The Acton Free Press.

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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. Office—Over McGarvin's Drug Store, Acton.

C. E. STACEY, M.D., C.M., F.T.M.C., M.C.P.&S.O. 336 College St., Toronto.

J. F. HALSTED, M.D. Physician, Surgeon, Etc. Residence and Drug Store:—Mill Street, next door to Williams' boot and shoe store.

DR. ERNEST HALL, Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh. Polyclinic (Eye Department), Philadelphia. Late assistant in Central London, Eng., Throat and Ear Hospital. Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Will be at Wellington Hotel, Guelph, first and third Tuesday of each month, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Office—27 Avenue Street, College Avenue, Toronto.

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 Baptist 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—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and 86 King street east, Toronto. F. T. Allan. J. Shilton, B.A. J. Baird, B.A.

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS. HENRY GRIST, Ottawa, Canada. Twenty Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

WM. HEMSTREET, Licensed Auctioneer, For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the Free Press office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable. Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

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Lumber and Shingles. THE undersigned have on hand at their mills at Limehouse about 75,000 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.

Wellington Marble Works. Quebec Street, Guelph. CLARK & CARTER, Direct Importers of Granite and Marble Monuments and Headstones of all shades and from the newest designs. All work and material warranted first-class. Parties wishing to purchase will please give us a call and inspect our stock and prices, as we are confident we can compete with any establishment in Ontario. Having sold out my interest to the above firm, I respectfully solicit the patronage to 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.—10 per cent. off on a direct orders received for the next 30 days.

AGENTS WANTED In every Township. To sell "The Pictorial Cyclopedia of Live Stock and Complete Stock Doctor." The most complete and comprehensive work ever published. Its authors stand at the head of their profession and have a continental reputation. Worth its weight in gold to any one raising Horses, Sheep, Cattle, Swine, Poultry, or Bees. A grand opportunity to make money. Secure territory at once. Address E. N. MOYER, Publisher, 120 Yonge St. Toronto.

FIRE INSURANCE. The subscriber insures for four stock and four mutual companies, as follows:— STOCK: ÆTNA, ROYAL CANADIAN, MERCANTILE, GLASGOW & LONDON. MUTUAL: WATERLOO MUTUAL, PERTH, HURON & MIDDLESEX, THE CITY OF LONDON. We insure private dwellings three years from 60 cents up to $1.30 per $100 and mercantile risks from 75 cents to $2.50. Liberal adjustments and prompt payments by the above companies. A. LAING, Agent. Acton.

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 20 years. All goods first-class. Write at once for terms. Address, J. W. McKay, Gen. Manager, St. Thomas Ont. (Mention this Paper.)

Lumber, Lath & Shingles. SAYER'S Mill, Nassagaweya, has now in stock about a 1,000,000 feet of Lumber, including all kinds needed for building purposes. This mill has a well established reputation for first-class lumber and reasonable prices. Lath and Shingles on hand. We are prepared to supply every want in our line. PETER SAYERS, Nassagaweya, P.O.

Village Property for Sale AT A LOW PRICE. THE undersigned has been instructed by Dr. Robt. Walker to offer for sale his property in Acton, consisting of lots in block 11. On the lot is a good frame dwelling, a stable, hard and soft water and a number of fruit trees. For terms and particulars apply at once to H. P. MOORE, Free Press Office, Acton, Ont.

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.

Guelph Business College. GUELPH, ONTARIO. The Sixth Scholastic Year begins Sept. 2nd. An "Art Department" has been added in which the most noted specialist in the Dominion will give instruction in "Drawing and Wood-carving." Our Shorthand Department has accomplished results that are unique in the history of Shorthand. Our Commercial Department offers the most practical and comprehensive business course obtainable in this country. A large expenditure has been incurred in beautifying our commodious halls and further perfecting our appliances. We lead the van in Practical Education. For terms, etc., address, M. MacCORMICK, Principal. 6-1y

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 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 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 resumed the management of the pump business in Acton and would respectfully inform all parties in want of pumps that we are now prepared to supply them from The old Style Wooden Pump to the Best Force Pump made. Pumps for Wind Mills or Rock Wells supplied on short notice. Deep Wells a Specialty. PRICES RIGHT EVERY TIME. **Our Planing Mill** Lumber dressed while you wait. Mouldings, &c., made to order. We have also a quantity of Lumber for sale, suitable for building purposes. Orders by mail will receive prompt and careful attention. Shop at foot of River Street. THOS. EBBAGE, Manager.

FOUND IN GUELPH. On St. George's Square, West, the very best place to spend YOUR MONEY. Picture Frames, Pictures, Mirrors, Mouldings, Easels, Cords, Wires, Nails, Cornice Poles from 35cts. Artists' Materials, Winsor Newton's Enamel Paints, Aspenwall's, Mixed Paints, Ramsay's. CALL OR SEND Your friends to see our Stock. It will pay you TO GET IT. WATERS BROS., THE PICTURE GALLERY.

Fancy Goods At Reduced Prices —AT— N. McCarvin & Co's Drug & Stationery Store. ACTON. SPECTACLES VERY CHEAP.

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.

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.

10 CENT STORE. The only Exclusive Toy and Fancy Store IN GUELPH. XMAS GOODS. CHEAP FOR CASH. Give us a Call. JAMES F. KIDNER, 10 CENT STORE.

YES! WINTER IS HERE, —BUT— W. J. LEE, The Tailor. —OF THE— East End Clothing Store, Knows that many of you have not yet secured your winter clothing. Now, in order that all may be well clothed for the cold weather, I have determined to sell my big stock at prices slightly above cost. You can get good ordered clothing warranted to fit. Good material and honest workmanship at the price of slop made ready-make goods. Leave your order at once and I will give you big value for cash. W. J. LEE.

—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 7 a.m. and 8.15 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met. JOHN WILLIAMS.

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 $3.00. 20 per cent. from $3.00 to $5.00. 25 per cent. on all purchases from $5.00 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 too mention. M. CARLISLE, Mrs. Secord's Block. Acton, Ont.

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

Poetry.

UNRETURNING.

Three things never come again;
Snow may vanish from the plain,
Blossoms from the dewy sod,
Verdure from the broken clod,
Water from the river's bed,
Forests from the mountain's head,
Sight may brighten into day,
Soon in midnight fade away,
Yet the snow shall come once more
When the winter tempests roar,
Blossoms each returning spring
In her laden arms shall bring,
Grass be green where ploughshares run,
Rivers flash in autumn's sun,
Time shall bid the forests grow,
Noon and midnight come and go,
But though all thy soul complain,
Three things shall not come again.

Never to the bow that bends
Comes the arrow that it sends;
Spent in space, its airy flight
Vanishes like lost delight.
When with rapid aim it sprang
From the bowstring's shivering twang
Straight to brain or heart it fled,
Once for all its course was sped.
No wild wail upon its track
Brings the barb of vengeance back.
Hold thy hand before it go;
Pause beside the bended bow;
Hurled once across the plain
No spent arrow comes again.

Never comes the chance that passed;
That one moment was its last,
Though thy life upon it hung,
Though thy death beneath it swung.
If thy future all the way
Now in darkness goes astray,
When the instant born of fate
Passes through the golden gate;
When the hour, but not the man,
Comes and goes from Nature's plan;
Never more its countenance
Beams upon thy slow advance.
Never more that time shall be
Burden bearer unto thee.
Weep and search o'er land and main,
Lost chance never comes again.

Never shall thy spoken word
Be again unsaid, unheard,
Well its work the utterance wrought;
Woe or weal, whate'er it brought;
Once for all the rune is read,
Once for all the judgment said.
Though it pierced a poisoned spear
Through the soul thou holdest dear.
Though it quiver fierce and deep
Through some stainless spirit's sleep;
Idle, vain, the flying string
That a passing rage might bring,
Speech shall give it fangs of steel,
Utterance all its barb reveal.
Give thy tears of blood and fire;
Pray with pangs of mad desire;
Offer life, the seal and all,
That one sentence to recall.
Wrestle with its fatal wrath,
Chase with flying feet its path,
Rue it all thy lingering days,
Hide it deep with love and praise;
Once for all thy word is sped,
None invade it but the dead.
All thy travail will be vain—
Spoken words come not again!

—*Rose Terry Cooke.*

Select Family Reading.

Phil.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

As Phillip Olmstead went along the road from school, he saw, in the open lot belonging to old Squire Farnham, a number of men hard at work erecting a large tent. There was much bustle, and a great deal of loud and not very proper language, and many things lying about which were mysterious to the school-boys who gathered in flocks about the edges of the hollow and asked many questions.

Phil put his to a red-faced man, who looked good-natured, and who seemed to be in command of the tent-raising party.

"What's this going to be? Prayer-meeting?" he asked.

"No, my boy," replied the red-faced man. "This is a circus. Haven't you seen the posters?"

"No," said Phil.

"There's one for you, then," said the red-faced man, and gave him a yellow bill covered with pictures of wonderful ladies and gentlemen flying through hoops and over hurdles, on splendid horses, whose feet never, by any chance, touched the ground.

Under these pictures were the names of the riders. The finest names—no Johns, or Marys or Sallies, or Peters; but Augustuses and Angelinas, and Maud Amelias, and Victorine Evelinas, and Napoleon Orlandos, and names of that sort.

"It must be splendid," said Phil, with a sigh.

"It is," said his new acquaintance. "Tell all your family to come and see it."

Phil gave a bitter smile.

"I might tell 'em," he said. "Pa thinks the circus wicked."

"He must be wicked himself," said the red-faced man. "There's no moraler exhibition to be seen. 'Tisn't like the theatre. Don't he know that? It's moral and intelectual."

"I don't know what he knows," said Phil. "He's my step-father; he don't like me much and he won't let me come. Ma won't dare give me the money, and I want to see 'em so."

Phil's lip quivered.

The red-faced man shook his head like a philanthropist who has at last met with a sad case of destitution, indeed, and plunging his hand into the depths of his pocket, drew forth a yellow ticket, on which he wrote something.

"Take that, my lad," he said, "and keep it. It will let you in any afternoon or evening all through the show. Mind you, don't give it up. Show it at the door. It's for you and nobody else—not transferable. I've taken a notion to you, and you're, as I consider the matter, in affliction. You shall have all the circus I can give you—just as I'd give you quinine for the chills."

Phil did not quite understand, but he felt happier than he had ever felt in his life before. He would have blessed this generous creature had he known how, and thought it would be proper. He said "thank you," in a very genuine and heartfelt way that brought tears to the stout gentleman's eyes, and after sitting close beside him for awhile in a very ecstacy of gratitude, went home with his ticket and the poster in his pocket.

He was wise enough to hide the former, but he could not help showing the latter to his little half-sister, Mahala, who was taking a lesson in knitting in the big, rag-carpeted sitting-room, all in dreary, formal order, with the books on a high shelf, last week's newspaper put away behind the platters, and the very pen and ink locked up in the secretary, wisely placed in the dark behind the door. It was seldom used, except to sign receipts with.

Phil spread the yellow bill before Mahala, and told her who this was on the white horse, and who that was flying through the hoop amidst flames a yard long; and the children were happy, when a long, slow step in the hall told of the approach of the head of the house and Mr. Grimley marched in.

It is to be supposed that he had once made some sort of love to the Widow Olmstead, or she would not have given herself into his keeping; but now he never gave her a kind look or a loving word.

She looked up timidly as he entered, doubtful as to whether he would like her to speak or keep silence, painfully anxious as to his mood, for he could be worse at times than at others; and when she saw his squinting, green eyes upon her boy she shuddered.

The boy, too, looked up and waited.

"What's that there?" shouted Mr. Grimley. "What's that you've fetched into the house to poison my darter's mind with? How durst you show that there wickedness to your little sister? Come here to me."

"It's just the pictures, Mr. Grimley," pleaded his wife. "Mahala wanted to look at 'em; she's but a baby."

"Who fetched it in?" repeated Grimley.

"I did," said Phil, bravely; "a man gave it to me. Pa Grimley, won't you please tell me what there is bad about a circus? It seems so nice. Horses ain't bad. Is it men jumping that is bad, or the music?"

"None of your sass, Phil. I won't bear it," yelled Grimley.

"He don't mean to be saucy. He feels as if he'd like to know," said Mrs. Grimley. "Why don't you tell him your views, Mr. Grimley?"

Right or wrong, the man had his chance then to impress on that younger mind his opinions. Phil was anxious to be good. Had Grimley conscientiously believed the circus to be dangerous to the morals of youth, he would have quietly talked to the boy, and Phil would have taken his view of the case and given up the yellow ticket; but Grimley was only a brute, not a man of strong though narrow opinions.

He hated his wife's boy, who was as yet only an expense to him, and the good disposition he exhibited at this moment only enraged him.

"The man said it was a highly moral exhibition," said Phil. "Maybe circuses are not all alike. He was a nice man, and had good clothes on."

"Don't talk to me," said Mr. Grimley, and caught up the yellow paper crammed it into the fire; "and go out and hoe them taters; and you're to have no supper to-night for fetchin' things from that sink of iniquity to your innocent sister. Git."

"Oh, Mr. Grimley!" pleaded the poor wife.

But Phil only smiled a bitter smile.

"Cheap punishment," he said, and walked off. The boot his step-father flung after him only hit the door post.

He hoed the potatoes, and then washed himself and combed his hair, and put on his best shoes and a clean collar, and went away through the orchard, circus-ward. His pockets were full of green apples and some nuts from an old box in the garret. He did not mind the loss of dinner; and the ticket was all right, and he forgot all about that great show; until, just as Mademoiselle Olivia had flung herself into a net from the roof of the tent, and stood in it, kissing her hands to the audience, he spied amongst the admirers in the reserved seats no less a person than his ferocious step-father, evidently quite in his element.

The boy was astounded. He could not turn his eyes away. All this talk about the sinfulness of the circus had, then, been mere hypocrisy on his step-father's part. He was not afraid to come himself. He liked it. He amused himself there—yes, as much as any one.

As Phil left the tent after the performance was over, he came face to face with Mr. Grimley.

The man stared at him and grabbed him by the collar.

"I've caught you," he said.

"You've been here yourself," replied Phil.

"You tell a lie," said the step-father.

"I don't," said Phil.

"You stole the money to come, for you hadn't none," said Grimley.

The boy responded furiously, and was dragged home. The sternest men in the neighborhood blamed Grimley for the way he flogged his step-son that night. Mothers wept. His own grew faint and sick, and nearly died of it. Her night was sleepless. The next morning she crept into his garret room wondering if he were alive, and found the bed empty, and pinned on the pillow a bit of paper bearing these words:

"I can't stand it any more. Good-bye. I'll come back some day if ever I get rich."

"God keep my boy," sighed the mother; but she did not weep.

Years passed on. A man may be ever so mean and close and hard, but if he has no common sense, he will scarcely grow rich on that. What with bad temper and low vices old Grimley had brought himself to ruin. He was very poor, and had fallen a victim to some grave disorder that kept him in his chair at the fireside, but he abused his wife and daughter—who worked at anything they could get to do—as furiously as ever. Mahala was a girl of eighteen now, who never had a pleasure, but she was good and gentle. These two martyrs were happy if once, on Sunday they could go to church. Often they could not do so. But one bright spring evening when a neighbor had promised to sit with Mr. Grimley, and the neat prints were done up and they actually had whole shoes and new straw bonnets, the mother and daughter set forth upon their long, dusty walk with a meek happiness in their hearts.

Mahala felt that ma looked very genteel with those new brown ribbons, ma felt that Mahala was as pretty as anybody's girl. As they walked along they talked, as they sometimes did, of poor Phil.

"You can't remember him, Mahala," the mother said, speaking as she might of one dead, "you were so young. But he was such a pretty boy! Last night I dreamed he came back; but that will never be now. I guess he's dead. Don't you think so Mahala?"

"How can I think, ma? I wish I knew," said Mahala. "It would be better for you if his grave was here in the church-yard."

It was early, and they went into the church-yard, and walked about among the tombs. At last they sat down on a bench under a great willow, waiting for the bell to ring, and a young man who had been walking about amongst the graves paused near them.

"Excuse me," he said. "I am the preacher you will have to listen to to-day. May I ask your names?"

The elder woman gave hers, and added: "This is my daughter, Mahala. Will you sit down, Dominie?" She made room for him on the bench beside her. "You're quite a young dominie," she said gently.

"I hope you've got a mother. She must be proud of you. I had a boy I wanted to make a minister of; but—he's gone!"

"You are very kind," said the young man.

"I have a mother, but she has not seen me for years. I do not know what you will think when I tell you I ran away from her."

The poor woman put her hand to her bosom and looked at him anxiously.

"Ran away!" she repeated.

"I ran away because I was whipped," he said. "My step-father whipped me."

"Oh" cried Mahala, turning pale.

"I went to join the circus, if I could," said the young minister. "That was what I was whipped for—going to the circus.

"They were good to me and let me travel with them; but when we were far West, a kind, good man talked to me as no one had ever talked before.

"He told me that I had better take his advice and let him place me where I would be given an education and fitted for some other calling. I believed him and had sense enough to know he was right.

In a Western home I grew to manhood, and chose to be a preacher.—Mother, don't you know me now? don't you know Phil? Mahala, are you really my dear little sister? I shall take care of you both in future."

The bells began to ring. The mother embraced her son, and he left her for awhile. When she was able to go in, they sat and listened to the sermon with strange feelings, and joined in the singing as they had never joined before.

"Phil! that was Phil!" the mother kept saying to herself.

The end of the dreadful story had come, and it was all happiness, sweetness, peace.

Phil had returned to her, and her dream was realized. He stood there in the pulpit, preaching, and preaching well. He was a good man—a true son.

Tears of joy coursed down her cheeks. It seemed to her that life could have no more troubles for her.

It was at the parsonage that old Grimley spent his last days.

Perhaps he was grateful; perhaps he was ashamed of himself.

Perhaps, as he grew nearer death, he had some sort of change of heart. But he stopped scolding altogether, and always declared that he "knowed Phil would turn out well. Spare the rod and spoil the child," he would add. "You understand, I fetched him up on that principle."

So he comforts himself; but he does not deceive others. Phil is too good a christian to contradict him.

TO YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

Young Christians stand your ground, cherish strongly your religious convictions, give thought, meditation and study to them.

But let us specify in what particulars you are to stand your ground.

1. You must stand your ground when laughed at. A fool can laugh. A weak person is sometimes laughed down. To some people ridicule is the worst form of attack. Men who have braved death on the battlefield have trembled at a sneer. Then don't be sneered out of your convictions of right.

2. You must stand your ground when under evil reports. Those who do right will be spoken against. Jesus says: "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake." The sun, moon, and stars shine when cloud-covered. Be like them—shine, on when under reproach.

3. You must stand your ground in the day of trouble. Trouble is the common heritage of our race. Personal religion does not exempt us from trouble in this life.

"The path of sorrow and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.
No traveler e'er reached that blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briars on the road."

Sanctified sorrow exalts the soul and it will enhance your eternal reward. Stand fire. "Glorify God in the fires." Build your closet next to the furnace. God says, "I will bring the third part through the fire and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried; they shall call on my name, and I will hear them: "I will say it is my people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God."

4. You must stand your ground in the hour of duty. No good can be accomplished without effort. No man ever became really great without pains. While

"The idle falls an easy prey
To mischief and to sin;
Those who fill with work their day
The prize of life shall win."

Therefore, "work with both hands earnestly." Do not be afraid of enthusiasm. There is more lack of heart than brain. The world is not starving for need of education half so much as for warm, earnest interest of soul for soul.

We agree with the Indian who, when talked to about having too much zeal, said, "I think it is better for the pot to boil over than not to boil at all." Be sure to muster on the right side. In churches there are two classes—the positive and the passive; or the progressive and the do nothings. One aggressive, positive worker is worth fifty easy-talking, don't care members. If there is anything positive in you, show it. Put on the whole armor of God and stand your ground. It is not enough that one refrains from positive acts of evil, he must be active in the right. The servant in Scripture was condemned not for misusing his talent, but for not using it. God wants positive characters; the world needs them: positive in the right and active in support of it. Let us arouse from our neglect, shake off our carelessness and awake to the great realities and grand possibilities which are part of our life.

Uncle Clearwater (noted temperance apostle, on a visit to his nephew, looking out of the parlor window): "What a fine building that is across the way!" Nephew: "Yes, yes; but the owner built it out of the blood, the aches, and the groans of his fellow-men; out of the grief of crying children and the woe of wailing women." Uncle C.: "Ah, rum-seller, of course! Yes, yes!" Nephew: "O no; he's a dentist!"

Prof. Loisette's Memory System is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

HOW TO COLLECT.

An unidentified exchange gives the following rules for collecting, most of which are based on experience and good sense. Cut it out and give it to your collector:

1. Never give the idea that you called because you happened to be in the neighborhood.

2. Never plead that you are in absolute need of the money.

3. Never explain why you want the money further than by some general phrase as to meet outstanding bills. The debtor is usually an expert in showing a man how he can get along without money; he will worst you in an argument, and if you lose your temper it is an excuse for him why he should not pay.

4. Always be civil, however business-like and importunate you may deem it necessary to be.

5. Never think you have done wrong because a debtor gets angry. His anger under civil treatment shows that he does not intend to pay. This you might as well know early as late.

6. Show quite as firm a resolution to get the money on your tenth call as on any previous one, or else it would have been better if you had not made it.

7. Never leave a debtor without his setting a time when he thinks he can pay, and never fail to be on hand at the time set.

8. As between yourself and the employee let the most business-like of the two make the dun.

9. Suggest instalments. Shame the debtor into an arrangement to pay something every week or month. If not $10, then $5, or $3, or $1. It will convince him that you have set to work in earnest to get the money.

10. If a debtor gets angry, or has worn out your patience, a threat to attach his salary may be effective, not so much that he is likely to fear that you will get the money in that way, as that the affair will come to the knowledge of his employer.

11. Similar effects may be produced by saying you intend to place the bill in the hands of a lawyer, particularly if you mention a lawyer who has a reputation for harassing debtors. Professional debtors, however, become careless about legal processes.

12. Drop into a debtor's favorite haunts! It will make him uneasy especially if you do not hesitate to ask him politely but promptly for your money on occasion.

LEATHER FROM HUMAN SKIN.

Dr. Mark L. Nardyz, a Greek physician of New York, states that gloves which are sold as kid, are often made of human skin. "That on the breast," he said, "is soft and pliable and may be used in the making of gloves. When people buy gloves they never stop to question about the material of which they are made. The shopkeeper himself may be in ignorance, and the purchaser has no means of ascertaining whether the material is human skin or not. The fact is, the tanning of human skin is extensively carried on in France and Switzerland. The product is manufactured into gloves, and these are imported into this country. Thus you see a person may be wearing part of a distant friend's body, and not know it." Then the doctor drew from a drawer a brand new pair of black gloves. "There," he said, "is a fine article from the skin of a child." As the skin of a kid compares with that of a goat, so, of course, does the skin of a child compare with that of an adult, and it is much sought in France for glove purposes.

The skin on a man's back makes good sole leather. Nature has protected man's spine by a skin which is much heavier than on other parts of the body. Here is a piece of well tanned skin from the calf of a man's leg. And the doctor displayed a bit of white leather strong and thick.

Dr. Nardyz formerly possessed a fine pair of slippers made of the skin of a number of the Genus Homo, but his wife did not like the idea of her husband literally wearing a dead man's shoe, and so one day the shoes vanished. The doctor does not say a word but he thinks he knows who is responsible for their disappearance.—Brooklyn *Blade.*

TERPENTINE FOR THROAT AND LUNGS.

I have been using pure oil of turpentine in affections of the throat and lungs for some time, and find better and more satisfactory results than from any other remedy I ever tried. I use the ordinary hand atomizer, and throw spray of the liquid into the throat every few minutes; or at longer intervals, according to the gravity of the case. The bulb of the instrument should be compressed as the act of inspiration commences, so as to insure application of the remedy to the whole surface, which can be done in cases of children very successfully. It is surprising how a diphtheritic membrance will melt away under an almost constant spray of pure oil of turpentine. I now use the turpentine spray whenever a child complains of sore throat of any kind.

In cases of tuberculosis of the lungs, bronchitis and the latter stages of pneumonia, I have found the turpentine inhalation very beneficial. I use an atomizer, or paper funnel, from which the turpentine may be inhaled at will. I hang around the bed and in the room flannel cloths saturated with oil of turpentine, in all cases of cararrahal bronchitis—in fact, in all affections of the air passages; and my patients invariably express themselves as being very much relieved.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

SUGGESTIVE PARAGRAPHS FOR ADVERTISING PURPOSES.

We do not ignore our competitors; we try to excel them.

We are the servants of the public, therefore yours to command.

If anything you receive from us is not satisfactory please let us know.

Have you ever traded with us? If not, there is a treat in store for you.

It is our ambition to please. We look to you to help us gratify our ambition.

Beauty is largely a matter of taste and the result of intrusting your wardrobe with us.

We want everybody to know us and get thoroughly acquainted with our ways of doing business.

As between the nimble sixpence and the slow shilling, we have all along placed our confidence in the former.

It is said that New York millionaires pay very little attention to their dress. Well, they can afford to be eccentric. Can you.

The nearer our business approaches perfection the more we feel disposed to advertise—the more we feel that it will stand advertising.—*The Men's Outfitter.*

A PARODY.

The young ladies in this neighborhood who will shortly receive their hymenal diploma might quote the following lines for those who are less fortunate:

Tell me not in idle jingle,
"Marriage is an empty dream!"
For the girl is dead that's single,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
Single blessedness a fib.
"Man thou art, to man returnest"
Has been spoken of the "rib."

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way,
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us nearer marriage day.

Life is long and youth is fleeting,
And our hearts, so stout and strong,
Just like gala drums are beating
Wedding marches all day long.

In the world's broad field of battle
In the bivouac of life
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a heroine—a wife.

Trust no future howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act, act in the living present!
Love within and hope ahead.

Lives of married folk remind us
We can live our lives as well,
And departing, leave behind us
Such examples as shall "tell"—

Such examples that another,
Wasting time in idle sport,
A forlorn, unmarried brother,
Seeing, shall take heart and court.

Let us then be up and doing
With a heart on triumph set;
Still contriving, still pursuing
And each one a husband get.

HAVE A PURPOSE.

Young man, have a purpose in your heart. Now, what is your purpose in life? Is it that, under all circumstances you will do what you think is right. Or is it to become rich at the expense of principle and right. The first purpose you should have is to care for yourself. Young men nowadays don't, and when the body is wrecked they hobble through life, making everybody about them miserable. Find out what diet best agrees with you, and adhere to it. Daniel began by abstaining from wine. This would be a good start for you, young man.

Next, take care of your intellect. Study, if you have intellect—there are some young men who don't know whether they have any or not—improve it. Many hard-worked men have acquired profound educations by being studious during small intervals of leisure. Get an hour a day, if you can get no more. Devote half of it to the study of the Bible, and divide the other thirty minutes, say between astronomy, botany and geology. Do this one year, and you will be surprised at what you have accomplished.

Then take care of your manners. The manners of Canadians are degenerating. There was a time when a young man would not offend a young lady by puffing cigar smoke into her face. Now I see it done on the horse-cars every day. Imitate the sweetness of Daniel. Be affable, suave, courteous and kind. Never utter a thoughtless word that will pain. Start in life with the principle, "I'll be a gentleman, come what will."

HOW TO BE IDENTIFIED.

"There is no source of annoyance to a travelling man so great," remarked one of the fraternity the other evening, "as the necessity to which we are frequently put of securing men to identify us when we desire to cash drafts or money orders. We are, all of us, annoyed and embarrassed at such times, and I never saw any scheme to do away with the difficulty until one day last week in Des Moines, Ia.

"After dinner a friend of mine said to me: 'Come down to the bank a minute. Want to show you something.'

"We went down and he remarked to the paying teller:

"Draft here for me? giving his name."

"Yes, sir, responded the banker."

"Photograph accompany it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Please look at it and see if I am the man."

"The clerk did so; he was the man and a moment later he had his money, and had been subjected to no trouble or mortification at all."

"He told me, as we went out, that he immediately returns the photograph to his house and they always inclose with drafts. It's the cleverest scheme I ever saw."—*Ex.*

There is but one excuse for pointing out faults, and that is the desire to remedy, or to guard against the fault complained of. But the grumbler has no such consideration in view. He accomplishes nothing save to make those about him wretched. He aims at nothing save the grim satisfaction he receives from giving vent to his acid disposition. Of helping the one he criticises he never dreams. The truth is there is no defensible plan for grumbling. It is a gratuitous social nuisance, a sort of morbid delight in the ability to discern faults in others. We have no business dwelling on the defects of our companions without we thereby think we can be of some help to them or guard others from the same danger.

California will make 8,000,000 gallons less of wine this year than last. This is because so large a portion of the grapes went not to juice, but to raisins. The wily vineyarders found that they could squeeze more money out of dried grapes than by squeezing wine out of the fresh ones.

Some of our hobby-riders are pulling their little hobby-horses out of the garrets where they have lain for four years, mounting them, and making a mighty racket; but that kind of a horse gives the rider exercise—and that is all.

Brooklyn, N. Y., is said to possess the largest bread-bakery in the world. Its usual daily output is 70,000 loaves, requiring about 300 barrels of flour.

A teacher was giving a natural history lesson.

"Children," she said, "you all have seen the paw of a cat. It is as soft as velvet, isn't it?"

"Yes mum."

"And you have seen the paw of a dog?"

"Yes mum."

"Well, although the cat's paw seems like velvet, there is, nevertheless, concealed in it something that hurts. What is it?"

No answer.

"The dog bites," said the teacher, "when he is in anger, but what does the cat do?"

"Scratches," replied the boy.

"Quite right," said the teacher, nodding her head approvingly; "now what has the cat got that the dog hasn't?"

"Kittens!" exclaimed the boy in the back row.