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Editor and Proprietor

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The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.
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THOS. EBBAGE, Man.

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For 30 days at Reduced Prices.
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You can get the best splendid Scotch Tweed Suits
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REFERENCES.—Bradstreet's or Dun Wiman & Co's Commercial Agencies, well known to business men; or Standard Bank, Colborne, Ont.
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J. B. Mills & Co., Managers

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 styles and shop-worn goods elsewhere.

Everybody can be suited, for we have ol since in
Gent's Wear,
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Youth's Wear,
Children's Wear,
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Special Lines, Good Goods, Newest Style and Best value for the money at
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Custom work and repairing given careful attention. Trunks and Valises in variety.

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Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of property, on the Premium Note System.
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LIVERY
—AND—
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At his stables. A comfortable 'bus meets all trains between 9 a. m. and 8.18 p. m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
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Winter Coal
NOW.

The undersigned is now receiving his stock of Coal for the coming season and is anxious to favor all his customers with Coal at the lowest possible prices. To all who will order for immediate delivery he will supply Stove and Nut Coal for
$6.15 per ton
CASH.
The Coal this year is of excellent quality and the low price above quoted can only be allowed for a few weeks. This low figure is for cash or 30 days only. Order now and save a dollar a ton or more on your winter's supply.
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, and Wood supplied as usual.
James Brown, Acton.

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Poetry.

GRAMMIE'S LETTER FROM JIM.

BY E. P. GROVER.

What did you say, Susan?—a letter for me from Jim?
It's a long time, my dearie, since I heard from him.
He's my baby, too—the youngest of all my brood,
Always strong and sturdy, and hearty at his food;
And always full of mischief, but nothing very bad;
Handsome, and straight as an arrow. Well, Sue, I'm glad
When there's a letter comes from the [illegible], but Jim
Don't write very often, and I'm glad this is from him.

Give me my glasses, and I'll try what old eyes can do
Readin' new-fashioned writin'. Jim, he is thirty-two,
And I am seventy-eight. Ah! a long stretch lies between
Of weary years. He was the hardest of all to wean;
He seemed to cling to his mother more'n all the rest—
Father used to say he b'lieved I loved Jim best.
I didn't. Of all the eight I never had any choice;
You know, Sue, you came between him and the other boys.

Can't find my glasses? Dear me! I'm bothered every day,
I'm clean out of patience, and b'lieve I'll go away.
Everything gets lost, Susan; you let them children do
Just about as they want to—they never will mind you.
When I had a young family, just like your's around,
Not a thing was lost so far that it could not be found.
Well, here, Sue, you read the letter. I can't wait all day.
"Dear mother, I am married." Whatever does he say?

Married! Is that boy married? Who to? Do read it again.
Hurry! or the baby'll wake up, and begin to cry.
"Married to a lady, who is rich as she is good;
We want you to live with us—you promised me you would.
I am sure you are getting too old to live with Sue,
Such a houseful of children must fret and worry you.
Jennie has a room all ready—cozy, nice, and still,
And you shall have a servant to do for you what you will."

Is that all? Well, you tell him—you must answer the letter,
For my hand trembles, and you can write it so much better;
And she will see it too, though it is writ to him,
And I don't want it scrawly, to mortify my Jim—
Tell him I thank him, and thank her kindly too,
But if you don't mind the trouble, I'd rather stay with you.
Though I'm a poor old body, when I feel inclined
I can manage the children; you never make them mind.

I wouldn't like to leave you, and I don't mind the noise;
Your girls are not so bad, and I know "boys will be boys;"
And then, you know, the baby—what could you do with him?
Just write a good long letter—explain it all to Jim;
And tell him I wish him all the blessings life can give,
But I couldn't leave your children to go down there to live.
Who's that a-calling "Grammie?" Sake alive! 'tis that rogue Ben,
He's bringing in the pieces of poor Grammie's broken specs!

Select Family Reading.

Mrs. Raven's Victory.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

All the neighbors were amazed when the report of of Sophy Manner's engagement to Ralph Raven was first bruited abroad.

"It aint so," said Mrs. Polwheal. "I've knowed Sophy Manners ever since she was a gal, and she aint one to give up her independence to any domineering old widower alive."

