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The Acton Free Press.

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H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—Dr. McGarvin's house, corner Mill and Frederick streets.

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Will be at Clark's Hotel every Friday

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Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan.
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Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always on hand.
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PRICE 60 CENTS.
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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.
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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.

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Proof Etchings, Colored Pictures, Room and Picture Mouldings.
IVORY OAK FRAMES SILVER GILT
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A full stock of Winsor & Newton's Flake White.
Double Tubes, Rowney's, 10c.
8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete 25c.
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 1874.
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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.
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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
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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,
—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 8:45 p.m. Careful attention given to everyorder 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.
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Hamilton's Marble Works.
HAMILTON'S Block (formerly Hatch's Block), the core, 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.

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 700,000
REST 85,000
GUELPH BRANCH,
Corner of Wyndham and Quebec 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.

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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
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AGENTS WANTED.

GENTLEMEN
Order now your
Fall Suit
And Overcoat
New Goods Specially imported for my Trade.
Choice Patterns.
Fit, Style and Workmanship the Best.
Prices the Lowest.
My Specialty, Perfect-Fitting
$4 Pants to Order.
R. E. NELSON,
Fashionable Clothier,
99 Upper Wyndham St., Guelph.

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.

THE WEDDING CAKE.

The doctor had a pretty daughter,
And many lads had tried
To woo her for a sweetheart
And win her for a bride;
But she was very well content
To be her father's pride.

Studying in the doctor's office
Was a talented young man;
He had loved the doctor's daughter
Since his studies there began;
And the doctor said with favor
"You may win her if you can."

But Jessie was a coy young Miss;
And wooing did not speed;
And all his earnest love for her
She did not seem to heed;
They quarreled every time they met;
Where could such courtship lead?

One morning pretty Jessie stood,
Sleeves up and plump arms bare,
And looked down in the big cake bowl,
With anxious, puzzled air;
For baking cake was Jessie's pride,
And housekeeping her care.

"Shall it be gilt or silver cake,
Or sponge or angel food?"
She mused aloud; Fred, coming in
Said: "Angel food is good,
If it's for you, but not for me;
You could please me, if you would."

And Jessie, always glad to please
Asked him: "Which shall I take?
I'll make just what you want," said he:
"My own choice may I take?
Then, since you leave it all to me,
Make us a wedding cake."

You took advantage of me there
Unfair," Jessie said,
"Was your own offer, sweetheart mine,"
Triumphantly said Fred,
And she did make a wedding cake
Next month, when they were wed.

—*Abbe Kinne.*

Select Family Reading.

Dolly's Escape.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

"It was awful!"

Having uttered this opinion, Tom Rowland leaned back against the wall, and contemplated his twin sister Dolly, with troubled eyes.

"It is perfectly awful, Dolly," he repeated. "I don't want you to marry anybody for years and years. We are only eighteen and—how old is this Mr. Darnley?"

"Fifty! Sixty!—I don't know, Tom! He is old enough to have a bald spot on his head, and his is gray and wears spectacles. And I hate him."

"Why don't you say so?"

"Say so!" tossing a pretty head of short nut brown curls. "Say so! I say so every day, every hour, and aunt Jane lectures me upon my frivolity and Mr. Darnley's angelic goodness, till I am half frantic. He is so rich, Tom, oh, quite too awfully rich, and so mean he won't buy himself half decent clothes. Wears old horrors of coats that must have been his grandfather's!"

"Well, you see, Doll, you must take a firm stand and say you won't marry him."

"Yes. That's all very well for you who can go back to school in a few weeks; but you don't know the life Aunt Jane will lead me. She told me this morning that if I refused him I need never expect to have one dollar of her money."

"Well, you don't want it. You have more now than she has."

"But she will make my life a burden."

"I say, Doll," said Tom, suddenly, "there isn't anybody else, is there?"

"Who could there be? You know Aunt Jane will not allow me to visit or receive visitors, or do anything other girls do."

"But, perhaps Mr. Darnley will not propose."

"He is coming to-day—now—in five minutes, to see Aunt Jane by appointment. And last evening he told me, not right out, you know, but it was the same thing, that he was coming to ask for a priceless treasure and all that sort of thing. Oh, Tom, he is here. See, Jerry is taking his horse across the yard. Don't speak. There is only a portiere between this and the parlor. He can hear every word we say."

"He can! Dolly, I'll save you yet! Follow my lead!"

