The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XV.—NO. 23. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1889. PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE,

ACTON, ONTARIO

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

ONE YEAR.....$1.00 SIX MONTHS.....50CTS.
THREE MONTHS.....25 CTS.

Invariably in advance. If not paid in advance $1.25 per year will be charged. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

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SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 mo
10 inches	$50.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
6 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	4.50
3 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

Casual advertisements, 6 cents per line for the first insertion, and 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion, cash. The number of lines reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of Solid Nonpareil

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

W. H. LOWRY, M. B., M.C.P.S., Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence:—At the head of Frederick street Acton.

DR. AULD, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR, &c. OFFICE:—Over McGarvin's Drug Store, Acton.

C. E. STACEY, M.D., C.M., F.T.M.C., M.C.P. & S.O. 326 College St., Toronto.

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L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST, GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

C. MCKINLAY, L.D.S., SURGEON, DENTIST, GEORGETOWN, Visits Acton at Agnew's Hotel on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month. Office in Georgetown, first door south of Bap. tist church.

McLEAN & McLEAN, Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan. Office:—Town Hall, Acton. WM. A. McLEAN. JNO. 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:—Crelman's Block, Georgetown, and 86 King street east, Toronto. F. U. ALLAN. J. SHILTON, B.A. J. BAIRD, B.A.

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Having sold out my interest to the above firm, I respectfully solicit the patronage of my friends and the public on their behalf. J. H. HAMILTON

MARBLE WORKS. J. H. Hamilton's Marble works, Upper Wyndham street, Guelph, Mill's Old Foundry, established 1871. John Hamilton, proprietor, wholesale and retail dealer and direct importer and manufacturer of all kinds of Granite and Marble Monuments, Tombs, etc. Having had an extensive experience for the last 16 years, the public may rely on getting all superior article at a cheaper rate than any other dealer in the West. N. B.—15 per cent. off on 4 direct orders received for the next 30 days.

WANTED. GOOD, reliable men can find 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 25 years. All goods first-class. Write at once for terms. Address, J. W. McKay, Gen. Manager, St. Thomas Ont. (Mention this Paper.)

Lumber and Shingles. THE undersigned have on hand at their mills at Limehouse about 700,000 feet of pine lumber, and are prepared to supply farmers and others with any quantity of lumber for barns or other buildings at reasonable prices. A stock of pine and cedar shingles is also on hand. TAYLOR BROTHERS.

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.

A Little Talk About SHOES

Figures may lie and facts distorted be, But seeing is believing, come and see.

The Peck-a-Boo Foot 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 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.

—ACTON— PUMP FACTORY —AND— PLANING MILL THOS. EBBAGE, Man.

I have purchased the establishment of the pump business in Acton and would respectfully inform all parties in want of pumps that we are now prepared to supply them from

The old Style Wooden Pump to the Best Force Pump made.

Pumps for Wind, Mills or Rock Wells supplied on short notice. Deep Wells a Specialt. PRICES RIGHT EVERY TIME.

Our Planing Mill Lumber dressed while you wait. Mouldings &c., made to order. We have also a quantity of Lumber for sale, suitable for building purposes. Orders by mail will receive prompt and careful attention. Shop at foot of River Street. THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

REMOVED: WATERS BROS. Have removed from Lower Wyndham Street to their Fine New Double-front Store Hearn's Block, St. George's Square. To introduce you to our New Stand we offer Frames, Pictures, Mouldings, Cornice Poles, Mirrors, &c., &c., And our Excellent Variety of Fancy Goods and Novelties. For 30 days at Reduced Prices. HEADQUARTERS FOR ARTISTS' MATERIALS WATERS BROTHERS, ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, GUELPH

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Fruit Trees, Small Fruits And Ornamental Shrubbery. REV. H. 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. H. B. COOK, Agent

J. T. DAY. 75 Cases of Fancy Goods for Fall and Christmas Trade at DAY'S BOOKSTORE, GUELPH. DAY SELLS CHEAP.

JUST ARRIVED Boys Own Annual, Girls Own Annual, Sunday at Home, Leisure Hours, Chatter Box, British Workman, Band of Hope,

DIARIES FOR 1890, —ALSO— Spectacles at Very Low Prices. —AT— N. McGARVIN & CO'S DRUG & STATIONERY STORE ACTON.

