# The Acton Free Press.

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**The Acton Free Press**

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—AT THE—

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ACTON, ONTARIO

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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THREE MONTHS.....25 CT

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ADVERTISING RATES

| SPACE. | 1 YR. | 6 MO. | 3 MO. | 1 MO |
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| 6 inches | 17.00 | 12.00 | 7.00 | 2.50 |
| 1 inch | 6.00 | 3.50 | 2.00 | 1.00 |

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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 9 a.m. on Tuesdays, 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, 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. 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.

L. E. 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.
C. T. ALLAN. J. SHILTON, B.C.L. J. BAIRD, B.C.L.

BADGEROW, CARSON & CO.,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS & NOTARIES.
Court Chambers, Cor. Church and Adelaide Sts., Toronto, Canada.
Telephone No. 1278. Cable Address: Badgerow.
C. 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. Relining neatly and promptly done.

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
—IN—
Mill Street, Acton.
An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good egg-foam an exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in excellent 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.
FIFTH Scholastic Year. Its graduates are now employed as book-keepers, business managers, stenographers, etc., by many of the largest business houses in Canada and the United States. Young men and women desiring a thorough business education will consult their own welfare by attending the "Guelph Business College." For terms and particulars, address
M. MacCORMICK, Principal.

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—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 Dwelling Houses, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of property, on the Premium Note system.
F. W. Stone, President. Chas. Davidson, Secretary.
JOHN TAYLOR Agent.

—NEW—
Harness Shop
J. H. Matthews, Prop.
(LATE OF ERIN)
I wish to inform the public I have opened a Harness Shop opposite McGarvin's Drug Store. I can supply any wants in the line of
LIGHT AND HEAVY HARNESS,
Blankets, Belts, Brushes, Combs, and Harness Oil, everything in the Harness Line kept in Stock. Repairing promptly attended to
Collars Warranted not to Hurt.
J. H. Matthews, Acton.

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 Jointer 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 grey 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, 12 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

Xmas Goods
AT
DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
GUELPH.
Fine Books,
Toy Books,
Fancy Goods,
Leather Goods,
Plush Cases,
Fine Glass Goods,
Toys, Dollys &c.
Getting things ready for Christmas.
DAY SELLS CHEAP.

—RIGHT—
TO THE FRONT
OF ALL COMPETITION WE PLACE OUR
Elegant and Substantial Goods.
—:o:o:—
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
—:o:o:—
LOWEST PRICES
—CONSISTENT WITH—
GOOD QUALITY.
—:o:o:—
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 tradesmen 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 $12.00 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.

Christmas Goods
IN GREAT VARIETY
I desire to inform my numerous Customers that I have purchased a fine variety of Goods for the Xmas Trade, comprising a splendid lot of toilet articles in
Hair, Tooth and Nail Brushes,
The Finest Perfumes in the Market.
I have also the finest stock in
Ladies' Satchels
Ever shown in Acton
For Xmas Presents I have a beautiful selection of
Albums, Booklets, &c.
We also keep all the Authorized School Books and School Supplies, Hymn Books, Pens, Pencils, Slates, Ink, Etc.
We keep a large selection of Spectacles to suit all sights.
Give us a call before purchasing. Don't forget the place,
McGARVIN'S
DRUG STORE.

## Poetry.

### THIS DAY OF THINE.

Take us unto thyself, O Father,
This folded day of thine,
This weary day of mine:
Its ragged corners cut me yet,
O still the far and fret!
Father, do not forget
That I am tired
With this day of thine.

By the thy pure breath, watching Father,
On this marred day of thine,
This wondering day of mine:
Be patient with its blur and blot,
Wash it white of stain and spot;
Be merciful eyes, remember not
That I have grieved thee
On this day of thine!
—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

### BEYOND THE MIST.

Out of the mist the river glides to us,
Glides like a phantom strange and marvellous,
Out of the mist.

Into the mist the river passes on,
With inarticulate murmur flows anon,
Into the mist.

And yet, perchance, upon its infant rills
Fair shone the sun amid the crackling hills
Before the mist.

