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........25 CT

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SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO
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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 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:—Creelman's Block, Georgetown; and 86 King street east, Toronto.
F. T. 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. 1276. Cable Address: Badgerow.
G. W. BADGEROW, JOHN CARSON, B.C.L., CO. CROWN ATTORNEY.

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS
HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA.
Twenty Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

WM. HEMSTREET, LICENSED AUCTIONEER For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable. Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $300 and upwards.

JOHN DAY, 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. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP, MILL STREET, ACTON. An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good sea-foam, an exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.
J. & H. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artists.

SALESMEN WANTED.

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

Guelph Business College.
GUELPH, ONTARIO.

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. R. 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. R. 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, 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—
WATERS BROTHER'S
* 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, 6 ft. 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 Style Wooden Pump to the Best Force Pump made.

Pumps for Wind Mills or Rock Wells supplied on short notice.

Deep Wells a Specialty.

PRICES RIGHT EVERY TIME.

Our Planing Mill

Lumber dressed while you wait. Mouldings &c., made to order. We have also a quantity of Lumber for sale, suitable for building purposes. Orders by mail will receive prompt and careful attention.

Shop at foot of River Street.
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

WEAVING.
MR. T. MITCHELL

Desires to inform the people of Acton and surroundings that he is prepared to take orders for weaving all kinds of Fancy Rag Carpets, Flannel Sheeting, Shirting and Dress Goods, striped or plaid, twill or plain, also Bed Blankets and Horse Blankets, two yards wide and over.

And I will guarantee that I will give good satisfaction to all farmers and others who will favor me with their patronage.
T. MITCHELL.

—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 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.

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.

A HARD QUESTION.

You little boys and girls,
Who with straight hair or with curls,
Who go to school to study every day,
I have a question here,
That may sound very queer,
But a penny for it's answer I will pay.

The cunning little squirrel,
Whose life is all a whirl
Of fun and frolic in the forest trees—
Why should he, wild or tame,
Have squirrel for his name?
I am waiting for an answer, if you please.

Oh, I know very well
That none of you can tell,
Because I've waited patiently and long;
So I'll have to read myself,
From the old book on the shelf,
Where I found it when I hunted for a song.

Squirrel comes from two old words
(Don't tell it to the birds)
Which were put together years ago, and made
One word which means to-day,
That little creature gay,
Is one that travels "with a tail for shade."

And if you go quite near,
Without either noise or fear,
You'll see a dark line down his back does run,
Which must be what he shades
(For all the other fades)
With his tail all day from bleaching in the sun.

Select Family Reading.

Sylvia's Test.

BY CHARLOTTE M. STANLEY.

"It is the miller's daughter
And she has grown so dear—so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles at her ear."

Robert Vane quoted the familiar verse passionately and low, and his dark, expressive eyes and handsome face wore a moody look of keen regret and pain, as he watched —himself unseen—the graceful figure of Sylvia Dene, wending its way along the meadow path that led to the mile-away village. Truly, she made a charming picture—simple, pure and sweet, the delicate folds of her fresh muslin dress daintily upheld from contact with the dewy grass, her fair young face blooming like a flower, her bright hair gleaming—as the saucy wind blew back her broad shade hat—like living gold in the morning sunshine. Certainly a most charming vision, and one rather calculated to call forth loving smiles than the stern, sad glance of wistful pain that followed her until a turn in the surrounding woodland hid her from the watcher's view.

"If she even fulfilled the conditions of the verse," he almost groaned, as he turned away from the window, and began to walk impatiently about the room, "it wouldn't be quite so hopeless. But she doesn't, except in respect of having 'grown so dear—so dear.' She isn't the miller's or the farmer's daughter; only some distant connection who has no claim on him; and, besides, old John Dene is poor. And I couldn't be the 'jewel,' either; for it's only a bit of paltry ivory that hangs in her pretty, pink sea-shell of an ear. Oh, my sweet, simple darling! what would I not give to put pearls and diamonds there!"

And he flung himself into a chair, with an exclamation of impatient misery, and buried his face in his hands.

"She'd have me, I think—aye, I'm sure—if I'd ask her. I've seen love—true love—in my darling's soft, shy eyes; and I—Heaven knows—I adore her."

Up again, and pacing the room as before, at war with himself and his fate, torn between interest and love.

"Am I a coward, that I am afraid to face life and the world with her, and take the chances? She gains her own living, poor, dear child, and would be rather a help to me than a burthen. In any case, my income, small as it is, would keep us above want; and we should be so happy."

