The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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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 treet Acton.

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

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

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

J. A. MOWAT, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC. Money to Loan.
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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. 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. 1208. Cable Address: Badgerow.
C. W. BADGEROW, JOHN CARSON, B.C.L. CO. CROWN ATTORNEY.

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

WM. HEMSTREET, LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the Free Press Office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $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 set-form an exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.
—J. & H. WORDEN, Toronto Artists.

FIRST CLASS BRICK.

THE undersigned has his splendid new brick machine now in operation and intends turning out some 250,000 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 graduates, according to the showing of past results, need be long unemployed. To mention their training school is, as a rule, a passport to eligible and lucrative situations. There are no vacations.—Address,

M. MacCORMICK, Principal
6-1y

Lumber, Shingles, AND LATH.

The undersigned desires to inform the public that he has now on hand and will keep in stock a full line of Pine and Hemlock as well as other kinds of Lumber, also, First and Second class Pine Shingles & Lath.

Coal & Wood.

Having purchased the Coal business of Mr. C. S. Smith, I am prepared to supply all kinds of Stove Coal. I have also a good stock of Wood—Hardwood, Ash, Cedar and Mill Wood, at reasonable prices. Wood and Coal delivered.
JAMES BROWN

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

—OF THE—

COUNTY OF WELLINGTON.
ESTABLISHED 1840.

HEAD OFFICE, - GUELPH.

Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of property, on the Premium Note System.

F. W. Stone, President. Chas. Davidson, Secretary.
JOHN TAYLOR Agent.

R. & J. HOLMES,

BUTCHERS,

Main treet, - Acton,

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

R. & J. HOLMES

Acton Banking Company,

STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO.,
—BANKERS,—
Acton. . . Ontario.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES.
Notes Discounted and Interest Allowed on Deposits.

For Sale Cheap.

THE undersigned is prepared to furnish on the shortest notice in any quantity and at bottom prices, first-class

Cedar Rails and Fence Posts, Staves, Heading, Shingles, Wash Tubs, Churns, Butter Tubs, Pork Barrels, Wood, Flour & Feed,

and anything in these lines.
The puzzle is to find a better place than

THOMAS C. MOORE'S

to buy anything in the above lines, also to find out if you are indebted to him for anything purchased from him. His books say some are and he would like the money.

MACHINERY.

A Stave Jointer nearly new, and a Shingle 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, 18 high, 6.60, 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 our prices 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 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. £300 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 1864)

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.

M'NAB & CO.

W. BARBER & BROS.

PAPER MAKERS,

GEORGETOWN, ONT.

MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

Machine Finished Book Papers

—AND—

HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.

The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.

WM. BARBER & BROS.

JUST ARRIVED.

A Large quantity of the purest

HELLEBORE

and the Finest Quality of

Paris Green.

Also a fine assortment of Scotch and English Turnip Seeds

—AT—

McGARVIN'S

Drug and Bookstore.

ACTON, ONTARIO.

Poetry.

THE WAY OF IT.

This is the way of it, wide world over;
One is beloved, and one is the lover:
One gives and the other receives,
One lavishes all in a wild emotion,
One offers a smile for a life's devotion;
One hopes and the other believes.
One lies awake in the night to weep,
And the other drifts into a sweet sound sleep.

One soul is aflame with a godlike passion,
One plays with love in an idler's fashion,
One speaks, and the other hears.
One sobs, "I love you," and wet eyes show it,
And one laughs lightly and says, "I know it,"
With smiles for the other's tears.
One lives for another and nothing beside,
And the other remembers the world is wide.

This is the way of it, sad earth over:
The heart that breaks is the heart of the lover,
And the other learns to forget.
For what is the use of endless sorrow?
Though the sun goes down, it will rise to-morrow.
And life is not over yet:
Oh! I know this truth, if I know no other,
That Passionate Love is Nature's own mother.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Select Family Reading.

In The World, But Not of It.

BY MARY E. MOFFAT.

