The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press.

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Business Directory.

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Office open every day and the very latest methods in dentistry practiced.
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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
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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.

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Parties placing their sales or other business in our hands will have the same promptly attended to at moderate charges.
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Border and Ceiling stock to match all our Papers.
We have ten times the largest stock, the newest styles and softest colorings.
We give you the lowest prices and best assortment at
DAY'S - - BOOKSTORE.
GUELPH.
DAY + SELLS + CHEAP.

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A SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
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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.

STEEL ENGRAVINGS.
Proof Etchings, Colored Pictures, Book and Picture Mouldings
IVORY OAK FRAMES SILVER GILT
ARTISTS' MATERIALS.
A full stock of Winsor & Newton's Flake White.
Double Tubes Roman Vase
Half Doz. Finest Frames, Imperial Size
5 Feet Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 25c
Our Wall papers
Are said to be the best selected in the city
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ESTABLISHED 1877
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GUELPH, ONTARIO.
YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN educated for successful business, taught how to earn a living, make money and become enterprising, useful citizens.
ACTUAL BUSINESS, both in theory and practice, giving daily experience in Merchandising, Banking and Office Work, a feature of our course of training.
SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING—the best hand for educated young ladies. Students wishing to become shorthand writers are thoroughly drilled in Business Correspondence. Those wishing to become general verbatim reporters are given special advantages afforded by no other school in the country.
PENMANSHIP for business, drawing and ornamental work, taught by two expert penmen, of long teaching experience.
THE FRENCH LANGUAGE is taught by the latest development of the "Natural Method," and with remarkable results.
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Sash and Door Factory.
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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 keep a stock on hand. All orders promptly attended to.
JOHN CAMERON.

—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 9 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order.
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
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FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
ESTABLISHED 1840.
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Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of insurable property, on the Cash and Premium Note System.
F. W. STONE, President. CHAS. DAVIDSON, Manager.
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Hamilton's Marble Works.
HAMILTON'S Block (formerly Hatch's Block), the gore, corner of Woolwich and Norfolk streets, Guelph, Ont.
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 getting all superior articles at a cheaper rate than any other dealer in the West.
N. B.—15 per cent. off on a direct order received for the next 30 days.

PICKET WIRE FENCING
Is a combination of pickets and wire combined, making it inseparable, durable and the most perfect fence on earth, it destroys no ground whatever, and if beauty be considered an advantage, it is the neatest and handsomest fence made. Don't forget your money in a board fence when you can save nearly one-half and then have a better fence at the end. Just try it and if not satisfactory send it back and we will pay freight both ways. We mean what we say and are ready to stand the consequence.
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The Traders' Bank OF CANADA.
(Incorporated by Act of Parliament.)
HEAD OFFICE. TORONTO
CAPITAL AUTHORIZED $1,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP 600,000
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GUELPH BRANCH,
Corner of Wyndham and Quebec Streets.
Advances made to farmers on their own notes at the lowest current rate of interest.
Sales' and other notes collected promptly. No charge made for collecting.
Four per cent. interest paid on daily balances of sums of $1 and upwards deposited in the Savings Bank Department and compounded every six months.
Special arrangements can be made for sums deposited in the Deposit Receipt Department for stated periods. Drafts issued and payable in all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain at very low rates.
A general banking business transacted.
A. F. H. JONES, Manager Guelph Branch.
Guelph, December, 1890.

SEASON 1891.
Binder Twine
BEST BRANDS.
"Silver Composite."
"Crown."
"Red Cap."
"Blue Ribbon."
BOTTOM WHOLESALE PRICES ON APPLICATION.
JOHN M. BOND & CO.
GUELPH.

CRINDELL'S
MACHINE & REPAIR SHOP
In addition to machinery repairing I am now prepared to do
HORSE SHOEING & General Blacksmithing.
In a most satisfactory manner. Woolwork repairs also made.
Careful attention given to all work brought in.
Any machine or implement by whomsoever manufactured will be repaired in a workmanlike manner.
Plow and machinery repairs constantly on hand.
HENRY GRINDELL.

