The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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ACTON, ONTARIO

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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THREE MONTHS.....25 CT.

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1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

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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 issued. All calls, night or day promptly attended to. TERMS CASH.

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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:—Crookshank's Block, Georgetown, and 80 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. S. V. BADGEROW, JOHN CARSON, B.C.L., CO. CROWN ATTORNEY.

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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.

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(Successor to T. F. Chapman)

BOOKBINDER,

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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 tea-found as 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 exhibited 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.

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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

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, 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, 4t. high, $20, 5 ft. $25, 6 ft. $30, 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.

JOHN WILLIAMS

HAVING assumed proprietorship of the livery & business lately carried on by Worden Bros., would solicit the patronage of the public and will do my 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.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

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 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 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.

A SCHOOL OF TROUT.

Down where the sunshine is stirred in the water
By zephyrs that bent the thin tops of the sedge,
The stream shallows out at the head of the meadow.
And dammed by a log, widens more at the edge.

The nettles are rank on the rich bank about it,
And out on the log straggle tussocks of grass;
Beneath the warm driftwood the cricket is chirping,
And green-headed frogs tune their throats for the class.

The little trout practice at vaulting and leaping
And stir up the sand in their still shallow pool;
From daylight to darkness and all through the moonlight
They try every trick that is taught in their school.

They strain at a gnat and then swallow a lady bug;
Deep into the air they all dive for a fly.
But larger they're growing, and in the hard future
The careless ones jumping at feathers must die.

And some of them reaching the age of discretion
Will solemnly hunt for a deep, shady hole;
And like their old father—as cruel as Nero—
Will live as they please, without conscience or soul.

—Forest and Stream.

Select Family Reading.

An Impulse and Its Results.

BY CARL BRICKETT.

Within a spacious saloon, adorned with every beautiful object art can suggest, regardless of the curious throng that each moment come and go about them, a group of men and women bend eagerly forward as they watch with intent eyes the progress of the game upon whose issue depends their gain or loss. Among the bystanders are two whose features and dress proclaim them to be Americans. The gentleman looks on with an indifference that is in strong contrast to the earnest, sorrowful expression in his companion's blue, innocent eyes. To him it is no new sight; but it is the child's first visit to Baden.

"Papa, why did you bring me here?"

The childish voice has a tone of startled appeal.

"Why did I bring you? Because, my dear, it would never do to say you had visited Baden and has not seen what has given the place its fame. Don't be foolish. Surely there's nothing to frighten you."

"Ah, but yes," the child answers. There is a look in that young man's eyes that hurts me. And he has such a nice kind face! Paps, I am going to speak to him and ask him to come away."

Even as she speaks, before her father can prevent, the little girl has slipped her hand from his and left his side.

The decisive moment is drawing near, and all attention is concentrated upon the game, when suddenly a young man, upon whose pale, handsome features a look of feverish excitement is gradually drawing, feels his arm lightly touched.

He turns hastily to see beside him a child, with a lovely, flower-like face, and eyes within whose violet depths there is an expression that vibrates a long untouched chord in his memory.

"Please, sir, come away! It is wicked, oh, so wicked! Please, sir, won't you come?"

Taking the child's hand in his, without even glancing at the table before him, the young man rises and leaves his place.

A glad little sigh of satisfaction leaves the child's breast.

"Oh, thank you, sir," she says. "Now, I must go to papa. See, there he is over there. But first I want you to promise me you will not go back there again when I am gone."

"The promise you ask is yours," came the answer in serious tones. "But, little one, it is for me to thank you; for to-day for the first time, through the horror in your innocent eyes, I have realized what a sin gambling really is."

He looses her finger from his clasp, and watches her till she has rejoined her father; then mingling with the throng, he is lost to sight.

Eight years later. A cheerful, firelit, warmly-curtained room, and two occupants—an elderly lady and one whose lovely form, and still more lovely face, proclaim the reign of youth. There has been silence for some time, and it is the young girl who breaks it.

