TIME TA...
...runk Railway...
...CLOSING MAILS...
...OPIUM is my form...
...Catharic Compound...
...Constipation...
...S OF YOUTH...
...RMOZONE...
...Sewing Machine...
...FED VITALITY...
...LOWS M SYRUP...
...RS & COX...
...TRUSSES...
...ARTIFICIAL LIMBS...

The Acton Free Press.

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—IS PUBLISHED—

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—AT THE—

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THREE MONTHS.....25 CT

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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 Kenby 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 easy.

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HENRY GRIST, Ottawa, Canada.
Twenty Years' Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

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LICENSED AUCTIONEER
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Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $300 and upwards.

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Account Books of all kinds made to order. Pendings of every description carefully bound. Building neatly and promptly done.

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An easy shave, a stylish haircut, a good tea-foam as exhilarating champion, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.
J. & H. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artists.

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

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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,
6-17 Principal.

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. 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. 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—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, Chas. Davidson.
President. Secretary.
JOHN TAYLOR Agent.

Acton Banking Company,
STORRY, 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—
WATERS BROTHERS
PICTURES
—AT—
WATERS BROTHERS
Cornice Poles, Banner Rods, Mouldings, Cords, Nails, Glass, Bevelled Mirrors,
ARTIST'S MATERIALS
Winsor & Newtons
—AT—
WATERS BROTHERS,
25 WYNDHAM STREET GUELPH

Wellington Marble Works.
QUEBEC ST., GUELPH.
Hamilton & Clark,
PROPRIETORS.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Marble, Granite and everything pertaining to Cemetery work. Direct importers of all kinds of Granite and Marble.
Having lately visited the Bay of Fundy granite quarries, and having purchased the entire stock of gray and red granite monuments, headstones, crosses, urns, etc., of Alexander Taylor, at less than cost, we will, until further notice, sell at prices never before known in Ontario. For instance—Granite monuments, 1t. high, $60, 7 ft. $75, 6 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 35 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 Style 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 $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 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 1864)
Is an Association of business and professional men, having for its object the
Collection of Debts;
And to prevent its members from making bad debts by furnishing them with lists of parties who do not pay. Merchants and others having accounts to collect will find it to their advantage to become members—as hundreds of accounts are being collected through it that could not be collected in any other way. Many an account that has been sued and then returned by the bailiff as no good, after putting the merchant to great expense, has been collected through this association. Merchants wishing to become members, by remitting $10.00 to our Managers, at Hamilton, will receive by return mail full particulars, certificate of membership, etc. Testimonials sent.
J. B. Mills & Co., Managers

—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.

WHEN THE LADIES VOTE.

What will the country be,
When the ladies vote?
Still the land of liberty,
When the ladies vote?
Will they govern every town,
Will they crush the poor man down,
When the ladies vote?

Will they stand up in the cars,
When the ladies vote?
Will they close up all the bars,
When the ladies vote?
Will they wait and watch at night
For a husband when he's tight?
Not by a something slight,
When the ladies vote?

Will conductors pull their bells,
When the ladies vote?
While their fare exchange farewells,
When the ladies vote?
Will they start their cars and go
As they do just now you know?
No, they will not dare do so
When the ladies vote?

Oh! the men won't be so mean,
When the ladies vote,
And go out the sets between;
When the ladies vote;
Nor the funny writers say
What they've said for many a day
Of the high hats at the play,
When the ladies vote.

Oh! we'll all see better days,
When the ladies vote;
We will walk in wisdom's ways,
When the ladies vote;
All kinds of trade will hum,
And the happy time will come,
The grand millenium,
When the ladies vote?
—*Boston Courier.*

Select Family Reading.

Made for Each Other.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Old Mrs. Exeter sat knitting on the piazza, where the leafy domes of the horse-chestnut trees kept off the westering sunbeams, and the scent of the tall, white lilies hung like clouds of incense on the air. And as she knitted, her face beamed with complacent smiles, each one of which was a sort of tacit challenge to Mrs. Copcutt, the opposite old lady.