And when at last the full-flood nears the main,
Perchance a glory crowns it yet again,
Beyond the mist.

## Select Family Reading.

### A Girl's Folly.

Poor John Harding! How his big honest heart throbbed and beat as he watched pretty Alice Williams with his great brown eyes strained and longing.

She was seemingly unconscious of his gaze, as she laughed and talked with the tall, handsome fellow at her side, whose blonde head bent so low to catch her every tone; but she knew, nevertheless, just how eagerly, with what jealous longing, John was watching the picture, and the knowledge only gave an added zest to her hour's enjoyment. After all, it was not the pleasure of an hour.

John and she had been playmates ever since she could remember. She well knew the dearest ambition of his life was to buy the little farm, with its well-stocked acres, which lay next the old homestead; that he was only waiting to say the word which should make her his promised wife until he held the deeds in his possession, and could offer her a home as cheery and as bright as that she left behind.

Many an hour in her own sunny bedroom had she spent in sweet dreams of this future which she knew was to be hers; many a night listened for the well-known step which ever paused at the old kitchen threshold, when his cheery greeting seemed to bring life and warmth into the old brick house where she was the only nestling who had come to cheer the life of Farmer Williams and his good wife. No wonder that they spoiled the child, who in her young, fresh girlhood was to them like a breath from the mountain-tops. She was very willful, but even her willfulness had a charm; and the old people bent before it, and would say, with a smile: "Let the child have her way." So now when Squire Arden's son, just returned from college, and charmed with this sweet wild flower springing in his path, stooped to breathe its perfume, she knew no reason why she should not accept the subtle incense of his flattering words, or show the pleasure that they gave her, even though John chose to look frowningly upon her. Were not her smiles her own?

But as they walked home alone through the meadows after the chestnut gathering, and young Arden had left them at the road which led to his house, she slipped her little hand through John's arm, and looking up into his face with her old merry smile, said:

"You remind me, John, of that, great bear in the museum you once took me to see when I was a child. Do you remember? You did not come near me once this afternoon, and I am quite indignant, especially as my chestnut bag is hopelessly empty."

"Almost as empty as the head of the snob who was so engrossing you, I should imagine," was the angry retort.

A quick flush mounted to the girl's cheek; her hand dropped from his arm.

"I think you forget yourself, Mr. Harding, when you dare speak thus of my friends. An empty-headed snob, indeed? It is only those who lack all culture who cannot appreciate a gentleman when they meet him. One must make all due allowance, however, for ignorance."

"Excuse me, Alice. I did not know you had admitted him into so close a bond of friendship; but you know well enough why I did not come near you. You knew you had only to beckon once, to give me one look of encouragement, and I would have been by your side. But your eyes had other work to do than look toward me."

"And if they had, what then? May I not do with them as I like? Your presumption is remarkable, and as you choose to air it for my especial benefit, I wish you would allow me the privilege of continuing my way alone. My thoughts are pleasanter company."

"Your thoughts? Yes, thoughts of him who has learned so well to talk by rote; to teach his lips to say the things at which his heart sneers. Alice! Darling! What would I care if I did not love you? I had meant to have told you a little later what you already know so well; but it needed no telling. Forgive my quick words, my jealous anger, knowing that it all sprangout of my great love for you. Soon the farm will be my own; soon I shall have a home for you. Will you come, Alice, to be its sunshine?"

A few hours before and these words would have met with joyous assent—would have filled the listener's heart with fulfillment of its dearest wish. But quick anger now held sway, and so the scathing words in reply came almost without her conscious utterance:

"You ask me to be the sunshine of a home where base jealousy and suspicion form the corner stone, to enter into the life of a man whose excuse for injustice and wrong is *love!* No, never! Thank God! Life is not yet so barren, that I need to enter such a purgatory, and call it home!"

As she finished, he stood still. For one moment she looked into his face, then walked on alone, but never, never to forget its white awful look, as she uttered the words which were to separate them forever.

