The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

—is published—

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—AT THE—

FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE,

ACTON, - ONTARIO

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THREE MONTHS.....25cts

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

W. H. LOWRY, M. D., M. C. P. S., Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence—At the head of Frederick street Acton.

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

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

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

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

SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,
TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN.
Offices:—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and 86 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.
G. 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 sea-foam or exhilarating shampoo always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.
J. & H. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artists.

SALESMEN WANTED.
PERMANENT positions guaranteed with salary and expenses paid. Any determined man can succeed with us. Peculiar advantages to beginners. Stock complete, including many fast-selling specialties. Outfit free. Name this paper. Address at once. BROWN BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

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 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.
Ladies are admitted to all the advantages offered by the College. For circulars, mailed free, giving terms, etc., 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, 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 Tayler, at less than cost, we will, until further notice, sell at prices never before known in Ontario. For instance—Granite monuments, ft. high, $60, 7 ft. $75, 8 ft. $90, 9 ft. $100, 10 ft. $120. All work and material warranted first-class. Parties wanting anything in this line will do well to call and see us before purchasing elsewhere as we guarantee our prices are from 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.

—ACTON—
PUMP FACTORY
—AND—
PLANING MILL
THOS. EBBAGE, Man.
I have resumed the management of the pump business in Acton and would respectfully inform all parties in want of pumps that we are now prepared to supply them from
The old Style Wooden Pump to the Best Force Pump made.
Pumps for Wind Mills or Rock Wells supplied on short notice.
Deep Wells a Specialty.
PRICES RIGHT EVERY TIME.
Our Planing Mill
Lumber dressed while you wait. Mouldings &c., made to order. We have also a quantity of Lumber for sale, suitable for building purposes. Orders by mail will receive prompt and careful attention.
Shop at foot of River Street.
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.

—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

$7.50
Will buy a set of
Dickens' Novels
15 volumes, cloth, with 120 full page illustrations, complete edition, containing all the Notes, Appendices, Glossary, &c. Publisher's price, $37.50.
—THE—
Waverley Novels
25 volumes, bound in 12, with 100 full page illustrations, complete edition, containing all the notes, Appendices, Glossary, &c. Publishers price $15. Day's low price $7.
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 sued and then returned by the bailiff as not good, after putting the merchant to great expense, has been collected through this association; Merchants wishing to become members, by remitting $15.00 to our Managers, at Hamilton, will receive by return mail full particulars, certificate of membership, etc. 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.

"I AM LICENSED TO SELL."

At the late graduating exercises held in Public School, No. 83, Eastern District, Brooklyn, the subjoined poem was read by one of the pupils. It has stirred the saloon men, who, through the United States Liquor-dealers' Association, have made formal complaint to the President of the Brooklyn Board of Education:

"I'm licensed to sell! Get out of my shop!" the rum-seller sugrily cried,
With a frown on his face and a curse on his lips, to the woman who stood by his side.
"My moments are precious, I've no time to waste; I have paid for my license, I say.
'Tis my business to sell: I shall sell when I choose—to those who will give me my pay."
"Your moments are precious? Ah! precious for what? To ruin some innocent one?
You shall listen a moment; 'tis little I ask for wrongs that to me you have done.
You have ruined my husband, both body and soul, that you his scant money might gain;
You were licensed to sell, you answered me then, and all my pleadings were vain.
You lured him on with your honeyed words till your victory you made complete,
Till his money was gone; then one cold night you turned him into the street.
You were licensed to sell, and gave not a sigh for the miserable work you had done;
And now, not content, you are striving your best to likewise ruin my son.
You are leading him on in the downward path; his meager earnings you crave;
For that you are willing to send him down to an early drunkard's grave.
To look at the miserable sots of our town; then back to ten years ago,
And know it is you and your cursed work that have brought them down so low!
You are licensed to sell; ah! yes, it is true that your license in money is paid,
But think not that's all that would ever be asked for the miserable wrecks you have made,
When you stand at the judgment-seat of God for the deeds done here on earth,
You will find that your license, tear-blotted, blood-stained, will be of no worth.
And you stand in the presence of those poor souls that you have helped drag down to hell,
Of little avail it will be to you then to say: "I am licensed to sell."