"And he has four children, too, said Miss Louisa Arnold, who was suspected of having been not altogether unwilling herself to console the widower in his affections.

"And Sophy is so independent, too," said Mrs. Judge Jessup, who was inclined towards women's rights. "She needn't be beholden to anybody. With that fine farm and ten thousand dollars in the bank, and nobody knows how much railway stock and government bonds, I think that she is making a great mistake. That's what I told her. 'Says I: 'Sophy, you don't know what it is to give up your own way.'

"'But I don't mean to give up my own way, Mrs. Jessup,' says she, as bright and saucy as you please.

"'Look in the Prayer Book, Sophy,' says I, 'and there you'll find it as plain as a pike-staff—"Love, honor and obey."'

"'O! but if you do love and honor a man, Mrs. Jessup,' says she, 'it must be the easiest thing in the world to obey him.'"

"It's one thing to talk," said Mrs. Polwheal, with a deep sigh, "and another thing to do. It's a great joke to get married, but it's no joke to get unmarried again."

"He's got a dreadful temper," said Miss Louisa.

"The children are all afraid of him," said Mrs. Jessup.

"The Ravens always were a race of despots," said Mrs. Polwheal. "I've heard my grandmother tell how old Duncan Raven turned his wife out o' doors on a snowy night, and how she'd a friz to death if the neighbors hadn't took her in. And there was Will Raven, this man's uncle—why, his wife couldn't live with him. She had to go home to her father's house."

Thus croaked the village cronies on the subject of Miss Manners's engagement to Mr. Raven. Nor were her nearest friends less disturbed.

"Sophy," said Mrs. Captain Leslie, a bright little brunette, who sang contralto in the choir, painted in oil colors, and modeled in clay, "why are you going to marry that man?"

"Why did you marry Captain Leslie?" cross-questioned the bride-elect, with a roguish sparkle in her hazel eyes,

"Because I loved him."

"And so do I love Ralph Raven."

"But, my dear, he is such a tyrant!"

"He won't tyrannize over me," said Sophy.

"He has such a family!" reasoned Mrs. Leslie.

"Only four," said Miss Manners. "And I dote on children."

"And they tell me he has got a dreadful temper."

"So have I," laughed Sophy. "But he isn't going to abandon me on account of that."

"Is he coming here to live?" said Mrs. Leslie, glancing around the pretty sitting-room, where birds, flowers and Sophy's work were scattered around in picturesque confusion.

"Oh, yes," said Sophy, "The old Raven house isn't nearly as pleasant as this!"

So they were married, and Ralph Raven brought his four children to their new home.

"Isn't it *lovely here*!" said Lucy, the eldest, a tall, pale girl of fourteen, who looked like a lily that had grown in the shade.

"And don't you love our new mamma?" cried Fanny, the second, with childish enthusiasm.

"'She's a regular brick!" said Johnny. "And Dora says that step-mothers are always cross, but I know she aint! She says we may have a base-ball ground anywhere we please, and a play-room in the shed."

"And I am to keep guinea-pigs in the barn, and have the little white pony for my own," joyfully cried Willie.

"And papa hasn't been nearly so cross since he came to Mannersley," said Lucy. "And we are to have all the story books we want to read! Oh, Fanny, aren't you glad we've got a step-mother?"

But the honeymoon had scarcely got into its gibbous decline when domestic trouble loomed darkly in the horizion.

"I shall not permit any of this systematic idleness," said Mr. Raven, sternly. "With these two great girls to assist you, Sophia, you need not keep a servant. And Hannah is shockingly wasteful! By hiring a woman now and then, a day to clean, or—"

"Oh, I have had Hannah here ever since I can remember," said Mrs. Raven. "I couldn't do without Hannah. And I don't want to turn the little girls into mere drudges. On the contrary, my dear, I have sent for a new servant who is to act as chambermaid and waitress."

"I will not have her here!" exclaimed Mr. Raven.

"Oh, yes you will, my love," said Mrs. Raven.

"The size of the establishment displeases me altogether," went on Mr. Raven, frowning. "Four horses! That is all nonsense. One is all sufficient. We don't keep a livery stable, do we?"

