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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 AND RESIDENCE—Dr. McGarvin's house, corner Mill and Frederick streets.

C. E. STACEY, M.D., C.M., F.T.M.C., M.C.P. & S.O. 395 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—42 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:—Crombie's Block, Georgetown, and 60 King street east, Toronto. W. 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.

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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.

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

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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, Mention this paper. Rochester, N.Y

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

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ÆTNA	WATERLOO MUTUAL
ROYAL CANADIAN	PERTH
MERCANTILE	HURON & MIDDLESEX
GLASGOW & LONDON	THE CITY OF LONDON

We insure private dwellings three years from 60 cents up to $1.50 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. Moker, Gen. Manager, St. Thomas Ont. (Mention this Paper.)

Lumber, Lath & Shingles.

SAYER'S Mill, Nassagaweya, has now in stock about 4,000,000 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 8 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 15c. COLLARS 2c. CUFFS 4c. Family Washing without ironing 50c. 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 streets. 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. R. HACKNEY, Proprietor.

Guelph Business College. GUELPH, ONTARIO. ESTABLISHED 1881. This institution offers special and superior advantages, obtainable at no other Canadian business college. Students enter at any time. Ladies are admitted to the same advantages as gentlemen. A strict and impartial discipline and thorough instruction by teachers who are all specialists in their line are noteworthy features of the institution. All who contemplate a course of practical business training should not fail to communicate with the undersigned. Circulars and full information mailed free on application to M. MacCORMICK, Principal.

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 shoddy 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 35 cts. 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.

DRAY LOAD OF BABY CARRIAGES. New Styles for 1890. PRICES AWAY DOWN. Also 100 Iron Wheel Wagons Strong, Good and Cheap —AT— DAY'S BOOKSTORE GUELPH DAY SELLS CHEAP.

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, —OF THE— COUNTY OF WELLINGTON. ESTABLISHED 1840. HEAD OFFICE - GUELPH. Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of insurable property, on the Cash and Premium Note System. F. W. STONE, President. CHAS. DAVIDSON, Manager. JOHN TAYLOR, AGENT.

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 to mention. M. CARLISLE, Mrs. Secord's Block, Acton, Ont.

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 6&8 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met. JOHN WILLIAMS.

HAMILTON'S MARBLE WORKS. J. H. Hamilton recently visited the Bay of Fundy Granite Quarries and purchased one of the largest, best and cheapest stocks of Granite Monuments, &c., ever imported to Ontario. He will continue to sell at 15 % Discount on Direct Orders to himself. With 17 years experience and having done one of the largest trades in the Dominion I defy competition. All new stock and warranted the very best in the market. A call solicited. OFFICE AND WORKS,—Hamilton's Block (formerly Hatches.) Cor. Norfolk and Suffolk Sts. GUELPH, 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" best selling specialties. Outfit free. Name this paper. Address at once. BROWN BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester N. Y.

Poetry.

WHICH ONE WILL YOU MARRY?

"Pray, who will you marry, dear lassie?" I said
To a dear little girl that I love:
"Among all the lads there must surely be one
That you 'love all others above,'
And which one is it?—now tell your auntu true.
Is it Harry or Charley or Ned?
Your smile is the sign for them all: I would know
Which is the one you will wed."

"I'm only a woman," she answered. "You know
That a woman has never a choice;
She can just take the one that offers and then
With a pitiful pleasure rejoice
That he has chosen her, though she may know
Another she rather would choose."
"Dear lassie," I said, "we women are free,
For we can always refuse."

"What matter how much I refuse," said my niece:
"If the one I love never will say
That I am the girl he loves best, and I wait
Till all my youth passes away,
When Harry can give me a beautiful home,
And loves me as surely he does?
For the sake of one who is distant and cold
Shall I let two homage refuse?"

"Full many a life has been ruined," I cold,
"By just such reasoning as yours,
Only mutual love that is steadfast and true
Through trial and changes endures:
And it's better to wait for the one you love
Till your pretty brown hair is gray,
Than to build a wall between your lives
That nothing can tear away."

