The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press.

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—AT THE—

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MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 9 a.m. on Tuesdays, otherwise they will be left over until the following week.

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 treet Acton.

DR. SPRINGER,
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.
356 College St., Toronto.
Telephone No. 2158.

J. F. HALSTED, M.D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ETC.
RESIDENCE AND DRUG STORE—Mill Street, next door to Williams' boot and shoe store.

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 65 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.

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.

JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT,
GUELPH, ONT.
OFFICE:—Queen's Hotel Block, Market Square.

FRANCIS NUNAN
(Successor to T. F. Chapman)
BOOKBINDER,
St. George's Square, Guelph, Ontario.
Account Books of all kinds made to order Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
MILL STREET, ACTON.
easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good sea-foam exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.
J. & H. WOBDEN, Tonsorial Artists.

Big Money for Agents.

NO risk, no capital required. An honorable and praiseworthy, business without any possible chance of loss. Steady employment and control of territory. Have done business in Canada 30 years. Liberal pay to the right man, to sell our unexcelled Nursery Stock. Send for terms.
CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY,
Nurserymen, Colborne, Ont.

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 having Horses, Sheep, Cattle, Swine, Poultry, Dogs or Bees. A grand opportunity to make money. Secure territory at once. Address
E. N. MOYER, Publisher,
120 Yonge St. Toronto

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

—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 8:18 p. m.
Special attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS.

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.

Wellington Steam Laundry.

GUELPH.
SHIRTS 10c. COLLARS 2c. CUFFS 6c.
Family Washing without ironing 35c. per doz.
Family Washing with ironing 50c. per doz.
Gentleman'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.

FRANK BURGESS,

House Painter, Paper Hanger, Sign Writer, Etc,
Is prepared to execute orders in any of the above lines in the best manner and at reasonable terms. Every job having my personal attention I can assure customers complete satisfaction. Graining in all woods a specialty.
Orders left at my residence, Main St., Acton, will receive prompt attention.

Guelph Business College.

GUELPH, ONTARIO.
NO SUMMER VACATION.
Students can enter at any time with equal advantage. The most complete equipment and the best methods for giving a thorough business education. Terms moderate and satisfactory.
Circulars giving full information mailed free to any address.
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.

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

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

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

New Planing Mill

—AND—
Sash and Door Factory.
John Cameron, Contractor,
Has fitted up the building on Main Street, lately occupied as a trunk factory, with new machinery and is prepared to furnish plans, specifications and estimates for all classes of buildings, and execute all kinds of
DRESSING, MATCHING, and MOULDING.
—MAKE ALL STYLES OF—
Sashes, Doors and Windows and Door Frames and Dressed Lumber.
And keeps stock on hand. All orders promptly attended to.
JOHN CAMERON.

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.

Waters Bros.,

THE PICTURE GALLERY, GUELPH.
FRAMES & PICTURES
PICTURE MOULDINGS,
ROOM MOULDINGS,
CORNICE POLES from 15c.,
BRASS RODS,
BANNER RODS from 15c.,
ARTISTS' MATERIALS.
Oil Colors, Water Colors, China Colors, Brushes, Etc., Etc. Ready Mixed Paints, Aspenwall's Enamels, Cords, Wires, Nails, Chains, Hooks, Etc.
WATERS BROS.,
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE.

WALL PAPER.

If you want your rooms to look nice with Borders and Ceiling Decorations of Fine Soft Colorings and blending and proper shading,
DAY'S BOOKSTORE
GUELPH,
is the place to buy, because Day has ten times the assortment. His papers are newer and better selected. Many of the best manufacturers sell only to him and therefore he has the exclusive sale of their Goods in Guelph. Doing almost the entire Paper trade of the city and paying cash for his goods, he can buy the quantity at the lowest inside price, enabling him to undersell all competitors. Day can give you better Paper, Borders, Ceiling Decorations, and Lower Prices than any other store in the City.
See his Papers and Prices before parting with your money.

DAY SELLS CHEAP.

BINDER - TWINE.

200,000 lbs.
Having completed contracts for
10 CAR LOADS
Of Twine of the following brands:—
Excelsior, Red Cap, Common Sense, Red Star, Anchor,
We are now in a position to quote
Very - Lowest - Cash - Figures
PURE
PARIS GREEN
A SPECIALTY.
JOHN M. BOND & CO.
GUELPH.
Direct Hardware Importers.

