The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press.

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

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

W. H. LOWRY, M. B., M. C. P. S., Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence—At the head of Frederick Street Acton.

DR. CREN, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR. Office and Residence—Dr. McCarvin's house, corner Mill and Frederick streets.

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

J. P. MARSHALL, M.D.S., D.D.S., L.D.S. Dentist. Will be at Clark's Hotel every Friday

J. & D. STINTON, DENTISTS. Office—Matthews' Block, next Post Office, Acton. Office open every day and the very latest methods in dentistry practiced. J. STINTON, D.D.S. D. STINTON, L.D.S.

McLEAN & McLEAN, Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan. Office—Town Hall, Acton. WM. A. McLEAN. JNO. A. McLEAN.

J. A. MOWAT, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC. Money to Loan. OFFICE DAYS—Tuesday and Saturday. OFFICE:—Kennedy's Block, Acton, up-stairs.

SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & STONE, Barristers, Solicitors, &c. TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN. Offices—Crieghton's Block, Georgetown, and Traders' Bank Chambers, 63 Yonge st., Toronto. J. SHILTON, Q.C. W. H. WALLBRIDGE, H. E. STONE.

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS. HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA. Twenty Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

WM. HEWSTREET, LICENSED AUCTIONEER For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at THE FREE PRESS Office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Charges reasonable. Also money to loan on the most favorable terms and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $300 and upwards.

JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT, GUELPH, ONT. Office—Chalmers Hotel Block, Market Square.

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

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP, MILL STREET, ACTON. An easy shave, a stylish hair cut in the best form, an exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut. J. & H. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artists.

Wellington Marble Works.

QUEBEC STREET, GUELPH.

CLARK & CARTER, DIRECT IMPORTERS of Granite and Marble Monuments and Headstones of all styles and from the lowest designs. All work and material warranted first-class. Parties wishing to purchase, will please give us a call and inspect our stock and prices, as we are confident we can convince you that we sell the best work in Ontario.

Having sold out my interest to the above firm, I respectfully solicit the patronage to my friends and the public on their behalf. J. H. HAMILTON

Agents Wanted.

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

AGENTS WANTED

In every Township, To sell "The Pictorial Cyclopedia of Live Stock and Complete Stock Doctor." The most complete and comprehensive work ever published. Its authors stand at the head of their profession and have a continental reputation. Worth its weight in gold to any one having Horses, Sheep, Cattle, Swine, Poultry, Dogs or Bees. A grand opportunity to make money. Secure territory at once. Address E. N. MOYER, Publisher, 120 Yonge St. Toronto

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 rates.

Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always on hand.

Telephone communication.

S. M. COOK & CO.,

GEORGETOWN, Licensed Auctioneers, Appraisers, Valuators, Collectors, Real Estate and General Land Agents—FOR THE COUNTIES OF—Halton, Peel, Wellington, Simcoe, York and Ontario.

Money to loan from 6 to 8 per cent. Parties placing their sales or other business in our hands will have the same promptly attended to at moderate charges.

OFFICE AND SALES ROOMS—Mill St., Georgetown, or address Box 186, S. M. Cook & Co., Georgetown.

BRANCH OFFICE—11 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, S. M. COOK & CO., Auctioneers, Georgetown and Toronto.

Wall Papers

At less than half price at DAY'S BOOKSTORE.

Owing to the break of the American Wall Paper Association, I am selling common Papers at half price and fine Papers from 40 to 70 per cent. below the usual price.

Elegant 20c. Papers at 10c.
Elegant 30c Papers at 15c.
Gilt $1 00 Papers at 25c., 30c and 35c.

Border and Ceiling stock to match all our Papers.

We have ten times the largest stock, the newest styles and sell at cut prices.

We give you the lowest prices and best assortment at

DAY'S BOOKSTORE, GUELPH.

DRY + SELLS + CHEAP.

Bank of Montreal

CAPITAL - $12,000,000
REST - 6,000,000

A SAVINGS DEPARTMENT Has been opened in connection with this Branch.