- - SEASON---1891 - -
WHILE returning thanks to our many patrons for their liberal support in the past, we wish to inform you that we have entered into an arrangement with H. Stewart, Guelph, to keep constantly on hand a full stock of the ordinary sizes of
Sash, Doors, Etc.
and will also supply any special sizes on short notice at Guelph prices.
Frames of All Kinds
made to order. We also keep in stock a line of Base, Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, &c.
Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait.
Price—$1.50 per M.
PUMPS
Being better able than heretofore we will supply either wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

IRELAND'S
Desiccated Wheat
For Dyspeptics and anyone with weak digestion.
TRY IT.
THE IRELAND NATIONAL FOOD CO., (Ltd.)
TORONTO

THIRD YEAR IN CANADA FOR
Cline's Portable Foot Heater.
Over 500,000 in use in Canada and the United States.
Ten Hours Solid Comfort for 2c.
Invaluable for use in all sorts of vehicles, in the household, and in stores and offices.
Now is the time to send in your orders. Write for samples and prices to
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AGENTS WANTED.

J. C. NELSON
WANTS
TO SEE
YOU
For he has what will suit you
—IN—
DRY GOODS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
AND GROCERIES.
A TRIAL SOLICITED.

Poetry.

I LOVE HIM ALL THE MORE, SIR.

You say you've lost your heart to me,
And call me quite a charmer;
You tell me that my lover dear
Is nothing but a farmer:
He likes to toil in honest soil;
I know it all before, sir,
And as he is a farmer lad, I
I love him all the more, sir.

I do, indeed! I hope you heed
My story told before, sir;
If you despise the lad I prize,
I love him all the more, sir.

You say my lover offers me
A cot, and more! the pity!
That I shall have as your fair bride
A mansion in the city.
Ah, no, sir, thanks! That cot outranks
The palaces of store, sir,
For each sweet rose that round it blows
I love him all the more, sir.
You tell me you would die for me;
Your love you cannot smother;
I'm sorry, sir, but John and I
Would die for one another.
My farmer boy, he brings me joy;
I hear him at the door, sir;
You'd better go; it you're his foe,
I love him all the more, sir.

I do, indeed; I hope you heed
My story told before, sir;
If you despise the lad I prize,
I love him all the more sir.

—*Mrs. M. A. Kidder.*

Select Family Reading.

The Unruly Tongue.

BY SALMANUS CUBB, JR.

"Look you, Miss Palmer! If you stick yourself in the way again when Mr. Allen is here you'll be likely to get your walking-papers! Don't flatter yourself with the idea that you are a necessary fixture here. Because your father happened to be my father's cousin is no reason why you should put on airs.— Don't answer me! I only ask you to keep out of my way, and especially do you keep out of Mr. Allen's way. There! Go! You know what I mean."

And with this Irene Minturn swept proudly on her way, thereby running into the arms of her mother, who had entered the room while she had been speaking.

Irene Minturn was a young lady of two-and-twenty; tall and shapely,—she loved to fancy herself queenly,—with a face certainly handsome; hair dark and glossy; eyes large and full, with a fiery snap in their changeful lights; the other features of statuesque regularity; the one prominent characteristic present in every look and every tone being pride.

Her mother was a small meek-faced woman, proud of her queenly daughter, and by her governed in many things.

Lizzie Palmer—just now called *Miss Palmer* by Irene,—was a blue-eyed, golden-haired girl of nineteen, rather below the medium height of woman, but of perfect form, light and graceful, with bounding health and vigor in every motion and in every tone, as well as in the hearty ring of her genuine laughter. Her face was a study. An artist looking for some special type of beauty for his canvas—if he sought only beauty,—would never select her; but if he wanted a face for a Pandora, thinking more of character than of outlined beauty, or did he seek a face that should typify love, to be loved in return, then he would have looked no further.

Lizzie was a sort of Cinderella in the merchant's family. In the other years, when she had been but a child, her father had been Mr. Minturn's partner in business. They were own cousins—Minturn and Palmer,—and had entered into business on equal footing. At the end of a dozen years they had failed, but the failure was not at all disgraceful. The failure of Western firms, deeply indebted to them, had brought them down, and forced them to make the best settlement they could; and they had been able to offer a settlement that was accepted; so that they were once again clear and free to enter into business in their own names.

The shock of the failure, however, had proved too much for Thomas Palmer. Never very strong, the shame and chagrin on account of the business collapse had so far worked upon his sensitive nature that his life paid the penalty. He passed away while the plans for renewal of business were being discussed, and on his dying bed he had left one solemn trust to his old friend and partner:—and that was his child, Lizzie, then ten years of age. His wife had been dead four years, at that time and the darling daughter was all he had left on earth, of his own kith and kin, to love. Almost the last words he had spoken to his partner were those that had placed Lizzie in his charge.