LARDINE
Machine Oil
—AT—
J. V. KANNAWIN'S
MILL ST., ACTON.

A Little Talk About
SHOES
Figures may lie and facts distorted be,
But seeing is believing, come and see.
The Peek-a-Boo Hoot 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.

Agents Wanted.

If you want to make money, take hold and sell our choice Nursery stock. Now is the time, write us at once for terms.
MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen,
Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED.

RELIABLE pushing men to sell choice Nursery Stock. Complete assortment. Splendid opportunity offered for Spring work. My salesmen have good success, many selling from $100 to $300 per week. Send for Proof and Testimonials. A good pushing man wanted here at once. Liberal Terms and the best goods in the market. Write
FRED. E. YOUNG,
Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

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 E. CHASE, Nurseryman,
Rochester, N.Y.
Mention this paper.

Poetry.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Saturday night!
Saturday night!
What happy hearts,
What spirits light,
When wearied feet,
Now glad to rest,
Turn toward the homes
By labor blest!

The working-men
Leave toil and care
Behind them at
The sunset fair;
Each hastens on,
His wages paid,
To bless the home
His toil has made.

Saturday night!
Saturday night!
Pale little "Cash"
Takes home his mite
To swell the small
And frugal store
That keeps the wolf
Now from the door.

The working-girl
Trips lightly down,
The happiest maid
In all the town.
Dressed in her best,
She'll greet the dawn,
Her labor o'er
Till Monday morn.

Saturday night!
Saturday night!
The markets teem
(A pleasant sight)
With viands rare,
A goodly store,
The daily food
Of rich and poor.

As each his way
Intent pursues,
How bright are all
The avenues!
The lights shine out
Far down the street,
And many friends
And neighbors meet.

Saturday night!
Saturday night!
It is a time
Of true delight
To happy hearts
Whose firesides glow
With peace and joy—
A heaven below!

Select Family Reading.

Tom's Wife.

"A letter from Tom," said Mrs. Merkle, opening the envelope she had just received from a neighbor who had stopped on his way from the post-office. "Well, it's time he wrote. Dear! dear! dear! what does this mean?"

For the letter read thus:

"DEAR MOTHER:—You'll be surprised to learn that I am married. I am surprised myself. But she's the nicest girl you ever saw, pretty as a picture, and a professional artist—paints portraits, and landscapes, too. I met her in the way of business two months ago, and now she is my wife. I'm coming down with her in a week or so, and she shall paint your portrait and sketch the old place. You'll love her dearly.

"Your affectionate son, TOM."

Mrs. Merkle dropped the letter and her spectacles and pulled her handkerchief out of her apron pocket.

"My Tom married!" she exclaimed. "Married! Well, I want to know! Married, and to such a person! A gal that paints pictures for a living! What kind of a business is that? Why didn't she learn the manty-making, or be a seamstress or milliner? What kind of a wife will he have?"

And old Mrs. Merkle sat down with her handkerchief to her eyes, and had what she called a good cry. Finally recovering her composure, she went to the "secretary," placed, after the curious country fashion, in a dark corner behind the door, and there penned an epistle to her son, which set forth her opinion of his choice in plain Saxon, and ended with these words:

"I'd as soon you'd have chosen a circus girl!"

She did not even give her new daughter-in-law the expected invitation. She considered herself a very deeply injured woman, though why it is hard to tell.

No answer came, and she began to feel that she might have been a little too severe, when one day, as she sat in the porch, knitting and fretting inwardly, a young woman opened the gate and walked in—a well-built girl of twenty, with dark, waving hair, and a pretty, smiling mouth, who, having asked if this was Mrs. Merkle, handed her a letter.

"It's from Mr. Merkle, your son," she said.

And the old lady, opening it, read these words:

"DEAR MOTHER:—As you feel so badly about my wife, I'll not bring her until you ask me. Meanwhile as I know you cannot find help to suit you, let me recommend Jane Jackson, who is very handy about the house, and will be glad to stay a week or so without wages for the sake of country air, if she is treated as one of the family in all respects.

Your son, TOM."

"Oh!" said the old lady, looking up. "Are you Jane Jackson?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the girl.

