The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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H. F. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

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

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

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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.
F. U. 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 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,
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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 fifth 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.
0-1y

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, Pres. 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 Taylor, at less than cost, we will, until further notice, sell at prices never before known in Ontario. For instance—Granite monuments, 1t. 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 150 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 1864)

Is an Association of business and professional men, having for its object the

Collection of Debts;

And to prevent its members from making bad debts by furnishing them with lists of parties who do not pay. Merchants and others having accounts to collect will find it to their advantage to become members—as hundreds of accounts are being collected through it that could not be collected in any other way. Many an account that has been sued and then returned by the bailiff as no good, after putting the merchant to great expense, has been collected through this association. Merchants wishing to become members, by remitting $10.00 to our Managers, at Hamilton, will receive by return mail full particulars, certificate of membership, etc. Testimonials sent.

J. B. Mills & Co., Managers

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.

THE AFRICAN MOTHER AT HER DAUGHTER'S GRAVE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Some of the Pagan Africans visit the burial places of their departed relatives, with offerings of food and drink. Mothers have been known, for a long course of years to bring, in an agony of grief, this annual oblation to their children's graves.

"Daughter, I bring thee food,—
The rice-cake pure and white,
The cocoa with its milky blood,
Dates and pomegranates bright,
The orange in its gold,
Fresh from the favorite tree,
Nuts in their brown and husky fold,
Dearest, I spread for thee.

"Year after year I tread
Thus to thy low retreat;
But now the snow-hairs mark my head,
And age enchains my feet.
O, many a change of woe
Hath dimm'd thy spot of birth,
Since first my gushing tears did flow
O'er this thy bed of earth!

"There came a midnight cry.
Flames from our hamlet rose;
A race of pale-browed men were nigh;
They were our country's foes;
Thy wounded sire was borne,
By tyrant force, away;
Thy brothers from our cabin torn,
While bathed in blood I lay.

"I watched for their return
Upon the rocky shore,
Till night's red planets ceased to burn,
And the long rains were o'er;
Till seed, their hand had sown,
A ripen'd fruitage bore;
The billow's echo'd to my moan,
But they return'd no more.

"Yet thou art slumbering deep;
And to my wildest cry,
When vex'd with agony I weep,
Dost render no reply.
Daughter! my youthful pride!
The idol of my eye!—
Why didst thou leave thy mother's side
Beneath these sands to lie?"

Long o'er the hopeless grave,
Where low lost darling slept,
Invoking gods that could not save,
The Pagan mother wept.
O for some voice of power,
To soothe her bursting sighs!
"There is a resurrection's hour,
Thy daughter's dust shall rise."

Christians! ye hear the cry
From Heathen Afric's strand;
Haste; lift salvation's banner high
O'er that benighted land.
With faith that claims the skies,
Her misery control,
And plant the hope that never dies
Deep in her tear-wet soil.

Select Family Reading.

Pardon's Good Luck.

Philosophers say that there is no such thing as luck. Ass Darwin thought differently.

"My luck exactly," said he despairingly. "I might have known just how it would be."

He sat on the old stone porch, staring out toward the sunset, his chair tipped back on its two hind legs, his hands thrust aimlessly into his trousers pockets.

It was cold enough to justify the fire of beech logs that was blazing on the hearth in the room inside, where Pardon was tacking up the red moreen curtains that she had just sponged and mended neatly; but it was not an easy thing for Mr. Darwin to relinquish the habit of out door lounging that had clung to him all the summer through.

"What is it, father?" said Pardon, coming briskly to the door with a tack hammer in one hand and a paper of tacks in the other.

"Jones has just gone by," said Mr. Darwin. "He says the old cow has got out on the railroad track again."

Pardon bit her red under lip.

"I told you she would, father," said she, "if you didn't have those bars repaired."

"And she's got run over," dolefully added Darwin. "I'm sure I don't know what we're to do without a cow. We've always put a lot of dependence on our milk. But I might have expected it. Luck has been sheer against me ever since John James died. A man with a house full of gals can't expect to make no headway in the world."

Pardon colored up.

"You didn't expect your girls to mend the barn, did you, father?" asked she, a little bitterly.

"I was calculatin' to speak to Tim Parsons about gettin' a new pair o' posts put up," sighed the farmer.

"Wouldn't it have been a safer way to put them up yourself, father?"