As he spoke, heavy steps crossed the parlor, and a chair creaked as someone sat down.

"And," said Tom, as if continuing a sentence, "I think it is downright wicked of you, Dolly, when Aunt Jane has been so kind to us, to try to attract the only man she ever loved."

Dolly's eyes widened. Only for a moment then in answer to Tom's broad grin, she said:

"But, Tom, Mr. Darnley is so rich, and I do so want to wear diamonds and sealskin."

"But if he should not be generous!"

"That don't matter. I'll do as Mrs. Munroe does; I'll run up the bills, and he will have to pay them. He'll get mad, I suppose, at first, but I can get up a temper, too."

"You can, indeed!" said Tom, sighing as if his experience confirmed her words. "He won't want to see you in one of your rages twice!"

Dolly clenched a little milk-white fist, and shook it in Tom's face saying:

"If he beats me, I'll tell everybody in Melton."

"But, Dolly, I say, what about Harry? I was sure you adored Harry."

Again Dolly's eyes were wide with amazement; but Tom gave her the cue with a grimace that would have made his fortune as a circus clown."

"Hush!" she said. "Don't ever tell Aunt Jane about Harry. She never even heard of him. I adore Harry. But Darnley is so rich, Tom. I can have everything if I marry him."

"Well, I suppose you will then; but it is hard on Aunt Jane. She's a fine man, and just a suitable age for her. There were positively tears in her eyes when she described him to me; and she believes he is coming here to-day to ask her to marry him. It's too bad, Doll."

"Well, I can't help it if she is mistaken."

"And poor Harry. He will be heartbroken."

"I'll marry him when old Darnley dies and leaves me a rich widow."

And then, the powers of endurance being taxed to their utmost limit, these wicked young people dashed out of the low French window down the porch steps and into the barn, to laugh till they were exhausted.

But the elderly man they had left seated in lone misery in the parlor did not laugh. Indeed, the long sigh he gave came very near to a groan. Life seemed all at once to have taken a most wicked turn, and all the rosy visions he had dreamed in the last few weeks suddenly vanished.

He was fifty-five years old, and for forty of those years he had been working, scraping pennies together to make dollars, saving, grinding down daily expenditure to become rich.

To be rich! That was the sum total of his ambition, the one aim of his life. He studied and was fairly well educated, because he found ignorance hindered him in his race for wealth; but he was not a student by choice. When he was already a wealthy man a speculation in which he had put but a small sum of money suddenly proved a mine of wealth, and Mr. Darnley was rich beyond his wildest hopes. But the love of hoarding and saving was too firmly fixed in his sordid soul to be easily uprooted. He came to Melton because living was cheap in the country. He bought a house because it was offered to him at a bargain. He engaged a cook and man-servant, who told most appalling stories of his stingy house-keeping.

Then it occurred to him that if he died, he had no child to inherit his wealth, and he resolved to marry. Cautious inquiry revealed the fact that on the outskirts of Melton lived a maiden lady, with her niece, and rumor stated that both had very pretty fortunes. The niece, he learned, was a shy girl of eighteen, educated by her aunt, living in the greatest seclusion, a girl who had never been in society, who was trained to be an economical housekeeper, and knew nothing of finery or the pleasures of city life.

He obtained an introduction, and his own eyes told him that Dorothy Rowland was the prettiest girl he ever saw, and quite as shy and retiring as had been represented to him. He never saw her except in the presence of her aunt, but his cold heart was stirred with a sensation of pleasure, hitherto unknown, at the idea of this lovely little creature presiding over his house and watching that the servants were saving of soap fat and candle ends.

He had quite resolved to marry her, had counted the cost of the cheapest suit he could wear to the wedding and the shortest tour he could make for a honeymoon trip. He had heroically resisted the temptation of a paste ring, and purchased the smallest diamond to be found, and presented himself at the appointed hour to offer himself up on the alter of matrimony.

And then, at the last hour, a kindly fate interposed to save him. His hair rose in horror, as through the portiere floated those silvery tones that told him the shy, timid girl, who had never heard of a lover, was a worldly, mercenary little minx, who was about to marry him for his money, and to marry her other lover when he died. A cold perspiration broke out all over him. Such a woman as that was capable of hastening matters by poisoning him.

