.L., CO. CROWN ATTORNEY.

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS
HENRY GHIST, OTTAWA, CANADA.
Twenty Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

WM. HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

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

FRANCIS NUNAN
(Successor to T. F. Chapman)
BOOKBINDER,
64, George's Square, Guelph, Ontario.
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
MILL STREET, ACTON.
An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good scalp-rub by entertaining shampoo, always civil. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.
J. & H. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artists.

DEEP Sea Wonders exist in those seeks of farms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send for address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex of all ages can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

Guelph Business College.
GUELPH, ONTARIO.
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 monetary value of the course of study. The fourth annual circular giving full information will be mailed free. Address
M. MacCORMICK, Principal
6-1y

Lumber, Shingles, AND LATH.

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

Coal & Wood.

Having purchased the Coal business of Mr. C. 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.
Dwellings, Mill Risks, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of property, on the Premium Note system.
F. W. Stone, President. Chas. Davidson, Secretary.
JOHN TAYLOR Agent.

R. & J. HOLMES,
BUTCHERS,
Main Street, - Acton,
Have much pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Acton, that they have erected and opened a new butcher shop on Main Street, and are prepared to conduct a straightforward butchering business.
Having had large experience in the business we can guarantee all customers who favor us with their patronage, perfect satisfaction.
All kinds of meat, fresh and good, and poultry, fish, &c., in season, will be found in stock.
We respectfully solicit your esteemed patronage.
R. & J. HOLMES

Acton Banking Company,
STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO.,
—BANKERS.—
Acton, Ontario.
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES.
Notes Discounted and Interest Allowed on Deposits.

For Sale Cheap.

THE undersigned is prepared to furnish on the shortest notice, in any quantity and at bottom prices, first-class
Cedar Rails and Fence Posts, Staves, Heading, Shingles, Wash Tubs, Churns, Butter Tubs, Pork Barrels, Wood, Flour & Feed,
and anything in these lines.
The puzzle is to find a better place than
THOMAS C. MOORE'S
to buy anything in the above lines, also to find out if you are indebted to him for anything purchased from him. His books say some are and he would like the money.
MACHINERY.
A Stave Jointer nearly new, and a Shingle Bolter and saw in good condition, Geddie & McCulloch make, for sale low for cash.
THOS. C. MOORE, Acton, Ont.

PICTURE FRAMES
—AT—
WATERS BROTHERS.

PICTURES
—AT—
WATERS BROTHERS,
Cornice Poles, Banner Rods, Mouldings, Cords, Nails, Glass, Bevelled Mirrors,
ARTIST'S MATERIALS
Winsor & Newtons'
—AT—
WATERS BROTHERS,
25 WYNDHAM STREET GUELPH

Wellington Marble Works.
QUEBEC ST., GUELPH.
Hamilton & Clark,
PROPRIETORS.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Marble, Granite and everything pertaining to Cemetery work. Direct importers of all kinds of Granite and Marble.
Having lately visited the city of Finely 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, ft. high, $50, 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 20 to 30 per cent. below all other dealers.

LIVERY.
J. & H. WORDEN
HAVING purchased the livery business lately carried on by Mr. W. E. Smith, would solicit the patronage of the public, and will do their utmost to please all customers.
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs Can Always be Secured.
First Class Outfit for Commercial Travellers at Special Rates.
A comfortable bus meets all day trains and night also if ordered. Give us a call.
J. & H. WORDEN.

HELLO!
Pause and Consider
That it will be to your own interest to patronize home trade. We would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Acton and surrounding country that we are again in full running order, and in a better position than before the fire to fill all orders entrusted to us. To parties building,
Lumber will be Dressed
while you wait, and Mouldings, &c., made with neatness and despatch.
N. B.—We are also prepared to fill all orders for
PUMPS
on short notice and from long experience in the business we feel confident that we can give satisfaction every time. So come on with your orders and help to roll the ball along. Money makes the mare go, whether she has legs or no.
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

WEAVING.
MR. T. MITCHELL
Desires to inform the people of Acton and surroundings that he is prepared to take orders for weaving all kinds of Fancy Rag Carpets, Flannel Sheeting, Shirting and Dress Goods, striped or plaid, 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 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.