And Minturn had promised, solemnly, that he would not fail to watch over her.

So Thomas Palmer had died content. He had left his child in hands that he believed could not fail; and he had no more to ask.

Nine years had passed away since that time. James Minturn went into the new business very shortly after the death of his former partner, and he has been prospered in every way. In short, he has become a wealthy man. But—how has he kept the faith with Thomas Palmer? How do we find the child that the dying father left in his care and keeping?

Still, if there has been a failure, the blame may not all be laid upon him. He has but little to do with his home. Nor can the blame be laid upon his wife, for she is naturally a good-hearted woman, and would have treated Lizzie as a child of her own, had not her own child prevented.

Aye—her own child—Irene Minturn. Upon her shoulders must rest the blame for Lizzie's treatment, and we are forced to declare that the treatment had not been what Thomas Palmer had supposed it would be. Lizzie Palmer knew very well what Mr. Minturn had promised her father, she remembered how the strong, well merchant had held her in his arms, and kissed her, and promised to make her life pleasant, so far as he could. And she knew how the promise had failed of its fulfilment but she had no blame in her heart for Mr. Minturn. In short, and in truth, she blamed nobody. She sorrowed in her sufferings, and pitied Irene for the smallness of her nature and the hardness of her heart. She knew that Irene's jealous disposition was the source of all her trouble, and she felt that she would rather bear what she was called upon to bear than to carry in her bosom the feelings that prompted her foster-sister.

We saw Irene stumble into her mother's arms.

"O, my child! my child!" the mother cried when the other girl had disappeared "why will you not curb that unruly tongue of yours? Why should you speak to Lizzie in that manner? Since when you have come to call her *Miss Palmer!* Irene, as sure as you live, evil, and only evil, can come of such a tongue. You know that Lizzie would not willingly cross your path in any way."

"Mamma, I wish you wouldn't preach. I shall talk to Lizzie Palmer just as she deserves. Why did she stick herself into Charles Allen's way last evening?"

"Irene," pleaded the mother, with all the persuasion she could command, "I would not uphold Lizzie in any wrong, and you know it. When she came into the hall last evening she had no idea that she would meet Charles Allen there. In fact, I do not think she knew he was in the house."

"Oh, you needn't tell me that! You don't know how much duplicity the little minx can carry beneath that pink-and-white complexion of hers. Mamma, don't you want me to marry Charley Allen?"

"My dear child," the mother replied, with extraordinary energy, "that event is the dearest wish of my life. When I can see you the willing wife of Charles Allen I shall be content, so far as your earthly interests are concerned. I do not think of his wealth of gold and silver—though it is far, far beyond the wealth of your father—so much as I do of his wealth of mind, of character, his standing in society, and his good name wherever he is known. My daughter, I cannot tell you how anxious I am that you should be his wife, but"—and here Mrs. Minturn laid a finger upon her daughter's lips, with a significant shake of the head, as she proceeded—"Irene, should Charles Allen once hear that tongue of yours as I heard it but a few minutes since he would turn from you in fear and trembling."

At this the girl laughed—a noisy, grating laugh—and, with a snap of her fingers, she waltzed away, singing:

"I'll not marry you, my pretty maid.
Nobody asked you to, sir," she said.

While her mother, with another sad and dispirited shake of the head, went her way.

"My dear young lady, what is the matter? Have you met with an accident? Can I assist you in any way?"

Lizzie Palmer was sitting in the small, vine-clad arbor, in the garden, weeping bitterly, when the words fell upon her ear, and on looking up she beheld Charles Allen.

"No, no," she answered, as soon as she could sufficiently control her emotions, "I have met with no accident. I am very foolish.—I was thinking—thinking,—and—O! forget it, sir. There! I will weep no more."

Instead of going away, however, the young man sat down by her side. No wonder was it that Irene Minturn wanted him for her husband, and we cannot wonder that her mother had praised him, for he was, truly, all that the most fastidious maiden could have desired in a partner for life. He was five-and-twenty years of age, tall and symmetrical of form, with dark gray eyes, brilliant and expressive, and a face of the very highest type of beauty. His father, dying, had left him not only in possession of a large fortune, but of a large and flourishing business as well, a business which was prospering more and more under his care and supervision. He was known to be the very soul of honor, and honorable men loved to deal with him.

