The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XIV.---NO. 17. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25 1888. PRICE THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE,

ACTON, ONTARIO

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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

Invariably in advance. If not paid in advance $1.25 per year will be charged. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISING RATES

SPACE.	1 Yr.	6 Mo.	3 Mo.	1 mo
10 inches	$30.00	$18.00	$10.00	$5.00
18 inches	45.00	27.00	15.00	7.50
6 inches	27.00	16.00	9.00	4.50
1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

Casual advertisements, 8 cents per line for the first insertion, and 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion, cash. The number of lines reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a rule of solid Nonpareil.

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

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 5 o.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, Toronto—Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence:—At the head of Frederick street Acton.

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

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

JOHNSTON & McLEAN

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

J. A. MOWAT,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC.
Money to Loan.
OFFICE DAYS—Tuesday and Saturday.
OFFICE:—Matthews' Block, - Acton, up-stairs

SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD,

Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,
TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN.
Offices:—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and 65 King street east, Toronto.
W. T. ALLAN. J. SHILTON, B.A. J. BAIRD, B.A.

BADGEROW, CARSON & CO.,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS & NOTARIES.
Court Chambers, Cor. Church and Adelaide Sts. Toronto, Canada.
Telephone No. 1278. Cable Address: Badgerow.
E. 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 carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,

MILL STREET, ACTON.

An easy chair, a stylish hair-cut, a good shampoo with 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.
Ballinafad P.O.

Guelph Business College.
GUELPH, ONTARIO.

THE 6th scholastic year began September 1st. 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. Few, if any, of the grads take, according to the showing of past results, need be long unemployed. To mention their training school is, as a rule, a passport to climbs and lucrative situations.
Ladies are admitted to all the advantages offered by the College. For circulars, mailed free, giving terms, etc., address

M. MacCORMICK,
Principal.

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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 lumber 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—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, Chas. Davidson,
President. 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, 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. Used 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, 5 ft. high, $50, 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 30 to 50 per cent. below all other dealers.

LIVERY.

JOHN WILLIAMS

HAVING assumed proprietorship of the livery business lately carried on by Worden Bros., would solicit the patronage of the public and will do my utmost to please all customers.

Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs Can Always be Secured.

First Class Outfit for Commercial Travellers at Special Rates.

A comfortable bus meets all day trains and night also if ordered. Give us a call.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

HELLO!

Pause and Consider

That it will be to your own interest to patronize home trade. We would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Acton and surrounding country that we are again in full running order, and in a better position than before the fire to fill all orders entrusted to us. To parties building,

Lumber will be Dressed

while you wait, and Mouldings, &c. made with neatness and despatch.
N.B.—We are also prepared to fill all orders for

PUMPS

on short notice and from long experience in the business we feel confident that we can give satisfaction every time. So come on with your orders and help to roll the ball along. Money makes the mare go, whether she has legs or no.

THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

WEAVING.

MR. T. MITCHELL

Desires to inform the people of Acton and surroundings that he is prepared to take orders for weaving all kinds of Fancy Rag Carpets, Flannel Sheeting, Shirting and Dress Goods, striped or plaid, 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.

—THE—
CIDER & CHOPPING MILLS
AT ROCKWOOD.

Will re-open for the season's business on

MONDAY, 3rd SEPTEMBER.

Chopping weighed in and weighed out. Land rollers made to order. Steam and water pipes and all connections supplied, cut and threaded promptly.

W. B. BRAGG
ROCKWOOD

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
—CONSISTENT WITH—
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 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, &c. Testimonials sent.

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, Stationary, Etc., just arrived.

Pure Wine for Sacramental purposes now in stock

—AT—
McGARVIN'S
DRUG STORE.

Poetry.

ONE OF THE OTTAWA MINISTERS.

I am a statesman great and good,
I always do as statesmen should,
I never sell my vote for pelf—
But still, do I neglect myself?
Of course I don't; why should I?

When now and then a chance I see
To serve my country, and serve me
Myself, while I am serving her,
Do I object? Do I demur?
Of course I don't; why should I?

I watch my fellow-members' course
In silence: Speaking makes me hoarse;
But when there's something to be done
Do I lose sight of Number One?
Of course I don't; why should I?