Marian Meredith was at heart a meek and lowly Christian, abounding in good works of that precious kind which attract but little attention; for they were as quiet and unostentatious as the dew-fall upon thirsty flowers.

She came of a proud and wealthy family, whose princely entertainments had been a feature with them from the time of the first Meredith's settling in America.

Her parents were worldly, fashionable people, whose chief ambition was to keep up the prestige of their proud old name, and to shine in society.

Nothing gave them greater pleasure than to fill their elegant mansion with guests, and to see Marian—their only child—moving about among them with graceful ease.

The key-note to an acquaintance with the Merediths was—culture. So that an invitation to one of their social gatherings was quite an event. It was sure to be "a feast of reason and a flow of soul."

Stanley Dare, a rising young physician, was one of their favorites. He was an enthusiast in his chosen profession, giving his time freely to those among the afflicted poor who had no means to pay for his services.

His zeal for the church drew him into the Sunday school. Young as he was, they had chosen him to be superintendent, and he had already infused so much of his own earnestness into the work that the chapel had grown to be too small for the increased membership, and was to be enlarged.

He was strongly attracted by Marian's sweet face and gentle ways, and had unconsciously been drawn toward her home so often that at last he began to take himself seriously to task for it.

Marian, though a cultivated, elegant girl, who appeared perfectly at ease in society, was, in reality, very shy, and united to this was a shrinking timidity with regard to lifting the veil from her deep religious feelings.

So Dr. Dare had no knowledge of them; and as Mr. and Mrs. Meredith did not hesitate to speak lightly of the most sacred subjects, he feared that Marian's views might be of the same nature with those so near and dear to her.

Marian had accepted his invitation to hear the oratorio of the Messiah, which was about to be given on a grand scale; and the sensation of pleasure which it gave him to think of having that tiny hand resting upon his arm—of, as it were, monopolizing the gentle girl for an evening, had opened his eyes to the true state of his feeling for her.

The discovery was a startling one. His mother's words, as he stood by her dying bed, came back to him clearly and distinctly:

"Do not wed with an unbeliever, my son, my only son, lest your own faith grow dim."

Was it a gift of prescience? Had the departing saint forseen the present hour of doubt?

So it was with mingled feelings that he called to fulfill his engagement at the appointed time.

Marian looked very lovely as she came into the room. Her delicate face rose flower-like in its soft bloom from her dark, rich dress.

They had barely interchanged the usual formal greetings when the bell rang, and a servant appeared in the doorway with a request that Miss Marian would come into the hall for a moment.

She soon returned. All the sparkling brightness had vanished from her face.

"I am so sorry, Dr. Dare, and so disappointed! but—will you excuse me for not going with you this evening? Something unavoidable has happened to prevent me."

Stanley Dare rose.

"Certainly, Miss Meredith; but it is the last evening of the Messiah. We cannot hear it again this season."

"I have been looking forward to it with great pleasure. You must tell me all about it when we next meet. That will be the next best thing to going."

She made no further explanation, and Stanley took his leave, but not for the oratorio. Another half hour found him in his office surrounded by books of reference.

Suddenly there came a timid pull at the night-bell.

He answered it himself, and found a little, pale-faced boy shivering with cold.

"Come in, Tommy," he said, kindly. "What's the matter?"

"Mamma sent me to tell you that Mrs. Brown's dying. I've been here before, but you wasn't here."

"Poor little fellow! So you've had the long walk twice. Well, warm yourself, while I slip on my overcoat and get my case of medicines. I doubt if I can do any good, but will try."

The wind was blowing, and the air was keen and frosty; but the stars shone clearly down, and the moon gave a silvery radiance to the murky streets as they hastened through them.

As they turned into the squalid lane where Tommy's mother lived, they found a handsome equipage drawn up at the corner. The coachman, muffled in his huge great-coat, was peering anxiously down the street, evidently weary of his position, and hoping to have his tiresome watch soon broke up.

He went in with the noiseless step so soon learned by those who minister to the sick.

The sound of a low-toned voice came to his ear as he entered, and with an overwhelming heart-throb of joy and surprise he recognized that it was Marian Meredith—the petted child of luxury and wealth—who was kneeling by that lowly sick-bed.

