## The Acton Free Press.

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, -AT THE Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, ... TERMS or SCHECKIPTION—One dollar per year if raid in advance, or within three months from beginning of year; \$1.50 per year if not so paid. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted by the date on the address label. ADVERTISES RATES-Transient advertise-ments, 6 cents per Nonparell line for first in-sertion, 5 cents per line for each subsequent CONTRACT RATES -The following table shows

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Ensiness Directory.

H. P. MOORE,

Editor and Proprietor.

H. LOWRY, M. B., M. C. P. S., Graduate of Trinity College, Member of Office and residence:—At the bead of Frederick

DR. SPRINGER. PRISICIAN, SURGION, ACCOURAGE OFFICE AND RESIDENCE-Dr. McGarvin's

E. STACEY, UD. CM. F.T.M.C., M.C.P.&S.O. 396 College St., Toronto.

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

MCKINLAY, L. D.S. Visits Acton at Agnew's Hotel on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month.

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Twenty Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay, Wa: HEMSTREET,

LEEKSED ACCHONEER tended to. Terms reasonable.

Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in ums of 8500 and upwards.

Yor the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the Fazz Pazzs office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly at-TOHN DAY;

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An easy share, a stylish hair-out, a good sea-foam an exhibitating shampoo, always given. Rators housed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.

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To sell specialties in our line. Samples free with outh. Peculiar facilities to new beginners. Control of territory. Have done businoss in Canada 30 years. We employ on salary and commission. Write for terms to CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY. Nurserymen, Colborne, Ont.

Wellington Marble Works. QUEBEC STREET, GUELPH. CLARK & CARTER. MONuments and Headstones of all shades and from the newest designs. All work and ma-terial warranted first-class. Parties wishing to

our stock and prices, as we are confident we can 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

purchase, will please give us a call and inspect

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 tation. Worth its weight in gold to any one having Horses, Shoep, Cartle, Swine, Poultry, Dogs or Bees. A grand opportunity to make money. Secure territory et once. Address

E. N. MOYER, Publisher, 120 Youge St. Toronto

# New Planing Mill

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 formish plans, specifications and estimates for all classes of buildings, and execute all kinds DRESSING. MATCHING.

and MOULDING. - - MAKE ALL STILLS OF-Sashes, Doors and Windows and Door Frames and Dressed Lumber. And keep's stock on hand. All orders promptly attended to.

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Stationery and Fancy Goods and Wall Paper Store,

The undersigned less a full and varied stock of Goods which he is solling at the Lowest Cast A call from the people of Acton and vicinity is respectfully invited. JOHN SMITH

20 Wyndham St., - GUELPH

PAPER MAKERS,

GEORGETOWN, ONT

MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.

The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.

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PICTURE MOULDINGS,

BOOM MOULDINGS,

CORNICE POLES from Me.,

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Etc., Etc. Ready Mixed Paints, Aspen-wall's Enamels, Cords, Wires, Nails, Chains, Hooks, Etc. WATERS BROS.

ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE. Coal & Wood.

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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 out stove length always

Telephone communication. -ACTON-

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The undersigned respectfully solicits the patron-age of the public, and informs them that Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured trains between 9 a.m. and 818 p.m.

Careful attention given to every order The wants of Commercial Travel-lers fully met. JOHN WILLIAMS.

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

-OF THE-COUNTY OF WELLINGTON. HEAD OFFICE |- QUELPH.

Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Maguiactories and all other descriptions of insurable property on the Cash and Premium Note System. F. W. STONE, CHAS. DAVIDSON. Manager President

JOHN TAYLOR, AGENT. PICKET WIRE FENCING.

THE BEST AND CHEAFEST OF ALL FARM AND GARDEN FENCES.

Highly commerded and awarded Diploma at Send post card for price list giving full particu-

J. M. DOOLEY & CO., Guelph, Ont.

Hamilton's Marble Works. HAMILTON's Block (formerly Hatch's Block), the gare, corner of Woolwich and Norfolk streets, Guelph, Out.

