The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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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 Tuesdays, otherwise they will be left over until the following week.

— H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

W. H. LOWRY, M. B., M. C. P. S., Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence:—At the head of Frederick treet Acton.

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

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

JOHNSTON & McLEAN
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &c., Private funds to loan.
Office:—Town Hall, Acton.
E. F. B. JOHNSTON. WM. A. McLEAN.

J. A. MOWAT,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC.
Money to Loan.
OFFICE DAYS—Tuesday and Saturday.
OFFICE:—Matthews' Block, - Acton, up-stairs

SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,
TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN.
Offices:—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and 86 King street east, Toronto.
W. F. ALLAN. J. SHILTON, B.A. J. BAIRD, B.A.

BADGEROW, GARSON & CO.,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS & NOTARIES.
Court Chambers, Cor. Church and Adelaide Sts., Toronto, Canada.
Telephone No. 1278. Cable Address:—Badgerow.
G. W. BADGEROW, JOHN GARSON, B.C.L., CO. CROWN ATTORNEY.

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

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

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

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

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
MILL STREET, ACTON.
An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good sea-foam an exhilarating shampoo, always given. 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 kinds of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

Guelph Business College.
GUELPH, ONTARIO.
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 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—Hard wood, Ash, Cedar and Mill Wood, at reasonable prices. Wood and Coal delivered.
JAMES BROWN

MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
—OF THE—
COUNTY OF WELLINGTON.
ESTABLISHED 1840.
HEAD OFFICE, - GUELPH.
Dwellings, Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of property, on the Premium Note System.
F. W. Stone, President. Chas. Davidson, Secretary.
JOHN TAYLOR Agent.

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

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

For Sale Cheap.

THE undersigned is prepared to furnish on the shortest notice, in any quantity and at bottom prices, first-class
Cedar Rails and Fence Posts, Staves, Heading, Shingles, Wash Tubs, Churns, Butter Tubs, Pork Barrels, Wood, Flour & Feed,
and anything in these lines.
The puzzle is to find a better place than
THOMAS C. MOORE'S
to buy anything in the above lines, also to find out if you are indebted to him for anything purchased from him. His books say some are and he would like the money.
MACHINERY.
A Stave Jointer nearly new, and a Shingle Roller 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, Glues, Bevelled Mirrors.
ARTIST'S MATERIALS
Winsor & Newtons
—AT—
WATERS BROTHERS,
25 WYNDHAM STREET GUELPH

Wellington Marble Works.
QUEBEC ST., GUELPH.

Hamilton & Clark,
PROPRIETORS.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Marble, Granite and everything pertaining to Cemetery work. Direct importers of all kinds of Granite and Marble.
Having lately visited the Bay of Fundy granite quarries, and having purchased the entire stock of gray and 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, $60, 7 ft. $75, 6 ft. $90, 9 ft. $100, 10 ft. $120. All work and material warranted first-class. Parties wanting anything in this line will do well to call and see us before purchasing elsewhere as we guarantee our prices are from 30 to 50 per cent. below all other dealers.

LIVERY.

J. & H. WORDEN

HAVING assumed proprietorship of the livery business 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 Shooting, Shirting and Dress Goods, striped or plaid, twilled plaid, 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 $15, 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.

FULL LINES
—OF—
Dolls' Carriages,
Children's Carriages,
Express Waggons,
Hammocks,
Window Shades,
Wall Papers,
Borders, Etc., Etc.
—AT—
DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
GUELPH.
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 protect 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 sued 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 $10.00 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.
McNAB & 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.

WHEN WIFE'S A-GO'N AWAY.

Somehow yarns around to grocery
Ain't so funny as before,
An' I'm all the time forgettin'
This or that 'ere little chore;
When I git out in the kitchen,
Want to hang around an' stay;
Guess I'm foolish cuz' this ev'nin',
Why—my wife's a-go'n' away.

She's a-fixin' things up for me
With a thoughtful lovin' care
Tellin' me that somethin's here,
An' somethin' else is over there;
Lookin' sober, speakin' low-voiced,
Though she hasn't much to say,
Ketch her eyes on me all dim-like—
Guess she hates to go away.