THE MERCHANTS'
Protective and Collecting
ASSOCIATION OF CANADA.
Head Office,—Hamilton, Ontario.
(Established 1884)
Is an Association of business and professional men, having for its object the
Collection of Debts;
And to prevent its members from making bad debts by furnishing them with lists of parties who do not pay. Merchants and others having accounts to collect will find it to their advantage to become members—as hundreds of accounts are being collected through it that could not be collected in any other way. Many an account that has been aged and then returned by the bailiff as no good, after putting the merchant to great expense, has been collected through this association. Merchants wishing to become members, by remitting $1010 to our Managers, at Hamilton, will receive by return mail full particulars, certificate of membership, etc. Testimonials sent.
J. B. Mills & Co., Managers

McNab & Co.,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
Have assumed possession 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.

W. BARBER & BROS.
PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
—AND—
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.
The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.
WM. BARBER & BROS.

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.

NOT AS I WILL.

Blindfolded and alone I stand,
With unknown threshold on each hand:
The darkness deepens as I grope—
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid
By some great law unseen, and still
Unfathomed purpose fulfill,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait;
Less seems too little, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
That I am glad the good and still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will!" the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat;
"Not as I will," the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like a hushed voice to calm and bless
All unrest and loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and last has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all his love fulfill—
"Not as we will."

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Select Family Reading.

Put It Down on The Bill.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

"I think," said my husband to me one morning, "you had better call to-day on Dr. Fleming and his young wife. I met him on the Trongate last week, and he said they were quite settled now."

I felt no reluctance to call upon Mrs. Agnes Fleming. I was still in the first year of my wifehood, and was rather vain of my metropolitan toilet. It was scarcely likely the belle of a little Scotch village would get the better of me in this respect, and I was not insensible to the advantage of a pleasant neighbor, especially as I was left very much alone.

So, arrayed in my best silk walking suit, I called that afternoon upon the bride. I liked her. Not even the fact that she were a richer silk than my own was able to make me indifferent to her pleasant, sunny manners and pretty face. I told Archibald that night that "I was sure we would become very dear friends."

He smiled in his provokingly incredulous way and said:

"Women, dear friends!" What nonsense Edith! David and Jonathan have no sisters."

I never argued with Archibald; because, like other men, he did not know when he was convinced; so I answered:

"Well, dear, we shall see," and made some mental resolves, whose results I thought he would be compelled to acknowledge. Then I said:

"She is an Ayrshire beauty, is she not?"

"Yes, from the little town of Glensherrie."

"Father rich?"

"Will be, if his family will give him half a chance."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. Twenty years ago he was just a west country laird, owning his old stone farm-house, a few cottages in the village, and a good many acres of what people thought rather poor land. But the land turned out to be one great coal seam, and he got some capital to work it, and iron works have been built there, and he ought to be making money, but—"

"What?"

"He has a foolish little wife—a poor woman catch up with the one consuming idea of being fashionable."

"But what has she to do with the coal pits? Her husband manages them, I suppose?"

"Edith, every husband has got to ask his wife's permission to be rich. If he brings in at the door, and she throws out by every window, it is very discouraging, to say the least."

"I hope your pretty Mrs. Fleming will not follow her mother's example."

"I hope not for many reasons. James Fleming is a man who would bitterly and angrily resent anything he thought wasteful and dishonorable."

"Dishonorable?"

"Yes, he would call debt dishonor. When we were at college together, he suffered rather than borrow or run an account. 'I will borrow of my back or my stomach,' he once said to a chum who offered to lend him a five-pound note; "they'll never dun me about it.' If you get a chance, I would say a word to his wife. Women know how to give hints, and say unpleasant things in a flattering way."

"Thank you, Archibald; I do as I would be done by, and I should not thank any one to give me hints about your peculiarities."

Nevertheless I watched with some anxiety my new acquaintance. I saw that she kept an excellent table; that she had a carriage when she went shopping, and a very constant change of toilets; but I had no right to suppose that she could not afford them, especially as I had heard her say that her father, in "flush times," often gave her a great deal of money.

One rainy day I wanted some wools and silk to finish a screen I was working; and comfortably equipped to face the weather, I was just leaving the house to go after what I needed.

There was a carriage at Dr. Fleming's door, and Agnes was just about to enter it. She hailed me with delight:

"O, how glad I am! Get in beside me. Where are you going?"

"To Buchanan street to match some wools."

