The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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ACTON, ONTARIO

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THREE MONTHS 25cts

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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 9 a.m. on Tuesday, otherwise they will be left over until the following week.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

W. H. LOWRY, M. 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 Kinsey Bros. boot and shoe store.—residence in the rear. Horses examined as to soundness and certificates given. All calls, night or day promptly attended to. Terms easy.

L. 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, upstairs

SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.
TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN.
Offices:—Crossman's Block, Georgetown, and 65 King street east, Toronto.
W. H. 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. 1176. Cable Address: Badgerow.
G. W. BADGEROW, JOHN CARSON, B.C.L.
CO. CROWN ATTORNEY.

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

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

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

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

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
MILL STREET, ACTON.
An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a cool sea foam or exhilarating shampoo always given. Honest and fair dealing. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.
J. & H. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artists.

FIRST CLASS BRICK.
THE undersigned has his splendid new brick machine now in operation and intends turning out some 300,000 bricks this season. Parties who are building and desire first class brick at reasonable prices should order from.
JOHN GIVENS, Erin.
Ballinafad P. O.

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 400 students 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. MACCORMICH, 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. R. Smith, I am prepared to supply all kinds of Stove Coal. I have also a good stock of Wood—Hard wood, Ash, Cedar and Mill Wood, at reasonable prices. Wood and Coal delivered.
JAMES BROWN

MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
—OF THE—
COUNTY OF WELLINGTON,
ESTABLISHED 1840.
HEAD OFFICE, - GUELPH.
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 this 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, the above
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. He's books say some are and he would like the money.
MACHINERY.
A Stave Joiner nearly new, and a Shingle Roller and saw to good condition, Gobble & McCollough 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,
ARTISTS' MATERIALS
Winser & 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 block of gray and red granite monumental 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, 3ft. 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 20 to 25 per cent. below all other dealers.

LIVERY.
JOHN WILLIAMS
HAVING assumed proprietorship of the livery business lately carried on by Weaver 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 Shirting, Shirting and Dress Goods, striped or plaid, twilled 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 1887; 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.

— Watch This SPACE. —
JOHN C. NELSON.

THE MERCHANTS
Protective and Collecting
ASSOCIATION OF CANADA.
Head Office,—Hamilton, Ontario.
(Established 1887)
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 be ng collected through it that could not be collected in any other way. Many an account that has been staled and then returned by the latter 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.

THIS WORLD IS VERY FUNNY.

This world is very funny,
For no matter how much money
Man is earning he will spend it and be "hard up"
all the time;
To his utmost he is straining
To "catch up" without attaining
Till he makes his life a burden when it should be
blest sublime,

He who earns a thousand merely
Thinks two thousand dollars yearly
Would be just the figures to make happiness
complete.
But his income when it doubles
Only multiplies his troubles
For his outgo then increasing makes his both
ends meet to meet.

It is run in debt and borrow,
"Flush" to-day and "broke" to-morrow,
Financiering every which way to postpone the
day of doom:
Spending money ere he makes it,
And then wondering what takes it,
Till he, giving up the riddle, looks for rest within
the tomb.

Oh, this world is very funny
To the average man whose money
Doesn't quite pay for the dancing that he does
before he should;
And he kills himself by trying
Just a little higher flying
Than is suited to his pocket and his own eternal
good.

Select Family Reading.

The Widow Joyce.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

"What a lovely place!" I cried, looking from my seat in Mr. Bunce's wagon towards a house nestling in a perfect bower of roses and climbing vines, shaded by large trees and set in a garden that stretched far back on both sides from a wide lawn in front.

"Ya'as," drawled the farmer who was carrying me and my trunk from the railway station to Dr. Conroy's, "ya'as, that's the Widder Joyce's place. Old Joyce he made a power o' money in California, way back, time o' the first gold diggin', and he left the hull c'n't to his widder. Don't seem fair, somehow. They do say, though," said the farmer, as if taking some comfort from the gossip, "they do say that she'll loose it all if she marries again. Miss Jane will get it then."

"And who is Miss Jane?" I asked.