Money! Money! Money! In order to exchange part of our immense stock for SPOT CASH we offer the following extraordinary inducements:— 10 per cent. reduction on all purchases from 10 cents to $1.00. 15 per cent. from $1.00 to $5.00. 20 per cent. from $5.00 to $25.00. 25 per cent. on all purchases from $25.00 upwards, including Patent Medicines, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Silverware, Books, Stationery, Library Books, Bibles, Hymnals, &c Also a fine assortment of Toilet Articles and other articles too numerous to mention. M. CARLISLE, Mrs. Secord's Block, Acton, Ont.

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— 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 trains between 9 a.m. and 6:8 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met. JOHN WILLIAMS.

Coal & Wood. JAMES BROWN Has on hand a large quantity of excellent coal which he will promptly deliver to any part of the town at reasonable prices. Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always on hand. Telephone communication.

Poetry.

CHILDREN AT HOME.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

I.
Oh, Time, if thou couldst wait awhile,
And keep the children young!
And still let linger in my home
Their lisping, broken tongue.
The cuddling, crooning, cooing coo
Of babies at my breast;
Oh, Time, if thou couldst wait awhile!
I think I should be blest.

II.
What though my rooms are littered o'er
With books and broken toys,
I would not shorten by a day
The childhood of my boys.
And though the baby's rattle lies
Upon the fresh swept floor,
I sigh to think the day will come
It will be there no more.

III.
The day will come—'tis coming fast—
When we shall be alone;
When from their childhood's happy nest
The children will have flown;
When broken toys will all be gone,
And not a cradle seen,
And all the rooms be far too still,
And far too neat and clean.

IV.
Sometimes I'm tired and cross at night,
And full of mother care,
And then I think the boys at play
Are more than I can bear.
I think so for a moment, then
Remember years to come,
When to their whistling and their mirth
The echoes will be dumb.

V.
Oh, if Time could but wait awhile!
But since it cannot stay,
Why, then we'll make the very best
Of every happy day.
For, when the boys and girls are grown,
However far they roam,
I'd like them to look back, and say—
"We had a happy home."

Select Family Reading.

Heiress, or no Heiress?

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

The old Orweed farm-house was looking its very best and prettiest in the yellow August sunshine, as Mattie Meredith came up the foot-path with her trim travelling satchel in her hand.

Mrs. Orweed was feeding her young goslings at the kitchen door; she started up to welcome the unexpected guest!

"Why, my dearie," she cried, "I thought you would be waltzing at Newport or counting over your beaux at Saratoga before this time!"

But Mattie shook her golden-brown curls.

"No," she said, "I am tired of Newport,—and Saratoga don't suit me this year. Do you know what I have come here for, Mrs. Orweed?"

"I couldn't possibly guess," said the farmer's wife, tenderly brushing the dust from Mattie's plumed hat.

"To learn how to do housework," said Mattie.

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Orweed, "why what has a young lady like you to do with drudgery?"

"But you do it, don't you?"

"That's because I'm obliged to," said Mrs. Orweed, laughing.

"And that's precisely why I want to do it," said Mattie, seriously. "Things have changed, Mrs. Orweed. Life looks very differently to me from what it used to do!"

"Deary, dear," said the kindly farmer's wife. "I couldn't have believed it. Riches has wings, says the Good Book; and I'm sure there's proof enough of it in this world. And your poor ma, how does she take it, Miss Mattie?"

"Mamma is as well as usual," said Mattie. "But please let me come in, and have a cup of tea, Mrs. Orweed. I'm a little tired with the journey."

"To be sure, deary, to be sure," said Mrs. Orweed. "Tea is just ready. "But, I've got five boarders, Miss Mattie."

"I won't be in the way," said Mattie, pleadingly. "You can tuck me anywhere. I should so like the little garret bedroom, Mrs. Orweed, that looks out into the boughs of the cherry tree."

"And you shall have it, my dear, and welcome," said Mrs. Orweed. "But the two young theological students have the big front room, and Mr. Joyce Hazeltine, that writes funny lectures, has the back bedroom, and Mr. John Jefferson has the room on the wing, and Lieutenant Cooper sleeps in the slope-roofed room off the parlor. We're pretty well crowded, my dear. But there's always room for you."

"I remember them all," said Mattie, with sparkling eyes, "except Mr. Hazeltine. We used to have such merry times last year, didn't we?"