"And I am going to Campbell's to turn over some of his pretty things. It is a nice way to pass a few hours, such stupid weather as this is."

So Agnes went with me to get my wools, and I went with her to Campbell's. She turned over plenty of pretty things, and selected quite a handsome lot of flowers, a rich lace set, some kid gloves, and some very becoming ribbons. Then she opened her purse and counted the roll of bills, and the lose gold and silver in it.

"Send the things down to the carriage, and put them down on the bill. I shall not pay to-day."

The man bowed and obeyed, and Agnes, with easy *nonchalance*, sauntered through the store and out to the sidewalk, where the clerk stood holding the door of the carriage open for her.

I could not tell why this little incident pained me in a very peculiar way. I had gone shopping with ladies a hundred time who had done just the same thing. I had frequently had items charged myself, but the habit had never struck me in exactly the same light before.

But the impression wore away. I got used to going shopping with Agnes Fleming. I got used to hearing her say: "Put it down on the bill." I got used to the easy gayety of her cheery home, and did not much trouble myself about her way of producing results.

Nearly two years passed before I had any more unpleasant thoughts about the Fleming establishment. Then I began to notice that Agnes no longer hired a carriage for her visiting and shopping, that she seldom went out, and that the proprietor of the livery stable she patronized called frequently at the doctor's door. Soon unpleasant rumors of debts and duns floated from the Fleming kitchen into my own, and it was no longer possible not to notice the change in Agnes's appearance and proceedings.

She remained nearly altogether in her own room, or made hurried and mysterious journeys in all kinds of weather; she was dreadfully depressed and anxious, and seemed constantly haunted by some vague sorrow or terror. Her husband attributed all these changes to her delicate state of health, and as he was compelled by hospital duties to be most of his time from home, begged me earnestly to stay as much with Agnes as possible.

One afternoon I took my crocheting and went to sit a while with her. Her mother had just arrived, and the two women were in the midst of a controversy which Agnes seemed to be carrying on entirely with passionate entreaties and tears. I would have retired, but Mrs. Luckett insisted on my remaining.

"Agnes is just making a little fool of herself," she said, impatiently—"just making herself sick for nothing at all."

"O, I didn't if mother is not ashamed for my wrong-doing, then I may just as well shame myself. Would you call it 'nothing at all' to be owing three hundred pounds and your husband not know about a penny of it? And mother could get father to pay it for me, and she won't do it; and I'm but a young thing, and it will kill me—I know it will!"

"Deed it won't. Tell your husband about it. It will be one scene and all over. Why should father give you three hundred pounds? There is Belle and Grace to marry this year, and Dugald to send to college. What for shouldn't the doctor pay his own wife's debts?"

"Mother! mother! he will never, never forgive me!"

"Nonsense! Your father has paid many a hundred pounds for things he never ordered, nor never wanted. Why, I furnished the drawing room three years ago, without a 'By your leave,' till it was too late for aught but the paying for it. Men are aye content with a big balance at their bank. They wouldn't live decent if you did not make them by a kind of lawful guile."

I pressed with the credulous mother, and added my entreaties to Agnes's, but nothing could make her see the danger in in which her daughter stood. She gauged all men by her husband. She expected the doctor would be angry, but then she said "he wouldn't dare to give way overly much seeing that Agnes was not in a condition to bear scolding." To spend £300 for fear of any man's anger seemed to her too ridiculous a sacrifice to contemplate.

That very night the storm broke. Campbell & Co. took the proper legal steps to enforce payment of their bill, and they were immediately followed by a crowd of smaller creditors. No other word but the broad vernacular can express the doctor's condition. He was dumbfounded. He went stonily to seek Agnes, but she had taken refuge in a fainting fit, and her mother now guarded her room like a lioness guarding her young.

"It's ashamed you ought to be of yourself, James Fleming," she said angrily, "thinking all about the bit siller, and your poor wife in the shadow of death."

The threat seemed likely to prove true. Before morning Agnes had given birth to a dead son, and her life was in the very greatest danger, the more so that she herself was apparently indifferent to it.

"I have lost my husband, mother," whispered the half-dead girl; "just as well lose my life, too."

But James said something to his wife which changed her opinion. She made a confession to him, and did not find him quite unmerciful, although he never pretended to excuse the folly and sinfulness of her conduct.