Wish 'twas over—wish 'twas way off,
Wish we didn't have to part:
That's jist what I keep a-thinkin',
An' a-feelin' in my heart.
P'raps our sperrits see much farther
Than the partin' of to-day,
An' jest hint what they can't tell us
When a loved one's go'n' away.

Calls to mind another journey,
By an' by we all must go,
Wonder who's a-gettin' ready.
For the truth that moves so slow?
Brings the tears to think about it,
So I git nigh her an' pray,
It may be my time for startin'
Jest when she's a-go'n away.

Lu B. Cole, in Omaha World.

Select Family Reading.

SHE HIDES HER FACE.

"I don't see, sis," says Marion Ordway, pausing in her occupation of setting the cozy room to rights to survey her fair young sister, Josephine Bigelow, with a critical eye, "what there is about you that makes you so attractive to gentlemen."

"Don't you?" blushing, and showing two white rows of small, even teeth. "You're very complimentary."

"Well, seriously, Jo. Ever since you were a little girl you have had hosts of lovers, yet you're not handsome, nor have you one particle of tact. The idea of your saying to Willie Lawrence that he looked like a bean-pole!"

"And so he does," protested Josephine, with some warmth.

"You seem to like to go with him."

"Oh, he is a splendid escort; thoroughly understands the thousand and one trifling courtesies so necessary to a lady's comforts and enjoyments, and knows how to offer them in the most perfect manner."

"In short," says Marion, "he is the very model of a beau," with a keen glance into the sparkling sea-blue eyes. "Should you consider Willie Lawrence the model of a husband?"

Jo's composure is unruffled.

"I don't know," she answers, dreamingly, a far away look in her big orbs. "As good a model as most men, I fancy."

"I should hope not!" cries her sister with fervor. "He is by far too great a flirt!"

"Do you know, Marnie," says Jo, reflectively, "I rather like a flirt. It gives some spice to a romance to have the shafts met and parried."

"But, child," says the elder, anxiously, "if you should lose your heart unawares to such an one?"

"Don't you worry, dear old Marnie," Jo murmurs. "I haven't lost my heart to Willie yet."

"To whom?" inquires a familiar voice at the open window.

"Oh!" shrieks Jose running away.

"Don't let me trouble you to open the door," says Lawrence, jolting, boy-fashion in at the low casement. "I thought I heard my name in passing, so I stopped."

"Had you been there long?" inquires Mrs. Ordway, severely.

"Pon honor—no!" is the reply, uttered with such an air of truthfulness that the lady is convinced, and draws a deep breath of relief.

"Why?" suspiciously.

"Nothing. Only sisterly confidences are not to be proclaimed from the house-tops;" and, excusing herself she, too, withdraws.

"Doesn't like me very well," muses Lawrence, left to himself. "Doesn't want the little sister to like me, either. That's plain. Can't help it. If she hasn't lost her heart to me, she shall," with muttered vow.—"Ah! Miss Josie. Good morning," as that young lady, daintily arrayed, her soft brown hair released from its confinement, and waving in becoming rings about a broad intelligent brow, enters, and extends cool finger tips in greeting.

"Rather early for calling, isn't it?" inquires Miss Bigelow, with her customary disregard of politeness.

"Is it?" consulting his watch. Then, gravely: "It's a quarter past nine, and that seems pretty late to me, as I've been up since five."

"Well, I've only just had my breakfast," replied the young lady, severely.

"Now, Jo," pleadingly, "don't be vexed." The gray eyes forcing the blue to meet their admiring gaze. "I couldn't keep away any longer."

Jo dimples, pleased at this bold stroke. Then, with a great assumption of sternness, she says:

"Tell me, used you to be so attentive to Helen Blackstone?"

Secretly Jo knows she has not a particle of reason for jealousy, but it suits her just now to assume an injured air.

"Bother Helen Blackstone!" impatiently ejaculates Lawrence. "I never was so attracted to any one as I am to you," his rich voice mellow with feeling.

Jo is mollified. Then her sister's words recur vividly in their mind: "Will is a desperate flirt, truly." She laughs outright.