"I have given the little pony to Willie," said Mrs. Raven. "It is an excellent saddle horse, and Willie is a delicate child and needs exercise in the open air. The black pair is for my carriage, and the old sorrel is needed for the farm work."

"I shall sell three of them," said Mr. Raven, stubbornly; "I shall not allow you to waste your money so frightfully. Lucy must learn housekeeping, and Fanny can dust and sweep as well as any lazy, extravagant maid. As for Willie, if he needs exercise, there are the onion beds to weed. I have already directed John to pick the stones off the sidehill pasture and pile them neatly up in heaps. That will be a great deal more sensible than wasting his time in base-ball games. As for you, my dear Sophia, I do not judge it expedient that you shall drive out so much and walk away your time in the woods. A woman's place is at home."

Sophy's eye sparkled ominously.

"You think so, do you?" said she.

"Most assuredly I do," complacently returned the husband.

Here was the Raven temper cropping out at last. Sophy felt that immediate measures were essential. If she yielded now, she should be a mere slave for the rest of her life, like the poor, meek-spirited mother of the four little Ravens, who had at last taken refuge in her grave, and whose children were just beginning to taste the sweets of childhood in a step-mother's home.

"Ralph," said she, serenely, "this house is *mine*. And I intend to be mistress of it."

"You are my wife!" he cried, hotly.

"But not your slave or victim. Listen to me," said Sophy. "I am a lady, and I will be treated as such. Your children I feel to be a sacred bequest from their dead mother, and I will not allow them to be trodden under foot or tyrannized over, at least while they are under my charge. It seems that we cannot agree. You had better go back to the Raven Homestead and live. I will remain here. By this arrangement we can avoid the disgrace and scandal of a public separation."

Mr. Raven stared at his wife in amazement.

"You would then wish—a separation?" cried he.

"It is for you to decide," Sophy answered calmly.

"Very well," he said, gnawing his underlip. "It shall be as you choose."

He turned away and went home to the old Raven Homestead without another word.

"I will not be conquered by a woman," he said wrathfully.

But the Raven Homestead seemed grim and gloomy enough after the sunshiny atmosphere of Mannersley. And as Ralph's temper cooled down, his common sense asserted its away.

"I wonder if Sophy can be right," said he to himself.

And the next link in the chain of argument was:

"Sophy is right, I believe!"

For surely the children were happier in her gentle rule—the world was brighter. Was it not possible that he had been in error all these years?

It was no easy task to confess himself in the wrong, but Ralph Raven could be brave when the need presented itself. He went back to Mannersley the next day.

"Sophy," he said, "I have been thinking this matter over?"

"Well?" said Mrs. Raven, trying hard to still the tumultuous beating of her heart. For to her, as to him, this day represented a life-long crisis. She had tried an experiment. What was to come of it?

"And I have come to the conclusion," he said, a little huskily, "that I am in the wrong."

Sophy ran to him and threw both arms around his neck.

"Ralph! Dear Ralph!" was all that she said.

Nothing more passed between them, nor was it necessary. The children were allowed to go on in their natural, childlike life. Sophy retained her own domestic helm without let or hindrance, and a new sunshine dawned over the household at Mannersley.

And all the gossips in town beheld, and marveled much.

"I never saw such a changed mortal as Ralph Raven in my life," said one.

"Sophy Manners must be possessed of a spell," said another.

But all the spell that Sophy Manners had was that of good common sense.

WHY WOMEN GET SHORT OF BREATH

In order to ascertain the influence of tight clothing upon the heart during exercises a dozen young women consented this summer to run 540 yards, in their loose gymnasium garments, and then run the same distance with corsets on. The running time was two minutes and thirty seconds for each person at each trial and and in order that there should be no cardiac excitement or depression following the first test, the second trial was made the following day. Before beginning the running the average heart impulse was 84 beats to the minute; after running the above-named distance the heart impulse was 152 beats to the minute; the average natural waist girth being 25 inches. The next day corsets were worn during the exercise, and the average girth of waist was reduced to 24 inches. The same distance was run in the same time by all, and immediately afterwards the average heart impulse was found to be 168 beats per minute. When I state that I should feel myself justified in advising an athlete not to enter a running or rowing race whose heart impulse was 159 beats per minute after a little exercise, even if there was not the slighest evidence of disease, one can form some idea of the wear and tear on this important organ, and the physiological loss entailed upon the system in woman who force it to labor for over half their lives under such a disadvantage as the tight corset imposes.—Dr. D. A. Sargent in Scribner's.