Select Family Reading.

The Aunt From Australia.

BY EMEL BRICKETT.

"Nile-green moire and water-lilies! Oh, Helen, how altogether lovely! You'll be a perfect Undine, and a certain gentleman I know of will be hard-hearted indeed if he can resist you in such a toilet. By the by, Helen, you were not at the church sociable the other evening, and therefore missed seeing how very attentive Mr. Gray was to your cousin."

Helen's tone is full of contempt as she answers:

"How absurdly you talk! Do you imagine for a moment that Mr. Gray could ever fancy that plain little thing? If he is polite to her, it is because she is my cousin. But we had better be careful. Sylvie just left the sewing-room a short while ago, and she may return at any moment."

If Helen had paused to glance into the adjacent apartment, she would have seen that she had been mistaken in thinking it unoccupied. By the window, plying her needle upon the lustrous breadths of the Nile-green moire that is to adorn her cousin's tall form that evening, is a young girl. That she has heard Helen's slighting words the flush that stains her fair cheeks and the expression of pain that darkens her blue eyes testify.

Helen Montrose and Sylvie Carter are cousins and orphans, but in all other respects their lots in life have no similitude; for while the former is rich and able to gratify every whim, the latter is dependent upon her own efforts for her support.

That evening's gayety, of which, as is usual in such gatherings, Helen Montrose is the acknowledged belle, is a success, and it has added not a little to that young lady's satisfaction that her most devoted cavalier has been Leon Gray, the owner of Fairview, who, above all others, is considered the season's most desirable parti.

For miles around Fairview is justly called the most beautiful place. It had been built several years before by a rich man for a summer residence, but before he had had an opportunity to enjoy it he had suddenly died, and it had come into the market. From that time until a short time before our story opens, it had remained untenanted.

Then the news had flown far and wide that it had at length found a purchaser in the person of Gray by name. It was not long before the new-comer became a prime favorite in Clareton society, as is, perhaps, not surprising, considering the extreme rarity of eligible unmarried gentlemen in the neighborhood.

It was at a church sociable that Mr. Gray first became acquainted with Sylvie Carter, and so much pleased was he with her graceful, unaffected manner and charming face that their first meeting was by no means their last.

Three months slip by.

In her tiny sitting-room Sylvie is seated alone, her head bent above a letter which lies open upon her lap. It is from an aunt—her mother's sister—in Australia. The letter says that the writer, through the failure of a company in which her husband's money had been invested, had been dashed from a position of competency to the prospect of a future of dependence; that she is old and feeble, and shrinks with a great dread from the thought of ending her days in an alien land; that, after hesitation, she has decided to state her case to her distant relatives, and ask for their aid. The writer further says that this is the second letter she has written, the first, which had been to her brother's daughter, having elicited only a cold, unsympathetic response. As Sylvie finishes, she unlocks her desk, and takes from it a roll of bills. She counts them slowly over. One hundred dollars. To her a great sum, representing the savings of three long years of patient effort. And now that the end for which she has worked is almost accomplished—that money has been earned sufficient to pay for the two years' finishing course which is necessary in order to become an applicant for a teacher's position, duty stands in the way with upraised, debarring hands. The return mail takes to the old lady, impatiently awaiting a reply, the following:

MY DEAR AUNT:—Though I have never seen you, my dear mother loved you too well for me to turn a cold or neglectful ear to her sister in her time of trouble. Come to me at once. I have often longed for a companion, and now Providence is kindly going to grant me the desired boon. Enclosed you will find an amount sufficient to bring you to where your niece is awaiting you with welcoming, affectionate arms.

