RIO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1890

		1
VOLUME XVIX	0. 21.	
The Acton Free Pre	55. Filling up for the Fall I	
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING	g,	0
Free Press Steam Printing Offer, MILL STREET, ACTON,	DAY'S RUNKSTOI	2
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per if raid in advance, or within three months	rear Sels of Dickons' Novels 15 mile	
denoted by the date on the address label. ADVERTISING RATES - Transport deres	George Eliot's -8 vole	5
contract Rarks -The following table all our rates for the insertion of advertisement	hows All in strong cloth binding at	9
specified periods:- STACE. TR. WO. 3 NO. S) inches	Rock Bottom Prices.	ch
5 (neches \$0.00 15.00	DAY'S ROOKSTON	
Advertisements, without specific directs will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transicat advertisements must be in advented.	ord- paid GUELPH,	
Advertisements will be changed once of month if electrod. For changes of their team once a month the composition must be paid at regular, rates.	for	
Changes for contract advertisements muss in the office by 9 a.m. on Thesalays. other they will be left over natil the following wood H.P. MOORE.	-11);
Editor and Proprie	PAPER MAKERS.	
W. H. LOWRY, M. B., M.C.P.	GEORGETOWN, ON	ľ.
College of Physicians and Surreons. Office and residence:—At the head of Preder	Hek KIEL I SECULITE OF	
DR. SPRINGER, PHTMICIAN, STRIGEON, ACCORCUMENT.	— Machine Finished Book Pap	8
bouse, corner Mill and Frederick streets.	HIGH GEADE WEEKLY NEWS.	
C. E. STACEY. (M.D. C.M. F.T.M.C. M.C.F. & S.D. MC College St., Toronto.	The paper used in this journal is f	2
M. FRENCH, L.D.S., D.D.S.,	the above mills. WM: BARBER & BRO)5
Visits Acton first and third Tuesdays in esmouth. Artificial Teeth a specialty.—Office at Ague		
L BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST	TAR PICTORE GALLERY. GUNL	PI
T P.MARSHALL, M.D.S., D.D.S., L.D.	PICTURE LOGILLINGS	8
Will be at the Campbell House ever Frida	ETISTS' MITERIA	u.
Summers, Destine, George Town, Visits Acton at Agnew's Hotel on the secon and fourth Wednesday of each month.	Oil Colors, Water Colors, China Colors, Brus Etc., Etc., Heady Kited Paints, Aspen- ad Nails, Chain, Hooks, Etc.	lic
MoLEAN & McLEAN	WATERS BROS.,	9
Barristers Solicitors, Notaries, Conferences to, Private funds to loan. Office:-Town Hall Acton. WE. A. McLeix. Jso. A. McLeix.	WANTED.	000
J. A. MOWAT.	A rood pushing Salesman here. First of A par guaranteed rockly. Commission salary. Quick sellings a Freits and Specialt Farmers can get a god paying job for	cies
Money to Loan. OFFICE DATE-Tuesday and Saturday.	FEED E. YOUNG, Numeryman, Rochester, N. 1	
SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & STONI	FRANK BUDGESS	_
Tozoxro axp Gzozgerowy. Offices: - Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and	Sign Writer, Etc,	
J. SHILTON, K.L. W. H. WALLBEHGE, H. E. STONE	Lis prepared to execute orders in any of the labore lines in the best samer and streament terms. Every few harden my personal stream.	-
PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTION	I can assure ensumers complete satisfaction of the state	-
Twenty Tears Practice. No Patent, No Par	- Meinington Steam Laundr	ŗ.
LICENSED ACCHONESE	SHIRTS ICC. COLLAIS to. CUFFS. Family Washing ritions ironing Sc. per de	(e.
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton Orders left at the Pazz Pazzs office. Acton, o at my residence in Acton, will be promptly at leaded to. Terms reasonable. Also money to loan on the most avorable	Gentlemen's Washing and Repairing for p	<z< td=""></z<>
TOHN DAY,	Goods left with Kelly Bros., our agents Actor, will be sent to the laundry and return to their store free of riverse, at above prices.	a t
ARCHITECT, GCELLH, OKT	MUTUAL MUTUAL	
PRANCIS NUNAN	FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,	
(Scottesor to T. F. Chapman) BOOKBINDER, L. George's Square, Gueiph Ontario	COUNTY OF WELLINGTON,	
Account Books of all kinds made to order eriodicals of every description carefully bound cling seatly and promptly done.		
HE HANLAN BARBER SHOP.	F. W. STONE, CHAS. DAVIDSON, President. Manage	r.
n easy share, a stylish hair-cut, a good es-form d exhibitrating shampoo, always given Bazon oned and put in first-class condition. Ladies ad children's hair tastily cut.	VOLVE VEN	-
J & H. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artists.	Tanting the best preparation to secure secrets	4
Wellington Marble Works.	and to make themselves independent for life, i	п
CLARK & CARTER, IRECT importers of Granite and Marble Monuments and Headstones of all shades of from the newest designs. All work and ma-	Guelnh Business College	ıı
crial varianted first-class. Parties withing to crebase, will please give us a call and inspect or stock and prices, as we are confident we can compete with any establishment in Optario.	GUELPH, ONTARIO,	
Having sold out my interest to the above firm; respectfully solicit the patronage to my friends at the public on their behalf.	Hamilton's Marble Works.	-
AGENTS WANTED	HAMILTON's Block formerly Hatch's Block the gore, corner of Woolwich and Norfoll streets, Guelph, Ont.	N.
In every Township.	JOHN H. HAMILTON, Proprietor, Wholesale and retail design and direct importer	-
of Live Stock and Complete Stock Doctor."	Marbie Mounteents, Tombetones, etc. Having had an extensive experience for the last 16 years the public may rely on getting all superior	1
The most complete and comprehensive work rer published. Its authors stend at the head their profession and have a continental repution. Worth its weight in gold to any one string Horses. Sheen Cartin Solution.	in the West. N. H15 per cent. off on a direct order received for the pert 30 date.	r
or or Bees. A grand opportunity to make oney. Secure territory at once. Address E. N. MOYER, Publisher,	New Planing Mill	-
120 Yonge St. Toronto	Sash and Door Factory. John Cameron, Contractor,	
PICKET WIRE FENCENG	Has fitted up the building on Wain Force, lately occupied as a truck factory, with new machinery and is prepared to formid: plans, specifications and estimates for all classes of buildings, and	. 1
For the farm or garden there is no fence so	DRESSING. MATCHING,	1
sent as a trial order and we assure you satis-	Sashes, Doors and Windows and Door Frames and Dressed Lumber,	
Discount to the trade price lists and particu-	And keep a stock on hand. All orders promptly attended to.	1
Cuelph. Ont.		1

