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Editor and Proprietor

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MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
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HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.
The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.
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—AND—
PLANING MILL
THOS. EBBAGE, Man.
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PRICES RIGHT EVERY TIME.
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One who keeps on hand a stock of the same both in light and heavy harness.
Has also a stock of Whips, Curry Combs, Brushes, Sweat Pads, Harness Oil, &c.
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Winsor & Newtons
—AT—
WATERS BROTHERS,
25 WYNDHAM STREET GUELPH

—THE ACTON—
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—THE LEADING—
LOCAL NEWSPAPER
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Is Published every Thursday morning at
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And I will guarantee that I will give good satisfaction to all farmers and others who will favor me with their patronage.
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GOOD, trustworthy men for permanent employment for Maple Grove Nurseries of Waterloo, N. Y. Good Salary and expenses paid weekly. Liberal inducements to beginners. Outfit free. Previous experience not required. Established over 20 years. All goods first-class. Write at once for terms. Address, J. W. McKay, Gen. Manager, St. Thomas Ont. (Mention this Paper.)

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WINDOW SHADES
—WITH—
Fine Dado
One yard wide by 2 yards long
35C.
200 pairs to select from
—AT—
DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
GUELPH.
DAY SELLS CHEAP.

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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

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LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE.
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Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured.
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 9 a.m. and 6 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS.

A Little Talk About
SHOES
Figures may lie and facts distorted be,
But seeing is believing, come and see.
The Peek-a-Boo Boot and Shoe store is just now showing a number of new lines of Shoes and Slippers specially adapted for the season. These new goods are being sold at prices as low or lower than those asked for old style and shop-worn goods elsewhere.
Everybody can be suited, for we have all sizes in
Gent's Wear.
Ladies' Wear.
Youth's Wear.
Children's Wear.
Baby's Wear.
Special Lines, Good Goods, Newest Style and Best value for the money at
W. Williams', Acton.
Custom work and repairing given careful attention. Trunks and Valises in variety.

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—OF THE—
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Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of property, on the Premium Note System.
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M. MACCORMICK,
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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.
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Having purchased the Coal business of Mr. C. S. Smith, I am prepared to supply all kinds of Stove Coal. I have also a good stock of Wood—Hard wood, Ash, Cedar and Mill Wood, at reasonable prices Wood and Coal delivered.
JAMES BROWN

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

Poetry.

AT THE GARDEN GATE.

We loitered long at the garden gate,
The heavy land, and the moon was low;
The roses dreaming in purple state
Nodded drowsily to and fro—
And O, but the night was heavenly fair,
With silence and sweetness everywhere!

Beyond the borders of mignonette
The daisies gleaming in silver bars,
Stirred in the grasses, all dewy wet,
Like the palpitating white fire of stars:
"Sweet," he whispered, the hour is late!"
But still we lingered within the gate.

Ah, me! What magic of youth and love
Held us thralled in the moonlight pale?
While out of the gloom of some green alcove
The soft fug-fug of the nightingale,
Like a distant echo of elfin bells,
Stole thro' the murmur of fond farewells!

The white moon drifted behind the tower,
And, faint in the sleeping town below,
The clocks were striking the weird mid-hour:
"Kiss me, Clara, and bid me go!"
Then silence deepened around us, and
Still he tarried and held my hand.

A vague wind ruffled the beds of bloom,
Rifled the syringa's sensuous spice,
Stirred the lilac, and sweetened the gloom
With all the odors of Paradise,
And over the spires of the goatly town
Like a stranded lily the moon went down.

And then, with a sudden, conscious start,
(Red as the reddest rose was I)
We tore our clinging hands apart,
And scurried away with a brief "good-bye."
And here is the moral that points my rhyme,
Evolved from the wisdom of former years,
Under the moon in the sweet June time,
A man in love requires, my dears,
Three mortal hours, be it ever so late,
To say good-night at the garden gate.

Select Family Reading.