The winter that follows is an exceptionally lively one, but while Helen Montrose has enjoyed to the full its excitement, there has been one element to her satisfaction lacking; for though she has exerted herself to the utmost, as yet her fascinations have failed to bring to the desired point the young eligible, who, in her estimation, as he is in that of others, is head and shoulders above his compeers.

In the meantime, the friendship between Leon Gray and Sylvie still continues.

The little, silver-haired, placid-faced old lady who has become an inmate of Sylvie's home, seems to have conceived an extreme fancy for her niece's frequent caller, and Sylvie often is called upon to listen to encomiums which she finds no difficulty in indorsing heartily.

"It is evident that you are prone to sudden attachments, auntie," she says, smiling, one day.

"That is true," the old lady replies, "for I fell in love with you, my darling, the first moment I saw you."

The weeks glide on until, one afternoon, the elegant equipage from Fairview, with its liveried coachman, drives through the village, stopping every now and then to deliver the cards of invitation which request the pleasure of the favored recipient's society at a fete to be given at Fairview a couple of weeks hence.

"Indeed you must go, Sylvie," her aunt exclaims, when the former expresses her determination of sending a regret. "I am too old to care for such scenes—although it was very kind of Mr. Gray to remember me—but you are young, and youth loves change and gayety. What if you haven't an elegant dress? In simple white muslin, my darling will be the queen of the assemblage, if not in the guests' estimation, in that of the house's young master, if my old eyes are not very much mistaken. You need not blush, although blushes are becoming to you, my dear. Say you will go just to satisfy me."

But Sylvie does not commit herself to any answer then. A few days later, however, when Leon, with all his heart in his dark eyes, and more than a lover's eloquence upon his lips, pleads a double cause—that she will not alone go to Fairview as his guest, but will promise to re enter it to remain, some future blissful day, as its beloved mistress, her answer, though low and faltering, through great surprise, and as great and sudden joy, satisfies her listener.

As the carriage which carries Sylvie rolls on its way toward Fairview, another passes it with a clatter and rattle that causes Sylvie to start—a trivial incident which she does not think anything about at the time, but remembers later.

As she descends from the dressing-room, she finds Leon awaiting her at the foot of the stairs.

"Come," he says, as he offers her his arm; "my mother is waiting to be presented to you with the greatest eagerness."

Straight through the spacious apartment he leads her to where, at the further end, stands a small form attired in rich black velvet, with a kind face framed by puffs of softest silver.

"Mother," Leon says, "this is Miss Carter. Sylvie,"—turning to the girl by his side with an expression of mingled earnestness and amusement in his dark eyes,—"if I am not mistaken, I think you are already acquainted with my mother."

Looking up with a start of supreme surprise, Sylvie recognizes in the face of the old lady, who has taken both her hands in her own, instead of responding to her son's introduction, with the formal bow etiquette prescribes, that of the aunt whom six months before she welcomed to her home and love.

"My mother told 'the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,' when she said that she had lost her all," Leon tells his betrothed later; "but she neglected to mention that she had a son whose fortune had escaped the disaster that had swept away her own."

Sylvie Carter's love story was too romantic to remain long hidden from general knowledge; and while it would hardly be fair to say that Helen grows green with envy as she watches the happiness of her cousin, once poor, but now rich with Fortune's lavish gifts, it is certain that her cheeks flushed more darkly than was becoming, when one day shortly after the wedding that made of Sylvie Carter Mrs. Leon Gray, her intimate friend, Fanny Hunt, remarked:

"Don't you wish you had thought twice, Helen, before repulsing so coldly that Australian relative of yours? It was a clear case of 'an angel unawares.'"

If looks could annihilate, there would certainly be no longer any Fanny Hunt left to say sharp things; but fortunately a glance, though it can do much, cannot kill, and Fanny lived to accompany her friend upon the extended European tour which Helen soon after decided upon.