Guelph, 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.

and slabs out stove length always.

-ACTON-

The undersigned respectfully solicits the patron age of the public, and informs them that

Vell Equipped and Stylish Rigs can al

. ways be Becured

it his stables. A comfortable bus meets

trains between 9 a. p. and 8:18 p. m.

Careful attention given to every order.
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

HSJEU JOHN WILLIAMS.

BUS-LINE.

LIVERY

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Free Pres	55. Filling up	for the Fall Ir	ade
DAY MORNING	DAVIC I	BOOKSTOP	ם ו
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per year if no so ; subscription is pa be address label. Transient adver- arell line for first	George Eliot's - N	101	5 00
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D.S., D.D.S.,		BARBER & BROS	3.
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D.S., DENTIST	FRAMES & PICTUR	EK.	
D.S.,D.D.S.,L.D.	S BOOM MOUL	HOLES from Ele. STIODS. NER BODS from Se. RETISTS' MITERIAL	
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IDGE & STONE	House Painter	Paper Hanger	
sters, Solic tors, &c. BECTOWN. k. Georgetown, an Yonge st. Toronto	Sign Wi	ter, Etc,	1
D E. STOXE	above lines in the best terms. Every job have I can assure custome Graining in all woods	e orders in any of the sames and at reasonables on personal attention of complete satisfaction specialty.	e e
FOR INVENTIONS W. CIFIDL TO Patent, No Par	will receive Prompt at:	iesce, Naïn St., Leter ation.	- 1
	Wellington S	eam Laundry	
icton and Halton se office. Acton. or il be promptly at	Family Washing with	Alia to CUFFS to but ironing the per dor- breing the per dor- and lequiring the pe	
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ER SHOP.	F. W. STONE, CI		-
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RTER,	Desiring to qualify them and to make themselves a short time and at a will find the short, prac- the	selverforgood positions independent for life, in ery moderate expense, feel course of study at	
anite and Marble ones of all shades All work and ma- Parties withing to call and inspect	GUELPH,		. 61
to the above firm.	· · · · · ·	CORMICE, Principal.	Eve
H. HAMILTON	Hamilton's M	11 ble Works, rmerly Hatch's Blocki, Woo'wich and Norfolk	Gent
ANTED	JOHN H. H Propr	AMILTON,	
Complete	Wholesale and retail des and manufacturer of all Marvie Mounments, To had an extensive experie the public may rely o	ubstones, etc. Having see for the last 16 years, a getting all superior	Specia
prehensive work and at the head occurrental repu- gold to any one . Swine, Poultry.	in the West. N. H.—15 per cent. off ceived for the next 10 ds;	ou & direct order re-	OPOCIA
Swine, Foultry, ortunity to make nee, Address sher,	New Pla		Casto
FENCING	John Cameron	Contractor,	ъ
d (16) feet-up.	Has fitted up the building occupied as a truck factor and is prepared to furnish and estimates for all cleaceute all Linds of DERSSING.	ry, with new machinary is plans, specifications asses of buildings, and	P