Weeks ripened into months, and the old people waited in anxious wonderment for the step which came no more. Sometimes they thought the child's face a shade paler, her voice had lost its merry ring, her laughter ended in a sigh; but she would brook no questioning, and, as ever, they yielded to her wish and wondered silently. But the old kitchen was rarely empty, and none ever crossed its threshold so often as young Arden. As they grew to know him better, his bright, boyish face became very pleasant to their eyes, but they, none the less, missed that of him whom they had learned to look upon almost as a son. None could quite fill his place in their hearts.

Somehow, the winter seemed passing very slowly to Alice. Often, in her dreams, there came before her a white, wan face, whose wordless reproach seemed to haunt her, and which pursued her even in her waking moments.

At first, she thought John would know she had only spoken in anger, and would come again suing for forgiveness, and asking to be re-installed in her heart; but the winter was half over now, and though they had often met, he had merely bowed his head in grave greeting, and his eyes gave no sign of the torture which was gnawing at his heart.

The snow lay thick and white upon the ground, when the great sleighing frolic was proposed, and Alice was ready, as she was ever ready now, to drown forgetfulness in any new thing which offered.

They were to drive twelve miles over to Farmer White's, where a grand dance was promised before the ride home by moonlight. It had come to be rather a settled thing as to whom Will Arden should escort, to no one was surprised when Alice, declining all other invitations, said she was already engaged to go with him.

It was about four o'clock when Mr. Arden drove up to her father's door, and the handsome little cutter drawn by its spirited horses, with its robes warm and tempting, made a pretty picture, but it was incomplete until Alice filled the vacant seat, when, with her cheeks flushed and sparkling, her eyes bright with some of their old merriment, her chestnut hair catching the sunshine, she gave to it the last needed touch.

But the old farmer, even as he watched her with a look of pride, shook his head as he glanced at the sky.

"I don't altogether like the looks of it," he muttered, "but I hadn't, the heart to disappoint her when it all seems so fair."

But the two young hearts, in their joyous youth, thought only of the present sunshine as they sped rapidly over the slippery path to the music of the silver bells.

It was sunset when they reached the farm, and they were met with a shout of welcome, and soon, with horses housed and fed, were the light and life of the party.

John Harding was here to-night, and he, too, entered into the frolic with his old earnestness. Once he met Alice's eyes. Something in their look seemed to call him to her side, but with the softening of the moment came the memory of her bitter words, her rumored engagement with young Arden, and he met the appealing look with one hard and cold, and turned away.

But, to her amazement, as the clock chimed the hour of ten, and all were busy with their preparations for departure, John Harding came to her side.

"You will forgive my suggestion, Miss Alice, but I am afraid Mr. Arden is not exactly in the condition to manage those spirited horses, and, for your parents' sake, if you will accept a seat in my sleigh I shall be very happy to offer it to you."

"You again seem to forget my parents intrusted me to Mr. Arden's care. Therefore, with many thanks for your extreme kindness, I must decline."

But when, an hour later, they had become separated from the other sleighs, and she realized her escort's hand was unsteady his head scarcely clear, and the snow began falling in thick feathery flakes, while the cold penetrated even under buffalo robes, a sensation of uneasiness crept over her which made her shiver.

"Are you cold?" said her companion. "Draw the robes closer. Is it not time we were out of this wood?"

Great Heaven! Had they lost their way? For a moment the bare possibility thrilled every nerve; then the young heart took courage and steeled itself to the worst. On and on they dashed through the white, blinding snow, until the horses maddened, plunged and snorted, struggling to get free. The hands which held the reins were growing numb, and the brain which was guiding them becoming more and more distraught, when to Alice came the realization that for her foolish pride must she pay the forfeit of her life.

Grasping the reins as the horses dashed into a mad run, she vainly strove to guide them. They scarce knew a hand was on the lines. It was but a moment ere the struggle was over, and when Alice opened her eyes to consciousness she found herself upon the snow for her bed, the helpless form of her companion beside her. He seemed unhurt, but stupefied with the bitter cold, and, protecting him as best she might with the robes thrown from the overturned sleigh, she wrapped herself in one remaining and lay down to meet the end.