"I ain't as young as I used to be," said Mr. Darwin, evasively. "And the rheumatics is twistin' me powerful these first cool days."

"Then," said Pardon, with a certain touch of daughterly authority in her voice, "you should come into the house, and not sit there, getting chilled through, and then find fault with your luck!"

Mr. Darwin slowly rose and shuffled into the bright little keeping room, where Pardon had spread a neatly braided rug before the fire, and placed a broken-spouted pitcher of yellow golden-rod on the table.

She looked after him with a sigh, half of impatience, half regret.

"I wish John James had lived!" said Mr. Darwin feebly.

"So do I," assented Pardon.

"Ain't supper most ready?" said the farmer, looking discontentedly around.

"It will be in a minute," said Pardon. "I had to split the kindling myself for the kitchen fire, and Fanny has run to Mrs. Merritt's for a little meal to make some hot corn bread."

At the same moment Fanny returned—a slight, overgrown girl of fourteen—breathless with the haste she had made.

"Mrs. Merritt is very sorry," said she, "but she hasn't any cornmeal in the house."

"That's enough!" said Pardon, glowing scarlet to the roots of her hair. "I don't blame her for getting tired of lending things to us!"

"But," added Fanny, "she sends a pail of Graham flour to make gems. Indeed, indeed, Pardon, she's as kind as she can be!"

Pardon laughed hysterically.

"I'm getting as hard and bitter as a sour persimmon," said she. "Yes, I'm very glad of the Graham flour. Father can't make out his supper without something hot for a relish. Perhaps some day we can return Mrs. Merritt's kindnesses. But, oh Fanny, have you heard? The red cow got out of the pasture this afternoon and is killed on the track."

Fanny burst into tears.

"Old Pink!" she exclaimed. "Is there no end to our bad luck!"

Pardon stamped her pretty, ill-shod foot impatiently on the floor.

"Luck!" she repeated. "Don't use that dreadful word! I believe father would be a better and happier man to-day if it wasn't in the dictionary at all. There isn't any such thing as luck. It is all bad management, shiftlessness—the habit of putting everything off until the last moment."

And then she cried, too, poor little overburdened Pardon.

She was tall and slender, with large, glittering hazel eyes, red-brown hair, and one of those delicate complexions where the sun lays its touch in the shape of here and there a cluster of freckles.

Fanny was dark, with spanish eyes, fringed with long lashes, and hair as black and lustrous as jet. Whatever else fate had denied the Darwin girls, it had been generous to them in the matter of personal attributes.

They made their frugal supper of Graham gems, a very little butter, the weakest brewing of tea, and no milk at all, and then Pardon built up the fire, got her father the last week's newspaper, which good Mrs. Merritt had sent over with the Graham flour, and then sat down in the back kitchen with Fanny to slice up a few late peaches for drying.

"For we have got to look after things very close this winter," she said. "Father seems to have no energy at all since John James died. I'm afraid it will end in the farm being sold to clear off the mortgage."

Fanny opened her big, black eyes.

"But we must live somewhere, Pardon," said she.

"You and I can go out to service," said Pardon. "As for father, there is the poor-house."

Fanny uttered a wail of despair.

"No, no, dear; don't look so distressed," said the elder sister, repenting the rashness of her speech. "I don't really mean it. I'm cross, that is all. It's hard doing the work of hired man, servant girl and housekeeper all in one. I shall feel better to-morrow after I've had a night's sleep. I haven't got to get up early and milk poor old Pink any more."

And once again the sisters mingled their tears.

"If father had only mended those bars," said Fanny. "It was so unlucky—"

But Pardon put her hand over her sister's lips.

"Not that word, Fanny," said she. "Remember, it's forbidden."

The two girls were washing up the breakfast dishes the next day in the temporary absence of Mr. Darwin, who had strolled off towards the post office to see if the mail was in, when Squire Etting crossed the threshold.

"Father ain't to hum?" said he. "Well I reckon I can talk things over just as well with you, Pardon."

"What things?" said Pardon, distrustfully.

"That there skatin' rink, down by the lake," said Mr. Etting, "that John James built. It's goin' to be a good hard winter, if there's any truth in signs, and I've a notion to buy the concern, just as it stands, and run the rink myself. The land belonged to your mother's estate, and I s'pose you and the gal here have the right to sell it."

"Yes," said Pardon, her eyes fixed calmly on the Squire's wooden visage. "What will you give for it?"