With a shy little laugh my bonny girl cold:
"Dear auntie, my heart is true;
And I'm really and truly in love with Ned,
And I only was teasing you.
For I'm pretty sure, whatever they say,
That women can sometimes choose,
And nobody else can shape our lives
While we have the right to refuse."

—*Ada Kane.*

Select Family Reading.

The Corner Cupboard.

BY AMY EMPOLEE.

"I wonder that I never thought of it before," said Mrs. Blackbridge. "It's just the place I need; and the carpenter says it won't cost more than ten dollars." "What won't cost more than ten dollars?" said Mr. Blackbridge, looking up from his newspaper.

The December sunshine made a square of pallid brightness on the gay stripes of the rag-carpet; the great woolly-leaved geranium in the window was just bursting into trusses of scarlet bloom, and the maple logs blazed merrily in the air-tight wood stove, with now and then a sulp and a crackle. Mrs. Blackbridge was knitting; Mr. Blackbridge was absorbing his weekly pabulum of politics, religion and general intelligence from the *Sandyback Gazette*. The cat purred on the home-knitted rug; the old parrot, which had not uttered a sound for a year, plumed its feathers silently in the sunshine, and blinked drowsily.

"Why, a corner cupboard," said Mrs. Blackbridge.

"A corner cupboard!" repeated her husband. "Where?"

"Don't you see?" said the old lady. "Just there, by the door, at the end of the chimney-place."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Blackbridge. "The cherry-wood bureau has always stood there since I can remember."

"We can move the cherry-wood bureau upstairs," argued Mrs. Blackbridge.

"You are always wanting to move things," said Mr. Blackbridge, discontentedly. "Women never can be easy. My mother always kept the cherry-wood bureau there, and I don't calculate to have it moved."

"Now, if that aint just like a man!" said Mrs. Blackbridge, with an appealing look at the parrot. "As if it made a cent's difference where the cherry-wood bureau stood! You don't go to it once in a week."

"Yes, I do," said Mr. Blackbridge. "I keep my papers in the upper right-hand drawer."

"We can change 'em to the table drawer," cheerfully suggested his wife.

"No, we can't," said Mr. Blackbridge.

"Well, anyhow," said Mrs. Blackbridge, "me and Joe Gale, the carpenter, have settled it.—And I'm going to have a corner cupboard built just there. "Now!"

"You be, eh?" said Mr. Blackbridge. "Who's the master of this house you or me?"

"But I've told Joe Gale—"

"I don't care what you told him," said Mr. Blackbridge. "I'm going to countermand your order."

Mrs. Blackbridge rose up in great indignation.

"I don't stay in no place where I can't have my own way about the furniture," said she, the very borders of her cap trembling with righteous excitement.

"You can do as you please about that," observed Mr. Blackbridge, feeling it imperatively necessary that he should vindicate the position that he had taken. "I don't have no corner cupboard in this house, crowding out my mother's cherry-wood bureau."

He fell back upon the columns of the *Sandyback Gazette*, as if the question were definitely settled. Mrs. Blackbridge deliberately rolled up her knitting work, deposited it in its bag, and walked out of the room and out of the house.

"I won't be ordered about as if I were a child!" thought she.

"I won't be bullied by any woman alive!" reflected Mr. Blackbridge.

Now the Blackbridges, strange to say, were a really attached couple, who had got married thirty years ago, because they actually loved one another. In sorrow and in joy, in sickness and in health, they had cleaved loyally one to the other; and now the whole superstructure of their happiness had been overset by such a contemptible little thing as—a corner cupboard!

"He hasn't a bit of consideration for my convenience," said Mrs. Blackbridge, trying to swallow a lump in her throat.

"She don't respect my old associations at all," growled Mr. Blackbridge. "As if all the corner cupboards in the world could make up for the loss of mother's cherry-wood bureau!"

So Mr. Blackbridge intrenched in an obstinacy which he dignified by the title of "firmness," maintained the home-citadel, while Mrs. Black-bridge went to her sister's house and announced that she had "come to stay."