"She's old Joyce's sister. Aller's lived with him an' kep' house till he was married. Lives there now. A quintankerous old maid as ever you seen, but somehow they jog along together. The Widder Joyce does a heap o' good round here with her money. You'll meet her, likely, every day, for if there's sickness she's safe to be around."

And my profession would call me where there was sickness, surely, perhaps where there was only trouble. I was a physician, and coming down to Fernwood as partner to Dr. Conroy, whose advanced age was making it necessary for younger heads and hands to help him.

"The old doctor's getting along in years, Mr. Bunce said presently; "but here we are!" and he drove in at a gateway and up a shaded avenue to a large, comfortable house. Mrs. 'Conroy, the doctor's son's widow, a gentle lady of fifty years, gave me a cordial welcome, and I was shown into a pleasant bedroom, and informed that the room beyond was my private sitting-room and study.

After a bath and change of clothes I threw myself into a deep-cushioned armchair, and my mind went back over a path I wanted to close forever and had hoped to forget in my new life.

I had been ten long years in active practice in a large city. I had met fair women, beautiful women, women of intellect and culture, women whose charms were undeniable, and yet in all those years I had been unable to forget one face and one voice that had won my heart and kept it for life. There had been no vows broken, no false faith when Grace Stevenson and I had parted. I loved her with the entire devotion of a life, but I was a poor man, only beginning to make my headway in my profession, and she was the only child of a rich man.

For one brief year I had known perfect happiness in the hours when I was near her; then she had gone abroad, and I saw her no more. Later, I heard through mutual friends that her father had failed and died, and that Grace was teaching school, "somewhere west;" but even then I could offer her only poverty, and the toilsome life of the wife of a man struggling with fortune.

When, years later, my uncle died and left me a moderate fortune, I could find no clue to Grace Stevenson. How I wished then I had told her my love, won some return and promise to wait for better fortune. But after all I had no proof that she loved me beyond some flitting blushes and a smiling welcome.

Her face, as I had seen it last, came before me as I sat in my easy chair at Dr. Conroy's thinking of her, instead of the new life and duties before me. I was one of a party who went down to the steamer to bid her farewell, and my last memory of her was in the saloon of the vessel, surrounded by her friends. She wore a suit of navy blue, with a small bonnet of velvet the same color, her golden hair in fluffy curls on her forehead, her blue eyes misty with unshed tears, her color brilliant with excitement. What it cost me to say good-bye, no one knew. And I could not forget.

Dr. Conroy gave me a hearty welcome and, dinner over, took me to his office to give me some idea of my new duties. After a long talk he said:

"When there is any call for charity, send to Joyce's. Mrs. Joyce and Miss Jane will supply food, bedding, clothes, money, anything needed. Miss Jane never leaves the house—has spine disease—but Mrs. Joyce is the Lady Bountiful of Fernwood."

"Miss Jane is your patient, then?"

"When she has any doctor; but that is very seldom. The disease is chronic, and not very painful, and she knows that what she needs is perfect quiet. She is a cross-grained old witch, but gives freely to the poor. Keeps the most of her temper for her friends."

Twice I had heard of this woman's temper, and knowing neither of the women, I felt a pity for the "Widder Joyce," as Mr. Bunce called her, the victim of a cross old woman's whims and tantrums. Somehow I pictured the widow in my mind as a meek, quiet woman of no great force of character, who took delight in gentle charities. I fancied her with gray hair and a sort of half-nun costume, going about doing good.

It was glorious Juno weather when I went to Fernwood, and there was very little sickness. Social gatherings there were in plenty, summer boarders being rapidly taken into hospitable care, and picnics, drives, boating parties, berry parties and every variety of country pleasure, collecting the young people at all times. The "new doctor" was invited everywhere, but, being anxious to do his duty, went but seldom to the parties to which he was summoned.

It was Dr. Conroy himself who urged me to be more sociable.

"Get acquainted with the folks here while you have time," he said, "and let them look upon you as a friend if they ever need you for a doctor."