JOHN H. HAMILTON, Proprietor, Wholesale and retail dealer and direct importer and manufacturer of all kinds of Granite and Marble Monuments, Tombstones, etc. Having had an extensive experience for the last 16 years. the public may rely on petting all superior articles at a cheaper rate than any other dealer in the West

N. B.-15 per cent. of or a direct order re-ceived for the next 30 days: Wellington Steam Laundry. GUELPH. COLLARS 2c. CUFFS (c.

Family Washing without froning Sc. per dor. Family Washing with Ironing Sc. per dor. Gentleman's Washing and Bepairing Sc. per All work guaranteed best in Canada. Office and Works, 56 Quebec streets. Goods left with Kelly Bros, our agents a to their store free of charge, at above prices.

B. 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.

Dr. A. Wilford Hall's HEALTH PAMPHLET. Disease Cured Without Medicine Jas. Matthews, Acton,

Has been appointed agent for the circulation of Dr. Hall's celebrated Health Pamphlef, which he keeps on hand. The l'amphlet claims by the treatment it advises sure cure for disease without medicine. The price for the Pamphlet is Four Dollars, and a guarantee is given that if the purchaser is not satisfied after putting the treatment into conscientions practice for one mouth to refund the money on the return of the Pamphlet with a pledge never spain to use the treatment or allow it to be used in his family.

## Poetry.

TIM.

All the School Sooks used in the Public School and Collegiate Institute.

SLATES EXERCISE BOOKS. DRAWING BOOKS, SCHOOL BAGS, &c.

DAY W. BARBER & BROS. Has every Book wanted. No waiting for Stock.

> We give the best value at DAY'S BOOKSTORE GUELPH,

Machine Finished Book Papers DAY SELLS CHEAP.

200,000 lbs. Having completed contracts for

10 CAR LOADS Of Twine of the following brands :-Excelsion, Red Cap, Com-

mon Sense, Red Star, Anchor, We are now in a position to quote

Very - Lowest - Cash - Figures | For, beside the pealmist's verses, harmless fell a

\* PURE #

PARIS CREEN A SPECIALTY.

JOHN M. BOND & CO. GUELPH. Direct Hardware Importers.

## Drugs -

- Stationery

School Books. Exercise Books. Drawing Books. Copy Books. Slates and Pencils. Pens and Ink. School Bags, etc.,

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-s-Boo Boot and Shoe store is just now

Slippers specially adapted for the season.

These new goods are being sold at prices as low or lower than those saked for old styles and shopworn goods elsewhere. Everybody can be suited, for we have all

Gent's Wear, Ladies' Wear. Youth's Wear,

Special Lines, Good Goods, Newest Style and Best value for the money at W. Williams', Acton. Custom work and repairing given careful atten tion. Trunks and valises in variety.

Children's Wear.

-ACTON-PUMP FACTORY PLANING MILL

THOS. EBBAGE, Man.

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

Shop at foot of River Street. TROS, EBBAGE, Manager said, coloring a little. "I'm using it. The fact is, Elaine, I'm writing a story-s thrilling tale for the Weekly Watcher."

Then the antumn winds were sighing, when the "You, Maddy?" golden leaves were dying. and we nurses gather'd round him, as the gruff house-surgeon bound him, Gently bound each shatter'd limb: Such a handsome little fellow; like a halo hung the reliow Curis around his shapely head;

And we look'd at one another when he cried ou that tedious copying." for his mother. "Yes," said Elaine, slowly; "that is, As we tuck'd him in his bed. they accept your story." Ah! sad cause was there for weeping-in the doad-house one lay sleeping Peacefully, whose frenzied love Flung her darling from the casement to the firemen nigh the basement.

Ere she breath'd the fames above : one more victim where the bottle rears aleft its hideous throttle, Spewing forth its hellish fire; he more worn, long-suffering woman, victim o my promise. Someother time, dear Maddy, the vile, inhuman shall be glad to hear the plot of your Fury of a drunken sire.

Could we ever hope to save him! or did Doath already crave him ? Baid we at our midnight meal; Would the light of boyish gisdness fade bonesth the pallor'd sadness Of the grim destroyer's seal? since the good God would befriend him, of His mercy He would tendhim.

