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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.....25CT

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor

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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.

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(Successor to T. P. Chapman)
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Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

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As easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good sea-form an exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.
J. & H. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artists.

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.
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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
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 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 & Newton's
—AT—
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25 WYNDHAM STREET GUELPH

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QUEBEC ST., GUELPH.
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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 the horse goes 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 $15, 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.

—RIGHT—
TO THE FRONT
OF ALL COMPETITION WE PLACE OUR
Elegant and Substantial Goods.
Splendid in Quality!
Complete in Assortment!!
Overflowing in Generous Bargains
—IN—
MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S
Boots and Shoes
RUBBERS, OVERSHOES, &c.
At prices that always lead to speedy sales
LOWEST PRICES
—CONSISTENT WITH—
GOOD QUALITY.
Custom Work and Repairing promptly attended to.
W. WILLIAMS,
Mill Street, Acton.

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 written and then returned by the traveller 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 free.
J. B. Mills & Co., Managers

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.

SCHOOL BOOKS
—AND—
SCHOOL SUPPLIES.
A large stock of School Books and School Supplies, Stationery, Etc., just arrived.
Pure Wine for Sacramental purposes now in stock
—AT—
McGARVIN'S
DRUG STORE.

Poetry.

WHERE THERE'S DRINK THERE'S DANGER.

Write it on the liquor store;
Write it on the prison door;
Write it on the gin-shop fine;
Write, aye, write the truthful line—
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it on the workshop gate;
Write it on the school-boy's slate;
Write it in the copy-book,
That the young may at it look,—
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it on the churchyard mound,
Where the drunk slain dead are found;
Write it on the gallows high;
Write it for all passers-by,—
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it underneath your feet,
Up and down the busy street;
Write it for the great and small,
In the mansion, cot and hall,—
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it on our ships which sail,
Borne along by stem and gale;
Write it in large letters plain,
O'er our land and past the main,—
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it in the Christian home,
Sixty thousand drunkards room
Year by year, from God and right;
Proving with resistless might
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it deep on history's page;
Write it patriot, scholar, sage;
Write it in the Sunday school;
Write, ah, write the truthful rule,
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it in the house of God;
Write it on the teeming sod;
Write it on hill-top and glen;
Write it with a blood-dipped pen,—
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it for our rising youth;
Write it for the cause of truth;
Write it for our fatherland
Write, 'tis duty's stern command,—
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it for bright heaven above;
Write it for the God of love;
Write it near the dear fireside;
Write it, too, for Christ who died,
Where there's drink there's danger,
—*The Young Templar.*

Select Family Reading.

Little Buttercup.

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

"And he's one of the best fellows in the world, and you'll be charmed with him, Edith, and he'll be here this afternoon.

Tom Gillespie wound up a long panegyric on one of his many bachelor friends with these words, and then feeling that his duty was performed, turned to his writing-table and resumed the correction of the proof-sheets of his last magazine article.

Mrs. Gillespie listened with commendable composure until the last words, when she exclaimed:

"Oh, dear! then your friend will be here in time for tea, I suppose, and there isn't a scrap of butter in the house! But if I can only manage to communicate with dear little Buttercup I have no doubt she can rescue me from my present depth of despair.

The troubled little housekeeper hurried away in search of some messenger to send to her milk-woman. She was saved the trouble by meeting little Buttercup—otherwise Amy Lyle—just approaching the side door, and bearing a tiny basket filled in with green leaves.

"Amy, dear, is it possible you have brought the butter to-day?" exclaimed Mrs. Gillespie, delighted. "I shall think you inspired by my guardian angel if you have."

"Yes, Mrs. Gillespie, I thought you would just as lief have it one day as another—"

"And a great deal liefer, you dear child!" said Mrs. Gillespie. "I can't tell you how much obliged I am to you for bringing it to-day instead of to-morrow. Come into the dining-room and let me see it."

Amy did as she was told, and removing the cool green leaves, displayed three little wooden cups filled to overflowing with butter the color of pale gold; and solid as ice. It was rolled into quaint shapes of spirals, cylinders, and ovals, by the deft white hand of the little dairy-maid, whose custom of bringing the butter always in those sweet wooden cups had won for her the sobriquet of "Buttercup."

"O, it is *lovely!*" cried Mrs. Gillespie, "and so are you, darling, for bringing it."

