The Acton Free Press.

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—AT THE—

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MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

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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. UREN, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR. OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—Dr. McGarvin'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

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:—McGarvin's Block, Acton, up-stairs

SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & STONE, Barristers, Solicitors, &c., TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN. Offices:—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and Traders' Bank Chambers, 0 Yonge st., Toronto. J. SHILTON, B.A. W. H. WALLBRIDGE. H. E. STONE.

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

WM. HEMSTREET, LICENSED AUCTIONEER For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable. Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

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An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good sea-foam an exhilarating shampoo always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.

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INCLUDING Books, Pamphlets, Posters, Bill Heads, Circulars, &c., &c., executed in the best style of the art, at moderate prices and on short notice. Apply or address

H. P. MOORE,
FREE PRESS Office, Acton

Wellington Marble Works.

QUEEN STREET, GUELPH.

CLARK & CARTER,

DIRECT Importers of Granite and Marble Monuments and Headstones of all shades and from the newest designs. All work and material warranted first-class. Parties wishing to purchase, will please give us a call and inspect our stock and prices, as we are confident we can compete with any establishment in Ontario.

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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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Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always on hand.

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EXPRESS WAGON

24 x 12 Inches,

PRICE 60 CENTS.

BABY CARRIAGE LAWN CROQUET.

Day has the Best Stock and lowest prices.

DRY + SELLS + CHEAP.

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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.

Proof Etchings, Colored Pictures, Room and Picture Mouldings,

IVORY OAK **FRAMES** SILVER GILT

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

A full stock of Winsor & Newton's Flake White.

Double Tubes, Rowney's, &c.

8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete &c.

6 Feet Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, &c.

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

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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 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 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

—AND—

Sash and Door Factory.

John Cameron, Contractor,

Has fitted up the building on Main Street, lately occupied as a trunk factory, with new machinery and is prepared to furnish plans, specifications and estimates for all classes of buildings, and execute all kinds of

DRESSING, MATCHING, and MOULDING.

—MADE 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 6:18 p. m. Careful attention given to every order The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

Wellington Mutual

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.

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JOHN TAYLOR, AGENT.

Hamilton's Marble Works.

HAMILTON'S Block (formerly Hatch's Block), the cor. 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 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.

FRANK BURGESS,

House Painter, Paper Hanger, Sign Writer, Etc,

Is prepared to execute orders in any of the above lines in the best manner and at reasonable terms. Every job having my personal attention I can assure customers complete satisfaction. Graining in all woods a specialty.

Orders left at my residence, Main St., Acton will receive prompt attention.

The Traders' Bank OF CANADA.

(Incorporated by Act of Parliament.)

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

CAPITAL AUTHORIZED	$ 1,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP	600,000
REST	35,000

GUELPH BRANCH,

Corner of Wyndham and Queen Streets.

Advances made to farmers on their own notes.

Advances made to farmers on the security of sales notes.

Sales notes collected and no charge made for collecting.

Deposits of $1 and upwards received in the Saving's Bank Department and 4 per cent. paid.

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.

GRINDELL'S MACHINE & REPAIR SHOP

In addition to machinery repairing I am now prepared to do

HORSE SHOEING & General Blacksmithing,

In a most 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 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 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 28 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.

I KNOW!

"Have I been faithful to you, John?
True to the golden band
That, fifty years ago, you placed
Upon my girlish hand?
Faithful in wealth or poverty,
Faithful in joy or woe,
True where all others have been false?
You know, O Love, you know!

"Have I been loving you, John?
O! did you ever find,
No matter what the stress or strain,
That I could be unkind?
'Twas mine the cheering word to speak,
The smiling face to show,
The deed of tenderness to do.
Oh, John! you know! you know!

"Have I been helpful to you, John?
Look round upon the land;
Have you not had in all your toil
My busy, ready hand?
Helpful and patient through the years—
O, has it not been so?
I see the answer in your eyes;
You know, my love, you know!

"But, O! if you would say so, dear,
I think it would be sweet—
Now I am growing old and tired—
The kind words to repeat."
He drew her head close to his own
Her head as white as snow—
And whispered: "Oh, my dearest wife,
I know—I know!