In some way pressing troubles were put aside during her illness, and the house went on as usual, only it was plain that the anxiety was merely shifted, and that James was now the suffering party.

Archibald and I thought we understood how much he suffered, but we hardly realized the shock his proud, honorable nature had received until after Agnes's recovery. Then one night he came over with her to our house in order to talk over his affairs and make a request.

They had found on going over their accounts that nearly £500 was owing, and their household furniture had been all inventoried by the sheriff to meet these claims. But to break up his house was, practically, to so sensitive a man, to break up his present life. His pecuniary difficulties had become known, and he felt keenly the disgrace of his social fall.

"It is too hard an up-hill push to regain my position here, Archie," he said. "I have been offered a medical superintendency in Tasmania, and have accepted it. Will you let Agnes stay with you until I can send for her? She does not desire to return home, and I do not think it would be the happiest or best place for her now."

We were glad to have her. The next day the sheriff's red flag floated from the Flemings' window, and within a week the doctor had sailed for far southern latitudes. The voyage then took six weeks, and, of course, we could not hear anything for three months. Agnes, at first, went frequently home, but she found that she had lost her position as eldest daughter of the house and fallen from that of the wife of a well to do promising young physician. There seemed no place for her, and she came back to me after every visit depressed, began to fear that her punishment was going to be a very heavy one.

One day, about two months after her husband's departure, I came unexpectedly home from a visit, and found her playing and singing. I was astonished. Not very fond of music myself, it had never struck me to ask her if she was, or to open the piano, which stood as an ornament in my drawing room. Still I knew enough to be aware that Agnes touched the instrument like a master and that a naturally fine voice had been well trained. I went to her and expressed my pleasure and astonishment.

"Yes," she said, "it is my one talent, and the only useful money ever spent on me was in its cultivation;"—then, with a bitter little laugh—"Papa says my lessons cost him about ten pounds each."

"But that is impossible!"

"No, Edith, they were begun unknown to him, and put down on Madame Lafont's school bill for two years. Then the French lady who taught me had to go home in a hurry, and papa was so pressed for money at the time that he sold a piece of property for a tenth of its value, in order to raise it. He was dreadfully cross about it, and he hates a piano ever since."

Suddenly—before I could think about what remarks people would make—I said:

"Agnes, why don't you teach music? You would be happier until you can go to James, and perhaps you might take a little money with you—ever so little would show him you were sorry for the past."

She seized the idea gladly, and Fortune favors those who are not afraid to try her. Just at that time the Blythewood Ladies' College needed a teacher of music and singing, and Agnes was engaged at fifty pounds a quarter. Of course the work was laborious; of course her mother and sisters fretted about "the disgrace Agnes was bringing on the family," but she persevered until she found the compensations sufficient.

Then, after the first long three months she had loving, hopeful letters from James. In two years he hoped to save enough to buy a modest home, and send for his wife. And Agnes worked steadily on, saving nearly every pound she made for the joy of the meeting set before her. "After labor the reward;" and one morning, about twenty months after Dr. Fleming's departure, Agnes came running to me crying with joy. Her punishment was over. James had sent for her. She was to sail in ten days. I even watched with pleasure the acquisitive, careful temper she betrayed. To learn how to save money is to evoke a great number of prudent virtues, and I had no fear that ever James Fleming's wife would run him in debt again. Making and saving one hundred and eighty pounds had quite cured her of recklessness in money matters.

Well, we bid a tearful but happy farewell to Agnes on Liverpool Docks. I did not expect to see her again; and when we emigrated the following year to America, I allowed her very memory to gradually fade away. Twenty years passed, and then I revisited the shores of Scotland. Strolling one day up Buchanan street, an open carriage passed swiftly by, and in it were James and Agnes Fleming. I could have mistaken Agnes but not James. The next day I went out to Glensherrie to make some inquiries about them. The first person I saw was James Fleming. He had a very fine young man with him, and, not caring to introduce myself on the street, I followed them until they entered a very handsome residence.

I asked for the doctor. He did not know me, of course. I had to tell him who I was. Then he called Agnes. She had grown stout, and laid down, but she had a very lovely daughter, and I soon saw how matters stood between the doctor's handsome companion and the doctor's daughter.

"Yes," said Agnes, in answer to my look, "they will be married as soon as Lionel takes his degree. It is a suitable match. His father made a great deal of money in the colony."

"And you, too, I judge."