"It hardly seems, dear Aunt Margaret, that but one short year ago I first met you, for I love you as fondly as if I had spent my whole life at your side. Aunt Margaret you cannot imagine how I have always longed for a restful home. Dear papa enjoyed our wandering life, but I never did. He knew it, too, for in his last illness he said to me: 'I leave you more contentedly, Eunice, for the conviction that your future will be secure. Yours is a loving, clinging nature, and with your aunt—your mother's only sister—you cannot fail but be happy.' And he spoke the truth."

"A year to-day—can it be? How swiftly the months have flown! Do you know, Eunice, that I am glad you came to me at this time, for it has always hitherto been a painful anniversary for me, and now there will be joy mingled with the grief."

Then in answer to the mute inquiry in the eyes Eunice raises to her face; she goes on.

"You did not know that I had a son—a babe that lay upon my knee and smiled up in my face—a boy that filled this old house with merry noise, but who grew up to be a youth only to bring sorrow to the mother who loved him so well, and anger to the stern heart of the father whose fair name was of more value in his eyes than aught beside. From his earliest days Harold was more difficult to manage than most boys; though I will say it and think it, with all his heart was good and kind, and had he been left with me all would have been well. But one act of boyish mischief followed another, and at length his father sent him away to a distant school.

"There Harold's worst traits swiftly developed. At last, upon his eighteenth birthday, he was sent back to his home in dire disgrace. My husband's anger was fearful to witness, and at last these words were said:

"'Go! You are no son of mine henceforth! Let me never see your face again!'

"Coming swiftly to my side, my boy clasped his arms about me and kissed me."

"'Good-bye, mother,' he said, and his lips were quivering, 'You have always loved me. Perhaps had I been left with you I would have been a better boy. My father has commanded me to go, and I must obey.'

"I strove to speak, but my voice was choked, and the words would not come. Then suddenly a film came before my vision, and I knew no more. When I came back to consciousness Harold had gone. From that day I have never seen nor heard aught of my boy. A short while later my husband died. His last sickness was embittered by the memory of what he had done; but it was beyond recall. Do you wonder, Eunice, that this day, as it recurs year after year, brings with it the same sense of grief and pain?"

The old lady pauses, her voice broken by sobs, and Eunice's soft hand steals into hers with a comforting pleasure.

Suddenly a sound breaks the stillness; there is a footfall upon the threshold, and a hand lifts the latch of the hospitable door that in that quiet country place there is no need of fastening till the shadows fall.

Mrs. Winstead starts to her feet.

Who is this that enters with so little ceremony? With an inquiring gaze her old eyes rest upon the handsome, bearded face before her.

Catching her two hands in his the stranger draws her to him.

"Mother, do you not know your son—your Harold?"

With a cry of intense, passionate thankfulness, the old lady falls upon her son's breast—her prodigal, returned at last to his home and her love.

And Eunice, from her corner by the fireside, looks on with a sympathetic glow lighting up her face into wondrous beauty.

It may be that which causes Harold's start, when a little later his mother draws her forward to introduce her to her cousin.

"Ah, my son, why did you leave me all these years, not knowing whether you were alive or dead?"

"Because, mother, until the past few years my life record was one that would but have given you pain to know of," is the grave answer. "When my father drove me from home it was to what, but for an angel's intervention, might have been my eternal ruin. The angel had your very own eyes, my mother; but I will tell you more of that some other time. I was not saved at once; but I was made to think, and it ended in my resolving to turn over a new leaf. Then there came to me a longing to see again my home and the mother whose tender memory had never left me. But I restrained myself, vowing that not until by every means in my power I had expiated the wrong doing of my past, and proved myself worthy of her love and respect, would I return and ask for them. That time has at last come; and, mother, if God wills, henceforth our life-path shall not be severed again."

A year rolls slowly by. Harold has established himself in business in a neighboring city, but each week the old homestead is brightened by his presence.

And then Eunice and he have come to know each other well; so well that a day comes when Harold, taking her soft hand in his, leads her blushingly and happy to her aunt's side.

"Mother," he says, "shall you be willing to lose your niece, if instead you gain a daughter? Eunice has promised to be my wife."

The old lady's eyes suffuse with tears as she draws Eunice to her and kisses her sweet face.

