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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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

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1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

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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, 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.

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:—Crooksman's Block, Georgetown, and 86 King street east, Toronto.
C. 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. 1276. Cable Address: Badgerow.
C. W. BADGEROW, JOHN CARSON, B.A.
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. Binding neatly and promptly done.

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
MILL STREET, ACTON.
An entire three-stylish hair-cut, a good sea-foam or exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors hone 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.
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.
6-1y

Fruit Trees, Small Fruits
And Ornamental Shrubbery.
REV. E. B. COOK, Acton, has been appointed sole agent for this section for the well known Old Rochester Nursery, S. Moulton, proprietor, and is prepared to take orders for any of the fruit trees, small fruits or shrubs which are shown in the illustrated catalogues of the nursery. The products of the Old Rochester Nursery are known to be generally reliable and correctly named, and I can promise satisfactory results to all who purchase stock from me. Prices reasonable.
REV. E. B. COOK, Agent

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

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.

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.

PICTURE FRAMES
—AT—
WATER BROTHER
PICTURES
—AT—
WATERS BROTHERS
Cornice Poles, Banner Rods, Mouldings, Cords, Nails, Glass, Bevelled Mirrors,
ARTIST'S MATERIALS
Winsor & Newtons
—AT—
WATERS BROTHERS,
25 WYNDHAM TREET 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, 1ft. high, $00, 7 ft. $75, 6 ft. $50, 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 20 to 50 per cent. below all other dealers.

—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 St le Wooden Pump to the Best Force Pump made.
Pumps for Wind Mills or Rock Wells supplied on short notice.
Deep Wells a Specialt.
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 Blocting, 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.

—EVERYBODY—
Read This
There is Money in it.
In order to reduce the stock to facilitate his annual
STOCK-TAKING
J.C. Nelson
Will give a Cash Discount of Ten Per Cent. to all persons purchasing $2.00 worth, or over, of Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Overshoes, Rubbers, &c.
From Now Until Feb'y 16th.
Everybody come and secure bargains. All Goods marked in plain figures.
TERMS - - CASH.
J. C. NELSONS
ACTON.
P.S.—Choicest and Cheapest stock of Groceries in the town.

SCHOOL BOOKS,
COPY BOOK,
EXERCISE BOOKS,
SLATES,
A FULL LINE
—AT—
DAY'S BOOKSTORE,
GUELPH.
DAY SELLS CHEAP.

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 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

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE.
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all day trains and those at night if ordered. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS.

—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.

Fancy 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.

HER SMILE HIS SUNLIGHT.

Sweetheart, when rhymes I make
For your dear sake,
You bring
Into your face a smile,
To cheer me while
I sing.

Like to that bird, am I,
Which, when the sky
At night
A deeper azure grows,
No longer knows
Delight;

Or like of flowers that one
Which loves the sun
And gives
The beauty of its bloom
To him for whom
It lives.

Pleasure nor joy to bless
Have I unless
Your face
Over my paper shines
And lights the lines
With grace.

For to your smile is day
The golden ray
That climbs
Imagination's wall
And sweetens all
My rhymes.

For you the Bird's song, this—
The flower's fresh kiss—
And breath;
Nor may their nightfall come
Till both are dumb
In death!

Select Family Reading.

Georgie's Stroke of Fortune.

"Hey! Johnny!"

Like a shot the newsboy flew across the street in answer to the hail, distancing two competitors after an even start.

"Let's have the Evening——."

George Alston, who had answered to promptly to the name of Johnny,—indeed, so many people called him by it that it seemed almost as familiar as his own,—handed the gentleman the paper, the last of his pack, and stood waiting for his pay.

"Have you change for a quarter?" asked the fashionably dressed customer, with a wink at his equally stylish companion.