The young man looks injured.

Lawrence is very sensitive, especially where Jo is concerned.

"Suppose she's laughing already over her latest conquest," he thinks, bitterly as he takes his leave.

But in his heart he knows he wrongs her by the bare suspicion. Jo may be something of a flirt, but she is a noble, pure-minded girl, who would not willingly cause any one a moment's pain. That many have suffered because of her charms is not her fault. Her attraction has been as insensibly exerted as that of the magnet.

As time passes, and she sees nothing of Lawrence, she realizes what the bitter sorrow of unrequited love is like, and her cheeks loose their roundness, her glorious eyes their lustre, because of sleepless vigils.

"What's up between you and Will Lawrence?" inquired Mr. Ordway one evening, with a suspicious glance at the lovely, curled-up figure of the pretty sister-in-law, who, nestling in the corner of the luxuriant sofa, is, to all appearances, absorbed in a book.

"Nothing," she responds, petulantly, without looking up.

"Jo is sighing for new hearts to conquer," says Marion, coming to the rescue.

"H'm!" disbelievingly. A moment later: "I suppose, Jo, as you've lost all interest in Lawrence, you won't care to hear the news. Lucky dog!"

"Tell us!" cries his wife; while Jo pales and flushes hotly behind her friendly screen.

"Fallen heir to thirty thousand dollars, or thereabouts. Some old maid aunt has just died," answered Mr. Ordway.

Tears spring to Jo's eyes.

"Now she can never dare be kind to Willie again, lest he should misunderstand her, and think she likes him only for his money. What a goose she has been to persistently refuse the happiness that might have been hers, had she known her own heart sooner. Why did she not accept the devotion, which now she feels was sincere, ere it was too late?"

So she questions fate, while the page blurs before her eyes, and the moments passed unheeded.

The next she realizes, Willie himself stands before her, his pleasant voice bidding her congratulate him upon this unexpected turn of Fortune's wheel. His handsome, smiling face is bending over her, compelling her to look up and meet it in loving gaze.

They two are alone together.

For once Jo is taken unawared, and her confusion is distressing.

"Don't, my little Witch," says ill, imploringly. "Be kind to me darling, and make my good luck worth the having, for love's sweet sake."

He is so evidently in earnest in his desire for her to share his happiness, so innocent of attributing to her the slightest mercenary motives, that Jo is touched, and all her pride melts away.

"He is true!" she thinks, exultantly, and the sweet face lights up with inborn, delicious content.

"Jo," said Lawrence, "I should long ago have begged the gift of this precious little hand if I had been better off in this world's goods. But now there is no need to wait any longer. Will you share my fortune with me, my dear?" he pleads.

In silence Jo hides her blushing, tear-stained, happy face upon his breast, and Lawrence is answered. A. E. H.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Judge no one by his relations, whatever criticisms you pass upon his companions. Relations, like features, are thrust upon us; companions, like clothes, are more or less our own selection.—*Kate Field.*

There is no such thing as a menial office when you put a true man into it. A menial office is an office with a mean man in it; and it makes no difference whether it is a king's office or a scavenger's office.

An inward dignity of character, which, once acquired and righteously maintained, nothing—no, not the hardest drudgery nor the direst poverty—can vanquish.

Let the motive be in the deed and not in the event. Be not one whose motive for action is the hope of reward.—*Keeshna.*

Nothing sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and a noble soul as respect for and reverential love of womankind.

The greatest trials of the early Church came from without, while those of the modern Church come from within.

When friends are present, do to them good deeds, when they are absent, speak of them good words.

Politeness is the most efficient aid in the world to strengthen a good name or to supply the wants of one.

Be charitable before wealth makes thee covetous.

He who takes the child by the hand takes the mother by the heart.

The joys of parents are secret, and so are their griefs and fears.

A LESSON IN PYROTECHNICS.