"Yes, James did very well. He invested safely, and made money both in land and stock, besides working hard at his profession. We only stayed away ten years. James had one thought night and day—to get back to Scotland."

I passed several very pleasant days with them; but one incident of my stay impressed me in an almost painful manner with the bitter mark a sin and a folly makes on the memory.

The doctor, Lionel and I were sitting alone one morning chatting of the sitting "unplanted places" of the far West. Lionel was much interested in what I said, and drew a note-book and pencil from his pocket to write down some statistics he wished to remember. The pencil was an exceedingly beautiful and convenient one, and it attracted our attention.

"Where did you get it Lionel?" said the doctor.

"At Graham's."

"What did it cost?"

"I really forget. I had no change with me, and I told him to put it down on the bill."

James Fleming dropped it as though it had been red hot. His face grew dark and stern.

"Never let me hear you use those words again, sir."

Lionel looked angrily up.

"Forgive me, boy. You don't know, as I and this lady know, what they once cost me. Shall I tell you?"

"As it pleases you, sir," said the half-offended young man.

"It does not please me, Lionel, but it may profit you. Buying things and 'putting them down on the bill' cost me then many a week of undefined anxiety, and annoyance—cost me the life of my only son—cost me the separation from my wife of two years—cost me a ten years' exile from Scotland's kirk services, and Scotland's hills and dales—cost me a ten years residence among convicts, minors, stockmen and savages—cost me a ten years separation from home and friends, from culture and good society, from civilization and books; and if my good angel had not guided me to be merciful in the very heart of my anger, it might have cost me the dearest and noblest little wife in the world."

"Well, but," said I, "God out of ruin wrought you golden gain; the evil happened for good, James."

"Ah! but it is a fearful risk to do evil, peradventure good may come; to keep out of the way of temptations is the safer plan for human nature. 'Put it down in the bill,' my boy, opens the gate folly, extravagance, dishonesty, ruin and misery. Pay as you go! Pay as you go! for nobody can count the cost of things bought and put down on the bill."

Even St. Petersburg has caught the spirit of reform. Beer and spirituous liquors can not be sold at places of public entertainment, and the students are forbidden to enter spirit shops.

The Christian voter these times has need to keep both his conscience and common sense. Let him watch and pray.

A STORY ABOUT STEAM.

The story of some hot water is one of the most wonderful of stories. About two hundred years ago a man, bearing the title of the Marquis of Worcester, was sitting, on a cold night in a small mean room, before a blazing fire. This was in Ireland, and the man was a prisoner. A kettle of boiling water was on the fire, and he sat watching the steam, as it lifted the lid of the kettle and pushed out of the nose.

He thought of the power of the steam, and wonderful what would be the effect if he were to fasten down the lid and stop up the nose. He concluded that the effect would be to burst the kettle. "How much power, then," thought he, "there must be in steam!" As soon as he was let out of prison he tried an experiment. "I have taken," he writes, "a cannon, and filled it three-quarters full of water, stopping firmly up both the touch-hole and the mouth; and having made a good fire under it, within twenty-four hours it burst, and made a great crack." After this, the Marquis contrived to make a rude machine, which, by the power of steam, drove up water to the height of forty feet. About one hundred years after this, a little boy, whose name was James Watt, and who lived in Scotland, sat one day looking at a kettle of boiling water, and hold a spoon before the steam that rushed out of the nose. His aunt thought he was idle; and said, "Is it not a shame for you to waste your time so?"

But James was not idle; he was thinking of the power of the steam in moving the spoon. James grew to be a good and great man, and contrived those wonderful improvements in the steam-engine which have made it so useful in our day. What will not the steam-engine do? If it could speak, it might say:

I blew the bellows, I forge the steel,
I manage the mill and the mint;
I hammer the ore, and turn the wheel,
And the news that you read I print.

In the year 1807 Robert Fulton put the first steamboat on the Hudson river, and in 1814 a locomotive steam-engine went over a railway between Wallsend and Killingworth, in England. And this is the story of some hot water! From so small a beginning as the steam of a tea-kettle resulted the steam-engine, the steamboat, and the locomotive engine by which the trains of carriages are moved with such speed on our railways to-day.

Learn what the power of thought will do. How many men had looked at kettles of boiling water, but how few thought of the force of the steam, and the good uses to which it might be turned.—*Youth.*

HERE AND AWAY.

