The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE,

ACTON, - ONTARIO

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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THREE MONTHS.....25CT

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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 issued.
All calls, night or day promptly attended to. Terms easy.

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:—Crreelman's Block, Georgetown, and 86 King street east, Toronto.
C. J. 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.
C. 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 $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. Price lists 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 set-form at exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors kept sharp 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.

Fruit Trees, Small Fruits
And Ornamental Shrubbery.
REV. E. H. COOK, Acton, has been appointed sole agent for this section for the well known Old Rochester Nursery, S. Moulson, 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. H. 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—Hardwood, Ash, Cedar and Mill Wood, at reasonable prices. Wood and Coal delivered.
JAMES BROWN

MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
—OF THE—
COUNTY OF WELLINGTON,
ESTABLISHED 1840.
HEAD OFFICE, - GUELPH.
Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of property, on the Premium Note System.
F. W. Stone, President. Chas. Davidson, Secretary.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent.

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 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 o 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, 1ft. 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.

—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 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.

—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 $100 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 aged 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.

STOCK-TAKING
-SALE-
—OF—
Boots and Shoes
I have decided to give 10% off my already low prices for the
—NEXT THIRTY DAYS—
To make room for my Spring goods.
I have a large stock of Felt Boots on hand which I will sell cheap.
—NOTE THE PRICES—
Half fox $1.40.
Whole fox $1.65.
I have a good stock of Trunks & Valises I will sell cheap. Also remember
THIS IS FOR CASH ONLY.
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.

PUBLIC SCHOOL IDYL.

Ram it in, cram it in,—
Children's heads are hollow!
Slam it in, jam it in,—
Still there's more to follow;
Hygiene and history,
Astronomic mystery,
Algebra, Histology,
Latin, Etymology,
Botany, Geometer,
Greek and Trigonometry.—
Ram it in, cram it in,
Children's heads are hollow!

Rap it in, tap it in,—
What are teachers paid for?
Bang it in, slap it in,—
What are children made for?
Ancient Archæology,
Aryan Philology,
Prosody, Zoology,
Physics, Climatology,
Calculus and Mathematics,
Hoax it in, coax it in,
Children's heads are hollow!

Rub it in, club it in,
All there is of learning;
Punch it in, crunch it in,
Quench their childish yearning
For the fields and grassy nook,
Meadow green and rippling brook;
Drive such wicked thoughts after!
Teach the children that they are
But machines to cram it in,
Bang it in, slam it in,
That their heads are hollow!

Scold it in, mold it in,
All that they can swallow;
Fold it in, hold it in,
Till there's more to follow!
Faces pinched and sad and pale
Tell the same undying tale,—
Tells of moments robbed from sleep,
Meals untasted, studies deep,
Those who've passed the furnace through,
With aching brow will tell to you
How the teachers crammed it in,
Rammed it in, jammed it in,
Crunched it in, punched it in,
Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
Pressed it in and caressed it in,
Popped it in and slapped it in,
When their heads were hollow!

Select Family Reading.

Marian's Jewel.

"Well, John, we'll have to ask you to stay in the store to-night," said the senior partner of the firm of Chesley & Co., Jewelers and Silversmiths, as he came out of the inner office and walked down to the plated ware counter. The blonde young fellow behind the counter, to whom these words were addressed, was engaged in putting back into its case a pretty little trinket, upon the merits of which he had been descanting for the last half hour to an old lady who couldn't quite make up her mind whether to buy that or a certain rosewood cabinet for her "darter Nan's weddin' present," and who had gone out to take a last look at the cabinet before making the final decision. As he looked up and smiled deferentially, his employer continued:

"Ransom, the night watchman, has just sent down word that his wife's at the point of death, and as we can't leave the store unprotected, you know, and you're the only single man among the clerks and a pretty tough customer in a rough and tumble, I guess you'd better stay."

"All right, sir," said John, cheerfully, as he renewed his attention to the tea-set. But for all his assumed cheerfulness he was thoroughly disgusted at the prospect. Not that he would have objected to making three dollars by such a simple expedient as sleeping away from his lodgings any other night in the week, but this was Tuesday, and if he wasn't on hand to take Marian Hinton home from the Philharmonic rehearsal, why, that impudent fellow, Jones, would be; and the latter was just mean enough to seize the opportunity and make a lot of engagements, that would keep him, the aforesaid John, out in the cold for a week. However, it would never do to get old man Chesley down-on him by shirking a job or refusing to grant a request; so that settled it.