Yet His purpose who can tell? at Him for us to cavil Who the future can And Who doeth all things well. life and Death march side by side-tears and laughter are allied. In those wards where Love, divine,

Hath upraised the blessed altar, where the blind, the bruis'd, the halt are Soll ried at Compassion's shrine. and we laughed at his odd fancies, smiled on little Tim's proud glances At his bod-card, on which he Had dictated, "Timsey Pidgin, age eleven; fur

Put me down a Methody." aye and could the gentle Wesley to our ward have gained access, he Would have loved Tim's patient smile Potent witness that the lowly are not shanned of the Most Holy,

Nor the back slums wholly vile.] (Born of many a drunken scene). By a mother's prayer from harm he had enlisted in the army

Of the humble Nazarene.

let our petting never spolled him-God, in suffering, had sesoil'd him Of all frowardness of heart; cought but kind words could one utter to this offspring of the gutter, Who had sought the better part. en that tough, nicknamed "The Parson" (in a language kin to arson),

Fealty swore to little Tim ; And "Early" (cursed of corns and bunions) said (in accents ting'd with onions), "Pity thar warn't more like him." How he loved those sacred pages, and that dear hymn " Kock of Ages"

(Balm to earth's sad, weary ones) essing sweet his childish singing, after many days, came ringing : Down our ward those treble tones. Brave young heart, and good as fearless—his the ouly eyelid teatless When we learned all liope was vain-

Nay! a beauteous smile came o'er him, as of one who sees before him Visions of lost loves again. nn fading into winter saw his strength grow daily fainter, Yet be smiled with childish glee When our Santa Claus had sought him, and with

many kind smiles brought him Presents from our Christmas tree; / But his glaz'd eyes' solemn warning told us, ere the coming dawning You dimm'd glance would know us not nd from all the ward arose a wail of woe when we drew closer

The death-screen around his cot. In the shadow'd hours dispelling, while the belfry's natal swelling Usher'd in the Christmas morn. One more earthly fetter riven-one more with the saints in heaven-· One more white-robed singer born ; But so peacefully be left us, such the last sigh

that bereft us Watchers, lingering at his side, That we only wept, and wondered when the soul and body sundered. For we knew not when he diod. Far removed from earthly sorrow, in that land whose stainless morrow

Where, in peace, the shivering mortal stands illumined at the portal, And the shadows disappear; Yes! and while dear inemory lingers, till we join the angel singers. Till we gaze once more on him. We shall bless the woe that taught us, and the midnight hour which brought us Bruis'd and batter'd little "Tim."

#### Hereward K. Cockin. Select Family Reading.

Miss Weaver's Slary

BY ANY RANDOLPH. "Copying!" said Madelyn Weaver, with a curl of her pretty, coral bowed lip. "At so many cents a hundred lines! That's what I call drudgery !"

It was a gloomy April day, the sky seen ing to break into fits of spasmodic raintears every now and then, the atmosphere filled with dampness, and the clouds hanging, like leaden fringes, above the endless rows of city blocks; and old Dr. Weaver's two daughters, in their deep-black robes, sitting in the cheerless boarding-house apartment, felt as if the gloom of the outer world were reflected from their hearts. Dr. Weaver had made a great show and lived extravagantly during his lifetime, and people remarked sagely of him that he must have "means." But when he died of a sudden apoplectic fit, and they buried him, he was found to be deeply in debt, and no provision whatever was made for Madelyn

"Dear, sweet girls!" said Mrs. Hobart Weaver, their cousin's wife. "I should be so glad to have them here, only I expect my sister and her family from Wisconsin to spend the winter."

"I shall be delighted to recommend then to any good place as governess," said old Miss Wilhelmina Weaver, who was reported to be worth her weight in gold. So, amid the condolences of a host of relatives, Madelyn and Elaine found themselves thrown entirely upon their own re-

They had done their best, poor girls! They had answered advertisements, stood around in the dreary halls of Intelligence Bureaus, tapped timidly at the doors of "Women's Exchanges," and had long talks with school trustees. But the labor market was overcrowded. Nobody wanted work at any price, and the necessities of daily

Madelyn, scornfully. "When you might clear. have rolled it into your Russia leather music case, so that any one would mistake it for a copy of the last opera." "Mr. Jacobson don't like his papers to be rolled," said Elaine, meekly. ." Where the cut glass inkstand, Madelyn?"