Mrs. Brown's White Elephant.

BY ISAAC CAMPBELL.

He wasn't worth two hundred thousand dollars, nor anything like it, but all the same, he was worth a pretty penny—at least, Mrs. Brown said so, and if there was anyone in the world able to find out the figure of Mr. Reuben Wagner's fortune, that individual was Mrs. Brown. He had now been a boarder in her house for twelve years—not always the only one, but ever the most important—and from the hour that he first entered it till the present moment his goings-out and his comings-in, with all the time intervening, had been regarded with the liveliest interest by his gossiping, officious, but kind-hearted landlady.

Twelve years ago, when little Mrs. Brown was just that much younger—thirty-two, in fact—and very much prettier, although far from plain yet, she had had "hopes" regarding her new lodger. However, she very soon relinquished them once and for all upon finding out what manner of man Mr. Wagner was.

"He's a great student and reader," she remarked, with a note of pride in her voice, to a neighbor and gossip; "a regular bookworm, always groping among papers and books with those big, pale-blue, near-sighted eyes of his till it's a wonder he has any eyes left in his head. But, lal dear heart, no more chatty or sociable than a broomstick, and as for one's appearance; a body might wear saffron ribbons and have a cheek like a tallow-candle, for all the difference it would make to him;" and she tossed her head and gave a good-natured laugh as she thought of her own wasted charms.

Mr. Reuben Wagner was a tall, fair man, ungainly as to figure, and rather clumsy as to movements. Nevertheless, he was quite a handsome man in his way, albeit it was rather an elephantine way, and he had a smile and a voice that drew children around him.

Little Alice Brown was eight years old when he came to live in her mother's house, and they became the greatest friends at once, for his love for children amounted to a passion. What games and fun they had, and what tales he told! Alice learned from him the German language, and soon spoke it like any little girl of his native land.

Under these circumstances one would hardly agree with Mrs. Brown in thinking it necessary to send her daughter to a boarding-school in the city. Alice had grown to be a lovely girl—tall and slender, but vigorous, and blooming as a peach, with eyes of velvet softness and black as sloes. Her mother looked at her with fond, admiring eyes.

"My girl is a beauty, and may make her mark in the world," she said to herself. "I will just skimp and save a bit, and send her to school for a year to finish her."

So Alice's wardrobe was overhauled and renovated, and she and it were packed away to Madame D'Aubigne's Seminary for Young Ladies.

A drearier house than Mrs. Brown's, after this event, could hardly be found. In her forlorn loneliness she went to her lodger in hope of sympathy, but he failed her utterly in her time of need, for after wandering around from room to room in the most disconsolate manner, he had resigned himself patiently to the inevitable, and had buried himself more deeply than ever in his studies.

"It's too bad," said Mrs. Brown, to a friend, at this time. "I'd like to fill the house with gay young people to while away the time till Alice comes home; but there's Mr. Wagner—he never seems comfortable when there's any one else around."

"But, dear me, you're not bound to consider him in everything, are you? Does he pay you so well?" was the natural question.

"Oh, as to pay, he has always been most generous, and so easy to please; there couldn't be a more agreeable gentleman. But, of course, one boarder, no matter how well he pays, is never so profitable as a number; but takes alive; I'm so used to him, I'd never dream of sending him away;" and she shrugged her shoulders and gave a little provoked laugh. "He's somewhat of a white elephant on my hands," she continued. "Now that I have him, I don't know what to do with him and don't want to part with him."

And after this, Mrs. Brown's new name for her lodger, being considered appropriate to his large physique and blonde appearance, clung to him, and he came to be known in the neighborhood as "Mrs. Brown's white elephant."