"I know you are my love and guide,
Friend as it was and true;
That all the best I have, and am,
I owe, beloved, to you."
Oh, then her eyes caught brighter light,
Her cheeks a rosy glow;
She answered: "I have trusted this,
But now, my love, I know."

—*Amelia E. Barr,*

Select Family Reading.

John Harding.

We were a rough set of miners in our far-off Western camp, when Seth Brainard came among us, bringing with him his pretty daughter, Meta, who was but eighteen, and seemed to belong to a different race or stamp of women to the few who were with us as wives and sweethearts.

Her father—a man now broken down in health and spirits—had joined our little band in one last hope to retrieve his shattered fortunes, and had brought his daughter with him because she was motherless, and because there was no one in whose care he could leave her.

We were, as I have said, a rough lot of fellows enough; but there was not one among us who did not doff his hat as Miss Brainard passed.

To most of us the sight of her was a memory and a hope—a memory of a far-off past, when we had, perhaps, lived different lives. The hope of a distant future, when our precious nuggets gained, we might leave this life, and live that past over again. This, I say, she was to most of us. To two of our number she was more. It was easy to see that Percy Graham and John Harding had laid their hearts at her feet.

The two had been sworn friends once; now they rarely met or spoke, and not a few among us prophesied hot blood would follow. Percy was the handsomer man of the two, a gentle-mannered fellow, well calculated to win a girl's heart. John was stern and silent, a man who said little. It was well-nigh impossible to tell which one of the two Miss Meta favored, until Percy fell ill, and for days his life was despaired of. He called upon little else, poor fellow, than her name in his delirium, until they brought her to his bedside, and her presence quieted him and he slept the sleep which ended over the crisis of the disease and saved his life. After his recovery she allowed him to publicly announce the fact that she was his betrothed wife. We all liked the young fellow, and many an earnest hand-clasp and a God-speed he received as the lucky winner of such a prize. Even John Harding came up to him, with some new lines of suffering about his mouth, but a softened look in his gray eyes, and asked that the enmity between them might be forgotten. Percy was too noble a fellow himself not to appreciate so generous and frank an offering from one whose misery made his happiness; and, as he wrung his old friend's hand, he acknowledged, in broken tones, that he had thus added the last drop to fill to overflowing his cup of joy. The lovers were inseparable after this; and, as though Dame Fortune determined for once to help along the cause of true love, Percy awoke one morning to find himself before nightfall a rich man.

He had discovered a layer of gold in his claim. There was no reason now for delaying the marriage, and the day was set. It was to be a gala festival in our camp. Only one among us did not wear a smiling face. After that one friendly overture on John Harding's part, he seemed to shrink more and more into himself up along in his tent, when we generally gathered about the camp-fire, or going off for long, lonely walks.

One day—it was the third before that fixed for the wedding—Percy asked to accompany him. He denied him at first brusquely; then, as though ashamed of his irritability at such a time, with some show of cordiality, assented.

It was midnight when Harding returned to camp—alone. A friend, chancing to meet him, asked where was Percy.

They had been attacked by Indians, Harding said, on the frontier lines. Percy had been taken prisoner, while he had escaped.

The men looked incredulously into each other's faces as they heard the story; but it was Meta who first put the horrible doubt latent in every man's breast into words.

"My Percy is dead," she cried, "and John Harding is his murderer!"

Some told him, without softening, what she had said. His face grew ashen; but he turned away from his tormentor in silence.

Poor Percy's claim lay neglected. It was the custom when one of our number died to cast lots for his claim, or to divide it among us. But over Percy's fate hung an air of mystery, and no one dared do aught which would bring his death nearer to us. Day by day Meta's cheek paled, as she would watch from her window, in the vain hope that she might see the straight, young form and bright, handsome face without which life was to her full of darkness.

"I know that he is dead," she would say, "and yet I look for him."

John Harding's hair grew white in three weeks, and he had aged ten years.

