The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XIV.---NO. 5. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1888. PRICE THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE,

ACTON, - ONTARIO

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

ONE YEAR.....$1.00 SIX MONTHS.....50CTS.
THREE MONTHS.....25CT

Invariably in advance. If not paid in advance $1.50 per year will be charged. No paper discontinued till all dues are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISING RATES

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 mo
30 inches	$60.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
10 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	3.50
5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

Casual advertisements, 6 cents per line for the first insertion, and 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion, cash. The number of lines recounted by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

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

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 yes.
All calls, night or day promptly attended to. Terms easy.

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

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

J. A. MOWAT,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC.
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.
CD. 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 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 thousands 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
0-1y

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. 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.
Invests 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, WashTubs, 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, Goldie & McCulloch make, for sale low for cash.
THOS. C. MOORE, Acton, Ont.

PICTURE FRAMES
—AT—
WATERS BROTHERS.

PICTURES
—AT—
WATERS BROTHERS.
Cornice Poles, Banner Rods, Mouldings, Cords, Nails, Glass, Bevelled Mirrors,
ARTIST'S MATERIALS
Winsor & 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, 8 ft. $95, 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 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 1865; in United States, 1867)
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—
DAYES 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 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 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 Manager, 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.

PLANT A TREE.

He who plants a tree,
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Into heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree,
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy;
Every day a fresh reality.
Beautiful and strong
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

He who plants a tree,
He plants peace.
Under its green curtain jargons cease.
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never heat though dreamed, thou blessed tree
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree,
He plants youth;
Vigor won for centuries in sooth:
Life of time, that hints eternity!
Boughs their strength spread,
New shoots, every year
On old growths appear
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree,
He plants love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers, he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant! Life does the rest!
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

Lucy Larcom.

Select Family Reading.

A Gem of Art.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Seventy-five dollars for a picture frame!" cried Mrs. Mapleton. "My dear Augusta, isn't that just a little extravagant?"

It was almost the first remonstrance that Mr. Mapleton had ventured to utter to his wife, for the glow of their honeymoon had not yet faded from the matrimonial horizon. But he was only a young merchant, whose business had not yet arrived at an overwhelming pitch of success and he was beginning to think that Mrs. Mapleton's ideas were a little too high-toned for such a limited income as their's was.

Mrs. Mapleton turned towards him with a sad moonlight sort of a smile.

"My dear Gerard," she said, "pray excuse me, but you are quite ignorant of the subject. That picture which dear Louise Lorrance gave me for a wedding present is a real Meissonier. One of the great artist's earliest attempts, it is true, and, perhaps lacking in the exquisite finish which characterizes his later productions, but still a Meissonier. And no common or twardy piece of gilding can befit such a gem of art as this. It will light up our drawing room as a jewel lights up some dusky ocean cave."

So the seventy-five dollar frame was ordered, and the Meissonier was sent home incased in its splendor.

Grandma Mapleton shook her old white head when it was carried in.

"It may be a gem of art," said she. "I ain't no judge of such things. But I'm sartin that your business won't support Augusta if she keeps on at this rate. Your grandfather's description of 'Washington Crossing the Delaware' was framed in a cherry wood moulding that didn't cost fifty cents. And even the portrait of Sarah Jane, playing the harp, that was done by the travelling journeyman who painted the barn, was put in a plain gilt frame that only cost three dollars and a half.

"Oh, grandma!" cried Mrs. Mapleton, despairingly, "can't you understand that the world has altered since you were a girl?"

"Oh, I know that well enough," said Grandma Mapleton, meditatively, polishing her spectacle glasses with the corner of her apron. "But I ain't altogether certain that it has altered for the better."

Grandma Mapleton, bless her kindly old heart, had many doubts and fears as to the way in which her grandson and his wife were beginning their career.

"Brussels carpets all over the house," said she. "Ingrain was good enough in my day, with Venetian stripe on the stairs and oilcloth on the hall, so that you could scrub 'em up, once a week, and make sartin you were clean. And Augusta has got ebony cabinets to hold china and stuff, where I used to be satisfied with a wooden corner cupboard. And there are curtains strung up before every door, and fans tucked in every hole and corner, until I fairly ache to go and fold 'em all up and put 'em away. But this picture business outdoes everything. What! new currant-colored plush coverings for the furniture! Why, Augusta, there ain't no earthly need for that."