What an escape he had had! He would go home at once. But stop. That note to Miss Jane. He must give her some explanation. Now there was a true woman, a saving, economical housekeeper, and, in spite of forty years' experience of life, a handsome woman, too. And her nephew had more than hinted that he might secure this treasure, instead of the dreadful girl he had so nearly asked to be his wife.

What was in his note? Only a request for a private conversation. No, he would not go home. He would see Miss Jane, who probably thought he was talking to her niece.

"Oh, Tom!" Dolly gasped, as they flew into the barn, "do you think he heard it all? Oh, you dear, dear Tom. Just think if he marries Aunt Jane, she will go and live with him, and we can have Aunt Mary and both the girls. Aunt Mary won't shut me up as if I had the plague. And the girls will teach me everything. Lawn tennis and dancing! And I can buy what dresses I like, and live. We just vegetate now."

"I wonder," said Tom, expanding into a brand new grin, "if your elderly adorer thinks Aunt Jane owns this place!"

"I don't believe anybody ever told him anything about it. But all the Melton folks know it is ours. You can tell Harry," and the pair went off into fits of merriment.

But all things have an end, and the echo of the luncheon bell informed these young conspirators that they must compose their faces, and present themselves in the dining room. Two more decorous people it would have been difficult to find, as they entered the parlor, five minutes later.

But what had come to Aunt Jane? All her usual sourness gone from her countenance. She fairly beamed upon Tom, whose visits in the holidays were her semi-annual purgatory. The very ribbons at her throat seemed more resplendent than usual.

"My dear Dorothy!" she said, "where have you been?"

"Down in the barn with Tom. Have—have you wanted me?"

"No, my dear child, no. I was under a misapprehension, Dorothy, with regard to Mr. Darnley."

Here Tom rushed to the window, and looked out, extreme agitation betraying itself in his shaking shoulders.

"Dear me Thomas," said his aunt, "do move more quietly."

"I thought I saw a pig in the carnation bed," said Tom in stifled tones.

"As I was saying, Dorothy," said Miss Jane, "your usual vanity has quite misled you in regard to Mr. Darnley. In appropriating his attentions, you have quite misunderstood him. His visit to-day was to ask me to be his wife!"

"Oh!" in a duett from Dorothy and Tom.

"And I hope, Dorothy, that I shall hear no more of the exceedingly vulgar abuse you have indulged in, with regard to my future husband."

"Not a word," protested Dolly. "As an uncle, I shall adore him. And so will Tom:"

"You will at least treat him with proper respect," said Aunt Jane, sailing majestically from the parlor to the dining-room, and seeing nothing of the impromptu war dance with which Tom was expressing his delight at Dolly's escape and the success of his brotherly efforts.

A Knowing Parrot.

A gentleman was boasting that his parrot would repeat anything he told him. For example, he told him several times before some friends to say "Uncle," but the parrot would not repeat it. In his anger he seized the bird, and half-twisting his neck, said: "Say 'uncle' you beggar!" and threw him into the fowl pen, in which he had ten prize fowls. Shortly afterward thinking he had killed the parrot, he went to the pen. To his surprise he saw nine of the fowls dead on the floor with their necks wrung and the parrot standing on the tenth twisting her neck and screaming, "Say 'uncle,' you beggar say uncle!"

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

HER GOOD-BYE.

How Two Bored Women Tear Themselves Apart.

Mrs. Gabler—Rising to depart after a call on Mrs. Wearysome—"Well, I really must go. I've stayed now later than——"

Mrs. Wearysome—"Oh, no, you haven't. You come so seldom and——"

"So Seldom? Why, I call here oftener than almost any other place, and——"

"Well, I'm always delighted to see you, and——"

"Oh, thanks! But I just must go now. You'll come to see me real soon, won't you, dear?"

"Yes indeed, and——"

"Well, do now, and—oh, were you at the concert last night?"

"Yes, and——"

"Lovely little affair, wasn't it? How charming Mr. Tennerson sang. But I really must, must go now. Good-bye, dear."

"Good-bye."

"Mind that I expect to see you very soon."

"Oh, yes; but don't wait for me. You have more time than I, you know, and—"

"What! I have more time than you? My dear child, I'm fairly rushed to death all the time."

"So am I."

"I really don't see where the time goes. Good-bye dear."

"Good-bye."

"If you don't come and see me soon, I'll—oh! where did you get that lovely elixir-scent? It's a perfect beauty. I wish I—but oh, my dear, if I didn't nearly forget to tell you about Maida De Vere's wedding, and that's just what I came for! I must sit down and tell you about it!"