At ten o'clock the store was closed, the diamonds and more valuable contents of the show-cases put in the safe, the iron shutters pulled down, and our hero left in undisputed possession of the countless treasures which a large jeweller's establishment contains. But John—whose other name, by the way, was Hastings—did not feel at all overpowered by the responsibility. He was a light hearted but a determined young fellow, to whom both fear and anxiety were unknown as yet. Besides, he had been on guard duty several times before, and the novelty had worn off.

After so disposing himself as to find the softest spot on the lounge which stood beside the large safe in the inner office, he scanned the evening paper, and then pulling out of his pocket a *vade mecum*, in the shape of a book entitled, "A Manual of Etiquette, or the Usages of Good Society," soon became absorbed in its contents, and finally fell asleep, with his fingers as book-mark in the midst of Chapter X, on "Conduct Before the Wedding."

As one by one the realities and surroundings of the present faded from him, Memory opened her cells, and released the images and recollections of childhood, and with them he was led back through Dreamland—back to that quiet New England homestead, over whose wide, soft lawn he had rolled and kicked in the untrammelled freedom of infancy. About him were the brothers with whom he had played and fought, and worked and studied his way through youth to early manhood. There was the low, vine-covered cottage; the well, with its decrepit but picturesque sweep, and the shed spreading its protecting roof over a nondescript collection of boxes and barrels; while the cart stood out under the old apple tree, with nothing but the gnarled limbs and scanty foliage to shield it from the elements. The orchard sloped down to the brook, and through its leafy vistas came glimpses of the meadows, stretching away in the October sunlight to the sleepy little river. Under the trees were scattered heaps of ruddy-cheeked apples, while from the creaking cider-press there flowed a golden stream of nectar, sweeter than any mythic tipple of the gods.

As he bent over the press to dip his straw in the little rivulet of cider, he noticed a peculiarly sickening and yet pungent odor, like that which rises from a pile of apples rotting in the sun. It grew stronger and stronger, until it seemed to almost overpower him, and he awoke to find his nostrils filled with that deadly odor, not a relic of his dreams, but an unpleasant reality exhaled from a handkerchief saturated with some fluid and lying on his face.

It was chloroform.

But at Hasting's first movement, and before his half stupefied intellect grasped the situation, a powerful hand was at his throat, while its mate jammed the handkerchief down closer upon his face.

John was neither a dude nor a dissipated wreck, although he was a clerk, and a city clerk at that. Both nature and Professor Blakie's art had combined to render him strong and active.

As he felt the pressure of the hand upon his throat, he doubled himself up with the rapidity of lightning and the force of a steel trap.

The effect of this manœuvre was to bring his knees against the middle of his assailant's back with a shock that sent him flying over the head of the couch, while John rolled after and fell upon his prostrate body.

Then ensued a struggle that smashed the office furniture to fragments, and filled the air with the dust of ages accumulated under the carpet. They were evenly matched, but the anæsthetic had rendered John a little groggy, as the pugilists say, and his motions were uncertain.

He had sense enough remaining, however, to throw himself against the button which sounded a private alarm at the nearest police station whenever they approached in their journeys back and fourth across the room, and to yell "police!" as often as he could catch his breath.

His efforts grew gradually weaker; but help was coming; for, just as his assailant gained the mastery, there was a terrific pounding on the door and shutters, with the demand to "Open in the name of the law!"

Drawing a short club from his pocket the burglar struck his victim over the head with all his might; then, diving into the cellar and crawling up out of the back coal hole, through which he had effected an entrance, disappeared from the scene forever.

When the police at length effected an entrance, they found Hastings insensible upon the floor. But he soon recovered, for his skull was tolerably thick, and the chloroform used by his midnight caller was of a quality.

In the morning a little bag, containg diamonds was found lying upon the floor, where the robber had dropped it in the struggle.

"I guess this belongs to you, John, as there doesn't seem to be any other claimant," said old Mr. Chesley.

But, alas! they were all pronounced to be paste, and John's momentary riches took to themselves wings and flew away after the quite too usual fashion.

He laughingly dubbed them the crown jewels, and poured them all into Marian's lap, with the remark that, as such, they should remain in the custody of the queen.