"They must match the band of currant-colored plush in the picture frame, don't you see?" impatiently retorted Mrs. Gerard Mapleton. "Everything must be toned to the key of the Meissonier!"

Grandma said nothing. She only shook her head again, this time more vehemently than ever.

"I wish the Mezzoner never had come into the house," said she to herself. "It has fairly turned Gerard's wife's head. And I don't see as it's any different from any other picture."

Mrs. Gerard Mapleton, however, thought differently. She "toned" the little drawing room satisfactorily to the key of the Meissonier, and then issued cards for "Wednesday evenings."

"Not regular parties, you know," she explained to her friends. "Just evenings. And—and music—and literary conversation, and all that sort of thing."

Mr. Mapleton looked doubtful.

"My dear," said he, "all that sort of thing, as you call it, costs money. And I'm not sure that we can afford it."

"Oh, Gerard, don't be ridiculous!" said Augusta, with a petulant shrug of her shoulders. "Afford! you are always thinking of money. A few slices of cake and a glass of wine or so—what can it signify? And as for my dress, I should have required a new black silk this winter in any event."

Mr. Mapleton could say no more; but by and by, when the bills came in, thick as autumn leaves that strew the brooks of Vallambrosa, his face assumed a worn and haggard expression—a troubled look—that went to grandma's heart.

"Gerard," she said, softly, "what is it? Don't be afraid of coming to granny, my boy. It was me that bound up the first cut finger you ever had."

"Hearts wounds are not so easily healed, grandma," said the young man, half laughing, half sighing. "But I may as well be frank with you. That Meissonier is ruining me. I wish to goodness Miss Larrance had kept it to herself."

Mrs. Mapleton had invited some artistic friends that evening to look at her picture, with these came a famous English connoisseur, whose manners were as brusque as his judgement was excellent.

"That a Meissonier!" he cried, abruptly "Why it is the merest daub that ever was framed."

"A copy!" cried Mrs. Mapleton, growing pale.

"A copy," said the connoisseur, 'and a very poor one!' It isn't worth the room it takes up on your wall, my dear madam."

Mrs. Mapleton cried herself to sleep that night. In the morning, when she came down, the Meissonier had broken its cord, and lay prone on the mantel, with the javelin of a bronze halberdier sticking through the canvas, while the seventy-five dollar frame was broken into fragments.

"Dear me, what a pity!" said grandma.

"It is the best thing that could have happened!" said August, bitterly.

That very afternoon sheriff's officers took possession of the house, and the Mapleton family slept in hired rooms at the top of a cheap flat.

Augusta came to her husband the next day.

"Ah, Gerard," she said, "what should I ever have done without that darling old grandmother of yours! I may as well confess it all. I was just going to take a dose of laudanum and end all my shame and remorse at thus having ruined you, when she came in like a guardian, as she is. And, oh, she talked so beautifully to me—just exactly as if I were a little child who had done wrong out of simple inadvertence. And she wants us to go out to her old farm house on the Housatonic River and live there. It's all furnished, she says, and—and"—with a little hysterical laugh—"there are no Meissoniers there!"

So the young couple went out to the old farm house, where the sumacs were beginning to flaunt their crimson velvet torches, and the stone walls were garlanded in scarlet festoons of woodbine, and there they began the world anew.

"Dear grandma," said Mrs. Mapleton, one day, "how wrong an estimate I formed of your character when first you came to us!"

"You thought me a meddling old woman eh?" said grandma, her keen blue eyes sparkling shrewdly through her glasses.

"But I don't think so now," said Augusta. "I am so much happier here, with my bees and my chickens, and all the beautiful things which surround me. And Gerard hasn't got that troubled look in his face all the time. And he is growing so sunburned and healthy."

"You are both of you contented, eh?" said grandma, knitting diligently away.

"Oh, yes; quite," said Augusta, giving the old lady's withered hand a little squeeze.

"Well, then," said old Mrs. Mapleton, "I will tell you a little secret; there is ten thousand dollars in the Woodhaven Bank which I have been saving up for Gerard to begin business again."

"Keep it there," said Gerard, promptly. "I am satisfied with being a farmer."