My sleeping and my waking dreams
Are filled with schemes and schemes and schemes,
All patriotic ventures, too.
Do I devise them just for you?
Of course I don't; why should I?

When some contractor's got a job
That makes his heart with rapture throb,
And I have helped him hook his fish,
Do I refuse a small commish?
Of course I don't; why should I?

Oh, I'm a statesman great and good,
I always do as statesmen should,
I never sell my vote for pelf—
But still, do I neglect myself?
You bet I don't; why should I?

Select Family Reading.

Susie's Champions.

BY CARL PRICKETT

"Indeed, Mr. Smith, I did not mean to offend Miss Lent. I told her that I did not mislay the box—and it was true.

Such a pretty face, bathed though it was in tears; the blue eyes pitifully entreating, and the sensitive mouth quivering with distress; but Mr. Smith was obdurate.

"I have said, Miss Brown, that you must go. Miss Lent says that you have been impertinent, and are not of enough service to her to warrant her overlooking it. You will receive the amount due you at the desk;" and the merchant moved away.

"Mr. Smith!"

The voice is a firm, manly one, and as the proprietor turns, a young man steps from behind a counter near and confronts him.

"Pardon me for interfering, sir," he said, respectfully, "but the young lady is right. I heard all that passed, and I saw no reason why Miss Lent should be offended.

A grateful glance from a pair of soft blue eyes rewards the brave speaker. But Mr. Smith replied:

"You probably did not hear the conversation alluded to, Alding. I have implicit confidence in Miss Lent's judgment, and always place reliance in her statements."

With trembling feet and drooping head, Susie walks from the store. Slowly and listlessly she goes on her way, too much absorbed in her thoughts to pay much heed to what is passing around her.

As Susie crosses a street, looking neither to the right or to the left, a sensation of rapidly increasing suffocation and darkness blots out everything from before her vision. The past two years of daily standing upon her feet have not tended to strengthen her constitution, and the events of the last hour have brought about the climax. Suddenly, with a low moan she drops down, almost beneath the hoofs of an advancing team.

A group soon gathers around, among whom is the occupant of the coach—a gray-haired, delicate-looking man.

"Poor little thing! No, she is not dead," in answer to a bystander, "only fainted. Lift her into the carriage, Denis, and drive home as fast as you can. No one seems to know where she lives, and Mrs. Phillips is as good as a doctor."

And so when Susie opens her blue eyes after her long swoon she finds herself upon a couch in a strange room, and bending over her an anxious, motherly face. In an hour's time, under Mrs. Philip's dexterous treatment, she is able to sit up and partake of a little refreshment; and when the gentleman who so kindly came to her relief looks in the library, he finds her seated by his aunt's side in a great easy-chair, looking, in its green velvet depths, like a pale lily.

"How did it happen, child?" he asks.

"What made you faint so suddenly?"

And won by the benevolence which beams from his every feature, obeying a sudden impulse, Susie tells him her trouble.

Late that afternoon the modest neighborhood, in which is Susie's home, is surprised by the unusual sight of a stately equipage, drawn by a span of coal-black horses, and with a liveried coachman and footman upon the box.

With a timid "thank you" to the footman who opens the door for her to alight, Susie speeds past him up the narrow stairs to her room.

That night busy, happy thoughts filled Susie's brain for a long while to the exclusion of sleep; for this is what Mr. Marwold had said to her; and even yet, though the words ring in her ears, she can scarcely believe her good fortune:

"My child, in copying legibly for me the work which has taken the best years of my life to complete, but which I am too feeble to copy myself, you will be doing me a favor no amount of money could repay."

A hundred dollars a month! Why, in all her life Susie has never dreamed of being the possessor of so much wealth. It is little wonder that it is very late before the pretty eyes closed in slumber.

The months go by until two years have passed. In her cozy, pleasant employment and freedom from anxiety Susie's face has gained new beauty. There is no medicine so potent as content.