The Japan newspapers report the ceremonies at the opening of the last link of the railway connecting Sendai, with Tokio. The line was opened from Tokio to Koriyama, 136 miles, in July last. The section just completed is 87 miles in length, and now Sendai is in quick and easy communication with the capital city of the empire.

Of the 127,743 Fijians inhabiting the Fiji Islands, more than nine-tenths attend church with fair regularity. Where fifty years since there was not a single Christian, to-day there is not a single avowed heathen; all the Fiji children are in the schools; the schools and churches have wholly displaced the heathen temples.

The oldest merchant vessel, with one exception, now in actual service is the schooner "Good Intent." She was built by Clapp & Loring in Braintree, Mass., in 1813, and was originally a sloop, with square stern and no figure-head; her length, 48 feet; her breadth, 16 feet; her depth, 4½ feet; and her measure, 29 tons. The home port of the "Good Intent," according to the list of 1886, was Camden, Me.

Science has claimed the sponge-fishery of the Mediterranean. The native divers, who could stay under water not more than two minutes, are being driven out by men in regular diving armor, who can work by the hour. A German professor has originated a method of planting cuttings from sponges, and it is being prosecuted with success.

AN AVERAGE COOK.

"How do you like housekeeping my dear?" inquired Mr. Matron of Mrs. Newlywed.

"Oh, it's just lovely! Charley thinks it's delightful! It's such a pleasant change he says, from boarding-house fare, and he just raves over my cooking. I love to plan and prepare our little meals. Do stay for tea. You really must. It won't inconvenience me in the least. All I'll have to do will be to lay another plate. I have everything all ready, and will only have to speak to our girl and tell her there is to be one extra.

And when she spoke to the girl she said. "Run around to the baker's and get a dozen fresh rolls, a pound of assorted cake and some lady fingers. And stop at the grocer's and get some canned beef; and get some cold boiled tongue at the delicatessen store; and a jar of raspberry preserves, and some tarts. I guess that'll be all we want but the tea—and you can make that."—*Tid Bits.*

A FISH FROZE BUT NOT KILLED.

A fish of the sturgeon variety, about eighteen inches in length, was recently given to Mr. Keever, superintendent of the ice factory. On Friday of last week it was placed in one of the ice-moulds and frozen in the centre of a hugh cube of ice. This block of ice was put in a public place, where the citizens could view the fish, frozen hard and fast in the centre of the cake. The ice began to melt, and by Tuesday afternoon it had dwindled until the body of the fish was exposed to the air, while the head was still firmly imbedded in the ice. Some time during the afternoon the tail of the fish was seen to move slightly, as the hot sun poured its rays upon it. Attention being called to the fact the head was carefully released from its icy prison and the sturgeon placed in a tank of water. It recovered completely in a few minutes, and was apparently as sound as ever. The fish is still alive in the tank.

An Onion Creek darky visited the establishment of an Austin jeweler. "I wish, boss, you would regulate dis hoah penjulum." "How can I regulate the pendulum without the rest of the clock?" "Dars nuffin de matter wid de rest of de inards ob de clock, so I jess luff 'em at home. Jess you fix up the pendulum. Ef de pendulum goes all right, de rest ob de clock goes all right too. I know that much, eben if I ain't had no book larnin."

OOR AE BIT BAIRNIE.

There's something wrang about the house,
It looks sae weird and dull;
Oh, whurs the lad that cram'd sae crouse,
Oor ae bit bairnie, Well?
His stool stan's by the ingle-wave,
On which he aften sat;
It's occupied by Tammie now—
His auncient friend the cat.

His barrow lies upon its side,
The warld has cleen forefitt;
And see, his thumb-marked fishes bide
Just whaur the laddie left 'em.
And there's the horse his daddie made
Dementful in his stall;
Poor beast, I fear it's no long-lived
Since wee Willie gang'd awa'.

The neebur bairns come roond wi' sighs
Wi' faces sad and dull,
Inquirin' for their little friend,
Oor ae bit bairnie, Well.
Ther think he gane evoot the brae,
Tae wee auld Granny Cairns;
They kenna yet what Death can do—
The innocent, wee bairns.