"Wal, it ain't worth so dreadful much," said the Squire, evasively. "Say a hundred dollars for the building and two acres o' land."

Pardon shook her head.

"I won't sell it for that," said she, decidedly.

"I dunno what you want to keep it for," said the Squire, irritably. "Your father, he ain't got the 'go' to run a skating rink."

"I know that," said Pardon, firmly. "But I don't intend to be swindled, all the same."

The Squire stamped out of the room in a rage.

"Then drive a better bargain with somebody else, if you can," said he, viciously.

"Pardon, Pardon!" whispered Fanny close to her elbow, "call him back! A hundred dollars is a great—great sum of money!"

"No," said Pardon, "I will not call him back. Let me think!"

"But what will father say?"

"Father need never know, Fanny. It is as Squire Etting says, the land is all that is left of our poor mother's property. It is ourl to sell or to keep, as we please. The lumber alone for that building cost poor John James nearly $100. The Squire thinks he can safely cheat us, because we are only women. But he will find himself mistaken."

She put on her green gingham sun bonnet that afternoon and went over to the Merritt farm. Joel Merrit was just driving in through the big gates with a load of wood.

"I'm so sorry," said Joel, courteously lifting his cap. "Mother has gone over to a quilting bee at Mrs. Dikes'. Won't you step in and rest?"

Pardon took off her green sun bonnet and fanned herself with it. Her cheeks were pink; her lovely hazel eyes sparkled.

"But it isn't your mother I came to see, Joel," she said, "I wanted to speak to you!"

Joel jumped off the load, threw the reins on Old Sorrel's back, and came up to her with a countenance of some surprise.

"Me!" he repeated, reddening a little.

For of all created beings he thought Pardon Darwin the most beautiful and winning.

"Yes," said Pardon, still deeply absorbed in her own plans and ideas. "How would you like, Joel, to go into partnership with me?"

"With you, Pardon?"

He caught his breath.

"Yes," frankly spoke the girl. "Of all our neighbors I think you are the most honest and reliable. I've known you ever since we were children together, and—"

"Say not another word, Pardon!" joyously cried the young man, taking both her hands in his, while his whole face grew radiant. "Oh, you don't know how proud and happy you make me! For I've loved you this long time, Pardon, only I never dared to tell you so; and mother will be so glad to call you daughter! Give me a kiss, Pardon—my little shrinking love—just one kiss, so that I may be sure I'm not dreaming!"

But to his great dismay Pardon struggled to free herself and began to cry impetuously.

"I—I don't know what you mean!" said she. "Let me go, Joel Merritt!"

"But, Pardon, you said yourself—"

"It was the skating rink that poor John James built on Deep Lake!" faltered Pardon, on the verge of new tears. "I—I wanted you to help me fit it up and manage it this winter, I never dreamed of asking you to—to— Oh, Joel, what must you have thought of me?"

"Then you didn't mean it, after all?" said Joel, dropping his arms to his sides, and standing with a blank face before her. "You don't care for me?"

Pardon stood silent a moment, twisting her apron strings, while the soft glow still burned on her cheeks.

A sudden light flashed into Joe's sunburned face.

"My own love!" he cried out, valiantly. "I'll take the skating rink, but you've got to be thrown into the bargain, too! Say You'll consent Pardon!"

And at all events Pardon did not refuse.

"Eh!" said Ass Darwin, when the facts of the case became patent to his rather dense understanding, "young Merritt going to finish up the rink before frost comes! And engaged to our Pardon, too! Well, I declare that is a piece of luck!"

And this time Pardon took no exceptions to the obnoxious word.

TEMPERANCE HINTS.

To illustrate the enormous expense incurred by habitual dram-drinking, an enterprising firm in a certain Missouri town has the following advertisement: "Any man who drinks two drams of whisky per day for a year, and pays ten cents a drink for it, can have at our store thirty sacks of flour, two hundred and twenty pounds of granulated sugar, and seventy-five pounds of green coffee for the same money, and get two dollars and fifty cents premium for making the change in its expenditures."