"May God bless you both!" she says, tremulously. "The wish of my heart has been granted. Make her happy, Harold. She is one in a thousand."

"Aye, that I will, mother," the young man answers fervently, "if the devotion of a life-time will suffice. But even that will never repay what I owe to her, and you will understand why when I tell you what Eunice herself did not know until this morning—that it was her childish voice that uttered the words of warning that first led me to think seriously whither my steps were tending, and to resolve to draw back before it was too late. I knew her at once, notwithstanding the lapse of years. I had always wished that a time might come when, meeting her again, I might, in some measure, repay her for the incalculable good done to me; but I little thought how or in what manner it was eventually to be placed within my power.

"If she is not the happiest little wife the sun ever shone upon, then there is no such word as 'gratitude' in the English language."

THE ODD CORNER.

The time to "encourage" a man is when he starts in a new work or a new field. Encouragement does not count for so much after he has succeeded or failed without it.

There are no hypocrites comparable to the sinners who make no effort to serve God, and tell us that if the Church were better they would join it.

An Iowa man poured some coal-oil on his trousers and applied a lighted match to them in order to show his family "how to act when a person's clothes take fire." In about two minutes he was acting as if he was in intense pain, and his physician says his legs will be covered with a new crop of cuticle in about two months. We suspect the experiment was a failure. Perhaps he didn't use the right kind of match.

Mother (to four-year-old): "If your dollie has been so naughty as you say, Flossie, why don't you give her a good whipping?" Flossie (thoughtfully): "Cause I don't b'lieve in that sort of thing."

The superiority of man to nature is continually illustrated. Nature needs an immense quantity of quills to make a goose with, but a man can make a goose of himself with one.

There is always trouble whenever the red flag is run up. It means auction, small-pox, or anarchy.

"Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for the stomach's sake;" and our drinking friends say: "Here I stand with Timothy." "But," asks Dr. Munro Gibson, "do they stand with Timothy? Would that they did! It is evident that Timothy was an abstainer, or he would never have needed such urging. Would that all the Lord's people were Timothys—so averse to wine that they needed an apostle's advice to back the doctor's prescription!"

Says a professor in one of our theological seminaries: "The severest test to which a book can be subjected is that of translating it into other languages than the one in which it was written. The Koran is not much of a book in any language but the Arabic. Even Shakespeare is no longer Shakespeare in French. The Bible is largely Semitic and provincial, and yet in every language its voice is clear, ringing and majestic. It is the only book that has ever made the circuit of the globe, holding its own in every important language or dialect of men."

BURDENS ON YOUNG SHOULDERS.

"Now, boys, you must take upon yourselves the entire responsibility of getting to school in season. I will see that your breakfast is ready on time; but I shall not find your books or your hats for you, or remind you that it is time to start. If you go through college, it will take you seven years—three for preparation and four for the college course. I will provide clothing, books, all expenses, but you must see to it that you are every day punctual in your attendance. I cannot assume that burden in addition to all the rest.

Thus spoke a mother to her two sons, who were just starting on their preparatory studies for a college course. She had a double reason for thus throwing upon them the burden of responsibility for punctual attendance upon their school studies. It was necessary that they, being fatherless, should early learn to spur themselves to duty, to hold themselves to account for their successes and failures; and she had already assumed all the burdens she could bear. From that hour she never in a single instance reminded them that they were likely to be late. She did with great care go over the monthly reports their teacher sent home, and show her gratification when their standing was high. She kept advised of their daily progress, overlooking their studies in the evening, sympathizing with their enthusiasm, and helping in the solution of their duties; but all the responsibility of their progress she made them feel rested on themselves. By the striking of the clock in their room they knew when it was time to get up, when it was time to go to bed, when the hour of breakfast arrived. If they carelessly laid down their hats and coats out of place, she did not interest herself in the least to help in finding them. It was unnecessary even to remark: "If you had hung them in place, you would easily put your hand on them;" for they had heard from earliest infancy, "A place for everything, and everything in its place." "A time for everything, and everything in its time."

