The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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THREE MONTHS.....25 CT

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10 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	3.50
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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 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 run. 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. 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.
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 $300 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 exhilirating 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.
THE system of education pursued is at once intellectual and eminently practical, meeting in a very marked degree the requirements of this progressive and commercial age. In proof of this it may be mentioned that those availing themselves of the superior advantages offered in the Guelph Business College, and having in view one or other of the varied walks of business life, are generally found on finishing the prescribed curriculum, ready and efficiently equipped for the conflict. Few, if any, of the graduates, according to the showing of past results, need be long unemployed. To mention their training school is, as a rule, a passport to eligible and lucrative situations. There are no vacations. 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.
Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of property, on the Premium Note System.
F. W. Stone, Chas. Davidson, President. 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, fair &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, Giddie & McCullogh 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 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, 1t. high, $60, 7 ft. $75, 8 ft. $90, 9 ft. $100, 10 ft. $120. All work and material warranted first-class. Parties wanting anything in this line will do well to call and see us before purchasing elsewhere as we guarantee our prices are from 30 to 50 per cent. below all other dealers.

LIVERY.
J. & H. WORDEN
HAVING assumed proprietorship of the livery business 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, twill or plain, also Bed Blankets and Horse Blankets, two yards wide and over.
And I will guarantee that I will give good satisfaction to all farmers and others who will favor me with their patronage.
T. MITCHELL.

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

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 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.
(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—at 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.
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.

THE RESTLESS BOY IN CHURCH.

How he turns and twists,
And how he persists
In rattling his heels;
How uneasy he feels,
Our widow-wake boy in church!

Then earnest and still,
He attends with a will,
While the story is told
Of some hero bold,
Our dear, thoughtful boy in church;

But our glad surprise
At his thoughtful eyes
Is turned to despair
As he twitches the hair
Of his little sister in church.

Still, each naughty trick flies,
As a look from the eyes
Of his mother so dear,
Who thinks best to sit near
Her mischievous boy in church!

Another trick comes
Yes! His finger he drums,
Or his 'kerchief is spread
All over his head—
And still we take him to church!

He's troublesome? Yes!
That I'm bound to confess;
But God made the boys,
With their fun and their noise,
And He surely wants them in church.

Such children you know,
Long, long years ago,
Did not trouble the Lord,
Though his disciples were bored:
So we'll keep them near Him in Church!
—*Lutheran.*

Select Family Reading.

The Golden Horseshoe.

"Tell us the story about the Fortune-Teller and the Golden Horseshoe, Fenella," coaxed the children. "Do!"

Fenella sat working by the lamp. An extra order had come in that day for vines of delicate embroidery on the fronts of half a dozen shirts, and the work had been given to Fenella Wait, greatly to her delight. It was so much additional income to the Wait exchequer. Fenella worked all day in the factory, but this was something that did not come within the regular rules, and she willingly took the shirts home, and toiled after working hours for the chance to earn the two additional dollars. There was a bill at the drug store to settle, and Aunt Mary's shawl was so thin and worn that it didn't keep the wind from careening around her attenuated form when she went out, and Uncle Job could go on with that grand new invention which he was always "just going" to perfect; and to. Fenella, the bread winner of the family, two dollars meant two dollars, every cent of it.

Fenella Wait might have been one of the Prisoners of Poverty, but she did not know it, and sang at her work. And when Kate and Patty came home from evening school, and clung around her, beseeching her to tell once more the time-worn legends that had delighted their infancy, she looked with kindly eyes down into their poor little pinched faces.

"Why, you've heard that forty times before," said she.

"Yes, but it's always good said Kate.

"And," added solemn little Patsy, "we always like to hear it. Please, Nella!"

"Well," said Fenella, stitching rapidly on, "it was when I was sixteen. I'm six-and-twenty now, you know, so that was ever and ever so long ago. I was a girl, under the apple trees in the country. That was before father died, you know, and we lived on a farm, and the trees were all a pink, fluttering cloud of blooms; and we girls—I and my schoolmates—stood under them, and made believe it was a pink snow storm, when an old, old woman came along, wrapped in a red cloak, with her hood pulled over her eyes, so that it almost rested on her crooked nose, and leaning on a stick, she said:—

"Shall I tell your fortunes, my bonny lasses? I'll do it for a silver sixpence each."

"Well of course we hadn't any sixpences—only half dimes—but they were silver pieces anyway, and so she agreed to tell our fortunes for these."