Many times, while she is busily writing, her employer will come to her side and watch her small fingers traverting with business-like rapidity the fair pages before her, and sometimes, when her task is ended, he will coax her to sit and talk a while with his old aunt and himself. Susie is as open and guileless as a child, and she little knows that all the time she is chatting so animatedly, filling the sombre room as it has never been filled before with the light of her radiant youth, Mr. Marwold is only leading her on with infinite skill until he can read her girlish mind as easily as he would a book.

"She is pure gold, Aunt Hannah," he says one day, as he leans back with a sigh of weary pain, "and now that I have your approval for my intentions, I think I will not delay telling the child what is in store for her any longer."

Aunt Hannah catches the sigh, and looks up with quick anxiety.

"You do not feel worse, Duke?"

The answer is grave.

"Yes, I must say that I do—very much worse. Tell the child when she is through that I would like to see her."

When Susie, at Mrs. Philip's request, goes to her employer in his library, she little dreamt the surprise that was awaiting her.

"Sit down, dear," he says, pointing to a chair near his own. Then he turns the conversation upon trivial topics, leading on gradually until at last he says: "Before I tell you a little secret I wish to confide to you—I want to ask you if you will tell me about yourself—about your dead parents, and your former life."

There is not a great deal to tell. Of her parents Susie remembers nothing.

Her mother had been married but one short year when her father was called to England. The months went by, and at length he wrote that he had taken passage upon a certain steamer, and hoped ere long to be once more in his loved home.

"There was a dreadful storm, and the ship went down," Susie says. "The shock was too much for my mother's frail strength, and within that very week I first saw the light, and my mother was carried to her last rest. Had it not been for my mother's aunt, in whose charge my father had left her, I should have been alone indeed; but she took the orphan babe and cared for it. Soon after my mother's death, disposing of her country home, she came with me to this city, and here, until I was sixteen years, I lived a happy life. But then death came and robbed me of my last protector, and from that time to this I have been thrown upon my own resources."

"What was your father's first name!" Her listener asks, with a curious, restrained thrill in his tones.

"Marmaduke."

"Ah!" with a long-drawn breath.

"Child," he says, abruptly, "listen. I called you here to tell you that though until the past couple of years you had been an utter stranger to me—connected by no ties of blood—I was about to make my will, and in it to constitute you heiress of all my possessions, which are very large. My scheme has been confided to my aunt, and as she is too wealthy herself to need any help from me, it had received her hearty commendation. But since I have heard what you have just told me, the aspect of affairs has changed. I am too weak to rise. Will you be so kind as to hand me that small cabinet which stands upon the bracket?"

Wondering much at his words, and his strange, excited manner, Susie obeys his request. Opening a tiny drawer, he takes from it an old-fashioned velvet case, which he hands to Susie. As she opens it, an exclamation springs from her lips. It is a picture, a double portrait, representing a handsome, dark-haired gentleman of perhaps thirty-five years of age and a fair, stately girl in the first bloom of youth.

"It is my father and mother when they were married!" Susie exclaims. "I have a picture just like it that belonged to my mother. Oh, sir! did you know my father?"

Taking the little hand in his, Mr. Marwold says, in trembling tones:

"My child, do you not guess the truth? That portrait represents myself when, twenty years ago, I won and married Eleanore Carew. A year after our union I was called to England, an aged uncle sending for me to take charge of the disposal of his property. He was too feeble to undertake it himself, and he wrote that, intending to make me his heir, he would wish to see me, so as to follow my views in the matter. Of course I went, expecting to be gone but a short time. But I found my uncle dying, and he made me promise not to leave him before the end.

"But death was not so near as he had thought, and he lingered four months. When free to return to my home, I wrote, stating that I might be expected without fail in the steamer which was to sail the following week. At the last moment, though my passage had been taken and my name registered, an unforseen accident prevented me from embarking in the ill-fated vessel, which, as you know, left one port never to reach another. Two weeks later, I again prepared to depart, but again was frustrated, this time by a severe attack of fever, which confined me, an unconscious delirious sufferer, to my bed for a month. I was but just convalescing when a letter from a friend informed me of my wife's death, of which he had read in the paper.