The soft eyes arose before his fancy pleadingly, and the sweet lips that he had often longed to kiss, he pictured them giving him loving "welcome home" when their owner should be his wife. His wife! Sylvia his own wife! A very heaven of bliss lay in the thought. It thrilled him with soft fire. He yielded for one moment to the joy of it; the next he put it from him with a resolute effort, and one strong, shuddering pang of deep regret.

"It cannot be! It would involve the sacrifice of ambition, of the hopes and aims and toils of my whole life. I am twenty-seven. How earnestly and faithfully have I devoted my whole soul to art hitherto! Why was I fated to meet this woman who has so fatally impressed me? I shall carry an ache in my heart for her sake henceforth for we must part.

"Marriage between us would mean the destruction of that proud future which has been the aim of my life. What chance has an artist to win fame when the necessities of a family compel him to toil for bread? How many a gifted genius, whose name might perchance have grown to be immortal, has sunk into a mere hack in the grasp of poverty, toiling sordidly from day to day for wife and children, while men, less gifted but more fortunately placed, have passed him by in the great race and won the name he died of longing for! And could love atone for this? Could love take the place of pride, ambition, all—all beside? To a woman, perhaps—yes,—not to me!

"When the first passionate warmth of love had passed, should I not curse the madness that must cost so dear? And she —my one true love—whose clear, candid eyes, gazing into mine, seem as if they read my soul—would she not know that soul and its regrets, and thus be most unhappy? Yes! Sylvia and I must bid good-bye at once, while I retain some quiet sense of reason, and I—my doom is fixed—I must marry Miss Guilford—old Mr. Guilford's niece and heiress. To think that she should be found at last, whom everyone thought dead, and appear to oust me out of my expected inheritance, or share it with me as my wife. Oh, Sylvia, but for that we might have been so happy!"

"I return to New York to-morrow morning," he said to Miss Dene, as they stood together among the rose-bushes at the end of the long, old-fashioned garden that evening. He did not glance at her as he spoke, but kept his eyes purposely averted; and yet, somehow he saw her start and tremble. "I wish to Heaven that either I had never seen this place," he went on passionately, "or that I could stay here with you forever!"

He paused abruptly, with his eyes averted still. He had not meant to say so much; it was as if some subtle influence in her drew the truth from him, even against his will. As he listened, the sound of her quick breathing thrilled him.

"*Must* you go?" she said.

There was nothing coquettish in the words; it was the question of heart to heart. Had he allowed his own heart to speak in answer, it would have told her "No," but he let worldly prudence reply instead.

"My interests, the prospects and success of my whole future career depend upon my return," he said despondently.

Then there was silence for a little while, during which—just once—her eyes sought his, but met no answering glance. Then she said, in a colder tone:

"I think I know the affair to which you allude: The story of the fortune which eccentric John Guilford would have left to his godson had he not suddenly discovered a niece, the child of a long-lost brother, and made her his heiress instead. And now Mr. Vane can only attain to the fortune by taking Miss Guilford along with it. Truly, I think you have a sufficiently powerful motive for hastening home to-morrow."

There was the faintest touch of scornful bitterness in her tone that stung him deeply.

"You are hard on me," he cried. "I am poor, and my art will scarcely yet make me a living. I have been brought up with expectations of this fortune, too. Am I fit to take upon myself responsibilities?" Then he broke off suddenly. "Were I differently and more happily circumstanced," he said bitterly, "it is not Miss Guilford whom I should choose."

"She would feel flattered if she could hear you," Miss Dene replied with quiet sarcasm. "And is it not barely possible that she may not choose you? She is not compelled to do so, if I heard rightly."

He stared in surprise.

"You seem to be well informed," he said. "May I know how?"

She laughed—a little bitter laugh that startled him.

"You know, I believe, that I have earned my own living for some years, even since my poor father died, indeed. I was companion to a lady who knew Miss Guilford well. I heard the story from her. The mystery is a simple one, you see."

He looked up quickly, because of the ring of pain in her steady voice. He uttered a cry, and would have caught her hand, but she drew back from him quickly.

"You are ill," he said: "you are so pale."

She answered almost sharply:

"I am a coward, that is all—afraid of a little pain. I tore my hand upon the rose-bush. See!"

And she held it up, pierced by a thorn and bleeding. The blood dropped down on the white rose she held. She flung it hastily away.

"Good-night," she said, strangely and hurriedly. "I must go and bind up my wound. Good-night and good-bye."