Leon Gray's home is fitly named, for within as well as without all is fair; and the fairest jewel it enshrines is the young wife whom each day that passes her husband finds more worthy his life's love and devotion.

WHAT A NOVEL SHOULD DO.

The pleasure which comes of a novel should be physical. It should put the reader in a state of tension sufficient to cause an evocation of fancies which without that influence would decline to appear. The author who affects his reader as an easy chair does, may be comforting as easy chairs are, but there comes an hour when he is relegated to the garret. The first duty of a novelist is to irritate the reader. The second duty is to be able to bone the dictionary as readily as a chef bones a bird. The third duty is to have emotions, and to be so prompt in detaining them that the reader shares their effect. But, paramount of all, he should let no work go from him that does not instill some lesson, and make men, and women too, the better and the wiser for his prose.

PILLOW TIDIES FOR THE BUSY ONES.

Let me tell you about my new pillow shams. I bought a pair stamped ready for work, for twenty-five cents, with five cents more for Turkey red floss, No. 12 to work them. I took a large size needle, one I could easily thread (my eyes are sharp, but I do detest bother), put in a thread of floss about three-fourths of a yard long, and run in and out the stampidg, just as I would run up a seem, taking care to have the stitches all very short and even. The effect is magical, much prettier and more delicate than outline stitch, and the work can be done so rapidly that anyone can find time to work a pair. Then I bought some lace at five cents a yard, and traced its pattern in red floss, put it around the edge of the shams, and they were done. I have received numerous compliments on their appearance.

ABSTINENCE IN THE INDIAN ARMY.

No one competently acquainted with soldiering will now endorse the dictum, or supposed dictum, of the Duke of Wellington, to the effect that the best materials for British soldiers were to be found among London blackguards. As little will the old theory of drunken, rollicking fellows making the fiercest fighters and the steadiest and most reliable campaigners find the smallest support in either civil or military circles of any respectability or intelligence. Modern experience has changed all that sort of talk, and now the general conviction is that, if there are to be soldiers at all, the soberest, and the most intelligent and even the most religious are the best. "Havelock's Saints" earned a wide reputation in India, because they could always be trusted, were always ready in every hour of emergency, and whether for fighting or for praying were sure to sustain their own, and that a very heavy, share. And now it seems that their example has become contagious, and that the military leaders in that far off land are anxious to have the same type of men everywhere. It may often be, not because the "saintship" is appreciated, but because other superior soldiery qualities are evident and undeniable.

Sir James Outram, in 1860, expressed a hope that "The cleanliness and decency of the officers' mess might be extended to the private soldiers' canteen." To-day the regimental canteen is disappearing before the regimental coffee-shop, and the teetotalers' tent has already been seen on the line of march. The contrast between the modest hope of the "Modern Bayard" and the recent and remarkable speech of Sir Frederick Roberts at Meerut, is simply marvellous. Even good and intelligent people thought, and that not so long ago, that if a British soldier were to fight his country's battles he required to have daily his allowance of beer as well as his "tot" of rum. Nowadays it is discovered that that same British soldier can "war on water." In fact the soldier has discovered this far himself, and he is every year more generally and more resolutely reducing the discovery to practice. The Evangel of Temperance, in short, is securing many thousands of converts, and from Bhomo to Bombay, from the borders of China to the Indian Ocean, wherever the British soldier is found, this new creed of abstinence from intoxicating liquors is avowed, defended and practised.

From the commander-in-chief down to the youngest ensign all that is best among the officers is on the side of this new movement. Recreation and coffee rooms are being organized at every cantonment, and that not only with the permission but with the cordial sympathy and support of all in authority. Already a special Temperance Newspaper, for the benefit of the Indian army, is projected, and all which such men as Sir Frederick Roberts and his leading associates in arms can do is being earnestly put into requisition to have drunkenness—the grevious curse and disgrace of the Indian army—entirely put down. Last year, out of 1,145 courts-martial in Bengal, "892 were distinctly traceable to drunkenness." The same thing could be said of these military courts in the other Presidencies. On the other hand, the percentage of courts-martial in which Temperance men were tried was quite insignificant, and the greater immunity of Temperance men from sickness and disease was most noticeable. In a word, all in a way connected with the British army in India are coming to the conclusion that total abstinence "pays best." Before a British peasant has been established in India as a competent and fully drilled soldier, a very considerable sum of money has been expended, and surely it is in the last degree short sighted and impolitic to allow in such a soldier any personal habits which have a tendency to shorten life or to destroy his efficiency before the time.