And indeed little Buttercup was as pretty a girl as you could see in a very long day's walk; and the brilliant carmine to which the rose-pink cheeks now deepened only made her a hundred times prettier. Mrs. Gillespie was struck, anew, with the girl's fresh beauty; and as somebody says that every woman is a match-maker from the hour she has completed her own match-making, Mrs. Edith was suddenly inspired with an idea which she determined to carry out, quite regardless of possible consequences.

"You must stay and take tea with us, Amy; you see so little company; and you have been such a duck for helping me out of my quandary about the butter that I must do something nice in return."

"O, but you are going to have company, Mrs. Gillespie, and I never could in this horrid print dress, though I would like to so much."

"But you have plenty of time to go home and change your dress, if you must, my dear little Buttercup, although you look as fresh as a rose now."

"Oh, if I have time to go home and get back again, Mrs. Gillespie—"

"Plenty, dear."

"Then I will come and be delighted to," and catching up the now empty basket, little Buttercup hurried away, while Mrs. Gillespie called after her;

"Wear that pretty blue muslin, Amy; and come back in time to help me make the biscuit. Sally never gets them quite right."

Amy made such haste that by the time she had reached the top of the hill half way to Aunt Lyle's house, she was quite tired and heated. She sat down on a great flat stone that had been used as a resting-place till its surface was as smooth as glass and fanning her pretty flushed face with her broad straw hat, looked toward the farm-house and congratulated herself that the rest of the journey was down-hill.

A good looking young man coming across the fields toward her, whistling an air which she liked very much, being the first time she had heard heard it, saw her there, and thought her by far the prettiest creature in the landscape; but Amy scarcely glanced at him till he reached the fence close by the roadside. Then, indeed, she did bestow an admiring look on him in return for the easy and graceful manner in which he leaped the fence at a single bound. He was still whistling that pretty air that sounded so pleasantly to her; but as he reached the ground on the side of the fence near to her, the slight shock unclosed his handsome mouth; his whistling developed into song; and, greatly to her surprise and indignation, she found herself greeted—at least she thought so—with these words:

"Sweet little Buttercup! Dear little Buttercup!" sang to that same pretty tune she had been admiring.

Amy Lyle sprang to her feet with flashing eyes. "How dare you!" she exclaimed.

"I beg your pardon," said Paul Newcome. "I had not the slightest intention of startling you."

"How dare you address me so by *that name?*" demanded Amy. "What right have you to speak to me at all?" she continued, with increasing anger.

Paul regarded her with such evident amazement that poor Amy began to feel very uncomfortable. Still he had certainly called her "dear little Buttercup," unless she had been asleep and dreamed it. And if that was so, why, perhaps it was all a dream. Anyway, she had no time to waste; and picking up her hat, and favoring the amazed Paul with one farewell, indignant glance, Amy ran down the hill, and was at her aunt's door before he had quite realized that she was gone.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "what a little fury! But how pretty! And to think that even a little country girl should be so enraged at hearing a chance fragment of the Pinafore music! Well, I must be careful how I offend the sensitive ears of this community." And, with a laugh, the young man continued on his way, and presently found himself at the door of his friend, Tom Gillespie.

The first friendly greetings with Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie over, Paul related what had happened on his way across country, under the title of "a terrific encounter with an infuriated woodland nymph!"

Tom Gillespie laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, but Edith was terribly provoked. She feared it would destroy all her little plans at match-making. However, she made the best of it; praised her protege's beauty and sweetness; told the origin of her pet name of Buttercup; and explained the cause of her indignation.

Paul laughed, but was interested—more, perhaps, than if his encounter with the "woodland nymph" had not taken place; and his admiration was quite as enthusiastic as even the sly match-maker could have desired.

Amy did not get back in time to help with the biscuit; but fortunately some presiding genius of cooking inspired Sally, and they were as light and white as any housekeeper could desire. So when little Buttercup did arrive, pretty as a picture in her blue muslin, Edith was glad she hadn't come sooner, for the light conversation of the table helped to carry off poor Amy's confusion on finding that the impertinent stranger was Mrs. Gillespie's guest and her husband's old friend.

During the evening there was music, and Paul Newcome who played and sang equally well, did several airs from the "Pinafore," both instrumentally and vocally; and last of all he gave an excellent imitation of a very good "Buttercup."