At the end of the year Alice returned with a pale cheek and languid eye quite foreign to her, and her mother realized, with a pang of alarm, that her boarding-school had indeed done its best to finish her. The country-bred girl had suffered from chronic home-sickness and depression, chafing under the school discipline and the confinement incident to a city residence. Affairs fell into their old grooves at Mrs. Brown's, but, unfortunately, not with the same happy results. Alice recovered her health, and even more than her previous beauty, but her spirits were intermittent; sometimes gay and lively to the verge of hysteria, and again subdued and melancholy. Mr. Wagner had grown morose and moody, and more bound up in his books than ever.

For some unaccountable reason, Mrs. Brown said, everything in her house was at sixes and sevens. The exact state of confusion indicated by this numerical "figure" of speech I never quite understood; neither can I tell whether the good little woman considered the problem at all simplified when her lodger fell upon the ice one slippery day in February and broke his arm. He bore the pain and trouble with the most angelic patience; every trace of the crankiness that had characterized his temper for some time back, and of which Mrs. Brown had frequently complained of late to Alice, disappearing in the presence of real calamity.

They nursed him faithfully, Alice showing a tender solicitude that would certainly have won her patient's heart, had it not been hers already. But what hope had he a dry-as-dust old scholar—forty, if a day—to win the love of a young and lovely girl, who, as fresh and sweet as a flower, who was still a child, in spite of her twenty years. And yet he loved her so dearly, with all the ardor and passion of youth, combined with the steadfast devotion of his more advanced manhood. Such thoughts and emotions filled his mind and heart, as he watched her with loving and furtive glances while she flitted about his room putting things in order. Once or twice, when she handed him his lemonade, or arranged his poor wounded arm more comfortably, he had seized the gentle, ministering, little hand and kissed it several times, and then relinquished it with a lingering pat. At these moments words seemed to hover on his lips—Alice saw them quite plainly—and his eyes met hers with a longing look in their blue depths which she perfectly well understood; consequently she remained by his side by an effort of will, though the impulse was strong within her to flee and hide her tingling cheeks of damask hue. But however well she may have seen the words, she did not hear them, for Reuben Wagner would crush them back from his lips, and turn away with a sigh; and Alice knitting her pretty brows, and giving her nether lip a vicious nip, would presently leave the room, closing the door with considerable emphasis.

One morning, after Mr. Wagner had sufficiently recovered from his accident to go out for a short walk, Mrs. Brown was busily sweeping the passageway upon which his door opened. Raising her broom to demolish an audacious spider which notwithstanding her watchfull eye, had succeeded in building a web over the door, she found her short stature prevented her from accomplishing her fell purpose.

"Allie, dear, come here. You are taller than I. Mind you don't brush it down on yourself! There! that's right. Mr. Wagner has gone out, I think."

"I wish he would stay out!" said Alice, pettishly.

"Why, Alice! what do you mean?" said her mother, in surprise.

"Mamma, why do you keep Mr. Wagner so long? It's no advantage to you. He's just what you say—nothing but a white elephant on our hands. I wish you'd give him warning to go. I'm tired of Mr. Wagner!"

"Why, my daughter! Are you annoyed at having had extra waiting to do? If so, I hope Mr. Wagner will be careful of his eyes, and read less, for he was complaining only this morning of sharp, shooting pain in them, and some dimness of sight."

"Oh, he's as blind as a bat already!" cried the girl, with a hot blush. "He must be blind not to see that—"

Then she stopped, laughed nervously, and straightway bursting into tears, ran away to her own room.

"Hoighty-toighty!" said Mrs. Brown, dropping her broom in astonishment. "If the child ain't dead in love with Mr. Wagner. Well, to be sure, there were others as blind as he—and to think I never guessed it. Well, I never!" And she turned and closed the gentleman's door, which had been ajar, polishing the handle vigorously with the duster which she held in her hand.

Now if Mrs. Brown had chanced to look into her lodger's apartment at that moment her amazement would certainly have been increased, and she might have had at least one hearty laugh afforded her by the serious tenant. That gentleman was, then in the act of performing a dance, eccentric and original, it is true, but executed with a grace and airiness of which no one would have believed him capable.