A dignified Kingstonian was very particular on the 24th to caution his children to be careful while firing crackers and torpedoes. After giving them a lecture regarding the dangers attending these explosives, he said: "Now, children, I will show you exactly how you must handle these crackers, and then you will not be hurt." Then he took a piece of lighted punk in one hand and a firecracker in the other. The children watched him curiously. He lighted the cracker from the punk. It began to "siz," and, becoming a little frustrated, he hastily threw the punk away instead of the cracker. The cracker exploded in his hand, burning one of his fingers until he fairly howled. He had nothing more to say to the children how fireworks should be set off.—*Kingston Freeman.*

WHY I RETURNED TO SCHOOL.

When a boy one day I received a severe cut on the instep of my foot. Of course no more school followed for a while, to the envy of the other boys, not one of whom but would have risked a little wound for the sake of the holiday. I had decided, as a vacation medium, to work the wound for all it was worth, but, in spite of all, it healed rapidly. I knew an early return to school was inevitable if I could not persuade my mother to allow me to attend to the bandaging and dressing alone. In this I at last succeeded, and matters went on swimmingly. One morning, after hurriedly and carelessly bandaging the foot, I proceeded to the breakfast table, hopping along on the other foot in a most dexterous manner.

"Rufus," said my father, "how is that wound?"

"Pretty bad, pa," I replied.

"But you seem to move around very nimbly, my boy."

"On the other foot, pa," stamping heavily to prove it's soundness.

"Well!" continued the old gentleman whose suspicions were somewhat aroused "you'll sprain it hopping about in that manner. Just let me look at the wounded foot."

My father's command was law. There was no escape. My brothers crowded around. At any rate, thought I, hoping against hope, the wound is not entirely healed, and I may have a few days yet. So I presented the wounded member for examination. My father proceeded to unwind the bandages, fold after fold, amid profound silence and accumulating excitement among the boys. I closed my eyes awaiting developments. The unwinding continued; the last fold dropped to the floor. There was a roar.

I had bandaged the wrong foot!

YOUR WIFE'S FEELINGS.

If your wife is sensitive, do not ignore the fact. Refrain from jesting with her upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter. Do not speak of some virtues in another man's wife to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with personal defects, for if she has sensibility you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company; it touches her pride, and she will not respect you more or love you better for it. Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third person; the sense of your disregard for her feelings will prevent her acknowledged fault. Do not entertain your wife by praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. If you would have a pleasant home and a cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for sociability elsewhere. Take your sunshine home with you.

A BEAUTIFUL LADY.

Some time ago, a Cambridge lady, who was as remarkable for her dignified bearing as for her personal beauty and grace, entered a crowded horse-car where there were a number of Harvard undergraduates, all of whom arose to offer her a seat. She accepted one with thanks. Presently the car stopped, when a poor woman with a baby in her arms entered it. Not a seat was offered her. The lady waited a few moments and then finding that her young admirers took no notice of the woman, she rose and asked the woman to take her seat. At once a dozen young men sprang up and tendered their seats to her, but she persisted in standing, and had full opportunity of noticing the confusion of the young collegians. It was a quiet but effective rebuke. A statement of the affair soon got over the college, and no undergraduate could be found to admit that he was in a horse-car that evening.

HE FORGOT.

He leaned against the front of the post-office. He was weary. He was also afraid of his legs. He beckoned to the policeman across the street, and when the officer came over he found the man in tears.

"What is it?" asked the blue-coat.

"Skinder mean of me."

"What?"

"To fill up in this way."

"Oh, you are not very full. I guess you can get home."

"No, I can't. Shee my legs? Shee them wobble? I'm shrunk."

"Well, it's a time when lots of men get drunk."

"Yes, but I've forgot. That's what makes me feel so bad."

"Forgot what?"

"About Fo'th July. Glorious Fo'th to-morrer, but why is it? Zhat what I forgot."

"Why, it's Independence Day."

"Yes, I know, but what independance? Did we lick shambody, or did shambody lick us? Zhat what I forgot. Zhat what ails me. Zhat why I feel sho mean and want you to 'rest me and shend me up for shixty days."

THE STINGY YOUNG MAN.