Amy scarcely knew what to make of it—it certainly seemed a most impertinent liberty with the pet name her friends had bestowed on her; and yet it was not possible he could intentionally mean to offend her. Presently Mrs. Gillespie sitting down beside her, whispered an explanation which caused her indignant looks to give place to an almost tearful expression of mortification.

"Oh, what must he think of me!" she asked, and hurriedly gave a description of her afternoon's encounter.

"He thinks you perfectly delightful," was the matron's reassuring reply. But it did not suffice for Amy. She took the first opportunity of apologizing to Paul, and confessing the ignorance which had led to her blunder.

"Please forgive me," she said, raising her lovely flower-like face.

"On one condition: that you will show your confidence in me by accepting my escort to your home."

"Why, of course, I shall be delighted, if you won't think it too much trouble."

And when that moonlight walk was ended, and Paul pressed little Buttercup's hand at parting, they were like old friends already. Quite unconsciously, Amy Lyle came oftener than usual with the fresh butter; and there seemed ever so many other reasons for going nearly every day to the Gillespies'. Amy did not know how much oftener she went than had been her custom; and even if she had thought of it, she must also have thought how many reasons Mrs. Gillespie kept finding for making her go there. And every evening, if she remained late, Paul Newcome accompanied her home.

"Tom," said Mrs Gillespie, on day, very suddenly, "of course your friend, Paul Newcome, is an honorable man."

"Of course he is, Edith."

"Then I need have no fears about little Buttercup's happiness, since he will marry her."

"Marry little Buttercup, Edith! What can you be thinking of? He's engaged to his Cousin Clara, a magnificent creature. The engagement is nearly as old as themselves. Everybody knows it."

"I didn't know it, Tom. And it's too bad of you. Why didn't you tell me?" and Mrs. Gillespie's gentle eyes filled with tears.

"How should I know it was of any consequence to you, Edith? I hope that foolish little Buttercup doesn't care anything about him."

"*Care!* Why, she's dead in love with him, and he knows it. Poor, dear child, it will break her heart;" and the brimming tears now overflowed.

"This is too bad!" cried Tom, very much in earnest. "And it must be put a stop to at once."

And that was why, when Amy presently came down stairs, having finished dressing a doll for little Florrie Gillespie, her remark that she must go home at once met such slight resistance from Mrs. Gillespie.

"I'm afraid you will get wet, dear; it is raining," said the miserable little match-maker, filled with remorse, but not daring to urge the girl to remain.

"Oh, it is nothing but a slight shower. I promised auntie to be home early, and I must go, but I will borrow this wrap. May I?"

"Certainly; let me put it on you," and Edith draped the fleecy scarlet shawl of thin Shetland wool about little Buttercup's graceful head and shoulders.

"There! You look like Red-Riding Hood," she said, kissing her.

"I hope I don't meet any naughty wolf to eat me up," laughed Amy.

"I *hope* not," responded Edith, with a fervor that Amy was far from appreciating.

Little Buttercup met with no wolf, but taking a "short cut" home through some pasture fields a bull took umbrage at the color of the Shetland shawl with which her friend had draped her, and gave pursuit, with loud snorts and angry tossings of his great head. As soon as Amy became aware of her danger she stood still, benumbed with terror, and with one despairing shriek gave herself up for lost.

A cheering cry answered her wild shriek; a well-known voice called out words of hope and courage, and in another moment somebody leaped the fence, caught her up in his arms, and tearing the obnoxious shawl from her shoulders just as the infuriated bull came up, threw it over the animal's head.

To bear the slight, girlish figure in his arms, and hasten with her to the high road, was not a task of great danger to an athlete like Paul, more particularly as the bull had now transferred all his attention to the offensive shawl, and was wholly engaged in rendering it to pieces.

"Are you quite safe? Are you hurt at all? Paul asked, tenderly.

"O, no; not hurt, but terribly frightened."

And the pallid girl, almost fainting, still clung to her preserver; while he held her close to his beating heart, with words and looks far too lover-like, considering his engagement to another woman. But Amy did not know this circumstance; and though the crimson deepened in her cheek, she made no effort to withdraw herself from Paul's encircling arm.

By and by Paul Newcome released her; and it was he who drew away from her, but with a deep and very audible sigh.

"O! what is the matter? You are not hurt?" she asked, anxiously.

"No, darling; at least it is no new hurt. O, Amy! I am very unhappy."