It was fortunate for all concerned that the lady had expressed her feelings in a loud soliloquy, under the impression that he was out, for her daughter's words, while deeply wounding his affectionate, sensitive heart, had filled him with a grieved concern for her own comfort, and he had instantly decided to relieve her at once of his unwelcome presence. Of course it would never have occurred to him to place the contrary and woman-like construction upon these words, which her mother had not hesitated to do, and his faint-heartedness would have lost all.

However, all was well now. *She loved him!* Joy incredible—but her mother vouched for the truth of it. And who could read a girl's heart better than her own mother!

Half an hour afterwards the hall door closed upon Mr. Wagner's retreating footsteps with a loud and energetic clang.

"*He was in!*" cried Alice, in her little room up stairs, and sank into a chair, hastily trying to recollect her unlucky words, and horrified when she did remember them.

"He *wasn't out!*" said Alice's mother, complacently rolling out some puff paste in the kitchen below; and she finished her work with an amused and knowing smile upon her comely face.

Mrs. Brown and her daughter dined alone, for their guest did not return in time for their early meal. Indeed, it was drawing very near the hour for their country six o'clock tea when he appeared. His arrival was noted with a sense of relief by both, for his unusual absence had created some slight anxiety, being almost without precedent.

When Mr. Wagner entered the parlor and took his seat at the little tea table—which was round, like King Arthur's—his face was a study for any person desirous of reading it. But such a person Alice Brown certainly was not. She avoided his eye with the greatest care, scarcely daring to glance in the direction of his chair; and it was a very difficult thing to do, for she was conscious all the time that he was staring at her in the most unblushing and unusual manner.

Mr. Wagner's face expressed triumph, excitement and happiness, while in his large, pale blue eyes there was a perfect well of mischief twinkling, sparkling and bubbling over in the most ridiculously boyish manner.

Before the meal had commenced, Mrs. Brown rose to get a pot of marmalade, she said, of which Mr. Wagner was very fond.

"Stay, mamma, I'll get it," Alice said, springing up in a great hurry: "I know where it is."

"No, love—there's none in the pantry," her mother replied, and insisted upon going in search of the delicacy herself.

And if she had gone to Dundee for it, Alice thought, she could hardly have stayed much longer!

Mr. Wagner opened an illustrated paper while he waited, and Alice, made nervous by the rustling, looked towards it inadvertently.

Horror! What should she see (first thing) but a picture of the aristocratic and celebrated white elephant, so soon to gladden the eyes of the Western World!

She sank back in her seat ready to sympathize with the Lady of Shalott when she cried, "The curse has come upon me!"

"Rather a fine-looking animal, though he does seem to have weak eyes!" said Mr. Wagner, easily, tapping the picture with his finger. "Don't you think so, Miss Alice?"

"Yes, oh, yes!" she answered, faintly; then showing a little fight, as she realized that he was taking revenge, she continued, in an off-hand conversational tone: "They train them to worship the sun, don't they?" And she arose to place her little terra-cotta tea-pot on the fender to keep it warm, though one might think that close proximity to her burning cheeks might have had the desired effect!

Mr. Wagner left his seat with sudden swiftness, and waylaid her.

"I know of one who learned to worship the daughter!" he cried, taking her right into his great, long arms, and kissing the sweet mouth, with its pleading, deprecating smile.

"Forgive the little joke, darling; but it makes me feel like a boy again to think that you can care for me."

"Ah, dear friend, it is I who should crave pardon. But you know I didn't mean anything I said. We girls tell dreadful fibs—we have to."

"Confession most terrible! But is it possible, you charming child, that you can love, really love, an ugly old book-worm like me? How thankful am I to have found it out in time; for I am obliged to return to my old home in Germany as soon as I can possibly get there!"

"Going to leave us, and just now! Oh my Reuben, why so?"