It was in following this advice that I found myself one of a large garden party, receiving introductions to dozens of the Fernwood people, and chatting at last with a very pretty brunette of seventeen or eighteen, daughter of the leading lawyer of the place. Standing upon a slight elevation of of ground, we were looking at the people around us, and my companion pointed out one after another, till she said:

"The lady in dark blue, standing by that large iron basket of flowers, is Mrs. Joyce; the widow Joyce, as everyone calls her. Is she not beautiful?"

I looked in the direction she pointed out. A tall, graceful woman, of twenty-eight or thirty, with golden hair parted on the forehead and carried in rippling, waving masses to a thick coil behind, under a round hat of dark blue straw, with a wide brim. Large blue eyes were looking thoughtfully forward over the scene before her, and a sweet, sensitive mouth was half smiling with sympathetic pleasure. Beautiful indeed she seemed to me. But it was not her beauty that stirred my heart so deeply! In the face, unaltered save by the inevitable advance of time, I recognized the woman I had loved for ten long years and knew that the "Widow Joyce" was Grace Stevenson.

But I was not prepared for the deadly pallor, succeeded by a burning blush, that greeted me as my hostess introduced me to Mrs. Joyce. Her self-possession returned in a moment as she held out a daintily gloved little hand, saying:

"Dr. Hale and I are old friends, although we have not met for many years."

After that I accepted every invitation, and in my rounds of duty I constantly met Grace Joyce. I loved her more deeply than ever, seeing her in her gentle ministrations of charity, in the social circle where she was always a "bright, particular star." But it was in her own home she seemed to me the dearest. Miss Jane Joyce was not slandered by the gossip who talked about her temper; but Grace told me she was convinced that it was suffering that caged her to be so difficult to please.

"She prides herself upon never consulting a doctor or taking any medicine," Grace said; "and yet I am sure she often needs advice and opiates."

From the first visit I made Miss Jane was my friend, and I was not surprised, attributing it to a most unworthy motive, of which I am now heartily ashamed.

"When Grace marries, all this wealth will be Miss Joyce's," I thought. It is not strange that she encourages a possible lover."

And it was Miss Jane who, when Christmas snow was upon the ground, admitted me to her confidence, and asked me to be her physician. Sorely she needed one. Every day I called, striving to repair the neglect of long years; and the old lady learned to lean upon me, as a certain measure of success was my reward.

It was in one of our confidential talks that she said to me;

"Why do you not ask Grace to marry you?"

"For the same reason that I refrained years ago," I said, quietly. "I cannot ask her to give up such a house as she has here to take the modest one I can offer. I am not a rich man, Miss Joyce, and it will be many long years before a Fernwood practice would make me so. It is a place where there is but little sickness, and but few wealthy patients.

"But is it fair to Grace to woo her, to win her love, and give her no choice? If I know her heart, as I think I do, love would come first."

"If I could be sure she loves me," I said.

"See how fond I am of you to betray her," said Miss Jane, gently. "She told my brother, when he asked her to marry him, that she had given her first love to a man she never hoped to meet again. But David Joyce was not a man to give up what he had set his heart on, and he persuaded her to be his wife. He was nearly fifty years older than she was, but he worshipped her, and, in a quiet way, she loved him, and was his tender, faithful wife. Not until you came to Fernwood did I guess who had won her heart years ago. Now I know."

So I told my love; and my darling, putting her hand in mine, resigned the grandeur of her stately home, and came to be my wife in the modest cottage I made ready for her. We were very happy. Two sons and a fair-haired girl were given to us, idols of the invalid at the great house.

Nine years after our marriage Miss Joyce died and left all she possessed to my wife, so that once more she reigns in the home and enjoys the wealth that were once the inheritance of the "Widow Joyce."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

A BABY'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

It can wear out a one dollar pair of kid shoes in twenty-four hours.

It can keep its father busy advertising in newspapers for a nurse.

It can occupy simultaneously both sides of the largest-sized bed manufactured.

It can cause its father to be insulted by every boarding-house keeper in the city who "never take children;" which in nine cases out of ten is very fortunate for the child.