One day, at about the same time that Percy had waved her his "good-bye," she had gone for a little walk, when, for the first time since his disappearance, she met John Harding face to face.

The sun was going to his kingly rest as though dyed in blood, casting its red reflection upon every earthly object touched by its rays.

She pointed to it.

"God!" she said, "it is the hand of God denouncing Percy's murderer."

Then her voice changed to a piteous wail. She clung with both hands to his arm.

"Tell me," she implored, "why did you kill him? What has he done to you?"

For the first time since he had been suspected by us all, his face softened.

"You wrong me, Meta," he said, very gently. "I told you only the truth. We were attacked by Indians. Percy was taken prisoner, and I escaped. I tried hard to save him. It was impossible. I would gladly have stayed to suffer with him, but that I thought it best to tell you the truth; not until I entered the camp did it occur to me that my story might be mistrusted. Percy and I had been almost enemies, but we had changed all that. Meta, will you not believe me?"

She burst into bitter weeping then, and went on like way.

The next morning Jack Harding was not in his accustomed place, nor was he anywhere to be found. The men took his disappearance as an added evidence of his guilt. Strange to say Meta's was now the one dissenting voice.

"There was truth in his words to me. He did not kill Percy. He has gone to find him."

Poor girl! We shook our heads among ourselves at the way in which she clung to hope, and the strange belief she now expressed in the man whom, in our hearts, we all denounced as Percy's murderer. Another week dragged slowly by; an air of desolation and gloom hung over the camp; when one night, as we gathered as usual about the fires, strangely silent, I started, as coming towards us out of the gloom, my old superstitious fancy conjured up the ghost of the boy whom we all had loved; but in another moment his ghostly grip was on my shoulder with very flesh and blood reality, as Percy Graham stood before us, a little paler, a little thinner, but otherwise unchanged. How we clustered about him! But Jack Harding! If he had not killed him, where was he? Some one told Percy the cruel doubt we all had had. The bright look vanished from his face, his voice trembled.

"He had the noblest soul God ever made," he answered. "We had had it all out that night as we walked alone together under the stars. He had told me how he had loved the girl I was to wed, and what a bitter struggle he had had with himself to conquer it.

"'I shall love her to my grave, Percy,' he said, 'but I have now found room in my heart for you both, and my love can now do your wife no harm.'

"It was at that moment that we were surrounded by a small band of Indians.

"'See, that Meta knows,' I shouted, as I saw that I must surrender hope. I learned afterward that he had escaped. I knew that he would bear my message. How it was received, you all know. My captors determined not to kill me. They held me as hostage. My death could occurr at any future time. Three days ago one of the put a note into my hand. 'Be ready at nightfall,' was all its message. To me it was enough. In some way the writer had made the woman his friend.

"I was unbound. They did not consider it necessary to bind me, so I was all ready for my dash for freedom. At six o'clock I recognized a whistle I knew well. I asked and received permission to bring some water from the spring, and started on my errand, across a stone's throw from the camp. As I bent at the spring I heard a horse's neigh. In the thicket at my side was a mounted horseman. How it all happened I can scarce tell you, but in another moment I, too, had sprung on his saddle, and we were off like the wind. It was a brave, a noble act, but sank into nothingness compared with what followed. With a shrill cry my captors swung themselves on their swift ponies and were on our track.

"Our horse, with his double weight, could not distance them. Inevitable capture and death must follow. John saw the danger, and ere I could defeat his intention he had thrown me the reins and slid to the ground.

"'I see that Meta knows,' he cried, giving me my own message to her, but with a strange exultation in his voice.

"The next moment I saw him fall, pierced with arrows."

Percy stopped and covered his face shudderingly with his hand, while a tear stood in every man's eye, many of which had known no moisture in long years.

It was as though an angel had unawares stood at our very door and we had driven him away. We had a very quiet wedding, after all; but when, in the years that followed a little noisy prattler was everybody's pet, we loved him the more dearly, not only as Meta's child, but because he bore the name, "John Harding Graham."

J. W.

THE GIRL WHO IS EVERYWHERE WELCOME.