That demure little woman went into ecstasies over "the pretty jewels." There was just a touch of romance, too, in having a young hero, who had fought with robbers, come and lay his spoils at her feet, even if those spoils were only paste diamonds. One of the imitation gems was of great size and beauty. Sharply cut, of a light canary-yellow color, and utterly without blemish, it was as pure as a ray of sunlight, but much more substantial, as it weighed a matter of 130 carats.

"I'll be hanged if I shouldn't believe that to be genuine, if it was only a little smaller," said old Mr. Chesley as he held it up to the light. "But if there ever was a pure diamond of that size, no one but an Eastern despot could ever afford to own it."

John had it set in a plain gold pin for Marian to wear in her hair, and christened it the "Koh-i-nor."

"O, how lovely!" exclaimed all her admiring friends, when she appeared with it shining amid her rich brown tresses. "What a pity it isn't a real diamond!" But at the same time they rejoiced exceedingly in the depths of their envious little souls that it wasn't "a real diamond."

The summer came, and the Koh-i-nor still flashed in the hair of its queenly little owner, but no more definite understanding was established between the donor and wearer of the jewel. Jones still skirmished about the field of action, and by making sudden dashes within John's lines of defence would carry off Marian as a prize to occasional parties and sociable.

One morning Hastings came down to the store with the Koh-i-nor in his hand. It had fallen upon the ball-room floor the preceding evening, and some had stepped upon and crushed the setting. On the threshold he met Mr. Kurtz, the junior partner and diamond expert, who represented the "Co." portion of the firm name, and who had just returned from a year of travel and study of the great gem collections of Europe.

"What have you there?" asked Mr. Kurtz, as in shaking hands his eye caught the glitter of the Koh-i-nor.

"Nothing but a big paste diamond," replied John, handing it over for inspection.

"The deuce it is!" said the expert, as he turned it in the light. "I'll risk my reputation on its genuineness. It's worth a $100,000 if it's worth a cent." And the sequel proved the accuracy of his judgment.

"I shall do nothing of the kind!" protested Marian, when John tried to make her take back the now almost priceless jewel. "I should be no better than a swindler obtaining money under false pretences. You didn't mean to give me a hundred thousand dollars, when you tossed what was supposed to be a worthless bauble into my lap.

In vain Hastings urged it upon her, said he should have given it to her just the same if he had known it to be worth a million, and that it was hers by right of possession, since she had owned and worn it for nearly a year. The only sign of relenting which he could get was the suggestion, with a shy smile, that "we might share it together."

"Not if the court knows itself," said John, as his arm slipped around a slender waist in his immediate vicinity, without meeting any determined resistance. "I suppose I shall have to keep it, since you say it's mine; but I'll carry my point yet. I'm going to turn it into cash, and devote all the proceeds to supporting a little wife." And there being no dissenting voice, the motion was carried unanimously.

It is a way of calling a man a fool when no heed is given to what he says.—L'Estrange.

Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to win all the duties of life.—Addison.

Wit should be used as a shield for defense, rather than as a sword to wound others.—Fuller.

It is asserted that, under certain conditions, the bark of the quillia tree of Chili possesses cleansing properties superior to those of the best soap.

Several European specialists have made the curious observation that acute rheumatism is more prevalent in dry than in rainy weather.

THE JUDGE'S STORY.

I got into bad company once, and the result of so doing I shall not easily forget.

The story is short, and I will relate it. Among the companions of my youth was Timothy Donnegan, a rowdyish, immoral fellow, who had some hold on my affections because of his dexterity in running, jumping, ball-playing, etc.—sports of which I was passionately fond.

While walking with Donnegan one morning he found a horseshoe, and becoming loquacious over the "good luck" was swinging it about his head, when unintentionally it slipped away and went crashing through the window of a druggist, striking the apothecary a stinging blow on the wrist. At first I broke into a ringing laugh, and stood looking at the shattered glass. Upon turning around I saw that Donnegan had disappeared, leaving me to escape the impending demands for satisfaction as best I could. Foolishly I started when it was too late, to run up the avenue. The irate pharmacist followed. Had the race been Apothecary vs. John H——, I would have proved the better man; but a blue coated policeman, joining in the chase so terrified me that my knees began to weaken, and I was soon captured.

On the accusation of the druggist I was marched to the justice's office, which was a room in the city prison.