Two hours later she departs, after a prolongation of the good-bye business for fifteen minutes on the steps.—*Nursey's Weekly.*

SCIENTIFIC.

They say that Dr. Koch, will soon come to the surface again with a most important scientific revelation.

Scientists say that the orange was originally a berry, and its evolution has been going on more than 1,000 years.

So much in excess of the supply is the demand for whalebone that several tons were sold last week in London at the enormous price of $6,650 per ton.

The saltest piece of water upon earth is Lake Urumie, Persia, more than 4,000 feet above the sea level. It is very shallow, and no living thing can exist in it.

The earth is gradually growing larger from the fall of meteoric matter. An astronomer estimates that the globe is annually pelted with 146,000,000 projectiles.

The lowest body of water on the globe is the Caspian Sea; its level has been gradually lowering for centuries and it is eighty-five feet below the level of its neighbor, the Black Sea.

The delicacy of the organs of smell peculiar to the turkey, vulture and carrion crow is something quite remarkable, they being able to scent their food for the long distance of 40 miles.

The period of "a generation" has been lengthened; it used to be 130 years, and later was increased to 31; Now the average term of human life has increased in the last 50 years from 34 to 42 years.

Every year a layer of the sea, fourteen feet thick, is taken up into the clouds. The winds bear their burden into the land and the water comes down in rain upon the fields, to flow back through rivers.

It has been reckoned that if the whole ocean were dried up, all the water passing away as vapor, the amount of salt remaining would be enough to cover 5,000,000 square miles with a layer one mile thick.

AN ENGINEER TAUGHT BY AN INSECT.

It has been said that the operations of the spider suggested the art of spinning and weaving to man. That may be doubtful, but it is quite certain that to a hint from an insect was due the invention of a machine instrumental in accomplishing one of the most stupendous works of modern times—the excavation of the Thames tunnel. Mark Isambard Brunel, the great engineer, was standing one day, about three quarters of a century ago in a ship-yard, watching the movements of an animal known as the Teredo Navalis—in English, the naval woodworm—when a brilliant thought suddenly occurred to him. He saw that this creature bored its way into the piece of wood upon which it was operating by means of a very extraordinary mechanical apparatus. Looking at the animal attentively through a microscope he found that it was covered in front with a pair of valvular shells; that with its foot as a purchase, it communicated a rotary motion and a forward impulse to the valve which, acting upon the wood like a gimlet, penetrated its substance; and that as the particles of wood were loosened, they passed through a fissure in the foot and thence through the body of the borer to its mouth, where they were expelled. "Here," said Brunel to himself, "is the sort of thing I want. Can I reproduce it in an artificial form?" He forthwith set to work, and the final result of his labors, after many failures, was the famous boring shield, with which the Thames tunnel was excavated. This story was told by Brunel himself, and there is no reason to doubt its truth. The keen observer can draw useful lessons from the humblest of the works of God.—*Exchange.*

SWIMMING TO CHURCH.

A girl named Nyangandi, who lived near the Ogowe river, West Africa, one Saturday came in her canoe with two bunches of plantains to sell to the missionary. When she was going away, Mrs. Batchelor, the missionary's wife, said to her: "Now you must not forget that to-morrow will be the Sabbath day, and you have really promised to come every time." "Yes," said the girl "I will surely come if I am alive." And so she did but no one knew how she got there, until, at the close of the service, she told the girls that in the night her canoe had been stolen, and none of her friends would lend her one; but she had promised to come to church, and so she felt she must and swam all the way! The current was swift, the water deep, and the river fully a third of a mile wide; but by swimming diagonally she succeeded in crossing the river. If this heathen girl, who knew only a little about the gospel, could take so much pains to keep her word, and honor the Sabbath day, how much more should people keep the fourth and ninth commandments!

ANTIQUITY OF THE CARPENTER'S PLANE.