I would go across a muddy street on a very muddy day to shake hands with the person who stands at the head of this paragraph, and when I had shaken hands I should perhaps humbly beg him for his autograph or a lock of his hair. And wherefore? Because, to be a "stingy young man" means in popular parlance a young man who has the moral courage to spend his money in his own way. It means that because he happens to be in a crowd of addle-pated greenhorns who are throwing away their earnings in a manner that does not bring a return to them or any one else he refuses to "chip in." It means that he doesn't have a monthly whiskey, livery, theatre, florist or confectionary bill in excess of his monthly earnings. It means that he doesn't rob his employers, or, if he is a bank cashier, his bank to minister to his illicit pleasures. It means that his tailor bill is paid promptly, ditto his board bill; that if he has a mother or sister not too well off he can and does afford them an occasional generous gift. It means that while every designing girl of his acquaintance is not a recipient at his hands of costly flowers and confectionary, the girl he likes best has plenty of both and both are paid for. This term of reproach means also that while his generous colleague is talking slush about the extravagance of girls and the impossibility of supporting such creatures, that he, our "stingy young man," has a nice little bank account; has been accepted by his sweetheart and is giving her more comforts than the spendthrift, in his prodigal selfishness, thinks anybody but himself entitled to.

SET THE CLOCK RIGHT.

In one of our daily papers there lately appeared a story of a colored man, who came to a watchmaker and gave him the two hands of a clock, saying:

"I want yer to fix up dese han's. Dey jess doan keep no mo' kerec' time for mo' den six monfs."

"Where is the clock?" asked the watchmaker.

"Out at de house on Injun Creek."

"Didn't I tell yer dat's puffin de matter wid de clock 'ceptin' de han's, and I done brought 'em to you. You jess want de clock to tinker wid it and charge me a big price. Gimme back dem han's." And so saying he went off to find some reasonable watch-maker.

Foolish as he was, his action was very like that of those who try to regulate their conduct without being made right on the inside. They go wrong, but refuse to believe that the trouble is with their hearts. They are sure that it is not the clock, but the hands that are out of order. They know no more of the need of a change in their spiritual condition than the poor negro did of the works of his clock. They are unwilling to give themselves over into the hands of the great Artificer, who will set their works right, so that they may keep time with the great clock of the universe, and no longer attempt to set themselves according to the incorrect time of the world. And their reason for not putting themselves into the hands of the Lord is very similar to the reason the colored man gave.—They are afraid the price will be too great. They say: "We only wish to avoid this or that bad habit." But the great Clock-maker says: "I cannot regulate the hands unless I have the clock. I must have the clock."—*Selected.*

THE ALCOHOLIC SERPENT.

Some time ago a party of sailors visited the Zoological Gardens. One of them, excited by the liquor he had taken, and as an act of bravado to his companions, took hold of a deadly serpent. He held it up, having seized it by the nape of the neck in such a way that it could not sting him. As he held it, the snake (unobserved by him) coiled itself around his arm, and at length it got a firm grasp, and wound tighter and tighter, so that he was unable to detach it. As the pressure of the snake increased the danger grew, and at length the sailor was unable to maintain his hold on the neck of the venomous reptile, and was compelled to loose it. What did the snake then do? It turned around and stung him, and he died. So it is with the appetite of strong drink.—*From the "Preacher's Analyst."*

FOUND COMPETENT.

He wanted a position in a bank. The President was satisfied with his credentials but before engaging him put him through a little civil service cross-examination.

"Suppose, now, a man was to come in here and deposit $20 in $1 bills, how would you count them?"

"I'd wet my fingers and lift up each bill until I got to the last one."

"Why would you not lift the last one?"

"Because there might possibly be one more bill under it, and if the depositor was to see it he would want it back, but if the twentieth bill is not lifted up, and there should be another bill in the pile, the bank makes it, don't you see?"

"You will do," said the bank president. "You have been in the business before but I didn't suppose you knew that trick."—*Detroit Free Press.*

ACCOMMODATING.

A piper whose religious education had been neglected had been indulging himself in a tune on the pipes on a Sunday when a minister chanced to be passing his house. He thought it his duty to go in and admonish the offender.

"What was that I was hearing Dugald?"