"As may be imagined, the shock of the sudden, harrowing intelligence was more than I could bear, and once more the disease which my system had been struggling against held me in its fell power. I arose from that couch of pain an altered, saddened man—a wreck of, my former self; and when my relatives urged me to remain with them, and not return to the land which now held nothing of interest for me, I acquiesced. My first step on regaining my faculties was to write to my wife's aunt in whose charge I had left her; but, though I wrote again and again, I received no answer, and thus I never knew that a child had been born to me. I understand it now, she had left her former home, deeming me dead, drowned beneath the ocean waves.

"So, five years ago, for the first time, I again set foot upon American soil. I forgot to say that, according to my uncle's wishes I added to my own his name of Marwold. Little Susie, you look bewildered. Do you not even yet understand that I am your father, and that you are my own precious daughter? Come to me, child, and let me kiss you. Ah, I shall pray to God now for renewed strength, that I may be spared to enjoy yet a little while the blessing He has given to me."

It seemed very strange at first to little simple Susie to be mistress of such a grand house, and surrounded by so much luxury; but she soon grew accustomed to and happy in her new position.

Mr. Marwold's prayer was granted, and as his friends see him as the months go by, they raise their hands in surprise, and ask who is his physician.

A couple of years later, the Marwold mansion is the scene of an interesting event; and of the couple standing beneath the wedding bell, one is Susie, and in the noble, manly form by her side, if we remember faces well, we can readily recognize the young clerk who so bravely spoke in defence of one suffering unmerited reproof in the beginning of our story.

So, as Susie says later, she has had two companions; the first was he who now carries her heart in his bosom—her husband; while the second was the father—who since their happy re-union has surrounded her with such an atmosphere of happiness as full to the brim.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

TO HELP YOUR TOWN.

Talk about it.
Write about it.
Beautify the streets.
Be friendly to everybody.
Elect good men to all offices.
Keep your sidewalks in good repair.
Sell all you can and buy all you can at home.

If you are rich invest in something, employ somebody.

Be courteous to strangers that come among you, so that they can go away with good impressions.

Always cheer on the men who go in for improvements. Your portion of the cost will be nothing but what is just.

Don't "kick" at any proposed improvements because it is not at your own door, or for fear that your taxes will be raised fifty cents.

TO HURT YOUR TOWN.

Oppose improvements.
Mistrust its public men.
Run it down to strangers.
Go to some other town to trade.
Refuse to advertise in your home paper.

Do not invest a cent: lay your money out somewhere else.

Be particular to discredit the motives of public-spirited men.

Lengthen your face when a stranger speaks of locating in your place.

If a man wants to buy your property charge him two prices for it.

If he wants anybody else's, interfere and discourage.

Refuse to see the merit in any scheme that does no directly benefit you.

THE BABY'S COMPLAINT.

Now, I suppose you think, because you never see me do anything but feed and sleep, that I have a very nice time of it. Let me tell you you are mistaken, and that I am tormented half to death, although I never say anything about it. How should you like every morning to have your nose washed up instead of down? How should you like to have a pin put through your dress into your skin, and have to bear it all day till your clothes are taken off at night? How should you like to be held so near the fire that your eyes were half scorched out of your head, while your nurse was reading a novel? How should you like to have a great fly light on your nose, and not know how to take aim at him, with your little fat, useless fingers? How should you like to be left alone in the room to take a nap, and a great grassy to jump in your cradle, and sit staring at you with her great green eyes, till you were all of a tremble? How should you like to reach out your hand for the pretty bright candle, and find out that it was away across the room, instead of being close by? How should you like to tire yourself crawling across the carpet to pick up a pretty button or pin, and have it snatched away as soon as you begin to enjoy it? I tell you it is enough to ruin any baby's temper. How should you like to have your mother stay at a party till you were as hungry as a little cab, and be left to the mercy of the nurse, who trotted you up and down till every bone in your body ached? How should you like, when your mamma dressed you up all pretty to take the nice, fresh air, to spend the afternoon with your nurse in some smoky kitchen, while she she gossipped with one of her cronies. How should you like to submit to have your toes tickled by all the little children who insisted upon "seeing the baby's feet?" How should you like to have a dreadful pain under your apron, and have every body call you "a little cross thing," when you couldn't speak to tell what was the matter with you? How should you like to crawl to the top stair (just to look about a little), and pitch heels over head, from the top to the bottom? Oh, I can tell you it is no joke to be a baby! Such a thinking as you keep up; and if we try to find out anything, we are sure to get our brains knocked out in the attempt. It is very trying to a sensible baby who is in a hurry to know everything, and can't wait to grow up—*Little Ferns for Fanny's Little Friends.*

DON'T BE A CLAM!