HOW BRIDES THANK PEOPLE.

When a bride receives scores, and perhaps hundreds of wedding presents, on the eve of her marriage, and feels in duty bound to acknowledge each gift without delay, the burden of writing her thanks must be very great. We are not surprised, therefore, to learn that brides sometimes avail themselves of assistance under such circumstances, and that many notes are written by young lady friends to those donors who are not very familiar with the bride's handwriting.

The *Buffalo Courier* relates an amusing experience of a young lady in that city who performed this kind office for a friend who was about to be married. She wrote a vast number of pretty notes of thanks in the name of the bride:

"All went well until the wedding night, when overhearing some laughing comments of guests who were inspecting the presents it was her horror to learn that she had mixed the givers in one case and had thanked the donor of an oval toilette mirror, exquisitely framed in repousse work, in terms adapted to the giver of the choice engraving. To her who had sent the mirror she had returned thanks for her very appropriate gift, at which she should take unceasing pleasure in looking, and to the giver of the engraving she had very modestly said—thinking it was about a repousse-farmed hand mirror she was amplifying—that the frame was a work of art which in itself was adequate compensation for the common place subject it was its fate now always to encircle."

"PAY JOHN WILLIAMS."

At a prayer meeting "down east," a man noted for his failures to meet business obligations arose to speak. The subject was, "What shall I do to be saved?" He commenced slowly to quote the words, "What shall I do to be saved?" He paused, looked around and said again, "What shall I do to be saved?" Again with more solemn tone he repeated the question of questions, when a voice from the assembly, in clear and distinct tones, replied: "Go and pay John Williams for that yoke of oxen."

Any professed Christian who defrauds his neighbors and fails or refuses to pay his honest debts or who does not keep his contracts in business unless it is for his interest to do so, might as well and appropriately be called down in the prayer meeting and every other public meeting, should the occasion be offered, as the man above mentioned was called down. No man has a right to ignore the debt he owes because forsooth the creditor does not press him for payment and compel to settle. But what shall we say of one who parades in public as a Christian and refuses to pay his honest debts though able to do so?

A FATHER ON HIS DAUGHTER'S ELOPEMENT.

The editor of the *Fireside Guard* (Missouri,) whose daughter eloped with a man whom he believed to be unworthy of her, gives vent to his sorrow in the following touching words:

"Time heals all things, and restores peace to the troubled mind." This may be true in some instances, but it seems a mockery to those whose hearts are sore, whose heads are bowed with grief, and mental sufferings seem almost beyond human endurance.

When our dearest affections are entwined about a loved child, whose very existence seems part of our life, and in whom the soul itself seems enwrapped in tender solicitude for her happiness, it is hard to awaken to a realization that our confidence and love have been repaid with the most heartless ingratitude possible in this life. Who but those who have suffered, can realize the cruel, bitter disappointment, the pain, the heartaches, the agony from which death would be a welcome deliverance? It is hard to have our brightest hopes blasted, and our fireside made desolate. It seems cruel and heartless to have one's own child turn against the parents to whom she owes everything. How gladly we welcomed the darling little babe that came like a bright angel to our home in the years that have flown. We were young then; time and care had not left their impress; and the hair that is tinged with gray now was glossy and brown. The world was full of joy to us and life was sweet.

Many years have passed since then; time has wrought many changes. How carefully we watched over and guarded our little one, and how proud we felt as she budded into womanhood! But all seems changed now. The world does not seem near so bright; life is not near so desirable; and we no longer dread the end, for beyond there is rest.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses an humble trade. The author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

HOW FORTUNES GROW.

A Little Lesson In Arithmetic With An Application.