Fifteen or twenty boys, attracted by the sight followed us. The shame and indignation which filled my soul as I passed through the streets, the gazing stock of the crowd, cannot be effaced from my memory. One thing I determined—my mother should never know of my disgrace. I would refrain from disclosing who I was, regardless of consequences.

The house in which my parents resided was so situated that its rear windows were overlooked by the rear of the city prison. A space between the buildings allowed an ample yard, which we used as a lawn.

After reaching the justice's office I was soon called upon to give my version of the affair, which I did, omitting Donnegan's name, and giving as the name of my father D. K. Jones, which name I had seen on the door of an up-town residence.

The assertion of the druggist that he saw me deliberately throw the shoe induced the judge to detain me a few hours until word could be sent to my father. Accordingly D. K. Jones was informed that his son was under arrest.

Mr. Jones, it happened, had a young son and not being able to find him when the officer called, concluded that his boy was the victim of a mistake, and with all speed he hastened to the justice's office, where he much surprised that worthy by disclaiming all knowledge of the accused. This occurrance prejudiced my case, and the justice, heretofore kind in manner, sternly ordered that I should be detained for the night.

I was led up three flight of stairs into a long room, in the farther side of which were two windows overlooking our yard The door was closed behind me; I was a prisoner. The peculiar, heart-sickening sensation sometimes experienced by those who, when visiting prisons, are detained longer than they desire—that feeling almost overpowered me.

It was about five o'clock. I had eaten nothing since breakfast. My courage began to fail. Nevertheless, the determination to conceal my identity was diminished. Impelled by irresistable curiosity, I walked to the window. On the lawn my mother was seated. Her actions indicated that she was uneasy, but as yet not positively alarmed. Once before I had absented myself from dinner without notifying her, and she doubtless thought that this was a repetition of the offense.

Suddenly she lifted her head. I thought her eyes were directed toward me; and although the shadows made it impossible for an outsider to see more than my form, I quickly drew back.

About half an hour lather entered the yard. I saw mother speak to him. He was evidently much alarmed, for he immediately hurried away. Soon after my mother went into the house.

O how my heart ached to call out "Mamma! mamma!" The intervening space would probably have rendered the cry useless; but pride prevented me from making the attempt.

Hour after hour I kept watching our door and windows, hoping to see some one I loved. Intense shame and strong fear of being discovered racked my soul. About ten o'clock the gas jets were lighted at home, and I saw the shadows of forms hurrying to and fro.

Evidently the whole household had been out on the search, and, having returned without success, were wild with apprehension. With me the passing time was a long drawn-out agony.

Instead of the good-night kiss, and the wishes for sweet dreams and sleep untouched by cyre, I was a prisoner through the misdeeds of another, and for the first time experienced intense, poignant, mental suffering.

As I gazed at our windows it was not difficult for me to imagine what was taking place behind them—the frenzied mien of father, the sobs of mother and sister, the direful supposition of them all. I would have surrendered years of life to assure them of my safety, and yet not for life would I have my mother know my whereabouts. It was a false pride, but I could not suppress it.

How long I remained at the window I do not know. It must have been after midnight when I fell exhausted upon a small cot. Visions of flashing lights and of myriads of angry pharmacists, all in hot pursuit of me, troubled my sleep.

Early in the morning I was awakened and brought down stairs. I was taken into the justice's room. There stood my father, pale and weary, but yet with love and happiness portrayed on every feature. All my hopes for concealment were spoiled. An indiscribable sense of relief filled my being. In the midst of sobbs and smiles I explained everything. The druggist mollified by a twenty-dollar bill, withdrew his charge. Without delay I was almost carried home by my dear father. Soon I was in my mother's arms. What indescribable joy! Such is the story. I have picked my company with more care since that experience.—*N. Y. Observer.*

In the matter of the use of galvanized iron water-pipes, or reservoirs, the *Science News* has always taken the ground that it was a practice attended with danger to health, on account of the action of the water upon the zinc coating, forming soluble and poisonous salts. Certain cases have come to our own knowledge where sickness, and even death, have undoubtedly occurred from this cause.

ON THE DISPLAY OF THE OSCILLATORY PROCESS.