"Pardon me, Miss Palmer, for the liberty I have taken, but I saw you come into the garden, and having an earnest desire to ask you a few questions, I seized this opportunity. Am I pardoned?"

She looked up into his frank, manly face, and the smile she there met called an answering smile from herself, a smile that wreathed her ruby lips and danced brightly in her azure eyes. The smile was pardon enough, and he went on:

"I wanted to ask you if you were ever with your father spending a time, a few weeks, perhaps, at the old Fabyan House, near the foot of Mount Washington?"

A surprised look came into the girl's beautiful face.

"Yes," she said, quickly. "It was the last place I ever went away with my papa. He went to that mountain region hoping to benefit his health, but, alas! it did not save him." A brief pause, and then she added: "O, yes, I remember it well. I was almost ten years old."

"And have you forgotten the tearing, noisy boy who tried to teach you how to ride one of those mountain ponies?"

A bright light flashed across Lizzie's face. Aye, she remembered it perfectly. She gave a searching glance into the face of her companion and said:

"Oh, it comes back to me now. Yes, and you were the boy of that time!"

"Yes. I was there with my father, and he, too, was there in search of health, a health, alas! which he was never more to regain."

It was a pleasant chat followed. Allen had forgotten the name of the bright-eyed, sunny-faced little girl with whom he had enjoyed so much at the mountains, but the first time he saw her face in Mr. Minturn's hall he had been wonderfully impressed by it.

"And," he said, "last evening when I met you in the hall a second time the full remembrance came to me, and I resolved to know the truth."

Then he explained further how he had chanced to see her in the garden at this present time. He had called to speak with Miss Minturn about a party which they were to attend that evening.

"I had done my errand," he went on, "and in passing the door opening on to the rear piazza, I thought I would slip out into the garden and pluck a rose-bud for my button-hole. I did so, and saw you, and I am thankful that I came. I love to cherish the blessed memories of childhood, and surely the memory we have revived is a pleasant one."

Before he went away he found a pretty rose-bud, which he persuaded Lizzie to pin into his button-hole. If her hand trembled while she did it we cannot wonder.

A week later, on the seventh day after meeting in the garden, just as the shades of evening were falling, Charles Allen and Lizzie Palmer again met in the great hall. He had just come from the drawing-room where he had been conferring with Mrs. Minturn and Irene about the opera, to which he had promised to take them, and when he had taken his hat from the tree the thought struck him that there was light enough left in the garden to enable him to select a rose-bud—he was a dear lover of roses—and he had turned to the rear door for that purpose just as she, coming from the kitchen below, had arrived at that point.

He was evidently surprised upon beholding this young lady—an adopted of the daughter wealthy merchant—habited in a garb of toil, like any common servant girl. He knew the whole story of her adoption by Mr. Minturn, as that man himself had told it; and he knew a certain fact which, perhaps, Mr. Minturn would not have told him. He knew that there had been paid into Minturn's hands, since Mr. Palmer's death, more than ten thousand dollars on account of the old firm. So he wondered at seeing the beautiful young girl in the garb of a Cinderella.

Presently Irene came out into the hall, and found Lizzie standing there, with tears trickling down her cheeks.

"Ha! Didn't I hear you speaking with Mr. Allen?"

The poor girl's look, as she wiped away her tears, was answer enough.

"And what are you snivelling at? What are you crying about?"

"O! Irene," the girl exclaimed, with a burst of anguish, "it cut me deeply to have Mr. Allen find me in this garb of drudgery, at this hour of the day!"

"Baggage! Sneaking, good-for-nothing pauper! What did I tell you? There! Take that! I'll teach you to lie in wait for that man every time he comes here?" And as she spoke, she gave the shrinking girl a blow upon the cheek, with the flat of her hand, that staggered her.

At that moment Mrs. Minturn came out and Lizzie fled away to her own chamber, leaving mother and daughter to themselves.

But there had been another witness of the scene. Charles Allen had found his rose, and on his way back, he reached the piazza, when glancing through the glass door, he had seen Irene come out from the rear drawing-room. At sight of her he stopped, simply to wait until she had passed, and thus he was an unwilling witness to the scene that followed. Realizing then that Irene believed him to be gone, and with no heart to meet any one of the family, he slipped back into the garden, and made his exit by scaling the wall.

That evening Charles Allen came, with his own carriage, and accompanied Mrs. Minturn and Irene to the opera, but it was a chilling, comfortless affair. He was suffering all that disgust and bitterness can cause a man to suffer, while they were deeply ruffled in spirit by a remembrance of the passage in the hall.