Interest Allowed at Current Rates.

JAS. H. FINLAY, Manager GUELPH BRANCH.

W. BARBER & BROS.

PAPER MAKERS, GEORGETOWN, ONT.

MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

Machine Finished Book Papers

—AND—

HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.

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

WM. BARBER & BROS.

STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

Fine Etchings, Colored Pictures, Room and Picture Mouldings.

IVORY OAK **FRAMES** SILVER GILT

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

A full stock of Winsor & Newton's Cake White

Double Tubes, Brushes, &c.

8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames complete 25c.

5 Foot Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 25c.

Our Wall papers Are said to be the best selected in the city

WATERS BROS., ESTABLISHED 1877. ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE. GUELPH.

Guelph Business College.

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 field for educated young talent. Students wishing to become shorthand writers are thoroughly drilled in Business Correspondence. Those wishing to become general legislative reporters are given special advantages afforded by no other school in this 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.

For circulars and terms, address

M. MacCORMICK, Principal.

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 furnish plans, specifications and estimates for all classes of buildings, and execute all kinds of

DRESSING, MATCHING, and MOULDING.

—MANUFACTURERS 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 6 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN. WILLIAMS.

Wellington Mutual FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

ESTABLISHED 1840.

HEAD OFFICE - GUELPH.

Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of insurable property on the Cash and Premium Note System.

F. W. STONE, President. CHAS. DAVIDSON, Manager.

JOHN TAYLOR, AGENT.

Hamilton's Marble Works.

HAMILTON'S Block (formerly Hatch's Block), the core, corner of Wellington 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 15 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 impenetrable, 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 invest 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.

Price lists on application.

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

The Traders' Bank OF CANADA.

(Incorporated by Act of Parliament.)

HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

CAPITAL AUTHORIZED.....$1,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP.....600,000
REST.....85,000

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 first satisfactory manner. Woodwork repairs also made.

Careful attention given to all work brought in.

Any machine or implement by whomsoever manufactured will be repaired in a work manlike 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 R. 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

The Cline Manufacturing Co
128 FRONT ST. WEST TORONTO.

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.

ALL'S WELL.

At night, when the sailor has struck the bell
For watch he steps, and he calls, "All's well!"
Then along the dark and the silent ship
The words are carried from lip to lip—
"All's well."
In the great mid sea, in the solemn night,
When the light of the stars is the only light,
And the lone sky panis and throbs on her way
Oh! the heart leaps up like a prayer to say
"All's well."
When winds are fair and the sails are set,
And the sea is calm, he will not forget
To step to the front, and to cheerily say
To all who travel the perilous way—
"All's well."
But oh! when the stormy billows roar,
When the great winds blow to the rock-bound shore,
When the sky is black, and no port is near,
How sweet above winds and waves to hear,
"All's well."
On the Sea of Life it is even so;
If the sky is blue and the soft winds blow,
If the heart lies dreaming in blissful love,
The clear foul watches around, above,
And says:
"Oh! dearest heart, while the sunshine lies
In the trembling depths of thy happy eyes,
While thy pulses thrill to the witching spell,
And thy song is soft as the murmuring shell,
All's well."
And all is "well" when the dream is past,
When the love-lit eyes shall have looked their last;
When the waves and the billows all wildly go
Over the heart in a storm of woe,
"All's well."
For the soul looks out through the stormy night,
And it sees that the strong heart saileth right,
Then it steps to the front and strikes the bell—
And a clear voice answers it, "All is well,
All's well."
Oh! happy are they who can always hear
The voice in their own souls, strong and clear;
Then Joy and Sorrow may strike the bell,
They will step to the front and cry, "All's well,
All's well."
If the waves be rough, and the strong winds blow,
If the sea be calm, and the sunshine glow,
If lonely they travel Life's perilous sea,
Or if sweet Love keep them company,
"All's well."

Select Family Reading.

My Wife.