"I shall not leave you, darling," he said, stooping to reward the kind lips that framed his Christian name for the first time. "We must be married at once; my treasure and trousseau, and all such fol-de-rols, may come afterwards. Fourteen years ago, Alice dear, I left my home in Stuttgart to travel in America, and I was supposed to have been one of the victims of a disastrous shipwreck, from which I was happily absent. My father died almost immediately afterward, and my younger brother, newly married, took possession in all good faith of my title and lands. I did not care to dispossess him for I knew that he and his bride dearly loved the *eclat* of rank and fortune, while I at that time, placed no value upon them, wishing only to pursue my travels undisturbed. I made money in this good land of yours by a fortunate scientific discovery, and have lived in comfort, as you know, ever since. I learn to-day that my poor brother has been dead for some weeks, leaving no heir, and I propose resuming my rights. Little one, I am the Baron Von Wagner, very rich and influential in Germany" and he smiled playfully at her wondering face.

At this moment Mrs. Brown came in with the pleasing intelligence that, after all, she was quite out of marmalade, so Mr. Wagner would have to excuse her. This the gentleman sternly refused to do, unless she would give him, as a forfeit, the hand of her only daughter in marriage.

Then they told their wonderful tidings, Mrs Brown ever after blessed the day when her white elephant entered her house and made her pretty little girl a baroness.

HARD WORK.

Do not be discouraged, boys, if you are poor and have to work hard to earn your own living. The men whom you most admire and respect to-day were struggling a few years ago just as you are now. John Wanamaker, the merchant prince of Philadelphia, started in life by turning bricks for his father before school hours, and thus earning two cents a day. Afterwards he entered a book-store, where he was paid $1.25 per week, and walked eight miles each day between his home and place of business. Now he has an enormous dry-good establishment, and employs more than 3,000 persons. One secret of his success is thoughtfulness. Once he heard a sermon full of hard words, and every one he did not understand he looked up in the dictionary afterwards. Edison, the inventor, began life by selling papers, pea-nuts in the cars, but at the same time he was reading history and scientific books. One day he happened to be in a telegraph office when the machinary was out of order, and as there was no one there who could fix it, he offered to try and was successful. That was the stepping-stone to fame and fortune. Had these boys wasted their time over dime novels and their money in cigarettes, the world would never have heard of them.

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF ENMITY.

The hatred between Lord Essex and Sir Walter Raleigh was well known by all who were acquainted with them, or with the story of their lives. When Sir Walter had landed at Fayal, in the Island of Madeira, in direct opposition to the injunctions of Lord Essex, who commanded the expedition, the latter was earnestly advised by his friends to bring him to a court-martial, which he richly deserved; but Essex nobly replied: "I would do it immediately, were he not my enemy!"

"I always," said the mother of the great Goethe, "seek out what is good in people, and leave what is bad to Him who made mankind, and knows how to round off the angles."

A BRAVE LITTLE DUTCH BOY.

The country of Holland, in Europe, is almost surrounded by the sea. To be sure there is nothing strange in that, for all islands are entirely surrounded by the sea. But Holland is a low country, and if the people had not built high banks to keep the water off, whenever there was a storm or a very high tide, it would wash right over the whole land, and sweep away all the houses and drown the people. The Holland folks built the banks many years ago. They are called dykes. They are not only high, but so thick through that there is room for a broad street on top. Trees are planted along these streets, and it is a pleasant and airy place to walk. Men are chosen whose business it is to watch these dykes, and see that the water, which is always trying to break through, never does. It is necessary to be very watchful, for if there comes a break ever so small, it must be stopped at once, or it would grow bigger and bigger, and it would take but a few hours to bring on a dreadful flood.

And even the smallest Dutch child knows the danger of being careless about the dykes. One evening a little boy in the city of Haarlem was on his way home. He walked fast, for it was getting late. It was a quiet part of the city, and there was no one but himself on the street. Every thing was quiet, so quiet that presently he heard a soft, gurgling sound like that of running water. Ah! Hans knew in a moment what that meant—it meant that somewhere the sea had made a little road through the dykes. He stopped and looked carefully and eagerly, and very soon he found it—a tiny stream that rippled and ran as though it meant not the least bit of harm to anybody or any thing.