"But you always did have such luck," sighed Mrs. Copcutt.

"It ain't luck," said Mrs. Exeter. "It's calculation. Any one could put off their own bad management on luck, if they chose to."

Mrs. Copcutt bristled up.

"As if it was my fault," said she, "that Simeon took up with Lucella Jane Smith, and made my life a burden to me. It isn't every young man leans to his mother like your Richmond does to you."

Mrs. Exeter made no verbal reply—she only rocked and smiled in a way that was especially aggravating to Mrs. Copcutt.

"And as if it wasn't enough to have Lucella Jane there," went on that much-aggrieved lady, "her sister has come to stay—a tom-boy of sixteen, that goes singing over the house at the top of her voice, runs races with Lucella's boys, rows on the river just like a man, and calls my lovely new crazy quilt 'a loss of time.'"

"Dear, dear!" purred Mrs. Exeter. "But perhaps Julietta's influence may act favorably on her when Julietta returns from the Domestic Institute."

"Eh!" said Mrs. Copcutt, pricking up her ears. "When's that? I thought Julietta had learned everything that there was to learn."

"So she has," said Mrs. Exeter, not without a certain mild degree of elation. "But she is at present engaged in finishing her education in the Chemistry of Cooking and the Elemental Beauty of Bread-Making."

"Aint that something new?" said Mrs. Copcutt, her very spectacles seeming to expand at this elegant phraseology.

"The world improves," sententiously remarked Mrs. Exeter. "And Richmond has always felt that his wife must be

'A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command.'"

Mrs. Copcutt thought of Lucella Jane, and groaned in spirit.

"It does seem—now don't it?" said she, "that your Richmond and Juliette Havens were made for each other."

"It has been my object in life to educate them for each other," said Mrs. Exeter, serenely.

"But, then, you see," observed Mrs. Copcutt, seeking high and low for some adequate expression for her own domestic infelicities, "Simeon didn't never give me a fair chance. I didn't so much as suspect he was thinking of getting married, when he brought home Lucella Jane Smith."

"I fear," gently uttered Mrs. Exeter, "that you did not bring him up right."

Mrs. Copcutt's crochet needle jerked itself vindictively through the tangles of red wool in her lap. If it had not been that Mrs. Exeter always had such delicious cream-puffs and strawberry shortcake, she would have cancelled her tea-engagement, and gone home at once in a huff! it was not agreeable thus to have the law laid down to one, and one's own failures held up to critical examination. Because Mrs. Exeter's own plans had always been a success it did not follow that other people could be equally fortunate. Richmond Exeter was undoubtedly a very fine young man, and his second cousin, Julietta Havens, was a most accomplished female. But if Mrs. Exeter had had such material to work on as Lucella Jane Smith and her own Simeon, perhaps things would have terminated differently.

She went home that evening discontented enough. Lucella Jane was singing her youngest child to sleep, while the keeping-room was unswept, the supper dishes yet standing on the table in chaotic confusion.

"Why aint the work done?" demanded Mrs. Copcutt, sourly, as she viewed the general reign of disorder.

"Baby has been so fretful with his teeth I haven't had time to attend to it," said Lucella Jane, continuing her monotonous hum, while she jogged the cradle to and fro.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Copcutt. "Where's that sister of yours; I'd like to know?"

"Bella, do you mean? Oh, she is out walking," answered Lucella Jane.

"Alone?" snapped the old lady.

"No—with a gentleman," defiantly responded the much-nagged daughter-in-law.

"Lucella Jane," said Mrs. Copcutt, "don't you think it's your duty to look after that madcap sister of yours?"

"Well, ma," said Lucella Jane, dancing the rebellious baby up and down, "I sort o' think it's a good plan for folks to mind their own business, and so I just set 'em the example by minding mine. I guess Bella is able to take care of herself."