"She's a very nice woman, my dear Mickleberry, a very nice woman, indeed," said Mr. Partanbridge, sagely: "but you allow her to dictate too much! For instance, my wife should never tell me not to smoke in the parlors on account of her curtains!"

"It does turn 'em yellow," observed Mr. Mickleberry, thoughtfully.

"Granted—but what becomes of your conjugal superiority? And then you didn't buy that corner lot because she advised you not to! What is a woman's judgement worth in a matter of business like that, Mickleberry?"

"Mary knows more than half the men going," parenthetically asserted Mr. Mickleberry.

"Excuse me, Mickleberry, but you don't keep her in her place. Don't the scriptures expressly say that the woman is the weaker vessel? I should like to see Mrs. Partanbridge venture to oppose me."

Mr. Mickleberry looked admiringly at his big friend.

"How do you manage it Partanbridge?" he questioned, a little timidly.

"Tact, my dear fellow—tact, dignity, supremacy. I wouldn't have mentioned it if circumstances hadn't pointed directly to the fact, but you are getting henpecked, Mickleberry. Everybody notices it. You must gather up the reins of domestic management—you must assert yourself."

Mr. Mickleberry laughed—.

"But what is the use of asserting myself?" he asked, joocsely. "Everything goes on like clockwork at home—Mary always meets me with a smile—she spends the money sensibly, and never asks me for an unnecessary cent."

"Does she tell you how she spends it?"

"Not always."

Mr. Partanbridge interupted his friend with a groan.

"Oh, these women, these women! I should like to see my wife buying a silk dress, as Mary did last week, without first consulting me."

"But she had saved the money out of her housekeeping funds."

"Tush, my dear fellow, it's a sign that you give her too much money for housekeeping. Cut her down—draw the purse strings a little tighter."

Mr. Mickleberry looked uncomfortable.

"I—I should hardly like to do that, Pantanbridge."

"You will never be master of your own house until you do."

Moses Mickleberry went home and told his wife all about what Pantanbridge had said. Mary laughed and colored, but she was a little angry withal.

"I wish Mr. Partanbridge would mind his own business," she said. "I'm tired of hearing about 'my wife.' She must be a poor, spiritless concern."

"Partanbridge is a man of great ability, said Moses gravely.

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Mickleberry. "A regular hen-hussy—a thorough-going Miss Nancy!"

"I'm sorry you feel so about him, my dear," said Moses, "for he doesn't like the place where he is boarding now, and I told him he might occupy our spare room for a few days."

"Oh, I've no objections to that," said Mrs. Mickleberry, composedly. "I'm always glad to entertain your friends, my dear, even if they are not the most agreeable people in the world, and I dare say I can get along with Mr. Partanbridge for a few days."

"You're a little jewel, my dear," said Moses, and he forgot all Pantanbridge's insinuations at once.

Mr. Partanbridge came, bag and baggage and took possession of the "spare room" in the Mickleberry mansion as importantly as if he had been the Grand Turk. And thenceforward "my wife" began, figuratively speaking, to trample Mary Mickleberry into dust.

"My wife" spent no money, "my wife" went nowhere, "my wife" would sooner cut off her hand than go to a woman's rights convention, "my wife" was not literary, but spent her hand doing housework and her evenings mending stockings. She held her husband in salutory awe, never spoke when she wasn't spoken to—in short knew her place.

"And how did you manage it, Partanbridge?" asked Mr. Mickleberry, once again in the admiration of his soul.

Mr. Partanbridge waved his hand loftily.

"Mickleberry" said he, "there are some things that cannot be expressed in words.

"Fortunately" put in Mrs. Mickleberry who was sewing away as vigorously as if every stitch was an unuttered protest.

"And" went on Mr. Partanbridge, as if he had not heard the interruption, "it is woman's duty to listen, to submit, to keep silence!"

"There goes the door-bell," observed Mrs. Mickleberry, "will you go, Moses? It is Bridget's evening out."

"My wife," commenced Mr. Partanbridge, "would never have asked me to perform so menial an office as ——"

He stopped short as a loud, masculine voice was heard in the entry below, stairs.