"And every one of 'em was dead in love with you," said Mrs. Orweed. "Oh, you needn't blush and look so confused, Miss Mattie; it's human nature, isn't it?"

And Mattie, resting on the big parlor sofa where the cool green lights sifted through the maple boughs half an hour later, could hear the voices of the boarders at their tea.

"Miss Meredith back again?" cried Mr. Jefferson. "Why, it will be a renewal of old times!"

"Miss Meredith was the most charming young lady," said Mr. Dover, the eldest of the spectacled young theologians.

"Most remarkably so," said Mr. Laidlaw, the younger, who had very red hair and a Roman nose.

"The prettiest girl I ever saw in my life," said Lieutenant Cooper.

"Really," exclaimed Mr. Hazeltine, "I've a great curiosity to cultivate her acquaintance."

Mrs. Orweed bridled and fluttered with pleasure. Years ago, before she had married her farmer husband, she had been Mattie Meredith's nurse, and she loved the girl still with almost maternal tenderness.

"And you'll find every word they say is true, Mr. Hazeltine," said she. "But, dear me! things isn't as they used to be. I'm afraid, from what Miss Mattie has told me, that Mr. Meredith has had bad luck with his investments. She won't be an heiress any longer, poor dear!"

"Eh?" said Mr. Orweed, pausing in his task of carving cold lamb. "But what will she do, Mary Ann?"

"What other folks does, to be sure," said his wife, briskly. "Bless her heart! she aint one to sit down and lament over spilled milk. She told me with her own lips that she had come here to learn to do house-work."

"Housework, eh?" said Mr. Orweed. "But I didn't s'pose as the young ladies called that sort o' thing genteel nowadays. Painting on cheeny, now, or giving music lessons, or fine sewing—"

"Orweed! hold your tongue!" said his wife. "Whatever Miss Mattie Meredith does will be right and proper. And that's enough for you and me to know."

Mattie lay quite still on the sofa, thinking. And as she thought a curious smile came dimpling over her face.

"Perhaps it is just as well, after all," she said to herself.

When she joined the little group on the veranda that evening, with the purple dusk glooming over the head of Black Mountain, and the night-birds whistling sweetly in the woods, her welcome was various. Mr. Jefferson, a tall, handsome man, who was supposed to be "well off," bowed low, but a little formally. Mr. Davidson Dover's spectacled gaze shone frigidly upon her, as he glanced up from his big "Commentary on the Gospels."

"I hope I see you well," said he.

Mr. Laidlaw bowed, scraped, and dropped her hand almost as soon as he had taken it, and retreated back into the parlor, murmuring something about letters to write. Lieutenant Cooper shook hands so cordially that the pretty pink knuckles smarted full five minutes afterwards, and then seated himself as closely to her as the rules and regulations of civilized society would permit. Mr. Hazeltine said something polite, and retired into a shadowed corner, doubtless to think up "something funny" for the new series of lectures which he was going to deliver in the Southwest that autumn.

Mattie Meredith spoke up, as soon as she had established herself on the settee, with the cat in her lap.

"Mr. Jefferson," said she, "what do girls do when they want to earn their own living?"

Mr. Jefferson twisted and turned in his seat like an impaled beetle.

"Really," said he, "you have consulted a poor oracle. I—I am not capable of advising in such an emergency as this. Very sorry, of course, but—"

"Perhaps Mr. Dover could suggest something," mischievously added Mattie.

"Oh, I assure you, nothing of the kind," said Mr. Dover. "There's the factories, you know, and—and—Laidlaw might have some idea—"

"Oh, no; no ideas at all," said Mr. Laidlaw. "The mosquitoes torment me to death here. I guess I'll take my desk upstairs, if the company will excuse me."

Lieutenant Cooper said nothing; but later on in the evening he proposed to walk down to the little spring in the woods.

"The moon is just rising," he said, "and really there is no dew to speak of. Please come, Miss Meredith!"

So Mattie wrapped her white and gold barège around her, and walked with him down the shaded path, where they had so often walked before.

But, close beside the spring, he turned abruptly to her, and stopped.