"Well, my son recommends you—much he knows about it—and I suppose I might as well try you. Have you worked for him?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Jane again.

"His new wife, now; she can't do much, I suppose—about house, I mean?"

"All that was done, I did," replied the girl.

"I supposed so," said Mrs. Merkle. "Poor Tom. You can make bread, now, and cake, and milk? Well, since I've had rheumatism, I do begin to give up, but I have been a worker. I know what is what. You can stay. Trunk at the depot, eh? Well, I'll have it fetched."

Jane Jackson, thus welcomed, stayed, and a fine, helpful young person she proved to be. Nothing about a house that she could not do. Her cooking was perfect. Her laundry work elegant. And yet she was as ladylike as any one. The house tidied, she made the old lady's gowns and caps and a thousand pretty things for the old parlor.

"You really are the smartest girl I ever knew," said Mrs. Merkle one day. "Poor you may be, but you'd be a treasure to any man; and there's my son married to that painting thing in New York, starved and out of elbows and all his buttons off by this time, I suppose, while she daubs."

"Did you ever see any one paint?" asked Jane.

"Only the man that did the doors and window frames five years ago," said Mrs. Merkle.

"I can paint a little," said Jane. "After everything is done I mean to paint you a picture if you'll let me."

"I don't mind," said the old lady. "I believe you can do anything, Jane."

That day Jane produced from her trunk a sketching block and colors, and proceeded to paint the gray cat lying on a crimson cushion.

"It's the naturalest picture I ever saw," said Mrs. Merkle. "Did you catch it up from Tom's wife."

"Oh, no! A better painter than she will ever be taught me," said Jane.

"No doubt," replied Mrs. Merkle. "A poor critter she is, don't you think so?"

"I've no great idea of her myself," said Jane.

The next day she sketched Mrs. Merkle in her rocking chair. "As natural," the old lady declared, "as a photograph." And having white-washed the kitchen until it looked like hot pressed writing paper on Saturday afternoon, she opened the parlor organ on Sunday evening and played all the good old church music the old lady loved. When she had done she turned about, and to her surprise found the old lady in tears.

"Ah! what is the matter?" she cried, running to her and kneeling down. "Why do you cry so?"

"Ah! Jane, Jane," sobbed the old lady, "I was thinking of Tom. If only he had married a girl like you. Stay with me, Jane. Your all the comfort I have."

"I'd like to have a little holiday," said Jane Jackson next day. "I need some new things and can't buy them here."

"Very well, Jane," said Mrs. Merkle. "You can have it. I'll get along alone. But don't stay long; I'll miss you too much."

Jane smiled, promised, and departed. That evening the old lady sat alone when the stage stopped at the door.

"Jane back again!" she said, and hurried to open it. On the porch stood her son, who clasped her in his arms.

"Dear mother," he said, "haven't you a kiss for me?"

She gave him one, and drew him by the arm.

"Why don't you come in?" she asked.

"My wife is with me, mother, he said."

"Hasn't she manners enough to come and shake hands?" asked the old lady.

"Perhaps I'd better take her back to town," said Tom, laughing.

"Now she's here, she'd better stay awhile, I should say," said the old lady, coldly.

"Here, Mrs. Merkle, we're waiting for you," cried Tom, merrily.

And a lady, in elegant travelling dress, her face hidden by a blue veil, walked up the steps.

"My wife, mother," said Tom.

"How do you do?" said the old lady, stiffly. "Walk in."

She led the way into the parlor; Tom and his wife followed.

The latter stood quite motionless, still keeping her veil down.

"Take off your vail," said Tom.

And the blue vail was lifted, and Jane Jackson's pretty face smiled below it.

"Mother," she said, "will you kiss me?"

"But what have you done with your wife? What does this mean?" gasped Mrs. Merkle.

"It means that I am Tom's wife," said Jane, "and that he has never had any other. When I heard your opinion of me, I made up my mind to alter it. I took back my maiden name for awhile to prove to you that a woman might paint pictures and yet be able to make bread. I can make money enough by my brush to pay a servant; but you don't feel afraid of Tom going buttonless now, do you, mother?"

"I hope you'll both forgive me, dears," said the old lady, "and I think I'm the happiest woman alive."