"La!" said the sister, a fat, old widow, with merry black eyes and several layers of double chin, "you don't mean it, Jane Eliza?"

"Yes, I do mean it!" said Mrs. Black bridge.

"You wouldn't really leave Seth for such a trifle as that," coaxed the sister.

"It ain't the corner cupboard," whimpered Mrs. Blackbridge; "it's the principle!"

"Oh, bother principles!" said the widow.

But Mrs. Blackbridge was immovable. For a week the Blackbridges never spoke to each other. The lady remained with her sister; the gentleman "had in" old Mrs. Stubbs to cook and look after things a little. The cat deserted—the speechless parrot could only look his disapprobation of things—and the carpenter who arrived inopportunely with his basket of tools, was told that he was not needed about the place.

"It's awfully lonesome without Jane Eliza," said Mr. Blackbridge: "but I couldn't give up the principle!"

"I never thought that Seth and I would have come to words," sobbed Mrs. Blackbridge. "But no woman could respect herself who consented to be trampled into the dust."

At the week's end, however, Mr. and Mrs. Blackbridge met. It was not "in a crowd;" it was at a railway station. Mrs. Blackbridge was going "down the line" to see about getting her cinnamon colored silk dyed black. Mr. Blackbridge was going up to Selbyville to inspect some cattle that were to be sold the next day at auction. Neither of them looked at each other. Both pretended to be deeply interested in the printed matter nailed up on the station walls, although Mrs. Blackbridge could not read a word without her spectacles, and honest Seth did not know whether he was perusing Greek lambics or cuneiform inscriptions. But their particular department was fortunately unobserved, for Deacon Zephaniah Ellis, at the other end of the room, was engaged in telling a story about somebody up at "Zoeland Three Corners," a few miles away.

"Yes," said he, "they've separated! Over fifty, both of 'em! And only just found out that they was a sufferin' from incompatibility of temper! Did you ever hear of such a pair of old fools in your life?"

"Never!" said old Captain Jenkins, who was the spokesman of the eager audience.

Mr. Blackbridge looked out of the window and made a feeble attempt at whistling. Mrs. Blackbridge stared harder than ever at the "Sedgwick Junction Time-Table,"

"And what d'ye s'pose it was all about?" went on Deacon Zephaniah Ellis, with a resounding laugh. "Why, nothin' more nor less than the moth-eaten old uniform that the squire's granduncle wore in the war of 1812! True's you live and breathe, that was all."

"Git out!" said old Captain Jenkins, not so much from any spirit of disbelief as from the necessity for some appropriate comment upon the circumstance, when Deacon Zephaniah paused.

"I'm a tellin' the gospel truth," said Deacon Zephaniah. "An old gold-laced uniform, half eat up by the moths, that she found in a chest up garret. She wanted to sell it to the ragman, and he wouldn't let her. She said she would, and he said she shouldn't. And they came to high words, and so now they're parted. And all about the squire's grand-uncle's old uniform! Ha! ha! ha!"

There was a burst of derisive laughter from the little crowd. Mr. Blackbridge came a little nearer to his wife. Mrs. Blackbridge did not stir, but colored up to her eyes.

"Jane Eliza!" said Mr. Blackbridge, in a low voice.

"Yes, Seth," was the almost inaudible response.

"I guess I'll go in the down train with you."

"No, Seth," said Mrs. Blackbridge; "I'll go to Selbyville with you. I aint in a hurry about my business."

"Jane Eliza," he said, once again.

"Well, Seth."

"I was dreadful stubborn about that cherry-wood bureau. I'm willin' to own it."

"O, Seth, don't talk that way," almost sobbed Mrs. Blackbridge. "It belonged to your mother. It was natural you should feel so."

"We'll set it under the window," said Seth. "One place is just as good as another for it. And you shall have your corner cupboard, just as you wanted it."

"I don't want no corner cupboard," said Jane Eliza, hysterically.