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-=	VIONT: ONTHAINTS HERE
	TON, ONTARIO, THU
The Traders' Bank	Poetry.
(Incorporated by Act of Parliament.)	WE'LL HAR NAE KING BUT JESU
CAPITAL AUTHORISED 1,000,000	"The chief pricets answered: 'We have
GUELPH BRANCH.	We has nan King but Josus We waited for Him lang;
Corner of Wyndham and Quebec Streets.	We've through Him in our very hearts.
Sales and other notes collected promptly. No rarge made if notes are not collected.	Oor Josus is Crestor:
BAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.	He made the mountains high: He made the clouds that float oure-head.
Sums of \$1 and upwards received on deposit this department and interest allowed at the te of a per cent, per annum from date of de- sait to date of a lither and	He made the woods, the towerin pines:
erly on Sist May and 30th November.	He made the nameless rills That gently proop through a our glens,
DEPOSIT RECEIPT DEPARTMENT.	An' sing among the hills. We'll hap mae King but Jesus!
A renoral banking business transacted. Drafts	We've through Him in our very hearts
A. F. H. JONES.	Our Jesus is Redocuer;
Manager Gueipit Branch.	He died for you, for me; His heart was pierced, His blood was shed
Direction man and	Au' this eternal life is cors:
DURING THE FALL	We ken the Faither an' the Bou.
Careful House Cleaners,	Woll has one King but Josus!
And those who more will generally require	We've through Him in oor very hearts.
all Paper & Window Shades	Our Jesus is our Brither:
	He likes our very bairus; He puts his hands upon their heads;
A full supply of which can at all times be had at lowest prices at	An' Josus bad a Mither:
JOHN BMITH'S.	But oh! the foy, the grief o' her
Guelph.	Nec woman's tongue can tell; We'll had use King but Josus!
1 11101 5411	We've through Him in our very hearts, An' cause let him gang.
LINOLEUM,	Ali! Jesus is oor Kith an Kin:
TIMOL LO (III	He draws us a thegither: He tays we're a His Faither's bairus,
	Au eile to and anither. He bids us any Cour Faither "-
ELS. S. " Siberati" and " Terento."	Au' strive to mak His will be done
	We'll had use King but Josus!
Two large Shipments of the	We've through Him in our very hearts.
	An' canna let Him gang.
Finest Scotch	Gentle in word an' deed; His words fa' like the early dew;
-ixp-	He breaks use bruised reed. He didna score the sinfu' lass
nglish Linoleums	He saw her tager. He read her heart.
now ready for your inspection.	An' sent her hame forgiv'n We'll has use King but Jesus!
	We've throped Him in our very hourts.
In the second se	An' canna let liin: gang.
to RIGHT.	He saves us ane an'a': He kens oor sorrows, bears oor sins,
· 1. []	An's never far ave

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

- Stationery

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

V. KANNAWIN'S

MILL ST., ACTON.

A Little Talk About

SHOES

igures may lie and facts distorted be, at seeing is believing, come and see.

eck a Boo Boot and Shoe store is just now wing a number of new lines of Shoes and These new goods are being soid at prices as low or lower than those asked for old styles and shoprybody can be suited, for we have

s Wear, Ladies' Wear, Youth's Wear, Children Wear. Baby's Wear. al Lines, Good Goods, Newest Style and, Best value for the money at

W. Williams', Acton m work and repairing given careful attention. Trunks and values in variety.

-ACTON-UMP FACTORY PLANING MILL EBBAGE, Man.

The old Style Wooden Pump to the Best Force Pump made. Pumps for Wind Mills or Rock Wells supplied on short notice. - Deep Wells & Specialt

PRICES RIGHT EVERY TIME Our Planing Mill Lumber dressed while you walt. 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.

you'll never see me no more." And off I No article of the kind has given such satis I wasn't sure Jim hadn't got it, but knew about Bill. Bill was square. I went office-ways first. Then I turned THOS. EBBAGE, Manager back and went towards granny's. I felt purifies the blood. Sold by all druggets.