And she was gone—gone in scorn, in anger, without so much as a hand-clasp—without a friendly word; and he loved her —never so dearly as now! He stooped and picked up the white rose she had flung away, and pressed it to his lips.

"I cannot lose her so!" his heart cried out. "I should purchase fortune too dear —far too dear!"

Six weeks later, Robert Vane was in New York. He had not met the heiress yet; she had been out of town. Neither had he taken much pains to seek or find her. Sylvia Dene—Sylvia, whom he loved, and perhaps had lost, occupied all his thoughts.

He had written to her at the farm-house; had written, explaining his position fully, acknowledging his love, his ambition, and his suffering, and imploring her to forgive; but she had sent no answer.

"She despises me. I have lost her—the only woman whom I ever did or can love. All that remains of the sweet, bright dream is one poor, withered rose."

In his deep thought he had put himself in the way of a carriage that was dashing by. There was a quick upreating of the horses, a wild shout from the driver, a woman's scream, and he sprang aside just in time to save himself, and looked up, to see gazing at him, white, and wild-eyed with fear, Sylvia Dene.

"You are not hurt?" she gasped, as the driver checked his horses. And then, as he re-assured her, and begged for her address, she sank back among the cushions, trembling violently.

There was another lady in the carriage—a handsome woman, tall and dark. She soothed and caressed Miss Dene kindly; then, drawing a card from a case that lay beside her, presented it to Robert.

"We shall be pleased to see you this evening, sir," she said, pleasantly, and then they drove off; and Robert, glancing at the card, saw that it bore the name and address of "Miss Guilford."

Strange coincidence! The woman whom he loved and the woman whom he was expected to marry riding together, and apparently good friends. Surely this was strange. He did not allow it to trouble him much, however, being altogether filled with joy at once more finding Sylvia.

It was for Sylvia that he asked at the door of Miss Guilford's mansion. The servant looked surprised.

"No doubt," thought Robert, "he wonders that the poor companion should be asked for instead of the stately mistress."

That "stately mistress" passing accidentally, it seemed, through the hall, heard his inquiry and answered it.

"It is quite right, James," she said quietly, to the servant. Then leading Robert to a pleasant parlor: "I will send Sylvia to you," said she, smilingly, and she went away, leaving Robert full of wonder.

"She little guesses who I am," thought he.

He forgot all about her, when, ten minutes later, he clasped Sylvia Dene in his arms. That was their first embrace. It was wonderful how much separation had done to bring them nearer to each other.

"I received your letter to-day," she said, smiling happily—"only to-day."

"And you forgive me? I judged like a man, dearest. I thought pride and ambition more precious than love, until love seemed likely to be lost. *Then* I knew its value. Give me your own sweet self, Sylvia—dearer than fortune or fame!"

Her face beamed with love and joy.

"Will you take the poor companion, *for love's sake*, instead of Miss Guilford for her money?" said she, tenderly.

It seemed that he would, and she was nothing loth to take him at his word; finding this so, he urged a speedy marriage, to which also she consented.

"Miss Guilford knows all about it," she said, smiling archly, "and she is quite willing that you should marry me."

So when the dark, handsome lady joined them, Robert thanked her warmly for her goodness.

"We cannot command our hearts," said he; "and I have loved Sylvia so long." (About six months, probably).

The wedding was to be a very private one, and to take place at once. Miss Guilford was the only bridesmaid.

But judge of Robert's surprise when his bride's turn came to sign. It was Sylvia Dene Guilford.

"You have married the heiress, after all," she whispered, as she sank into his arms.

"And this lady?" he said, bewilderedly, pointing to her bridesmaid.

"Is my Cousin Emily, and a Miss Guilford, too, to whom I am indebted for having helped me with my little plot. Oh, I was so much afraid of being married for the money! I went down to Uncle Dene's farm-house on purpose to meet you, unknown, and judge what manner of man you were. I put you to a test, my dearest; thank Heaven you stood it well. You would have sacrificed ambition to love; you shall attain both your love and your ambition."

A SENSIBLE LETTER

From a Successful Man in Business to his Son Who is About to Teach.

Dear C——, yours, informing me of your engagement as teacher at P——, received. Allow me to congratulate you on obtaining the situation. Of course this will be an experiment with you, and I shall hope for your complete success. Allow me also to make a few suggestions, the result of my own and others' experience.

First: Be complete master over yourself. We read that "He who ruleth his own spirit is greater than he who taketh a city." This is no doubt true in more ways than one. You will see many things to perplex you, but always keep cool, keep the upper hand of yourself; you are the first one to rule, then you will be better prepared to control others.