Ah! if only once she could meet John's eyes again; could tell him how she had suffered all these months for her willfulness, how gladly she would bend her pride, how willingly sue to be taken back into that great, warm heart, to feel she held there once more the old, old place, then die content.

"John! John!" burst in one piteous cry from the cold, trembling lips; then the eyelids fluttered and closed in sleep—a sleep from which, if not soon aroused, there would be no waking.

But succor was near. Full well the man who would have given his life for her knew the danger into which she was so recklessly plunging. Unknown to her, he had determined to follow and guard her; and when the horses ahead of him broke into that mad run, he uttered but one prayer—that he might be in time to save her. He feared that in the blinding storm he had lost them, when to his ears was borne that piteous cry, which came to him like a voice from Heaven answering his prayer.

In a moment he was by her side. Gathering the helpless form into his strong arms, he rained passionate kisses upon the cold, upturned face, and held her closer and closer till he felt life and warmth were struggling back for mastery. Then placing her tenderly in the sleigh, and lifting in her companion, he soon was on his way to home and safety.

It was many days ere Alice recovered from the shock and exposure of that fearful night; but when the color crept back into her cheeks, and she knew by whom her life was saved, her pride had gone; and when next John came, he listened to a plea for forgiveness which was all unheeded, but which was very sweet to his ears, for he knew how well Alice must have loved him to have confessed so much. But when he had sealed her lips with kisses, and had given her the absolution she required, it was only with her whispered blushing assent to come a happy bride to the pretty home now all his own to offer her.—*Jeanie Wren.*

### HARTFORD'S INFANT OARSMAN.

Although aquatic sports in Hartford have fallen into innocuous desuetude the past few years, there are two things about it in which her claims hold good—the championship of Connecticut River and the youngest and smallest sculler on record. The latter is little Eddie C. Atherton, who was four years old last August, and weighs just 40 pounds. The little fellow takes to water as naturally as a duck, and when three years old commenced his rowing practice in what is known as a working boat, the boat that he now works, or rather exhibits in, is a regular wooden shell, 31 feet long and 11 inches wide, outrigged, with sliding seat, &c. It was built by Phelps Peters of Putney, London, and was used by Hanlan when he defeated Trickett in 1883. Of course, a new foot rest is rigged up for him, and this enables him to use the sliding seat. The oars he uses weigh 6 pounds, are of regulation size, and came from Donahue of Pittsburg, but were slightly remodelled by Henry Andrews of this city.

When young Atherton commenced his boating he had to be watched pretty closely, for his great desire was to get in the middle of the stream and row where it was most dangerous. He has fallen out of his new boat five times this year, and encountered sundry other mishaps, but those who have watched and trained him say there is no danger of his falling out now. In the boat he sits in fine form, feathers his oars correctly and pulls a uniform stroke, and backs water and handles her in a manner that leaves no doubt of his skill. It is probable that he will give an exhibition next spring at Harlem River, New York, under the auspices of the Metropolitan Rowing Association.

### BUSINESS MAXIMS.

Endeavor to buy only such goods as are saleable, a stock well bought is half sold.

Use your best judgment in selecting patterns, bad styles are dear at any price.

It is a mistake to think you can only do business with an enormously large stock, for goods get old, faded, and out of style, and therefore unsaleable.

Endeavor to run your stock down to a certain amount by the 1st of January of each year.

Keep a good assortment of those goods required for every day use.

Buy judiciously, sparingly, and often.

You will be able to buy a better, cleaner and more saleable stock, and at lower prices, by looking over the samples of as many firms as possible, than buy only buying from one house.

There should be no friendship in a business transaction, treat your friend well, but buy no goods from him unless you need them.

Take no goods from your jobber but those you have ordered from him.

Always endeavor to discount your bills.

If your capital is limited, carry a small stock, and sell for cash and save your discounts.

On no account allow your bills to become overdue, for then you are in the power of your creditors.

In order to be successful a merchant must be independent, pay his bills when at maturity, and make his purchases wherever it is to his best advantage.