"Oh-the cut-glass inkstand!" Madelyn

"Yes, I!" said Miss Weaver. "Why shouldn't I? I read one of their front page stories last week, and I'm quite sure I could do better. They can't pay me less than five dollars; and only think how much faster I can make money than you will by

"They will," said Madelyn, confidently You see, Elaine, there's a rich old mise in it, and a beautiful young girl, who-" "I can't stop to listen just now," sai Elaine, apologetically. " promised a fair copy of these papers to Mr. Jacobson to morrow, and I must work hard to fulfill

"It's well enough for you to copy," sai Madelyn, with pretty soorn. "You never had any brains!" "I am not as brilliant as you, I know,

dear," said Elaine, cheerfully. "But, at all events. I can write a clear hand." And she sat down to copy the monoton ous law forms, while Madelyn paced up and down the room, with her hair streaming down her back, to think how the beautiful young girl could best be released from the nachinations of the villain

"I wonder if I couldn't write a story, too," thought Elaine. "Though, of course, I never could imagine knights and noblemen, or describe the corridors of baronial castles. But I'm sure I could write about old farm-houses, with apple orchards all in blossom, and buttercups in the meadows; and I don't see why a farmer's daughter shouldn't be a heroine, in her humble way as well as a countess. I've almost a mind

So, when the law papers were all carried back to Mr. Jacobson, Elaine sat down to write about buttercups and apple-blooms. She was ashamed to read it to Madelyn when it was finished-the simple story of farmer's daughter, who, like Schiller's of my room in the freest way, forever heroine, had "lived and loved."

"Maddy always said I had no brains," said Elaine to herself, "and perhaps she is So she went out and dropped the manuscript, herself, into the post-office. Madelyn's story had already gone, and Madelyn was already planning how she

could spend the money which she expected to receive for it. shouldn't accept it," said humble Elaine. ' the century. The increase in the number, really it is a capital story. I've called it, journals, magazines, and other periodical The Miser's Malison. Isn't that a taking publications in startling even to those who title? There's so much in a title, you have watched its course for fifty years.

whistle brought a letter addressed, "Miss | tons in 1890 as it did in pounds in 1790 "Which of yez is it for?" said Bridget, quired to transport the weekly output the red-armed maid-of-all-work. holding one of the many great publishing houses. the missive between her finger and thumb. | Science and invention have been taxed to Madelyn bold out her hand.

Elaine, look! There's the stamp of the Weekly Watcher on the envelope!" She tore it open. A thin slip of gray paper dropped out. "A check for ten dollars!" she cried, ex-

litantly, waving it in the vir. "Ten dollars! Didn't I tell you so, Elaine!" patient blue eyes. She did not know until then how much she had hoped and longed all influences in moulding public opinion for success in some faint measure. Well, and directing the course of events. Doubtit was all right. Madelyn had succeeded, less the newspaper has its faults, for it is and she would not be so selfish as to think | made to suit the demands of the reading of herself and her own failure.

Bridget, bringing forward a second parcel private affairs, too often intensely partisan -a square envelope, filled with written in politics, intemperately sectional in repages, around which was wrapped an ligion or anwholesomely bigoted in sociwith thanks."

little story which-" "Let me look at it," said Madelyn, with from her sister's hand. But her countenance changed as she glanced at its heading. "What does this mean?" she cried, veterically. "It's The Miser's Malsion." Once more glancing at the check, she perceived, to her unutterable dismay and surprise, that it was filled up in the name

of "Elaine Weaver," instead of her own. Her stilted thetoric and four-syllabled descriptions had come back to her, and little Elaine's simple tale of everyday life and love had proved a success. "Don't mind, dear Madelyn," soothed Elaine, really startled by the angry vehem-

ence of her sister's sobs and tears. "I'll 'divide the check with you." But this Madelyn would not listen to. t spite of her conceit and arrogance there was a genuine vein of nobility in her nature, and she knew that Elaine's success was