Aft, aft, at night when shadows steal,
And lenthen o'er the hill,
I wander out, an' oh, I feel
As if we had 'im still.
His mither's e'e is dim wi' tears,
His daddie's no' the same;
But God has crushed oo richt fears,
And ta'en oor bairnie hame.

—*Scottish American.*

A BABY BEAVER'S DAM.

A college professor in Maine tell through the Lewiston *Journal*, how he co vinced a friend who did not believe tha beavers could build dams. He bough a baby beaver of a hunter one day and nt it to his skeptical friend. The beaver became a great pet in the house, but showe no signs of wanting to build dams, until e Monday morning a leaky pail full of ater was left on the floor in the back kit n. The beaver was there; he was only a by then, too, but the moment he saw the ter oozing out of a crack in the pail he mpered into the yard, brought in a chip, d commenced building his dam. His o her was called and watched the little fel w, very much astonished by what he saw. He gave orders to have the pail left there, and the industrious beaver kept at his work four weeks, when he had built a solid dam all around the pail. The professor's friend believes now that beavers know a thing or two about dam building.—*Youth.*

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

Cats and birds do not mind being laughed at, but dogs and horses are sensitive to ridicule. Sidney Buxton relates in the *Animal World* that his poin ter gets very cross when disparaging remarks are made upon him, and becomes furious, stamping about his stall, putting back his ears, and attempting to bite if he is open laughed at; whereas praise greatly pleases him.

When you turn a horse out to pasture do not give him a slap with the saddle; he will remember it to your regret if you do. Make a pet and friend of your horse; it will improve him and make yours a better person.—*North-western Live Stock Journal.*

Michelet says that if all the birds should die, not a human being could live on earth, for the insects upon which the birds live would increase so enormously as to destroy all vegetation.

The Gauchos of the Argentine Republic are in the habit of hunting skunks for the sake of their flesh.

ONE ADVANTAGE OF BEING "EDUCATED."

Freedwoman Lizzie, a good servant, was married to an unworthy husband, and made complaint of his unkindness. One of the young ladies of the family in which she served, desirous of knowing how she happened to be so married, asked her about their love-making and courtship.

"Lizzie, what on earth did W say to you to make you marry him?"

"Law! Miss Sallie," answer Lizzie, "you know I couldn't make no swer to Watt when he come co'tin' of me, cause Watt's *educated*." (With guileful wisdom of words he "come co'tin' her.") "And," she continued, "he got right on his words out do *jography* and *some* outdo *dicey Aunary*." And *co'se* you know, Miss Sallie, I couldn't make no 'sistance to Watt."—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for July.*

ONE LAST REQUEST.

"Then if can never be?" he gasped, as he arose like a man in a dream.

"No," she murmured, in a low but decided voice; "I am sorry Mr. Popkick, but it can never be."

"Grant me, then," he said, huskily, passing his hand across the blind eyes, "one last request."

She extended her hand in silence.

"Let me," he said, in a low voice, "have fifty cents until to-morrow night. I've got a bet on this, and I've lost, and the boys are waiting around the corner for the beer."—*Death's Magazine.*

A lady in Pensacola, temporarily deprived of the services of a nurse, has adopted a novel mode of keeping baby out of mischief and in content at the same time. Placing all of his playthings in a large wash-tub, she puts the little fellow in with them, and there he plays, unable to get out, and perfectly happy until he gets sleepy or hungry. The father calls the boy Diogeness.

A little Boston boy, aged six, of a very imaginative temperament. Quite recently his mother noticed that at bed time each night he laid his boots together upon their sides, instead of setting them upright. "Pray tell me why you always place your boots that way?" said mamma, and the child replied: "Because they must be tired walking so much all day. I lay them sideways so that they can rest."

Congress to Dakota, seeking admission to the Union: "Knock and it shall be opened, unto you, but there is no use breaking the door down."—*Washington Critic.*

There are only forty-five female lawyers in the United States, but they talk like sixty.—*Davenport Times.*

The first family prayer in your house will be made when some dear one is dying. And then it will be a very solemn one to you.

No matter what may be the ills you bear from indigestion, a dose of Ayer's Cathartic Pills will ease you without question. Just try them once and be assured; they have much worse dyspepsia cured. You'll find them nice and simple, worth the price.

Until the blood is cleansed of impurities, useless is the attempt to cure any disease. Rheumatism, which is treatable only as an acid in the blood, has been cured, in numerous cases, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, external treatment being of no avail.