As the result of this course on the mother's part, the two boys, though walking two miles to school in all weathers, were rarely if ever late; and when they entered college, to which they went daily by the train, they were uniformly and easily on time. Punctuality had become a habit, and they needed no outside prodding in keeping their engagements. This sense of responsibility continually enlarged until it embraced an increasingly wide area and when they reached full manhood they were entirely accustomed to bearing its burdens manfully.

During all this time, of course, the school gave the law to the family life. Every arrangement was made for the easy performance of school duties. Such diversions as would suggest or demand late hours at night were avoided. The evening meal was served at such an hour as would give time for study when it was over; or an early hour for retiring was insisted on that an hour for study before breakfast might be secured without robbing the time for sleep.—*Watchman.*

A PROHIBITION MANIFESTO.

Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, the prohibition candidate for the Presidency of the United States, has issued a letter of acceptance in response to the nomination. He expresses the opinion that within a few years the temperance reform has altogether changed front. In the great conflict which has been and is yet waging, the temperance forces no longer face the human appetite and habit alone; they oppose legislation, law, the purpose of political parties, the policy of state and nation. What law creates, law alone can kill. The creature of law, the saloon, the liquor traffic, can die only at the law's hand, or the hand of the law's executor. Conceived in avaricious iniquity, born of sinful legislative wedlock, the licensed saloon, the legalized liquor traffic, bastard child of a civilization professing purity and virtue, must be strangled by the civilization which begat it, or that civilization must go forever branded with the scarlet letter of its own shame.

The general holds that no party which is made public administrator by the enemies of temperance, or which owes the election of its candidates to saloon influences, can ever establish prohibition as a binding fact in government anywhere.

The Democratic party, in its platform, utters no word in condemnation of the greatest foe to the republic—the liquor traffic. That party having steadfastly, in its utterances at national conventions, maintained its allegiance to the American saloon, it was no disappointment to any one that at St. Louis, in 1887, it reaffirmed its old position on this, the greatest question now being debated among men.

He says he has searched the Republican platform in vain to find a condemnation of the saloon, or hint of a purpose to assail it, or any sign of mortal consciousness that the saloon is a curse, and its income too unholy for a nation to share. If the "chief concern" has not a place in the party's platform, and a party has no policy as to that "chief concern," that party does not deserve the support of men who love good government and would see it maintained.

The prohibition party's "chief concern" is for a party of the home, and the virtue and sobriety of the people. It asserted this is plain and unmistakeable terms at Indianapolis; and it further plainly said that "the burdens of taxation should be removed from clothing and other necessaries of life." It is to-day the only avowed and consistent party which the home and labor have, for it would make the blessings of home cheap, and remove altogether its curses. It would bring labor to sobriety and insure employment; it would keep the factories busy to clothe labor, the farms active to feed it, and would give to the whole industrial system the impetus and prosperity never yet known, and never possible till the saloons are put away.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A girl in Memphis, Tenn., has sued a man for breach of promise of marriage and has estimated the damage at $499. A girl who can figure things out as close as this ought to get the $1 thrown in as a present to make up the even $500.

Can a man break the law while asleep? It appears clearly that he can from the case of Joseph Harman, a saloonkeeper, who was held at Jefferson market yesterday for violating the excise law by sleeping behind the open door of his saloon on Sunday.

The charitable explanation given by a little boy of a new militia officer's inability to sit on his frolicsome horse was that "the horse didn't fit him."

TOO COSTLY.

"It is a jolly knife!" said Ted admiringly.

"There are three blades beside the cork-screw," said Tom, "it could not have cost less that half a dollar."

"What made him give it to you?" said Ted. "I wish he had taken it into his head to give it to me."

"Why, I'll tell you," said Tom, laughing. "He's so green, you know. I gave him my red alley for it and the medal I picked up in the road, and I told him the medal was silver, and the alley was real marble and worth a lot of money; and he thinks he's got a great bargain."

"Oh," said Ted, "that alters the case. I would not have it at that price if you gave me a hundred dollars as well."

"Why not?" said Tom, "if he's such a soft as to believe everything you tell him?"

"He is welcome to sell his knife how he likes," said Ted, turning on his heel, "but I would not sell my character for all the knives in the world."—*York.*

SUPERFICIAL.