She was reading aloud the 14th Chapter of John, and over the wan, wasted face upon the pillow shone a foretaste of that heavenly joy into which the freed soul was about to enter.

Marian had not noticed his entrance; and as the first look told his practical eye that earthly aid was no more needed, the young man stood silently, with bowed head, feeling as though he was upon holy ground.

A long sigh, then another, then all was over.

Marian rose and closed the pale lids over the eyes, weary no longer; touched her lips pitingly to the marble forehead, and turned to call Mrs. Richards.

Her face brightened as she saw who stood beside her, and she gave him her hand silently, expressing no surprise at his presence.

Turning to the landlady, who, in her humble way, had been very kind to Mrs. Brown through her tedious illness she said:

"I will come again in the morning and make the necessary arrangements."

Then she took Stanley Dare's proffered arm, and he led her to the carriage. In answer to his low spoken "May I see you home?" she said:

"Thanks. I shall be very glad of your company, if it will not trouble you too much."

The drive was, for a time, a silent one. Marian was the first to speak:

"Such a peaceful going home deprives death of its terrors. Poor little woman! How happy she must be to see husband and children once more. Her life has been so lonely deprived of them; and it has been very hard for her since she must accept charity—or starve. She has been well cared for, though, as our Mission School teachers have visited her regularly and supplied her wants."

"So you are enlisted in the great army of Christian workers, Miss Marian. I did not know that the——Church, which I believe is your place of worship, had a school of that kind connected with it."

"No," said Marian, simply, "it has not; but we are not bounded by one church. Ours is not a sectarian work; it is open to all who love Christ."

"Not how is it that I found you in such a sad scene, and in the evening, too? Did you not feel a shrinking at the approach of the grim messenger—you, so young, so tender?"

"No," answered Marian. "I have visited there almost daily since she has been so ill, and I found myself very much interested in her. She bore her sufferings with such patient sweetness. Once she said to me that, though she had no fear of death, she sometimes thought how terrible it would be to die alone. I told her then to send for me if she had reason to think her release near; and I would come to her at once; no matter how late the hour. It was a message from her which caused me to break my engagement with you this evening."

"It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." As the doctor said this his tones were tremulous with feeling.

He felt that during all these months he had been pitifully blind not to see that the modest gravity with which Marian had moved amid the gay throng had showed conclusively that, though *with them*, she was not *of* them.

Here was the true religion—to "visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world." And—he had dared to judge her!

He felt himself so humbled before her that it was some time before he could summon resolution to call; but when he did so her welcome was so unaffectedly cordial that he soon found himself upon his old footing in the family.

If was not many months before he asked and received permission from Mr. Meredith to pay his addresses to Marian. His frank, manly nature had always been fully appreciated by the gentle girl, and when he asked her for the rich treasure of her love it was not denied him.

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

A man does harm to others by his actions to himself by his thoughts.

The happiness of your life depends upon the character of your thoughts.

The end of man is an action and not a thought, that it were the noblest.

Work and play are necessary to each other, but they should not be mixed.

Bigotry and uncharitableness do not consist in what is believed, but in the spirit in which it is held.

The men who do not forget "the old folks at home" are not men from whom we have much to fear.

No man ever got rid of a lie by telling it; it is sure to come home, sooner or later, to hobnob with its author.

Thought is born and never conveyed to another; only the description is conveyed which often leads to error.

They who crouch to our feet are longing to make us fall. Be very careful of fawners; for friendship and flattery are deadly foes.

Trying to reform a man by reforming his surroundings is like tying sheckel pears or rambo apples to the rough twigs of a crab tree.

The parent who affects carefulness as to the kind of persons with whom he permits his children to associate, and yet permits them to read any thing that comes to hand, is a simpleton or worse.

Malice, envy, guile, evil-speaking, and such like things, are wrong, and can not dwell in the heart of a Christian. Examine yourself in the light of this fact, and if they are in your heart get rid of them at once.

