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The Acton Free Press

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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 DATE—Tuesday and Saturday.
OFFICE:—Kennedy's Block, Acton, up-stairs

SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & STONE,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,
TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN.
Offices:—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and Traders' Bank Chambers, 63 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.

JOHN DAY,
ARCHITECT,
GUELPH, ONT.
OFFICE:—Queen's Hotel Block, Market Square.

FRANCIS NUNAN
(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. Ruling neatly and promptly done

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
MILL STREET, ACTON.
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.
J. & H. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artists.

JOB PRINTING,
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.
QUEBEC 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.

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 us 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,
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Coal & Wood.
JAMES BROWN
Has on hand a large quantity of excellent coal which he will promptly deliver to any part of the town at reasonable prices.
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 $100 up at six 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., Auctioneers.
BRANCH OFFICE:—21 Queen St., East, Toronto.
S. M. COOK & CO., Auctioneers, Georgetown and Toronto.

New, Strong
EXPRESS WAGON
24 x 12 Inches,
PRICE 60 CENTS.
BABY CARRIAGES. LAWN CROQUET.
Buy last the Best Stock and lowest prices.
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,
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, Rounds, 10c.
8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete 20c.
5 Foot Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 15c.
Our Wall papers
Are said to be the best selected in the city.
WATERS BROS.,
ESTABLISHED 1871.
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, - GUELPH.

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 8:30 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 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 10 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.

BELL
Pianos
AND
Organs
WERE AWARDED
THE - GOLD - MEDAL
AT
Jamaic a International Exhibition 1891,
In competition with American, German, English and Canadian manufacturers.
FOR SALE
On Monthly or Quarterly Payments
at
C. W. Kelly's
MUSIC STORE,
25 Lower Wyndham street, Guelph. Telephone 178.

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.
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. P. H. JONES,
Manager Guelph Branch.
Guelph, December, 1890.

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 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
28 FRONT ST. WEST, TORONTO.
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.

FALSE TIMES.

A country fair—
Alas, it is!
At Roberstown
Or at Hamilton!

Charming country girls,
Though not in style,
With eyes that kill
At half a mile

Rosy cheeks,
Splendid form,
Always the same,
In calm and storm.

Country swain,
With grit and sand,
Walks with ducky,
Hand in hand.

Down in pocket
Goes his hand,
She stops short,
Refreshment stand.

Cocoanut and candy
Half watermelon each,
Ice cream follows,
Then a pear or peach.

In searching fun
Every one's intent,
Everybody's happy,
Enjoyment innocent.

Home once more
In parlor there,
Big hearted swain,
And maiden fair.

We mustn't wait
To see it through,
Let the same myself,
Wouldn't you?

Select Family Reading.

Neighbors.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

When Mrs. Chatterton, a very pretty young widow, with one little boy, bought a small cottage at B——, and came there to reside, she thought it an earthly Paradise; but Satan entered in Paradise, and the very first day that little Roland Chatterton went out to play a great dog jumped the hedge which divided his mother's garden from her neighbor's, and barked and growled most terribly at the small man in petticoats and red stockings, who at once flew to his mother with piteous wails and shrieks of terror.

Mrs. Chatterton caressed her child, placed him in safety in the middle of her bed, and rushed out into the garden, armed with a curtain pole, to expel the intruder.

He was there still, and had frightened the little servant, in a white cap, who was called Roland's nursemaid, to such a degree that she had climbed a vine trellis, and clung to it half way up, crying piteously.

Meanwhile a man of portly habit, and so well dressed and barbered that, but for his disgusting conduct, Mrs. Chatterton would have considered him a gentleman, stood on the other side of the hedge, laughing.

"All he wants to do is to lick your hand, young woman," this masculine individual was saying. "He's the best-tempered fellow. Come down and be friends with him."

"I can't, sir!" squealed the little maid. "I'm that afraid, I shall die, sir! I had a cousin died of hydrofoby, sir. O-o-h! Oh! He's a climbing up after me!"