It was in a crowded train, just starting from a city station. Men, women and children were hurrying about, finding seats and arranging luggage; but loud above the clatter of the noisy depot, rose the shrill voices of half a dozen school-girls. It required no extraordinary amount of penetration to discover that Nan and Bess were going home for the holidays, and that Fan, Nell, Sue and Madge were "seeing them off." Chatter, chatter ran their lively tongues, and ripple, ripple pealed forth their merry giggles. At last the five-minute dong sounded, and then such a scene a sensued! Nan and Bess were hugged and kissed, and kissed and hugged by the four others, individually and collectively; the aisle was completely blocked during the demonstration, and those girls swarmed over at least half a car. Finally the four departed, after several false alarms and frantic returns for "just one more."

Then a window was raised, the four on the outside gathered around it, and the following conversation ensued:

"Hope you'll have a lovely time."

"Kiss the baby for me."

"Write me as soon as you get there."

"Give Mamie a good hug."

"Wish I had had a chance to kiss Sadie before I left."

"There's the bell."

"Kiss your mother for"—

"Good-bye."

"Kiss"—

Then they all kissed their hands to each other, and, in the momentary hush that fell on the car, a young man was heard to say:

"Every one seems to be coming in for a share. Guess it will be my turn pretty soon."

The girls flushed scarlet at the remark and the titter that followed, and one relieved her frustrated feelings by exclaiming in an not audible tone:

"The hor—rid thing!"

Poor girls! It was a hard lesson, but none too hard if they profited by it.

It has been our fortune of late to be much in trains, restaurants and other public places and we have been surprised, not to say disgusted, at the exhibition of kissing embracing daily inflicted by women on an unappreciative public.

Doubtless, it is a thoughtless habit, but does it not deserve thoughtless consideration?

Of old, the hand was given only as a sacred pledge of loyality and friendship; but now we offer our lips to hundreds of chance acquaintances. If, however, we do not recognize the sacredness of a kiss, let us at least remember that others may have old fashioned notions on the subject; and let us be chary in our osculatory demonstrations. *Golden Rule.*

"TOO MUCHEE BY AND BY."

"What is your complaint against this young man, John?" said the magistrate to the Chinese laundryman, who had summoned a young gentleman whose laundry bill was in arrears.

"He too muchee by and by," was the answer of the aggrieved Celestial, when evidently knew what ailed the young man, even if he could not express his views in the most classical English.

There are other youngsters who are troubled with the same complaint, "too muchee by and by." The boy who has to be called four times in the morning, and then is late to breakfast; the boy who says "In a minute" when his mother calls him to do chores or run errands; the young gentleman who forgets his promise to bring wood or draw water: the young lady who always "means to" do things and have them set in order, but who never, never carried out her intentions; the legions of folks who always have to be waited for—all these have "too muchee by and by."

People are likely to sing themselves into perdition with "the sweet by and by." What they need is the sweet now, which is the accepted time and the day of salvation.

THE WISDOM OF ECONOMY.

Look most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will be poor always. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it; little expenses, like mice in a barn, when there are many make great waste. Hair by hair the head gets bald; straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage; drop by drop the rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon empty if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save begin with your mouth; there are many thieves down the red lane. The ale-jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass. In clothes choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing, never mind the looks. Never stretch your legs further than the blanket will reach, or you will soon be cold. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard, and work while you are young, and you will have a chance of rest when you are old.

A KIND OF A BEAU TO FREEZE TO.

"Yell, Repecca, you vas lookin' all proke oop dis morning. Vos dot young Mr. Ikleston here to see you again last night."

"Yah, fadder, he vos here till two o'clock dis morning."

"Two o'clock? Ach, mein, gracious, vot a waste of gas! It must shtop, I dell you und you must say to him dot I can't afford it."

"Yah, I did dat, fadder."

"Did vot, Repecca?"

"I dole him last veek dot ve must not burn so much gas."

"Und vot did he say?"

"He said "Yah, mein leavy doavy, I appreciate dot und vill pring a lantern mit me hereafter.'"

Und did he?"

"Yah, Laaht night he brought a lantern, und ve hung it up on de door knob und ve vere yust so habby like two turtle doaves all der time."

"Ah, Repecca, dot vas a fine young mans, und you freeze to him like a postage stamp."

SURGICAL PROGRESS.

At two of the leading hospitals of Paris the death rate from amputations of all kinds has fallen from 50 per cent in 1880 to about 15 per cent at present.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.—Shenstone.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

Into her chamber went
A little girl one day,
And by a chair she knelt,
And thus she began to pray:
"Jesus, my eyes I close;
Thy form I cannot see.
If thou art near me, Lord,
I pray thee speak to me."
A still, small voice she heard within her soul—
"What is it, child? I hear thee; tell the whole."