Never give security on your stock, it deprives you of credit, and means absolute failure.

### BEING HELPFUL.

With all the world wide open with treasures to gain on every side, the enthusiasm of the boy fills all his days and hours with plans for pleasure and profit. He is usually in a hurry for something. He cannot stop in his great haste to think of little things. His plans are foremost and uppermost, and must be executed whether the rest of the world stands or goes on: which spirit if rightly managed, is well enough. There is so much to learn and do that minutes are indeed precious things, and "things" outside of us won't wait, whether "things" mean time or our various contrivances.

But, boys, does it ever occur to you that it can be just possible that mother or sister have plans that they would like to carry out and that your dreadful hurry to be waited upon just the instant you desire to be may possibly disarrange some of their matters? If they are willing to set their affairs and plans aside for you so often, would it not be fair once in a while for you to do little helpful things for them? Little baby brother is begging to be amused, perhaps. Couldn't you leave your play or your work and spend fifteen minutes of your precious time in helping mother in this way? Or possibly the wood-box or coal-hod is empty, and even if it is not your particular work to attend to such matters, you can once in a while do some little thing, such as refilling them, or fetch and carry a pail of water.

If every little boy or big boy either as to that matter, would solve to do some little thing each day to be helpful in the home; how very soon the home would brighten up under his efforts. Little works of kindness and helpfulness are never lost. They do a two-fold good, one to the giver, and one to the taker. But all things which are done with good feeling are not equally productive of pleasure, because there are right and wrong ways of doing things, but nothing ought to be done without some good feeling to prompt the action.—*Christian at work.*

### THOUGHTS OF COURTESY.

Courtesy on one side never lasts long.

Courtesy is the true characteristic of a good mind.

The small courtesies sweeten life; the greater ennoble it.

A churlish courtesy rarely comes but either for gain or falsehood.

Courtesy covereth many imperfections, and preventeth more dangers.

Nothing is a courtesy unless it be meant for us, and that friendly and lovingly.

If ever I should affect justice, it would be in this, that I might do courtesies, and receive none.

The nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become.

He that is mild and courteous to others, receiveth much more honor than the party whom he honoreth.

We must be as courteous to a man as to a picture, which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light.

### CRAZY QUILTS.

"Crazy," exclaimed Papa Browne when Louise showed him the quilt which the girls of the "Band" had been piecing. "I should think so. Why, Louise, what is the matter with your blocks? Why didn't you have some one cut them who could cut true?"

"Why, Papa Browne, that is the idea to have it all cut together every way; that is why it is called a crazy quilt. You see there is no regularity to it, but it is just like a person with no plans in his head."

"I see; just like a good many things I know. Well, Louise, I did not think you of all girls, would take to doing things without a plan."

"Oh! we had a plan—to make it just as pretty as you could."

"I see, again; and these girls I am speaking of, suppose they have a plan to have just as good a plan as possible, and they order their daily lives just like this patchwork—full of little happenings without any plan or design as to symmetrical lives."

"But, papa," said Louise thoughtfully, "the quilt is square when it is finished. Don't you see our lives may be squared at last. Seems to me that it is a good way to do it to make the most of every bit of time—no matter how small or how it may seem to come in."

Papa Browne laughed. "Well, Puss," he said, "I guess you have the best side of the argument, after all. Where did you get all these pieces?" asked Mr. Browne, after carefully inspecting the quilt.

"Oh! We all contributed of our store and begged of our friends, and then we bought a few; you know that there are dealers in materials for crazy patchwork, and the pieces come in packages."

"Well I declare," said Mr. Browne, "what next? Modern ingenuity will exhaust itself, I am afraid in schemes for making money."

"O, no! this is a scheme for saving the pieces," said Louise quickly. Tam sure that is a very praiseworthy result of man's inventive genius. But, papa, we girls had a dispute, the other day, about the manufacture of silk. Ella Hays said that silk was made of the discarded house of a worm. And Fanny Price disputed her, and said the worm did not leave the cocoon at all. Ella said it was a butterfly when it left its old home. I wish you would tell me about it."