On the next day Charles Allen called upon Mr. Minturn, at his counting-house, and asked for a private conference. With the doors closed, and the keys turned in the locks, he told the old merchant that any thought of marriage between himself and Irene must be forever put away. And then, to the disappointed, chagrined man, he told, frankly, his story, told how he had for a long time feared that Irene's unruly tongue would make him miserable if she were his wife, and, then, of the scene which he had witnessed on the previous evening.

At first Mr. Minturn was inclined to be angry, but the young man's manner was so dignified, and so entirely manly, so calm, and, moreover, there was so much of right on his side, that he could not do else than bow in humble submission. There was a lengthy conversation, but that was its sum and substance. Finally, something that fell from Allen's lips caused the old merchant to look up with a start.

"Ah! Do you think of looking to Lizzie Palmer for her hand in marriage?"

The young man raised himself proudly erect as he answered:

"Yes sir, if she will have me. But the thought never occurred to me, not a shadow of such a possibility, until since the event of the past evening."

"You have thought rapidly, it seems to me!" Minturn said, with a spice of irony in look and tone.

"Thoughts, Mr. Minturn, are the creatures of a moment. But I must tell you, I have known that young lady longer than you think. I spent two or three weeks in her society, at the White Mountains, nine years ago. That was shortly before her father's death."

But little more was said, when Charles Allen arose and took his hat. He stood for a moment, hat in hand, and then rested a finger upon his friend's shoulder.

"Mr. Minturn, as yet I have spoken no word to Miss Palmer of that of which we have spoken, but I shall do so, and I shall look to you to protect her from suffering on my account. You know what I mean. And, sir, one word more." His voice sank to a whisper as he added:

"If you have any business matters to settle with Miss Palmer—matters relating to the business of yourself and her father—you will find it very much easier to settle with my wife, than with any one else!"

And with this he left the counting-room, left the old merchant looking like a man who had been stricken a heavy blow.

Mr. Minturn went to his home that evening sober and thoughtful. His wife and daughter asked him what was the matter, but he would not tell them. Later, however, he let fall the remark—something had been said about Lizzie Palmer, and Irene had spoken of her as one who had lived upon their charity:

"Hush!" he said, raising his hand warningly. "Over and above all claims upon Lizzie Palmer for moneys expended in her behalf, I am indebted to her more than ten thousand dollars, money that would have been her fathers had he lived. Let me hope that you will not make her uncomfortable. It would come hard upon me should I be called upon to pay over to her that sum at the present time."

This was on the evening of Thursday. On the evening of the next day Mr. Minturn and Irene were out on a visiting expedition. Charles Allen called, and asked to see Miss Palmer. She came to him in the drawing-room.

A great deal was said on that occasion. Charles told her over again the story of those happy weeks at the White Mountains and by and by he took from his bosom a faded rose-bud, the rose-bud which she had pinned into the button-hole of his coat in the garden, and he frankly confessed that while she had been pinning it there the feeling had come to him that the love of the boy was being renewed in a deeper and more significant love. And shall we wonder that he drew a confession from her very nearly like unto it?

Suffice it to say, at the end of an hour her head was pillowed upon his bosom, his strong arms holding her fast, love confessed and troth plighted.

On the Sunday evening following Mr. Minturn came into the drawing-room where his wife and daughter were sitting. As he sank into his great easy-chair he said, his voice tinged with both bitterness and pain:

"Well, Irene, that ugly disposition of yours, manifest in an unruly tongue, has frightened away another lover. I have just given to Charles Allen the hand of my ward—Lizzie Palmer."

Irene shut her teeth and clenched her hands. The blow was terrible, but she would not acknowledge it. The name of Lizzie Palmer was upon her lips, coupled with something that sounded very much like a curse.

"No, no," said her mother, resolutely. "Do not blame Lizzie. It was yourself that drove away a very jewel among men. Ah! that unruly tongue!"

WHEN CHILDREN STOP PLAYING

When the children first begin to play how pleased the mother feels! They are so solemn and serious at times, at others so merry and full of little screams and cries of joy! Noah's ark is properly set up, the animals arranged two and two; a deluge falls from a strainer; they are all huddled into the ark, which is put on a train of cars and taken away in safety to the toy village.