"I pray the, Lord," she said,
"That thou wilt condescend
To tarry in my heart
And every be my friend.
The path of life is dark,
I would not go astray;
Oh, let me have Thy hand
To lead me in the way."
"Fear not; I will not leave thee, child, alone."
She thought she felt a hand pressing her own.

"They tell me, Lord, that all
The living pass away;
The aged soon must die,
And even children may.
Oh, let my parents live
Till I a woman grow;
For if they die, what can
A little orphan do?"
"Fear not, my child; whatever ill may come,
I'll not forsake thee till I bring thee home."

Her little prayer was said,
And from her chamber now
She passed forth with the light
Of heaven upon her brow.
"Mother I've seen the Lord;
He hand in mine I've felt;
And oh, I heard him say,
As by my chair I knelt,
"Fear not, my child; whatever ill may come,
I'll not forsake thee till I bring thee home."

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

Selynn Taylor a mining engineer and coal expert of Pittsburg, thinks natural gas is giving out. He says: "Within two years at the furthest, coal lands will be selling for what they were considered worth before natural gas was thought of. This will be due largely to the failure of the gas-fields to supply the demands made upon them. Gas, like oil, will in time exhaust itself. New fields may be opened, but, taking all in all, I think the outlook for coal was never so bright since natural gas came in use. All the large gas-fields are playing out. Murrayville has seen its best days and all the wells in the Beaver and Ohio Valleys are going. The prospects for fields large enough to take their place in case of total failure are not bright by any means. The big natural gas companies recognize this as a fact, and are expending thousands of dollars on a process for making gas fuel. This is significant. In my judgment two years will see the end of natural gas as fuel."

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

Ability is a poor man's wealth.—Matthew Wren.

Economy is of itself a great revenue.—Cicero.

He was a bold man that first ate an oyster.—Dean Swift.

Nothing is denied to well directed labor.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The great duty of life is not to give pain.—Frederika Bremer.

Every one has a fair turn to be as great as he pleases.—Jeremy Collier.

If you make money your god it will plague like the devil.—Fielding.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—Sir Philip Sidney.

Common sense is a uncommon degree is what the world calls wisdom.—Coleridge.

Let prayer be the key of the morning and the bolt of the evening.—Matthew Henry.

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse.—Swift.

Narrow minds think nothing right that is above their own capacity.—Rochefoucauld.

Beauty is worse than wine, it intoxicates both the holder and the beholder.—Zimmerman.

ORIGINAL AUDITIES.

What column of the newspaper should be read in the bleak wintry weather? Why the "summary" of course.

On what kind of a steed should a somnambulist go to a steple-chase? A night mare.

The reason why flying reports are termed canards. Because they can-ard-ly be believed.

What member of the human frame would be most in agreement with the funny bone? Why the humour-wrist.

The proper place for would-be-benedicts. Pick-a-ring, Ont.

The position back-men often take up. Im-position.

When can soldiers be said to be incapable of being taken in." Why when they are too-deep (two-deep.) Deep and upon it this is a real good joke.

MARY ANDERSON'S KISS.

A few days ago, as Miss Anderson was passing through one of the great dry-goods stores, the salesmen recognized her and whispered to each other:—

"There goes Mary Anderson!—

A little cash boy, hearing the remark too late to see her face, exclaimed:—

"Oh! why didn't you let me know in time? I haven't got money enough to go to see her play, but I might have looked at her."

The lady had not passed out of hearing Turning back she stooped and kissed the boy.

"There, my lad," she said, "you can not only say that you have seen Mary Anderson, but that she has kissed you."—*Boston Transcript*

SUNDRY HINTS.

Rub lamp chimneys, after washing, with dry salt.

House plants will not thrive when kept in a draught.

A wet towel pinned over a stiff broom offers an easy means of cleaning oilcloths.

Eggs seem more tender when put into water that is cold, and allowed to boil gradually.

A pine floor washed with a solution of one pound of copperas in a gallon of strong lye will take on the color of oak.

Rub upward when washing or wiping the face and wrinkles will not come so fast. Brisk hand-rubbing after drying with a towel will do good.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past 30 years, and am satisfied I should not be alive today if it had not been for them. They cured me of Dyspepsia, when all other remedies failed."—T. B. Bonner, Chester Pa. Ayer's Pills are sold by all druggists.