Mr. Browne whistled softly. "Seems to me, Louise, that you expect me to be a walking cyclopedia." Then seeing himself comfortably in his arm chair he continued: "The silk worm was first discovered in Northern China, among the mountains, and it is supposed that all the silk worms come from those found there, though none of the wild ones can be found now.

"It was many hundred years ago that a Chinese emperor suggested to his wife the idea of cultivating the silk-worm, to see if anything could be made of it. And for two thousand years the Chinese kept the art of silk-making a secret. And at one time the exportation of silk-worm eggs or of unreeled cocoons was forbidden on death. A sort of moth lays an egg which hatches out a worm and this worm feeds upon mulberry leaves for a while, then begins to spin itself a wrap, winding delicate threads about its body until a ball about an inch long is formed, containg about one thousand yards. The color of this is a yellowish white.

"Both your friends are right. When the cocoon is left alone the moth remains inside about a fortnight, then breaks his way out in the form of a moth again, and so discards his house; but this process of breaking out spoils the cocoon for reeling, though it can be used for floss, and the outsides of all cocoons are used for the same purpose. It is only when it is desired to raise more moths that the chrysalis is allowed to develop and work its way out. For the purpose of making silk, the cocoons are heated in some way, either by exposure to the noonday sun or by baking in an oven in order to kill the chrysalis and prevent injury to the delicate thread. These cocoons are called dry cocoons, and are ready to be reeled. You can easily understand that after the silk is reeled off in large skeins, it is ready to be doubled, often several times, and twisted and also to go through various processes of cleansing, dyeing, etc."

"Do they raise silk-worms in the United States?" asked Louise.

"To some extent. At present there are several large establishments, where sewing silk, ribbons and dress silks are made, so that American silk is holding its place firmly, and large quantities of sewing silks are exported."

"Is it hard to take care of silk-worms?" said Louise.

"Not hard, though they require attention. Are you thinking of going into the business?"

"No; only I thought it would be nice to have some—just to watch them," replied Louise thoughtfully.

"So it would. And I think we will try to arrange it so as to take it up on a small scale. It is considered very nice work for ladies. It is even said that a girl can make considerable money by silk culture. There are several books upon the subject, and if you should decide to go into it, I will buy them for you to study."

### VARIETIES

Don't flurry about politics. Keep cool all the time. Never lose your temper. Never assume that there is no honesty or wisdom in those who differ from you. On the contrary, discuss facts and figures and business conditions with your neighbors in soberness, just as you would discuss a practical business proposition with a business man in your own private office. Be honest in politics, and don't flurry.

Sometimes we find out too late that life is a history. For a long time we are inclined it think it is poetry; but later we find that it is history—consisting mainly of little things, rarely illumined by flashes of great heroism rarely broken by great dangers, or demanding great exertions, but gliding along in a monotonous sort of way, and soon after.

Men have walked for generations over hidden treasures that a spade-plunge would unearth! Science stumbles over truth that waits to be unveiled. Invention lays her finger alongside the spring she seeks to touch, and misses it. All things lie near enough, if we but know how to look.—*Mrs. Whitney.*

It hurts a man just about as much to burn him in effigy as to have his shadow on a stone wall butted by a goat.

A man who does not know anything is pretty sure to tell it the first chance he gets.

### SUPPOSED HYMN OF TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Soon shall the slumbering morn awake,
From wandering stars of terror freed,
When Christ the breath of heaven shall breathe
For saints that own a common creed.

The walls that fence his flocks apart
Shall crack and tremble to decay,
And every tongue and every heart
Shall welcome in the new-born day.

Then shall his glorious Church rejoice
His word of promise to recall—
One sheltering fold, one shepherd's voice,
One God and Father over all!
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

### HOW OLD MAJOR PREACHED A SERMON.

Deacon Hartley and his family were always faithful at the Sabbath service, and they were always in their places on time, Mr. Hartley's father had brought him up in this strict old way. "Never go late to service James," he was wont to say. "Make it part of your religion never to disturb the religion of others." And the pastor always knew he could rely upon Deacon Hartley and his family. If the choir was a little late about getting there, Mr. Hartley would start a hymn, and the Hartley children would sing with a force that made itself felt.