The doll's house is arranged; the dolls are placed in the parlor; one with a white apron presides at the kitchen range as cook; dolls call; dolls send up cards; genteel conversations are held in the Punch and Judy style; or the clothes are packed for the ladies to go on a journey. They sail in the yacht in a wash-basin.

The day is not long enough for all the fun—for the laborious dressmaking for those dolls, for the winding of springs that make toy dogs and toy bears stand on their hind legs and bark or growl. "To play" is little's great task to these children. But suddenly your little boy forsakes all those pleasant amusements that kept him at a table near you, and is off, and away, howling, romping fighting at times, with other boys. And one day your little girl comes to you, and puts her head in your lap, and weeps.

"Oh, mamma," she says, "I feel so stupid. I put the doll's house all to rights and then I did not know what to do with it. I felt as if it would be silly to talk, and pretend the dolls could talk. I haven't any interest in it. And my big doll, Minnie May, I like to make her look nice and put her in the crib, but I know I pull the wire and shut her eyes; she doesn't go to sleep really. I even forgot her all Sunday. Do you think I am sick?"

But she is very well. Playtime has passed, that is all, and she is not old enough to have dreams of other things yet.

"You are growing up—getting too old for play, you say; and the child will say "I want to stay a little girl. I don't want to grow up and never care to play!"

And you feel like crying, too. Sometimes your girl says nothing; you have to find it out for yourself. Be sure you do it; for the remedy is in your own hands. The child wants to be busy—very busy. She has no idea as yet of the pleasures of idleness. Give her things to do. Teach her to make cakes and knit, and crochet and embroider. Let her have lessons in flower painting, in sketching from nature, in hammering brass. Send her on errands which require judgment. Take her into your confidence about small things.

Your little child who played so much is gone; but is anything better to have than a nice, frank, big girl who as yet knows nothing about beaux, loves papa and mamma better than all the world besides, and soon becomes strong, active and lissby—a dear little friend, a daughter all your own? Never force your children to lay aside toys, or to stop playing. Do not (if you are not forced to do it) set them to work until you see that play clays and grows stupid, and you have your girl at her best.

Your boy is not at his best for ten good years. He has to learn a great deal before he understands himself? but there is the basis. Thank Heaven for her.

M. K. D.

WHY RUN.

The other windy day, as a gentleman stood on the Campus Martius waiting for a car, his hat blew off, and went skylarking down the street. He was gathering himself for a run when another pedestrian called out:

"Stop! sir—stop!"

"Eh! Speaking to me; what is it?"

"Stand still, sir! Don't take a step after your hat!"

"But—"

"Stop!"

By this time two women, five men, three boys and a policeman were in chase of the hat, and it was not only speedily run down but the dirt was carefully brushed off by the rescuer before he restored it with a bow and smile.

"See?" queried the pedestrian who had cried stop.

"I do. Thanks. I've learned something new."

A GENEROUS BANKER.

A pretty anecdote comes from Brussels illustrating the generous spirit of a banker of that city. The banker is fond of outdoor exercise. As an exhibition of his skill in skating, he made his autograph on the ice in a very artistic manner. Some gentlemen having admired the signature, proceeded to write above it as follows:—

"On demand I promise to pay for the benefit of the poor the sum of 5000 francs."

They sawed out the block of ice, and having called a hack, proceeded to the bank and carried the frozen note of hand—of foot, we mean—to the cashier's counter. The cold temperature happily prevented the melting away of the icy draft, and the banker having been appealed to, ordered it to be paid.—*Irish Times.*

JEDGE WAXEMS POLITICAL PROVERBS.

When the crops is good, patriotism sprouts in all the fence corners.

The Canadian Beaver ain't no spring chicken.

The stump is the cradle of our Liberty of speech.

Offices to give away helps a candidate to git that.

Farmers that don't know politics from pertaters goes into politics.

Some men thinks bein' elected to parliament is bigger than the Almighty.

Freedom costs money.

Statesmen has to do a heap of talkin' before they get down to business.

They ain't no pints to the compass in this country outside of politics.

The first of July is one and inexpperable.

"Yes, we are going to Europe," said Mrs. Buggins. "We sail on Saturday. The doctor says that Baby must have salt air for his health." "Bless me!" exclaimed Mrs. Buggins. "I did not know you had a baby." "Oh, yes; I've had him for six months now. We did call him Alonzo; but he turned out such a sweet and innocent dog that we re-christened him Baby."

RECKON HOW I'LL SCOLD HIM.