- 2+

like I'd die, and I wished I would. thought if I did, granny could tell 'em afterward. So up I went, and there she

KING BUT JESUS! stood at a table, starching, poor old soul! "Why, Benjio," says she, # what brings you home so early, and where's your hat?" Well, when she asked me that I broke down. I hadn't cried since I was a littl feller, but I ballowed then. in oor very bearta.

gang. "Oh, granny," says I, "some one stole my hat when I was a playin' miggled! tains bigh; graphy! granby!" that float oure-head. "Twasn't much fur a hat," suys she. the sky. "You don't know how much it was, the towerin, pince : granny." says I. "Your only one," says she. " Pour boy rough a'oor glens,

-Christian Leader.

An's never far ava.

Wi' saint au' seraphim.

For the in hear in He has His hame,

We'll bae me King but Jesus!

We waited for him lang;

We canne let Him gang.

We'll had nac King but Josus!

We've made oor Holy Tryst;

God beip us, ndo, to keep it true;

NAE KING, NAE KING BUT CHRIST.

Select Family Reading

The Office-Boy's Story.

BY MANY EVLE PALLAS.

He sent me to get Mr. Coles's bill, the

boss did, and he said to harry up. Well, I

ran all the way there, and Mr. Coles he

paid it, and it was forty dollars, and I took

and tucked it into my hat-band inside, in

the "sweat," as my uncle, that's a hatter,

calls it, for money has been snatched from

fellers, and fellers pockets have been pick-

Bill Riggs playing marbles, I stopped to

"Can't," says I "Doin' a narrand,"

worth, when all of a sudden Bill says:

I gave a howl and put my hand to

"Ob, fellers," says I, "dou't tease inc

Give it back. It's got suthing into it

they couldn't want a boy's old hat.

and Bill turned their pockets out, and

me feel their backs. They badn't got

suit with a chain on my leg. I'd better

"Oh, fellers! fellers!" says I. "Ol

"That's rough, Benjie," says Bill.

"You hadn't orter stopped to play with

"No," says I, "I hadn't orter. Wha

it was the swell pld gent. Pickpockets

-I didn't know.

and gone forever."

that is rough on you

s," says Jim."

rould you do?"

"I'd own up," says Bill.

money, and followed you up.

look stylish enough sometimes."

"Whoever's got lit, I'll never

"I'd run away," says Jim.

"Benjie, where's your bat ?"

My hat!

sead. It was bard

"Come and play," says they.

ed, you know.

His Kingdom is in human bearts :

We'll had not King but Hrs.

I'll lend you my night-cap to-marrow." ng but Jesus! "Don't laugh," says I. "It may be my lim lang; death, granny." im in oor very hearts. "Have you caught cold, Bengie?" says in gaug. she, " or were you ashamed of a bare head? er; . His blood was shed.

Sec, lad ; don't fret. It's all s joke. Your Uncle Frank did it. Your uncle the hatter. He'd brought you a new hat from the shop, and seeing you playing in the street, just blind and deaf to everything, be slipped off with your old one to tease you. There's the bright new hat on the shelf in a paper, lined with silk and the picture of a cherub m in oor very hearts, inside, on a bit of gold paper, a looking out of a window with his brother."

"Uncle Frank took my hat, and it's safe? Oh, granny, say it over! It's too good to be true!" "Yes, it is true," said grruny. "There's the new hat."

And where's the old one ?" said I. "I sold it to an old-clothes man for five cents," said she. "A penny saved is u la oct very hearts. penny got. Your uncle said you mustn't wear hats like that, and him in the busi I gave a groun, and dropped down on the

"It's gone," said I. "Granny, there was something in it. Money of the boss's." " Lord help us, child! Go and look for him!" shrieked granny; and away I went, in cornery licerts.

down the stairs, up the street; but no oldclothes man could I find, and now there was nothing for it but to go to the office and fell all. I was blind, and giddy, and sick ; and I was glad the boss was busy just then. sat down on a bench to get strength to speak, and I had just got it, when he called "Ben," says he, "did Cofes pay?" "Yes, sir," said I, "he did: I-"

"Any old pants to sell-old coats, cooks!" said somebody at the door I turned with a jump, and saw an clothes man preping in at the door, and I

rushed at him. " Here," said I, "here! Come here! " por tuar The boss roared was in the street. "I've lost my hat," said I

sell me one !" He hands opr heart; we manns pairt; " Vell, you can see vat I have," said man, opening his bag. "Ben!" roared the boss, who had a temper of his own.