A certain doctor in this city was called upon the other day by a man who desired to get a prescription for alcohol. "For what purpose?" asked the doctor. "Mechanical," said the man, who had a face honest enough to look any judge in the country out of countenance. After writing the prescription and handing it to the man, the doctor said: "For what kind of mechanical purposes do you intend to use the alcohol?" "Sawing wood. Good-day, sir," was the reply.—*Augusta (Me.) Journal.*

Let us suppress the systematic agency for the temptation and ruin of men. Shielded behind the ramparts of law and custom, the traffic is proof against all these weapons which we have found effectual in other directions. The strong arm of the law alone can reach it. We must stop this authorized trade in destructive drinks.—*Rev. H. E. Kitchel.*

One of the first literary men in the United States said to a temperance lecturer: "There is one thing which I wish you to do everywhere: entreat every mother never to give a drop of strong drink to a child. I have had to fight as for my life all my days to keep from dying a drunkard; because I was fed with spirits when a child. I thus acquired an appetite for it. My brother, poor fellow, died a drunkard."

A young man was recently found in the Mersey, drowned. On a paper in his vest-pocket was written: "A wasted life. Do not ask anything about me; drink was the cause. Let me die; let me rot." Within a week the coroner of Liverpool received over two hundred letters from fathers and mothers all over England asking for a description of that young man. How suggestive is this fact! What a story it tells of homes desolated by strong drink!

A young man in Almanance County, N. C., who had been on a drunken debauch for some days, went home and turned his horse in his father's corn-field. His father remonstrated with him, and told him to get the horse and feed him at the barn. The young man became incensed, went into the house, procured his shot-gun, and shot his father through the heart, killing him instantly. No wonder so many people are wanting to drive the grog-shops out of the land.

The London police have received official orders that in all cases in which drunken persons are arrested, they are to take steps to prosecute the publican who supplied the liquor to the intoxicated individual.

TOROSTO THE GOOD.

Far and wide the fame of Toronto as a good city is known. The latest cap doffed to her superior goodness is on the part of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which reproduces an article from the pen of Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, of New York, on the "Valid Grounds for Sunday Observance," in which it is stated:

"This is more perfectly realized in Toronto than in any other large city of the world, and therefore proves itself both practical and popular. This city of 140,000 inhabitants, with distances from centre to circumference as great as much larger cities, has every obstacle to a strict Sabbath observance which 'modern civilization' is supposed by some to offer. But the obstacles are all overcome. The Toronto Sabbath is 'the barber's Sunday,' 'the printer's Sunday,' 'The baker's Sunday,' 'the butcher's Sunday.' The right to Sabbath rest is not taken even from the conductors and drivers of the street cars, not even from the post-office employes, not even from the printers of the daily papers. Barbers, grocers, butchers, bakers, tobacconists, confectioners, all rest. Telegraphic operators all rest, except ten at the central office. Druggists and milk dealers are free most of the day. The latter have resolved hereafter to make no delivery on the Sabbath in cold weather, as it is entirely unnecessary. Livery stables can legally be used only in cases of sickness and churchgoing, and it is expected, by the co-operation of the drivers themselves (who are licensed and made responsible), that all Sunday pleasure-driving will be stopped, and nearly all the drivers get the whole day for rest, the few others, detained for permitted work, having part of the day. It is hard to prohibit the renting of boats to the poor while the rich man drives about in his carriage. Three 'through trains,' permitted on account of American competition, is the most serious offence against Sabbath rest that one sees. It is out of control of the authorities, the provincial law allowing Sunday trains starting in the United States to go through Canada to their destination. This sort of Sabbath is kept up not alone out of regard for God's law, but also because it is found to be for the best good of men. Efforts to run Sunday horse cars and publish Sunday papers have found no popular support, and so have utterly failed. If a city would not suffer from hot boxes of Socialism, let it give its working men, as Toronto does, early closing, Saturday half-holidays and Sabbath rest.

ELLIE'S SOLDIER.

BY E. L. W. H.

Almost thirty years ago, a little flaxen-haired girl named Ellie lived in a little cottage among the hills of New Hampshire. She was very happy with her father and mother, her one sister, her big gray cat "Fermont," and her dear rag dolly named Ida Bell. She had a big brother, too, but he was not at home. He was a soldier.

The big brother's name was Harry. He had come home one day in a blue coat with bright brass buttons, that made him look taller and grander than ever, Ellie thought, and when he went away again, he had taken her up in his arms and kissed her very tenderly, and Ellie noticed that her mother's sweet face was very pale, and that her father had to clear his throat a good deal when he said "Good-bye; and God bless you my boy."