Sir Frederick Roberts testifies that an army of teetotalers even in India could do and endure anything which the human frame could in any circumstances pass successfully through, and that he himself could think of no greater military joy and satisfaction than being permitted to lead such an army.

Yes, the world moves, and in the right direction, too. This is undoubted when we remember that long after this present century began its course the British soldier was paraded every morning so that it might be seen to by his responsible officers that he not only secured his due ration of rum, but that he neither sold it or threw it away, but that he duly swallowed it for the glory of his country, the health of his body and the increased courage of his heart! Alas! it was no wonder in those days that so many old, aye, and so many young soldiers were drunkards, and consequently inefficient.—*Globe.*

FARMER JONES' WISE SAYINGS.

No sauce like appetite.
Rust wastes more than use.
Advisers are not the payers.
The belly overrules the head.
The eagle does not hunt flies.
Don't rely on the label of the bag.
Better be a coward than fool-hardy.
It is only the first bottle that is dear.
The best drivers will sometimes upset.
None so busy as those who do nothing.
A bad workman never finds a good tool.
Show me a lawyer and I'll show you a thief.
Better a slip of the foot than of the tongue.
Gluttony has killed more than the sword.
Money is a good servant and a bad master.
A handsome shoe often pinches the foot.
I can tell by my own pot how others boil.
Lawyers' houses are built out of fools' heads.
The miser and the pig are of no use until dead.
The only way to keep a secret is to say nothing.
The mill does not grind with water that is past.
The doctor is often more to be feared than the disease.
He is the wisest man who does not think himself so.
It is not the big oxen that do the best day's work.
One scabby sheep is enough to spoil the whole flock.
Never sell a bear skin until you have killed the bear.
A deaf husband and a blind wife are always a happy couple.
The hunchback does not see his own hump but sees his brother's.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

A most singular scene was witnessed on Long Lake, Conn., during a recent storm. The lake is three miles long, and is divided into three bays. According to the Hartford *Times*, "About 8:15 a vivid flash of lightning lighted up the scenery, followed by a terrific peal of thunder. The wind by this time was blowing with cyclonic force. Suddenly there came a roar, and far down the lake a huge flame could be seen. The water for yards ahead was parted as though by a gigantic plow, and the billows seemed to rise at the side of this furrow for fully twenty feet. The ball of fire appeared to force the water aside, and so deep did it go that the bottom of the lake could almost be seen as it passed through the narrows. The parted waters, with their singular propeller, advanced toward the head of the lake with great rapidity. When within a 100 yards of the shore there came another flash of lightning, and the fire disappeared as suddenly as it had come. Residents along the lake insist that the ball of fire was fully ten feet long. It was many hours before the waters of the lake became calm."

As so much of our meat, fish, vegetables and fruit come to us in tin cans, it is about time for us to know that the platings have but little tin in them, and are mostly lead, and that therefore it is dangerous to eat their contents. No doubt many cases of poisoning are from this source.

Prof. Baird says that as a fish has no maturity there is nothing to prevent it from living indefinitely and growing continually. He cites in proof a pike living in Russia whose age dated back to the fifteenth century. In the royal aquarium at St. Petersburg there are fish that have been there 140 years.