Daniel Webster said: "There is always room at the top." That is just where there is no room. Society is a pyramid. There is plenty of room at the bottom, and unless the base be broad and well laid, the whole structure is insecure. We must uplift the masses.

If at any time, for any reason, we unexpectedly discover that we are suspected of vanities and self-conceit, or any other wrong feelings, whether we are really guilty or not, it is always better to "abstain from all appearance of evil." "If I must make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth."

Milburn's Boat Iron and Wine is prepared from the fresh beef, suitable iron, and pure cherry wine, combined with choice aromatics.

THE OLD TINDER-BOX.

BY HENRY M. BROOKS.

Probably there are few children of the present day who have ever seen, or even heard, of the old-fashioned tinder-box and matches. Yet fifty years ago the friction match, now so universally used, had not just been invented, and did not come into general use for many years.

Before the year 1830, or thereabouts, housekeepers were obliged to use matches of domestic manufacture. These were small pieces of white pine wood, perhaps twice the size of our match, the ends of which had been dipped in melted brimstone. A small iron skillet in which to melt the brimstone was once a common kitchen utensil in many families in New England, if not elsewhere.

The only way to light one of these brimstone matches was to bring it in contact with a spark of fire. For this purpose there used to be kept in every house a small tin box filled with burnt rags, and this was called a tinder-box. In order to obtain a light a common gun-flint was struck with considerable force against a piece of steel made of convenient size, which produced a few sparks; these, lodging upon the burnt rags, made sufficient fire to readily light the match.

These smouldering rags (for the sparks thus obtained did not produce a blaze) were afterwards extinguished by a round tin cover called a damper. To thus create fire required some experience, especially in damp weather, or with cold fingers on winter mornings. We have known people to make "a bad piece of work" with the flint and steel and to succeed only with great patience in "striking a light" If one happened to be cross or nervous the chances were that he could not succeed at all; nor was it an infrequent sight to see the good wife of the house running across the street with a shovel to borrow a shovelful of "live coals" from a neighbor, the chimney-smoke of whose dwelling proclaimed that she had a fire. The change to the match of commerce was one of the first of what we now consider modern conveniences. In many families it was one of the "children's chores" to prepare wood for matches, and to dip the ends in melted brimstone. These matches were sometimes to be bought in shops, but New England economy more frequently led each family to prepare its own. Still it was not uncommon for poor children to make a trifle of money by selling bunches of matches to their more fortunate neighbors.

In sparsely-settled neighborhoods great care was exercised at night by the head of the house to "keep the fire." He took precaution that there should be a good bed of "live coals" at the hour of retiring; these he covered with many shovelfuls of ashes to prevent them from burning out. The next morning the coals were usually found to be "live" on raking open the ashes, and serving to start the day's fire. It was not an impossible feat to thus preserve the family fire through the year, without recourse to tinder-box and matches.

The modern friction match was welcomed by most housekeepers, although here and there some old people objected to it, considering it a dangerous article, as no doubt it is when carelessly used or left lying about.

The first friction match invented required to be drawn across a piece of fine sand paper in order to produce a light. This was called a lucifer, and was much safer, although not so convenient, as the present match. Then came the present patent friction matches, which used to be called "loco-focos." There were no fancy match boxes in "old times," and the tinder-box was not considered an ornamental article, but was kept out of sight in the cupboard or on the kitchen mantel-piece.—*Wide Awake.*

"NOW SQUIRM, OLD NATUR'!"