Second: In all your dealings with pupils be perfectly honest and just, leaning from this, if at all on the side of mercy. The old saying, "Fair play is a jewel," is a good maxim to remember in dealing with a lot of pupils. Let them learn by practice that you are their friend, because you are just with them and desire their good; but when necessity requires it be firm and steadfast. Remember each one of your pupils is for the time under your training, and that perhaps the future of that life is in your hands for good or ill. Encourage the weak and backward, and don't get out of patience in case you find one who appears dull, but try and find the key that unlocks the door to his or her mind. Win your pupils' confidence and retain it. When you have done these things, if they go back on you you are not to blame; and perhaps in the future they will return in their own minds to your instruction and be benefitted by it. See the subjects are understood by every one of a class before the subject is left. If they don't understand one presentation of the subject, try another. Remember that you were always quick to learn, and you must not expect the average mind to comprehend as quickly as yourself. The dull minds of children often outstrip others not so dull, if they have a good instructor. Be sure you are master of each subject, and take educational journals to keep posted in the latest and best methods. Build yourself up to the highest point of manhood you are capable of.

Third: Be careful of your habits and keep the upper hand of them, so that you control them instead of their controlling you. See that your conduct is just such as you would prefer the teacher of your own flesh and blood to have. Cultivate the friendship and acquaintance of the best people, and so far as you can, of those above yourself. When attending any meeting or gathering of teachers, or others where you are expected to speak, see that you are prepared beforehand to express your views to the best of your ability. When investigating any subject go to the bottom of it; and sometimes you will find this preparation will be a help to you if called on unexpectedly to express your views. Make a practice of committing choice thoughts to memory, and think over their full meaning; still, don't rely too much on the thoughts of others, for by so doing you become a retainer of others' thoughts with little of your own. Be positive without arrogance. Accept truth wherever you find it. Get a good boarding place, with good society for your surroundings, even if it costs a little more. Be frugal and economical without penuriousness. Be very cautious to whom you lend, as you will find plenty who will appropriate your earnings to themselves if you give them a chance; still, be just where your aid is needed and will be appreciated.

Read the foregoing over twice, at least, and remember what I have said. With love and best wishes for your success, Your father. D.S.G. —*School Journal.*

VARIETIES.

Prayer is the spring of joy, the secret of emancipation from trouble.

Give because you love to give—as the flower pours forth its perfume.

The humblest disciple has his Gethsemanes, and should meet them unflinchingly.

Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity.

There is no part of man's nature which the Gospel does not purify, no relation of his life which it does not hallow.

Whosoever would be sustained by the hand of God, let him honestly lean upon it; whosoever would be defended by it, let him patiently repose himself under it.

When God intends to fill a soul, He first makes it empty; when He intends to enrich a soul, He first makes it poor; when He intends to exalt a soul, He first makes it humble; when He intends to save a soul He first makes it sensible of its own miseries, wants and nothingness.

If you want to have a stalwart Christian character, plant it right out-of-doors in the great field of Christian usefulness, and although the hot sun of trial may try to consume it, it will thrive until it becomes a great tree, in which the fowls of heaven may have their habitation.

If any one will tell me how truth may be spoken without offending some, I will spend no time to learn the art.—*Bishop Horne.*

The truth may always be spoken in gentle, warm, earnest love without offending any one. Only you must be sure, and your hearer very sure, that it is love.

There is no protection against slander. Let us pay no attention to these prattlers; let us try to live in innocence, and allow the world to talk.

Many a man has ruined his eyesight by sitting in the bar-room looking for work.

It does not take an imaginary evil long to become a real one.

FLOOD VERSUS STEAM.

Some years ago a remarkable incident happened on the railway running from Canon City to Silver Cliff, in Colorado. The railway runs through Grape Creek canon, a narrow gorge dividing two high perpendicular cliffs of rock. In the bottom of this canon a stream of water ran boisterously, at one side of which, and but a few feet above it, was the railway track. Every year in the spring floods occurred in that region, and great bodies of water, in trying to find an outlet from the mountains above, rushed through the canon in such vast quantities as to fill it to a depth of many feet above the ordinary level. This was a cause of great expense to the railway company, whose track was often destroyed, and whose trains were more than once detained for days at a time by the floods.