"Does Job Partanbridge board here? Yes? Oh, all right, tell 'em to bring the trunks, and you, hackman, a dollar's enough fare. You'll get no more out of me. Clear out, and let's hear no more of your grumbline. So he's here, is he. A pretty chase I've had after him."

Mrs. Mickleberry looked up at the blanching countenance of Job Partanbridge in surprise and bewilderment.

"Who can that loud-voiced woman possible be?" she said. "Surely there is some mistake."

"N—no!" quoth Mr. Partanbridge, with chattering teeth, "it is—my wife."

"Mrs. Partanbridge? Can it be possible?" and hospitable little Mary Mickleberry dropped her work and hastened to greet and welcome her new guest, the paragon among women, the meek and lowly and well trained wife of the doughty Job.

Mrs. Partanbridge came into the room with the tread of a grantess and the aspect of an Amazon. She was a tall, large woman, red-faced and resolute, with the faint shade of a moustache on her upper lip, and a voice like that of a grenadier, and she wore her cloak as if it had been a man's overcoat, the two sleeves tied around her neck, while her sailor hat would have been a snug fit for her husband.

She sat down at Mrs. Mickleberry's invitation, with a force that made the chair crack and tremble in its every joint, and thrust out her feet.

"Pull off those rubbers," said she to Job, and the husband promptly went down on his knees to perform the behest. "Not so rough—you're as clumsy as ever, I see; and now tell me why you didn't send the money for me to join you before?"

"I—I couldn't spare it from my business, Drusilla, my dear" stammered Job, growing scarlet.

"Hang up my cloak to dry—and get me a footstool for my feet!" commanded Mrs. Partanbridge. "Look sharp about it, too! Well, I borrowed $50 from Deacon Underhill, and I've come over on my own hook. I'm tired of being poked away in the backwoods while you're playing the fine city gent, and I'll not stand it any longer; besides, I wanted to attend the Woman's Suffrage Association, and I'm a member of the Sedleyville branch of Female Rights Advocates. You've got a nice house here, ma'am," turning to Mrs. Mickleberry. "I might have had a house of my own if Job Partanbridge had used common sense in business affairs, and listened to my advice a little."

"Drusilla, my dear ——" interposed Mr. Partanbridge, but his wife darted a commanding glance at him.

"Job Partanbridge, will you hold your tongue, and speak when you're spoken to?" she demanded, tartly.

"Certainly, my dear, certainly!"

"Then let's have a specimen of it. As I was saying Mrs. Mickleberry—Job, go downstairs and look in the big-handled basket on top of the trunk in the hall, and get me my handkerchief and the camphor bottle with the little wicker-case round it—as I was saying, that sort of thing is just about played out, so far as I am concerned. Job hasn't no more wit than a yellow dog when he's left to himself—you know you haven't Job, so you may just as well leave off opening and shutting your mouth like a newly landed fish—and I mean to be boss myself, Job"

"Yes, dear."

"Bring me the rocking-chair—now move the screen so the fire won't shine in my eyes. And get a hack early to-morrow morning, and see that I am furnished money; I want to do a little shopping."

"Yes, my dear," said Job Partanbridge.

"And be ready to go with me at 11 to the suffrage rooms. I must render the report of the Sedleyville branch."

"Yes, dear," asserted the husband.

At this stage Mrs. Mickleberry interrupted the orders of the commanding general of the Partanbridge division by a tray containing tea, toast and other feminine refreshments. Mrs. Partanbridge received them with a contemptuous sniff.

"My good lady," said she, "I dare say you mean well enough, but I don't feed of such slops, Job!"

"Yes, Drusilla!"

"Go round to the nearest restaurant and get me a bottle of Dublin stout and a dish of stewed tripe. You'll excuse me, ma'am," to Mrs. Mickleberry, "but we all have our little ways, and this is mine."

Away went Job Partanbridge like an arrow fleeing from the bow, and soon returned with the required dainties, off which "my wife" supped sumptuously.