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

In my study I am sure to converse with none but wise men; but abroad it is impossible to avoid the society of fools.—*Sir William Waller.*

It is another's fault if he be ungrateful; but it is mine if I do not give. To find one thankful man I will oblige many that are not so.—*Seneca.*

The star stood over the land of the Jews and over their heads, and they saw it not; so ever since as to the light of the gospel. The only monarch who ever deserved that man should fall down before him was a child of poverty, whose life was spent in teaching, and who died an ignominious death.—*Luther.*

Some people scorn to be taught, others are ashamed of it, as they would be of going to school when they are old; but it is never too late to learn what is always necessary to know. And it is no shame to learn so long as we are ignorant—that is to say, so long as we live.—*Seneca, after Sir Roger L'Estrange.*

One of the principal ingredients in the happiness of childhood is freedom from suspicion. Why may it not be combined with a more extensive intercourse with manhood? A disposition to dwell on the bright side of character is like gold to its possessor; but to imagine more evil than meets the eye betrays affinity for it.

Some men will come to the young people and try to persuade them that purity and honesty and uprightness are a sign of weakness. Some man will take a dramatic attitude, and he will talk to the young man and he will say: "You must break away from your mother's apron-strings; you must get out of that puritanical straitjacket; it is time you were your own master; you are verdant; you are green; you are unsophisticated; come with me. I'll show you the world, I'll show you life, come with me; you need to see the world; it won't hurt you." After awhile the young man says: "Well, I can't afford to be peculiar, I can't afford to be odd, I can't afford to sacrifice all my friends; I'll just go and see for myself." Farewell to innocence, which, once gone, never fully comes back.

GOLD IN THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

Although it is now established that gold may be found in the rivers of the North-west territory, the washings so far fail to reveal its presence in paying quantities. "It is estimated," says the Edmonton Bulletin, "that last season between $15,000 and $20,000 worth of gold dust was taken from the immediate vicinity of Fort Saskatchewan. Several hundred dollars were taken from the Macleod river, a tributary of the Athabasca, about 125 miles west of Edmonton, on the trail to Jasper House. The gold of Macleod is in even lighter flakes and is of lighter yellow color than the gold of the Saskatchewan. The shimmings of its bars are fairly rich, but it does not promise as permanent diggings as the Saskatchewan."

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

A young man idle, an old man needy.

Credit lost is like a broken looking-glass.

Better to slip with the foot than the tongue.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

Make the most of time, it flies away so fast; yet method will teach you to win time.

We are always responsible for the existence of every evil which we have the power to destroy.

The absence of legitimate employment has probably made more gamblers than avarice, more drunkards than thirst.

Never attempt to build up your reputation by discounting that of others. It is a mean act, and will recoil upon your own head.

How many think to atone for the evil they have done by the good they intend to do, and are only virtuous in the prospective.

It is wonderful what strength and boldness of promise and energy of will come from the feeling that we are in the way of duty.

To those who do good in the morning, every hour of the day brings pleasure, and for them peace and joy spring from every object around.

"IT'S A SHOP, SIR!"

I had an experience all my own in Lock & Co's hat store, in St. James Street. The aged proprietor displays ancient helmets and caps in his window, which is kept scrupulously dusty. Noting this, I said, "This must be a very old store indeed."

"Store?" said the man. "It's no store at all; it's a shop, sir. I call a store a place for the sale of a miscellaneous lot of goods; but this is a shop, sir. You ought to be more careful in your use of terms."

If that was rudeness—and I do not know how great he considered his provocation—it was the only rudeness I experienced from any shop keeper. But I learned from that incident not to say store. And before I left London I had swelled my *index expurgatorius* to the extent that I seldom used the following words: Guess; yes sir; glass (for tumbler); railroad; horse-car; cents; fix; store; or pad of paper. "Block of paper," they said when I, at last got them to understand that I wanted a pad. "Guess" and "fix" are pure Americanisms, and are to be used or not as you want to attract curious attention or to avoid it; but the most difficult thing for many Americans in England was to avoid saying "sir" to a stranger who addressed them or to an old gentleman. "Yes, sir," and "no, sir," over there are the verbal insignia of a servant.—JULIAN RALPH, in *Harper's Weekly.*