One day a train entered the canon, and was running along between the two towering cliffs, when the engineer became alarmed by certain signs, and brought his locomotive to a halt. Then, listening attentively, he heard a roaring noise ahead. A flood was coming. Farther up the canon a wall of water reaching from cliff to cliff was moving toward the train with irresistible force. Retreat alone could save the passengers' lives. It might even now be too late for that. Springing to the throttle, the engineer started backward. Slowly moved the cars at first; faster the overwhelming wave. The rails lay in an almost constant succession of curves, and there was danger in running at a high rate of speed, particularly as the train was going wrong end first. But there was no help for it; flee they must.

The passengers had learned their peril. With pale faces they leaned out to catch a glimpse of their pursuer, or besought the conductor to order more speed. Round curve after curve glided the cars, but no less swiftly came the deluge behind. Already rose the stream alongside. If anything should break or a wheel leave the track, scores of lives must be lost. Will the canon ever end! That dull roar above drives women frantic and deadens hope. But there! A gleam of daylight ahead shows the canon's gate. A little additional pressure, a few minutes more of anxiety, and with a wild scream of victory from the locomotive's whistle the train rushes to safety upon a stretch of straight track laid on the mesa.—*Harper's Young People.*

CATCH GAMES.

BY ALICE M. KELLOGG.

A pleasant diversion, in an evening or afternoon gathering, is the playing of "catch games," and twelve people, young or old, can usually furnish a round dozen of these games for the general amusement. Some of the oldest "catch games" are often the best.

"I AM A DUTCH MERCHANT."

This is just as much fun as a newer game, if those around you have never played it. If your name happens to be Mary Brown, you say, "I am a Dutch merchant, I sell mats and beans." The one next to you repeats the phrase, "I am a Dutch merchant," and adds what he sells, but unless his goods correspond to the initials of his name (as "Mary Brown, mats and beans") you reply, "you are not a Dutch merchant." Some one will be bright enough to find out very quickly how to become a Dutch merchant and others will guess a long time over it.

"MALAGA RAISINS."

Take a cane in your hand, and give a slight cough, or rather a "Hem!" saying, "H'm! Malaga raisins are just the raisins for me." Rap on the floor mysteriously. Then ask the person next to you to imitate exactly all you say and do. Unless he is a very keen observer, he will imitate everything except the "H'm!"

"MRS. BROWN IS DEAD."

Hold your right hand out, and with the first finger of your left hand, point to the fingers of the right and say, "Mrs. Brown is dead, poor thing!" As you pronounce each word, tap each finger in turn, the thumb for "Mrs." the first finger for Brown, and so on. Then ask the company to do the same thing. Unless some one present is left-handed, it will probably take some time for a correct imitation, for every one else will naturally use the right hand for a pointer.

VARIETIES.

It was a suggestion of Dr. Joseph Parker's in the last volume of his "People's Bible," that "the devil's man," *par excellence*, is "popular, clever, ingenious, bright, welcome everywhere."

When a writer says a certain thing is "impossible to describe," and then uses a half column in its description, he doubtless means that nobody but himself could describe it.

Discard the old opinion that "one piece of work should be completed before another is begun." You will find that a change of work affords rest; sometimes it even seems to give fresh vigor to the worker.

You can do nothing with covetousness. If the need you urge be great, it will plead the impossibility of meeting it; if it be small, it will plead that there is no necessity. What it needs is a new heart.

When a young doctor sets up in a town the first thing he does is to put "Dr." after his name, and the next thing he wants to do is to put the same abbreviation after the names of all the inhabitants.

HE WAS THE REAL THING.

They were discussing charity after the table had been cleared and the cigars brought on, and one gentleman was inveighing with some sarcasm against benevolent folks who make donations and have their names published in papers. "Nearly all charitable acts," said he, "have vanity as their motive. For my part I hate ostentation. I remember once when I was traveling in the southern part of the State, where nobody knew me, I came upon a lonely little way station where, in the waiting-room, there was fastened to the wall a contribution box for the benefit of sufferers through a recent flood. There was not a soul there, nobody saw me or new my name and I went and dropped a five-dollar gold piece into the box unseen, unknown. Now, sir, what I contend is that my secret offering was a more meritorious one, intrinsically considered, than if it had been made on a public subscription list, with a loud flourish of trumpets."

"You are quite right," said one of his hearers, "that was genuine modest charity, and I don't wonder that you brag of it."—*Wasp.*

"He can take it out in trade," as the abusive man said of a creditor.

HOW THE WEEK GOES.

Monday rub and Tuesday iron,
Wednesday lay the things away,
Thursday creep and Friday sweep
And Saturday bake for the Sabbath day.