"You shall do nothing of the sort Elaine," said she, striving to speak coherently through her tears. "I've been a goose. That's all that ails me." But it so happened that her first simple story was the only one that Elaine Weaver ever wrote. Mr. Jacobson sant in an extra

the little copyist to-marry him ! "I always knew that you were beautiful, Elaine," said he, "but I never before comprehended how true and courageous and lofty-spirited you could be." And since she became Mrs. Jacobson our little heroine has been too busy presiding over her home to attempt any literary

anxious to secure the law-copying from her brother-in-law's office. "One must have some sort of an income, she says. "And. really, I don't think was born for an authoress."

triumphs. And Madelyn is eager and

THE INK PLANT.

There is a plant in New Granada known as the "ink plant," the juice of which serves without the least preparation, as ink. The writing at first appears red, but in a few hours assumes a deep black hue Several sheets of manuscript written with And one day Elaine went out, and came this natural ick, became soaked with see back with a bundle of law papers to copy. water on their journey to Europe, but when "It's a flat, volgar parcel, too," said

> A Cincinnati . woman , curaged at husband, determined to ruin him financia ly. She "shopped" all day and piled bills to his account to the amount of \$3,000

THE BORROWING NEIGHBOR. Mother has often fold me of a funny

time she had when she was quite a young recently in Bowie, at town a few miles house-keeper, afflicted with a borrowing west of Gainesville, Tex. Over 50 years neighbor. This lady seldom had anything | ago a young couple knew each other in one of her own at hand when it was wanted, so of the Eastern States and were engaged to she depended upon the obliging disposition | be married. The lady's parents objected of her friends. One day my mother put on her large maining some years, she married and

house keeping apron, and stepped across finally came to Texas, settling in this

the yard to her out door kitchen. The county with her husband, who has since

kitchens in Kentucky were never a part of died. The gentleman to whom she was the house, but always at a little distance first engaged went, soon after the departure from it, in a seprate building. cook, who was browning coffee grains in a skillet over the fire, " I thought I told you that I was coming here to make pound, cake

"La me, Miss Emmeline!" replied Annt Phyllis. "Miss Tilds Jenkins done carried board and borrowed all de eggs and cream fo' herself. Her bakin' iso't mo'n begun." in Bowie, Rev. Mr. Yelton, the pastor, This was a high-handed proceeding, but officiating. nothing could be done in the case. It was Mrs. Jenkins's habit, and mother had always been so amiable about it, that the with an eager, expectant crowd. 'At the

ing ready?"

she desired. Sometimes just as we were going to and were joined in marriage. They are each church, I was too little at the time to re- over 70 years and will reside in Texas in member, mother said that a small black | future, both being quite wealthy boy with very white teeth and a very woolly head, would pop up at her chamber door,

"Howdy," Miss Emmeline. Miss Tilds done sent me to borrow yo' Prayer-book. She goin' to church to-day herself."-Or, of a summer ovening, her maid would appear with a modest request for Emmeline's lace shawl and red satin fan : Miss Tilds wanted to make a call and had noth to wear. All this made mother perfectly set against our ever borrowing so much as a slate pencil or a pin. We were always to use our own things, or go without.

bringing me their gloves to mend or their ties to clean, as cousins will .. "Never borrow," said my mother. "Bay or give away, or do without, but beholden to nobody for a loau."-From "Mother's Way," by MARGARET E. SANGSTER, in Harper's Young People.

never had a sister, but cousins often spent

months at the house, and were in and out

INVENTION AND THE PRESS. The growth of the printing business "But suppose the newspaper people one of the most wonderful phenomens of "Oh, but they will," said Madelyn. "For | size, and circulation of daily and weakly The consumption of printing paper in the A few days afterwards, the postman's United States amounts to about as many Many trains af freight cars would be re Elaine glanced wistfully at it, but supply material for paper, and the printing industry, as it now exists, exhibits some of "I am Miss Weaver," said she. "Oh, the greatest triumphs of inventive genius. The newspaper had a slow growth until the steamship and the telegraph annihilated distance and made all the civilized world one common neighborhood; then, as if the conditions for which it had, waited were come, it entered on a careet of development such as the wildest enthusiast could A momentary mist came before Elaine's not have foreseen in his most fantastic dreams. It is to day the most potential of