"Tell me, Amy," asked Paul, abruptly: "If you had bound yourself by a promise—say, to your mother, and perhaps to another, too—would you keep that promise when you found that to do so was going to bring on you a terrible, an unbearable grief?"

All the color which had stolen back to Amy Lyle's face went from it again, for she seemed to dimly comprehend him. She drew farther away, but looking Paul bravely in the face, she answered:

"I think I would always try to keep a promise, particularly one made to my mother, so long as it was expected of me."

"But suppose you loved some one else very, very dearly, more than mother, or promises, or all the world—oh, Amy, as I *do* love some one, only I dare not tell her so. Do you forgive me, little darling? Can you forgive me?

Amy was now as white and wan as the new moon, whose crescent was just visible in the sky. The shower was over long ago.

"Don't mind me, Mr. Newcome," she murmured. "I can bear it; and you must keep your promise."

"And you don't hate me?" clasping her hand, and trying to draw her toward him.

"I can never hate you. But let me go. I can go home alone now. Leave me, sir. I *will* go."

And with a gesture full of pride and dignity, little Buttercup freed her hand and fled.

Paul Newcome turned and walked slowly back to his friend's house. The next morning he went back to town.

But a great surprise awaited him there—a surprise as great as it was pleasant. He only remained long enough to thoroughly comprehend it, and then he took the next train back to Tom Gillespie's house. On the way, he had to pass the farm-house where Amy Lyle lived with her aunt; and as he neared it, he saw a dejected little figure leaning disconsolately against the gate. Paul Newcome had never felt so happy nor so saucy; and nothing seemed so expressive of his feelings as the Pinafore music.

"Dear little Buttercup! Sweet little Buttercup!" he sang at the top of his voice and caught that dejected little figure in his arms, close to his heart, while his lips rained kisses on the pale cheek that drooped like a lily on its stem.

But Amy struggled to get free, and her angry voice demanded:

"How dare you—how dare you, Mr. Newcome?"

"I dare anything," cried Paul, exultingly. "Because now I need never keep that promise. Even my mother absolves me; and my Cousin Clara has run away with her French master, with whom she has been in love for a year or more. So now, little Buttercup, dear little Buttercup, further resistance is useless."

But Amy made no resistance.

"O, Paul she murmured, softly "don't kiss me here before everybody. Do come and tell auntie, and then I will walk with you to that dear, sweet little Mrs. Gillespie's."

WHERE SHE HAD HIM.

A Domestic Dialogue in Boston with the Usual Ending.

Wife—The Bible says much in favor of women, John. I thought that the Israelites kept their women in the background, but if they did the Bible which is their history doesn't.

Husband—Humph! The Israelites did well by keeping their women in the background, that's where women should be.

W.—But still the Bible says that——

H.—Oh, I know there are a few women mentioned in the Bible—there was Jezebel, she was a woman.

W.—Yes and there was Ahab; he was a man. And there was——

H.—It is no use talking, Mary. The Bible is a history of men. Women are mentioned only incidentally, as they had influence on the actions of men. The book says very little about women compared to what it does about men.

W. (musingly)—You may be right, after all, John, now when I come to think of it. There is one thing, at any rate, it says about men that it does not say about women.

H. (smiling)—I thought you would come to your senses, Mary. What is it the book says about men that it doesn't say about women?

W. (placidly)—It says "All men are liars."

Then the husband arose and put on his hat and went out to see what kind of a night it was.

VARIETIES.

There are not three ways of making money—there are but two—to earn and steal.—*R. L. Stevenson.*

The secret of personal influence over other lives is the confidence they have in you.—*Oliver.*

The Napoleonic test of character is success, and the final test of success is permanence.

Everybody must wear out one pair of fool's shoes if he wears no more.

It is a sad pity that people, however pious, but who are affected with jaundice, should ever attempt to depict religion.

Not the cry but the flight of a wild duck, says a Chinese author, leads the flock to fly and follow.

"So Mr. Jones gave $500 to Missions at his death, did he?" The question was asked of a city pastor the other day. And the answer was, "I did not say he gave it, but that he left it; perhaps I should have more explicitly said that he relinquished $500, because he could no longer 'hold it.'" The distinction needs to be kept in mind: one only gives when living; he relinquishes at death. There is plenty of Scripture commendation for giving, but none that we recall for relinquishing; what the stiffened fingers of death can no longer hold.