"Laura," exclaimed the youth, as he laid his arm timidly on the back of her chair, "now that you promised to be mine, it surely does not seem like asking too much, if I—"

"Well, George?"

George took her hand in his, swallowed once or twice spasmodically, and proceeded:

"As your affianced husband, Laura, whom you will some day promise in the sight of high heaven to love, honor, and—er—cherish, you will not think me presuming, dearest, I hope, if—if—"

"Well, George?"

"—If I venture to claim the privilege of a k——of a kiss!"

The lovely maiden laid her head trustingly on the young man's shoulder, a tender light shone in her dreamy eyes, and her fragrant breath swept the cheek of the rapturous lover as she softly murmured.

"George, don't be a clam!"—Chicago *Tribune.*

SOBER SECOND THOUGHT.

A Young Wife's Adroit Scheme to Keep Her Husband at Home

Husband (night after returning from wedding tour)—"I'm going to the club to-night, love, and as I haven't seen the boys for a long time, I may be late, so you needn't wait up for me."

Wife (who had been warned by her mother that this crisis in the matrimonial history was to arrive sooner or later)—"As you have never left me alone before, dear, since our marriage, I am afraid I would feel very lonely in your absence, so I think I will go to the theatre. If you are home before me you need not wait up for I can let myself in with the latch key."

H.—But you cannot go to the theatre unattended, my love."

W.—"I will not go unattended. Cousin Jack is home from his yachting cruise. I will call on him to be my escort. If he is not in, I will find somebody else. You needn't worry about me, dear."

H. (who used to be so dreadfully jealous of Cousin Jack)—"Your cousin Jack is home then?"

W.—"Yes. And you need't fear that I shall be dull in his company. Jack is very entertaining, you know."

H. (after pondering a while)—"On second thought I don't believe I'll go to the club, love."

W. (demurely)—"On second thought I don't believe I'll go to the theatre, dear,"—Boston *Courier.*

A WONDERFUL BRIDGE.

The last wonder of the world, as the Forth Bridge has been termed, will, it is expected be completed in October 1889. It was commenced in 1882 and will thus have occupied seven years in construction. The total length of this vast structure will be more than a mile and a half, having 20 spans, varying from 1,710 feet to 25 feet; whilst the clear headway for navigation in the centre will for 500 feet be 150 feet high, allowing the largest ships to pass under it. The extreme height of the bridge is 361 feet above, and the extreme depth 91 feet below, the level of high water. The three main piers consist each of a group of four masonry columns, filled with granite, 49 feet in diameter at the top and 36 feet high, which, rest either on solid rock or concrete carried down, by means of caissons of 70 feet diameter, to the rock or boulder clay. About 53,000 tons of steel have been used in the superstructure, and about 140,000 cubic yards of masonry and concrete. It is estimated that the bridge will bear a stress on the parts subject to tension of from thirty to thirty-three tons on the square inch, and that subject to compression only of from thirty-four to thirty seven tons per square inch. Thus absolute safety, it is believed, has been secured for the bridge under all possible conditions of weather, and a reoccurrence of such a disaster as that which befell the Tay Bridge rendered impossible. The weight of the structure itself, of the rolling loads which may pass over it, the pressure of the wind—estimated at 56 lb. on the square inch, or at 8,000 tons on the main spans—and changes of temperature, have all been taken carefully into account and no element of danger that experience can suggest has been overlooked. The main spans are being built on an entirely new principle; the only existing bridge at all similar being the new one across the Niagara river. The work commences from each pier, and the two half-spans are built out towards the centre until they meet each other, and no temporary support on which to build is needed. Mr. Clark, the eminent American bridge builder has stated that no wind, no gale, no tornado, could upset the bridge. Whether it will prove a financial success is another question.

POINTS OF A GOOD COW.