But little Ellie felt very proud to have a soldier-brother; and when long letters came from him, telling funny stories of living in a tent, with many hundreds of other soldiers all in tents, and of cooking his dinner over a little fire out of doors, and of marching to the sound of music, the little girl thought it must be all like a great big picnic, and that it was a fine thing to "go to the war."

But there came a sad time in the little cottage when the merry letters did not come, and father and mother said there had been a great battle, and that Harry was "missing." Ellie did not know very well what that meant; but she knew that weeks and weeks went by, and still there was no letter. And at last she knew, by the things she heard her father and mother say when they thought her busy at play, and by their sober faces, that they were afraid her big, strong, beautiful brother would never come home any more.

But little Ellie never believed that, and every morning she hoped he would come home that very day, and looked many times down the road, thinking perhaps she should see him; and she never lay down in her little bed at night without adding to her prayer: "And please bless my soldier and let him come home to-morrow."

She slept with her sister in a little room right off the sitting-room, and the door was always left a little way open. One night, after she had been asleep a long time, she awoke suddenly, thinking she heard voices. Her father often sat up long after the others were in bed, and she thought he must be speaking to some one. Then she heard another voice that sent a thrill all through her little body. She could not see anything from the corner where her little bed stood, but she sat up and listened.

A bright light was shining through from the sitting room, and she heard a strong and gentle voice say, "No, don't disturb them to-night. I'll lie right down here on the floor." Ellie's heart beat so hard that she could not hear what her father said in reply; but suddenly the light went out, and all was still.

Who could it have been? Was it, could it be, the darling brother? It was his voice surely, but nobody seemed to be awake now. Her sister was sound asleep by her. Could she have dreamed it, after all?

She was only a little girl, and she soon grew sleepy, while trying to think if anything so beautiful could be true; and soon she was really dreaming.

But she woke very early in the morning, before any one else in the house; and her first thought was of what she had heard in the night. Was it a dream? It was just growing light. She would get right up and find out.

Out of bed she softly crept, and through the door into the sitting-room. The rosy dawn was just coming in at the east window. There on the floor lay somebody wrapped in a big blue soldier's overcoat. Ellie's little bare feet made no noise as she stole along the floor and knelt down by the tall figure. The head rested on a soldier's knapsack, and the close brown curls were the same she remembered so well. The face was brown and very thin, and the eyes closed in sleep; but it was the dear kind face of her big brother Harry. But it all seemed so strange; could it be real? She put out one little finger and timidly touched his forehead.

It was enough! The eyes flashed wide open, and the big strong arms clasped the little white night-gowned girl in a big bear-hug. No doubt now whether he is real, or whether she is awake! Her shouts of joy rouse all the rest of the household, and out they come, without waiting for clothes; that small matter, like everything else, being forgotten in the wonderful joy that had come. Only the father, who had known it all night, could get his wits together enough to go about the regular morning duties, for a long time.

As for little Ellie, the big brother himself dressed her; and then she sat on his knee and heard his wonderful story of escape from prison and long sickness, and how at last he had got back to his old regiment and straightway been given a furlough to come home and rest and gain strength. And in the happy days that followed in the cottage, little Ellie at least forgot all the pain that had gone before.

God often sends us trials and griefs, and permits us to doubt and fear for a time, so that when the day of our rejoicing comes it may find our hearts softened, our faith strengthened, and our love for him more real and earnest than it could have been before.

HIS NIGHT-SHIRT POCKET.

The other day an eight-year-old boy importuned his mother for a night-shirt, "just like papa's" with a pocket in it. His mother made him one and the first night he wore it he went to bed in high glee.

In the morning, when his mother took the robe off, she found in one pocket a couple of seed-cakes, three matches, a tooth-pick, a small silver watch, several pieces of cough candy and the boy's pocket handkerchief. When the little fellow was questioned as to the reason for the very varied assortment, he replied:

"Well, I thought if I got hungry in the night time I would need the seed-cakes, and of course I'd want the tooth-pick afterward; if I wanted to see what time it was by my watch I would have to have a match, and I was afraid of coughing, so I put the candy there."—*Selected.*

A train was carrying a clergyman, and five or six youths who kept scoffing at religion and telling disagreeable stories. The good man endured it all, simply remarking as he got out, "We shall meet again, my children." "Why shall we meet again?" said the leader of the band. "Because I am a prison chaplain," was the reply.

ODE TO CANADA.

Swift as the lightning's vivid beam
Flasheth from east to west,
So runs the thrill of brotherhood
In each Canadian breast.