Sich a good for nuthin' is my old man I take,
Of acid e'ratin' over to the lake;
Corn it needs a hoein', hayin' time is nigh,
Reckon how I'll scold him when he cums limeby.

Men are allers shiftless—mighty as bad as ducks—
Not to be disputed, never mount to shucks;
Garden sass needs weedin' 'orter cut the rye,
Gracious won't I scold him when he cums limeby.

House is allers leakin' every time it rains,
Told him ell about it, labor for my pains;
Never 'mounts to nuthin'—never seems to try—
Won't he catch a scoldin' when he cums limeby!

Children looking shabby, can't pervide themselves,
Patch and patch and patch 'em, that's the way it goes.
Wish I'd been an angel, had the wings to fly—
Won't the old man catch it when he cums limeby!

Here's thet's him a coming! hear him at the gate;
Won't I give him Jesse, well I calculate!
Ginger, he's them fellers. 'Nuffsin to fry;
Dessent scold him hardly, but I will binieby.

REMINDERS OF THE JOKE.

It is always hard to keep track of the different wedding anniversaries, especially if one is not married. Here is a list of them in order, and some suggestions as to appropriate gifts. The first, or paper, anniversary is one year married. There are numberless gifts for that in the way of note paper and books, and a useful gift would be a year's subscription for The Acton Free Press.

The fifth, or wooden, has many souvenirs in the way of wood. Kitchen or laundry things of wood are always acceptable to a housekeeper, or if you wish for a more elaborate affair, nothing could be better than a bit of furniture, a good writing desk, tea table or pretty chair. Then there are the innumerable small things—paper cutters, a picture frame with your picture in it and many such pretty presents.

For the tenth, tin, you are almost confined to the kitchen. Still there are lovely tin candlesticks, and the tin lanterns, studded with colored stones, make lovely presents.

The fifteenth, crystal, needs no suggestions in these days of beautiful cut glass; neither does the twentieth, china, nor the twenty-fifth, silver.

The thirtieth, ivory, is rather harder to provide for. There are beautiful fans, with ivory sticks; parasols, with ivory handles; ivory card cases and paper knives. The thirty fifth, linen, can be provided for in the way of tea cloths, doilies, table linen, and the many pretty things that find a place on the linen shelves. The fortieth, woollen; forty-fifth, silk; fiftieth, golden, and seventy-fifth, diamond, speak for themselves.

PROOF OF THE EARTH'S MOTION.

Take a good sized bowl, fill it nearly full of water and place it upon the floor of the room which is not exposed to shaking or jarring from the street. Sprinkle over the surface of the water a coating of lycopodium powder—a white substance which is sometimes used by ladies in making their toilets and which can be purchased of any druggist. Next, upon the surface of this coat of white powder make, with powdered charcoal, a straight black line, say an inch or two in length. Having made this little black mark on the surface of the contents of the bowl, lay down upon the floor close to the bowl a stick or some other straight object, so that it will lie exactly parallel with the charcoal mark. If the line happens to be parallel with a crack in the floor, or with any stationary object in the room, this will serve as well. Leave the bowl undisturbed for a few hours and then observe the position of the black mark with reference to the object it was parallel with. It will be found to have shifted its position from east to west—that is to say, in that direction opposite to that of the movement of the earth upon its axis.

The earth simply revolving, has carried the water and everything else in the bowl around with it, but the powder upon the surface has been left behind a little. The line will always be found to moved from east to west, which is perfectly good proof that everything else outside of the bowl has been moved the other way.

THE "T" WAS SILENT.

I was in a dry goods store the other day getting some things, when a pretty decent looking chap came in, and said to one of the clerks:

"I want some shirts and collars, and a pair of Guyot's suspenders."

"What kind of suspenders?" asked the clerk.

"Guyot's," said the chap. "G-u-y G-u-y o-t, o-t, Guyot."

"Oh, I see" said the clerk, reaching for a box behind him, "I didn't understand you. We do pronounce it that way. It's a French name, you know, pronounced Ge-or, the t is silent."

"Oh, it is," said the chap. "Perhaps if you were more like that t you'd sell more goods."

And with that he walked out of the store.—*Ex.*

The Beauty Standard.

The standard of female loveliness varies greatly in different countries and with individual tastes. Some prefer the plump and buxom type; some admire the slender and sylph-like, and some the tall and queenly maiden. But among all people of the Caucasian race, one point of beauty is always admired—a pure, clear and spotless complexion—whether