"Yes, sir," replied George, whipping the proffered coin between his teeth, and diving his chubby fist, all red and blue with cold, into the pocket of his patched trousers and pulling out a handful of pennies, with here and there a "nickel" among them, he selected four of the latter and three pennies which he handed to the stranger, and with a light heart and a light pair of heels set off at a run, glad that his day's work was over.

"You don't mean to say you stuck the boy with that old-looking coin the barkeeper refused to take where we had the last Santa Cruzes?" queried one of the two dandies.

"I told you I'd get it off," returned the other, with a laugh; "people aren't all as sharp as bar-keepers."

"But few are sharper than a New York newsboy. I wonder the little Arab didn't tip his nose to you or pull down his right under eyelid."

"Oh! *he'll* come out all right the first time he makes change for a rural purchaser of a last week's morning *Herald* for the latest *extree* with 'all about the Czar's last toothache.'"

And, with another laugh, the pair turned into a gayly lighted "Sample Room" in search of another brace of Santa Cruzes.

It was Christmas Eve, and George, who had been all the week assuring Viva, his three-year-old sister, that Santa Claus would be sure to put something nice in her stocking if she was a good girl—a condition which Viva had fulfilled to the letter—made it his first business to take measures to insure the keeping of the promise he had taken the liberty of making in the jolly saint's name.

For several days he had kept an eye on a rosy-cheeked doll in a toy-shop window on his route.

At last he was it a condition to make certain of the prize. The price—he had been careful to ascertain it—was just a dollar; not a very large sum, it is true, but Georgie had to lay by a reserve of capital every evening sufficient to purchase his next day's stock, and it was only by close pinching that he was able to save a dollar from his gains.

His heart sank as he approached the toyman's window. The cruel wolf must have come in his absence. The precious darling was nowhere to be seen. But stay!—what was that just round the corner of a great Noah's ark, placed since morning in the middle of the window? Surely that was the border of her little red hood, and—ah! yes!—there was one of her blue eyes peeping at him as roguishly as if she was challenging him to game of hide-and-seek.

Georgie walked in briskly and pushed his way to the counter.

"I want to buy that doll in the window—the one in the red cloak and hood," he said to the first salesman he found disengaged, laying down a dollar in change.

Red-Ridinghood was brought from her hiding-place and done up in a neat parcel, which Georgie was carefully buttoning under his jacket, when the salesman, in the act of taking up the money, shoved back one of the pieces.

"What do you call that?" he asked bruskly.

"A quarter," answered George.

"I don't."

"Anyhow I took it for one," said the boy.

"Can't help that," replied the man. "Either give me another or return the goods."

"Is it bad?"

"I don't say that—I don't know what it is, and don't want it."

Georgie hesitated a moment. Another quarter would break in on his reserve, and utterly derange his next day's business. With a sigh that was almost a sob, and forcing back the tears that nearly came in spite of him, he handed back the parcel, took up his money, and left the shop, not venturing to look back as he passed the window outside.

Suddenly it flashed upon him that he had that day seen in a window a number of queerly bound old books with quaint pictures in them, and a number of battered and rusty coins on a shelf, while a placard on one of the panes announced:

"OLD BOOKS AND COINS BOUGHT HERE."

"Maybe I can get something for it there," thought Georgie; "it looks at least as well as most of those already in the window."

Acting on the impulse, he hastened to the place, which was fortunately still open.—"How much will you give for that?" he inquired of a man behind a desk, laying down the piece and waiting anxiously the answer.

"I took it for a quarter," he hastened to add, as if that were some proof of value.

"I'll give you another for it," said the man, carelessly, after a brief examination.

Georgie's heart leaped to his throat. He would have closed with the offer at once, that he might lose no time in hurrying back to the toy-shop, but his eagerness, for the moment, left him without speech.

"Let me see it?" said a kindly-faced, little old gentleman, with white hair and gold spectacles, looking up from one of the quaint books which he had been glancing over.

With no great alacrity the man at the desk complied.