The welcome guest is the girl who, knowing the hour for breakfast, appears at the table at the proper time, does not keep others waiting, and does not get in the way by being down half an hour before her hostess appears.

The welcome guest is the girl who, if there are not many servants in the house, has sufficient energy to take care of her own room while she is visiting; and if there are people whose duty it is, she makes that duty as light as possible for them, by putting away her own belongings, and in this way not necessitating extra work.

The welcome guest is the one who knows how to be pleasant to every member of the family, and who yet has tact enough to retire from a room when some special family affair is under discussion.

The welcome guest is the one who does not find children disagreeable, or the various pets of the household things to be dreaded.

The welcome guest is the one who, when her hostess is busy, can entertain herself with a book, a bit of sewing, or the writing of a letter.

The welcome guest is the one who, when her friends come to see her, does not disarrange the household in which she is staying that she may entertain them.

The welcome guest is the one who, having broken the bread and eaten the salt of her friend, has set before her lips the seal of silence, so that when she goes from the house she repeats nothing but the agreeable things that she has seen.

This is the welcome guest, the one to whom we say good bye with regret, and to whom we call out welcome with the lips and from the heart.

ONLY A BUNCH OF ROSES.

The roses were fresh with dew and sweet with fragrance as Madge Burton gathered them hastily that fair summer morning. Hanging them quickly to her girdle, she entered the carriage that was waiting for her and was driven to the station, where she took the train for a city fifty miles distant.

Mobey was not plentiful with the Burtons, so the young girl contented herself by riding in an ordinary car. She made a very sweet picture in the dusty car, and I do not think there was a person present who did not admire it. Her bright, sunny face, her dignified yet gentle bearing, her winsome smile upon tired and fretful children, who had travelled many a weary mile, her tasteful neat attire, with the bunch of roses for her girdle, were all noticed in a quiet way.

In the seat in front of her was a crippled child—a sad-looking, thin girl, whose earthly life was destined to be very short. She looked over her shoulder a number of times at Madge, and finally she said wistfully, with some hesitation:

"Would you mind if I should sit by you just a little while?"

"Not at all. I should be happy to have you do so," was the ready answer, given as courteously as if speaking to a young princess."

The child, leaning upon her crutches, took her place beside Madge.

"You don't look a bit tired," was her first observation.

Madge smiled into the questioning face.

"I am not tired," she said. "I have just begun my day."

"I am tired. I've come a long way, way from Denver. I couldn't sleep last night my knees pained me so. What beautiful roses you got! We used to have roses in our garden before we went to Denver. We're going to the town where we used to live,—pa and I. Pa's in the smoking car."

"Isn't your mother with you?"

"Ma's dead," was the reply; and the thin lips quivered. "We had to bury her away out in Colorado."

"You poor, dear child!" said Madge, not wondering that the lonely little girl had begged to sit beside her.

She unfastened the rosebuds from her girdle, and taking out half of them, gave them to the child, whose pale face grew jubilant with surprise. She held them to her cheek, and pressed them to her lips; and very soon, with the flowers held close to her breast, she fell asleep.

Madge put an arm about her gently, and drew her head to her shoulder. The child slept peacefully for half an hour; then as the cars stopped at a small town, a man came in hurriedly. It was the cripple's father. A mist crept over his eyes at the sight of the sleeping child, and he stooped and gathered her into his strong arms, he said in a low voice full of feeling:

"I'm not a praying man, miss, but may the Lord's blessin' rest on ye forever for your kindness to me poor motherless lamb!"

The travellers from Colorado had reached their destination. The sleeping child, who had suffered all through the previous night did not thoroughly awaken, only arousing a little as she was carried through the car, murmuring:

"I've—been—in—pa—heaven, I've—got—some—roses."

The mist in the father's eyes seemed to have spread through the car. No word was spoken aloud concerning the little scene just over, but in many a heart there was heard the Voice divine whispering: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."—*S. S. Times.*

IMPROVING THE MIND.