Mrs. Copcutt made no reply to this covert hint, but set herself busily at work to clear the table, muttering uncomplimentary comments below her breath as she did so. Evidently between this mother and daughter-in-law there was none of the Ruth and Naomi spirit.

While Mrs. Exeter, sitting beside her shaded lamp, up at Exeter Cottage, read the evening newspaper, and told herself that life was very sweet.

Just as the clock struck nine, however, footsteps sounded on the threshold. Mrs. Exeter strained her eyes into the half-light of space by the door to see who it might be.

"Is it you, Richmond?" said she.

"Yes, mother, it is I," answered the voice of her son. "I have brought you a new daughter—the darling girl who has promised to be my wife."

Mrs. Exeter jumped up.

"Julietta has come home!" she cried. "So soon!"

"It is not Julietta," gently corrected her son. "Julietta is, I doubt not, a good, worthy young woman, but I could no more love her than I could love the Encyclopedia Britannica. It is Isabella Smith. Kiss her, dear mother; welcome her to your heart."

"Bella Smith!" gasped Mrs. Exeter. "The hoyden of the village! the wild madcap who rides bare-backed horses, and climbs fences, and shoots at targets! Impossible!"

"She certainly does excel in hardy exercise," complacently uttered Richard; "and that is, perhaps, one secret of her robust health and exquisite grace."

"I—I won't have her in the house!" sobbed Mrs. Exeter. "If anything, she is worse than Lucella Jane Copcutt, her sister."

"In that case," calmly spoke Richmond Exeter, "I shall have to set up an establishment of my own. For I will never wed any woman but Bella Smith."

"You'd better consent, mother-in-law," said Bella, composedly. "We're bound to have our own way, Richie and I."

"But Julietta!" gasped the astounded old lady. "Poor Julietta! whose heart is bound up in you, Richmond! Would you blight her life-prospects!"

"He can't do that, dear Cousin Exeter," spoke up a clear, calm voice, as a tall young woman walked in, leaning on the arm of a stout, spectacled gentleman, with a bald head. "My happiness is already secured. I was married this morning to Professor Democritus Searchington, of the Monograph Art College. Forgive our secrecy; but we were so fearful that your old-fashioned ideas about compacts and betrothals might stand in the way of our immediate nuptials! But, now that Richmond has been as prompt to choose for himself as I have been—"

"My dear Julietta, pray accept a thousand congratulations!" cried Richmond, eagerly extending both his hands.

"Do bring your lovely *fiancee* here," breathed the fair Julietta, "and let me kiss her. I declare she looks like a newly-opened rosebud!"

While the professor beamed through his double-convex lenses, and poor Mrs. Exeter stared from one to the other, as if unable to believe her own senses.

"Made for each other!" she answered, helplessly. "Made for each other! And this is what they have come to!"

"Thanks, madam," pomposuly uttered the professor. "I flatter myself that Julietta and I are, indeed, mated in soul and intellect as well as by law."

And no one on earth could have suited me as Bella does," said Richmond joyfully.

So the matter was settled. But Mrs. Copcutt, who was only human after all, could not resist the temptation of coming up to the cottage the next day to interview her neighbor.

"So Julietta and Richmond have took the bit between their own teeth, hev they?" said she. "There is something in luck, now, aint there, after all?"

And, for once, Mrs. Exeter was not ready with a reply.

SUNDRY HEALTH HINTS.

Overheated rooms are a great mistake. They tend to make those who sit in them unduly sensitive to cold.

Madness has been known to result from prolonged exposure to cold, especially if this be accompanied by hunger.

A teaspoonful of salt dissolved in water, and taken every hour or two beginning six or eight hours before a chill, will often prevent it, in intermittent, or what is known as "chills and fever."

Napoleon used to indulge in a hot bath after a fatiguing day and found it more refreshing than even sleep for a time, and so give him a great advantage over rival generals.