It is said that the chief points which distinguish a prime dairy cow, and are at the same time compatible with an aptitude for fattening, are a long and small head, a bright and full eye, thin chaps, small horns, neck thin toward the head, but thickening toward the shoulder; dewlap small; the breast neither immoderately wide (as is remarked in cattle with a great tendency to fatten) nor yet narrow, and projecting before the legs; the girth behind the shoulder deep, the ribs wide and gradually distending more and more toward the loins; there should be good breadth across the hips and loins; the thighs should be thin, and the legs not too long and inclined to crookedness; the udder should be capacious, but thin, and not too coarse and fleshy, and nearly of equal size, with moderate-sized teats equally distant from each other, and the milk veins large. The tail should be thick above and taper downward; and the skin fine and silky. A doctor, of some note, gives the following rythmical enumeration of the qualities of a good cow:

"She's long in the face, she's fine in her horn,
She'll quickly get fat without cake or corn;
She's clear in her jaws, she's full in her chine,
She's heavy in flank, and wide in her loin;
She's broad in her ribs, and long in her rump,
A straight and flat back, with never a hump;
She's wide in her hips, and calm in her eye,
She's fine in her shoulders, and thin in her thigh;
She's light in the neck, and small in her tail,
She's wide in her breast, and good at the pail;
She's fine in her bone, and silky of skin,
She's a grazier's without, and a butcher's within."

GOT HIS REWARD.

The other morning an innocent-looking young man came out of the North and South Wales Bank with his hands full of notes. While counting these over his attention was attracted by something passing in the street, and at the same time he dropped a £20 note directly in front of a highly respectable philanthropist who was passing. The philanthropist promptly put his foot on the note, and stood for a moment plunged in profound thought. Perhaps he was congratulating himself that the young man's treasure had fallen under such honest feet, and perhaps enjoying in prospect that party's gratitude at having his money restored to him. At all events, he was so much absorbed that when he aroused himself sufficiently to pick up the note the loser had disappeared. "However," said the thoughtful philanthropist to himself, "he will advertise for it, and—and in that case one is sure of the reward." The next day the "Lost" item appeared in the newspapers, with the very liberal recompense of £10 offered for the return of the balance of the note. The finder immediately enclosed £10 to the address given, which was a simple P.O. one, and then went round telling everyone how he had made £10 by doing an honest action. That is, he did until he proceeded to deposit the £20 note, and the bank clerk threw it out as a counterfeit. After that he was observed to rather avoid the subject.—*English Paper.*

THE HUDSON AND NEW YORK.

But for the Hudson there would be no New York. The only river on the whole Atlantic coast whose tide water breaks through the Appalachian chain of mountains. It has furnished the best line of communication from the lakes to the sea since the country was discovered, first for fur traders, next for military expeditions, finally for the mighty traffic which the canal and the railroads brought. Without the Hudson New York might possibly have become as big as Perth, Amboy or Salem, and Philadelphia, her old time rival city, would have remained the metropolis, as at one time she fondly expected to do. Every time a New York merchant goes through the Highlands of the Hudson he ought to thank fortune that that narrow, tortuous, twisted channel was hewn through the solid mountains before there was any such thing as trade.

SILENCE.

When smitten, thou didst feel the rod:
Be still and leave thy cause with God,
And silence to thy soul shall teach
Far more than came with eloquent speech.

When secret arts and open foe
Conspire thy peace to overthrow
In silence learn the hidden power
Which saves those in that bitter hour.

Doth not thy Father take thy part—
Doth he not know thy bleeding heart;
And when it seems as thou wilt fall,
Doth he not feel it—bear it all?

Make no reply, but let thy mind
In silent faith the triumph find,
Which comes from injuries forgiven,
And trust in God and strength in heaven.

—*Prof. Upham.*

MAKING OF THE HAY.

When the whip-poor-wills are calling,
And the apple blooms are falling,
With a tender hint foretelling
Summer's blush upon the grass;
Where the little stars are keeping
Watch above the meadows sleeping
As I hear the jacks-in-lantern's peeping,
I will meet my bonnie lass.