A visitor to a fashionable girls' school in one of our large cities lately was not satisfied to admire the fresh beauty and charming grace of the graduating class, but made searching inquiries as to their acquirements.

"Were there any good mathematicians among them?"

"No. They had a good knowledge of arithmetic—enough to keep their accounts. They were not likely to have a use for algebra and geometry as the daughters and wives of wealthy men."

"Any thorough musicians?"

"They all play fairly well. A woman of society is not expected to sing or finger like a professional."

"Could they paint or draw?"

"Yes; enough to please their friends with an occasional sketch, at which, probably, an artist might laugh."

They had studied, in a general way, history and literature. For the rest, they talked and moved with grace and quiet good-breeding. They were refined, simple, sensible girls who would probably fill their places well as wives and mothers in luxurious homes.

But if the homes ceased to be luxurious?

Our visitor prosecuted his inquiries of the class which had left the school ten years before, from the same rank of wealthy families. Several of the girls were now dependent on their own efforts for the daily bread. They were pleasant, lovable women, but they had not a single craft or knowledge with which to earn money, when want came upon them as an armed man.

There is no country in which wealth is more insecure than it is here, yet women are certainly not better guarded against its loss than are women in the Old World. Hence our shops, newspaper offices, and employment agencies everywhere are crowded with needy women and their train of hungry children looking for work which, when found, they may not be able to do.

How many girls, daughters of well-to-do fathers, who read this page, possess a safeguard against possible poverty.—*Selected.*

PUTTING THE BABY TO BED.

Last spring I spent a night with a friend. There were two children in the family—the youngest a bright, restless boy, four years old, who might stand for the typical American child aptly defined as "a bundle of nerves." A lady and gentleman with their two children were visitors at the house, and after supper Mrs. Brown, a neighbor, left her little boy and girl in my friend's care while she went to make a call in the village.

The evening wore on. The children played hard, and little Frank's eyes opened wider and wider with the intoxication of the unusual excitement. After his bedtime was long past, his mother came into the room where her husband and I sat, and asked, anxiously, "What shall I do? I told Frank he could sit up until Mrs. Brown came after her children, supposing she would be gone only a few minutes. Now, shall I break my promise to him, or risk his being cross and ill by all this excitement?"

Her husband raised his voice a little, and said, "Where is Frank? I want to see him."

The child immediately left his play in the dining-room and ran to his father, who lifted him in his arms and held him from him for a moment, then, clasping him lovingly, asked, in that jovial tone of comradeship no child could resist:—

"Whose boy are you?"

Of course the answer came, promptly, "Papa's boy."

"My boy!"—a little surprised—"are you sure?"

The child laughingly reasserted his ownership.

"Well," continued the father, "my boy always does just what his mother thinks best—goes to bed just when she thinks it's time."

A pause. "Are you sure you're my boy?" Oh, yes, he was papa's boy. "Then mamma," said the wise father, "you can undress this fellow just as fast as you like."

The child was put into his little bed in an adjoining room whence he could hear the merry chatter of the other children and the talk of the older people and see the bright lights. There was no lamp in his room, but somebody lay down on the bed with him for a few minutes, when, all at once he turned his face to the wall, and his closing eyelids almost caught the happy laugh on his lips as he dropped off into dreamland. I said to myself:—"I will put an account of this incident where the fathers and mothers of those babies who associate bedtime with a cyclone of sobs, tears and spankings, or a barter of candy and sugar for obedience, may read and profit by it if they will."—*Anna M. Libby, in Christian Union.*

There is one class of people upon whom whiskey seems to have little or no effect—those who let it alone.

Salesman: "Stockings? Yes, sir; what number do you wear?" Customer: "What number? Why, two, of course? D' you take me for a centipede or a one-legged veteran of the war?"

"Doctor," said the patient, "I believe there's something wrong with my stomach." "Not a bit of it," replied the doctor promptly. "God made your stomach, and he knows how to make them. There's something wrong with the stuff you put into it, may be, and something wrong in the way you stuff it in and tramp it down; but your stomach is all right."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

BONNIE BLUE EEN.