The little old gentleman turned the piece over in his fingers several times, scrutinizing it carefully. Then he took off his spectacles, and screwed a curious-looking glass, with an ivory rim, into one eye, and made another inspection.

Having satisfied himself apparently, he removed the glass and replaced the spectacles.

"*I'll give you fifty dollars for it*," he said turning to Georgie.

The latter looked at the little gentleman with amazement. He had never heard of "Clinton cents" worth a hundred dollars, and bits of dingy copper, bearing Cæsar's "image and superscription," fetching many times as much.

"It's a coin of Henry the Seventh's time," said the old gentleman—"not especially rare, but fairly worth what I have offered.

"Maybe this gentleman will give more," he added, with a motion of the head toward the man at the desk, as he noticed the boy's indecision.

"No," you have tendered the full value," replied the man thus appealed to, looking a little ashamed of his own recent offer.

Georgie no longer hesitated. The little old gentleman was evidently in his senses, and knew what he was doing. The bargain was briefly concluded, and Georgie became the happy possessor of five crisp ten-dollar notes.

The widow Allston's heart felt heavier than usual that day. She had always been able to have a Christmas turkey before. But times had gone hard of late, and the man for whom she made vests had cut down the price so low that the turkey would have to be dispensed with.

It was hardly light enough to see next morning, when Viva wakened with a start, and ran to where she had hung her stocking from the corner of the stove for want of a chimney-corner.

What a scream of delight she gave as she saw the little red hood, and under it a pair of laughing blue eyes peeping at her archly over the border of her stocking.

In an instant the precious treasure was in her arms.

"Oh! Georgie! Georgie!" she cried, running to wake her brother from his pretended sleep. "Just see what Santa Claus broughted me! It's little Yed-Yidin'hood, an' I 'spect he's killed ze ugly old wolf!"

Dinner or no dinner, Viva was supplied with happiness for that day.

An equal surprise was in store for the widow. A man with a handcart came to the door and inquired for Mrs. Allston.

"Here are some things I have brought," he said

The widow started back, astonished. There were meat and game and vegetables, and, towering all, such a turkey!

"Th—there must be some mistake," the widow stammered.

"There is no mistake," said the man, beginning to unload.

"God bless the generous giver!" exclaimed the widow, from the fulness of her heart.

Georgie's eyes glistened. He could hardly refrain from throwing his arms about her neck and telling all. But he had further plans yet.

There was happiness in that humble household that day. At its close the widow retired to rest with a heart filled with thankfulness, and Viva fell asleep with Red Ridinghood in her arms.

"Mother," said Georgie, as they sat at supper the next evening, "you mustn't work so hard any more."

"I don't mind work," she said, with the cheerful look she always tried to keep for her children, "and we must do our best to get along."

"But you needn't work so hard now," persisted Georgie. "I bought out a newsstand to-day, with a store in it, and a nice stock of magazines and periodicals, and having a fine run of custom."

The widow stared in speechless astonishment.

Then Georgie told the secret he had been burning to disclose, and there was another happy evening under the widow's roof.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Dean Swift, having preached an assize sermon in Ireland, was invited to dine with the judges, and having in his sermon considered the uses and abuses of the law, he then pressed a little hard on those counsellors who plead causes which they know to be wrong. When dinner was over, and the glasses began to go round, a young barrister retorted upon the dean, and after several altercations, the counsellor asked him, "If Satan were to die, whether a parson might be found who, for money, would preach his funeral sermon?" "Yes," said Swift, "I would gladly be the man, and I would gladly give him his due, as I have this day done his children."

NATURAL HISTORY.