"But I do," said Mr. Blackbridge. "And I mean to have it. There comes the Selbyville train; and I'll be glad to have you look at the cattle. Your judgment was always good about fat cows."

He tucked Mrs. Blackbridge's arm under his, and the couple started for the train.

Thus the reconciliation was complete. And all through Deacon Zephaniah Ellis's unconsciously uttered story about somebody's grand-uncle's old uniform.

"I didn't fairly sense what a fool I was before," said Mr. Blackbridge.

"Nor I either," said Mrs. Blackbridge.

The corner cupboard now occupies the angle of the chimney jamb, and the cherry-wood bureau stands under the window, with the family Bible laid upon a silken cushion on its polished top.

And the Blackbridges have never had any serious difference of opinion since.

THE MULE VOTED.

An ex-school teacher tells a story which is "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." We will endeavor to give the details of how the mule voted, as near in his own language as possible.

"It was customary," said he, "for the teachers in the district to be excused from road duty by a vote of the hands present. Some of the boys int he neighborhood concluded that they would like to see me swing a pick, and throw dirt with a shovel. On the morning in question, one of the hands who had been subpoenaed to send his mule as a substitute. The boss called the boys together, and asked them to vote on my case, as to whether or not to excuse me.

"Well, the vote was taken and it was a tie.

"One of my friends made the point that the mule was a substitute for a hand, and therefore had the right of suffrage. The boss decided that it had, and had all the boys to form a line in the middle of the road, with the mule in the gang. Then he proclaimed:

"All that are in favor of excusing the teacher will step off to the right of the road, and all opposed to the left.

"Well, to the chagrin of the boys that wanted me to work, the mule took to the right. The vote then stood one in my favor."—*Atlantic Constitution.*

COOKING MEATS.

BY ELIZE E. PARKER.

Few housekeepers understand fully the importance of properly cooking meats, not only as a matter of taste, but of health. It is a common error to suppose any one can boil a joint, roast a piece of beef, or broil a steak, yet few cooks ever attain perfection in the art.

Boiling is a very general mode of cooking meats, and in this way they may be made very palatable if properly done. Inattention to the temperature of the water and too early application of salt cause great waste in boiling, as well as injuring the flavor of the meat. To have a joint nutricious to the appetite, it should be placed in a kettle of boiling water, skimmed well as soon as it begins to boil, and kept where it will boil slowly but constantly until done. There should always be sufficient water to entirely cover the meat, which should be occasionally turned and closely covered. Salt should not be added until the meat is nearly done, as it extracts the juice, and renders the flesh hard and tasteless. Fifteen minutes should be allowed to every pound as the time for boiling fresh meats, and twenty-five minutes for salt meats. The latter should be put on in cold water to boil. Meats should never be turned or taken up with a fork, as by thus piercing them, much of the juice and flavor is lost. A pod of red pepper put in the water will prevent the unpleasant oder of boiling from filling the house. Celery, caper, oyster, mushroom and a variety of other sauces may be served with boiled meat.

Roasting is a very delicious mode of cooking meats, but is almost unknown in these days, unless an open fire-place is convenient; for such the following rules may be given: Keep the meat at a moderate distance from the fire. See that it is kept continually turned and well basted with butter or meat drippings, as much of the richness and flavor depends upon this matter. When nearly done, put the roast close to the fire to render the outside brown and crisp; and add salt and pepper to the gravy.

Baking is a more inferior way of cooking meat than roasting it, but is now the usual method. To bake a joint, place it in a pan on a tripod, or clean block of wood, to keep it out of the fat, and put in a hot oven; baste frequently. Allow fifteen minutes to the pound for beef, mutton and veal, and twenty minutes to the pound for pork and lamb. When done the roast should be a rich brown. When ready to remove from the oven, fine salt should be evenly sifted over it.