"And you, she said to Annie Wakeley, will sleep under a green plush blanket before the year is out; and you, to Lizzie Rowe, will cross the sea with a fair man at your side; and you, to me, will never have any luck unless you find a golden horseshoe lying at your feet."

"With that she trudged away, and none of us ever saw her again; and before the year was out Fanny Wakeley was sleeping under the green blanket of the church-yard sod. Sure enough, Lizzie Rowe married a little man with blue eyes and yellow hair who took her to the south of France, where he was starting in the wine trade; and as for me—I've never found the golden horseshoe yet."

"Do you suppose you ever will find it, Nella?" said Patty.

"No," said Nella, biting off the end of her thread. "I don't suppose that I ever shall."

"Golden horseshoes, indeed!" said Kate, "Who ever saw one?"

And then they went to bed, snuggling up together to keep warm, while Fenella sewed on and on until the little wooden clock on the mantle struck twelve.

She took the work home next day. The foreman was quarrelling with one of the hands who had chosen to disobey orders, and was unwilling to take the consequences and Fenella was bidden to take it up into the office herself.

"If the customer ain't there," said Mr. McCollum (which was the foreman's ceremonial name, just as "Old Screws," was his informal one), "wait till he comes; he won't be long."

So Fenella waited; and presently the customer came—a tall, dark-featured young man.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said she, calmly, "but are these embroidered shirts for you?"

"I ordered a set—yes," said the young man. "Are you the principal's wife?"

"Oh, no," said Fenella. "I am only one of the sewing girls. But the foreman told me to bring them up."

"You're a sewing girl, eh!" said the young man, looking curiously at her.

"Yes, sir," said Fenella, calmly.

"Would you like some more sewing to do?" he asked. "Not through this firm, I mean, but work that you will get good, fair pay for?"

"Of course I should like it," Fenella answered promptly.

"I'll bring you something then, if you will give me your address," said he.

He took a card and pencil from his pocket, and wrote it down as she dictated it to him.

She was wondering, as she went back to her machine, whether she had done wrong in giving her address to this total stranger.

"He had a kind face," she said to herself "and a pleasant eye. No, I will not believe that one half of the world goes about, a wolf in sheep's clothing, to devour the other half."

Sure enough, that very evening a gentleman's servant brought a package of material to the house where Fenella Wait's people lived.

"For Miss Wait," said he. "A dozen fine shirts. There's a specimen garment inside."

"I can get twelve dollars a dozen for such shirts as these," thought exultant Nella. I'll commence them at once. Oh, we shall be rich, now."

She cut them carefully out, following the pattern with the most careful exactitude, and set herself diligently to work; but when the clock once more struck midnight she stopped.

She folded up the work, and stooped to pick up the sample shirt. Right there, on the floor at her feet, lay a small screw stud fashioned like a golden horseshoe, and set with the tiniest of rubbies for nails.

"It must have fallen from the folds of shirt," she pondered. "Oh!" with a sudden start, "it is the fortune-teller's prediction—a gold horseshoe."

She smiled at the odd coincidence.

"I can't return it to the owner," she said. "I shall have to wait until he sends for it. I don't even know what his name is. How strange all this is."

As it chanced, however, she met him in the street, the very next evening, as she returned from her day's work. Her fair, dimpled face flushed up.

"I was wanting to see you," said she. "I have found a little gold horseshoe that I think must belong to you."

"And I have lost the same article," said he. "Have you got it with you?"

"No. I left it at home. But it isn't far."

She took it so calmly and serenely for granted that he would accompany her to her humble abode that he did so, half smiling to himself.

The poorly furnished apartment was a revelation to Oswald Harrington. Aunt Mary in her invalid chair; Uncle Job working steadily at the diagram of the invention that never came to anything; the two little girls sewing beads on black braid as diligently as if they were eighty instead of eight years old—he saw and noted all these things, with the sweet, Evangeline-faced maiden standing in their midst.

"You are very poor?" he said to Uncle Job.

The inventor looked up.

"Yes, Yes," he admitted. "But we shall be rich when once I get out this 'Patent Improvement to the Hubs of Wheels.'"

"But in the meantime?" said Oswald Harrington.

Uncle Job stared at him. He had not thought of that.

"Wouldn't you be better off in the country?" Mr. Harrington said to Aunt Mary "You and the children?"

"Yes," said the patient invalid, "but how to get there? We have no means, sir, you know."