public and, therefore, caters to various "An' which of yez gets this one?" asked | tastes. It is too often an intermedler in ningus half sheet, inscribed, "Declined, ology. But, with all its defects, the newspaper is, next to the school, the great "It's mine, I suppose," said Elaine, sor- educator of our time, and the amount of rowfully. "I did venture, Maddy, to write | good that it accomplished should make us tolerant of the evil that is justly charged to its account. The daily papers gather contemptuous laugh, as she caught it from the pulpit, from legislative halls, from secular and religious conventions, from scientific and sociological bodies, from magazines, books, interviews and all other sources of information the freshest thought the latest views on all sides of every ques tion that attracts public attention. The cream of current thought is found in the

editorials, interviews, correspondence, and extracts printed in the leading daily papers. The results of the learning of all ages are oundensed in these utterances. When they are classified and collated so as to give a just and adequate view of present opinion on a live issue, who can conceive of a more powerful and useful educational influence

than such a collection ?- The Inventice Age. CHOICE SELECTIONS.

Many people think that to be a Christian is to pray a few minutes morning and evening, and read a chapter in the Bible and attend church on the Sabbath. These are important as means of grace, but they are not religion. Beligion is living out the principles of Christanity in one's ordinary week-day life. We must not cut our lives in two and call one part secular, governin it by one set of principles, and regarding the other part as sacred, to be ruled job of law papers to copy that night, and another set of rules. All life is to be made before the end of the week he proposed to religious in the sense that every thing is to be done in such a way as to please God, under the direction of his counsel. have just as much religion as we get into our week-day life, and not a whit more.

> We cannot always be sure when we are most useful. It is not the acreage you sow -it is the multiplication which God gives the seed which makes up the barvest. have less to do with being successful than with being faithful. What though thy power compared with some Be weak to sid and bless; Because the rose is queen of flowers, Do we love the heart's case less?

Others may do a greater work,

But you have your part to do:

And no one in all God's beritage Can do it so well as you. Never be discouraged because the things go on slowly here; and never fail daily to do that which lies next to your hand. Do not be in a hurry, but be dillgent. Enter into the sublime view of it. God can afford to wait; why cannot we. since we have him to fall back upon? He lives the happiest life who sees God's hand in averything. Our creature comforts are doubly sweet when we think of them as flowing from the fountain of divine good-

The diminution of a fault finding spirit is one of the surest marks of a growth in grace. The soul that is at peace with God is not prope to wranglings with men.

UNITED AFTER FIFTY YEARS. Quite a romantio weddings took place and sent her to Europe, where, after re-

of his intended bride, to Indiana, then the "Aunt Phyllis," said my mother to the far West, where he settled and has since About a year ago this once engaged couple learned of each other's whereabouts and cream pies this morning. Why is noth- and a correspondence was opened.. The old flame which once burned in their hearts was rekindled, and as a result the old gentlemen arrived from Indiana and hasty off every pie pan and rolling pin and pastry preparations were made for the wedding. which took place in the Episcopal Church

News of the intended marriage had leaked out and the church was filled to overflowing servants, who were easy-going, never conclusion of the regular services Mr. troubled themselves to ask the mistress, Williams and his intended bride, Mrs. "I don't know. I was never but the cars. but lent the inconvenient borrower what. Barnes, entered the church, walked to the alter, where they were met by the minister,

BE CONTENT. We know not how much or how little we need in this world. Better be content with our portion as it is. The world alone, even though we have it all, can never satisfy us. The dust of earth can never fill the spiritual void in a human heart. Open the doors and let in the light of heaven. Give up empty dreams of how much better would be with this or that treasure which we see or fancy another to possess. Let the worldly treasures go. Perhaps they are never for you. Perhaps you would misuse thein if they were given. Perhare you would become joined to your idols, and cease to worship God. At any rate, be Here, rest your head upon my dook content with such things as ye have and are getting. The materials of contentment and peace he in our own hearts; so do those of aneasiness and misery. Under God, we are what we make ourselves. We can consecrate everything to God, rest sweetly in his love, toil happily in his service, content ourselves with what he gives us, or we can cling selfishly to what we get hold of, call it our own, struggle slavishly for more, grumble because we don't get it, and come down to the end of life empty and disappointed. Oh this restless, covetous ambition which is poisoning the best noments of so many lives in this eager mercenary age! When shall we be rid of it! When shall we learn that life is too precious and time too short to be frittered away in grasping after the things we can-