Broiling is the most healthy and acceptable method of cooking meats, yet few cooks broil properly. A clear fire made with cinders or charcoal is necessary for cooking with a gridiron, the bars of which should be kept clean and smooth. There should be a space of four or five inches between the top of the fire and the gridiron; the latter should always be well greased with fresh butter. The meat should be turned quickly and often, to prevent waste of juice or scorching. Salt and pepper should be sprinkled on the last thing before serving. Broiling steak, ham or chicken for a meal is the last thing to be done, so it may have the cook's undivided attention, which is very necessary if desired in perfection.

THE CRY CLOSET.

One of the rooms in a certain comfortable house is so useful that I think I must tell the boys and girls about it, in order that they may select one in their own homes for the same purpose, if their elders have not already thought to do so.

The room, a small, dimly lighted one, is known by the name of the "cry closet," and is devoted to the use of such little people as are in trouble and quite likely to disturb the rest of the family.

Johnnie begins wailing at the breakfast table because he can't eat sugar and oatmeal instead of oatmeal and sugar.

"Go into the cry closet, Johnnie," says papa, and Johnnie departs, still wailing, and shuts himself into his retreat. Presently, having been sufficiently doctored by silence and darkness, he emerges, rosy and smiling.

Little Katharine, who is prone to have sulky fits at unexpected intervals, refuses to answer when addressed. Mamma neither reasons with her nor spanks her.

"Go into the cry closet," she recommends, and Katharine disappears. Contemplation proves the best medicine, and it is not long before mamma hears a broken voice from the closet:

"I beg pardon, mamma. What did oo say?"

Children of a larger growth may feel that their time for weeping is past, and so may despise such a place of repentance, but would it not be well for us all to withdraw and "think it over" whenever we are angry, sullen or given to complaint? What is good for children is very likely to be good for grown people, if they can only humble themselves to think so.

This temporary shutting up of ourselves is but one of the many ways of "counting five-and-twenty," and so of diminishing our liability to utter harsh or bitter words. —*Youth's Companion.*

APHORISMS.

If thou art wise thou knowest thine own ignorance and thou art ignorant if thou knowest not thyself.

There is nothing of which men are more liberal than their good advice, be their stock of it ever so small; because it seems to carry in it an intimation of their own influence, importance or worth.

Affectation in any part of our carriage is lighting up a candle to our defects and never fails to make us take notice of, either as wanting sense or sincerity.

Anger is an affected madness compounded of pride and folly, and an intention to do commonly more mischief than it can bring to pass; and without doubt of all passions which naturally disturb the mind of man it is most in our power to extinguish, at least to suppress and correct our anger.

Disobedient children, if preserved from the gallows, are reserved for the rack, to be tortured by their own posterity. One complaining that never father had as undutiful child as he had. Yes, said his son, with less grace than truth, my grandfather had.

We are apt to mistake our vocation by looking out of the way for occasions to exercise great and rare virtues, and by stepping over the ordinary ones that lie directly in the road before us. When we read we fancy we could be martyrs; when we come to act, we cannot bear a provoking word.

It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take disease one of another; therefore, let him take heed of their company.

CHINESE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Rev. D. McGilliveray writes from Ling Ching to the *Presbyterian Record*:

As I write I sit at a very good Chinese table with my Chinese teacher opposite me. We have stopped studying, for I thought of the many dear little friends who like to hear missionary letters. How nice it is that we can stop a while staring at ugly little bundles of black strokes they call Chinese words, and saying with a tongue which never wags as we want it, the sounds which issue from the mouth of our teachers. We are learning Chinese A B C, but you might learn 5,000 A B C's and then you might learn 5,000 more; and yet you would not know all the words in the big dictionary at my elbow. I talk much more easily with you than I can with the man opposite, (my teacher,) who is always called Elder-Born, not because he is older than you, but because the older you are in China the more respect you get from everybody. The chinese language is very musical if it is spoken right. The children do speak it so sweetly; the men speak more rapidly and use a great deal of "slang" as you Canadians say: this slang is very hard to understand; we must always ask our teacher is this good Chinese or is it slang? If it "slang" we must not use it ourselves, only understand others who do use it, the women use very little slang. Their voices are smoother than the men's and it is a pleasure to hear them speak, but, alas! when two of them on the street begin to abuse each other, then their voices are harsh enough. The cook of one of the American missionaries here went home lately many miles away to get married to a woman he had never seen. His parents and the middle women who arrange matches had done the courtship for him and he lately brought his bride home on a wheel barrow. A neighbor who came in asked what the length of her shoe sole was, that is how small a foot she had, as if that were one of the first necessaries. The young bride does not know how to read, the women do not learn to read, their work is to cook the food wash the clothes, spin the cotton, and look after the children. On the other hand, every boy that wants to get on in the world must learn to read, and he must pass a great many examinations before he can get an office. Very few Chinese read for the pleasure and instruction it affords. Reading to them means office, and if there is no office to be had, why read. The woman don't seek for office, therefore they need not learn to read. The Emperor pays small salaries, and it is understood that the magistrate must get money out of the people. This he does by squeezing them making them pay for common civility even, and the smallest favors he may have it in his power to bestow. The boys and a few girls play on the streets; but I should not say the girls play, because their poor feet are bound so tightly that they cannot run or skip like you. There is one expression we hear very often, that is "foreign devil." The children have learned it from the elders, who allow them to call us by that name, though they would not do it themselves. Most of the boys here are Mohammedans. Those who are not Mohammedans are taught very early to worship ugly idols. The boys are much brighter than the girls, and no wonder, for the girls see so little, and learn so little. Pray that many, both boys and girls, may learn to trust Jesus. If they are spared they will have a better chance to hear the Gospel than their fathers, for you in Canada will have sent us more missionaries. I want your prayers, too, for some other children who are not heathen—the children of the missionaries. They may not play on the streets because bad men and boys might harm them; so the poor little fellows are shut up in a yard with great high walls about it just like prisoners. Is it any wonder they look pale and sometimes fretful? Since coming to China I have seen many little graves of Missionary children, and the last and saddest is that of our little Gertrude Goforth "little Honan" we used to call her, God took her away just when she could say "papa" and "mamma" and had learned several pretty ways such as making a Chinese salute by shaking her own little folded hands. So, dear children, when you pray for the "Children of China" please don't forget that it means the missionary children as well.

HINTS TO COOKS.

The oftener flour is sifted for sponge cake the lighter the cake will be.

Fresh apple sauce, warm if possible, is a good supper dish in winter. A dash of lemon improves it.

Among the rules of the Boston cooking school is one that says, "Always be careful not to slam the oven door."

A delicious savor is imparted by putting into beef soup a whole onion with a dozen whole cloves stuck into it. Peel the onion but don't trim off the top so the layers will break apart in boiling. Leave out in serving.

To test cake in the oven never insert a broom splinter, but draw it gently forward and put the ear close to the loaf; if it be not done there will be a little sputtering sound. When it is thoroughly baked there will be no sound.

Biscuit and gingerbread require a quick oven; flour bread a slower one. Fruit cake requires more and slower baking than plain cake. Cookies want a quick oven and close attention or they will burn. For brown bread a hot oven at first and a slow and steady fire after it is heated through. Apple pies should be baked slowly. Cake shouldn't be disturbed while baking, or it will fall. Keep the oven door shut and an even fire.

THE LONGEVITY OF BIRDS.

The swan is the longest-lived bird, and it is asserted that it has reached the age of 100 years. Knauer, in his work entitled "Naturhistoriker," states that he has seen a falcon that was 162 years old. The following examples are cited as to the longlevity of the eagle and vulture: A sea eagle captured in 1715, and already several years of age, died 104 years afterward, in 1819; a white-headed vulture, captured in 1706, died in 1826 in one of the aviaries of Schoenbrunn Castle, near Vienna, where it had passed 118 years in captivity. Parrots and ravens reach an age of over 100 years. The life of sea and marsh birds sometimes equals that of several human generations. Like many other birds, magpies live to be very old in a state of freedom but do not reach over 20 or 25 in captivity. The nightingale lives but 10 years in captivity and the blackbird 15. Canary birds reach an age of from 12 to 15 years in the cage, but those flying at liberty in their native islands reach a much more advanced age.

"WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?"

What is a gentleman? Is it a thing
Decked with a scarf-pin, a chain and a ring
Dressed in a suit of immaculate style;
Sporting an eye-glass, a lisp, and a smile
Talking of operas, concerts and balls,
Evening assemblies and afternoon calls,
Sunning himself at "at homes" and bars
Whistling marurkas and smoking cigars?

What is a gentleman? Say, is it one
Boasting of conquests and deeds he has done?
One who unblushingly glories to speak
Things which should call up a flush to his cheek?
One who, whilst railing at actions unjust,
Robs some young heart of its purness and trust;
Scorns to steal money, or jewels, or wealth;
Thinks it no crime to take honor by stealth?

What is a gentleman? Is it not one
Knowing instinctively what he should shun;
Speaking no word that can injure or pain;
Spreading no scandal, and deepening no stain?
One who knows how to put each at his ease;
Striving instinctively always to please?
One who can tell by a glance at your cheek,
When to be silent and when he should speak?

What is a gentleman? Is it not one
Honestly eating the bread he has won,
Living in uprightness, fearing his God,
Leaving no stain on the path he has trod,
Caring not whether his coat may be old
Prizing sincerity far above gold,
Recking not whether his hand may be hard,
Stretching it nobly to grasp a reward?

What is a gentleman? Say, is it birth
Makes a man noble or adds to his worth?
Is there a family tree to be had
Spreading enough to conceal what is bad?
Nothing to blush for and nothing to hide:
Trust in his character fair and wide;
Be he a noble, or be he in trade,
This is the gentleman nature has made.

IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

BY HOLLIS W. FIELD.

A low mound, with wooden slabs rotting away, under its brier-grown turf, a baby form long since a handful of dust. Old—old almost as the burying-ground in which the village dead were sleeping—it had lain beneath sunshine and shadow, while the years crept by unnumbered.

Often I had passed it there in its quiet corner; no other graves were nigh it, and tangled weeds grew rank above its forgotten dust. The white headstone of many a quiet sleeper marked life's last mile posts, on the slopes above it, but here only a wooden slab crumbled and crumbled away.

One day a new mound, scarcely so long, was heaped beside it, and in the calm, October sunshine I read, in pencil, on the card above it, the one word—"Lois."

The named, and the nameless. Innocent alike before the great bar of judgment, and alike, hushed forever in the everlasting arms. As I stood above these quiet mounds the old sexton, with pick and spade, came toward me.

"It hurts me to do it, sir," he said, "me has babbies of my own at home, but a gen'l'man as has bought the lot says as how the little 'un must be took away," and he rubbed the sleeve of a worn jacket across his eyes.

"It 'pears to me," he continued, "that if it had been 'un of my own babbies"—pointing to the new mound—"I'd kinder have wanted the little 'un to keep company—it wouldn't have seemed so lonesome like, an'—an'—it couldn't have done no harm and the old man's voice grew husky.

"Where do I move the wee 'un?—down t'other side, where the graves is free," he replied in answer to my question; "there's many of 'em there, sir, older than I can remember, and I think, sometimes, I'd like to be buried there myself. Sometimes I wonder if these grest stone mightn't be in the way when the dead rise again at His comin'."

And thus volubly the old man prattled on, as his spade sunk deeper and deeper, and the heap of brown earth grew larger.

It was only a rude box, very, very small but reverently I followed it to that portion of the church yard where the pauper dead lay sleeping. Into a shallow grave we lowered the nameless dust, and on the little mound we lay an autumn garland in memory of Him, all-pitying, who forbade not such as these unto His presence.

And you're safe in that fold, wee sleeper; hands may not break your rest. Nameless, sleep on with the unknown dead; brier and weed grow rank above you, but over all is God's blue sky and sunshine.

LIQUOR ARITHMETIC—OBJECT LESSON.

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

"$900,000,000 annually."

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

"Nearly an