Regularly every Sabbath, as ten o'clock, old Major, the horse, would draw up to the church door, while the deacon would unload the heavy carry-all, and afterward go upguided to the church shed built for his special use. Rain or shine, they were always there. Deacon Hartley was no dry weather christian. Years before, when the deacon married, he and Mrs. Hartley formed the resolution never to stay at home from service unless kept by the hand of God. And they had always followed the plan.

Religion in the deacon's family was a very simple thing. To be a christian was to be like Christ. And their lives in the church were useful and happy, because they kept themselves always in the warm atmosphere of God's love.

But there came at last a Sabbath when even Deacon Hartley hesitated. At daybreak a cold east storm set in, and the rain fell with heavy gusts which sent a chill through the frame. As the day advanced the storm increased, while the deacon shivered as he viewed the weather from the kitchen window. "What about it, wife," he said.

"We would be under cover of the carry-all, but old Major would have to breast it, and a righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."

The result was that Deacon Hartley's family composed themselves for a quiet Sunday at home.

"Father," said James, "old Major has broken his halter, and I cannot find him anywhere." This was at about twelve o'clock, just as Mrs. Hartley was preparing the noon meal.

The deacon donned his gum coat and a search was instituted, but no Major could be found, and the dismayed family met in consultation as to what should be done.

"Here he comes," cried Harry. And sure enough, old Major came trotting leisurely in the yard, halted a moment at the gate, and then went on his way and entered the open stable door.

"Bless my heart," said the deacon, "if I don't believe the old veteran has been to church in spite of everything."

And sure enough, at just five minutes before ten, as the pastor entered the church path, grasping with both hands an umbrella old Major passed him, passed at the door and then went to his shed, with head down, and the water dripping off his shaggy coat.

"Well," said the deacon, "I never had a sermon to strike home like this preached by the old Major. Hereafter, let the weather be what it may, it shall always find me promptly seated in the house of God. Wife, this is the first and last time old Major shall attend Sabbath service alone."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

### SPARKLES.

The man with lantern jaws should shine in conversation.

It is said no one can arrest the flight of time, but who is there who is not able to stop a minute?

A contemporary says lawyers are noted for losing their patience. How about doctors?

Samoa is in trouble again. It seems to be her chronic condition. As soon as she is once out of trouble she gets in Samoa.

"Miss," said a joker to a young lady, "what a pity that you are not a mirror." "Why so?" "Because you would be such a good looking lass."

"Is Mr. Brophey tall?" "Personally he is." "Personally?" "Yes. Officially he is short—$30,000 short. That's why he went to Montreal."

Mrs. Partington wants to know why the captain of a vessel can't keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor instead of weighing it every time he leaves port.

"Your sleighing is delightful, Miss Ethel," said Mr. Bore, "It fairly carries me away." "Indeed!" returned Miss Ethel, with a yearning glance at the clock, "I hadn't noticed it."

### ADVICE FOR WIVES.

Be gentle and firm with children.

Beware of the first disagreement.

Beware of meddlers and tale-bearers.

Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.

Avoid moods and pets and fits of sulkiness.

Never charge a bad motive if a good one is conceivable.

Learn to govern yourselves and to be gentle and patient.

Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever opportunity offers.

Never speak or act in anger until you have prayed over your words or acts.

Remember that valuable as is the gift of speech silence is often more valuable.

Never retort a sharp or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.

Study the characters of each and sympathize with all their troubles, however small.

Do not expect too much from others, but forbear and forgive, as you desire forbearance and forgiveness yourself.

Even if your husband should have no heart, he is sure to have a stomach, so be careful to lubricate the marriage yoke with well cooked dinners.

Let him know more than you do once in a while; it keeps up his self respect, and you are none the worse for admitting that you are not actually infallible.

And first be as kind and courteous to your husband as you were when he was your lover. Then you used to look up to him; do not now look down upon him.