Mrs. Chatterton, though mortally afraid of the dog herself, was determined not to quail before these insolent intruders. She advanced slowly.

"Call your dog away, sir," she said. "The brute has already nearly frightened my son into convulsions. Now he attacks my servants. No doubt I shall be the next victim. Call him off."

"Here, Leo," cried the gentleman.

Leo heard and obeyed reluctantly.

"Come down, child," said Mrs. Chatterton. "It is most shocking that we should have this to bear. Is that your dog, sir?"

"That is my dearest friend, Leo," replied the portly gentleman; "and allow me to tell you, madam, that he is worth any ten men, and all the women I have ever had the misfortune to meet. The young person is quite safe. Why doesn't she come down?"

Mrs. Chatterton, conscious that the dignity of the situation was not increased by the great exhibition of polka dot stocking which Sophy was making, repeated her commands. The maid descended and rushed into the house, uttering a wild shriek; and Mrs. Chatterton turned to the dog's master.

"Sir," she said, "as I cannot permit my only son's life to be perpetually in danger, I must request you never to allow that dog to enter my garden again?"

"I'll request him not to do so," replied the gentleman. "He's partial to a bit of fun, though. He's like me in that. It is his sense of the ridiculous, I am sure, that brings him here. If you will climb trees when he appears he may think it too good a joke to lose. He may insist on coming."

"A dog who would behave like that would prove himself mad," replied Mrs. Chatterton. "I am quite as averse to hydrophobia as Sophy is. I shall think it my duty to shoot him if he trespasses on my grounds again."

Mrs. Chatterton did not own a pistol, and could not have fired one if she had, but the threat enraged the stout gentleman.

"Perhaps you would like to shoot me also," he said. "Observe, madam, I am on my own grounds, not on yours. I have my own opinion of any one who can take a dislike to a noble animal like that, who can replace his offers of affection. I begin to doubt the creature's sagacity. Generally he makes no mistakes. Why he should make advances to a cowardly little milksop of a boy and a drivelling idiot of a maidservant I am sure I can't guess. Come, Leo. Madam, I advise you to take your family to Dr. Fasteur as soon as possible. Good-morning."

"The insolent wretch!" gasped Mrs. Chatterton.

"Oh! ain't he, mum?" gasped Sophy, at the door.

"I'd a mind to scuse him with b'iling water!" called cook, from the kitchen window. "Oh! but he's the divil, that's what he is—bad luck to him!"

The individual thus described was not yet too far away to overhear, and he grinned sardonically.

People said of Mr. Sutphen that he had been jilted in his youth, and had hated women ever since. Certainly they were right about women. He could see no good in any of them, and when they offended him he behaved most horribly, as in the present instance.

And this was a fine beginning for two neighbors! Socially the Mrs. Chatterton, who had never before met with any discourtesy, and who was used to look upon men as her natural protectors and admirers. It gave her a new sensation, and a most unpleasant one, to be addressed in that fashion, to be looked at as Mr. Sutphen had looked at her. Then he had called her son, her baby yet in petticoats, a cowardly milk-sop! Considering the exhibition of polka-dot stockings, she did not feel much sympathy for Sophy; still he had behaved like a brute to the girl. She longed to punish him, and she could not see her way to it. However, she had a gate opened into the other road, that she might not always be obliged to pass his windows in going out. From this time the widow and the bachelor lived in a state of warfare only possible to to country neighbors. There was always a cow or a chicken, a goose or a turkey to quarrel over. The bachelor had his washing and ironing done at home by his Chinese servant; that official tied his clothes-line to a branch of an old tree which grew on Mrs. Chatterton's side of the dividing hedge.