A young girl, who works all day long in the mending-room of an embroidery factory, told me how they made much of their spare minutes. There were thirty of them, and whenever a piece of embroidery came from the great looms it went into their hands to be looked over and mended, so what they did was "piece-work," and any minutes they gave up were deducted from their time at the end of the week. After thinking it over they decided that each one could spare ten minutes a day, and the one who was having her ten minutes, read to the others. In this way they got three hundred minutes a day, eighteen hundred minutes a week, and—whoever among you is a good arithmetician—count how many minutes a year that would be for them.

Doesn't this make you who govern your own time, a bit ashamed? Remember, time is really money to those girls, and yet they were willing to give it that they might gain knowledge. The good that came from the reading was not only in the story, or the verse, or the history, but each girl learned to use words correctly; she grew to understand, and to be mistress of good English—and all because of the spare minutes—the minutes that, in all, are so prone to idle away.

The loss of time was not great, and the gain in knowledge was. After my friend had told me of this I wondered how many girls there were who took ten minutes a day to improve their minds, and, do you know, I think the greatest number will be found among the women who deny themselves something in taking this time? The working-girl of America is the mother of the next generation. She is wealthy in wisdom, she is growing to be healthy in looks, and that she is wise is certain. To me she is so near and dear that I always want to meet her; and now I want to say to her:—"Come and get acquainted with me. Tell me a little of your troubles and of your joys; I'll tell you of mine, and we will suggest to each other the working out of problems that at first seem difficult." Will they answer my appeal? They are my special friends.

Girls, it isn't Always Wise

To be extremely familiar with those in your service at one time and arrogant at another.

To come to the conclusion that stubbornness is strength of will when it is usually strength of temper.

To be very positive that, because you are sisters or very intimate friends, a small question of money makes no difference.

To say a cruel word and then suppose that a kiss hastily brushed over a tear-stained face will make everything as it was before.

To "perfectly hate" and "perfectly adore" people without any special reason. —*Bazar.*

Every tissue of the body, every nerve bone and muscle is made stronger and more healthy by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

VICTORIA'S FATHER IN AMERICA.

The Duke of Kent in Nova Scotia for Seven Years.

About seven miles west of the center of Halifax, near the head of Bedford Basin, is a beautiful spot, not much used as pic-nic ground, which every Haligonia knows as "The Prince's Lodge." It is part of the estate in old times leased by Sir John Wentworth to the Duke of Kent for his royal residence during the seven years that that prince, the father of Queen Victoria, lived in Nova Scotia. Sir John Wentworth had his country mansion there, and called it, in allusion to Romeo and Juliet, "Friar Lawrence's Cell." The duke enlarged the original house until it was a fine two-storied ville, somewhat in the Italian style, with extensive wings at the north and south, and a great hall and drawing-rooms in the center.

Back of the house were stables for his horses, and the grounds, though rustic, and having all the marks that nature had originally put upon them, contained many charming surprises. His Royal Highness who was at this time commander of all the forces in North America, had a telegraph battery on an adjoining hill, by means of which he could send his orders to the citadel in town. In the neighborhood of the lodge were artificers of various sorts, so that the place was like a little feudal town. Indeed, the Prince himself used to put his hand to the jack plane or drive the cross-cut saw, and I fancy there was little that went on that he did not personally oversee.

He was a strict disciplinarian, but was very kind and affable in social life, and especially interested in young men, for whom he often did much. His life had not been a luxurious one, and he inherited many of the simple tastes of his father, plain old "Farmer George," which, on the whole, commended him to Nova Scotians. Society in Halifax in those days was very gay, and it is said that the Prince, by his moderation in the use of wine, and by refraining entirely from cards, had a good influence over the young men of the town. To spre intemperance among his men, it is said he used to make them turn out at 5 o'clock in the morning for drill, which of course, made late hours away from the barracks impossible.

His punishments were very severe. For one poor soldier he ordered 1000 lashes on his bareback, and on the grounds of the lodge is shown a cave where another was confined for two or three years until he died.—Once or twice, it is said, men committed suicide from fear of his punishments.