"Weel, maybe you wad be hearin' the pipes."

"But do you not know what day this is?"

"Ay, weel fa' for wad na I know it?"

"Dugald, do you remember the Fourth Commandment?"

"Na, minister, I canna say that I do, but if ye wad whisl't I micht try to play it to ye."—*Dundee News.*

A THRIFTY LOVER.

Frugal young man (to object of his affections)—Darling, your father being a minister, perhaps we'd better ask him to perform the ceremony for us. He would do it as rent—in fact, I presume he would think it an insult if I should offer him anything—er Object of his affections—I don't know. I have often heard paps say that he could tell by the size of the fee what an estimate the bridegroom put upon the bride. Frugal young man (uneasily)—H'm!. Money couldn't express it in my case, darling. All the wealth of the world couldn't do it! But I've got a second cousin a justice of the peace, that will marry us for $2.—*Chicago Tribune.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Printed matter is measured by "ems," the letter "m" being the unit. The following compilation is by Prof. A. P. Lyon: "The Bible contains 3,500,000 ems; Webster's Dictionary, 20,000,000; Johnson's Cyclopedia, 56,000,000; Chamber's Encyclopedia, 58,000,000; Appleton's Cyclopedia, 60,000,000; and Encyclopedia Britannica, 140,000,000.

One of the most remarkable mechanical changes of the day is the setting aside of steel and the adoption of iron for some of the most important parts of locomotives on many railroads. It is comparatively only a few years since the change was made, on most roads, from iron to steel.

A queer old chap in Boston has devoted many years and a large fortune to the collection of statistics which go to show that the more dogs there are in a community the wickeder the people of that place are.

The difference between the large and many of the small Churches, and many large and small people, is just this: the display of their pride is restricted only by their poverty, and limited simply to their ability.

There has been an increase of nearly one million native communicants to all the Christian Churches in heathen lands during the past year.

HABIT OF UNTRUTH.

Some men seem to have a constitutional inability to tell the simple truth. They may not mean to lie, or to tell an untruth, but they are careless—careless in hearing, careless in understanding, careless in repeating what is said to them. These well-meaning but reckless people do more mischief than those who intentionally foment strife by deliberate falsehood. There is no firebrand like your well-meaning busybody, who is continually in search of scandal, and by sheer habit misquotes everybody's statements.

This carelessness is a sin of no small magnitude. A man's duty to God and his fellows require him to be careful; for what else were brains and common sense given him? Of course that other class, the malignant scandal-mongers who take a fiendish pleasure in promoting strife, who deliberately garble men's words and twist their sentiments, is in the minority, and people have a very decided opinion regarding them. Most men misrepresent because they don't seem to think that care in speaking the truth is a pre-eminent duty.

The effects of this careless misrepresenting of others are seen everywhere. Its effect upon the individual is to confirm him in a habit of loose, distorted, and exaggerated statement, until telling the truth becomes a moral impossibility. No other thing causes so many long-standing friendships to be broken, so many dissensions in Churches, so much bitterness in communities, and so much evil everywhere. It is an abuse that calls for the rebuke of every honorable man.

It is getting to be the fashion now to condone iniquity of all sorts under the plea of "mercy." The old-time sins have taken to themselves new names, more congenial and less appalling, and we hear now of "weaknesses," "infirmities," "failings," instead of the Scripture definitions, "theft," "adultery," "drunkenness," and "lying." This morbid sentimentality begins to pervade the Church, and what may be called the cloak of mercy is in danger sometimes of hiding a real culprit.—*Selected.*

ALONE WITH THEE.

Into my closet, fleeing as the dove
Doth homeward flee,
I haste away to ponder o'er Thy love,
Alone with Thee.
In the dim woods, by human ear unheard,
Joyous and free,
Lord, I adore Thee, feasting on Thy Word,
Alone with Thee.
Amid the busy city, thronged and gay,
But One I see:
Tasting sweet peace as unobserved I stray,
Alone with Thee.
O, sweetest life—life hid with Christ in God,
So making me,
At home, and by the wayside and abroad,
Alone with Thee!