Instinctive as the heroine's flight
To its magnetic pole,
So turns each true Canadian heart
As to its destined goal.

As graven on each gifted brain
The name of Zion shone,
So deep enshrined in every heart
Is Canada, proud throne.

Where'er the honor of our land
Is touched by foreign foe
There leaps to life a fervid flame,
A patriotic glow.

From ocean shore to ocean shore
Her wide domain extends,
From tufted sea to frozen pole
Her kingdom never ends.

The waves that frets Atlantic coast,
That lave Pacific shore,
The icebergs in the Arctic seas
Her sceptre flutterth o'er.

Her deep soil, tickled by the hoe,
Shall laugh with harvest mirth,
Her boundless prairies yet shall fill
The garners of the earth.

Hurrah, hurrah for Canada,
The young, the free, the brave,
In all her grand Dominion
Her flag floats o'er no slave.

O God of Nations, be the guide
To lead our nation on,
Should North and South as kindred clays
Be imbedded into one!

Or linked with adamantine bond
With noble motherland;
Or as yhingee among nations
We independent stand.

May Canada's glad mission be
To aid the coming dawn,
When like an overflowing sea
The gospel tide flows on.

And when to man a brother is
And nations disappear,
And all are one in Christ's wide fold,
Love banishing all fear.

—*Robert Matheson.*

POINTS ABOUT PNEUMONIA.

Dr. J. B. Johnston writes in the *Medical Summary* as follows:

The approach of pneumonia is not always without warning. There are usually certain feelings or sensations of the body which tell, with greater or less certainty, that an attack is beginning. An individual, for a day or two previous to the actual invasion of the disease, feels badly in a general way. These bad feelings consist in a chilliness of the whole body, and if his clothes be at all damp with perspiration, he feels cold and uncomfortable. He is feverish, and yet it seems perfectly impossible for him to get warm. This feverishness is attended with great chilliness, which increases when he is exposed to a draught of cold air. As evening approaches all these feelings are increased, and when night comes on he has pains in his back and limbs, accompanied by a slight cough and unnatural frequency of breathing, with unusual quickness of the pulse and a feeling of uneasiness or impression about the chest. His sleep is disturbed by chilliness, restlessness and unpleasant dreams. The warmth of his bed and bedchamber may cause a light cession of his bad feelings, and in the morning, feeling better, he goes out attending to his business, only to have all his bad feelings return with increased force at the approach of the ensuing night. Should he heed the warning implied by the return of his bad feelings, and confine himself to an equal temperature of about 65°, and partake of copious drinks of hot tea, coffee or milk, he may possibly avert an attack of the disease. But unfortunately, he is apt to neglect to do this, and his going about is only arrested by an actual invasion of pneumonia, which usually comes on in from one to three days.

Gogg tells of a leaping clergyman who in much request at marriage solemnizations in his town. It is so pleasant, you know, to promise to cling to a man "for better or for worth."

A lady, riding on the cars the other day, was amused by the question of a little girl, who, hearing the conductor cry the stations, looked up into her mother's face and innocently asked: "Say, mamma, do we get out at the next *holler?*"

A certain half-witted character being asked by a lady if he wanted to conform to the recommendation of the minister that all should kneel, replied very emphatically, "Never a bit will I kneel. The Bible says: 'Watch and pray, and hoo can everybody watch on their kneer wi' their een steekit? Na, na; I'll just stand and glower about me as I hae aye done."

Rev. Dr. Parker, of City Temple, London, Eng., has been giving his views to the Pall Mall *Gazette* on "How to become an Orator." He recommends industrious and most critical writing of speeches or sermons, and exhorts the ambitious to be very careful before venturing upon extemporaneous ways. In conclusion he says: If anyone would excel in useful public speaking he must (1) have something to say, (2) say it audibly and tersely, (3) say it as if he meant it, and (4) not care one button for pedants, critics and purists.

A curiously considerate invention has been produced by a Frenchman in the shape of a noiseless clock for use more especially in sick-rooms. In place of the usual pendulum, the hands are set in motion by the unrolling of a chain, the end of which is fastened to a buoy floating in a tank of fluid. This fluid escapes at a uniform rate, and can be utilized to feed a lamp-wick, thus giving the apparatus the double character of clock and lamp. When the lamp is lighted, the necessary diminution of liquid takes place by combustion, at other times by carefully regulated dropping.—*Science and Art.*

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.