It is sometimes said that a man's sincerity of purpose is proved if he puts his hand in his pocket-book. Certainly the old American of the following anecdote proved his. He was a stingy man, and sat listening to a charity sermon. As he was nearly deaf, he was accustomed to sit facing the congregation, directly under the pulpit, with his ear trumpet directly upward toward the preacher. The sermon that day moved him. He had a habit of communing aloud with himself; and, as the sermon proceeded, he said, "I'll give $10." Then he said "I'll give $15." At the close of the appeal he was greatly affected and declared he would give fifty dollars; but, when the boxes began their rounds, his generosity quickly oozed away. He came down from fifty to twenty, from twenty to ten, from ten to five, and finally said, "I guess I won't give nothing to-day." As the box moved nearer, he again soliloquized. "Yet this won't do. Who knows how much may depend on this? This covetousness may be my ruin." The box was coming nearer. The crisis was upon him. What should he do! The box was under his chin—the congregation were looking. He had been holding his pocket-book in his hand during his soliloquy, which, unconsciously to himself, had been audible to his neighbors. At the final moment he took his pocket-book and laid it in the box, saying as he did so "Now squirm, old natur'!"

PADDY MURPHY'S BREECHES.

While travelling in the south of Ireland a tourist was regaled by a car driver with the tale of how Paddy Murphy had his breeches let out. It was thus told:

"Well, sor, Paddy Murphy, who lives in a cabin close by, wanted a pair of breeches. So he goes down to Peter McClogan, the tailor, who lives in a valley below, and says, says he, 'Peter, I want you to make me a pair of breeches.'

"'Stand by,' says Peter, 'and I will measure you.'

"So the breeches were made, and when sent home, they were so small that Paddy could not get into them. Back he took them, and told Peter how vexed he was with them.

"'You have made my breeches to small, 'You must let them out.'

"'Well,' says Peter, 'leave them with me, and I will do the same for you.'

"So Pat left them to be let out. Time went by, and Peter did not send them back. So Paddy went down to the valley to see why he did not get them. As soon as he got to the house, he saw the tailor digging up some potatoes, and he shouted out to him, 'Peter, have you let my breeches out?'

"'Faith and I have!' says Peter, 'I've let them out for a shilling a week ever since you left them!'—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

Gentlemen kindly call and examine Kelly Bros. spring suitings and pantings.

TEMPERANCE JOTS.

A woman in Liverpool was recently sent to prison for drunkenness for the one hundred and seventy-fifth time. In the same city, on the same day, inquests were held on a painter and sign-writer, and on a female clerk and book-keeper, both of whom had committed suicide by drinking poison. Drink was the cause of both.

An English brick-maker states that of the beer-drinking men in his employ the smallest number of bricks made in a given time by any one man was 650,000. The smallest number made by any abstainer during the same time was 746,000, a difference in favor of total abstinence of 87,000 bricks.

At a meeting held by brewers in Sandusky, O., so it is reported, one of the mottoes stretched on the walls at the place of meeting bore these words: "Down with the white-livered clergy and the Sunday-schools."

Is it right to derive revenue, out of a traffic which no decent man defends?

Total abstainers do not and drunkards can not keep up the saloons of Canada. Who are the supporters of these institutions? They must be found in the ranks of those who call themselves sober. Saloons live by making others unable to live. The results to the army of inebriates must come from somebody's children. Whose children?

The *Cincinnati South-west* (saloon organ) sees the handwriting on the wall. It says: "Prohibition will inevitably be the State and national issue in 1892; and the plain, cold, hard indications are that prohibition will win by a large majority. We speak what we know to be facts. Our remarks may not be palatable; but unless they are heeded, and action is taken in the direction we indicate (the circulation of saloon literature) in less than five years our big brewers will be like the distilleries now closed by the whiskey pool—'For rent,' and no renters."

A liquor paper, the *Champion*, exclaims: "What shall we do to be saved from the impending calamity of prohibition which is crawling upon us one step at a time? Prohibition is marching on. Local option law is crawling upon us. We admit that we are in a predicament; what is the best means of extricating ourselves from this tangled network, thus escaping the suckers of this Moral Reform Octopus? In short, what are we to do to successfully oppose the onward march of prohibition? The cyclone is coming." It must wrench a fellow's jaw mightily to cry out after that fashion, and then in the same issue declare that prohibition does not prohibit.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

A dentist in Calgary, Manitoba, has been busy extracting teeth from Indians. It is stated that before the advance of civilization, when the natives subsisted solely on Buffalo meat, decayed teeth were unknown among them. Braves who stand the torture of the sun-dance without flinching are reduced to a state of abject terror when they feel the cold grip of the forceps.