The manifestations of lunacy are generally more dangerous in the male sex. It is very rare for a woman to suffer from homicidal mania, and the statistics of suicide show that the majority of those who kill themselves are men.

Transmission of Disease—It is almost a hopeless doctrine to preach that persons who inherit a tendency to consumption should not marry. Human nature is willful, and love will still be lord of all. But a great deal might be done to prevent the transmission of the disease if marriage were postponed till after the thirtieth year was past, as phthisis is most apt to appear between the ages of twenty and thirty.

EVERY DAY A LITTLE.

Every day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small is one fact? Only one. Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

Every day a self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who, looking to God for grace, seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for?

Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense a true living. It is not in great deeds of kindness only that the blessing is found. "In little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbor's house, in the play ground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.—*Our Church Home.*

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. For sale by N. McGarvin.

THE HEN-COOP IN THE FRESHET.

"Joe Patten?"

"No, sir."

"You mean, Joseph, to say you did not take my knife?"

"Yes, sir."

This was a colloquy in school between the master of the school at the "Corners," and one of his boys, Joe Patten. He was a timid young fellow with large staring black eyes, that in any moment of excitement had a peculiarly startled look.

"You may be seated," said Mr. Eaton; and O how relieved Joe was to drop down into his seat! If there had only been a hole in the floor, and he could have gone down into that hole, and then if there had been a tunnel leading from that hole to the kitchen at home, and Joe could have travelled through this under ground tunnel, coming up near his grandmother's chair, still more fully relieved would he have been. As it was, he sat down, his big eyes staring worse than ever. No such orbs did Jim Reeves have. He had small, sly eyes that never seemed to change their expression, but would have stayed small and sly even if a clap of thunder had gone off and boomed just above his head. At this time Jim raised a pugnacious looking fist, and said,

"Teacher!"

"What is it, Jim?"

"I saw your knife on Joe's desk."

Mr. Eaton had a way of turning abruptly and confronting suddenly his scholars. He brushed his hair in front, up into a roll, so that it looked like a small mountain coming to you, say Bear Mountain, on the other side of the river. The mountain now towered and frowned above Joe:

"Did you have my knife on your desk, Joseph?"

"I-I-you-you-I-I," said the stammering Joe. The scholars laughed.

"Did you mean to say you had my knife? Yes or no."

"Yes, sir, but—"

"No 'buts.' Folks get drowned in buts if fell of water and they tumble in. Yes or no."

"No, sir—yes, sir, I mean, but—"

"Joseph, you stop after school. I want to see you."

The master was not really a hard-hearted man, though his way in school was harsh and abrupt. After school he talked this matter over with Joe.

"What do you mean by saying you had my knife?"

"You lent it to me."

"O did I? So I did. I remember now. Well—"

"And that's the last I saw of it on my desk."

"Are you sure it is not there, now?"

"I think so."

"Let's look once more."

"They looked, they searched, they took out all the books, they put them back again. The knife could not be found.

"That's queer! Well Joe, I hope it may turn up. You are sure you haven't lied. You are telling me the truth?"

Joe's tearful eyes were like tubs set out under the spout on a rainy day, and running over with water.

"Why, no, Mr. Eaton, I haven't your knife!" declared Joe.

"Well, Joe, I shall believe you are innocent till some one has proved you to be guilty."

This announcement comforted Joe, but still he felt that his good name was left in a shadow. He overheard Jim Reeves saying: "Joe has got that knife. He knows, fellows, all about it."

"No, I don't," said Joe, stoutly to the crowd about Jim.

"You mean to say I lie?"

"It is a falsehood, and you know it," declared Joe, astonishing himself by his boldness. This was at recess, and the tinkle of the master's bell interrupted and postponed the dispute.

Poor Joe! He felt that he was carrying a heavy burden of suspicion in those days. He mentioned it to his grandmother with whom he lived. With a grave, troubled face he stated all the particulars and added: "Grandmother, I'm just as innocent as you are. I don't know where the knife is, and am sorry it was lost off my desk, and told the teacher so. 'Who has got it I don't know.'"