> "Yes, sir," says I; and as I spoke I mw my old hat, with a hole in the crown, and grabbed it. "Lemme try it on at the glass," says L

> The clothes man grinned, and nodded. went into the office. I felt the bunch of bills under the sweat-band of the cap, and with my back to the old man I pulled it

Mr. Coles's money," and I laid it

I don't know what came over me just then, but I didn't know anything more, and I tumbled in a heap on the floor. Guess

When I came to, the clothes man had sheared off with my old hat, and the boss Nobody wanted my old hat, and I felt as | was giving me a glass of wine; and he was safe as a bank with the money that was so sort o' good to me that I up and fold him all about it, and about granny, and all; and And so going home, when I saw Jim and I dunno why he raised my wages half a dollar, but he did, that very next week.

> WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BE DROWNED.

"Ob, pshaw!" says they, "just one A yacthsman, who fell into the wat and was only rescued after he had lost & Weil, I thought I had time enough, and I consciousness, thus describes his gave in, and at it we went-and I go into ence: The sensation of drowning is anything when I do go into it, I do-and-I strangest in the world. Being so unlik was playing, I can tell you, for all I was anything I am acquainted with in my date life I am at a loss for comparison. I weh down, of course, three times, the way all (drowning people do. The first time I had no thought of death, simply of life, for which I struggled with all my strength But no help came, and as I saw the shore fade from my view as the waters closed But Jim and Bill both swore they hadn't over my head a sadden transition in thought got it, and nobody had passed by but two and feeling came over me. In a flash I old ladies and a big gentleman, a regular realized that I was doomed, that my hour swell, they said. I hadn't seen 'em-but had come, and that a wide and illimitable future would momentarily be revealed me. Then again the struggle of mind and body against the elements. I must live ; must not die. I was not ready to die.

And I looked high and I looked low, and felt as if I was going crazy, for I couldn't life has been so short, and so much remain ed unfulfilled. In one great and overpower ing flood of feeling there suddenly rusted prison. And I thought, considering what over me all my deeds of other days, all the my old granny would say to me, and how wrong I had ever done, all the evil of my she'd feel if she was to see me in a striped life, all the short-comings, failings and weakness of my past career. A frenzy hang myself, only that was wicked and no terror possessed me. Then came a sudde knowing where I'd go to. If I was to rur transition from the horrible to ecstatic away it would be about as bad for granny. The waves became soft as downy pillows And if I was to offer to pay it up out of my the noises in my cars were changed to wages, I only got two dollars a week, and delicious, sleep-inspiring harmonies, while two times twenty is forty, and twenty my thoughts themselves became sweet and weeks is most six months; and a feller has soothing as in some vague, enchanting to have shoes, and I give one to granny for dream. The numbness that stole over m my board, and how she'd get me any with senses was the dull, cold touch of death out it-for washing don't bring in a fortune but to me it was also the fullness and the ecstasy of life. When I was finally resur citated they told me I had been down sever fellers! I'm just done for! It's all over minutes, and that even the bravest smo with me. I've falled. I wish somebody them had given up hope.

would kill me, for there was money in that hat that belongs to the boss, and it's stole WESLEY AND METHODISM. The centenary of John Wesley's death is rapidly approaching. It was at the close of February, 1791, that the founder this Church completed his apostoli

copmemorated by the millions of adherents; but even that statement only faintly represents the mighty influence whuch the Wesleyau revival has had upon Christendom -Alethodist Times. There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' again," says I. "Good-by, fellers. Maybe Worm Exterminator for destroying worms.

> Catarrh indicates impure blood, and to cure it, take Hood's Serserarille, which

OWN-MORAL

Hildegarde Lyvelt had just come down to breakfast. Miss Lyvelt was almost always late at She was one of those young ladies who seldom trouble themselves about the convenience or inconvenience of others as regards their own self-indulgence.

. Miss Lyvelt, moreover, "went but" good deal, and balls, soirces, and evening receptions do not correspond with early

Mrs. Lyvelt, a gentle, weak-eyed little woman, who sat in an apologetic manner bobind the coffee urn, was, to tell the truth afraid of her tall, handsome daughter, who came into the room like a fresh breeze, and seemed actually to light it up with her bril liant dark eyes and shining braids of auborn hair.

The eldest Miss Lyvelt | who was literary, was already, settled down at her desk in the snuny window-the second Miss Ly velt, who was domestic, was engaged in looking over a basket of table linen-but Hildergarde, the acknowledged beauty of the family pretended to no specialite. "I shall marry rich," said Miss Hilde.