"And what does Augusta say?" asked the old lady."

"Augusta says the same," declared the young wife. "She is quite satisfied."

Grandma Mapleton smiled. The lesson of adversity had not been in vain.

Mrs. Augusta added:

"The picture of woods and fields that I can see at sunset from this back yard is lovelier than all the Meissoniers in the world."

"I think so, too," said Gerard; but in his secret heart he believed that the happy light in Augusta's eyes was a still fairer and sweeter picture.

THE POWER OF A TRACT.

A young Hindu of some education fell into bad habits, and in his extremity stole $3 from his aunt. Passing on his way he found in his path the "Heart Book," a small treatise translated and printed in his own language. On reading it his attention was arrested and his conscience aroused. He went home confessed his theft and restored the money. For six months he read and re-read the graphic description of his own heart-wrongs in the little book. His conscience, so seared and dead before, gave him no rest. His aunt advised him to go to a friend in a near village, who had a larger book, which they called "God's Word." He went, borrowed the friend's Bible, and read it as he had read the "Heart Book." He was converted, ceased all idolatrous worship and rites, and was baptised. His family persecuted him, cast him out, and performed his funeral rites, but he lives an earnest, happy Christian.

LUCK, OR WHAT?

Twenty clerks in a store, twenty hands in a printing office, twenty apprentices in ship-yard, twenty young men in a town, all want to get on in the world, and expect to do so. One of the clerks will become partner and make a fortune; one of the compositors will own a newspaper, and become an influencial citizen; one of the apprentices will become a master-builder; one of the villagers will get a handsome farm, and live like a patriarch—but which one is the lucky individual? Lucky! there is no luck about it. The thing is almost as certain as the rule of three. The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly and purely, who devotes his leisure to the acquisition of knowledge; who gains friends by deserving them, and who saves his spare money. There are some ways to fortune shorter than this dusty old highway; but the staunch men of the community, the men who achieve something really worth having—good fortune, good name, and serene old age—all go on this road.—*Selected.*

Do the best you can where you are, and when that is done you will see an opening for something better.

Temperance is that due restraint upon the affections and passions which renders the body tame and governable, and frees the mind from the allurements of vice.

Laziness grows on people. It begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

MONKEYS AND SPECTACLES.

It seems from the following story told in the New York *Sun* that monkeys have their little prejudices, and prominent among them is a strong dislike to eye-glasses.

A man with pebble eye-glasses leaned close to the bars of the monkey cage in a Bowery museum last night, watching two who were doing trapeze act.

As he watched, a young monkey stole slyly up, and thrusting his paw out between the bars suddenly snapped off the glasses from the man's nose, jabbed them into his mouth and danced away chattering.

The keeper recaptured the glasses after considerable difficulty, and, as he returned them to the owner, said:—

"You have learned something curious about monkeys, sir. Don't wear glasses when you go near them. They excite either their ire or their cupidity, and they'll grab them every time.

"When I was in London Zoo they used to have signs stuck up warning spectators not to place goggles within reach of the monkeys. When they find they can't chew them up, they smash them."

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

"Mamma, I wish I was black like our Sambo."

"Why, my dear child, what makes you wish such a thing as that?"

"Oh, 'cause you wouldn't see then when my hands were dirty."

Myrtie was only a baby herself when the new little sister was shown her for the first time. She had never been with a small baby, and knew nothing about them. But this tiny creature's nestling and soft grantings reminded her of something she had seen, and she cried out, a pleased recognition flashing in her big brown eyes, "Piggy! Piggy!"

An elder brother had just left home for a distant state, and the family grieved much over his departure. A visitor, meeting Willie at the door, said, "Well, Willie, did you cry when Brother Rob left?"

"No," he replied, with a sigh. "I cried inside, but the tears didn't come up."

A bright little girl who had been reading Miss Edgeworth's story of "Lazy Lawrence" was puzzled by a word in it which she could not understand.

Running to her mother, she asked, "Mamma, what's the meaning of 'transported!'"

The mother thinking only of the more obscure meaning, said, absently, "'Transported' means very much pleased with anything, everjoyed."

"Well," said Phyllis, "how funny! The stableboy was overjoyed to Botany Bay."
—*Youth's Companion.*

SOME GOOD RULES FOR GIRLS.