Five persons were imprisoned by the caving in of a wall at a quarry at Chancelade, near Perigueux, France, recently, and there were no means at hand to rescue them. To find out where they were, a shaft twelve inches in diameter was bored, down which was slid a tube, near the end of which was a small camera surrounded by a battery of electric lights. With this apparatus a number of negatives were taken, and the effect of the disaster shown even to the faces of two corpses. It was thus known that the men were dead, and that effort to recover them would be useless.

RULES FOR BUILDING BARNS.

These buildings are often erected very much at random, and without a careful estimate of their needs, and with an imperfect knowledge of any useful details. The following twenty brief rules, if observed, would often save money, meet requirements, and afford conveniences, although others might be added:

1. In the first place, ascertain what will be wanted in the proposed barn.

2. Estimate the number of tons of hay to be stored, the loads of unthrashed grain, the required contents of the granary, and the number of cattle and horses to occupy the stables.

3. Calculate the room required for hay at 600 cubic feet on an average for a ton, and nearly the same for the unthrashed grain.

4. Determine granary room by allowing one and a quarter cubic feet to the bushel in the bins.

5. For cattle and horse stables, allow for stalls at least three and a half or four feet wide for cattle, and five feet for horses; and fourteen feet for entire length including passage mangers.

6. Then provide room for hay and grain bays, space for straw, area for threshing floor, room for tools and horse-power, size of granary, entire space for cow and horse stables, root cellar, silo, and manure sheds.

7. In arranging all these, place the threshing floor convenient to the grain bays, and the granary contiguous to or below them; the feed rooms, roots, meal or ensilage, on a level with and near the animals; and give heavy products the first place for convenient position.

8. Provide for good working space for horse forks and hay carriers.

9. Having thus laid the general plan, select if practicable gradually sloping ground for the barn so as to give ready access to the stables, cellars, etc., below, on one side; and to the principal floor above, by a slight embankment, on the other side, for ready access of wagons.

10. Every barn should be at least a two story one: the basement may include cattle stables, sheep pens, root cellar, cistern, water-troughs, silo and area for manure.

11. The next story above may have central floor for drawing in crops, tool rooms, horse-stalls, granary, harness room, including horse-power.

12. A three-story barn should have an upper bridge or cause way for entrance, and is particularly convenient for unloading hay and grain. It should have at least 20 feet posts.

13. Chutes should be provided for throwing down hay from the second or third story to the animals below.

14. All barns should have good eve-troughs, connected with spacious underground cisterns, if water is needed.

15. The basement walls should stand on small stones or coarse gravel in a broad deep trench, to effect drainage; and if on wide and heavy flag-stones, projecting several inches within the walls, rats will not burrow under them.

16. A space of a foot between the basement walls and the earth outside, filled with broken stones or coarse gravel, will effect good drainage down to the drain below, and prevent heaving of the walls by frost.

17. Every granary should be graduated inside, so as to show at a glance the number of bushels it may happen to contain at any time. This graduation may be quickly made at any time by multiplying the cubic feet by 45, and dividing by 56.

18. Petroleum makes inside floors last longer, and gives outside wood-work the character and durability of cedar.

19. The value of a barn, with its surrounding cattle-yards, is increased by evergreen screens, which are the most pleasing and cheapest shelter against winter storms.

20. The costs of barn will vary much with locality, price of lumber, and skill in the builder, but a tolerable approximation may be made beforehand by allowing one dollar for each two square feet of area. If the barn is made of rough lumber, with stone wall basement; and when materials are very cheap, two and a half or three square feet may be had for a dollar. For planed lumber, and good finish, with paint outside, one-half more may be added.—*Country Gentleman.*

Hunger looks in at the industrious man's door but dares not enter.

JOHN WHITE'S THANKSGIVING.