An instrument called the osteotome has been invented as an improvement over the tedious and clumsy surgical methods of cutting through bones by means of saws and chisels. It is practically a circular saw revolving at a very high rate of speed by an electric motor. An ingenious shield, which passes around the bone to be operated upon, protects the surrounding flesh from injury.

It is found that nearly ever kind of glass, especially that containing manganese, is liable to fade or of color by the action of sunlight, but the glass can be restored to its original color by heat. Stained glass in windows that has changed tint through solar action can thus be restored by heat.

The *Pipe of Peace*, published at the Genoa Indian School in Nebraska, makes the statement that Indians are becoming bald-headed as a result of the change from feathers to hats and caps.

A young French officer is said to have invented a microphone which will record and announce the approach of a body of soldiers and give some idea as to their numbers.

A company has been formed in Berlin to manufacture electrical watches. Two small cells and a small electric motor take the place of the ordinary movement.

TRAINING FIRE-HORSES.

Many people who know that fire-horses, at the sound of an alarm, start out from their stalls, ready for action, have probably wondered how the intelligent animals were taught. The New York *World* describes a school at Harlem, to which the New York fire-horses are sent, and that is doubtless a fair sample of others.

Animals destined for this work must be both strong and swift, and accordingly great care is exercised in selecting them. About sixty perfectly trained horses are every year "graduated" from this school. So long a time, however, is by no means necessary for their course of study; the average horse understands his duties very thoroughly at the end of two days, and even a dunce learns the required lesson in a week.

The pupil is first put in his stall, and led backward and forward to his station before the engine a dozen or more times that he may become accustomed to ducking his head under the collar and harness. Then he is left in his stall, and coaxed into coming foward under the harness by kind words and rewards of candy or apples. He is afterward taught to come forward at the clang of the gong, and after a little general practice, his education is complete, and he is transferred to one of the regular Firehouses.

This system of education entirely depends upon kindness. The whip is never used, and the horses seem to enter into their work with all the enthusiasm of volunteer firemen.

NOAH'S ARK WOOD.

Within a radius of 60 miles of Nashville, Tenn., there is said to be found a tree that is said to be the shittim wood of ark fame. Celebrated botanists from all over the country have examined the trees and agree that they grow nowhere else on the globe. They have decided that it is the shittim wood of which Noah's ark was constructed, mention of which is made several times in the Bible. The tree is medium sized, with very dark, smooth bark, and the wood is of a bright gold color. In early spring the trees are laden with long, white blossoms, closely resembling great ostrich plumes. There seems to be no doubt about the identity of the trees, and it is remarkable that they are found only in this area and so few at that.—*Scientific American.*

A DENTAL EXPERIENCE.

I think I would rather sit anywhere,
Than find myself in a dentist's chair.
There's a sinking sensation creeps over me so,
That I find I am nervous ere'over I know.
There's a feeling of fear, of an undefined dread
That makes my hair rise all over my head;
An unfleshed dread of a sense of pain,
That's out of my power to try to explain.
But the backward swing of that cushioned chair,
Makes my thoughts float away on a sea of air,
So cold and dark, that I hold my breath; I know
No feeling but that of dread, and so
I close my eyes and calmly wait,
Reluctantly willing to bear my fate.
But the dentist's voice saying, which one is it?
Recalls my thoughts to the cause of my visit,
And I very soon find that the sense of pain,
Is a great deal too real to try to explain.
But what seems an age, is over at last,
And I find upon looking a minute has passed.
While I sat timidly shivering there,
In the cushioned embrace of the dentist's chair.

A THOUGHT FOR PARENTS.

What if God should place in your hand a diamond, and tell you to inscribe on it a sentence which should be read at the last day, and shown then as an index of your own thoughts and feelings; what care, what caution would you exercise in the selection! Now, this is what God has done. He has placed before you the immortal minds of your children, more imperishable than the diamond, on which you are to inscribe every day and every hour, by your instructions, by your spirit, or by your example, something which will remain and be for or against you at the judgment.