"Take my things upstairs, Job!" said Mrs. Partanbridge, when she had satisfied her cravings of nature. "I've had a long day of travel, and I guess I'll go to bed early."

If ever mortal man looked cowed, wretched and dismal Job Partanbridge did the next morning when he made his appearance at the breakfast table. Mrs. Mickleberry could not resist one little mischievous hit.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Partanbridge," she said, "upon the excellent manner in which you have developed your theories as to conjugal discipline."

Mr. Partanbridge choked convulsively over his coffee.

"Hush!" he cried. "Hush! she is coming!"

"Who is coming?"

"My wife!"

But, ah! how differently he pronounced the low, magic words from the way in which he had spoken them 24 hours ago!

Mr. and Mrs. Job Partanbridge left the Mickleberry roof that very day for a hotel handier to the "Woman's Suffrage Bureau;" and that was the last Mary and her husband ever heard of "my wife" or her humble slave, the devoted Job.—*Helen Forest, in New York Weekly.*

Spring Goods of Course.

Jeweler—John, put a sign in the window announcing a complete line of spring goods.

John—Why, sir, we haven't bought anything since last fall.

Jeweler—Never mind that, we've plenty of watches and clocks.—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

DISCONTENTED BOYS IN THE COUNTRY.

Joe Thomas lived on a farm in the country, and, although many boys would have thought themselves very fortunate in having such a home, he was about as discontented a fellow as could be found.

Some of the city boys, who had visited him during the summer vacation, told him that he was "green," that he would be very foolish to remain on a farm all his life, and that if he had any spirit about him he would go to the city where he would have an opportunity of seeing life as it should be seen.

Joe's father wanted him to remain at home, learn to be a farmer, and settle down on the homestead as he himself had done. But Joe would not heed the advice. He was thoroughly discontented as many another country boy has been, and his one purpose in life was to get into some city where he could wipe out some stain of "greenness," which he fancied every one could see.

He finally succeeded in doing as he wanted to; a friend of his father procured for him a situation in a store where he could earn a trifle more than sufficient to pay for his board and he left the broad acres, whereon he had toiled with a heavy heart because of his longing to get to the city, without a single regret at parting from the dear ones at home. The farm-house nestling among the trees at the foot of the hill, looked dingy and shabby as he drove away from it "to see life as it should be seen," and in the ripening grain and fruit he saw nothing but reminders of honest toil. According to Joe's belief, life in the country was hardly less than a form of slavery while it was only in the city that happiness could be found.

Now, boys, and more especially you country boys, who are beginning to think just as Joe Thomas thought, I want to tell you how he was disappointed in his bright dreams, and if you are wise you will profit by his experience.

He found a boarding place, where the small stuffy room, which was quite as good as any fellow clerks had, offered a poor contrast to his cosy little chamber at home fragrant with lavender scented linen, and as tidy as the apartment in the city was disorderly.

Instead of looking out over the fields of waving grain, tasseled corn or nodding buckwheat to the lofty fields beyond, when he was in his room he could see only a brick wall hardly fifty feet away. Instead of the fragrance of the flowers he had the odor of garbage from the unswept streets, and instead of being lulled to sleep by the chirping of the crickets and the plaintive cries of the katydids, he was kept awake by the rattling of the street-cars. At the table, the difference between the food prepared by the servants in the boarding house and that cooked by his mother, was so disappointing that it seemed to him he could never enjoy a meal again until he got home.

But all this was necessary training; he would rid himself of what the city boys called "greenness."

Joe had been told that a boy on a farm is obliged to work harder than one in a store in the city. He could see no difference save that in the former case he labored in the open air, where everything was bright and healthful around, while in the city he was shut from the sunlight, and deprived of the health giving breezes, laden with the perfume of fruits and flowers. At night, instead of joining the boys from the neighboring farms in husking and paring bees, candy pulls, boating and skating, he was forced to remain in his cheerless room, or walk about the streets, where the bustling crowds, intent on business or their own pleasure, caused him to feel even more lonely than when he was entirely alone.