It can make itself look like a fiend just when mamma wants to show "what a pretty baby she has."

It can make an old bachelor in the room adjoining use language that, if uttered on the street, would get him in the penitentiary for two years.

It can go from the furthest end of the room to the foot of the stairs in the hall adjoining, quicker than its mother can just step into the closet and out again.

These are some of the things that a baby can do. But there are other things as well. A baby can make the commonest home the brightest spot on earth. It can lighten the burdens of a loving mother's life by adding to them. It can lighten its dirty little face against the window pane in such a way that the tired father can see it as a picture before he rounds the corner. Yes, babies are great institutions, particularly one's own baby.

HISTORY MAKING IN CHINA.

A writer in a recent issue of the North China *Herald* of Shanghai says that Chinese history is compiled by a permanent commission of accomplished literary men, who are always at work upon it. In 1737 an imperial edict stated that history ought not to be written for the Emperor's use only and remain shut up in golden caskets and marble chambers; it ought to be made accessible to all officials, that they know the mind of the emperors and the laws of the land. From the Chinese standpoint, history is divided into two parts—one an exact narrative of events, the other, a record of what the Emperor has said and done. This division originates two sets of publications—one in which the officers speak, the other in which the Emperor is the spokesman.

In the first, the industry of the Bureau of History is run in the collection of facts, but there is always a danger that the recorder may be under a strong court influence. Historical candor can scarcely find a place in reference to nations or persons who have been in conflict with the court. With this exception, the array of facts thus accorded is most valuable. The edicts published in the second series express the mind of the Emperor. He is always a man who has the advantage of good training, and, if his style is tolerable, and if he happens to be fond of writing his edicts himself, they will all be transmitted to future time in full. The scribes, who stand writing when he speaks, translate his spoken words into official phrases, and his opinions and decisions will then pass into official history, partly written by himself, and partly by the scribes of the cabinet.

Besides these there are various series of historical works—the first having been prepared in the eleventh century—to popularize the subject and place the chief facts of the Chinese annals within the reach of common readers, who have not the opportunity to study them in full. The last of these has just been published. It deals with the reign of Ciengloon from 1736 to 1795 and is in sixty volumes. Every important public matter is recorded under the day on which it occurred. The Emperor has, as usual, the lion's share of the talking, and there is room for him to say a good deal in 120 chapters, some of them very long.

RAILROAD NEWS.

Points, Paragraphs, Pencilings, Picked Up And Typed.

How much have railroads cost? Nine billion dollars.

Who built the first locomotive in the United States? Peter Cooper.

How many people are employed by railroads? More than a million.

How long does a steel rail last, with average wear? About 18 years.

What is the average daily earning of an American locomotive? About $100.

What is the cost of a palace sleeping car? About $15,000 or $17,000, if "vestibuled."

What road carries the largest number of commuters? Illinois Central, 4,828,128 in 1887.

What is the average cost of constructing a mile of railroad? At the present time about $30,000.

What is the highest railroad in the United States? Denver and Rio Grande, Marshall Pass, 10,852 feet.

What is the highest railroad bridge in the World? Kinzua viaduct, on the Erie road, 305 feet high.

What is the longest railway bridge span in the United States? Cantilever span, Poughkeepsie bridge, 548 feet.

What is the longest milesage operated by a single system? Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe system—about 8,000 miles.

What is the longest American railway tunnel? Hoosac tunnel, on the Fitchburg railway, four and three-quarter miles.

What line of railway extends furthest east and west? Canadian Pacific, running from Quebec to the Pacific Ocean.

What road carries the largest number of passengers? Manhattan elevated railroad, New York, 525,000 a day, or 191,625,000 yearly.

How many miles of railroad in the United States? One hundred and fifty thousand six hundred miles, about one half of the mileage of the world.

What are chances of fatal accident in railway travel? One killed in 10,000,000. Statistics show more are killed by falling out of windows than in railway accidents.

What's the fastest time made by train? Ninety-two miles in ninety-three minutes, one mile being made in forty-six seconds, on the Philedelphia and Reading road.