One of the *Forest and Stream's* readers, who is a skilled field-shot, owns a pointer who has been brought up in the way he should go. The dog knows when Sunday comes, and he refuses to hunt on that day. He will put in his best efforts from early Monday morning till late Saturday night, but not a step will he budge toward the field on Sunday. This is a dog story, but the facts are actually as stated.—*Forest and Stream.*

There (at Cayenne) when a convict dies the body is borne to the sea and a great bell is tolled. And then is the viscous, glaucous sea-surface furrowed suddenly by innumerable, swart, sharp, triangular—the legions of the sharks rushing to the hidious funeral. They know the bell.—*Harper's.*

Every church member ought to be a committee of one to increase the size of the congregation. If all who read this paragraph will act on it, the beneficiaries of the saving power of the gospel will be multiplied this year.

CULTIVATE CHEERFULNESS.

Life is essentially what we make it. A few are born invalids, or, by reason of sickness, are rendered incapable of coping with the world. But to every ninety-nine out of a hundred individuals is given the prerogative of determining their relative position in the scale of existence. They are allowed to decide whether they will control circumstances or permit circumstances to control them. Upon the result of their resolution hinges their weal or woe. To be happy one must be on happy terms with others, and the difference between being liked and disliked represents the difference between the cheerful, good-humored, and the ill-tempered, acrimonious disposition. The individual who uniformly carries a smiling countenance, and keeps his troubles if he has any, to himself, is welcome wherever he goes. He makes hosts of friends, and impressing others with a belief that he must be doing well to be so cheerful, inspires confidence, draws customers, and makes headway in the world, where one with more brains but less buoyance fails. Some one truly declares that "cheerfulness and diligence are nine-tenths of wisdom." An old writer used to say that "a habit of looking at the best side of every event is far better than a thousand pounds a year." Charles Lamb expressed the same idea in different language when he wrote: "A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any state of the market." "Cheerfulness," observes Samuel Smith, "gives elasticity to the spirit; spectres fly before it; difficulties cease no dispair, for they are encountered with hope, and the mind requires the happy disposition to improve opportunities, which rarely fail of success." Hume was wont to say, that "he would rather possess a cheerful disposition—inclined always to look at the bright side of things—than with a gloomy mind to be the master of an estate of ten thousand a year." We often hear the remark made: "Such and such an individual is a good fellow," "He must go with the party," or "We can't spare him." Study the character of the individual alluded to, and you will find that he is cheerful, full of animal life and spirits, and always ready to join in a hearty laugh. If his face is ever welcome it is because it is full of sunshine and good nature.

CONUNDRUMS.

How many aunts make a landlord?—Ten-ants

On what toe does a corn never come?—The mistletoe.

Where is happiness always to be found?—in the dictionary.

Why is the letter G like the sun?—Because it is the centre of light.

What is that which flies high, flies low, has no feet, and yet wears shoes?—Dust.

Why are fishermen and shepherds like beggars?—Because they live by hook and crook.

What is it that goes up the hill, and down the hill, and yet never moves?—The road.

Why isn't a fishmonger a nice acquaintance?—Because he is sure to be a sell-fish man.

Why is a cabstand like a lawyer's desk?—Because conveyances are drawn up upon it.

Why do little birds in their nests agree?—Because if they did not they would all fall out.

Why are ripe potatoes in the ground like thieves?—Because they ought to be taken up.

Why is coffee like an axe with a dull edge?—Because it must be ground before it can be used.

Why are fowls the most profitable things to keep?—Because for every grain they give a peck.

What is that which every man can divide, but which no man can see where it has been divided?—Water.

WHAT MARY THOUGHT.

Little Mary, otherwise Big Eyes, three years old, had never been a traveller, her longest trips being to Aunt Susan's, five miles distant. When her father's business necessitated his moving from Georgia to Alabama, the older children talked to Mary a great deal during the packing about the "new country" they were going to, until the little mind was prepared to accept any conditions, however novel, in that strange land. Finally the day of moving came, and the Georgia Pacific Railway bore them across the State line. "Now, Mary," said papa, "we are in Alabama." Big Eyes said nothing, but looked out eagerly for something strange and new. However, she could not see that Alabama was different at all from Georgia. Disappointed, she still reserved the expression of her opinion, and gazed more earnestly out, when suddenly the train shot into a tunnel. The little tot caught desperately at her father's hand as he held it to her, but she did not cry out. When daylight shone brightly on them again, Big Eyes shook her head disgustedly. "Don't yike dis tuntry; it dets night in spots!"