"Miss Meredith," said he, "we have known each other for some time now. I'm only a poor naval officer, but I've my pay, and there is always the prospect of promotion. It goes to my heart to hear you talking of earning your own living—a delicate girl like you. Let me earn it for you. Promise to become my wife. For, indeed," he added, in his honest, straightforward way, "I've loved you ever since I met you here last summer. As an heiress, I should not have ventured to ask you to share my humble lot. But now—"

"Oh, Lieutenant Cooper!" she began, and then paused.

"Yes, I know it seems presumptuous," said he. "But we've a pretty old homestead in Virginia, where your father and mother would be heartily welcome. And I would work my fingers to the bone to provide every comfort for you and them, and—Oh, Mattie, is it possible that you can teach yourself to love me?"

"I—might—try," shyly murmured Mattie. "That is, if—"

And then she found herself clasped in the arms of the man who had loved her so long and so faithfully.

"But you're very much mistaken," she added, after a little.

"Not in supposing that you love me?" said the lieutenant, in some apprehension.

"In believing that I am such a pauper," said Mattie. "Papa has met with no losses whatever. I came out here to learn to do housework, because I've just joined a Domestic Club, one of whose rules is that every member must thoroughly understand the details of her own household; but dear old Mrs. Orweed took it for granted that I was penniless, and when I saw that all the rest believed the same thing I couldn't resist the mischievous impulse to gauge their true regard for me; and, you, Harry, are the only one who was willing to lift a finger in my behalf."

"Rich or poor," said the lieutenant, stoutly, "I would go to the end of the world for you, Mattie!"

So he won his wife.

It was a long time before Mrs. Orweed would believe that Mattie Meredith was as much of an heiress as ever, for she could not possibly credit it that any girl could learn housework for her own pleasure.

"Young ladies are so queer nowadays," said she.

ADVICE TO GIRLS.

Is it a fact that school girls are always or almost always deformed? A dress-maker of much experience and with an extensive business answers the question in the following terms:—

"I have had many school girls among my customers, but I never yet fitted one who was not more or less deformed." To my questions, if she meant that the girls were really deformed, and, if so, to what she attributed the fact, she replied, "Yes, deformed; by that I mean one shoulder or hip higher than the other, or the shoulders rounded and the chest correspondingly contracted, and I believe it is caused by the careless manner of sitting while at study and the habit of carrying to and from school heavy books always on one arm. I knew one girl whose left under arm measure was considerably less than the right owing to this habit, who, after her attention was called to the fact, carried her books on the right arm and after a while brought herself into a proper shape."

The following advice of a doctor is a fitting corollary to the remarks of the dress-maker:

Growing girls should be watched, and constantly urged to carry themselves in an erect position when walking, and to bear the weight equally upon both feet when standing. In after years our daughters will blame us if we neglect them in this respect.

During the past four months sixteen murders have been committed in Philadelphia by persons under the influence of liquor.

HOW NICKEL IS GOT.

In the Copper Cliff Mine near, Sudbury, Ontario, it is said, more nickel is being produced than the entire market of the world calls for, at current prices.

A little branch railway off the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, four miles in length, leads out to the mine, which opens into the face of a crag of the brown, oxidized Laurentian rock characteristic of this region. The miners are now at work at a depth of about three hundred feet below the surface.

As fast as the nickel and copper-bearing rock is hoisted out it is broken up and piled upon long beds, or ricks of pine-wood, to be calcined, or roasted, for the purpose of driving out the sulpher which it contains.

The roasting process is of the nature of lime-kilning, or charcoal-burning. Each great bed of ore requires from one to two months to roast.

When roasted the rock goes to the principal smelter, a powerful blast furnace, "jacketed"—in mining phrase—with running water, to enable it to sustain the great heat requisite to reduce crude, obdurate mineral to fluidity.

The dross of the molten mass is first allowed to flow off, and afterward the nearly pure nickel and copper, blended together in an alloy called the "mat," or matte, is drawn off, at the base of the furnace vat into barrow-pots, and wheeled away, still liquid and fiery hot, to cool in the yard of the smelter. The mat contains about seventy per cent. of nickel, the remaining thirty per cent. being mainly copper.

When cool, the conical pot-loaves of mat can easily be cracked in pieces by means of heavy hammers. The fragments are then packed in parcels and shipped to Swansea in Wales and to Germany, where the two constituent metals are separated and refined by secret processes which are very jealously guarded by the manufacturers.

So jealously is the secret kept that no one in America has yet been able to learn the process, although one young metallurgist spent three years at Swansea, working as a common laborer in the refining factories, in order to procure it.