What is the fastest time made between Jersey City and San Francisco? Three days, seven hours, thirty-nine minutes and sixteen seconds. Special theatrical train, June, 1886.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Cardinal Manning has completed his eightieth year.

When a banker fails in China, all the partners and employees are beheaded.

Governor's Island in New York harbor is suggested as a site for a public park.

The building of a great international railway throughout South America is being projected.

In the five years ending with 1887, Boston sent to Africa 3,500,000 gallons of intoxicating liquors.

The first railway line in Persia, ten miles long, has been completed from Teheran, at a cost of $400,000.

Over 95,000,000 persons travelled by railway in India last year, 80,000,000 being third-class passengers.

Eighty-five thousand people have visited the Niagara Falls Park, Canadian side since the 24th of May last.

There are 4404 Congregational churches, 4000 ministers and a membership of 457,784 in the United States.

There are 122,000 institutions of learning in England with an attendance of nearly three and a half millions.

The population of Chicago including its suburbs is over a million, and in 1890 it is estimated it will be 1,200,000.

An old musket lately fished out of the Ohio River bears the letters "D.B.," and is believed to have belonged to Daniel Boone.

An English writer estimates that 1000 children are yearly murdered in England by their parents for the sake of the insurance.

An old St. Louis gentleman offered the following advice to all men in search of wives: "Ride on those street-cars, and when you see a girl who rings the bell for the car to stop, and to step off in the mud, and yet smiles, and shows good sense and nature, get her if you can. It's the nearest test of a women there is."

"I WANT TO VOTE FOR PAPA."

"Good morning, my little man; and whom will you vote for to-day?"

So said a neighbor to little Jimmie Lambert, a brave five-year-old. It was village election day, and the neighbor was on his way to the polls. Jimmie straightened himself up, and was puzzled but for a moment; a bright thought struck him.

"I—I'm coin' to vote for my pa," he said, as if there could be no doubt about the propriety of that.

"I guess you are hardly big enough," replied the man, laughing, "but you might try."

Jimmie's old plays suddenly grew stale. Here was a new thing that men were doing and he wanted to do the same; for all play is but an imitation of real life, whether it be the play of children in the nursery, or of grown up people on the stage. But he was sorely puzzled how to do it, and after trying several things, and calling them voting, he said to his little sister, fourteen months younger than himself:

"Mamie, let's go an' vote down town," and off they went. But mamma saw them. Now Mrs. Lambert was somewhat out of temper that day; for Mr. Lambert, while fuddled with beer at the saloon, had just made a peculiarly unfortunate bargain. He had traded his cow, one main support of his family, for a washing-machine, which some smooth-tongued gazzler assured him would do their washing before breakfast, meaning, of course, if they commenced early enough. Mrs. Lambert was kneading bread and brooding over the matter, when she spied her two children just turning into the street.

"Jimmie!" she cried; "James Henry! Do you hear me? Come into the house."

James Henry obeyed, but reluctantly. "I'm goin' to vote for pa," he said, by way of apology.

"I wish you would vote for him," retorted Mrs. Lambert, as she went into the pantry, after some flour, "that he wouldn't have any saloon to go to."

This was taken at once by Jimmy, as his mother's permission to do the voting forthwith, and slipping out of the door he was soon on his way to the hall, carefully leading Mamie by the hand.

The usual question of license or no license was before the people, and as the contest was expected to be very close, the excitement ran high. Each side had computed its forces, and was seeing that their last man was brought in. The large room was full of men looking on, passing tickets, keeping tally of voters, or discussing the situation in loud tones. Jimmy, still holding Mamie's hand, timidly twitched a man's coat, and looked up to his face.

"I want to vote for my pa," he said.

"You're to small, my little man, to—"

"Who is it?" cried a second.

"Sam Lambert's children," responded some one.

"Lobbing for a new candidate?"

"Give him a vote!"

"Give the boy a chance!"

So ran the exclamations around the room.