WHAT TO DO WITH GIRLS.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the well-known poetess carried off the prize of twenty dollars offered for the best short essay on this important subject. Her paper is very practical and the points touched upon will bear careful thought. The essay reads as follows: The foundation of society rests on its homes. The success of our homes rests on the wives. Therefore, first of all, teach our girls how to be successful wives. Begin in their infancy to develop their characters. Teach them that jealously is an immorality and gossip a vice. Train them to keep the smallest promise as sacredly as an oath, and to speak of people only as they would speak to them. Teach them to look for the best quality in every one they meet, and to notice other people's faults only to avoid them. Train them to do small things well, and to delight in helping others, and instill constantly into their minds the necessity for sacrifice for others' pleasure as a means of soul development. Once given a firm foundation of character like this, which the poorest as well as the richest parents can give to their girls, and no matter what necessity arises they will be able to rise above it.

NO EVIDENCE TO THE CONTRARY.

A young Catholic priest, shortly after beginning his labors in his first parish received a visit from one of the older fathers. Anxious to show the progress he had made, he called up a class in catechism for questioning.

"Biddy Maloney," he began, "stand up."

A slip of a girl, with blue eyes and brown freckles, arose in her place.

"What, Biddy," said the young father, "is meant by the bowly state of matrimony?"

"Shure," began Biddy, glibly, "'tis a sayson of torminting upon which the soul inters to fit it for the blissid state to come."

"Och!" cried the questioner, angry and mortified; to the foot of the class wid ye Biddy Maloney. It's the m'aning of purgatory ye're afther givin'."

But here the the old priest interposed, with a quizzical smile. "Not too fast, my young brother, he said, restrainingly—"not too fast. For aught you and I know to the contrary, the gurrul may be perfectly right."—*Harper's Magazine.*

AN UNTIMELY KISS.

A young man who kisses a girl against her will must take the chance of being punished for it. Let us give an instance:

A large entertainment was given near Macon, Georgia. When the festivities of the party were at the height, one of the guests rashly ventured to kiss a young lady before the whole company. She became very indignant, and so did her friends. They denounced the young man, who sought to justify himself, but, of course, could not, and the discussion finally degenerated into a physical combat, in which it appears that the young man was struck and severely injured by a brick. How anybody found a brick at an evening party is not stated. After this incident, the youth was placed under arrest, and fined five dollars for his misconduct in stealing the kiss. Served him right.

THE LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE.

It is often easier to make great sacrifices than little ones, to right some great wrong than to prevent a multitude of small ones. It is easier to do battle for a grand ideal than to give up a prejudice, to establish a man's right to citizenship than to respect in silence his right to dress as he pleases. Yet it is the little things of life that contribute most largely to its fret and worry, or to its peace and gladness; and he who possesses the true spirit of conciliation knows that no right is too small to be respected, no kindness too trifling to be rendered, no part of life too insignificant to command.

MRS. TUBBS TAKES TO POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Well, really, since listening to that wonderful Miss Bigwitz who lectured to us on Thursday night, I have felt ashamed of myself. For a girl who was so much thought of in school, I have neglected my mind dreadfully. I know Miss Bigwitz is right in saying that a woman can't be her husband's companion unless she does improve her mind. My husband, Jefferson Tubbs, the leading butter dealer in Creamtown, ought not to find a want of intellectual companionship at home. I'll begin this minute and read political economy. It's vacation, and the children have no lessons to look over. No better time, I'm sure. Here it is:

"Principles of Political Economy;" and here is a chapter on, "Credit as a Substitute for Money."

I'm sure that credit did not turn out well as a substitute for money, when Jefferson let those Poachers have ten tubs of the best butter without sending in his bill. They haven't paid for 'em yet. Ah! I agree with this writer. "The functions of credit have been a subject of as much misunderstanding and as much confusion as any single topic in political economy." I should think so, indeed! I often tell Jefferson what I think of that. No credit ought to be given. Let me see what comes next. Ah! yes: "This is not owing to any peculiar difficulty in the theory of the subject, but to the complex nature of some of the mercantile phenomena in which credit clothes itself."

Well, what a wonderful observer this writer is, to be sure. I've often thought I should be ashamed to go out, as Mrs. Poacher does, in a hat with fourteen ostrich tips that have not been paid for, and a brocade velvet cloak she is dunned for every morning. Mercantile phenomena, indeed! That's just what she wears! Strangers don't think she's respectable, she dresses so much too much. I'd rather wear nice, plain, lady-like things. No mercantile phenomena goes on my back! Oh! gracious, what's the matter now?