A MAN EATER.

A famous man-eating tiger has just been captured alive in India. A pit was dug for a trap and baited with a live bullock. After two days the beast came around and promptly jumped into the pit. To capture him a second pit was dug near the first and of the same depth. From this a tunnel was run to the first pit, a thin wall of earth being left between the end of the tunnel and the pit. A strong bamboo cage was pushed into the tunnel from the second pit. A goat was placed in the cage and the wall of earth broken down. The cage sprang upon the goat, the entrance of the cage quickly closed, and the beast was fast and stayed so until he was safe in Calcutta.

THE SNAKE SCOURGE OF INDIA.

The returns for 1886 show that 22,134 human beings perished from snake bites in India. The number of cattle killed by snakes is returned at 1,514. It is stated that 417,596 snakes were destroyed, and that 25,360 rupees were paid by the Government as rewards for their destruction. The mortality from snake bite in Bengal is much larger among women than men. They are usually bitten in the early morning, when they go out unseen before daylight, either to fetch wood from the faggot-stack, or for some other domestic purpose. During the rainy season, when nearly all the rice fields are under water, the snakes take refuge on higher plots of ground on which the villages are built, and they hide themselves in the little wood stacks and granaries in the court-yards of the houses; while, not unfrequently, they take up their abode in the house itself, where they are allowed to dwell with impunity, and are sometimes fed with milk, until, on some unlucky day, the wife treads accidentally on the snake in the dark, and it turns upon her and bites her. From the bite of a full-grown cobra death ensues in a very few minutes.

AN OLD TIME COLLEGE PRANK.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes spoke of the late Rev. James Freeman Clarke, his Harvard classmate and life-long friend, at the last meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, which was held in Boston on Thursday. "In college," said the genial doctor, "he was one of the liveliest and most agreeable of companions. His room in old 'Massachusetts' was the meeting place of a small company of us, who used to discuss the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' and the last poem of 'Delta' in *Blackwood*, with now and then a story or a song, and often a game of chess, of which some of us were very fond. James was a daring, dashing fellow by nature. On one occasion an effigy was hung out of a window of Stoughton in open defiance of all college proprieties. Whom it represented is more than I can say but it was flaunted in the face of the college building, from which it was suspended, and of Holworthy, which stood at right angles. All at once the string by which it hung gave away, and the figure, made up of the raiment and bedclothes of the different members of the class; and could easily be identified by the marks on them, fell to the ground. There was a panic, for the watchful eyes of Dr. Popkin commanded from his window the whole transaction. Suddenly a youth dashed out from one entry, caught it up in his arms in triumph, and dashed into another entry of Stoughton. There was a great wonder as to who the young hero was, who, at the risk of suspension or rustication, had come to the rescue. It was the same James Freeman Clarke, who, when a man climbed to the top of Salisbury Cathedral, 460 feet in the air, and laid his hand upon the cross.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

Last Christmas Teddy was made happy by the gift of a music-box. A little while after he went visiting at Aunt Molly's home, Aunt Molly has a canary that is a beautiful singer. He will sing song after song, only stopping long enough between to open his beak and shut it in a funny way. Teddy watched him wondering.

"O Aunt Molly," he cried at last, "now I know! He's got a music-box in his frost, and that's how he winds it up!"

Roy is much interested in learning to read. One day he sat with book in hand spelling the words out loud. By-and-by he came to the word "fall." "Fa-ll," he spelled it out. "Grandpa, what does this spell?"

In reply grandpa asked, "What would you do if you should tumble out of your chair?"

Roy sat and thought a minute; then came the unexpected answer, "Cry!"

The children were disappointed at not seeing the eclipse of the moon. Speaking of it the next day, Bertie learned, "Mamma, when will the moon clip again?"

"Mamma," inquired Ellie, "do tortoise-shell cats have shells like turtles?"—*Youth's Companion.*

Man was born tired. The summer gives man his only opportunity to indulge in his fatigue with a clear conscience. Custom has made it right and proper.