Monday rub from tub to tub,
Monday rinse and twist and dry.
Tuesday shake and starch and smooth
And hang the snow-white frills on high.

Wednesday pack them in the drawer.
Thursday scrub and shine the floor,
Friday with the pan and broom
Sweep the stairway, hall and room

Saturday we roast and bake
Cookies, pies and golden cake,
Something, Sabbath day, to eat:
Thus the week is all complete.
—*Treasure Trove.*

A PRINTER'S JOKE.

The *British Printer* perpetrates the following story on a member of the fraternity: "A young man, at the risk of his life, saved a beautiful young girl from drowning. Her grateful father, in a voice tremulous with emotion, said: 'Noble youth, to you I am indebted for everything that makes life dear to me. Which reward will you take, £50,000 or the hand of my daughter?' 'I'll take the daughter,' replied the hero, thinking thereby to get both the girl and the money. 'Now, you have well chosen,' replied the grateful father: 'I could not have given you the £50,000, just now anyhow, as I have not yet laid up that amount, being only an editor, but my daughter is yours for life. Bless you, my children!'"

TAFFY.

If children are to have a "taffy pull," here is a recipe for old-fashioned molasses candy:

One pint of the best New Orleans molasses and one pint of yellow sugar. Boil briskly for a few moments, then stir in one and a half or two ounces of the best butter cut into bits. Continue boiling until the bubbles grow large, then take up a few drops of the syrup in a spoon and put it on a cold plate or, better still, a saucerful of snow. If the syrup hardens in a moment or two, you will know it has been boiled long enough. Stir in a pinch of soda (dissolved) as you remove it from the fire, and when it foams up, quickly pour it out to cool. This becomes very light when pulled and is a favorite variety. Flavoring with vanilla is an improvement.

THE VANDERBILT FAMILY.

The following is the wealth of the Vanderbilt family:—Cornelious Vanderbilt, $110,000,000; William K. Vanderbilt, $85,000,000; Frederick W. Vanderbilt, $16,000,000; George W. Vanderbilt, $15,000,000; Mrs. Elliot F. Shepard, $12,000,000; Mrs. William D. Sloan, $12,000,000; Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly, $12,000,000; and Mrs. W. Seward Webb, $12,000,000. Total, $274,000,000. This immense capital is so wisely invested as to yield an average annual revenue of about five per cent. At that rate Cornelius Vanderbilt would have an income of $15,000 a day, while his married sisters, whose capital looks small when compared with his, would each have over $1,600 a day for spending money.

SMILES.

It is wrong to call a fob a donkey. He is merely a clothes-horse.

A smart schoolboy says it takes thirteen letters to spell "cow," and proves it thus: "See O doubleyou."

A man of short stature gives as a reason for his stunted growth, that he was brought up when a child on condensed milk.

Fat man: "We want to see the animals." Keeper: "You can't come in here. If the lion sees you he will get too excited."

Woman (to tramp): "How's that soup?" Tramp: "Tain't quite strong enough, ma'am. I wish you would wash a few more dishes in it."

Young Doctor: "They don't bleed people nowadays as they did twenty years ago, do they professor?" Professor: "No—not with the lancet."

"A plumber is no coward when it comes to a charge," observes an exchange. No. Conscience doth make cowards only of those who have one.

THEY WERE GOOD LAYERS.

A young married lady who moved into the country from London considered the keeping of hens a pleasant and profitable undertaking. As she grew more absorbed in the pursuit, her enthusiasm increased, and "hens" became a favorite subject of her thoughts and conversation. During one of her animated descriptions of her success, a friend enquired.

"Are your hens good laying hens?"

"Oh yes," she replied, in a delightful tone, "They haven't laid a bad egg yet!"

For coughs, colds, bronchitis and all lung troubles, there is no preparation of medicine can compare with Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It never fails to afford prompt and permanent relief. It removes all soreness, and heals the diseased parts. It immediately soothes the most troublesome cough, and by promoting expectoration, removes the mucus which stops up the air tubes which causes difficulty in breathing thereby gives relief to that depressing tightness experienced in the chest. Public speakers and singers will find Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup of inestimable value as it speedily and effectually allays all irritation, and huskiness in the throat and bronchial tubes, and gives power to the vocal cords, rendering the voice clear and sonorous. If parents wish to save the lives of their children, and themselves from much anxiety, trouble and expense, let them procure a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and whenever a child has taken a cold, has a cough or hoarseness, give the Syrup according to directions.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentry and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.