"Selina, what is the matter? You're soaked to the skin. Fell in the pond, and most drowned, and got a little fish in your ear? Why, you'll be deaf for life. Oh, it's out! You've killed me with fright. Where's the baby? You don't know? Run everybody and look for baby. Oh, gracious! Nora's got her! What a mercy! You shan't one of you go out again. Sit down there, and read your books. I can't improve my mind while you go on so. Political economy takes a lot of studying over, and it is a most important subject. It's tiresome, too. I feel as if I'd improved my mind enough for one day, and I'll do a block of my crazy quilt now, for, really, my brain feels quite overworked, and I ought to rest it. M. E. B.

"CALL ANY TIME."

Is there any greater waste of time for a busy woman than paying calls on people who tell you to "come any time."

What that means is simply this: "I am too selfish to set an hour once a week apart for callers, lest I should lose an amusement or a 'bargain.' You may come when you please, and catch me if you can."

For my part, I shall do that no more. I call on those who are "at home" occasionally. I visit people when they set a time; not because I like ceremony; not because I had not rather see and chat with my friends alone; but because to travel from Five Hundredth street to Tenth street, or from Avenue Nought to Land's-end Park, in order to have a servant open the door and say, 'She's gone out,' is not my object in life.

On a very clear day nearly every woman in New York goes out and stays out. On a rainy one she shuts herself up with her piece-bag and crazy quilt, or a book, and says to the servant who attends the door, "Mind, I'm at home to nobody, such a day as this."

She knows that she will do this, and yet she will look into your eyes like an innocent angel, and beg you to call—insist on it, —make you believe that you really ought to do it, and that she is really at home sometimes. How can we be so taken in by our own kind? And then—Well, whoever found any one at home in New York who had not a calling day?

I am quite willing to call now and then on any friend who comprehends the fact that some people have something to do. If a lady says: "I am at home once in six months, on the last Saturday in the month I respect her invitation as a civility; but I will not waste my time gadding uselessly about, calling on people's front door-bells, if I know myself; as I think I ought to by this time. M. E. B.

"BACON AND EGGS."

Rev. John Murray was one of the first Christian preachers who stood up in the American pulpit and proclaimed a system of religious faith opposed to the old established belief. When Mr. Murray appeared in Boston there was considerable excitement. The rougher element talked of mobbing him, but by far the larger portion proposed to put him down by argument, and to that end they persuaded Rev. John Bacon, of the Old South Society, to meet him in a public discussion.

The meeting was appointed to be held in Mr. Crosswell's meeting-house, on School street and there the two champions—Mr. Murray and Mr. Bacon—met to discuss certain religious truths and tenets. The house was well filled, but many of those present had not come for the purpose of hearing. They had come to put down the blasphemer, and they proposed to do it with eggs! and very shortly after Mr. Murray began to speak the eggs began to fly. Perhaps half a dozen had been thrown, one of them striking the speaker on the arm, when he stopped his address, and laughingly exclaimed:

"It's all right, my friends. When I consented to meet the Bacon, I suppose I ought to have expected the eggs, as the two belong so naturally together; but, I beseech you, don't entirely destroy the apt figure. My friend here has all the Bacon to himself. Let him have a few of the eggs, I pray you. Make the thing equal."

This pleasant sally, delivered with entire good-nature, not only put a stop to the annoyance, but it gave to Mr. Murray many friends and a few subsequent supporters, who might otherwise have never given him a friendly thought.

The Bible doesn't give us any idea as to who Lot's wife was; but we know that after looking backward her name was Salt.

John Doe: "Are your carrying a mortgage on your house?" Richard Roe: "Yes, sir. Is there any thing to say?" John Doe: "Only that I am sorry to hear it."

THE VERY BEST WORKMAN.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

I.
He never heeds if the day is cold,
And the day's work hard and long;
For he has a heart that's brave and bold,
And hands both willing and strong.

II.
The drowsy eye, the murmuring lip,
Are ever within his sight;
He holds his tool with a firmer grip,
And works with a surer might.

III.
If times are hard, and wages low,
And trouble is in the land,
He says: "The rich and poor, I know,
Together must fall or stand!"