Prince Edward's friend and companion during his Nova Scotia life was a clever French woman, Mme. Alphonsie Therese Bernadine Julie de Montgenet de St. Laurent, Baronne de Fortisson, whom he first met in Martinique, and who, when he married the Queen's mother, retired to a convent.

The Halifax people were dazzled by the presence of royalty among them, and when the Prince's seven-year term had expired it took society a long time to settle down to its normal condition. In 1800 the Duke of Kent began the erection of the present citadel in Halifax, first removing the old insecure fortifications, and then building the massive walls that now enclose the fort. A conspicuous monument of his Royal Highness still remains in the square wooden clock tower below the glacis directly above the middle of the town.—*Harper's Bazar.*

TEA, AND ITS CONSUMPTION IN AMERICA.

The export of teas from China and Japan to New York for the season of 1889-90 embraced about 81,000,000 pounds. In 1888-9 it was 80,318,700, and in 1887-8 was 85,930,300 pounds. The special review of the Chamber of Commerce for 1890 omits any general statement of importation, consumption, or prices. Teas have steadily declined in price, and that with concomitant regret of importer, jobber, and broker. The fall in price is alleged to be chiefly due to the large shipments to this country from England and Canada; and these are said to be occasioned by the removal several years ago of the differential duty of 10 per cent. by the Federal government. Canada, closely protectionist in this matter, compels payment of 10 per cent. differential duty on teas warehoused in the United States and then transported thither, even when they are purchased for importation to her own limits. England ships her surplus to the United States without payment of duty, and with payment of additional freight, provided it be reshipped within six months after arrival in London. Commercial American hope is that Congress will restore the 10 per cent. differential duty on teas coming from any other than the country of production.

Oolong from the island of Formosa is reported to be the most popular with consumers, although in quality hardly equal to the fine Foochow tea. India and Ceylon teas are chiefly acceptable to educated palates, which do not comprise many of American origin; for the reason that their education has been neglected. Hence the liking for unwonted flavors is not wide-spread. The truth is that Americans are not a tea-drinking people, and that the annual per capita consumption of 1½ pounds has been virtually stationary for the past forty years.—*Harper's Magazine.*

WHY YOUNG MEN GET ALONG.

Young men who complain of hard work and small pay may profitably consider the beginnings of the successful men around them. In 1815, two young pressmen were at work in New York, side by side, printing a quarto edition of Scott's Family Bible. They worked with a will, for both were men of the stamp that naturally boss and rule the world. They were at the office, No. 49 John street, as early on the summer mornings as they could see, and did one-third of their day's task before breakfast. By their steady industry they each managed to earn twelve or thirteen dollars a week, and before long both were in business for themselves. One of these young men was ex-Mayor James Harper, and the other was Thurlow Weed, who became so powerful in the political world.

There were plenty of men in the office as capable, so all appearance, as they were. Thurlow Weed explains in a few words why many of them lived and died poor men, and those few lines can be condensed into a few words, such as: "Eleven o'clock beer," "treating all round," "lick at the grocery," and "mortgaging their weekly earnings."

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

IN THE HOSPITAL.

Grimed with misery, want and sin,
From a drunken brawl they brought him in.
While fearless-eyed around his bed
They whispered coldly: He is dead.
And looked askance as they went past,
And said: Best so. He has sinned his last.
But the doctor came and declared: Not so.
A fragment of life yet lies aglow.
And day and night, beside the bed,
He bent his skilful, earnest head;
By night, by day, with toil, with pain,
Coaxed back the worthless life again.
Coaxed back the life so nearly told,
And the man returned to his ways of old.
Returned unchanged to his old and ways,
And sinned and sinned to the end of his days
And the doctor wrote in his private book:
Sin, Sorrow, Wrong, where'er I look.
I have saved a sorrowful life. And why?
That a child taste of Hell ere men let him die.
And the doctor closed his book, and said:
Three lives by me who best were dead.

BEYOND THE HOSPITAL.