Many readers have probably never seen the illustrated story of the rich but miserly country gentleman who was constantly annoying his hard-working blacksmith about his high charges for shoeing his horses. One day the pestered farrier, as he was about setting a shoe, looked up and said: "Well, 'Squire, if you will pay me one cent for the first nail, and double the amount for each succeeding nail, I will be satisfied." "Go ahead" said the 'Squire, and the following is the result:

No. of Nails.	
1	01
2	02
3	04
4	08
5	16
6	32
7	64
8	1 28
9	2 56
10	5 12
11	10 24
12	20 48
13	40 96
14	81 92
15	163 84
16	327 68
17	655 36
18	1,310 72
19	2,621 44
20	5,242 88
21	10,485 76
22	20,971 52
23	41,942 04
24	83,886 08
25	167,772 16
26	335,544 32
27	671,088 64
28	1,342,177 28
29	2,284,354 56
30	5,368,709 12
31	10,737,418 24
32	21,474,836 48
Total	$42,919,672 95

The application of this little object lesson to the marvellous increase of private fortunes in this country is very suggestive, when we remember that on the basis of the legal rates of interest fortunes "double up" once in eight years, and in the case of the great Crœsuses, who are bolstered up by franchises, monopolies, trusts, stock-waterings, etc., they double up much oftener.

GIRLS' BIRTHDAYS.

An old astrological prediction gives the character of a girl according to the month she is born in, as follows:

If a girl is born in January, she will be a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but good-tempered, and fond of fine clothes.

If in February, an affectionate wife and tender mother, and devoted to dress.

If in March, a frivolous chatterbox, somewhat given to quarreling, and a connoisseur in gowns and bonnets.

If in in April, inconstant, not very intelligent, but likely to be good-looking and studious of the fashion plates.

If in May, handsome, amiable, and given to style in dress.

If in June, impetuous, will marry early, be frivolous, and like dressy clothes.

If in July, possibly handsome, but with a sulky temper and a *penchant* for gay attire.

If in August, amiable and practical, likely to marry rich and to dress strikingly.

If in September, discreet, affable, much liked, and a fashionable dresser.

If in October, pretty and coquettish, and devoted to attractive garniture.

If in November, liberal, kind, of a mild disposition, and an admirer of stylish dress.

If in December, well-proportioned, fond of novelty, and extravagant, and a student of dressy effects.—W. H. Siviter, in Editor's Drawer, *Harper's Magazine* for July.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A man never knows that a woman has any old clothes until he has married her.

In Ireland they do not call a spade a spade. They call it a sphad.—*Puck.*

A Berlin scientist says salt is conducive to longevity, but it appears to have failed in the case of Lot's wife.

"None but the brave deserve the fair." And even the brave can't live with some of 'em.

As the butcher adds his hand to the weight of the steak, he piously sighs to himself, "I love to steal awhile a weigh."

Does the captain say whether we shall break the record or not?" "Yes. He says the record or the boiler must go." "How lovely!"

A Desirable Forfeit.—"Will you eat a philopoena with me, Miss Emily?" "What if I lose?" Then I win a kiss." "And if I win?" "Then I have to kiss you."

Bride.—"George, dear, when we reach town let us try to avoid leaving the impression that we are newly married." "All right Maud; you can lug the valise."

They are engaged: "George," said the maiden fondly, "Did you hear Willie's first fire-cracker just now?" "Yes, Miss Mantalina, I did." "Didn't it pop gracefully?" It was enough.

The following was overheard at the London Law Courts while the Parnell Commission was sitting:—Two Irishmen were conversing when that devoted patriot Mr. O'Brien walked proudly past, "Ah!" said Irishman number one, "There's a man, now who Balfour would like to imprison for life if he only dared." Without a moment's hesitation, Irishman number two replied:—"Imprison for life, d'ye say? Sure, man, 'twould be no use at all, at all. O'Brien would die long before such a brutal al sintince could come to an end!" And, as though to remove any possible doubt as to his nationality, Irishman number one replied, with a significant shake of his head:—"Ah, me bhoy! Faith, and I believe ye're right!"

HE HAD TRAVELLED.

A young man with a great deal of hat and a small amount of grip-sack came into the Third street depot on a train the other day, and walked through to the hackstand. He said to the driver of the vehicle:

"I want to go to the Wayne Hotel."