A very interesting discovery has been made at the Roman city of Silchester. The excavators came across a dry well, which, on being explored, proved quite a little museum of antiquities. Some fifteen feet down, a correspondent says, the diggers found an urn shaped pottery vase, about a foot in length, quite intact, and curiously enough, protected by lumps of chalk built around it. The vase, which probably originally contained some precious substance, was, however, quite empty. Above it were deposited a great number of iron implements, most of which were in a wonderful state of preservation. They seem to have been the tools of a carpenter and a coppersmith or silversmith, with some miscellaneous objects of blacksmith's work thrown in. The principal specimen is a carpenter's plane of quite modern type although unquestionably more than 1,500 years old, three or four axes retaining their fine cutting edges and quite serviceable, a number of chisels and gouges of all shapes and sizes, hammers, adzes, saws, files, etc. In the smith's department may be specified a brazier for burning charcoal, quite complete; two or three anvils of different sizes and shapes, a fine pair of tongs adapted for lifting crucibles, a curious tripod candelabrum lamp, or candlestick, and several other curious objects the precise uses of which have not yet been determined. In addition there are several large bars of iron. Probably more will be found deeper down in the well. This is undoubtedly the most important find at Silchester since the discovery of the bronze Roman eagle, now at Strathfieldsaye some years ago.—*Canada Lumberman.*

WHEN TO STOP ADVERTISING.

A trade journal once requested ten of its larger advertisers to give their opinion as to the best time to stop advertising, writes Thos. Smith, London, and the following replies resulted:—

"When population ceases to multiply and the generations that crowd on after you, and never heard of, stop coming on."

"When you have convinced everybody whose life will touch yours that you have better goods and lower prices than they can ever get anywhere else."

When you perceive it to be the rule that men who never advertise are outstripping their neighbors in the same line of business."

"When men stop making fortunes right in your sight solely through the discreet use of this mighty agent."

"When you can forget the words of the shrewdest and most successful business men concerning the main cause of their prosperity."

"When every man has become thoroughly a creature of habit that he will certainly buy this year where he bought last year."

"When younger and fresher houses in your line cease starting up and using the newspapers in telling the people how much better they can do for them than you can."

"When you would rather have your own way and fail, than take advice and win."

"When nobody else thinks it pays to advertise."

"Judicious and persistent advertising is the keystone of success; therefore, don't stop, or others will get ahead of you.

THIS BIRD HAS NO NAME.

And yet it is Daily Served in Every Restaurant and Hotel.

It is a curious fact that a bird which is more distributed over the surface of the earth than any other kind, which is better known to man, and more useful to him than any other, has in our language no distinctive name, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*. This defect in nomenclature seems still more strange when we remember that this favorite bird has half a dozen cousin species, every one of which rejoices in a name that is all its own. The nameless bird is the—well the barnyard bird about whose capabilities for broiling, roasting and the like we usually care a great deal more than we do about what we shall call it. But isn't it queer that we have no name for it? Commonly we call the bird chicken. That is clearly a misnomer, unless we are alluding to the little fellows that have lately emerged from the shell. An adult of this species is as far from being a chicken as a man is from being a baby. When we want to be specific about the adult of this species we Americans call the male bird a rooster and the female a hen. But these terms apply equally to many other species of birds. Probably the most favored word for the species is fowl; but that is shooting very wide of the mark. Webster's definition of fowl is "a vertebrate animal having two legs, and covered with feathers or down—a bird." Shakespeare uses the simile, "Like a fowl," and the Bible speaks of "the fowl of the air."

IT TAKES TWO TO MAKE A ROW.

There is a tradition of a Gloucestershire scold, whose obstinate disposition defied the ducking stool.

After the first "sousing" in the village horse pond, her husband exclaimed, Molly! Molly! Wot thee promus I never to scold at I again?"

As soon as Molly recovered her breath, she replied in a thundering voice of moroseness, "No,—I won't doo nothing o' th' sort!"

Molly had another souse, and the husband met with the same ceremonious response to his anxious intertogations. The sousing was repeated; but Molly continued to be obdurate and contumacious.

"You may drown I," shouted Molly; "but I wool never give in."

They did not run the risk of drowning Molly, but released her, for the husband was convinced that she would "rather drown than refuse to wag her red rag at un" whenever she felt inclined to do so! It did not cure Molly. She became as great a scold as ever she had been before her public "sousing." Some years after that critical punishment, the Lord of Manor met John at a Court Leet and inquired: "Well, John how does Molly get on now with her scolding?"

"Oh, Squire, her be pretty nearly cured on't."

"Did the ducking stool do that business?"

"Oh, no; I let her jaw on as long as her liked. I god her no answers. I sot quiet and blowed my baccy, and her soon dropt her scolding and be now as good a woman as they be made!"

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

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I've wandered by the village, Tom—I rest beneath the tree
Upon the school house playing ground which sheltered you and me;
But none were left to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know
That played with us upon the green just Twenty Years Ago.