Mrs. Chatterton waited until all the shirts and stockings were hung up and then had Sophy untie the rope. Sophy cut it, and all the garments lay upon the ground. Mr. Stephen consulted a lawyer, and Mrs. Chatterton had a bill for "clothes line, and damage to garments," presented to her, which she paid. It was only one of a thousand annoyances, and this went on a full year at least; everybody in the village knew about it, and everybody blamed the old batchelor; but curiously enough, a great attachment had sprung up between the original cause of the quarrel—the great Newfoundland dog, Prince Leo, and the widow's little boy, Roland, who had now got into knickerbockers, and had had his long curls cut. The hands of the opposing armies should have interfered, but they did not. They pretended not to know anything about it.

There was a deep pond, almost a lake, hard by the little cluster of cottages of which Mrs. Chatterton's was one, and Roland had been forbidden to go near it alone. Alas! when his hair was cropped and his skirts put away, the baby vanished forever, Roly became a boy. And he not only went to the lake alone, but went there to paddle about in the water. One day he was missed.

Sophy had lingered at her glass a while in view of the arrival of the young butcher. A great terror seized upon the mother. She flew towards the pond.

As he saw her coming, naughty Roland ran further into the water and lost his footing. He was drowing—drowning before her eyes. She could not swim, but rushed, in after him, shrieking loudly.

Instantly a man rushed across the land. A dog passed him, and flew into the water.

Mr. Sutphen was the man, Prince Leo the dog. The former brought out the lady, the latter the little boy.

But for their promptitude both would have been drowned, and as soon as Mrs. Chatterton felt sure they were not, she knelt down at Leo's side and kissed him on his good brown nose.

"You dear thing, I love you," said she, "and you sir, my eternal gratitude is yours."

After this peace reigned between the cottagers. Offerings of roses from the gentleman, and of custards from the lady, brought on calls and tea-drinkings—of course at Mrs. Chatterton's house. And one day, while they sat opposite each other, with Roly between them, and Prince Leo at his master's feet, Mr. Sutphen remarked:

"This is very nice. I should like it to be so always."

Mrs. Chatterton blushed.

"Should you?" he asked. "I'll be very very good to Roland. I love him dearly."

"And I'll be very good to Prince Leo," she said, "and—and to you."

So it was settled.

"DONE."

That inveterate joker Sothern had made an appointment with Toole to dine at a well-known restaurant. The hour of meeting was fixed, and Sothern arrived some few minutes before the appointed time. An elderly gentleman was dining at a table at a little distance from that prepared for the two actors. He was reading a newspaper, which he had comfortably arranged before him, as he was eating his dinner. Sothern walked up to him, and striking him a smart blow between the shoulders, said:—

"Hallo, old fellow! who would have thought of seeing you here? I thought you never——" the assaulted diner turned around angrily, when Sothern exclaim:—"I beg you a thousand pardons, sir. I I thought you were an old friend of mine—a family man whom I never expected to see here. I hope you will pardon me."

The old gentleman growled a reply, and Sothern returned to his table where he was presently joined by Toole, to whom he said:—

"See that old boy? I'll bet you half a crown you daren't go and give him a slap on the back and pretend you have mistaken him for a friend."

"Done!" said Toole and done it was immediately, with a result that may be imagined.—*London Tit-Bits.*

HIS LAST PINCH.

In 1832 the first steam-vessel appeared off the Shetland coast, causing great alarm to the islanders, who, not unnaturally, took it for a ship on fire.

It was not, however, till fifteen years later, that the secluded inhabitants of the more northern islands were first introduced to vessels propelled by steam.

In the summer of 1847, the late Mr. Anderson, then candidate for the representation of the county, entered a certain voe in Yell in his steam yacht. Some noise was occasioned by the blowing-off of steam.

Two unsophisticated islanders, who were engaged picking limpets on the sea-shore, surveyed the fire-ship in blank astonishment.

At length, the more strong-minded of the two handed his snuff-horn to his terrified companion, with the exhortation, "Oh, Jamie, Jamie, tak' doo a snuff, for doo'll snuff nae mair wi' me till we snuff together in glory!"

He had concluded the great day of wrath had come, and that on board was the Angel blowing the last trumpet.