But Hans knews better than that, and the first thing he did was to look about for something to stop it. He could find nothing. What should he do? But before he could get one the little stream might become a great river. He looked up and down the empty street. "Well, there's one thing I can do," said Hans to himself, and he went up to the great dyke and put one of his fingers into the hole. It just filled it. "Isn't that lucky," thought Hans. "And now I'll stay here till some body comes." And so he did.

The twilight passed, and the night come on. The stars came out, one after another. By and by the moon came up in the east. Very slowly the hours went by. It seemed to little Hans that never had there been so long a night. Once he saw a man walking along on the dyke, but too far off for his voice to reach him. He grew tired and cold, but he did not give up. He thought of the stories he had heard of the damage done by the floods in times past, when the dykes had given away. He thought of the little brothers and sisters at home, and of other happy homes that might be swept away should he leave his post. And so he bravely staid by, though it seemed to him sometimes that he should drop down, he was so tired. Every once in a while he would call out, and early in the morning a watchman heard him and hastened to the spot. And it was not long, you may may be sure, before others came, and the little break was stopped, and Hans was carried to his home.

The Dutch are a brave people, and have fought many battles in the past to save their country from its enemies; but among them all their never was a braver hero than this little boy, who through the long hours of that lonely night saved the great city from the sea.—*Our Little Men and Women.*

LIQUOR ARITHMETIC—OBJECT LESSON.

"Boy at the head of the class, what are we paying for liquor as a nation?"

"$900,000,000 annually."

"Step to the blackboard, my boy. First take a rule and measure this silver dollar. How thick is it?"

"Nearly an eighth of an inch?"

"Well, sir, how many of them can you pile in an inch?"

"Between eight and nine."

"Give it the benefit of the doubt and call it nine. How many inches would it require to pile these $900,000,000 in?"

"100,000,000 inches."

"How many feet would that be?"

"8,333,333 feet."

"How many rods is that?"

"505,505 rods."

"How many miles is that?"

"1,578 miles."

"Miles of what?"

"1,578 miles of silver dollars, laid down, packed closely together, our national liquor bill would make. That is only one year's grog bill."

Reader, if you need facts about this temperance question, nail that to a post and read it occasionally. It would take ten men with scoop shovels to throw away money as fast as we are wasting it for grog. *U. S. Ex.*

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

To give stoves a good lustre, add either sugar or alum to the lead.

If there is a suspicion of moths in the carpets, press along the edge with a hot iron or sprinke under with salt.

Lime free from grit mixed with alcohol applied with leather will give a beautiful polish to steel.

Remove stains from cups and saucers by scouring with fine coal ashes.

Vinegar improves by keeping, therefore it is best to lay in a large supply.

To break up a bad cold, bathe the feet, or the whole body, in very hot water, and drink a cup of hot ginger tea and go immediately to bed.

Meat and vegetables are much better if served when they are done than if left to get cold before they are eaten.

If the coal cinders, when taken from the stove, are put in an old tin and cold water poured over them, in an hour you will have nice clean cinders that will burn clear and good without the disagreeable trouble of sifting them.

How many have tried sunflowers for bean poles? Plant them very early, and when one foot high plant two beans to a stalk.

Chamois can be washed in warm water without soap; rinse well and pull and stretch to soften while drying.

Binding a piece of lemon around the toe, rubbing the corn with green peach-tree leaves, are both very good remedies.

A quick-witted Iowa woman, noting the invention of a ballot-box that cannot be stuffed, said, "Now if some one would invent a voter that cannot be stuffed with beer, brag, or bribery, we shall have a long stride toward a better government."

Trusting to luck is only another name for trusting to laziness.

JOE'S WAY.