I will seek her, I will find her,
I will slyly steal behind her;
And with hands I will blind her
Till she sets the happy day!
And when the Lifley's declining,
And the summer roses shedding,
Oh, there'll be a merry wedding
At the making of the hay!

—*Samuel Minturn Peck.*

WHAT FELLOW FEVER DOES

The Remarkable Sensations Experienced by a Victim.

Chief City Accountant Saiger, of Detroit, who caught yellow fever down in New Orleans during a fe er epidemic, replies to the question "What does it feel like?"

"Feel, like! Young man, if you can imagine what it would feel like to have every bone in your body broken into inch lengths, you will have some idea of what it feels like. I felt as though I had been crushed and jammed into small pieces. Then combined with that pleasant sensation a splitting pain in the head and back, and all the nauseous symptoms of a bilious fever, if you ever had that."

"Any other pleasant sensations as you call them?"

"Well, not until the invalid convalesces. He is too sick and numb to have any sensations for a while, but as he gets better, he is seized with an inordinate appetite, and there is the greatest danger. If a yellow fever convalescent saw a half a chicken, or anything else he could chew, and knew it would kill him to eat it, he would say 'gimme the chicken.' Why, a man's so hungry that he'd make a meal off his shoes if they were left in the room. If he gratifies that appetite he's lost, for a relapse will follow, and then comes the black vomit. that's all day with him. A recovery from black vomit is almost unknown."

"I thought yellow fever was almost always fatal."

"Oh, no. It was formerly much more fatal than it is now, and had I not come north and got a change of air and climate I probably would not be talking to you now. The percentage of death before this year has been enormous, but medical science has worked wonders down at Jacksonville this season. I have kept a close watch, and only about one death occurs to eight cases of fever. An alkali is given them now, I believe, and it is a wonderful cure."

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

Dr. Tupping says: "Alcohol is a dangerous implement in the hands of the strong and wise, and a murderous implement in the hands of the foolish and weak."

"Let me tell you how much a gallon of whiskey cost," said a judge, after trying a case. "One gallon of whiskey made two men murders, it made two wives widows, and made eight children orphans. Oh! it is a costly thing!"

A practical temperance sermon is preached by a New Orleans paper which tells of a printer who, when fellow-workmen went out to drink here during the working hours, put in the savings-bank the exact amount he would have spent if he had gone out to drink. He thus kept his resolution for five years. He then examined his bank account, and found that he had on deposit $321.95. In five years he had not lost a day from ill-health.

Liquor is an enemy implacable. Those who carry on the business are no friends of temperance and reform, and while there are many honest and honorable men in the trade, the country at large cannot be made to believe that the great body of dealers care any thing for the moral or temporal welfare of their victims. Any show of desire to restrict is a desire to restrict in their favor, and just now the desire above all others is to restrict the license fee to low figures. But high license, while it has reduced the number of saloons, has not impeded prohibition, and as long as there is any good in that policy we will hold on to it. If we are to have license at all, then let us put the restricting figure as high as possible.

It is easy for men to conclude that what they wish is what is best for them. And so, in the face of a thousand demonstrations to the contrary, there are multitudes who have persuaded themselves that the use of alcholic stimulants is good for them. It is well to note every passing event the consideration of which tends to dissipate this delusion, and press it upon public attention. The yellow fever epidemic at Jacksonville, Fla., is furnishing another series of facts going to show the damage to health done by even the moderate use of intoxicants. We saw a press dispatch the other day in which it was affirmed that, with few exceptions, men addicted to the excessive use of intoxicating liquors had all died when attacked by the fever; that moderate drinkers had fared but little better, while total abstainers had suffered least of all. The result is not surprising. If we noted the facts of every-day life in any average community, we should observe the same result; but it is more striking to direct attention to the matter while the public mind is directed to the scourge of the beautiful city on the St. John's.

No time like the present for seeking medical aid when what are foolishly called "minor ailments" manifest themselves. There are no "minor" ailments. Every symptom is the herald of a disease, every lapse from a state of health should be remedied at once, or disastrous consequences are likely to follow. Incipient dyspepsia, slight costiveness, a tendency to biliousness, should be promptly counteracted with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and great Blood Purifier, and the system thus shielded from worse consequences.