## even while they are durs ?- Lamp of Life.

THE LITTLE FOLK. An artist asked a little girl pupil to define drawing. "O," she replied, "drawing is think and then marking around the think." Mamma sent Ottie over to auntie's with message. When asked how baby brother was she exclaimed: "O auntie, he is real sick! the doctor says he is threatened with

not long hold, nor get satisfaction from

Little Jim was but a few years old when there was a wedding in the family. The aged grandmother kept her seat during the ceremony. In telling about it afterward Jim said : "We all stood up and got married 'cept grandma!" Mamma, to Flossie, who has been lunch ing with a little friend: "I hope you were

'Yes, please,' and 'No, thank 'you." Flossie: Well, I didn't say, 'No, thank you, because, you see, mamma, I took stranger's hand rested careleadly on the A holiday was once offered to the boys at Eton on condition that they could dircover an English word containing all the vowels in regular order. In a very little while one of them shouted out "Abstemionaly." and another, "Pacetiously."

replied. " No man can serve two masters.

amidst the plaudits of their companions.

A STOCK TAKING STORY. Apropds of stock taking, I have heard story which, though the jucident took place some time ago, is worth repeating. A worthy principal of one of the large houses had an awkward habit of testing the efficiency of the books in a certain department and one question which he frequently put to the boyer was, "Is your stock kept so accurately that you could tell 'if anything was taken ?" "Yes," was the reply. "I put away where it can never shame fear not," said the old centleman, and there the matter ended for the time being. A few days after, however, he came back charged to his private account, in which an item appeared for a few pounds. "By whom were these goods purchased?" said gether. The weary heart was unburbened. he. "By no one sir." replied the buyer. they were removed out of the department by yourself," The old gentleman smiled, and was quite pleased. "Then I had better return them." Very well, sir."

wards troubled .- Draper's Record. HOW TO SHARPEN A LEAD

PENCIL.

The goods were in due course returned

and, again, a few days after, the principal

find you have not given me full credit for

the goods returned." "That is correct

sir." "And why not?" "Prices went

down in the meantime, and I could not sell

these goods now, except at a loss." The

story goes that the buyer was never after-

arrived with a credit note in his band.

There is but one way to sharpen a lead pencil, and that is to grasp it firmly with the point from you and not toward you. Take your knife in the other hand, and whittle away as though you had lots of pencils to waste. By following these directions and turning the pencil over, you will looking old Rentlemen now. For the past soon have it neatly and regularly sharpened, your flogers will be ansoiled, and you | the merits of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical will not need any court -plaster to not on Discovery. " It renewed my youth?' be the wounds, because you cannot cut your frequently says. It is the only blood purifingers when whittling from them. This fier and liver invigorator granated to method is the best, whether the knife is benefit or oure, or money monently refund. doll or sharp. If the pencil is a soft one ed. It cures liver discusse, dyspensis, there is no sense in sharpening the lead. scrofulous sores, skin exceptions, and all-Simply cut away the wood, and in writing diseases of the blood. Fonling course turn the pencil over, thus writing with the and consumption (which is lung serofale in

PRICE THREE CELTS

JOHNNY'S COMPLAINT Our preacher says-an' course he wright It's very wrong to tell a fib. So mother's taught me ever sinbe She rocked me in my little crib) That's why Enen't just understand Why in he sermons he will run Along like atty when he's said, "But one word more and I have

When first I heard him say those the dis They made me gled, for I, you say: Was tired, for half hour agrinous arem Enough for little folks like me: But I was oulte surprised ; To find he'd only just begun, When pausing for a breath, he said, "But one word more and I bare done. I wonder what he'd think if L Should say when at his home I'd sup, " Just one plum more and I have done," Then eat his wife's preserves all up?

guess bo'd ask me what I meant, I'd have to say I was in fun. Just like he must be when he says "But one word more and I have done." -Rickmond Dbpatch.