"I have a place that needs a reliable family to take care of it," said he. "It is a fruit farm in Delaware; you could have your rent and vegetables, and I dare say the wheel hub invention could be practically tested there!"

"But Fenella's work?" said Aunt Mary wistfully.

"There would be the poultry, and the strawberry beds," suggested Mr. Harrington.

The upshot of it was that the family went to Delaware; and this was the beginning of all their luck.

"Depend upon it," said grave little Patty "that golden horseshoe meant something. Remember Nella, what the fortune-teller said. We are all so happy here, and so well."

"But," said Kate, seriously, "we shall not be so happy when Nella is gone."

"Nella gone!" echoed Patty. "Goosie, where should she go?"

"Don't you know?" said Kate. "Can't you guess? Oh, Patty haven't you seen her smile add color up whenever Mr. Harrington comes here?"

Patty clapped her small hands.

"The golden horseshoe!" she cried. "The golden horseshoe, again!"

And whether the old fortune-teller carried the keys of the future or not, one thing is very certain: If Fenella Wait had not chanced to find that golden horseshoe, with the tiny ruby nails, she never would have come so near the heart of the man whose wife she afterwards became—Oswald Harrington.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Nature comes to the soul a perpetual letter from God, freshly written every day and each hour.

It is not true that love make all things easy; it makes us choose what is difficult. —*Talmud.*

To have thought far too little, we shall find in the review of life among our capital faults.

He who is too much afraid of being duped has lost the power of being magnanimous.

The happiness or unhappiness of old age is nothing but the extract of a past life.

Every man likes to talk about himself; a good listener makes a delightful wife.

Knowledge is dearly bought if we sacrifice to it moral qualities.

That which has been eaten out of the pot can not be put into the dish.

Mortgage and misery begin with the same letter.

The time to bury the hatchet is before blood is found upon it.

It takes $10,000 to build a $5,000 house. The beauty of the foregoing is that it is both a joke and a serious fact.

Advice is like medicine; you can never tell whether it will do you any good until after you have taken it.

What has he done? That was Napoleon's test. What have you done? Turn up the faces of your picture cards! You need not make mouths at the public because it has not accepted you at your own fancy value.

Affectation is the greatest enemy both of doing well and good acceptance of what is done. I hold it the part of a wise man to endeavor rather that fame may follow him than go before him.

Some men use no other means to acquire respect than by insisting on it, and it sometimes answers the purpose, as it does a highwayman's in regard to money.

A man of strong character always makes enemies; you can not be quite sure that he is a man of strong character.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

Little Marion was walking in the garden with her mother one day, when they found under some bushes, a handsome China plate which the cook had broken and concealed, and for which a scolding was duly administered. A few days later, standing on the bank of a river, she saw the new moon reflected in it, and cried out, "Oh, see, mamma! Somebody has broke the moon and hid a piece in the ribber!"

"Mamma," said Freddie, "Uncle Will wants to buy a cow, and I heard Mr. B—— say he has one for sale."

"What is it," inquired mamma, "an Alderney?"

"No'm, that ain't it."

"A Jersey?" asked mamma.

"No'm, it ain't that either; it's a—a—a heifer."

Bertie, who loves to pick chickens, and saw preparations being make for hog-killing, said, "O papa, can't I help to pick the hogs?"

Mamma and papa were discussing the persecutions of Martin Luther, and the Diet of Worms. "O mamma," exclaimed Lettie, "they surely didn't make him eat worms!"—*Youth's Companion.*

HE WAITED ON THE BRIDGE.

There is a story of General Havelock which gives an example of one kind of waiting.

Crossing London bridge one morning, with his son, he suddenly thought of something he had forgotten, requiring him to return to a certain street. Leaving the boy on the bridge, he told him to wait there for him. He was detained by business, and, becoming absorbed, forgot his promise to the lad, and did not return to the bridge at all. When he came home in the evening, his wife asked him where Harry was. Then it flashed on him that he had forgotten his promise.

"Why, Harry is on London bridge!" he said.

And hastening to the spot, he found him just where he had left him in the morning. The boy had waited all the day, not once leaving the spot. His father had given the command and the promise, and he simply obeyed.

SALT.