"Give us a speech," said a brawny gunsmith. What office does your pa want?" And so saying, he stood the little ones side by side upon the judges' table. All were hushed for a moment in expectation of something to cause fresh merriment. Some who had just come in stood with their ballots in their hands, enjoying the diversion with the rest.

"Poor little things!" said one, in a sympathetic whisper, as if to suggest that the play had gone far enough. Jimmie's lips trembled, but he managed to say:

"I want to vote for my pa."

"Shimmie's doin' to vote for our pa," repeated Mamie, in a prompt, clear voice, "so 'e won't go to s'loon!"

The merriment was over. An almost painful awe crept over that assembly of men, as if in the voice of helpless childhood they had heard the voice of God.

"Won't none of yez help these babies?" cried an Irishman. "Sure an I've a mind to help 'em meself!"

"Give 'em some tickets!" shouted a voice. It was a happy thought, and no sooner said than done.

"I'll count for yez, me little man," continued the Irishman, and he took a ballot from Jimmie's hand, folded and voted it. Then what a wild hurrah went up from that crowd! An officer rapped for order.

"The boy has voted now; who'll vote for the little girl?" cried the gunsmith.

"That's me!"

"I'm another!"

"I'm your man, little one!" and three hands were outstretched for ballots, drawing them from Mamie's closed fist.

Another cheer went up.

"You must remove the children, gentlemen, and stand back a little," commanded one of the judges, rising. As they were lifted down another cheer arose, with cries "Good!" "That's it!" and all eyes were turned toward the cornet band teacher's blackboard on which a local artist was sketching in outline the two children with an inscription over and under like this:

"VOTERS ATTENTION!"

"PLEASE VOTE FOR OUR PA, SO 'E WON'T GO TO S'LOON."

In vain did the other side try to dampen the enthusiasm. The children triumphed, and the prohibition board was elected by thirty-one majority. And so Jimmie did vote for his pa, and won.—*Selected.*

A PRACTICAL MOVE.

A furniture and carpet dealer in a small inland city hit upon an effective way a few years ago, of increasing his business. The sales for the first year in his new location footed up to only $140. Things were getting desperate, and in order to make something of a living, he hired a horse and truck, and started to move household goods, even if he could not sell them. Every time opportunity offered he directed the customers to his place for sundry pieces of oil cloth and furniture, and they so well suited that they began to buy larger bills, and our persevering friend found his business increasing considerably. He moved to a better location, and now does $14,000 a year, and is steadily growing. His store is in an undesirable situation, but he is prospering, and his action showed what pluck and perseverance in trade will do under very unfavorable circumstances.—*The Carpet Trade and Review.*

Next to whisky, laziness is the heaviest curse to some communities. Some of these communities may be found this side of the tropics.

"Ah, my little man, good morning!" pleasantly remarked an old gentleman, as he stopped and patted a little boy on the head. "Have you any brothers and sisters?" "Yes, sir—four, but I'm the only one that 'mounts to any thing," replied the urchin.

WHAT THREE LITTLE KITTENS DID.

A FACT.

Three little kittens so downy and soft,
Were cuddled up to the fire,
And two little children were sleeping aloft,
As cosy as heart could desire:
Dreaming of something over so nice,
Dolls and sugar plums, rats and mice!

The night wore on, and the mistress said,
"I'm sleepy, I must confess,
And as kitties and babies are safe in bed,
I'll go to bed too, I guess."
So she went upstairs, just a story lighter,
While the kittens slept by the kitchen fire.

"What can that be?" the mistress said;
"Meow! Meow!" "I'm afraid
A poor kitty-cat is fallen out of bed!
The nice little nest I made!"
"Meow! Meow!" "Dear me! dear me!
I wonder what can the matter be?"

The mistress passed on the upper stair,
For what did she see below,
But three little kittens, with frightened air,
Standing up in a row,
With pitiful paws on the step above,
And no mother cat to caress or love!

Then, at the kitchen door came a cloud of smoke
The mistress, in great alarm,
To a sense of danger straightway awoke,
Her basket might come to harm!
On the kitchen hearth, to her great amaze!
Was a basket of shavings! ablazing to blaze!