The *Independent* publishes a carefully-prepared exhibit of the statistics of all the Christian Churches of the United States. The result it reaches is: "Churches, 128,885; ministers, 94,470; members, 19,790,322. The increase during the past year was: Churches, 6,437; ministers, 4,505; members, 774,861. Of the total membership, 19,790,322, the Roman Catholic quota is 7,200,000; all others 12,590,323. These figures are only an approximation to accuracy, but they are not without value."

The Christian who measures his contribution for the gospel by his liking for his pastor will do well to guard against a subtle temptation that will be likely to meet him on that line. Covetousness is ready to shelter itself behind a self-natured prejudice.

Cleveland is fifty-one years of age, Thurman is seventy-four, Harrison fifty-five, and Morton sixty-four. Thousands of Christian citizens will try to make these men rulers of 60,000,000 of people who would consider them, were they ministers of the gospel, too old to take charge of a small village congregation. When the children of light go into the polling-booth, or children of this world, they always vote for experience.

TWO DOZEN COMPRESSED FACTS.

There are 2,736 languages.
A square mile contains 640 acres.
A barrel of rice weighs 600 pounds.
The average human life is 31 years.
The first steel pen was made in 1830.
A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.
A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.
A span is ten and seven-eights inches.
A hand (horse measure) is four inches.
Watches were first constructed in 1476.
The value of a ton of silver is $37,704.84.
A storm moves thirty-six miles per hour.
A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour.
The first iron steamship was built in 1830.
Modern needles first came into use in 1545.
Coaches were first built in England in 1569.
The first horse railroad was built in 1826-27.
One million dollars of gold coin weigh 3,685 pounds avoirdupois.
One million dollars of silver coin weigh 56,920.9 pounds avoirdupois.
The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe in 1846.
Glass windows were first introduced into England in the Eighth century.
Albert Durer gave the world a prophecy of future wood engraving in 1527.
Measure 200 feet on each side and you will have a square acre within an inch.

THE BOY AND THE CIGARETTE.

"Train up a child in the way you should have gone yourself," said Mr. Spurgeon, in one of his sermons lately. It is good advice. Fond parents are apt enough to spare their children the sufferings they endured themselves, but when it comes to faults they committed, they often say: "I did just so myself; how can I blame Tom for doing it?" It is not necessary to blame him. The point is to guide and instruct him in such a way that he will avoid his father's errors. Train him up, not in the way you went yourself, but in the way you should have gone.

Every parent who has boys growing up must meet, sooner or later, the great question of smoking. Stern and uncompromising repression of the cigar and cigarette will not usually solve the problem, but only postpone it. There are thousands of boys smoking to day who have been forbidden to do so by parents or teachers; but they smoke, and the practice is bad, particularly in boys under eighteen. The parents who succeed in bestowing upon their sons the priceless boon of freedom from lowering habits do so by winning their confidence, enlightening their minds, and developing in them the principle of obedience. Some exercise of authority may be necessary, but that authority needs to be supplemented by knowledge and conscience. Let a boy see clearly why he should not smoke, and the parent has half won the victory.

ACCUMULATING RICHES.

The colored people, it appears are developing a gift for making money. A writer in the *Forum* makes some rather startling statements on the subject. He says that Boston has a fashionable colored tailor, doing a business of a million and a half yearly, who was born a slave, and followed General Sherman in his march to the sea. New York, too, recently lost a colored millionaire druggist. In Cincinnati, according to the same authority, there is a colored furniture dealer, once a slave, who can now draw his check for a hundred thousand dollars. Another colored man of Cincinnati left recently, thirty four-story houses.

The estates of white men are apt to be overestimated by their neighbors, and hence they may reasonably infer that some of these statements are exaggerated. The tax-books, however, of all our chief cities show that many colored men are now holders of real estate. In Philadelphia there's 68 colored men who pay taxes on estates exceeding ten thousand dollars in value; in Chicago 22; in New Orleans, 13; in Pittsburg, 11; in Charlestown, 8. A still more significant fact is the number of colored people in the South who are buying up small farms. The men who own the soil they till and the houses they occupy are apt to make good citizens.

GLAD AUTUMN DAYS.

The magic voice of spring is gone,
Her emerald blades are turning brown
The Dandelion ball of lace
Has given place to Thistle-down,
The Violets that caught the dew
To hide beneath their bonnets blue,
And orchard blossoms: pure and sweet,
Have long since withered in the heat.