THINGS ABOUT THE HOUSE

To clean brass fixtures, rub them with slices of lemon, then wash in hot water.

A weak solution of cooking soda will clean a hair brush without weakening the bristles

In wiping up a stained floor, a pretty gloss is given by adding a little kerosene oil to the water.

To get rid of soft corns, apply cotton wool soaked in castor oil. Bind it on with a piece of soft linen.

A COSSACK DRILL.

The governor of Moscow recently invited some Parisian journalists to witness a drill given by a regiment of Cossacks of the Don and here is the description which one of the writers gives of the wonderful performances of the cavalry of the czar:—

"The drill of the Cossacks is something marvellous. We came to witness it just at the moment when the colonel rode up at full gallop in front of the squadrons in line. In Russia the commander of a regiment never appears before his troops without saluting them and pronouncing the following words:—

'Good morning, my fine fellows!'

To this salutation the entire regiment responds:—

'We wish your lordship good health!'

The troops then scattered, and the manoeuvring began. It was simply astounding. Imagine the most extravagant equestrain programme of a circus, enriched by the most extraordinary variations, everything that is delicate, comical, magnificent and wild in the equestrian art.

All this was displayed before us for two long hours by a thousand men in a tempest of dust and movement sufficient to make the coolest head dizzy.

We saw horses bounding like panthers and men jumping like monkeys. We saw cavalrymen booted, with their carbines across their backs and their sabres in their hands, charging while standing upright upon their saddles.

Others would pass at full speed beside Cossacks stretched upon the ground, pick them up like pocket handkerchiefs and carry them off across the croups of their saddles. Others, again, would pivot upon their saddles and play all the antics of circus clowns. One horse, tripping upon some obstacle, apparently rolled completely over the rider. We thought he was killed upon the spot; but he jumped up, laughing heartily while he rearranged his damaged garments.

When the manoeuvre was finished the defile began. Thrice the squadrons defiled before their colonel, first at a walk, then at a trot, and lastly at a charge. The charge was something terrific.

The Cossacks are armed and equipped in such a manner that at a distance it is impossible either to see or to hear them. The uniforms sombre, the scabbards are of leather, and their weapons are darkened. There is no flashing or clashing of steel, and little or no sound, and yet the whole troop of men and horses pass noiselessly by, at full speed, like a living squall.

The colonel scrutinized the appearance of each squadron, and, satisfied with each performance, shouted:—

'Very good!'

To which the double row of Cossacks replied:—

'We will do still better yet, your lordship!'"

SECRETS OF HAPPY WEDLOCK.

Respect each other's individuality.

Do not try to mould the other's ideas or principles or manners to the pattern of your own.

Seek to influence each other only by the power of higher example.

By your own worthiness and culture make the other proud of you, do not feel that marriage gives you any right to demand or dictate or criticise.

Maintain and allow the same freedom that exists between good and pure friends.

Never ask personal questions nor seek explanations, for you are not a hundredth part as responsible to each other as you are apt to imagine.

Let your love be founded in admiration and friendship.

Strive to correct your own faults and study to make the other happy, and be exceedingly careful that you never reverse this rule.

Keep your most refined and gentle manner for the home.

Never refer to a mistake that was made with good intentions.

When a wrong is pardoned, bury it in oblivion.

Consider the other's honor your own, and shield each other's weaknesses with sacred jealousy.

Remember that ill-temper nearly always comes of disappointment or overwork or physical suffering.

Treat each other as courteously in private as you treat your friends in the drawing-room.

Never allow intimacy to become familiarity.

Be rivals in generosity and let misunderstandings die for the lack of works.

Consider marriage as the partnership of equals.

Share the joys and sorrows of life, its toils and its profits, as equal partners should.

SMALL BOY FINANCIERS.