—*Elizabeth Prentiss.*

RUSTIC COURTSHIP.

At a rustic merry-making a young man was seated facing his sweetheart, Patty. Enamored of her beauty, and stung by the arrows of the little god, he only vented his passion in sly looks, and now and then touching Patty's toe with his foot under the table. Patty, either fearful that the purity of her hose might be soiled, or determined to make the youth express a passion which he appeared so warmly to feel, at length exclaimed, with spirit: "If you love me, why, tell me so, but don't dirty my stockings!"

ASPHALT LAKE OF TRINIDAD.

Asphalt is a substance as familiar now as are its related substances, coal and petroleum. It is used in great quantities for paving streets and roofing houses. A large part of the supply is brought from the lake of La Brea in the island of Trinidad. This lake is said to have been discovered in 1595 by Sir Walter Raleigh, who employed the pitch found there in calking his ships.

This wonderful bituminous shoal has an area of nearly one hundred acres, between elevations close to the hill top. It is a broad surface of pitch, seamed with small channels of water.

The pitch is dug from this hardened top, and the quantity taken away is constantly replenished by the soft asphalt oozing up from below, which becomes hardened by the evaporation of its constituent oil by the sun. Night supplies the exhaustion of day.

The method of skimming the great bowl may be illustrated by comparing it to a pond from which blocks of ice have been cut, and the water solidified again by the action of frost, the difference being that heat is the agent in one case, and cold in the other.

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

Art thou the Light?
To Thee, then, in the sunshine of the cloud
Or in my chamber lone, or in the crowd,
I lift my sight.

The whole system of life is full of divine and memorable compensation.

Not to know more of Christ as the days go is to know less of him.

Not to enjoy life but to employ life ought to be our aim and inspiration.

Our prayers are sometimes answered when our desires are most opposed.

It is another's fault if he be ungrateful, but it is mine if I do not love. To find one thankful man, I will oblige many that are not so.

We do not shake off our yesterdays, and sustain no further relation to them; they follow us, they constitute our life, and they give accent and force and meaning to our present needs.

It is not the high summer alone that is God's. The winter also is his. And into His winter He comes to visit us. And all man's winters are His, the winter of our poverty, the winter of our sorrow, the winter of our unhappiness, even the "winter of our discontent."

The legends tell
That He, the Meek One, bowed His head to death,
E'en on an aspen cross. And from that fearful hour
Aspens have quivered as with a conscious dread
Of that foul crime which bowed the meek Redeemer's head.

Why should I start at the plow of my Lord, that maketh deep furrows on my soul? I know he is no idle husbandman. He purposeth a crop. Oh, that this stony, withered, barren ground were made fertile to bear a crop for Him by whom it is so painfully dressed, and that this fallow ground were broken up!

MR GREELEY'S HIEROGLYPHICS.

The name of Horace Greeley was scarcely more widely known than the fact that his penmanship was almost the most illegible in the United States. Numerous are the stories of mistakes arising from inability to decipher his handwriting. The following one has been less frequently told than some of the others:

On one occasion, in his later years, he received from the secretary of an association in Iowa a letter asking him to lecture for it some time during the following fall, and also enquiring as to his terms. Mr. Greeley replied, declining the invitation, and stated by way of explanation that he had concluded to retire from the lecture platform, saying also that he would be sixty years old the next February, and felt that he was entitled to some rest.

When the secretary of the society received the letter he began to decipher it, or rather commenced to try. After working three days, and parts of three nights, he, like the donkey in the conundrum, whose haystack was on the opposite side of the river, gave it up. A special meeting of the society was called, and a Greeley letter committee appointed. After burning a considerable amount of "midnight oil," the committee instructed the secretary to send Mr. Greely the following:

"DEAR MR. GREELEY:

"Your recent letter has been received and read with much interest. I am instructed to say in reply, that February is the very month in which we would prefer you to lecture for us, and we all think your price, $60, quite reasonable.

"Yours fery truly,
———, Secretary."

Rest and Comfort to the Suffering.

"Brown's Household Panacea" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back, or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. "It will instantly quiet on the Blood and Heal" as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds, and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle.