The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XV.---NO. 30. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1890. 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.....25CT

Invariably in advance. If not paid in advance $1.50 per year will be charged. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

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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. 176 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.

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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.

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SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD, Barristers, Solicitors, &c., TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN. Offices:—Crossland's Block, Georgetown, and 65 King street east, Toronto. W. T. ALLAN. J. SHILTON, B.A. J. BAIRD, B.A.

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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.

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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

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WANTED.

SALESMEN to sell Nursery Stock. All Goods warranted first-class. Permanent pleasant, profitable positions for the right men. Good salaries and expenses paid weekly. Liberal inducements to beginners. No previous experience necessary. Outfit free. Write for terms, giving age. CHARLES H. CHASE, Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y. Mention this paper.

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The subscriber insures for four stock and four mutual companies, as follows:—

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ÆTNA	WATERLOO MUTUAL
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We insure private dwellings three years from 60 cents up to $1.20 per $100 and mercantile risks from 75 cents to $2.50. Liberal adjustments and prompt payments by the above companies. A. LAING, Agent. ACTON.

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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 lot 6 in block 16. 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

Wellington Steam Laundry.

GUELPH. SHIRTS 20c. COLLARS 2c. CUFFS 2c. Family Washing without ironing 35c. per doz. Family Washing with ironing 50c. per doz. Gentlemen's Washing and Repairing 50c. per dozen. All work guaranteed best in Canada. Office and Works, 56 Quebec Street. Goods left with Kelly Bros., our agents at Acton, will be sent to the laundry and returned to their store free of charge, at above prices. E. HACKNEY, Proprietor.

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. MACGEOREGOR, 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 shopworn 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 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

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 15 cts. Artists' Materials, Winson Newton's Enamel Paints, Aspinwall'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.

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Copy Books, Exercise Books, Drawing Books, —SLATES— DAY'S BOOKSTORE. —IS FULL OF— SCHOOL SUPPLIES. Day gives the best value and has the largest stock. DAY SELLS CHEAP.

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
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25 per cent. on all purchases from $5.00 upwards, including

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Also a fine assortment of Toilet Articles and other articles too numerous too 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.

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.

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 9 a.m. and 8½ p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met. JOHN WILLIAMS.

—THE ACTON— Free Press

—THE LEADING— LOCAL NEWSPAPER Of Halton County. Is Published every Thursday morning at —ACTON, ONT— Subscription Price Only $1.00 in dvance. Try it for Three Months for 25 Cents.

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.

THE THING THAT MAKES THE BUZZ.

"Buzz! buzz! buzz! buzz! you big bumble-bee
Bending down the clover heads—can't you talk to me?
What a funny song you sing—buzz! buzz! buzz!
Don't you get your nose all full of dandelion fuzz!

"Don't you have a jolly time! honey every day?
Wearing all your pretty clothes when you go to play—
Nicest kind of velvet coat—yellow satin jacket!
Buzz! buzz! buzz! buzz! How do you make that racket?

"Now I've got you, bumble-bee, under my straw hat!
Buzz! buzz! buzz! buzz! I'll find out how you do that!
Pretty little bumble-bee, I won't spoil your jacket—
Oh! oh! oh! oh!"—Here's another kind of racket.

Mamma calls the bumble-bee, "Naughty, cross old thing!
Didn't little Freddy know all about his sting?"
"See how big it's swelling up. Oh dear! oh dear me!
Mamma, is the stinger the thing that makes the buzz?"

—*The Housewife.*

Select Family Reading.

History Repeals Itself.

Early one morning Master Edward Barton arose from his pillow in great haste, called himself a hard name, and, having made his toilet, sat down to write a letter.

He had had a quarrel with his sweetheart—Miss Sallie Peyton—and now he was anxious to become reconciled to her.

After covering several sheets of paper with words and sentences, merely to destroy them, he at last produced this effusion:

My Darling:—Forgive your wicked Edward. It was all his own fault, and he repents in dust and ashes. Write to him to come to his own pet before he dies of sorrow. He can't live without you.

Having inclosed this missive in a neat envelope, Master Edward caught up his hat and rushed toward the village post-office, but had not made half the distance before he espied, trotting along the road with a small basket on his arm, a very small boy, no other, in fact, than the brother of the damsel to whom the note was directed, and coming face to face with him, uttered the exclamation:

"Halloo, Phil!"

"Halloo, yourself," replied the young worthy.

"Where are you going?" inquired the young man.

"Home," said Phil, "I've been to get coffee at the store."

"Oh, coffee," repeated the young man. "You're a little fellow to send on errands, aren't you?"

"No," responded Phil, "I is big."

"Oh, so I perceive. I wonder now if you are big enough to carry a letter?"

"Of course," said Phil.

"Then take this," said the young man handing him the missive he had composed, "and give it to your sister as soon as you get home."

"Why don't you take it yourself?" asked Phil.

"Oh, your legs are younger than mine," said the young man, seeking for an apt reply and finding none.

"Zey ain't," said Phil indignantly; "my yegs is old."

Any imputation of youth was always resented with indignation by this five-year-older.

"Of course; where were my brains? I might have known your legs were as old as you were," said Edward, in a modifying tone.

"Yes," said Phil, "of tourse. I've got new boots."

He laboriously lifted first one clubby leg and then the other, to exhibit them the better.

"Regular seven-leaguers, I declare," said Master Edward. "Now carry that letter safe to Miss Sallie and I'll bring you some caramels when I come over."

"All right. Dood-by," said the young gentleman in the most condescending tones. "Tome soon," and away he trotted, while Master Edward, confident of his lady's mercy, now that he had humbled his pride, and asked forgiveness, stalked along the road, which arose gradually from the flat farming land to the rocky hillside, and shortly reached an elevation which enabled him to see the chimneys of Pine farm, the abode of the Peysons.

A few steps more and the increased elevation permitted him to look upon the garden, and standing at the gate he saw a little blue figure that made his heart beat. It was Sallie's own.

At that distance he knew that even if she looked up she would not recognize him, so he stood still and gazed. He had not seen her for three good weeks, and even to look upon a fluttering figure in blue, that he knew to be no other gave him joy.

She opened the gate and ran up the road a space, the ribbons at her waist floating out upon the breeze. She beckoned with her hand and went out of sight.

Shortly she returned, leading Phil by one hand and carrying the little basket in the other.

"She has got it," said Edward.

He kissed his hand toward the chimneys reddened by the newly rising sun, and said to himself that she would surely write that very day.

Meanwhile Phil had been led into the kitchen.

"What on earth kept you so long?" asked his mother.

"I found persimmons," said the child. "Bill shook 'em down and I picked 'em up."

"I hope they were ripe," said the mother.

"Yes. Sumpin' for Sallie in the basket," said Phil, taking a hot biscuit from the pan and flying out in the garden.

"What is in the basket for me, ma?" asked Sallie.

"There's a dandelion in here," replied Mrs. Peyton, handing the basket to black Martha, the cook, after she had peeped into it and traced the yellow flower.

The letter had managed to get itself under the loose splint, and was invisible in the shadow of the cover.

Sallie stuck the flower into her blue belt.

"Cunning of Phil to bring it," she said, and the basket was hung upon a peg in the pantry, and poor Master Edward waited in vain for an answer.

Waited and waited, growing sad and sorry as the time passed on, and Sallie waited also. She had believed that her lover would make overtures of reconciliation, and she was ready to meet him half way. And two young hearts ached and were full of bitterness and believed they must break, because of two inches of loose splint in a little old market basket.

Then Edward went away with an uncle who was captain of an ocean steamer; and Sallie, staying at home, refused the offers of hand, heart and fortune made her by various gallant Virginia youths, saw her younger sisters marry, and kept the secret of her heart from all.

"If he had but come," she often said to herself.

"If she had but answered." Edward said as often, having no doubt she received his letter.

As for Phil, he went away to school, and afterward to a military academy, and grew tall and handsome, and came home for the holidays, and was the family joy and pride as heretofore.

And the splint basket hung upon the hook in the pantry with a persistency only possible to a southern basket in a southern kitchen.

It was old and shabby and a sort of heirloom. A big new basket had been in constant use when Phil went on his errand, but this had been chosen for its small size and light weight.

Phil was just 16 and home for Christmas, and for the first time since he went away Edward had come home. He had prospered but he had not married.

He had never forgiven Sallie for refusing to forgive him, and he believed he hated women for her sake. The truth was he loved her.

After he had been home for a week and had been to call on all his old friends, and had found the Virginian village unchanged, even the old pump, that some one had begun to paint blue, stood half finished, as it was when he went away, and old Uncle Blink, the gardener, had not time to finish "Platit' dem yar s'rings," he walked one morning down into the village to the post-office.

The postmaster was still sorting the letters in the tea-caddy, as he had been when he last saw him, and his wife was reading the postal cards and commenting on the news they conveyed.

There were letters and papers for him and after he had got through with the requisite amount of gossip he turned his steps homeward and came full upon a tall youth who carried in his hand a shabby little old splint basket.

"Well," cried this young fellow in astonishment, "is it you or somebody else?"

"I believe I am myself," said Edward.

"But who—unless—why, it is Phil Peyton, grown like the vine in 'Jack and the Bean-stalk!"

"I do shove up," said Phil. "You look shorter somehow. Well, how do you do? Somehow it seems as if this all happened before."

"It did—Eleven years ago," said the older man. "You carried the same basket and were going for coffee."

"I've been for coffee now," said Phil. "Well, come and see us. Good-bye, they are waiting for the coffee. Uncle Mo would have taken two hours to do the errand, so I offered to run over to the store. Good-bye. Do come over and have a chat."

He hurried away. Edward went slowly up the hill. Had Sallie altered as much as Phil had? He asked himself.

Sallie was 27 now; he was 31. He heaved a sigh suitable for an 80th birthday.

"Youth has flown," he thought, "and love with it."

He looked over his shoulder at this moment. He had reached the point whence he could see the Peytons' garden.

Despite himself he turned and gazed. Phil had entered the gate. A little woman in blue stood there and took the basket from him.

"Sallie! My fate! I am just as fond of her as ever!" sighed Edward. "What an idiot I am!"

The tears arose to his eyes. He saw her take the basket from Phil, and the two entered the house together.

"Who do you think I just now met, ma?" said Phil.

"Who was it?" queried the mother.

"Sallie's old beau, Mr. Edward Barton," said Phil. "He didn't know me at first." Sallie turned to look out the window.

"Here is the coffee, Martha," said Mrs. Peyton, handing the basket to the cook.

"Dey is a letter is dis dar basket, missus," said Martha.

"Did you give me one to mail?" asked Phil. "I didn't see it."

"No, it is directed to Sallie," said Mrs. Peyton. "Why, how dirty it is?"

She caught the letter. After one glance at the hand in which it was directed she disappeared from the room.

The next day Edward Barton received a letter. Within it was his own dear missive.

Dear Mr. Barton:—To-day when Phil came in he brought this letter in a little old basket we have had in the house forever. It is dated eleven years ago. He remembers that you gave him one for me when he was a little boy. It must have caught in the splints and hidden itself all this time. I want you to know that I never read it before or surely I should have answered it. Yours truly,

SALLIE PEYTON.

Eleven years of sorrow! Eleven years of anger!

It was really one of Cupid's excellent tricks; but, after all, these two were yet young and they loved each other, and all is well that ends well.

I am asked to the wedding.

HOW THEY MAKE FARMERS IN DENMARK.

Young men are apprenticed to the best farmers all over the kingdom for two or three years, under the oversight of the Royal Agricultural Society. They work for good farmers for one year as learners, receiving a small sum besides their board and lodging. At the end of the year the apprentice is removed to a farm in another part of the kingdom, and his third year is spent on a still different farm in a district where a different kind of agriculture is practised. The society gives each apprentice a number of agricultural books at the outset, which becomes his property upon the completion of three years. The apprentices report to the society at stated intervals, and from these reports and other records where they have worked, the society judges of their progress and grants diplomas accordingly. The young men must get a thorough knowledge of all kinds of practical farming, but they have to work for it, as they are at hard labor from 4 a.m. to 7 p.m., except the meal hours.

TEMPERANCE.

One man in six in the British navy is a total abstainer.

There is not a good thought in a hogshead of beer; there is not a pure idea in all the breweries.

The Methodist bands of hope in Ireland number 229, with 25,880 members, an increase during the past year of 3044.

The Rev. Charles Garrett says England spends 7d per head to send the gospel to the heathen, and 70s per head on intoxicating drinks.

An English doctor says that of 1340 cases of gout, only one was that of a total abstainer, and his ancestors were beer and wine drinkers.

At Tonawanda, N.Y., John Rosch, an old pensioner of the British army, won a wager by drinking a quart of whiskey in two and a half minutes, and was volunteering to drink an additional pint when he fell dead.

Dr. Kovalenki, a St. Petersburg doctor, declares that every year drunkenness increases in Russia, and holds with Dr. Norman Kerr that it is a nervous disease common to all countries and all classes of society.

Commenting on the statement that plants in liquor saloon windows have to be frequently replaced, because they wither in the atmosphere of alcohol, the *Canada Citizen* says: "Even things without souls die under the touch of alcohol. Nothing escapes its fiery breath: brute, human or vegetable.

In the atmosphere of the saloon not only plants wither and have to be replaced by others to take their death turn, but God-made beings likewise wither in such atmosphere, and the saloon keeper is industrious to replace them with other mothers' boys to be consumed in the ceaseless grind of his damnable mill."

A LITTLE HEROINE.

BY ELLA H STRATTON

"H-e-r-o-i-n-e." Kitty slowly spelled the word, and looked up at mamma. "What does that mean, mamma?"

"The dictionary says that a heroine is a brave woman; one who has done some great deed," smiled mamma. "But I think the word has a better meaning. I think that a little girl who helps every one all she can, even when she has to leave her own play to do so, and does it willingly and cheerfully, may be a heroine."

"Can I be one, do you think, mamma? Is eight years old enough?" asked Kitty eagerly.

"Quite old enough, darling," replied mamma, and Kitty went on with her reading.

"And now," said mamma, when the lesson was over, "I wish that you would take baby out on the veranda a while. Take good care of him, and not let him get hurt."

"Yes, mamma," she answered with a bright smile.

For some time mamma could hear their merry laughter, as they played in the bright, warm sunshine, then came a sharp, angry cry from baby, and a shuddering scream from Kitty.

"Tiddledee—tiddledee," baby was saying, when mamma reached the veranda, and he was trying as hard as he could to get the pretty black kitten which Kitty held high above her head, her chubby hands clasped tightly around its throat in spite of the sharp claws which were tearing at her arms.

"Why Kitty!" but mamma stopped—she saw the wild, fierce eyes of the kitten, and the white foam upon its lips.

"Is it—is it mad, mamma?" gasped Kitty. "It was coming at baby, but it didn't get there. I caught it. Is it mad, mamma?"

"Perhaps it had a fit, Kitty," and mamma took the half-dead kitten away, just as a man came running into the yard.

"Did ye see a cat, mum—a black cat? Thank the goodness ye've got him safe. Let me have the beast. You ain't bit, mum, sure? I oughter killed him—he was bit by a dog better'n a week ago—but I didn't know, and Johnny loved him so, and Johnny's dead. You're sure you ain't bit, mum?"

"No, it is all right," said mamma, who had been looking at Kitty's arms and hands—Kitty's strong hold of the kitten's throat and her thick sleeves saved her.

"I'm glad of that, mum, 'deed I am," and away went the man with the black kitten.

Then how mamma hugged Kitty and the baby, and laughed and cried and kissed them again and again.

"Was it mad, mamma? And was it right to kill it?" asked Kitty with a shudder.

"Quite right, my darling, my brave little girl. Why Kitty you are a heroine—you saved baby's life, and perhaps more," cried mamma. "That poor little kitten might have bitten many people. But were you frightened, Kitty?"

"I don't know—I didn't think of me, mamma!" replied Kitty slowly, with puzzled questioning eyes. "I only just thought about baby."

"That's the way true heroines always do, my darling," said mamma earnestly.

And I think so too, don't you?

QUICK UMBRELLA MAKING.

Not improved workmanship but rapidity is the distinguishing feature of the mechanical arts and trades now-a-days. An instance of this was noticeable in the experience of a lady who went into the umbrella maker's store and asked for an umbrella of peculiar size and make, which she wanted to take with her at once to Liverpool. The dealer did not have one in stock, but said he could make one in short order if she would wait. She sat down in anticipation of a dreary afternoon, but in precisely twenty-five minutes departed with the finished article. It had been made up entirely from the raw materials.

A crusade has been begun in Pennsylvania by the different unions, against the practice already becoming alarming of putting liquor into candy. The "rock and rye drops" and wine coadial confectionary sold to children are doing incalculable damage. The little ones have been found coming from school manifesting every symptom of intoxication from the use of these pernicious sweets. The manufacturers claim that ten pounds of them would not cause drunkenness, but facts go to prove the contrary. The liquor fiend is to be watched and fought at every point. He spares not even the little babies, and the mothers must take up arms in their defence.

CHOKING OFF A FARMER.

As the train left Dayton, south bound the conductor came into the smoking car with a cry of 'Tickets, please!" and as there was only one fresh passenger he walked directly up to him. This new arrival was from the farm, and in nothing of a hurry.

"What's up, Kurnel?" he asked as the conductor halted before him.

"Ticket, sir!"

"Yes. Is she on time?"

"Yes."

"Going right to Cincinnati?"

"Yes. Ticket, if you please."

"I had a ticket, but——. Say, how's wheat looking along the line?"

"Give me your ticket."

"Wonder where I put it? Been much rain between here and Hamilton this month? Feller was telling me yesterday that he never——"

"I'm in a great hurry, sir!" exclaimed the conductor.

"Shoo! Haven't got any hay out at the other end of the line, have you? I got caught once last week, and me'n Bill had to work like nailers to beat a thunder-storm."

"Have you got a ticket?"

"Of course."

"Then hand it over at once! I can't fool away my time here!"

"Shoo! Well, here's the ticket, and I want a receipt for it. Feller in such a hurry as you are might die suddenly. Lands! but what a hired man you'd make for a week or two! Never had one who was in a hurry. Say, if you——"

But the conductor had gone, and he turned to us with a look of disgust on his face and continued:

"That's the way with these monopolies. They not only want all your money, but they won't treat you decent after they get it. Reckon I'll drop in on the boss of the road when I git to town, and let him know that such conduct don't go down with a free-born American."

THE USE OF FRINDSHIP.

There are many people to whom the chief use of friendship seems to be the abuse of it. A friend to most of us is more or less conscionsly a person whom we may treat not only with less ceremony, than we do others, but with less justice as well. To presume upon the good nature of a friend is one of the most insidious of all the temptations with which weak and feeble human nature is blest, and it is one of the most frequently successful ones.

We are all of us likely to be guilty in this respect, so it is hardly safe for any man to begin on this score to fling stones at his neighbor. It is so easy to excuse ourselves for wrong, which are not resented that sometimes one wonders whether after all, conscience is not, at least three parts of five, respect for somebody's opinion of us.

And the worst of this is that we almost inevitably respect our friend somewhat less for submitting to our ill-usage of him. We do him little injustices, triflings which he is too fond of us to resent even when he feels them, and out of his generosity we make an excuse for holding him of less account, and consequently for loving him less and imposing upon him more.

This is often the history of the course of married life. One or the other of the couple yields too much and too often, moved by over much affection to give away, and the result is that he or she wins only a more or less conscious contempt.

The truth is that even in friendship we are all human, and it is well to reflect that if one desires to hold the regard of his friend it is necessary to hold also his respect. It is sometimes wise to displease a friend for his own good and for the sake of holding his affection up to its level.

ADVERTISING.

The business man he thinks is wise
Who knoweth how to advertise.
For he who tells not of his wares
Will, sitting, wear out pants and chairs.

So much has been said on the subject of newspaper advertising, and the shrewd business man of to-day finds it so necessary to judiciously advertise, in order to keep up in the race, that I think I had better not go into details as to how it should be done. If you want real live information on this subject get John Wanamaker's pamphlet and study it carefully.

Talking about advertising, did you ever ponder the fact that we all advertise in some way or another? The man who at irregular intervals walks up street, taking the whole sidewalk in a zig zag fashion is publicly advertising himself as a tippler who takes a glass too much. Ditto, the dapper little fellows who walk down street real fast to deceive you, but who have to put on the breaks every ten steps so as to keep from switching off the side walk: yes, we have such fellows in Acton who advertise that they are full, but would far rather be considered sober. We have the man who borrows an)X and says he will return it to-morrow, and he does not, and the chances are you will have to take it out in trade. Such a man advertises himself as a fraud who cannot be depended on. Then there is the woman who buys 10 cents worth of thread or buttons and has them sent down. Such a woman advertises herself as delicate and not strong enough to carry parcels. Then there is your wife to whom you confide a great secret. If she tells it to your neighbor's wife she advertises it, for the women all get it. Also the man who gets you to do a favor or several favors for him, but who neglects to show common courtesy to you in return, advertises himself in your estimation as a selfish ingrate. Indeed, there are innumerable ways of advertising good, bad, and indifferent dispositions and I am glad to say I know but few examples of these extreme cases I have mentioned. Living as we do in a thickly settled community where everybody knows everybody else, let us endeavor to advertise ourselves substantially as a ready, righteous people.

Mr. John Magwood, Victoria Road, writes; "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is a splendid medicine. My customers say they never used anything more effectual. Good results immediately follow its use. I know its value from personal experience, having been troubled for 9 or 10 years with Dyspepsia. Since using it digestion goes on without that depressing feeling so well known as dyspeptics. I have no hesitation in recommending it in any case of Indigestion, Constipation, Heartburn, or troubles arising from a disordered stomach."