The sickle, sharp and keen, has reaped
The meadow flowers, rows on rows,
The Barley has in winnowed heaps,
And aftermath luxuriant grows:
The Sumachs tall, all touched with change,
Form crimson hedge around the grange,
And floating now my youth across,
On gauzy wings, is Milk-weed's floss.

O Maples, all in scarlet dressed;
O spike of fiery Golden Rod;
O purple Asters everywhere
Upspringing from the sere grass sod;
O blue fringed Gentian, crowning tall,
Thou coyest flowers to bloom 'neath golden haze
Thus glorify glad autumn days.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

A former Governor of a large city in Japan, after spending an evening at a friend's table with several companions, was unable to find his carriage and determined to walk home. Losing his way, however in the narrow, winding streets, he applied to a policeman to direct his erring footsteps. To his surprise the solemn functionary could not solve his perplexity. He was not acquainted, he said, with the location asked for. A happy expedient suggested itself to the inquirer.

"Be good enough to direct me to the residence of the Governor of the city," said the Governor.

"I don't know where that is either, responded the policeman.

"What! not know where the Governor lives? I shall report you to-morrow. I am the Governor."

"Well," was the caustic rejoinder, "how do you expect me to know where you live if you don't know where you live yourself?" —*Harper's Magazine.*

HISTORY OF MISS HAVERGAL'S NOTED HYMN.

Miss Havergal, one day in the Spring of 1878 (about a year before her call home), while walking around her garden at Leamington, said to her nurse, "I want to tell you of the gentle way by which the Lord led one to Himself whom I have long known. He had for years avoided all services. But in the first year of this leading he began to come to the church, sitting just inside the lobby. The next year he sat just inside the church. The next year he began seating those who came, and took a comfortable seat himself. A short time after this I went by invitation to stay with his family. As I alighted from the carriage he met me at the door and said: "Miss Havergal, I hope you have come to be a great blessing to us." On his saying that, I went straight to my home to my room and asked God to give me every soul in that house, and before I left my prayer was answered. Ten in number, they all became anxious about their souls and found peace. The night this transpired I was so overjoyed I could not sleep. As I lay awake the lines of the hymn—

Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee:
Take my moments and my days
Let them flow in ceaseless praise,

passed through my mind, and I put them down in pencil. The next morning I was writing to Rev. ——, the head of the Irish Society, and I enclosed these pencilled lines. He had, strange to say, just been preparing an address on consecration, which he delivered to several hundred people. In the middle of his discourse he read these lines aloud. After the service a gentlemen came to him and asked if he might have them printed. He did so; and thus within three weeks after they passed through my mind thousand of copies were circulated in England and Ireland.—*Times of Refreshing.*

DON'T COMPLAIN.

A country merchant was one day returning from market. He went on horseback, and behind his saddle was a valise of money. The rain fell with violence, and the good old man got wet to the skin. At this time he felt quite vexed, and murmured because God had given him such hard weather for his journey. He soon reached the border of a thick forest. What was his terror on beholding on one side of the road a robber, who, with levelled gun, was aiming at him, and attempted to fire! But the powder being wet with the rain the gun did not go off, and the merchant giving spurs to his horse, fortunately had time to escape. As soon as he found himself safe, he said to himself: "How wrong was I not to endure the rain patiently, as sent by Providence! If the weather had been dry and fair I should not probably have been alive at this hour. The rain which caused me to murmur came at a fortunate moment to save my life, and to preserve to me my property."

A COAT FOR $160,875.

A tooth of Sir Isaac Newton was sold in 1816 for the sum of $3,650. It was purchased by a nobleman, who had it set in a ring which he wore constantly on his finger. The hat worn by Napoleon Bonaparte at battle of Eylau was sold in Paris in 1835 for $400. It was put up for sale at $100, and there were thirty two bidders. The coat worn by Charles XII. at the battle of Pultawa, and preserved by one of his officers and attendants, was sold in 1825 for $116,875. The two pens employed in signing the treaty of Amiens were sold in 1825 for $2,500. A wig that had belonged to Sterne was sold at public auction in London for $1,050. The prayer book used by Charles I. when on the scaffold was sold in London in 1825 for $525. A waist coat belonging to J. J. Rosseau was sold for $190, and his medal watch for $100.

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.