The east end acknowledges proprietory claim to a couple of small boys who are bound to become millionaires. The other day they went into partnership to sell lemonade. After spending ten cents for lemons and concocting a fluid that would make the circus product turn green with envy, they located on a corner and let out their musical voices:

"Here's yer fresh lemonade; only 1 cent a glass. It's made of pure lemons and pure water. Come, slack yer thirst with the nectar of the tropics."

Every few minutes they changed their song, but they had no difficulty in securing customers. Every time they sold a couple of glasses a little water was added to the "lemonade" and thus they had a never ending supply.

About an hour after they began operations the beverage was getting pretty warm, but an foeman came along and while he carried a chunk of ice to the back door of an adjoining residence one of the boys negotiated with the waggon for a good-sized piece of ice. By the time the driver was back the boys had remodeled their tune.

"Here's your ice cold lemonade. Walk up and quench your thirst. Only two cents a glass."

"Say, what did yer raise the price fer? The ice did'nt cost you nothing," said a prospective customer.

"What der ye take us fer, anyway?" was the reply. "If you don't want to buy you don't need ter. We can dispose of the stock without you meddlin'. D'ye think we're no financiers?"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The experience of Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, should not be forgotten by girls. She declared that she would not marry anyone who was not just perfect, and she did not get a husband until she was five hundred and eighty years old.

HOW TO PRESS FLOWERS.

On your next ramble in the woods, take along one of those long, spanned tin botanist's boxes, or else a light basket. Have a layer of damp moss in your receptacle, and put your plants away as soon as possible. Choose the choicest specimens—and several of one sort will not come amiss. Gather the shapeliest leaves of the trees, sprigs of moss and any miniature leaves that you think will retain their beauty after being dried, and specially keep a lookout for ferns. Some plants are very small, and it is best to dig such up by the roots—it will be all the more interesting to have the whole plant. It will be prudent to take along a large, thin book, which can be tightly strapped together, as you may want to press some of the most delicate flowers immediately. Have the covers perforated, with large holes to admit the air. You can buy all sorts of botanist's portfolios; but a couple of thin boards, you can readily make yourself, will answer every purpose. Put thirty or forty sheets of drying paper between the covers, and fasten a couple of strips of leather so as to form a convenient handle. Be very careful in laying your specimens between the leaves to have every flower separate and smooth.

After some pleasant hours in the woods you will come home with your basket full of all kinds of plants and flowers. To preserve the delicate colors of the latter it is necessary that they should be dried at once. Place them on your drying paper and carefully arrange every flower; smoothing out all the wrinkles. If any petals have dropped off, set them in place with a little mucilage.

Some flowers cannot bear the touch of a warm hand, and these you will find wilted. They may be restored by sprinkling with luke warm water, and laying them away over night in a cool, dark place. If you are in a hurry, cut off part of the stems of the wilted flowers and place in a vase of hot water, where they will straighten in a few hours.

After arranging your specimens on the drying paper, lay several sheets over and under them and put in a press or under a heavy weight. You will never regret the few dollars invested in a press. Twelve hours after pressing, change the papers, and press again. In a few days your plants will be ready to lay away, but be careful to keep under pressure until perfectly dry, or your larger flowers will mold or shrink, and thus lose all beauty.

In mounting my specimens I use heavy mounting paper, 11½ 16½ inches, costing ten cents a sheet; but a beginner, would, perhaps, do well to start with "bidder's paper," which is cheaper and just suitable. A little mucilage may be put on the plant here and there, or you may fasten it by pasting narrow strips of paper across it.

When your mounting is finished, write under each specimen the date when it was found, the place, name, genus and species the color, and the family name. The sheets may then be placed in portfolios, according to genera, or may be arranged so that the specimens from one place are together.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

WHY TELEGRAPH WIRES ARE UNDERGROUND IN CHINA.

"A superstitious reverence for the dead accomplishes, years ago in China some thing that regard for the comfort and safety of the living, even when aided by judicial mandates and radical municipal methods, has been only partially able to accomplish in this country," said a telegraph lineman who was in the employ of the company that established the first telegraph line in China.