"Well, Joe—" and grandmother, as she spoke, stroked gently the boy's glossy, brown hair—"all we can do when we can't prove our innocence, is to wait. God knows how it is—"

"Yes, and he knows I didn't take the knife."

"Then he will give you strength to bear any false suspicion."

When Joe said his prayers that night near the window of his chamber, glancing upward he saw the round bright moon.

"It's like God's eye," thought Joe, and he was not afraid to think God was looking down into his heart, into his pockets, into the drawers of the old pine bureau, in the corner.

"He doesn't see any knife 'round that doesn't belong to me," thought Joe.

Did the round full moon shine that night? It did not glow above Bear Mountain the next night. The bear must have swallowed it, or else something must have been done with it. Ah, the big storm-clouds from the sea came up into the sky, covering the moon, and O what a deluge of rain that storm sent down into Rocky River that ran by the village at the "Corners." How much activity outdoors that storm interfered with! There was Jim Reeves; he had such a smart little flock of hens, for whose welfare he had been constructing a coop.

"O dear, mother!" he groaned, looking out of the window, "I can't work on my coop in this rain."

"Well, bring your tools in."

"I will."

If he had said, "I won't the result would have been the same, for he did not go near his tools, but left them with his hens in the coop. Jim was not particular to keep his word.

It continued to rain, and rain, and rain, and then came a freshet.

"Grandma, do you think it will touch us?" asked Joe Patten.

"I think we are too high for the freshet, Joe," replied grandmother.

"Too high, too high for you!" grandmother's little house seemed to say to the raging, rushing, foaming, frothing river. The garden, though, reached down to Rocky River, and the lower part was buried under the water. Joe put on his rubber boots, and went into the garden to watch the wild play of the waters.

"O! O!" exclaimed Joe, "see the things!"

Yes, many things were on the move that day—fences, logs, and alas! furniture! "Too bad!" thought Joe. And there's a house!"

Yes, a little house was adrift. Nobody, though, seemed to occupy it.

"And there's a hen-coop!" cried Joe. "And if a rooster isn't crowing! A crow-biddy—ha ha!"

Yes, a poor crow-biddy was trying to make the best of his situation, and thrusting his bill out of a crack in the coop shrieked: "Cock-a-doodle-doo."

"And what's that on the coop?" thought Joe. 'J. R.' does it say?

"That means 'Jim Reeves,'" said Joe.

Yes, Jim Reeve's hen coop had concluded to take a sail, and all those precious hens and two valuable crow-biddies had now become sailors.

"Let 'em go!" said Joe, angrily. "He has made me trouble enough." That decision, though, did not satisfy Joe,

"Too bad!" he next said, "to let the hens drown. And if Jim did treat me unfairly, I ought—"

Another minute Joe had seized one of grandmother's clothes-poles, leaning against an apple tree, in the yard. When a second minute had elapsed, from a projecting point Joe was reaching with his pole out into the angry flood, trying to touch that coop. He did touch it, and as there was a nail driven into the end of the pole, he just hooked on to the coop with this friendly helper. In a few minutes the coop was ashore, and didn't Crow-biddy lift his head and loudly shriek, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

"Hullo! what's that in the corner of the coop?" asked sharp eyed Joe.

"A lot of tools—and—and—" what was it he saw when overhauling the tools?

"Master's knife!" he said.

Yes, there it was; and as grandmother had come down into the garden to witness the towing ashore of the wreck—Joe having notified her—she was a witness to the finding of the lost, the stolen, knife. Jim Reeves had taken the master's property from Joe's desk.

"I must look after that Jim," said the master, when he learned of these facts. Look after Jim he did, when school began next day; and how did he do it? somebody asks.

If I should describe that interesting process, it would hurt the feelings of the Reeve's family. So we will drop the subject here.