THE UNIVERSAL MALADY.

Why is all the house so dismal?
Papa's got the grippe.
Why this look of woe abysmal?
Papa's got the grippe.
Why this coughing and this sneezing?
Why this blowing and this wheezing?
Why that tone and manner freezing?
Papa's got the grippe.

What's this turmoil and confusion?
Mamma's got the grippe.
She knows well it's no illusion.
Mamma's got the grippe.
Back, and head, and eyes are aching,
Brain feels heavy, knees are shaking.
Don't the children get a raking?
Mamma's got the grippe.

Why this howling and this yelling?
Baby's got the grippe.
Whew! of all his woes he's telling.
Baby's got the grippe.
What a squirming and a kicking.
Just as if a pin were sticking
In his tender flesh and pricking.
Baby's got the grippe.

Oh, for some relief effective
From this cursed grippe!
Oh, for some new fierce invective
To describe the grippe.
When you've taken six or seven
Quinine pills, and used eleven
More, it makes you sigh for heaven.
Where there is no grippe.

LA GRIPPE.

Where did you get that grip?
Where did you get that sneeze?
Isn't it a quarter? Woof! Listen to the wheeze.
No: I don't want to get it, but just as a quiet tip:
Where did you get that grip?
Where did you get that grip?

Where did you get that echo?
Where did you get that chill?
Isn't it—ka-choo! ka-choo! Wow!
Oo! Go! Kershaw! Kershaw! Where did
K-chee!—Where—k-chew!—did—you—
K-hoi-o-oo! ca-ch-oo! [Something
breaks in the machine.]

DONE FOR FIFTY.

A well-dressed stranger was sitting in a Woodward avenue saloon the other day when a tramphish looking fellow came in and 'struck' the place for a quarter. His request was coldly received by all except the stranger, who went down into his pockets, found nothing, and finally opened his wallet to pull out a bill and say:

"I have no change. Here's a fifty-dollar bill which you can take to the bank and get busted and I'll give you a quarter."

When the tramp had gone with it the half-dozen men in the place expressed their wonder and amazement that a man could be found green enough to take such a risk.

"Why he looked honest," protested the greenhorn.

"Yes, but he's in Canada by this time!" laughed the crowd.

"Don't you think he'll come back?"

"Why of course not. Never heard of such a thing before."

After being guyed for a quarter of an hour the stranger seemed to get nettled, and when they kept piling it on he replied:

"Well, I may be mistaken, but here's fifty that says I'm not. We'll give him fifteen minutes more, and if he does not return I'll lose an even hundred or win your money."

It was quickly covered, and all sat down to wait. Not for long, however. In five minutes the tramp made his appearance, his lame leg had bothered him about getting around, and counted down $50 in small bills and silver. The stranger gave him his quarter, raked in his bet, and leaving a half-dollar on the bar for drinks he said good-bye and walked out. Then the men looked at each other in a sheepish way for a long time before one of them heaved a deep sigh and said:

"Gentlemen, they are partners, and we have been done up for fifty!"

THE NURSERY PSALM.

In Scotland the metrical version of the Twenty-third Psalm is a favorite with the children. Their small mouths become so accustomed to its quaint versification, that they relish it better than they would the smoothest jingles. So it is called the Nursery Psalm.

One of the English ladies who went to the Crimea with Florence Nightingale to nurse the sick and wounded soldiers, found in a Scutari hospital a Highlander near death, and yet hard against God. She spoke to him, but he would make no answer. He drew the sheet up over his head to keep her from speaking to him again.

The next time she went through the ward he saw her coming toward his cot, and he covered up his face again. Seating herself beside the bed, she began to repeat, in a low, kind voice the Nursery Psalm.

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by."

She noticed that before the psalm was finished his hand went up to his eyes under the sheet. The next time she came, he was quite ready to listen to what she had to say of Jesus and his love. He gave his heart to the Lord, and five days later he died in great peace.—*New Zealand Church Work.*

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Unless a tree bears blossoms in spring we may look in vain for autumn fruit.

In friendship your heart is like a bell, struck every time your friend is in trouble.

How can we expect that another should keep our secrets, when it is more than we can do ourselves?

Hope is sweet-minded and sweet-eyed. It draws pictures, it weaves fancies, it fills the future with delight.

Lovely human play is like the play of the sun, all various, and full of light and life, and tender