And really her pretty face and stylish manner seemed almost to authorize her in

" Well, dear, and how did you enjoy the ball last night ?" said Mrs. Lyvelt, and she poured out a cup of hot coffee and pushed the plate of toast towards her daughter. "Ob, well enough," said Hildegarde, indifferetly. "Bat, ob, mamma!" brightening enddenly up, " who do you suppose I

net there ?" "I don't know, I'm sure," said Mrs. Ly relt. "Who was it?"

"Norton Wylde." "No!" ejaculated Mrs. Lyvelt, while Eleonora looked up from her translations and Sophia dropped her ball of darning

"Yes," said Hildegarde, stirring the ream into her coffee, "he has returned and Mrs. Steyver tells me has made a great "Does be admire you as much as ever

darling?" asked Mrs. Lyvelt, smiling.

"I don't think there's much doubt that, mamma," retorned Hildegarde, with a conscious toes of her pretty young head. "He waitzed twice with me. You can't think how he has improved since he went away. And he's to call here this evening. 1 always told you I should marry rich mamma, and I rather think the bour and the face.

"I'm sure I hope so, dear," said Mrs Lyvett, rather dejectedly, " for paps is but I really getting quits outrageous about the bills for kid gloves and bouquets, and Mme. Beaumapoir's little account ----"Bat ch, mamma," recklessly interrupted | degarde.

Hildegarde, "he saked me for that plant he gave me before he went away-that white gardenis, you know." "And I told him I had watered it ever

night and morning during his absence What else could I say ? He meant it for a sort of gage d'amour, you know, and i wouldn't do to own that I had forgotten all about it and let it die."

"Oh, Hildegarde, did you let it die? asked Eleonora, reproachfully. "Of course I did," said the beauty "Here, sir," said I to the boss ; "here's "What did I care for it? Norton Wylde was a poor man then-he's a rich man

"And what will be say?" demanded

"That's the question," said Hildegarde. "He muen't know. I must obtain a white gardenia somewhere or other before to night to reproduce the one I have wept and mused over during his absence."

And she laughed sarcastically. "Oh, Hildegard", what a hyprocrite you are!" cried out Sophis.

"I'm no worse than other girls," retorted "I saw a lovely gardenia at the florist's

last week," remarked Eleonors, "but they saked a pound for it." "I haven't got s pound to spare, and

that's the end of it," said Hildegarde, knif-"Lucy Parke has one in bloom, said Sophia. "I was looking at it only yester-

day and wondering how it was that poor folks can keep such exquisite plants." Who's Lucy Parke ?". "She does sewing for me," said Sophis

Mrs. Hoyt of our Doress society, recom mended her. Supports an old uncle, o something of that sort, I believe I never should have thought of the thing again if you hadn't chanced to mention a white "Good," said Hildegarde, "It shall be

"I dont think she'd sell it."

" I'll have it anyway," asserted the im perious young beauty. "What's her No. 19 Raven lane, third floor front.

said Sophia, referring to a little memorandum book in the drawer of her work stand. "It's 'rather a poverty stricken sort of place, but---"I dont care," said Hildegarde. I'll go

Lucy Parke was very busy that da finishing an order for Miss Sophia Lyvely She was a pale, pretty girl, with regular Grecian features, glossy black tresses, and an air of lady-like refinement which one would scarcely expect to find in a mere sewing girl. Lucy had not always occupied that

humble sphere. She, too, had had her dreams of a higher, more luxurious atmosphere, from which sias! she had awakened to the dull, real;

But Lucy's heart was lighter than usual. for a generous friend was even then sitting in the adjoining room with her old uncle, and through the partially open door she could hear his voice. "Do you think, Abner Clarke, I would

let my father's old clerk, the man who had broken down and grown gray to his service. suffer from want? Before I went away I was almost as poor as yourself; but now that I have succeeded in amassing . little money, I am going to make you comfortable. Yes, I know Lucy is a good girl-

Lucy good, and-" imperious rap at the outer door.

modity, poor child, she stood sadly in need And Miss Hildegarde Lyvelt swung in hang with jewellery, scented with a faint

odor of violets, and dressed in the very extreme of fashion. "I see you don't know me," she said in some surprise. " I am Miss Lyvelt, sister to the young lady who ocassionly employs

Lucy bowed. "And," added Hildegarde, looking past her at the superb, creamy blossom which rose like a royal crown out of its glossy green leaves, I want to buy that gardenia.

"It is not for sale," said Lucy, coloring deeply. "It was my mother's. She raised it from a slip before she died, and-" "I dare say." coldly interrupted Hildegarde: but poor people oughtu't to talk nonsense about sentiment. I see with a glance, "that you need money, I'll give you half a crown for that plant,

"It is not for sale," remated Lucy, constrainedly. "Then you don't mean to oblige me," haughtily spoke out Hildegarde. "Very well; if you presist in your obstinacy, it will be the worse for you. I will tell my sister Sophia to withdraw her custom from you at once. Don't be an idiot; lis ten to the common sense of the thing.