Every girl desires, or should desire, a pleasing manner. There is no greater mistake that a young woman can make than to disregard her appearance. Many girls think that by so doing they are avoiding a spirit of servile dependence on the opinion of other people. But sooner or later such girls will learn their error, and then, when it is too late, will come the difficult task of educating themselves in the little things which make up so large a part of the pleasure and profit of life. In this particular, self-educating is not only possible. An English lady of rank gives the following rules, which every girl should observe:

WHAT TO AVOID.

A loud, weak, affected, whining, harsh, or shrill tone of voice.

Extravagance in conversation—such phrases as "awfully this," "beastly that," "loads of time," "don't you know," "hate" for "dislike," etc.

Sudden exclamations of annoyance, surprise, and joy—often dangerously approaching to "female swearing"—as "bother!" "Gracious!" "How jolly!"

Yawning when listening to any one.

Talking on family matters even to bosom friends.

Attempting any vocal or instrumental piece of music that you cannot execute with ease.

Crossing your letters.

Making a short, sharp nod of the head, intended to do duty as a bow.

WHAT TO CULTIVATE.

An unaffected, low, distinct, silver-toned voice.

The art of pleasing those around you, and seeming pleased with them and all they may do for you.

The charm of making little sacrifices quite naturally, as if of no account to yourself.

The habit of making allowances for the opinions, feelings, or prejudices of others.

An erect carriage—that is, a sound body.

A good memory for faces, and facts connected with them, thus avoiding giving offence through not recognizing or bowing to people, or saying to them what had best been left unsaid.

The art of listening, without impatience, to prosy talkers, and smiling at the twice-told tale or joke.—*Religious Telescope.*

HAPPY HOURS.

Dr. Guthrie, during his last moments, kept ejaculating the words, "Happy, happy, happy!" And so he fell asleep in Jesus, without a struggle or a sigh.

The Rev. W. Grimshaw, curate of Haworth, said when near his end: "I am as happy as I can be on earth, and as sure of glory as if I were in it. I have nothing to do but to step out of bed into heaven. I have my foot on the threshold already."

Henry Watson Fox, the devoted missionary to the Telegu people in South India, said to his attendants: "If the physician says I cannot live long, I want you all to join in praise. O, It will be glorious, so glorious!" At last he said: "I am very weak, can scarcely speak, but oh happy! happy!! happy!!!"

Another said: "I have talked of death many times, and he has come at last; but my soul is happy in the Lord my God."

"I am supremely happy," said a dying husband to his wife, in answer to her questions: "How is it with your soul? Are you happy?"

John Janeway's last moments were spent in praise. "Come," said he, "let us lift up our voices in praise. I have nothing else to do, and soon I shall be engaged in that sweet employment forever. Oh why should any of you be sad, when I am so happy? This, this is the hour I have waited for."

Amongst the last words of that holy man, Edward Payson, were the following. On being asked if he felt reconciled, he replied: "Oh that is too cold. I rejoice! I triumph! I can find no words to express my happiness, and it will last as long as God Himself!"

BROTHER BROWN AND HIS GIFTS.

It was on that day of "hard, pitiless begging"—they called it missionary day.

Brother Brown was there. Brother Brown had spoken of his conversion in the early morning. The tears, great crystal drops, had coursed down his furrowed cheeks as he recounted his experiences for "nigh to forty years," how the Lord had dealt with him graciously and gived him very many blessings, "for which," he said, "I trust I am truly thankful."

And then, wiping away the tears with his red silk handkerchief, he remarked that all he had in this world he owed to religion that he has trying in his "poor weak way" to serve the Lord, and he hoped he would finally meet his dear brothers and sisters in heaven.

"God bless yod, brother Brown," said the good leader.

"He's an old skinflint," said crazy Bill, who sat in a back seat, in a hoarse whisper, as he shook his head behind a broad-shouldered sinner in the direction of brother Brown.

Most of the congregation heard him, but happily brother Brown was a little deaf on that side, and so he was spared the annoyance of knowing anything unusual had occurred.