The three little kittens were hugged and kissed,
And promised many a mouse!
While their names were put upon honor's list,
For hadn't they saved a house?
And two little children were gathered light
To their mother's heart ere she slept that night.

WHERE A GIRL MAKES A MISTAKE.

There are girls who, instead of making themselves useful and calmly resting in their maiden dignity, think only of getting married, and use questionable means to achieve their purpose. Forgetting the proverb, "The more haste the less speed," this sort of girl not infrequently assumes a "fast" style of talk, manner and dress, in order to make herself attractive to the opposite sex. In doing so she makes a great mistake. Fish may nibble at her bait, but they will not allow themselves to be caught. A loud girl may attract attention and have half an hour of popularity but she is a type of the shortsightedness of some of her sex. Men of the baser sort may amuse themselves with her, but no man worth having would think of marrying her. There is a liberty that makes us free, and a liberty that makes us slaves, and the girls who take liberties with modesty of speech and manner, and who cross over the boundary into masculine territory, are not more free, but more enslaved than before. And the approbation of men, which is the end in view, is lost by the means taken to gain it. Whatever men may be themselves, they like gentleness, modesty and purity in act and thought in women.

HUMOROUS.

Handy things to have—Gloves

Gull: frames—Prison windows.

A matrimonial club—The broomstick

Is death's door opened with a skeleton key?

A man always feels put out when he is taken in.

A man may be a bad egg, but he's all right till he's "broke."

Dandy lines—Two rows of young men on dress parade at the church door.

Always put off until to-morrow that which should not be done to-day.

A tooth may be very pale and white, but that's no sign it has plenty of nerve.

It is said of one fashionable young man that he never paid anything but a compliment.

"It's never too late to mend." Which is the way so many people postpone mending indefinitely.

There are several large coin collectors in the United States. Jay Gould is probably the largest.

Doctors who can speak only one language seem to understand a great many different tongues.

People who have seen two lovers say good-bye never have any trouble afterwards in believing in eternity.

ELECTION EXPENSES.

A large public meeting in New York costs from $3,000 to $4,000. This goes for rent of hall, music, expenses of speakers, decorations, advertising, printing and sundries.

Conversing with well informed men who have for years handled the political funds used by the great parties in this city, and comparing and averaging their statements, we conclude that it costs about $10,000 for an Assembly district to run a Presidential campaign in New York city, or about $250,000. This is exclusive of the official election expenses, which foot up $200,000 for city and United States officials. Chauncey Depew, in his book on the cost of elections in the city, estimates the total cost of an average year at $700,000, exclusive of personal mention of candidates. It is said that Tammany and the County Democracy spent together about $170,000 to nominate Cleveland the first time. It is no secret that Mayor Hewitt gave his whole salary as mayor, amounting to $20,000, to the party and $4,000 more, and in the Tilden campaign he gave as much as $40,000.

There are widely varying ideas of the expenses of National committees. Col. Robt. Ingersoll, when asked, said he did not know, but he supposed it would cost a party from $1,000,000, to $2,000,000. Mayor Hewitt said that a National Committee, working economically, could run a Presidential campaign for about $500,000. No National Committee ever published a bill of particulars. Taking all the expenses of all the States, it may be roughly estimated that a Presidential campaign costs the country about $2,000,000.

AN NEW INVENTION.

The fitting up of coast defence guns with devices for finding positions is now being agitated in England. The cost is estimated to be about $250 a gun. By means of this invention, an officer located in any prominent position is able by electrical wires to strike a ship which may be invisible from the battery itself. Major Watkin's 'position finder' has been adopted by the British Government, and he has received an award of $125,000 for the invention, and also to be paid a royalty of $5,000 a year for the next ten years.

Mrs. L. Squire Ontario Steam Dye Works, Toronto, says: "For about 30 years I have doctored for Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia without getting any cure. I then tried Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and the benefits I have received from this medicine are such that I cannot withhold this expression of my gratitude. It acts immediately on the liver. As a Dyspeptic remedy I don't think it can be equalled."