A PRISONER FIFTY YEARS.

When William Pierce was a boy 16 years old he murdered his father, who was a New York State farmer. That was in 1839. No one has ever doubted that he was insane. Fifty years ago, before insanity was admitted as a plea in our courts he was sentenced to imprisonment for life. Well, in those days railroads were unknown in Central New York, and Pierce was taken in a waggon over a rough country road through a demi semi wilderness to Auburn, where he has been confined ever since. The lithe youngster of those days has grown to more than a six-footer, and for two-score and ten years he has been secluded from the world. At 66 years of age his pardon has been signed by Governor Hill, and for the first time in his life he last week saw a locomotive and a train of cars. It is a peculiar incident.

A JUST CRITICISM.

A gentleman recently returned from a trip through the country towns of New York asserts that he has not very much objection to a cottage that is consistently Queen Anne all through, but he evinces a strong antipathy to those houses—and their name is legion—"that are Queen Anne in front and Mary Anne at the back."

Wells should be ventilated, as the water is thereby kept fresh and free from bad odor. The absorption of air by water renders it pleasanter to the taste, and purifies it to some extent; but the effect is not a very marked one.

The young man who, while he makes one dollar spends a dollar and one cent is on the sure road either to bankruptcy or the penitentiary.

MUSIC AS SHE IS EXICUTED.

Attending service not long ago in an elegant church edifice, where they worship God with taste in a highly artistic manner, the choir began that scriptural poem which compares Solomon with the lilies of the field, somewhat to the former's disadvantage. Although never possessing great admiration for Solomon, not considering him a suitable person to hold up as a shining example before the Young Men's Christian Association, still a pang of pity for him was left when the choir, after expressing unbounded admiration for the lilies of the field, which it is doubtful if they ever observed very closely, began to tell the congregation, through the mouth of the soprano that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed." Straightway the soprano was reinforced by the bass, who declared that Solomon was most decidedly and emphatically not arrayed—was not arrayed. Then the alto ventured it as her opinion that Solomon was not arrayed, when the tenor without a moment's hesitation sang as if it had been officially announced that "he was not arrayed." When the feelings of the congregation had been harrowed up sufficiently, and our sympathies all aroused for poor Solomon, whose numerous wives allowed him to go about in such a fashion even in that climate, the choir altogether in a most cool and composed manner informed us that the idea they intended to convey was that solomon in all his glory was not arrayed "like one of these." These what? So long a time had elapsed since they sang of the lilies that the thread was entirely lost, and by "these" one naturally concluded that the choir was designated. Arrayed like one of these? We should think not, indeed! Solomon in a Prince Albert or cutaway coat? Solomon with an eyeglass and mustache, his hair cut in a pompadour? No, most decidedly. Solomon in the very zenith of his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Despite the experience of the morn the hope still remained that in the evening a sacred song might be sung in a manner that would not excite our risibilities or leave the impression that we had been listening to a case of blackmail. But again off started the nimble soprano with the very laudable though rather startling announcement, "I will wash." Straightway the alto, not to be outdone, declared she would wash. And the tenor, finding it to be the thing, warbled forth he would wash. Then the deep chested basso, as though calling up all his fortitude for the plunge, bellowed forth the stern resolve that he also would wash. Next a short interlude on the organ strongly suggestive of escaping steam or splash of the waves, after which the choir individually and collectively asserted the firm, unshaken resolve that they would wash. At last they solved the problem by stating that they proposed to "wash their hands in innocency, so will the altar of the Lord be compassed."

TOBACCO-POISONING.