Brother Brown had prayed loudly that the Lord would send salvation to a church which he told the Lord, was in a dead condition; that He would break the sinner's heart and revive his brethren, who were growing so solid he hadn's heard them speak in meetings for six months; and then said he, in great earnestness, shaking the whole church with his knees pounding upon the floor and frightening the children who were just coming in with his thunderous tones, "O Lord, give our ministers more religion! real, old-fashioned religion."

Now the public service had begun, and brother Brown was in his own pew. He never missed the preaching, though it was not what it used to be, he often said with a sigh.

The preacher had got to his "secondly," and brother Brown who had been nodding, was now fast asleep.

He dreamed; and the shadows that came and went on his wrinkled face told plainly that no ordinary visions were flitting through his brain.

He was suddenly in the vestibule of heaven; he could hear the music distinctly; and when he first appeared, the door being slightly ajar, he obtained a glimpse of its glories.

He was going right in, but he heard a stern voice near by, which said, "Stop mortal! only the just can enter here."

At first he was indignant, but his tongue seemed tied, and a strange spell came over him; his heart and pulse were almost still.

"On what is your hope based?" asked the apparition before him.

"I was a Christian down in the world for forty years," said brother Brown.

"That avails you nothing!" was the solemn answer; "have you no other plea?"

Brother Brown began to tremble.

"I have always tried to do my duty," he said with hesitation, stammering with emotion.

"We shall see," said the questioner as he took down a great book from a shelf containing millions of like appearance; "a strict account is kept here with every mortal."

By this time brother Brown was shaking like an aspen leaf.

The Book opened readily to the page, having his name in bold letters at the top, and the account:

ABRAHAM BROWN, TO ALMIGHTY GOD, DR.

To breath of life.....
To sixty years of health.....
To eight sons and daughters.....
To alarm .....
To one lot of bonds.....
To money at interest.....
To Christian privileges during life.....
To salvation through Christ.....
To all the suffering of the Lord Jesus.....

Item after item, many thousands of them, aggregating the value of many worlds.

Brother Brown was sinking in anguish. At length he could speak. "It is all unpaid," he moaned, as he fell insensible to the floor.

"Stand up!" said a voice which with firmness and sternness was awful: "Behold thy payments!"

And he saw what he had done in all the years—so little, so mocking to heaven's beneficence in its insignificance—the pittance for God's poor and for a perishing world; the plenty, the ease the luxury, the hoarded store of treasure, of talent and of property for self that he cried out in sorrow, "What shall I do? I have no hope! Lost! lost! lost!"

A hand rested upon his shoulder. He saw no form but a voice was heard:

"Thou may'st return to the earth, and again on in thy years thou shalt knock at this gate of pearl, and perchance shall find admission."

Brother Brown awoke as the people were singing:

"I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.

I gave, I gave My life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?"

Another score of years lived Abraham Brown. He could never give enough: in every cause his name was first, and in secret benevolence his bounty was without limit. He never thought of self, but of his heavenly Master's wish. The neighbors never knew the hinge on which his life turned, but when he died many saw heaven's transformation scene as the glory hung over his dying bed, and they heard him whisper, oh so earnestly:

"The gate is open wide; I see, I see beyond the veil! It is well with my soul!"

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap." Keep the seeds out of the ground if you would not have your garden over-run with noxious weeds. Govern that quick temper, for it may lead you to murder. Suppress that lewd thought, for it may develope and ripen into uncleanness. Quell your disposition to covetousness and avarice, for it may make you a liar and a thief. The only safe rule for us so observe is a double one: "Abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good," and "Watch and pray lest you enter into temptation."
—*Rev. N. B. Resnick.*

It is starting on a false principle to suppose that a man can escape from his own deed, be it good or bad. As soon as he has committed it, he has given it an existence, an individuality, which he can never destroy. It becomes independent of him, and goes into the world to deal its influence in in widening circles far beyond his view.

WHERE IS SHE.

Frisky as a lambskin,
Busy as a bee—
That's the kind of little girl
People like to see.

Modest as a violet,
As a rosebud sweet—
That's the kind of little girl
People like to meet.

Happy as a robin,
Gentle as a dove
That's the kind of little girl
Every one will love.
—*Wide Awake.*

THE MISSING RHYMES.

The poem with comments upon it given below, is one of the most remarkable in the English language, remarkable for its peculiar rhyme and puzzle and depth of study: and we would like to see if any of our readers can solve it; or, in other words, put the missing rhymes to it, according to the rule laid down, which it is as follows:

1st. The rhyming word must have a meaning in keeping with the context, line and verse.