IV.
He takes the good as it comes to him,
And the evil with the good;
And he "trusts," when the way is hard and dim,
As a noble worker should.

V.
His mates are gloomy with thoughts of wrong,
Half-hearted, with fears of ill;
He lightens toil with a snatch of song,
And works with a cheerful will.

VI.
He trusts in God, and in man, to do
The things that are just and right;
His only labor, his only due,
To work with an honest might.

VII.
For the little hands that cannot work;
For the little wife so loving and sweet,
So, if in his heart a fear should lurk,
The harder his hammer would beat—

VIII.
Would best to the thought of "home" and "wife,"
A music steady and strong;
For the very best workman sets his life
To measures of Love and Song.

SWIMMING FOR BOYS.

"I never would allow my boy to learn to swim," said the mother of an only son; "and I never could bear to have him in a boat. Skating I always detested, and ball-playing I consider vulgar. He had a horse for riding, and he was always allowed to walk as much as he chose." (!)

Her hearers understood why it was that her son had grown up to be a narrow-chested and delicate man, and were thankful that he was permitted to go out-doors at all in his boyhood.

Fortunately this young man had possessed a strong love for walking, and also for study, which had kept him from insanities and out of mischief. But for an active, full-blooded boy, not decidedly studious, such a bringing-up as he has been described would have meant either ruin or death.

There is no need to descant upon the manifold attractions and uses of swimming. All proper precautions for his safety should be taken, but your boy should learn to swim. Never let him go into the water unless he is well; neither let him go alone or with flighty boys only, even when he has mastered the art of natation—cramps and accidents of all sorts are too common for that. Keep him away from rapids and whirlpools, and impress upon him at every opportunity, by anecdote, precept, and example, the necessity of exercising prudence in the matter. Especially see that he is familiar with remedies for cramp, and with the modes of reviving the drowned. Many a valuable life has been lost because a boy's companions did not understand how to use proper restoratives when his body was first recovered from the water.—*Harper's Bazar.*

WHERE CANADA STANDS.

The Following Illustrates Canada's Position Among the Nations of the World.

Canada is first in canal development.
Second in the production of copper.
Third in area.
Fifth in mercantile marine.
Eighth in railway mileage.
Ninth among the coal producing nations.
And tenth in the production of iron.
This is all in wealth produced. In undeveloped wealth the Dominion takes a still higher position as compared with other countries.
The largest deposits of coal in the world are in the North-west.
The richest petroleum beds are along the Mackenzie and Athabasca.
The greatest copper mine is at Sudbury.
The best iron ore is in Nova Scotia, and Canada, as a whole, possesses a supply sufficient for the whole world.

A WORD TO GOSSIPERS.

The most contemptible of all characters is the gossips and the tale-bearer. There is no community in which he does not do his dirty and wicked work. He is often, strange to say, encouraged by those who have the reputation of being good people. They listen to him, even when they do not approve him. In so doing they become partakers of his sin: for an itching ear makes a lying tongue.

It has been said that if a servant of God, who may be slandered, drives fast, he will soon get out of the dust of the devil's wagons. It is a good plan to get as far out as possible from all who show any evil disposition.

HE WAS IDENTIFIED.

"Now, sir," began the attorney for the the defence, knitting his brows and preparing to annihilate the witness whom he was about to cross-examine, "you say your name is Williams. Can you prove that to be your real name? Is there anybody in the court room who can swear that you haven't assumed it for the purpose of fraud and deceit?" "I think you can identify me yourself," answered the witness. "In Where did I ever see you, my friend?" "I put that scar over your right eye 25 years ago when you were stealing peaches out of my father's orchard. I'm the same Williams."

Virtuous and noble deeds are better than high descent.

No one doubts that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy really cures catarrh, whether the disease is recent or of long standing, because the makers of it clinch their faith in it with a $5.00 guarantee, which is a mere newspaper guarantee, but "on call" in a moment. That moment is when you prove that its makers can't cure you. The reason for their faith is this: Dr. Sage's remedy has proved itself the right cure for ninety-nine out of every one hundred cases of catarrh in the head, and the World's Dispensary Medical Association can afford to take the risk of you being the one hundredth.

The only question is—are you willing to make the test, if the makers are willing to take the risk? If you're wanting to get something better—a more