He was not many days in learning that he had been "green" only from the city boy's standpoint, and that, as far as country life was concerned, they were the ones that were green.

After he had "seen life," according to the ideas of his city friends, he wrote to his father, and the following is an extract from his letter: "I am coming home to work on the farm. I did think that such labor was almost degrading, but I find that it is quite as honorable, and certainly more manly, than doing a woman's work behind a counter. You need never fear that I shall ever again want to exchange the independent farm life for that of the city, and I am sure that to be called green will trouble me not more. It is better, I think, to be one of those who produce something in this world than of those who depend upon the production of others, and I now think that there can be no more manly calling than that of a farmer."

Joe went home, and he was wise in so doing as wise as you will be, boys, if you remain on the farm, where you have the proud consciousness that you are doing far more good in the world than if you were "seeing life" in the city. What would become of the people of this world if all the farmers should suddenly conclude that tilling the ground was not a sufficiently noble calling?

When you are discontented with your lot boys, remember that it is a farmer upon whom all the people in the world depend for the actual necessaries of life, then you will understand that no calling can be more honorable than that which is actually and in fact the mainspring of the whole.—*Exchange.*

THE WETHERSFIELD CHICKEN THIEF.

The chickens had been disappearing for a long time, in a very mysterious manner, and he resolved to watch. He armed himself with an old gun, and sat up for three long weary evenings until the witching hour, and yet no midnight marauder made his appearance. The fourth night was a cold one; the fire went down; and he went to bed. He awoke with a start to hear a terrible commotion among the chickens. Jumping out of bed, he grabbed the gun, and not waiting to dress himself, he rushed out into the yard and chicken coop. Just then the moon came from behind a cloud, and he saw the thief—a nice plump skunk. He knew what skunks were, and he stood still. He wanted to go to his warm bed again, but the skunk was between him and the door. He began to shiver; his teeth chattered; and he tried to call for help, but the words would not come. He wanted his clothes and still was glad that he didn't have them. Finally in a fit of desperation, he closed his eyes and made a break for the door, out of which he rushed and into the house. The next morning a small bonfire in the back yard, accompanied by certain pungent odors, told of a cremation ceremony which deprived a worthy citizen of his night-robe.

THAT PONY CARRIAGE.

When my dear friends, the Blossoms, named their little daughter Skinny, after her granduncle Skinflint, because he was a millionaire, and millionaires are supposed to leave their fortunes to their namesakes, I felt like remonstrating. Could any expectations repay anyone for such a name? Still, the other day, when Skinny, who, despite her dreadful baptismal appellation is as pretty a picture and as plump as a partridge, came skipping into the front door, with joy in her eyes and dimples in her cheeks, to tell me that Uncle Skinflint had promised her a pony and a pony carriage, I felt that I had been wrong.

"Very generous of your Uncle Skinflint," I said. "A pony carriage and a pony. When are you to have such a splendid present, my dear?"

Little Skinny threw her head back and turned her golden hair out of her eyes, and settled the blue ribbon about her waist and said:

"Very soon, auntie, very soon. As soon as I collect a million postage stamps. Uncle Skinflint has given me an old ledger to paste them in, and that very day he'll buy it for me. I came to ask you to save all yours for me."

"Oh, of course I will," said I, and I got a good many.

"And grandma will, and all my aunties and pa; and everybody I asked says yes," laughed Skinny, pulling on her hat; "and I must hurry and ask everybody else."

She kissed me and ran away, and I being much interested in the idea sat down with a pencil to make a rough calculation of the time which must elapse before Skinny collected that million of postage stamps. But figures always have been too much for me, and this problem before me I could not solve. It frightened me. I saw poor little Skinny's pony carriage vanishing into the far distance, and in my terror called one whose favorite science is the mathematically to my aid, and faintly gasped while the awful facts were placed before me.