O dear were the days o' lang syne, May,
The gloamin's were lighted wi' love,
When yer wee bin' tremblin' in mine, May,
We sat in the leaf-sheltered grove.
I mind o' the stars peepin' through, May,
When the win' wad stir our bit screen;
But my glances were a' for you May,
My stars were yer bonny blue een.

Ah! the dreamy days o' lang syne, May,
Are gane frae fair bosom—a' gane;
I've drank the cup dry o' life's wine, May,
An' the dregs were bitter tae drain.
Has the bard changed his auld time song, May,
Is the gloamin' lest sweet tae see?
Are the birdie's in love less strong, May,
Has ev'n gowans forgot the lea?

There's only sae change in' lang syne, May,
The wizard has weel played his part
It's in that cauld bosom o' thine, May,
In the chill o' a truant heart.
Through the lens o' love life looks bray, May,
An' there's peace only true hearts ken;
But when the heart-faith comes a flaw, May,
Life can neer be the same again.

—Wm. Lyle.

HERE AND THERE.

Anxious Chicago father to friend: "I fear that my son will never amount to any thing." "I heard," the friend consolingly replied, "that he had written a magnificent criticism on the School of American Realism." "O yes, he did that; but he just sold a cow for ten dollars, when he might just as well have got ten and a quarter."

"Now, Mary Jane," said the teacher, addressing the foremost of the class in mythology, "Who was it that supported the world on his shoulders?" "It was Atlas, ma'am." "And who supported Atlas?" "The book doesn't say, but I guess his wife supported him."

A youth who was being examined in English history was asked the question: "With what crime was Lord Bacon charged?" He hesitated a moment, and then answered as if by an inspiration: "With writing Shakespeare's plays."

Brown: "You don't look well lately, Robinson." Robinson: "No; I can't sleep at night on account of lung trouble." Brown: "Nonsense; your lungs are all right." Robinson: "Yes, mine are; the trouble is with the baby's."

A Negro out in New Jersey has seven strawberry marks on the small of his back. It was through them that he learned that the proprietor's gun was loaded.

Many a man who remains "at the office" till late at night to balance his books finds considerable difficulty in balancing himself on his way home.

An authority says we should never eat when we are angry or ill-humored, unless we wish indigestion and dyspepsia all in one; and yet we know lots of men who could hardly digest a dinner without the satisfaction of grumbling at it.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"Well, Robbie, did you enjoy your visit to the museum?" "Yes mamma." "Did you remember any of the nice things you saw?" "O, yes; I remember lots of them." "And you can tell me what they were called?" "Oh, yes; most of them were called 'hands off.'"

Bearded stranger (who ran away to sea when a boy)—"Do you remember a boy named Dick Dart?" District telegraph manager—"Twenty years ago I sent Dick around the corner with a message requiring an immediate answer." "I am Dick Dart." "Well, give me the answer."

"Go fishing yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Catch anything?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"The groceryman kissing my wife when I came home."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

It is worse than madness to neglect a cough or cold which is easily subdued if taken in time becomes, when left to itself, the fore-runner of consumption and premature death. Inflammation, when it attacks the delicate tissue of the lungs and bronchial tubes, travels with perilous rapidity; then do not delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that grasps this formidable foe of the human body, and drives it from the system. This medicine promotes a free and easy expectoration, subdues the cough, heals the diseased parts, and exerts a most wonderful influence in curing consumption, and other diseases of the throat and lungs. If parents wish to save the lives of their children, and themselves from much anxiety, trouble and expense, let them procure a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and, whenever a child has taken cold, has a cough or hoarseness, give the Syrup according to directions.

The Third page of the Toronto *Daily Mail* is noted for "Want" advertisement. If you want to buy or sell anything. If you want a situation, a mechanic, a business, machinery, lodgings, if you have lost or found anything, or if you want to find out where anyone is, advertise in the Toronto *Daily Mail* and read the advertisements on the Third page of that paper. The charge is Two Cents a word each insertion. Address The Mail, Toronto, Canada.

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 most surely quiet en the Blood and Heal as its healing 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.