At present there are produced daily at the Copper Cliff Mine about ninety pot-loaves of mat, each weighing near four hundred and fifty pounds, an output which yields an aggregate of more than four thousand tons of nickel a year.—*Exchange.*

KISSED HER FOR THE CIGARS.

"I'd give twenty-five cents for permission to kiss that girl," remarked an insipid-looking youth on an Albany-bound train last night, indicating with a motion of his hand an unusually handsome young woman asleep in a seat near by. The young man was one of a group standing in the rear of the crowded car. Another young man said:

"You have my permission, sir, gratis."

"Fraid she wouldn't regard it as sufficient," laughed the first.

"I don't know," replied the other; "I have a great influence with good-looking girls—I'll tell you what I'll do; I bet you a good cigar I can kiss her without waking her."

"Done!" cried the inspired youth. "I'll give you a cigar if you dare do it anyway, and two more if she don't wake up."

"It's a go."

The daring young man stepped up to the seat where the pretty girl slept, leaned over softly and kissed her squarely and audibly upon her mouth. She stirred, smiled a little, but did not wake. The group of men had watched the proceedings in breathless suspense, and a long and simultaneous sigh broke from them as young Impudence straightened up after the operation and rejoined the group, several passengers who had seen the audacious performance staring at him in astonishment. "By Jove! that was elegant!" said the fellow of insipid aspect as he handed the successful kisser his three cigars.

But there was another reckoning to be made. The conductor came hurrying down the aisle, and "went for" the daring passenger, metaphorically speaking "hammer and tongs," crying: "See here young man, don't you ever try that again! Are you a gentleman, sir? Don't you know that I can arrest you for such a performance as that?"

The young man colored, but laughed nervously as he answered, "No, I don't much believe you can. I guess there isn't any American law against a fellow's kissing his own sister—is there?"

It has not appeared yet whether or not the young woman learned of her brother's astonishing exhibition of disrespect, or whether, if she did, her displeasure lessened the gratification derived from the cigars won in such a questionable manner.

SPARING THEIR STRENGTH.

"Look at those men!" exclaimed Harry Delmar, as he pointed to some trackmen at work. "It takes six of them to carry that iron rail, and they move like snails!"

"They are sparing their strength," remarked his father.

"Well, I should say so!" declared Harry. "Four of them could carry that rail with ease."

"Perhaps they could, replied his father, "they are sparing their strength, and they are wise."

Harry looked at his father, a faint expression of surprise on his face.

"I notice that the foreman does not reprove them," continued his father. "He is satisfied that they are doing an honest day's work. If they worked as you seem to think they ought to work, it is likely they would not be here to-morrow, or not on the next day at least. They would break down. They must husband their strength so that they can work day after day without abatement. There is speed in method, though it may seem tedious. A quick fire soon burns itself out. The tortoise beat the hare in the race. A rocket makes a big fuss, but it comes down a stick. A volcano creates a great uproar, but it remains still a long while afterward. Tremendous efforts are soon spent. The pitching in, process does not last long. It is wise for us, my son to spare our strength, whether we labor with hands or brain. It is the secret of long-sustained effort. The energy in reserve is often the energy that wins and wears.

"I see now, papa, that I spoke too hastily," Harry said. "The men are not shirking their work. Yes, they are wise."—*Harpers Young People.*

—Don't be tormented by hearing your little boy crying about having no overcoat and the evenings are so very cold when you can buy one for $2.50 at Kelly Bros. finely made and of the best quality.

SHORT SERMONS BY DR. COLLYER.

Work is good medicine.

A man's best friends are his ten fingers.

Society says one thing and nature says another.

Any kind of an honest job is better than no job at all.

Take a dollar a day for your work if you can get no more.

Have a reserve force that will come out when you need it.

The honest man who dies poor is rich if he only holds his own.

Only those who make clean money and do clean things win success.

A good day's work at what you can best do is the hard-pan to which all must come.

A poor farmer is better than a poor doctor, and a good horseshoer is better than a poor bishop.

Sleep eight hours out of twenty-four, eat three times a day, and walk on the sunny side of the way.

When country boys come to the city, if they can only hold on to the old sweet ways they can defy the world.

Keep your grip on the hard pan of principles of good conduct, and you will be men of good name and good fortune.