NO ROOM FOR MOT

Going north, madam ?" 'No, ma'am." Going south, then?" 'I don't know, ma'am." Why, there are only two way! to go.

m waiting for the train to go to gohn." "John? There is no town called John. "Oh! John's my son. Kansas on a claim."

"I am going right to Kansas myself. You intend to visit ?" "No, ma'am." She said it with a sigh so heart-I hrdened the stranger was touched.

" John sick ?"

The evasive tone, the look of been in the prowed face, were noticed by the stylish lady as the gray head bowed upon the toilmarked hand. She wanted to lear her story-to help her. "Excuse me-John in trouble "No. no-I'm in irouble.

ld heart never thought to see.

"The train does not come for sympatime "You are kind. If my own there so shouldn't be in trouble to-night! What is your trouble? Maybe, I can " It's hard to tell it to stranger but my heart is too full to keep it back was left a widow with the three children,

but it wasn't bad as this-" The stranger waited till she recovered her voice to go on. "I had only the cottage and my filling hands. I toiled early and late all all rears until John could help me. Then we kept the girls at school, John and me, They were married not long ago. Married rich as the world goes. John sold the cottage, sent me to the city to live with them, and he went West to begin for himself. He said we had provided for the girls, and

thought it was more than I could bear

stranger waited in silence. "I went to them in the city; & went to Mary's first. She lived in a great bouse with servants to wait on her; a binse many times larger than the little cotter-but l soon found there wasn't room chough for

Her voice choked with emotion. The

they would provide for me now

The tears stood in the lines on Ler cheeks. Ticket agent came out softly, surred the firs, and went back. After a pause she "I went to Martha's-went with a pain my heart I never felt before. I was willing to do anything so as not to be burden. But that wasn't it! I found they were ashamed of my bent old body and my withered lace ashamed of my

rough, wrinkled hands-made to toiling for very polite, Flossie, at the table, and said, The tears came thick and fast now. The

"At last they told me I must live at a boarding-house, and they'd keen me there. couldn't say anything back. My heart was too full of pain. I wrote to John what they were going to do. He grote right back, a long, kind letter for the to come right to him. I always had a lome while he had a roof, he said: To some right A Sanday-school teacher asked his class there and stay as long as I lived. That what passage of Scripture they would give to prove that a man should not have two his mother should never go out to strangers, wives at the same time. One little fellow | so I am going to John. He's got only his rough hands and his great warm heartbut there's room for his old it other God

> bless-him-" The stranger brushed a tear away from her fair check and awaited the Sonclusion. "Some day, when I am gone where I'll never trouble them again, Mary and Martha will think of it all. Some day, when the hands that toiled for them are folded and still; when the eyes that watched over them through many a weary night are closed forever; when the little old body, bent with the burdens it bore for them, is The agent drew his hand quickly before his eyes, and went out, as if to look for the

train. The stranger's ! jewelled Angers

stroked the gray locks, while the tears of

sorrow and the tears of sympathy fell to

Soothed by a touch of eympathy, the

troubled soul yielded to the longing for rest,

and she fell asloop. The agent went noiselessly about his duties, that he might not wake her. As the fair stranger, watched she saw a smile on the care-worp face. The lips moved. She bent down to hear: "I'm doing it for Mary and Martha. They'll take care of me, sometime." She was dreaming of the days in the little cottage of the fond hopes which inspired her, long before she learned, with a

broken heart, that some days she would

turn, homeless in the world, to to John. BEAU OF 182 Son grandpa went a-worin wore a satin vest. A trail of running roses Embroidered on the breast. The pattern of his tronsers. His linen, white and one, Were all the latest feshion

Ik eighteen twenty-ning Grandpaiwas a fine looking young tellow then; so the old ladies say, and he is a finescore of years he has been a firm believer in its early stages) it is an unparalled remedy