"The telegraph wires are placed underground there, and if the company had not so disposed of them there would have been no telegraph lines in China to-day. Dead ancestors are held in peculiar reverence in that curious country, and the casting of a shadow upon the grave of an ancestor is looked upon by the Chinese as an insult not to be borne, and it is always resented with impetuous rage. Now there are no cemeteries or general burying grounds in China, but every family's ancestors, particularly in the rural districts, are buried on the family premises. Consequently every yard or garden is a receptacle of ancestral remains, and as China is thickly populated, the revered bones of dead and gone Mongolian progenitors may be found resting beneath every few rods of earth. When the telegraph company went to work to put up the poles on which to hang its wires, the workmen were embarrassed every little while by wrathful Chinamen, who would rush angrily upon certain poles and chop them to the ground, and warn the workmen, with much furious clatter, that they would put them up again at their peril. The cause of this interference was unknown to the workmen, who were at last forced to discontinue the work and explanation was demanded by the authorities. Then it was learned that the poles that were cut down had cast a shadow some time during the day on the graves of revered ancestors of Chinamen, and the insult could be wiped out in no other way but by summarily removing the poles. It was found that this superstitution was too sacred a one among Chinese to be overcome by persuasion or bribery, and at last the telegraph company, as a matter of economy and self-protection laid their wires beneath the surface, where they have been ever since."

THE BANANA.

The banana goes back to the earliest days. Alexander's soldiers, as Pliny says, joined the sages of India seated in its shades and partaking of the delicious fruit. Hence the name "sapientum" given the plant, which likewise bears the name of Jupiter's fair daughter, Musa. Now it has been shown that the banana is of Malayan origin. How did it get to India and to south America and Mexico? The feet of birds have borne seed a full 10,000 miles, while the cocoa-nut floated well nigh the world around in the great ocean. But the banana has no seeds, nor had it a casing like the globular cocoa-nut to float it around over the waters. Then it must have been carried by man. It is in significant that Aztec had traditions of visits by people from over the seas, while there was to confirm it, an admixture of the religion of the Brahmins in their own theology. Would you think that the despised banana would actually step forward to prove that before Columbus was, or Lief Erikson even had an existence, some swarthy denizens of the old world had migrated across the waters?

The declining powers of old age may be wonderfully recuperated and sustained by the daily use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE MAIDEN'S SECRET

"I've something to tell you; bend closer,
A dear little secret, I warn;
I've not told a person but mother,
And she'll be as mute as a stone.
At last I've consented, dear sister,
To share Davie's fortunes always—
Ah! he is the happiest fellow;
An' we are to marry in May.

He took me to see his new cottage—
Six rooms, and as neat as a pin,
Oh! won't Dave be happy and joyful
And I, too, the day we move in?
He built it himself! Every shingle
And clapboard he laid in its place;
Now you, lore, must put it in order,
He said, with your womanly grace.

And oh! it will be such a pleasure
To brighten that sweet little nest,
And make it the dearest of places
To Davie, with one he loves best;
The curtains shall be of the brightest
And whitest, to let the sun in
Through rose-vines that climb o'er the windows—
To-morrow I think I'll begin.

But then, we must keep it a secret
Between us, we four, as you know
We must talk of it only in whispers,
Dear sister, whenever we go;
And when the day comes for the wedding
In you little kirk in the vale,
The sweet bells that hang in the belfry
Will tell to the village the tale."

But good news is much like the sunshine,
And good news is much like the dew;
It goes wheresoever it listeth;
It is not confined to the few.
The maiden's bright eyes tell the story,
And Davie's gay mood spread the tale;
And the secret (?) will be but repeated
When the wedding bells ring in the vale.

—*Mrs. H. A. Kidder.*

WHAT THE TRAFFIC COSTS.

See how much of our actual wealth and industry goes in exports each year to make up that four and a half millions paid by the liquor importers.