Hero's half a crown; just wrap up the plant up and let me take it away." "Bat, Miss Lyvelt -- " "I have no time to argue the matter, interrupted Hildegarde. "Yes or no? your best customera."

want the flower, and my sister is one of And Hildegarde Lyvelt triumphantly bore the snowy-blossoms away.

Her lootsteps had scarcely died out on the threshold before Uncle Abner's friend bent pityingly over Lucy's drooping brow. "What, crying, Lucy! And only because that handsome visage has stolen away your one little flower. Believe me, hild she is not worth one of those glitter ing diamonds. I will fill your windows

with flowers before night fall." "You are very kind," faltered poor Lucy trying to smile; "but-but they will not b my mother's gardenia." Miss Lyvelt was in her most enchanting toilette when Mr. Wylde called that oven-

And on a gilded tripod in the window stood poor Lucy Parke's cream white

sweetly, "how I have treasured it for your

"Norton Wylde looked her straight in "Do you mean," said he, in that cold.

blant way of his that somehow jarred upon her pretty conventionalities "that this is the same flower I gave you before I went | ing at it?

"Of course it is," said unconscious Hil-"Miss Lyvelt, said Norton Wylde, draw

ing himself to his full height, "you are s woman-and from a woman's lips false. hood comes with a double distilled terror. You brought this flower from Lucy Parke's house to-day; you wiled it from her threats and entreaties alike. And now you would palm it off upon me for the same gave you three years ago!"

Hildegarde stood with crimsoned cheek, and fingers working nervously together- stops

The platitudes which she would fain have uttered died away on her lips-she only felt that she had played out her game and lost it.

Norton Wilde took his leave-and when Mrs. Lyvelt and the girls harried in to enquire the reason of his unexepected brief sojourn, they found Hildegarde in a storm | hoofs?

of passionate tears. .That was the end of her hopes on the subject of Norton Wylde.

And six months afterwards, when they heard of his marriage to Lucy Parke, eyebrows, and contemptuously remarked : | your eyes shut !

"After all, Norten Wylde always had

COING!-GOING!-GONE!"

Life flies so fast the years seem to be date at the head of one's letters. 1890 is almost over; and last January it seemed such a comical thing that it should be 1890. None of us know what date will figure on our tomb-stones; but we all fancy that it will be a long, long time yet before the stone cutter will have the " job." But we cannot part the leaves of an old magazine or take up an old paper, without being reminded that one who was here a year ago is not here to-day. The world could not do without "him" then, or the fashionable intelligence was full of "her"-her dress

her receptions, her "intentions." life goes on very nicely just the same, except to those who have loved and lost. It is almost too great a pain to endure to read old letters again, or to go to old places. Sometimes one wants to stop the clock, i that would only do any good, there is s much left yet, and old Time is so ready to cut it down, reaping, as he goes, amongst joys and loves and hopes so pitilessly, and

I never can feel that the world is not neant to be a happy place. I think but for sin and that cruel auctioneer, death, with his perpetual "going! going! gone!", it would be as nice a place as any one could want. Alas! that is a big "but," which spoils all. We stand powerless and be-

wildered! What does it all mean? Can more to bear-at least keep the joys and remnant of youth we have? No, there is no pause; no station except that of the grave, for this express train in which we fly past everything-on, on, on! Surely, if there is an argument needed in

world it is that this one has no stopping place. Nothing else could be worth hurryng so for, not even being through with all

"I TOLD YOU SO."

An old lady, who was in the habit of day very nicely sold by her worthy spouse, and a pretty girl-but that's no resson she | who, like many another we have heard of, should toil herselt into consumption. I've had got tired of her eternal "I told you so!" bought that Whartley place, and you shall Rushing into the house, breathless with exbe the lodge-keeper at a good salary. citement, he dropped into his chair, elevated There's a pretty little house for you and his hands, and exclaimed: "O, wife, wife; your old wife, and the country air will do What-what-what do you think? The old brindle cow has gone and eat up our But just then the girl's attention was grindstone!" The old lady was ready, and called off the cherry monologue by a sharp, hardly waiting to hear the last word, she broke out at the top of her lungs: "I fold She opened it, supposing the new comer you so, you old fool! I told you so! You to be a chance oustomer, of which cont- always let it stan' out-a-doors!"