We are glad to see that *Babyhood* following the lead of a medical contemporary, has called the attention of its readers to the bad effects of tobacco smoke on young children; not smoke of their own manufacture, of course; but that exhaled from smoke-laden air. This is a subject we have never seen discussed before; but irrespective of any question regarding the habit of smoking, *per se*, we think that every one must agree with the conclusions reached by the writer quoted below.

"Every one is familiar with the effects of tobacco upon those unaccustomed to it, especially upon the young; but we are too apt to consider these effects as confined to the person smoking. This is a distinct error. The pleasurable effects generally are so confined, but the discomforts are not. Persons habituated to tobacco are usually very incredulous about these discomforts, and pay little attention to them. Yet many habitual smokers avoid a smoking-car or smoking-cabin, and we have known many men in good health who have been obliged to give up attendance at their favorite clubs because their fellow-members smoked so excessively as to cause them an illness. We have even known a strong man, who rarely used tobacco, in need of medical aid, from attending a directors' meeting, held in a rather small room, where the majority smoked during the meeting while he did not. With these facts before us, who can doubt the effect upon infants and young children before they acquire habitation? If a child is 'poorly,' with poor appetite, is languid, etc., it is always worth while to inquire if this source of poisoning exists. It may seem that such caution is unnecessary, but we daily see the men of the family smoking in the same room with their children."—*Golden Rule.*

THE PARADOXES OF SCIENCE.

The water which drowns us, a finest stream, can be walked upon as ice. The bullet, which, when fired from a musket, carries death, will be harmless if ground to dust before being fired. The crystalized part of an oil of roses, so grateful in its fragrance—a solid at ordinary temperatures, though readily volatile—is a compound substance, containing exactly the same proportions, as the gas with which we light our streets. The tea which we daily drink, with benefit and pleasure, produces palpitations, nervous tremblings, and even paralysis, if taken in excess; yet the peculiar organic agent called theine, to which tea owes its qualities, may be taken by itself as theine, not as tea, without any appreciable effect. The water which will allay our burning thirst augments if when congealed into snow; so that it is stated by explorers of the Arctic regions that the natives "prefer enduring the utmost extremity of thirst rather than attempt to remove it by eating snow." Yet if the snow be melted it becomes drinkable water. Nevertheless, although if melted before entering the mouth it assuages thirst like other water, when melted in the mouth it has the opposite effect. To render this paradox more striking, we have only to remember that ice, which melts more slowly in the mouth, is very efficient in allaying thirst.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Pure soda-water (more properly called carbonate water), whether natural or manufactured, is a powerful aid to digestion by stimulating the stomach, and also, probably by aiding to dissolve the ingredients of the food. It is very appetizing; it corrects acidity in the stomach, checks the disposition to nausea, and cools the system in febrile complaints; it lessens the desire for spirituous liquors, and is indeed the ideal beverage for the water drinker, provided, always, that pure water is used in its preparation.

WE KNOW HIM WELL.

We know him well. He is a man
Built on the stupendous plan,
Flushed of health and strong of limb,
A hero bold and warrior grim.
To those who know him not may be—
At home he's helpless as a baby.

He lets his tired little wife,
Who strangely loves him as her life,
Wait on him with devotion rare.
While with a most complacent air
And perfect ease before the blaze he
Lolls around—because he's lazy.

His wife, afraid to own her soul,
Chops the wood and lugs the coal,
Draws the water, shovels snow,
While he a giant, sees her grow
More delicate, and less admired,
Doing his work—because he's tired.

Shame on this semblance of a man,
Shame on he woman, too, who can,
So avoid the female spunk and sense,
Coddle a creature so immense
And good for nothing, spanking, may be,
By real men might help the baby.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

EGGS IN WINTER.