Salt is a very common article, for the ocean holds in solution an immense quantity of it. How strange it is that though salt water is not fit to drink salt is necessary to health and life. Have you ever eaten bread in which no salt has been put? If so, you know how tasteless it is. My children would not like to eat meat without salt on it. Salt is saline, soluble, granular, sparkling, hard and white. We say: "As white as snow." We might say, as white as salt. Chemistry tells us that salt is chloride of sodium. Two elements embrace or absorb each other, and the result is salt, a compound unlike the chloride and sodium which compose it. It crystallizes in the form of cubes which dissolve in two and seven-tenth times their weight of water either hot or cold. There are several kinds of salt. Rock salt is dug from mines in the earth. In Australia there is an immense mine in which is a chapel. In our country it is chiefly obtained from springs and wells of water. The most important salt works are near Syracuse in the State of New York. Coarse salt is made by evaporating the water in shallow vats by the heat of the sun. Fine, or table salt is made by boiling the brine in large iron kettles. Sea salt is made from the ocean water. It has a bitter taste from other salts which are also in the water. Sea water contains one-thirtieth its weight of salt. Plants contain a small quantity of it, so it is applied to the soil to promote their growth. All the children know that salt seasons food and preserves meat and fish. It has another use, namely, glazing earthenware. Animals require salt the same as human beings and Nature has provided salt licks for wild animals. The dumb creatures know where to find these salty places and resort there to lick it up.

It is calculated that a person consumes sixteen pounds of salt every year, or about five ounces a week. Some one has calculated that the salt in the ocean, if separated would make a solid stratum over the bed of the ocean 140 feet thick. There are many salt lakes in the world. The Caspian Sea is the largest, being four times as large as Lake Superior. Great Salt Lake in Utah is the largest salt lake in the United States. Now, children, when you use salt, remember what a valuable article it is.—*Christian at Work.*

AUSTRALIA'S POPULATION.

Mr. Hayter, the head of the statistical department of the colony of Victoria, has just prepared a table of statistics relating to Australia for the year 1887. The figures are subject to re-vision, but in a proof copy which I have seen, Mr. Hayter estimates the population of the various Australian colonies as follows: New South Wales, 1,042,919; Victoria, 1,035,119; Queensland, 366,840; South Australia, 312,421; and Western Australia, 42,488. This gives a total population for the Continent of 2,800,886. Of these, 1,523,834 are males, and 1,277,052 females. Tasmania has now, he estimates, a population of 142,478, and New Zealand 603,361, there being here as on the continent a great excess of males over females. The entire population of Australasia is thus made out to be 3,546,725. The density of population varies enormously in the different colonies. In Victoria there are 11,790 persons to the square mile, while in Western Australia there are only 44. The average for the entire continent is 921. New South Wales has 8,373 persons to the square mile, and New Zealand 5,788, Tasmania coming next with 5,402.

FRIENDSHIP.

Oh, the blessing it is to have a friend to whom one can speak fearlessly on any subject; with whom one's deepest as well as most foolish thoughts come out simply and safely. Oh, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort, of feeling safe with a person; having neither to weigh thoughts nor measure words, but pouring them right out, just as they are, chaff and grain together, certain that a faithful hand will take them and sift them, keep what is worth keeping, and then with the breath of kindness, blow the rest away.

If all the land was leveled off into the sea in the effort to fill up the hollows in the ocean beds, water two miles deep would cover the entire surface of the globe.

A political canvass is the blackguard's jubilee; he can pour fourth his vulgarity *ad libitum*, and call it patriotism.

TOO MANY BISCUITS.

The mistakes men make, when cooking, sewing and mending are ludicrous enough, although many men, thrown upon their resources, declare they can cook "just as well as anybody," when a woman would be likely to find cause for looking upon their efforts with more or less suspicion. A laughable story is told of the vaunting spirit and actual lack of judgment of an inexperienced cook who had been engaged by a party of miners in Colorado.

They were many miles from a store, at a point inaccessible by teams, and the question of food supplies was quite a serious one for them, as all their food had to be freighted over the mountain trails on the backs of the mountain burros.

Provisions of all kinds were very expensive, and flour was particularly so. They had, after much effort, succeeded in getting a barrel of flour over the trail on a small cart, and had calculated on its lasting them several months, eked out as it would be with Indian meal.

With the barrel of flour came a new cook, a big, stolid-looking Swede, who, in bad English, declared himself to be a cook.

One of the men made a pan of biscuits for breakfast, and, pointing to them and to the barrel of flour, made known to the Swede that he should make more for supper.

They carried their dinners with them to their work, and did not reach home until dark. Tired, cold and hungry, they hurried home in pleased anticipation of the hot biscuits awaiting their arrival. The biscuits were ready for them and the supply was lavishly abundant.