Little Skinny is to have her pony carriage when she has collected a million of postage stamps. If she is very lucky, and gets a thousand stamps every day of her life, Sundays included, she can collect her million in two years and eight months. If she is only moderately successful, and finds that she has added one hundred stamps to her ledger at every sunset, she will be occupied twenty-seven years and seven months in working for her pony carriage. But if, alas! she can secure no more than ten stamps in twenty-four hours, she will not have her million in less than two hundred and sixty-seven years; and my mathematical friend thinks that Uncle Skinflint, who is now sixty odd, had made this calculation before he promised the child her pony and pony carriage. I shall not mention these facts to Skinny for she is a sensitive child easily discouraged; but I think it my duty to put folks of stern stuff on their guard, prior to their beginning a collection of a million postage stamps, by cutting off those appended to their own private correspondence.

THE ORANGE INDUSTRY IN PARAGUAY.

The Orange tree is generally understood to have been introduced into Paraguay by the Jesuits, and the seeds distributed by the birds. However this may be, the orange has spread all over the country, from the river-banks to the top of the hills and from the cottages even to the deepest solitudes of the virgin forest. Paraguay is the land of orange-trees more truly than the country of Mignon..... And what oranges! Juicy, perfumed, and of delicacy that Spain and Italy have never attained. The chief industry consists in the exportation of the fruit. The great orange season is from May to August, when the ports of the Paraguay River from Humaita to Asuncion despatch enormous quantities by steamers and schooners. Villeta, San Lorenzo, and San Antonio are the principal ports, and there best may be seen the picturesque processions of laughing and screaming girls and women, who carry basket after basket of fruit on their heads from the shore to the ship, like a swarm of busy ants. Up to the present no industrial use has been made of the orange. Some sixty millions are exported annually, the same quantity is consumed by the natives, and perhaps treble that quantity is devoured by monkeys and birds, or left to rot on the ground. —From "The Republic of Paraguay,"—*Harper's Magazine.*

HOW TO PREPARE "A GOOD SQUARE MEAL."

Charles Dickens used to say that he judged the quality of house keeping by the condition of the castors on the table. If the mustard was freshly made, the vinegar cruet stainless, the silver brilliant, and the pepper boxes perpendicular, he expected a good, clean, well-served meal, "with behavior to match." If, on the contrary, the castors were unclean and out of order, he knew what he had to expect," and was seldom disappointed. It is in truth, simple things that denote quality. The test of a good cook is not the cake she can make, nor the mysterious sauces she can concoct, nor the rich puddings she can produce. A good cook is known by her bread, her boiled potatoes, her mutton chop and her roasted joint. Such plain things require personal care and judgment, and are the basis of "a good square meal."

The Friendship of two Young Ladies.

The friendship of two young ladies, though apparently founded upon the rock of eternal attachment, terminated in the following matter; "My dearest Emma; I do not think your figure suited for dancing; and as a sincere friend, I advise you to refrain from it in the future." The other naturally affected by such unsolicited candor, replied: "I feel very much obliged to you, my dear, for your advice: this proof of your friendship demands some return—I would as sincerely recommend you to relinquish your singing, as some of your upper notes actually resemble the squallings of the feline race." The result of this precipitancy was, that the advice (of neither was followed; the one continued to sing, and the other to dance; but they never after met as friends.

Maud—This book on health says young girls who wish to have bright eyes and rosy cheeks should take a tramp through the woods each morning before breakfast.

Gladys—Spoke the tramp should object?

Chapter 1: Weak, tired, no appetite.
Chapter 2: Take Hood's Sarsaparilla.
Chapter 3: Strong, cheerful, hungry.

SIGNS OF RAIN.

"I knew it would rain," said the farmer's girl,
"When I looked at the morning glories.
For their bells have been open the whole day long
And they're never that tell no stories."

"I knew it would rain," said the farmer's boy,
"Because of the cars—I could hear them,
Thought far away they rolled over the rails
As plainly as if I was near them."