The boys were waiting in the road,
For Joe to come and play;
"We'd like to know what keeps you so,"
Impatiently cried they.
"We've waited nearly half an hour;
Do hurry, Joe," they cried.
"I'll be there—when my work is done;
Not till then," he replied.

"Come on, come on; the work can wait,"
They urged, "till by-and-by.
"It might, of course, but I don't think
It will," was his reply.
"When I've a task to do, I like
To do it right away;
Work first, my father says, then fun;
And what he says, I say."

Hurrah for Joe! Such talk as that
Is what I like to hear;
But many boys will not agree
With Joe and me, I fear.
Play first, and last, and all the time,
Would suit most boys, I know:
But that, I'm very glad to say,
Is not the way with Joe.

When you've a task to do my boys,
Don't put it off, and say
You'll do it when you've had your fun,
But do it right away.
This "putting off" soon forms, my lads,
A habit to deplore:
Who promptly does his work enjoys
His pleasure all the more!

ADVICE TO BRIDE AND GROOM.

In the first solitary hour after the ceremony take the bridegroom and demand a solemn vow of him, and give him a vow in return. Promise one another sacredly never, even in jest, to wrangle with each other, whatever pretext, with whatever excuse it may be. You must continually and every moment, see clearly into each other's bosom. Even when one of you has committed a fault, wait not an instant, but confess it freely.

And as you keep nothing secret from each other, so, on the contrary, preserve the privacy of your house, married state and heart from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt and all the world. Every third or fourth one who you draw into it with you will form a party, and stand between you two.

Promise this to each other. Renew the vow at each temptation. You will find your accounts in it. Your souls will grow, as it were, together, and at last will become as one. Ah, if many a young pair had on their wedding day known this secret, how many marriages would be happier than, alas! they are now.

VARIETIES.

Edison promises to put his latest invention, the phonograph, to a curious and practical use. It is his intention to furnish to subscribers a talking daily newspaper. The little instrument will be charged with a condensation of the news of the day, and each subscriber can listen to it while at breakfast.

Man is born with his hands clinched; he dies with his hands wide open. Entering life, he desires to grasp everything; leaving the world, all that he possessed has slipped away.

One ounce of arresting somebody for carrying concealed weapons before he kills somebody else is worth a pound of murder-trial.

Fortune sometimes shows us the way, but it is energy that achieves success.

Men do less than they ought unless they do all that they can.

GOOD STANDING.

Philip, seven years old, is proud of his standing at school. "Well said his uncle, whobad heard the boy speak rather delightedly about his school triumphs, "what is your relative rank in your class?"

"I—I don't know what you mean, uncle."

"Why, I mean where do you stand in your classes?"

"Oh! In the reading class I stand near the stove; in the spelling class I stand on the crack just in front of the big desks, and in the 'rithmetic class I don't stand at all, 'cos we just sit on the recitation bench!"

PRESENT AGE OF THE EARTH.

The present age of the earth has been placed by Sir William Thomson at 100,000,000 years, while the speculations of others have given much larger figures. Scientists concur in thinking that this is but a small part of the earth's existence, and everything leads to the belief that its total evolution through the immensity of space will exceed a million centuries.

HE GAVE HIMSELF AWAY.

"No sir," said a quiet looking travelling man to a companion on the train, "I can truthfully say that I am very little given to fear. I never was afraid of anything or anybody in my life." "That is more than I can say." "It's a fact, nevertheless." "By the way, I should think a man like you would have been married long before this." "How do you know that I am not married?" "I gathered it from your conversation."

With love, the heart becomes a fair and fertile garden, with sunshine and warm hues and exhaling sweet odors; but without it, is a bleak desert covered with ashes.

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.

Mr. Henry Marshal, Reeve of Dunn, writes: "Some time ago I got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery from Mr. Harrison, and I consider it the very best medicine extant for Dyspepsia." This medicine is making marvellous cures in Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, etc., in purifying the blood and restoring manhood to full vigor.

Public Speakers, Actors and Voc