There were biscuits, biscuits, biscuits, everywhere—in every tin pan and basin and paper bag on every shelf and even on their beds, while the tin plates on the supper-table contained great pyramids of crisp, brown biscuits.

In the middle of the biscuit adorned cabin stood the stupid Swede cook, smiling in expectant commendation of his industry and his method of insuring a generous supply of biscuits for the future.

With one accord the amazed men rushed to the flour barrel. It was half full of biscuits; not an ounce of flour was left!

In their grief and rage they pelted the unlucky Swede out of the cabin and out of the camp with a part of the over supply of biscuits he had forced upon them in his utter ignorance of the keeping qualities of that kind of bread.

TEMPERANCE TRUTHS.

There are four good reasons why you should not learn to use strong drink: Your head will be clearer, your health better, your heart lighter, and your purse heavier.

Mr. Richard T. Booth, the temperance advocate, has returned to Boston from a seventeen years' tour around the world. In the course of his labors he induced more than a million people to sign the pledge.

Temperance legislation, to be effective, must be supported by a strong public opinion out-of-doors. In the absence of such a public opinion it will be weak and comparatively useless.

In Iowa the Department of Public Health recommends that the sale of opium be prohibited, on the ground that there are ten thousand confirmed opium eaters in the State, and the habit produces more suffering and fatility than alcoholic liquors.

Let us suppress this systematic agency for the temptation and ruin of men. Shielded behind the ramparts of law and custom, the traffic is proof against all those weapons which we have found effectual in other directions. The strong arm of the law alone can reach it. We must stop this authorized trade in destructive drinks.

One of the first literary men in the United States said to a temperance lecturer: "There is one thing which I wish you to do everywhere: entreat every mother never to give a drop of strong drink to a child. I have had to fight as for my life all my days to keep from dying a drunkard, because I was fed with spirits when a child. I thus acquired an appetite for it. My brother, poor fellow, died a drunkard."

A young man was recently found in the Mersey, drowned. On a paper in his vest-pocket was written: "A wasted life. Do not ask anything about me; drink was the cause. Let me die; let me rot." Within a week the coroner of Liverpool received over two hundred letters from fathers and mothers all over England asking for a description of that young man. How suggestive is this fact! What a story it tells of homes desolated by strong drink!

ODD CORNER.

A correspondent who attended an experience-meeting in a colored church in Virginia says that a new convert arose to tell his experience. He told the brethren and sisters all the sins of his life, and more too with all of their aggravations. He confessed to every crime known to the statutes, and every sin known to the decalogue. When he paused for breath, gasping at his own wickedness, a brother in the gallery shouted solemnly: "Put out de lamp!" "Why for?" asked the pastor. "Coz," said the solemn brother, "de viles' sinner don return."

If a Georgian paper may be believed, a woman in that State sat up late in the night recently to see a pail of ice water she had hung above the door overturn on her husband when he returned from the club. She got tired and went to bed. In the morning she forgot all about the pail until she opened the door to admit her mother. The two women are still as mad as wet hens, and a divorce suit is talked of.

An exchange wants to know "why it is with so many negroes dying, nobody ever sees a black ghost?" It is for the same reason that, with so many white people dying, nobody ever sees a white ghost.—*Norristown Herald.*

The Sultan of Turkey has to have six slaves to dress him. This is very hard, but does not begin to compare with the misery of a man who has six slaves to dress—slaves of fashion.

We have four kinds of people—those who are moving forward, those who are on the move backward, those who are standing still, and those who are going to start in some direction soon.

The insufferable arrogance and insolence of the liquor traffic is shown by the terrible outcry that is made at the suggestion that the saloon-keeper should respect the rights of others even on one day in the week. To attempt to "regulate" such an institution is as hopeless as to make a saint of the devil by putting ice on his head. The only way to "regulate" the saloon is to kill it.

BUTTER-MAKING.

Here is a lesson in butter-making, prettily taught
A little maid in the morning sun
Stood merrily singing and churning—
"Oh! how I wish this butter was done.
Then off to the fields I'd be turn'ing!"
So she hurried the dasher up and down.
Till the farmer called with half-made frown—
"Churn slowly!"

"Don't ply the churn so fast, my dear,
It is not good for the butter,
And will make your arms ache too, I fear.
And put you all in a flutter:
For this is a rule wherever we turn,
Don't be in haste whenever you churn—
"Churn slowly!"