"I knew it would rain," said the farmer's wife,
"For the sound of the wind was so hollow,
And when the wind's moaning and sighing that way
Why a rainstorm is sure to follow."

"I knew it would rain," said the farmer himself,
"For this reason—the old barn yard pump is
So damp that to-day it was not 'primed' at all."
And it's generally dry as a stump is."

"I knew it would rain," said good grandmamma
"When I saw our old tabby cat playing
For when cats of her age like their own kittens play,
Look out for wet weather I'm saying."

And so when the rain just at twilight came down
And the wind, with a splash and dash threw it
'Gainst doors and the windows, each sign was recalled,
And everyone said "There! I knew it."

—*Exchange.*

SHILLINGS AND PENCE.

A School-ma'am's Difficulties With English Money.

Before leaving home we were advised by all means to have a common purse. After trying in limited payments for just one day, we saw the wisdom of the advice and took it, and I, alas! on account of my age and matronly title, was chosen, like Judas, to carry the bag. I think you will like more than my share of experience.

The English money was by far the worst. The Dutch, German, and French money, being a decimal currency, was very simple after we had once fixed in our minds the value of the gulden, the mark, and the franc; for the Dutch cent, the German pfennig, and the French centime, were respectively one hundredth part as much. But the English money would never divide by ten, and that was what was continually unloading us.

Now I wish to say, lest some aspersions be cast upon my reputation as a teacher that I know the table of English money. I can say fluently in school:

1 farthing 1 penny,
12 pence 1 shilling,
20 shillings 1 pound.

I have even gone as far as what we used to call, when we were children, the alo table:

2 shillings 1 florin,
5 shillings 1 crown.

But I found that knowing the table of English money and knowing English money were two very different things. It is one thing to sit in a school-room, mistress of the situation, and trip children up in their shillings and pence, and quite another thing to stand in a crowded depot, before an official who is master of the situation, and count your own shillings and pence. My introduction to it was in this wise: We had supplied ourselves before starting with some English gold and a little silver. We were very kindly tutored on the voyage by an English friend in making change and also in asking for tickets in the true English way (which is to say, "Please give me four third singles," or "four second singles," as the case may be, and we considered that we were exceptionally well launched.

The first ticket bought from the common purse was at Chester. Going up to the "booking office," as the ticket office is called, I asked the price of a ticket to Windermere.

"Seven and eleven pence ha'penny," said the man.

I gasped. "Please give me four singles," I said, with one despairing clutch at my English training, mentally groping, meanwhile, for the chalk and black-board, and feeling of that trying to make the calculation in my head.

"Thirty one and ten," said the man, briskly handing them to me.

Now that morning we had made a deposit in the purse of four gold ten-shilling pieces. They were bright, and we were unaccustomed to them, and somehow they seemed very valuable to me. I handed one of them to the man. He looked at me in astonishment and some indignation.

"That's not enough," he said.

Greatly confused, I handed out another.

"That's still not enough," he said.

In desperation I poured out my store before him, and motioned to the girls to give me more. My forty shillings sufficed, however, and he gave me the change; but remembering that I had to give an account of that money and those tickets, so that each one could go into an account-book, I said, "I am afraid I am very stupid, but will you be kind enough to tell me again the price of one ticket?"

"One ticket," he said, politely and slowly, "is seven shillings, eleven and ten pence; four tickets would be thirty-one shillings and ten pence; that from forty shillings and two pence, which I have just given you."

And when I apologized for my slowness, on the ground of not being familiar with English money, he said, "Certainly; I suppose I should have the same difficulty in your country."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Wanted to Keep the Lawn Mower.

Suburban resident—Good morning, Tommy. I've concluded not to go into the city to-day, and I wish you would ask your father to let me have the lawn mower. He borrowed it of me several weeks ago.

Neighbor's small son—Papa's just gone to the city.

"Well you can get me the lawn mower, can't you?"

"It's locked up."

"Locked up?"

"Yessir. Papa said he was afraid if you got it back you'd be waking up the whole neighborhood at 5 o'clock