POLITENESS IN THE HOME CIRCLE.

True politeness is founded on consideration for others, yet it is so much a matter of form or habit that politeness is sometimes shown where there is no consideration: it is sometimes neglected where there is affection and every reason for kindly consideration. Then, in the intercourse of near relatives made familiar with each other by daily meetings there is naturally less formality than between people who are only thrown together by the chance of a few hours or days at long intervals. But along with the laying aside of formality some necessary features of politeness are sometimes sacrificed by relatives and very close friends. The youth who is careful to salute his lady friends and acquaintances according to the usages of good society sometimes forgets to pay the same respect to his sister, not because he is wanting in affectionate regard, but because he has grown so familiar with her that it seems awkward to him to treat her in any formal way. Yet when he meets her in company he holds out of his consideration for her, be markly polite and attentive.

Although politeness necessarily follows to a great extent set forms, it should have its origin in affection for the individual, or, in a more general way, in consideration for others. When the man begins to behave at home with less politeness than he exhibits abroad, there is much danger that gradually he will lose that consideration for his immediate relatives which he should have and exhibit. He may begin by entering the family room without formal greeting: absorbed in his own thoughts or pursuits, he will soon begin to leave his sister and his mother to look out for themselves in the small affairs of life, and gradually but surely he will cultivate a disposition in home affairs that will make him a bad or indifferent son or brother. It is a small matter in itself whether a young man finds a chair for his sister or mother when they should be seated, anticipates their wraps, and offers them the thousand little attentions without which and in his absence they could get along very well by their own exertions, but it is a small matter when neglect of such attentions lessens his consideration for them, develops his selfishness, and gradually undermines the affection that should unite the family. Politeness in society between acquaintances or friends is demanded by custom. There is no need to remind that it should be exhibited. Politeness at home and between near relatives, even between husband and wife, though of much more importance in every way, is not so much obviously necessary, and is too often neglected.

MIND THE PENNIES.

It is really surprising to know how many people there are who live "from hand to mouth," who never save any money and have nothing laid by for emergencies. Many families, too, with a good income, spend as they earn it, and are always out of money.

Every boy and girl should learn to save a little, always to have a balance in their favor. The habit learned in childhood would prove invaluable in after life and prevent many a crime as well as much misery.

To be thrifty is such a good thing and brings more happiness than some people guess.

A prominent man of one of our large cities once said. "I had rather have my boys misers than spendthrifts." Of course either extreme is bad, but it is not necessary to choose between the two evils; wise economy is what is desirable.

Every young person should have a little account book, where everything should be set down and balanced once a month. Many a penny would be saved in this way; simply by seeing it set down in black and white, reminds you that money is being received and spent.

Parents cannot begin to teach the habit too soon, of carefully managing the income, no matter how small it may be.

The new show rooms of the McCausland Stained Glass Works, Toronto have attracted considerable notice since they opened to the public. There are examples of ceiling and wall decorations in various materials, representing a wide range of prices, while their specimens of church and house glass are very superior and interesting. The firm send samples of wall paper and glass to any address.

THE RIGHT SORT OF BOY.

Here's to the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in the way;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view.
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land; and we
Shall speak their names with pride.
—*Child's Paper.*

THE KITCHEN.

The kitchen of a woman of average means is not the ideal kitchen. It is perhaps too small or not light enough, or it may have still more serious defects, as a bad drain. For cooking purposes a very small kitchen can be so arranged as to answer every purpose.

Begin to utilize the wall space. If you have not as many shelves as the walls will accomodate put up more, and especially about and above the stove, so that as you stand at your cooking you can reach salt, pepper and every other flavor that can be used in a soup or stew; cooking spoons and forks and knives, pot lids and holders—all these should be at your hand.

The nearer your sink is to the stove the better; that is the path your feet must oftenest travel.

Do not use tin.