The doctor's work was done. He lay
Upon his death-bed, old and gray.
With the look on his face as of one who has went,
And he listened and watched while his fellows have slept
And he folded his hands on his weary breast
And murmured: Come, Death. I am ready for rest.
God judge of me lightly. I did what I could,
And yet have wrought evil in striving for good.
And swiftly, lo, all-a-pack was given
To where the Angels stood in Heaven
And he heard one say: A wise man dies,
If it time I went down and closed his eyes?
Not yet, they said. 'Tis in his book;
Sin, Sorrow, Wrong, where'er I look.
Is he ready for Heaven who needs to learn first,
God's hand brings a blessing e'en out of life's worst?
Not yet, said they. This wise man said:
Three lives by me who best were dead.
Is he ready for death, knowing not what life meant,
That no being lives but to some good intent?
And the Angels stood beside his bed.
Unlearn Earth's falsehoods, friend, they said—
And the doctor uplifted his questioning gaze,
And saw through the world and its barrenness ways,
Where grovelled a mortal, close wrapped in his sin
Degraded without and degraded within.
God forgive! groaned the doctor. I am the cause
For creatures yet liveth to transgress Thy laws—
Speak soft, said the Angels. How migrest thou call
What amount of sinning condemns him to Hell
Or how knowest thou but some late day of grace,
May find, e'en for him, in high Heaven a place?
Leave God to adjudge him. Thou seest in part;
Thou look'st at the life; God looks at the heart.
Oh, pity him, help him! but dare not to say
It were better to shorten his life by a day!
For as red flags of danger wave off from the road,
So you erring soul hath led many a God—
The doctor smiled softly: I understand.
God holds, e'en for sinners, some work in His land—
And he turned his wondering eyes away
To where a cradled infant lay,
While the mother hung o'er it with love and with shame,
For she gave it a life, but she could give it no name—
God forgive! cried the doctor. The babe but for me,
Had been spared all knowledge of Earth's infamy—
Speak soft, said the Angels. That babe is the link
To draw her soul back from destruction's brink.
There is nobler work given these puny hands,
Than falls to the lot of the Angel bands.
Oh, pity it, shield it; but dare not to say
It were better to shorten its life by a day.
For sweeter is rest won through danger and toil,
And purer is purity treasured through soil—
The doctor smiled softly: The longer our strife,
The nobler is winning the heavenly life—
And he turned his tear dim eyes away
To where a child complaining lay,
Struggling and spent with incurable pain,
While Death stood aloof, and science was vain—
God forgive! moaned the doctor. The child,
but for me,
Had never awakened to life's cruelty—
Speak soft, said the angels. How mayest thou know
What beautiful growth cometh forth of his woe?
Oh, pity him, love him; but dare not to say
It were better to shorten his life by a day.
For like flowers that spring but on sunless knolls
Some graces bloom only in tortured souls,
And a hundred hearts, all for the sake of that one,
Are learning the beauty of duties done,
Are learning unselfishness, thoughtfulness, care
By the side of that pain which they may not share.
And the sufferer—Heaven deserteth none not:
God's arm is around him: envy his lot—
Amen! said the doctor. God speeds to the weak.
Tis they who are strongest have furthest to seek.
Oh, blessed all lives, since for each God hath one,
Despite of sin, sorrow and wrong and pain!
I thank Thee, I thank Thee, O God, that those three
Whose lives I deplored are yet living by me—
Then low spoke the Angels: Now fall it in
Heaven
A glad soul more to our fair Realm is given.
And the sunlight fell soft as God's kiss on his head;
And men stooped o'er him weeping and said:
He is dead.

DISH-WASHING MADE EASY.

The New England Homestead says that a hotel in Springfield, Mass., has a machine which washes 1,800 dishes an hour, with a boy of 15 to run it. The washing is done without cracking or picking. A tank is divided in four compartments, two filled with boiling soapsuds, two with boiling water. A trolley track runs over and with a belt arrangement by which a wire basket filled with dishes is lowered into the water, gently agitated and raised. After passing through the four waters the dishes come out clean and so hot that they are taken out by girls with gloved hands they dry in a few seconds. The water flows from the last tub to the first and is heated by steam pipes. The principle was first applied in a Roman Catholic convent, and there is no patent on it.