2nd. After the missing word of the first line is found, the missing word of the second line must be exactly the same, with the exception of having only one letter prefixed to it; and the missing word of the third line must be exactly the same as the second, with just one letter more prefixed to it, and all these must be English words, in unison with the whole poem.

To give a clear idea of what is meant, we will insert the missing rhymes of the first stanza:

The captain strode from fore to AFT,
Affordly he his simple RAFT
As though it were some noble CRAFT.

Now it will be observed that these rhymes make good sense with what precedes them; and that the second is made from the first by prefixing one letter; and the third from the second, by prefixing one more letter, and all three rhyme and give sense to the whole stanza, which otherwise would be simple nonsense. The first rhyme word is aft; the second is also aft, with only the prefix of the letter R, which makes the word raft; and the third is raft, with only another prefix of the letter C, which makes it craft. And so it goes on down through the whole poem, which is richly worth the study of old and young, the preceptor and his pupils, as ingeniously showing of what wonderful combinations our language is capable.

To give our readers a good fair start, we will here insert the rhymes of the second verse:

He shouted, shoved and ordered, AND
The floating warehouse brought to LAND;
Then changed his tone, from blunt to BLAND.

Here is the poem:

THE MISSING RHYME.

The captain strode from fore to——
As lordly as his simple——,
As though it were some noble——

He shouted, shoved and ordered——,
The floating warehouse brought to——
Then changing tone, from blunt to——

He cried his cargo, tons of——,
Coals, linens, jewels, apples——
Who'll buy my wares at any——?

And buyers came with eye and——,
Bought large and little, pearl or——;
From book to barrel, spoon to——

He sold by inch, he sold by——,
Sold plow and screw, sold type and——
Sold muslin for a lady's——.

Sold pipes of wine and casks of——,
Sold drums and fifes, the camp to——
Sold game from rabbit up to——

Sold fish, from salmon down to——,
Lumber for pencils and for——
Dishes from silver cup to——.

He sold to scribes and printers——,
To florists, lily buds and——,
Sold sparrows, cages filled with——.

He sold to sketchers, India——,
Sold chains of gold, and many a——
That blacksmiths forge and manufacture——

He sold to seedmen hemp and——,
To milliners sold silk and——
To dentists tools to pull or——

He sold to wear, to drink, to——,
He vended cold and trafficked——
The buyers valued him a——.

The sale was on, the tide was——,
The float, renewed by plank and——
Again adown the stream did——.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Art may err, but nature cannot miss.

A kind No is often more agreeable than a rough Yes.

A man may have much of the world, and yet not be much of a man.

Let a man restore order within himself and chaos without ceases.

All who joy would win must share it. Happiness was born a twin.

The pleasure of doing good is the only pleasure that never wears out.

The company in which you will improve most will be least expensive to you.

Sin is a hard task-master and pays dreadful wages. "The wages of sin is death."

He is the richest man who knows how to use the keys which Life put into his hands.

Those who tell you of others' faults, will make themselves as free to others of your own.

We remain young so long as we can learn, can adopt new habits, and can bear contradiction.

It is much easier to think right without doing right, than to do right without thinking right.

If there is any person to whom you feel a dislike, that is the person of whom you should never speak.

Be courageous and noble-minded; our own heart, and not other men's opinions of us, forms our true honor.

Mrs. Kellogg, the wife of a devoted missionary to India, while sensible that she was dying, exclaimed exultingly: "No sickness, no death there! Happy in Jesus, saved entirely in Him!"

One of the best rules in conversation is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid; nor can there well be anything more contrary to the ends for which people meet together, than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.

Cause And Effect.

Many persons wonder at the tired, worn and weary feeling that oppresses them without any apparent cause. It may be poverty of the blood or a disordered stomach; in either case the stomach, blood and liver are not performing their regular functions and, with many persons, they will follow a dull, heavy headache, nausea and many other symptoms that precede a well developed case of Dyspepsia, purify the blood, cleanse the system of the clogged secretions by using Meacham's Mandrake Mixture, prepared by J. B. Meacham, 433 Yonge street, a chemist of nineteen years experience.