It is cheap, but coal is not, and you will waste a great deal of coal in tin. Brass and copper cooking utensils are to be avoided by one who must economize, as they are expensive and require too much care. Of chief importance among your utensils is a flat bottomed iron pot with close fitting iron lid. Get the smoothest and best, even if it costs double. In this you will roast meat with little fire, cook vegetables, all but peas and beans, cook anything indeed that is not said. Have two of these if you can, of different sizes. Next, an iron frying pan also of the smoothest wrought iron and light. This too should have a close fitting cover. Some people consider iron utensils heavy and old fashioned, but where economy is an object go other ware if so good and satisfactory. The blue or gray enamelled ware is valuable for cooking fruit, and anything acid.

You can hardly do without a number of earthern jars glazed with lead free enamel, especially for cooking and holding milk. Get also a number of wooden spoons.

Fortunately good stoves have become common.

For any steady cooking, and above all, for broiling meat, every housekeeper ought to have appliances for burning charcoal. It only needs a grating with a rim two or three inches high to let down into the stove hole (a sort of a deep spider with a grated bottom.) For such purposes a bushel of hard wood charcoal, costing fifteen or twenty cents, would last a long time. Charcoal is almost the only fuel used in Paris for cooking; indeed throughout France and in Western Germany it is in very common use.

SOAP vs. LAW.

A Missouri constable rode out to a farm near St. Joe armed with a subpoena for a woman who was wanted as a witness in a case in court. He found her in her back yard, busily engaged in stirring a boiling, bubbling mass in a large black kettle. He stated his business, and she said:

"I can't go to day."

"But you must."

"What's the hurry?"

"Why, court's in session, and the case is now on trial. They want you by noon."

"Well, I ain't going. You think I'm going off and leave this hull kittle o' soft soap to spile, just to please your old court? No, siree!"

"Why, my dear madam, you must. You really don't seem to understand—"

"I understand that I've got a big kittle o' splendid soap grease on the bile, and it'll make thin, sticky soap if it ain't finished to-day. You go back and tell the jedge so."

"You'll be fined fur—"

"Pooh! I'd like to see the Missouri jury that'd fine a woman for not havin' her soap b-i-n' when it was at a critical pint as one might say. Tell the jedge I'll come to-morrow, if we don't butcher our pigs then; an' if we do, I'll come some day next week."

"But I tell you that won't do. You must come now."

"Looker, young man, you think I'm a fool? I reckon you never made any soap, did you? If you had you know that—"

"What does the judge care about your soap?"

"Well, what do I care about the jedge, if it comes to that? Law's law and soap's soap. Let the jedge tend to his law, an' I'll tend to my soap. The good book says there's a time for everything, an' this is my time for a bar'l o' soft soap."

"Well, madam, if you want to be fined for contempt of court, all right. You will be fined sure as—"

"Bah! I know all 'bout the law, an' there ain't anything in it, nor in the constitution of the United States, nor in the Declaration of Independence, nor in nothin' else, that says a woman's got to leave a kittle o' half-cooked soap, and go off to court when she ain't a mind to. I guess I know a little law myself."—*Tid Bits.*

Ex-President Richard Roberts, of the Wesleyan Connection, who has taken a supernumerary relation, has a wonderful record. Says the *Methodist Times*: "He has been in the ministry for forty-three years, and during the whole of that long period there have been only five Sundays on which he has not preached. Two of those five Sundays were spent on the Continent in countries where he did not know the language, and therefore could not speak. He was silent on two other Sundays in consequence of deaths in his family. Only on one Sunday during his last forty-three years has Mr. Loberts been prevented from preaching by personal ill-health.

It is a poor plan to form and pronounce judgement on an impulse. Some people do things in just this way. If some friend tells them the country is going to ruin they see only desolation and starvation ahead. If another friend tells them things look bright, they become optimists with a vengeance. Think slowly, ponder carefully, and then when you announce an opinion it may pass for something better than the rod of a fool having the cap and bells on.