KNOWN BY THEIR FRUITS.

A gentleman lately deceased, who was eminent in the literary world, had his mind in early life imbued with infidel sentiments. He and one of his companions of the same way of thinking often carried on their conversation in the hearing of a religious but illiterate countryman. This gentleman having afterwards become a serious Christian, was concerned for the countrymen lest his faith in the Christian religion should have been shaken by their remarks. One day he took the liberty to ask him whether what had so frequently been advanced in his hearing had produced this effect upon him. "By no means, answered the countrymen; "it never made the least impression upon me." "No" why you must know that we had read and thought on these things much more than you had an opportunity of doing." Oh, yes," said the other, "but your conversation plainly showed that you had never read or thought much on the Bible; and besides, I knew also your manner of living; I knew that to maintain such a course of conduct, you found it necessary to renounce Christianity.—*Sabbath Reading.*

TEMPERANCE.

The Prince of Wales has caused great consternation in London by declaring that a man engaged in selling meat in one of the butcher shops of the great metropolis is actually a leper. The statement was not intended for the public but was made at a private meeting of those who are about to establish a leper hospital in honor of Father Damien, the Hawaiian hero. When it leaked out there was great horror in the public mind. Thousands abandoned meat, the butchers begged the Prince to name the shop, and enquiries were instituted as to the possibility of other dirty hands in the business; all of which is very proper and prudent. But there are 10,000 persons in London, each one selling every day what produces more misery and death than springs from the contamination of the leprous butcher. London is just now straining and gagging at a gnat of uastiness while swallowing a camel of crime.

Notwithstanding the defeat of the prohibitory measures in Massachusetts, the Prohibitionists are not destroyed. They are still at work. Their annual convention was recently in session, and matters were fully considered. On the subject of high license they sent out the following utterance: "We heartily reject high license as opposed to experience and utterly misleading in its promises. It invites the attention of the Government to a mischievous traffic, yet brings to it no remedy. It identifies the community with it by securing its profits, and extends those mercenary inducements which most endanger our national life. It puts the business in the hands of the most efficient, and increases with them motives of sale. It brings to the front the immaterial fact of the number who sell, and as carefully suppresses the significant fact of the amount sold. It disregards the conclusions of the sound theory and the accumulated teachings of experience in this country and England. It is the most daring treachery to civic prosperity which our country has suffered since its tacit acceptance of slavery. It is a makshift worthy only of those who have not the courage to do right nor yet to do wrong."

HAD HIM THERE.

"See this coat?" he queried as he entered a Michigan avenue clothing store yesterday

"Yes. I see dot coat. Vhas somedings wrong?"

"I should remark! See how it is all shrunk up."

"I see. How did she come?"

"I got caught out in the rain."

"Exactly. Did I sell you dot coat for waterproof?"

"No; but it hadn't ought to shrink up like this."

"Dot may be, but suppose dot coat swell out und vhas worth $2 more—would you pay me extra?"

"Of course not."

"Exactly. She was even. If it shrinks you doan' blame me; if she swells you doan pay me any more. Please doan' plock oop der shtore, my frendt, dis was my busy day."

THE PHONOGRAPH AS A TEACHER OF ACCENT.

A new use for the phonograph has been discovered. A teacher of languages, whose admirable accent has brought him many pupils, resorts to the phonograph wherever he finds it as an assistant tutor. For instance, he will talk slowly in Parisian French a page of some good author in that tongue into the phonograph and instruct his pupil to read the passage aloud while the phonograph prompts him with the proper pronunciation. After the tutor has retired the lesson remains intact upon the cylinder of the phonograph ready for further use. It can be seen how considerable the phonograph's aid is in this regard.

—If you want to secure a first-class boot or shoe made to order out of good material and by reliable workmen, go to Kenny Bros., Boot & Shoe store, Acton.

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

Christians enlisted to war against sin,
Let your light shine;
Hosts may oppose you, by faith ye may win,
Let your light shine.

Christians, despair not, His spirit will guide,
Let your light shine.
Save precious souls for whom Jesus has died,
Let your light shine.

Christians, the pathway is rugged and drear,
Let your light shine.
Souls are in darkness, send rays far and near,
Let your light shine.

Christians, the battle is raging, arise!
Let your light shine!
Foes are around you, be vigilant, wise.
Let your light shine.