"Thanksgiving!—for what?"
—and he muttered a curse—
"For the plainest of food
and an empty purse;
For a life of hard work,
and the shabbiest clothes?
But it's idle to talk
of a poor man's woes."
Let the rich give thanks,
it is they who can;
There is nothing in life
for a laboring man."
So said John White
to his good wife Jane
And our landlord
stole a look of pain.
"Nothing, dear John?"
and he thought again
Then glanced more kindly
down on Jane.
"I was wrong," he said;
"I'd forgotten you;
And I've my health,
and the baby, too."
And the baby crowed—
'twas a bouncing boy—
And o'er Jane's face
came a look of joy;
And she kissed her John
as he went away;
And he said to himself,
as he worked that day;
"I was wrong, very wrong;
I'll not grumble again
I should surely be thankful
for baby and Jane."

A HANDFUL.

Don't think Jesus likes that kind of a prayer, brother. Why not? You don't ask for half enough; you don't honor him in your request. I don't see your point. Well, listen. Reuben during the famine in Egypt goes up to Joseph, and with a sorrowful face says, "Brother, my family have no bread, and the little ones are very hungry, won't you pity them, and give me a handful of corn to take to them?" Reuben, cries Joseph, "who do you think I am? Don't you know that I am the second ruler in Egypt? Don't you know that all the corn in the world is in my keeping just now, and yet you come to me, your own brother, and ask for a handful of corn. Oh, Reuben, you grieve me to my very soul, but I forgive you. Go, take a warehouse, use what is in it, it is all yours, and don't wait till you want more before you come again to see me." Friend, don't we sometimes forget who our Elder brother is? Don't we sometimes forget that the cattle on a thousand hills are His? May God help us to lay hold of this truth, for are we not blood relations of the Ruler of the universe, even Jesus Who is called the Christ.—*Watchman.*

HINTS ABOUT BUTCHERING.

If the hogs to be slaughtered are fed within twelve hours of their killing the food is wasted, the meat will be more disposed to sour, and it will be more difficult to remove the distended intestines and take from them the lard. Nor is it well to allow the swine to drink on the morning of the day they are killed. Hogs cannot be killed too quickly. The more rapidly they are killed, and the blood got out of them, the better. A well directed blow on the head, between and just in front of the ears, will make the animal unconscious; but the chances for a mis-stroke are so many, and as the stroke makes unfit for use considerable meat, this method of killing cannot be recommended. The use of the shot gun is no better. The rifle is the weapon to use—a ball on a line from the base of the ear to the opposite eye produces instant death and does not cause the waste of any meat.

Patient (who has been informed her case is critical)

"Doctor, does the hair grow after death?"

Doctor—"I believe it does."

Patient—"Thank goodness! I shall look as well as the Smith girls on Judgment Day."

A Tennessee mule reached into a barrel after oats and got his head fast. His owner was mad about it, and made him wear the barrel three days, when he himself was barreled up on a warrant for cruelty to animals.

If a horse intends to be vicious, the tail is carried low and the ears are laid back. If in good humor and eager to go, the tail is carried high. If nervous or inclined to kick, bite, or strike, the tail is switched from side to side.

A shark was killed a few days ago near Beaufort, N. C., after a desperate fight of two hours. He was towed ashore, measured and dissected. He was eighteen feet long, eight feet across the breast, and weighed two tons. Upon cutting him open his stomach was found to contain six sharks—the smallest six feet in length. His mouth was big enough to contain a kerosene barrel, with room to spare, and had three rows of teeth one inch wide and two inches in length.

It is a mark of great progress in the temperance reform that the politicians begin to feel that the anti-saloon voters can not be overlooked or treated with disrespect. It shows that the temperance vote has grown in numbers and in independence. The saloon men have never lacked for deferential attention from the party managers. They were solid and resolute, and they demanded party action in their interest, and their demands received favorable response. But the temperance voters have been slow to assume a similar attitude, and the party leaders, feeling sure of their support any how, have kicked them about as elements of no value. It is a hopeful sign that the parties dare not continue this policy longer. It is cheering to see that the temperance people are strong enough to prevent even a dubious phrase aimed against prohibition from being repeated this year in the party platforms.—*Dr. Fitzgerald.*

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.