Far from beine our Willie wandered From our bappy home; Long and deeply mother sorrows While her boy did roam : I'nie her features grew and pale

And her form more bent

But no word there came from '

Telling where he went. Had he gone to seek his fortune In the Western States? Woolng e'er the fickle goddest At the golden gated? Had he gone in wild adventure On the treacherous sca?

Naught we knew or c'en could fanc Not a word wrote be. Every day the face of mother Grew mere wan and thin When the day closed in.

By the gate site stood at evining Every eve she watched the cattle Wend their-beneward way: By the gate she'd wait for Willie At the close of day. is she faded, faded slowly. Growing thin and white. She could only whisper : " Willie

Sure will come some night; Sure, some evening bright and tender He will come again. As he used to come to mother Up the meedow lane.? And ondere when fell the shadow

In the lane so still. Mother on her paliet whispered " Tis the step of Will !" And her fading eye grew brighter. . . Though no sound we heard, While around her bedside gathered-No one spoke a word. Then there cama a noise of tappin

Willie stepped within the ballway Opened wide the door. Just one tender imile of greeting-

Mother was so more -By R. K. Munkittrick NOT TAUCHT IN SCHOOL

some Things the Perceptive Faculties Should be Taught to do.

The following list of questions, in the line of developing the perceptive deculties, has been compiled by Louis Stockton :-When you go to your room at night can you walk directly to the match box and ant your hand on it?

your room, do you have to fumble for the door, or can you go straight across the room and take hold of the knob? Can you at night walk among the trees without running into them, or jkeep the

When you turn out your light and leave

garden pathetis directly as you would were it daylight? If you wish to estimate the size of anything, do you know enough of feet and

inches to make a fair guess by simply look-Can you guess the height of a hat b

Can you calculate the weight of a book a box of matches, a bat, a ball, a glass of water, a letter, by holding it in your hand? If you hear street cars, where there is a double track, can you tell by the sound which way they are going?

If you are near a river, can you locate steamboat by sound?

Can you use your knowledge of music in analyzing the progressions of a steam whistle? Can you tell on which tone

kind of a flower is put to your Can you tell from the bark of the tree the points of the compass?

Can you, by listening, tell what kind of a vehicle is coming, and how many horses are attached to it? Do you know the difference in sound made by four and by eight Can you match colors without samples

carry colors and shades in your memory? By the touch only can't you tell which material is cotton, which is woollen? Can you from a bunch of different colored Hildegarde Lyvelt elevated her handsome | zephyrs pick out a black strand, keeping

low tastes. To think of his marrying a kind of meat you are cuting? Can you decide what flavor has been used in a glass of

Does a rose patal taste like that of a

In short, do you use your senses? Do you train your observation, and then

member what you observe !

THE OYSTER. "Once upon a time," runs a legend of an apocryphal period, treating of the discovery of the oyster, "la man of melancholy mood, walking by the and sea waves, espied a renerable oyster bideous with clinging parasites and sea weeds. So ugly was the object and so dukindly the mood of the man, that he kicked it before him juntil. rotesting at such appears treatment, the syster gaped wide with amazement and grath to its own everlasting undoing, for by this act it laid bare the luscious, cream. colored treasures within. Curiosity for the moment getting the better of his gloom the man inserted his finger and thumb between he shells and lifted the creature for closer inspection, Prompt to resent this insult added to injury, the outraged molinak snapped his pearly door upon the intruder's fugers. Releasing the wounded digit the man naturally gut it to his mouth to scothe the pain, which was quickly forgotten in "Good," said he, and sucked his thumb

" And then the fact of his great discovery burst upon him, and then and there, with no other condiment than the juice of the animal, with no reaming brown stout or pale chablis to add zest, with no thinlycut, well-buttered brown bread, did that solitary, anonymous, but no longer melancholy man, inaugurate the oyster banquet." -New York Herald. It was Ben Johnson, we believe, who,

when asked Mallock's question, "Is life" worth living?" replied "That depends on the liver." And Ben Johnson doubtless saw the double point to the pan. The liver active-quick-life rosy, everything bright, mountains of thouble melt like mountains of snow. The liver aluggish-life dull, everything blue, molehills of worry rise into mountains of anxiety, and as the result—set headache, dizziness, consupation Two ways are open, cure permanently, or suffer, or take a pill and get well. Shock the system by an overdose, or coax it by a mild, pleasant way. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are th

mild means. They work effectually, with. out pain, and leave the system strong. One, little, sugar-coated pellet is enough, although a whole vial costs but 95 cents. Mild, gentle, soothing and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarria Remedy, 'Only 50 cents:

by druggists.