"Yes sir,"

"The ordinance gives you 50 cents."

"It does,"

"Here's your money. I've travelled a bit, and I know what's what. Don't try any gun games on me.

"No sir, get in."

The stranger entered the hack, the driver drove across the street and got down and opened the door, and as the stranger saw how he had fooled himself he look as flat as chalk, and muttered:

"Yes—I see—just across the street. I've tavelled, I have, but I guess I was on the wrong train."

A PORTRAIT.

Who is that young and gentle dame who stands
In yonder gilded frame,
Clad in a simple muslin gown where 'broidered
Frills hang limply down,
Blue ribbons in her yellow curls, around her
Neck a string of pearls—
Her eyes, blue stars in ancient gloom, a-seeking
You all o'er the room.
As if to call sweet memories to her?—
My grandmother, before I knew her.
—*Mary E. Wilkins, in St. Nicholas for August.*

A TASK IN MULTIPLICATION.

A problem that at a glance seems easy enough to tempt a schoolboy to spend a portion of his vacation in an endeavor to solve it, appeared recently in a Maine journal, and is as follows: Take the number 15. Multiply it by itself and you have 225. Now multiply 225 by itself, then multiply that product by itself, and so on until fifteen products have been multiplied by themselves in turn. The question aroused considerable interest among lawyers in Portland, and their best mathematician, after struggling with the problem long enough to see how much labor was entailed in the solution made the following discouraging report upon it:

The final product called for contains 38,539 figures (the first of which are 2,412). Allowing three figures to an inch, the answer would be over 1,412 feet long. To the operation would require about 500,000 000 figures. If they can be made at the rate of a 100 a minute, a person working ten hours a day for 300 days in each year would be 28 years about it. If, in multiplying, he should make a row of ciphers, as he does in other figures, the number of figures used would be more than 523,939,228. That would be the precise number of figures used if the product of the left hand figure in each multiplicand, by each figure of the multiplier was always a single figure; but as it is most frequently, and yet not always, two figures, the method employed to obtain the foregoing result cannot be accurately applied. Assuming that the cipher is used on an average once in ten times, 475,000,000 approximates the actual number.

SHE DID HER PART.

A farmer's wife was at one time greatly annoyed by her husband's carelessness. His most careless habit was that he seldom thought of splitting wood for his wife to prepare the meals. She tried several plans to make him remember this, but it was of no avail. So one day he had several men helping in the harvest field and he of course forgot to split the wood before going to the field. When it came time to prepare the noon day meal, his wife got meat, cabbage, potatoes, tea, etc., on the stove, prepared the table and had everything ready for the fire to do its part; then called the men to come to dinner. She had done her part, and when he came in he was greatly surprised, but he knew it was a good joke on him, and all he could do was to go and split the wood, then sit quietly down, and wait for the dinner to cook. Since that he remembers the wood-pile and axe especially when he has hired help.

THE AXE RETURNED.

Belfast, Me., once had an eccentric clergyman known as the Rev. Archie Harden. Among other stories that are told of him is one that a lady informed him that some one had stolen her axe. "Oh, ho!" said he, "I'll get it for you." He appointed a prayer meeting for the next evening, and after talking awhile he stopped, looked over the congregation a moment, and said, "Somebody has stolen Sister P's axe and if it is not brought back by tomorrow morning I will tell who has it." The axe was leaning against the woodpile next morning.

DON'T

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the inventor of the telephone, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the greatest orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice.

Don't snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind.

"KISSING MOTHER."

A father taking to careless daughter, said:

I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast; and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face.

Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows, she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands, whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough old world.

And then the midnight kisses with which she routed so many bad dreams, as she leaned over your restless pillow have all all been on interest these long, long years.

Of course she is not so pretty and kissable as you are; but if you had done your share of doing the last ten years, the contrast would not be so marked.

Her face has more wrinkles than yours, and yet, if you were sick, that face would appear far more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face.

She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands, that have done so many necessary things for you will be crossed upon her lifeless breast.

Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby's kiss will be forever closed, and those sad tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother; but then it will be too late.—*Eli Perkins.*