A correspondent of *Farm and Home* says:—I always get more eggs in winter than any of my neighbors. As soon as they are off the roosts in the morning (and a hen that lays gets up early), I give them some warm water to drink and a warm feed of soft food, consisting of one pint of corn meal, cooked in two quarts of skim milk and thickened with three pints of shorts. I season this with one teaspoonfull of salt and the same of black pepper, and once a week give the hens a feed of boiled mashed potatoes with their corn meal instead of shorts. That is their morning feed all winter. At noon I give them one quart of oats scattered in straw to keep them busy. At three o'clock p. m. I give them more warm water and one quart of corn. Three times in the winter I feed condition powders for a week. I think Sheridan's the best. My hens are a mixture of Houdan, White and Brown Leghorn and Light Brahma. I think I could give a better record if they were full-blooded Leghorns. They began laying in December and laid 10 dozen eggs in December, 15 dozen in January and a still larger number in February and March. My hens are never sick nor lousy. I put kerosene on the roosts once a month and sulphur in the nests, using china nest eggs.

VARIETIES.

While the water is quiet the mud lies at the bottom, but when it is disturbed it rises to the top.

Show me that he who has the worst principles can get the advantage over him who has the better. You will never show it, nor anything like it; for the law of nature and of God is this: Let the better always prevail over the worse.

An old writer says:—"A long chin declareth a man to be peaceable, yea a babbler. They that have little chins are much to be avoided and taken heed of, for they are full of impiety and wickedness, and are spies like unto serpents."

When a man has no design but to speak the plain truth, he is not apt to be very talkative.

The grumbler is generally in the wrong. Some men, even in the Church, can see no good in any measure that they do not admire. When they are over-ruled and a course which was not what they wanted is adopted, they unfairly labor to make their evil prophecies come true.

It is a great pity that any one man should aspire to the control of a whole Church, and especially where there are so many men and women of intelligence and consecration. Such a Church is not much sought after by preachers who are compelled to seek places. We have known such a Church to be without a pastor about half the time. Such Churches are dreaded by Methodist preachers who go where they are sent. They do not always go gladly. They know they must meet Diotrephes who loveth the pre-eminence, and who will certainly undertake to dictate the policy he is to pursue. Fortunately there are but few who have such a spirit.

The organic weakness in your moral nature, discovered, fought against, and conquered, is to be the blessing of your life. Victory at this point means the exaltation of your whole being forever.—*Selected.*

TO BE NOTED BY BUSINESS MEN.

Owe no man a dollar if you can avoid it.

Have a general extended knowledge of all things you deal in.

Go into business on your own account late rather than too early in life.

Get into an old firm rather than establish a new one.

Avoid large sales to individuals.

When you buy, take care; when you sell, take quadruple care.

Make no useless expenditures when you owe others.

Keep your property well insured; you cannot afford to lose while you are trying to make.

Be honest, economical, agreeable and pleasant.

Keep your expenses low and your profits high.

Take little credit and have much money.

Have a small house and large capital.

Be modest, but feel your strength.

Mrs. Grundy will not pay your bills; therefore don't let your wife spend too much to please her.

ONE YEAR CLOCKS

An important improvement in clocks has been shown the British Association for the Advancement of Science by Mr. W. H. Douglass. The new feature is the torsion pendulum, which with lever and escapement, may be applied to ordinary works, and by its slow rate, of vibration makes practicable the conversion of an eight-day clock into one requiring winding only once a year.

In a pitiable plight is he—no matter how wise and good and great and useful he may be—who has need to pray to be delivered from his friends.

If in a church of one hundred members each should give a cent a day for Missions, their offerings would amount to three hundred and sixty-five dollars a year. If they gave two cents a week, they would amount to one hundred dollars a year. Is this too large a sum to ask for such a purpose? Yet few churches in this country give as much as a cent a day for Missions. Men who drink or smoke would think this a very paltry sum to be spent in gratifying their appetites. Ought not the love of Christ to constrain us to do this much for the evangelization of the world?