The grass is just as green, dear Tom, barefooted boys at play
Are sporting just as we were then, with spirits light as gay;
But master sleeps upon the hill. All coated over with snow,
That afforded us a sliding place just Twenty Years Ago.

The old school house is altered some, the benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the ones our penknives had defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro,
The music just the same, dear Tom, was Twenty Years Ago.

The boys are playing some old game beneath that same old tree,
I do forget the name just now—you have play'd it the same with me;
On that spot 'twas play'd with marbles, by throwing so and so,
The leaders had a task to do there, Twenty Years Ago.

The river is running just as still—the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, dear Tom, the stream appears less wide;
The grape-vine swing is rotted now, where once we play'd the beau,
And swung our sweethearts, pretty girls, Dear Twenty Years Ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill close by the spreading beech,
Is very high—I've once so low that we could almost reach;
But in kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so,
To see how sadly I am changed since Twenty Years Ago.

Down by the spring upon an elm you know I cut your name—
Your sweetheart's just ben cut it, Tom—and you did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark—'twas dying, sure but slow,
Just as the one whose name you cut did Twenty Years Ago.

My lids have long been dry, dear Tom, but tears came in my eyes,
I thought of her I loved so well—those early broken ties;
I visited the old church yard, and took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved some Twenty Years Ago.

Some are in the church yard, some sleep beneath the sea,
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me;
But when our time shall come, dear Tom, we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played in Twenty Years Ago.

LEARN A TRADE.

A Chicago correspondent writes to a contemporary as follows: There are an enormous number of unemployed Canadians in this city. They would be far better off at home than here. There are thousands of them, and most of them with good vocations. In my opinion the so-called "higher education" of your people is being overdone. When they leave college they are of no earthly use for business. I could write you a bookful about the men who have come through Toronto University and are working for thirty dollars a month.

I put an advertisement in the paper here on Sunday for a book keeper, "Canadian preferred," and the one insertion of this brought me 598 replies, and out of those 181 had been through the Toronto University. This was last fall and the state of things is not much better now than it was then, and yet in all this interesting panorama of magnificent business and plenty of work, we cannot find good practical men with mechanical heads as salesmen, to whom we would willingly pay a good salary, and why is this so? Simply for pride on the part of the young men who prefer a so-called "higher education," rather than sell their fingers with a mechanical training which would fit them for lucrative positions in the future.

DEFINING A FLIRT.

Somebody wrote and asked me to define a flirt. It seems unnecessary when his dictionary meaning is worded in such fine Saxon terms. There has been some degree of fascination tossed about the word by perversion of its meaning, but it is quite time to apply it only in its true sense, and the appellation is far from being a complimentary one.

Do you want to act a lie? Then flirt.

Do you care to lose the modest charm of manner, which is woman's best heritage and man's too infrequently found attribute? Then play at love.

Do you want your future life embittered by memories which will stab you when your heart is beating with happiness? Then cheat some one into giving you true regard for falseness.

If you would be womanly, my woman reader, or manly, my unknown questioner, give your esteem to all, who deserve it, your friendship to those who are your true friends, and your heart's warm, earnest love to one man or to one woman and let it be unsullied by the flirtations which many count in triumph on the fingers of both their hands.—*Globe*

HOW TO BE A HAPPY OLD MAID.

To have so much to do that there is no time for morbid thoughts.

To never think for a moment that you are not attractive, and to make yourself look as charming as possible.

To be so considerate of the happiness of others that it will be reflected back to you as from a looking glass.

To never permit yourself to grow old, for by cultivating all the graces of heart, brain, and body, age will not come upon you.

To believe that a life work has been mapped out for you, that it is near you, and to that which your hands find for you.

To remember that the happy old maid is the one member of a family who, not having any claims on her, can be God's own sunshine to those in sorrow or in joy.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Welcome Visitors.

First Little Girl—Aunt Maud and Aunt Clara visited us yesterday, and they brought me a doll.

Second Little Girl—Aunts are nobody. Pooh! Anybody can have aunts visit 'em. We have angels, real angels, visit our house. Some were there last night.

"Angels! Did you see them?"

"No—o, I was asleep, but this morning I saw the baby they brought."

An old lady began her prayer by saying, "Oh, Lord, Thou hast probably read in the morning papers how they were decorated yesterday."