Christians, the humblest may work for the King
Let your light shine;
"A cup of cold water" a blessing will bring,
Let your light shine.

Christians, how glorious 'a home "over there,"
Let your light shine.
Peaceful and happy, no sorrow, no care,
Let your light shine.

KEEP A SCRAP-BOOK.

A scrap-book is something I advise every boy and girl to keep. If you are ten or fifteen or twenty years old keep a scrap book. Let me tell you why and how: Hundreds of things you see that you would like to keep; but if you lay them away you will never be able to find them when you want them. When I was a boy I did not have sense enough to keep scrap-books. I began some, but did not keep on long with them.

My memory is good, and I remember reading a beautiful piece of poetry, two or three lines of which I can call up; but the whole I can not recollect. In some cases I do not know the name of the writer.

I have seen many fine pictures in magazines and papers that would now be valuable and interesting. Some I cut out, but they are lost. Charming stories, wise remarks, proverbs directions for doing a great many useful and curious things, are also lost.

So much do I feel sure that I have lost that I would give fifty dollars apiece for the scrap books of each and every year that I might have made from the time I was ten till I began to preserve things only a few years ago.

There is a gentleman who has kept scrap-books since he was eight years old. He is now forty and has been arranging them in volumes, with an index in the back of each one. You would hardly think that the earlier would be of much use to him, but they are. He often amuses himself as he reads them; for he sees how little he knew when he was small, and also finds a little that he still thinks valuable. Besides, his children are much interested to see what their father had collected and pasted in books. The older he grows the more useful the books become.

He can go to his books and in a very few minutes get information about everything that has happened in his whole life—tell you all about the civil war, the Crimean war, the Italian war, the overthrow of Louis Napoleon, and many other things, just as they were published in the papers at the time the event happened.

His scrap book often contains many funny things, which provoke a smile and often a merry laugh as he reads them to his family in the long winter evenings. The children would rather hear him read from his scrap books than from the newest story.—*Edward Eggleston.*

TOTAL ABSTAINERS LIVE LONGER THAN MODERATE DRINKERS.

This is a much disputed point, and one on which a great deal of conflicting evidence has been advanced from time to time. Many eminent authorities have given it as their opinion that persons, who, while strictly temperate do not enroll themselves among the total abstainers have every chance of living as long as the latter, while others as eminent have given an opposite verdict. Perhaps the strongest proof which can be brought forward by adherents to either party lies in the tables of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, which was established in 1840 in order to test the comparative longevity of total abstainers. Mr. Vivan one of the directors, submitted these figures at a meeting at Exeter, in July 1872. From 1866 to 1870, in the total abstinence section, he expected claims were 549; the actual, 411. In the general section the expected claims were 1,008; the mortality among the total abstainers insured in the office was, during the five years, 26 per cent. below the average on which the tables are calculated, whilst in the general section, open to any of the public who were not known to be intemperate, the proportion was only 7 per cent. below the expected quantites.

A BOY'S BIBLE.

It is a good plan to begin the day by reading a few verses of God's Word, and by learning at least one verse by heart. Then we should go on our knees to ask Him to lead and guide us all the day.

In the reign of James II, a night watchman of the city of London came to a linen-draper who had a shop in Smithfield and told him that he had frequently noticed of late, in looking in at the keyhole, the light of a candle burning in his shop all the night through. He wanted to put him on his guard lest thieves might be making free with his goods while he was asleep. It turned out that the shop-keeper's apprentice, a boy named Newman, had been sitting up three nights a week trying to write out the whole Bible in shorthand. He was afraid, seeing that the power of popery was growing so fast, that soon no one would be permitted to have a printed copy of the word of God, and he was determined to prepare a copy of his own which no one would be likely to take from him.—*S. S. Scholar.*

WHAT TWO DOLLARS WILL DO.

Tramp—"Please sir, a couple o' dollars would give me a nice, comfortable home for the winter."

Benevolent Party—"It would? Well, no man shall suffer all winter for the sake of two dollars. Here is the money."

"Thankee, sir."

"But stop. How is that amount to give you a home?"

"It'll git me a howlin' drunk, sir, an' then the perliceman the jedge will retire me to winter quarters, sir."—*New York Weekly.*

—Lee, the favorite tailor is the only man in Halton who keeps men coat makers only. His work is consequently first-class. Leave your orders with him if want your garments entirely satisfactory.