The total exports of all kinds of the Province of Nova Scotia, for that year, 1889-90, the trade returns tell us, amounted to $8,832,281. This included all our export coal, ships, timber, fish, agricultural produce and all manufactured articles. It required only one half of all this great sum to pay the importers' liquor bill! It required more than three times all the foreign exports of Prince Edward Island to meet the Dominion liquor bill.

The total exports of all the mines of the entire Dominion that year, these trade returns tell us, was worth $4,419,170 or just about enough to pay our liquor imports. This included all coal, iron, copper, gypsum, coal oil, phosphates, stone and marble. Little wonder that Canada is not being enriched by her mineral wealth abundant as it is.

The total exports of all Canada's manufactures after more than twelve years of heavy taxation borne loyally by the people in order to develop them, was $4,434,949, or a small balance over the import liquor bill. The manufactures included our entire exports of agricultural implements, books, carriages, clothing, cottons, furs, of iron and steel, leather boots and shoes, musical instruments, ships, furniture and manufactured lumber of all kinds.

I might take several more significant, if not startling comparisons as they may be called from our last government trade report, but space would fail me.

A spendthrift who works hard all the week and drinks up his earnings on Saturday night, going in debt for actual necessities, is well considered a worthless citizen unworthy of his personal liberty. If our Canada freely sells to other countries all its output of mineral wealth, or all its wealth, or all its manufactures, or half of its entire fisheries, and takes the whole of these sums and drinks it up during the year, how is its conduct better than that of an intemperate spendthrift?

Right in the face of these facts is it not clear that not only do the moral but the material interests of Canada demand a law prohibiting the importation of liquors in Canada? Can our national resources thus be squandered and yet we expect God to prosper our country?

EDMUND BURKE AND HIS HORSE

In the decline of Mr. Burke's life, when he was living on his farm at Beaconsfield, the rumor went up to London that he had gone mad. A friend, a man of influence and rank, hastened to Beaconsfield to learn the truth. From Mrs. Burke he received this pathetic explanation:—

Mr. Burke's only child, a beloved son, had long before died, leaving a favorite old horse, which was kept in the park.

Mr. Burke, in his morning walks, would often stop and caress the favorite animal. On one occasion he perceived the horse at distance, and noticed, in turn, that he was recognized by the horse.

The animal drew nearer and nearer to Mr. Burke, stopped, eyed him with a pleading look of recognition, which said as plainly as words could have said, "I have lost him too," and then the poor dumb beast deliberately laid his head on Mr. Burke's bosom.

Struck by the singularity of the occurrence, moved by the recollections of his son, overwhelmed by the tenderness of the animal expressed in the mute eloquence of holy nature's universal language, the illustrious statesman for a moment lost his self-possession, and clasping his arms around the neck of his son's favorite animal, lifted up in piteous grief that voice which had filled the arches of Westminster Hall, with the noblest strains that ever echoed within them.—*Golden Days.*

The Motherless Boys.

There is little more pitiful than a boy who has lost his mother. The neighbors come in and are kind to his sisters in their efforts to comfort them, but the boy seems to be out of reach of their sympathy. They cannot understand his grief, or that he grieves at all. He does not sit around or weep into a lace handkerchief; he goes out and cries on his sleeve behind the barn while his sisters in the parlor are having their tears wiped away by kind-hearted, motherly woman with candy in their pockets. A boy is so awkward, and rough, and homely, and noisy, and when the only one in the world who believed in him or his possibilities lies dead in the house his heart aches the same as a girl's.

Talmage's Idea of the Devil.

Dr. Talmage says that poets and painters have represented the devil as horned and hooved, but that if he were a poet he would describe him manners polished to the last perfection, hair flowing in graceful ringlets, eye a little bloodshot, but flooding in sentimental languor, hands soft and dimpled, step light and artistic, voice melting as a flute, boot elegantly shaped, cravat carefully tied and French perfumed until it would seem that no man had ever touched his lips save with myrrh.