"If you want your butter both nice and sweet,
Don't churn with nervous jerkins,
But ply the dasher slowly and neat,
You'll hardly know that you're working,
And when the butter is come you'll say,
"Yes, surely, this is the best way"—
"Churn slowly!"

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

We learn to live when life has passed away.

It is easier to be wise for others than to be so for one's self.

We like to give in the sunlight and to receive in the dark.

Prosperity unmasks the vices; adversity reveals the virtues.

Experience is the name men give to their follies or their sorrow.

If we did not flatter ourselves the flattery of others could not hurt us.

A man in any station can do his duty, and doing it can earn his own respect.

Eternity is long enough to make up for the ills of our brief troubled life here.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.

Do not cast your burdens upon others. Rest them between yourself and heaven!

If you assume the garb of a fool, are you very sure that you have not a natural right to it.

There is nothing more necessary than to know how to bear the tedious moments of life.

Our enemies come nearer to the truth in the opinions they form of us than we do ourselves.

Retribution stands with uplifted axe, and culture, rank and robes of sanctity cannot stay its blow.

We would often be ashamed of our best actions if the world saw the motives which caused them.

If our whole time was spent in amusing ourselves we should find it more wearisome than the hardest day's work.

The nerve that never relaxes, the eye that never blanches, the thought that never wanders, are the harbingers of victory.

A lady asked Garrick why love was always represented as a child? He replied, "Because love never reaches the age of wisdom and experience."

It is said that the man who runs off with a pair of scales is the man who stole a weigh. But the man who cheated by them was the one lying in weight.

It is not the situation which makes the man, but the man who makes the situation. The slave may be a freeman. The monarch may be a slave. Situations are noble or ignoble, as we may make them.

MAKE YOUR OWN ICE CREAM.

Ice cream is a luxury which is greatly appreciated during the warm months. An ice cream freezer costs about two dollars and a half, and once that is bought cream can be made at very little expense. The trouble of preparation is not nearly so great as is often supposed, and the result so satisfactory that those who are fond of ice cream are advised to try it. Besides the freezer a wooden mallet for pounding ice and a stout canvas bag to pound the ice in are indispensable. To make the cream, use one pint, good measure, of rich milk. Let this boil, then mix together two tablespoonfuls of flour, one cupful of sugar, and four or five eggs. Beat these very lightly and stir into the boiling milk. Cook 20 minutes and set away to cool. When ready to freeze add one quart of cream, if you have it, or one pint of cream and one pint or quart of milk. Put this in the freezer. Pack the tub full of pounded ice and salt using about two and a half pints of salt evenly distributed through the ice. Turn the handle of the freezer slowly at first and very rapidly for the last few minutes. In about twenty minutes you will have a nice ice cream. Take out the beater, put on the cover, bring careful to put a cork in the place where the beater goes through. Put a blanket, or a piece of old carpet over it, and by putting the freezer in a cool dark place it will keep several hours without any more ice.

A great many people spoil ice cream by fussing with it. If it is left alone it will keep all right if the above directions are carried out.

Vanilla is a favorite flavoring, and the very best is procured in the pods. Buy the vanilla bean. They cost ten cents a piece, and one will last a long time, and you are sure of having the pure article.

THE PRIMARY SCHOOL.

The saloon is the primary school in which men take their first lessons in drinking. It is an institution which caters to an unworthy appetite, which in every man will struggle to overmaster him, and which will come out victor in the struggle in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred. If the saloons were all swept away, the total amount of drinking would be reduced probably one-half at one stroke. Tens of thousands who have just begun the insidious habit of moderate drinking would be saved from what is now their certain destiny—drunkenness and ruin. Whatever will destroy the saloon, close the avenues of of temptation which open themselves to the young on every side, should meet with the earnest and hearty approbation of all who desire to pulverize the rum power.

TO YOUNG MEN.

Every man must, in an important sense, educate himself. His book and teachers are but helps—the work is his. A man is not educated until he has the ability to summon, in case of emergency, all his mental powers in vigorous exercise to effect his proposed object. It is not the man who has seen the most, or who has read the most, who can do this; such a man is in danger of being borne down, like a beast of burden, by an overloaded mass of other men's thoughts.

There is a growing disposition in every community to resent the dictation of saloon men in public matters of all kinds. There is a feeling that they have had too much to say about the legislation of both State and city. The sooner saloon men recognize these facts and act on them, the better it will be for their own interest.