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. TREN, 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:—Kennawin'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.

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THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP, MILL STREET, ACTON. An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good tea-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.

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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.

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

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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.

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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 E. N. MOYER, Publisher, 120 Yonge St. Toronto

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Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always on hand.

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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.

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PRICE 60 CENTS.

BABY CARRIAGES,

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Day has the Best Stock and lowest prices.

DRY + SELLS + CHEAP.

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CAPITAL $12,000,000
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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

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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 30c.

5 Feet Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 25c.

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Are said to be the best selected in the city

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

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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 gore, corner, of Woolwich and Norfolk streets, Guelph, Ont.

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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.

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Pianos

—AND—

Organs

WERE AWARDED

THE - GOLD - MEDAL

AT

Jamaica International Exhibition 1891,

In competition with American, German, English and Canadian manufacturers.

FOR SALE On Monthly or Quarterly Payments only at

C. W. Kelly's

MUSIC STORE,

57 Lower Wyndham street, Guelph. Telephone 176

The Traders' Bank OF CANADA.

Wishing to cultivate a connection with good, reliable farmers, and knowing how difficult it is for them to conform to fixed rules, will always extend to them greater privileges than any other class of business men.

TRADERS BANK OF CANADA.

PAID UP CAPITAL 600,000.00
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GUELPH BRANCH,

We call your attention to the conveniences offered by our Savings Bank Department. Deposits of $1 and upwards received, and interest allowed at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum from date of deposit to withdrawal, said or compounded half-yearly, on 31st May and 30th November.

Advances made to responsible farmers. Advances made to farmers on the security of Sales notes.

A specialty made of collecting farmers' sales notes and no charge made for collecting when payable in Guelph.

We have unsurpassed facilities for transmitting money to all parts of the country.

A general banking business transacted.

A. F. H. JONES, Manager Guelph Branch.

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.

"THEN I'LL CLAIM HER AS MY BRIDE."

"I will not fall in love," said he,
"With maid of high or low degree,
Nor sook by easy specious arts
To gain control of women's hearts."

"Nay," said the simple-minded man,
"I shall adopt a wiser plan,
And serve full seven years of life,
If need be, to secure a wife."

"In friendship's name on her I'll wait
Until our tastes assimilate,
And all our thoughts together run
Till what was twain become as one.

"Then with solemnity and pride,
I'll claim her as my chosen bride,
And prove the wisdom of my plan,"
Thus said the simple-minded man.

"Love at first sight!" said she, with scorn;
"I don't believe the man is born
Who could arouse my dormant heart—"
And bid it from its cool rules depart."

"Hot love soon cools! and I'll repent
Not over wasted sentiment;
For 'tis more proper to my mind
To make a study of mankind."

The lover first should be a friend,
And to the heart's high throne ascend
By gradual steps; lest he despise
What comes to him at easy prize.

Ah, not in haste will I consent
To woe; then leisurely repent;
But I'll be resolute and staid."
Thus said the simple-minded maid.

But hearts can never be controlled
In such a way, by young or old,
And Love will cut up pranks, 'tis plain,
If held to with too tight a rein.

They met—as fate had foreordained:
They fell in love—'twas love unfeigned—
And married, as it were, off hand,
And not at all as they had planned.

—*Josephine Pollard.*

Select Family Reading.

Tom's Wife.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

A stout, little man, wrapped in a gray cloth overcoat, just the color of his own hair, with a fringe of white whiskers underneath his chin, bright blue eyes and a brown, wrinkled complexion—Miss Medbury seldom saw such customers in the secluded shades of her "Employment Office," and the shawly dressed candidates for place giggled a little, as the old man stood in the middle of the room, staring blankly around him, with fur-driving gloves in one hand, and a whip in the other.

"Is this the Employment Office?" said Uncle Timothy Trotcombe, as Miss Medbury advanced with her best courtesy to meet him.

"This is the place, sir," said Miss Medbury. "What can we——"

"I want a gal!" said Uncle Timothy.

"A domestic?" said Miss Medbury, blandly.

"Well, yes, if that's what you call it," nodded Uncle Timothy, wiping his bald brow with a yellow silk pocket-handkerchief

"In what capacity?" questioned Miss Medbury.

"Eh?" said Uncle Timothy.

"To discharge what duties?" explained the lady.

"To help round the house generally," said Uncle Timothy. "My wife, she's got the rheumatics, and so I want a gal."

"What remuneration are you prepared to offer?" discreetly inquired Miss Medbury.

"Which?" demanded Uncle Timothy Trotcombe, with his hand behind his ear.

"Wages, in short!" said Miss Medbury.

"Oh!" said Uncle Timothy. "Yes. I couldn't think what you meant. Well, it's an easy place—only the old lady and me. But it's out in the country—"

At this there was a general tossing of heads, and elevating of noses among the expectant candidates on the employment benches.

"And," went on Uncle Timothy Trotcombe, "there's cows and chickens to see to and a many odd chores to do. And my old lady, she's peculiar, and things must be done her own way or not at all. But I'm willin' and ready to pay what's right; and I want to take some one right back with me in the red cutter as is waitin' at the door."

And so saying, he sat himself down, and looked expectantly at the rows of "help" who occupied the back benches of the office.

Miss Medbury went in and out, whispering and gossiping, but not a damsel could be found to volunteer as "gal" to Uncle Timothy Trotcombe and his "old lady."

"In the country, indeed!" said one.

"And only one help kept!" sniffed another.

"Two old crabs like that!" commented a third.

"Not a bit of society for a poor girl!" added a fourth.

And Miss Medbury was just about to return to Uncle Timothy in despair, and tell him that she could not possibly fill his order, when a tall, slight woman, in a faded black silk dress, often-mended gloves, and a worn black shawl, stepped forward from her seat in another corner of the room, and spoke a few words to Miss Medbury in a whisper.

"But I thought," cried the latter, in some perplexity, "that you desired a position as lady's maid, or companion to some——"

"It does not matter," said she. "I—I like that old gentleman's face. I think I would like to try the situation."

And Miss Medbury introduced Miss Lynn to Uncle Timothy Trotcombe.

"Do you think she would do, sir?" she said.

Uncle Timothy recoiled a pace or two.

"O," said he, "she wouldn't do at all."

Miss Lynn's face glowed a deeper crimson than ever.

"Why not?" she questioned faintly.

"It's a gal I want, not a lady," said the honest countryman, bluntly.

"But I can work, if only you would try me," pleaded Miss Lynn.

"Can you wash?" asked Uncle Timothy.

"Yes."

"And iron? and bake?

"Only try me."

"And make soft soap? and sew rugs for home-made carpet? and bring up little chickens and turkey poults by hand?" added incredulous Uncle Timothy.

"Whatever I do not already know, I shall be glad to learn," said the tall woman eagerly. "You are looking at my dress, I see?"

"Well," confessed Uncle Timothy, "hired gals don't generally wear silk gowns, and——"

"But it is all I have. If you will engage me, I will buy a calico dress to work in," urged the girl. "Try me, sir, please. I will do my best—and I do not ask for high wages. And I have always fancied that I should like the country."

"Come along, then," said Uncle Timothy Trotcombe. "I'm blessed if I won't risk it; though I'll bet a cookey my old lady'll say you're too fine for the situation."

So Mary Lynn went out to the old, one-storied farm-house, with the huge butternut trees nodding above, and the little cataract roaring down the glen behind and, strange to say, Uncle Timothy Trotcombe's "old lady" fell in love with the pale, sweet stranger at first sight!

"I made sure you wouldn't like her," said Uncle Timothy.

"That shows just how much a man's judgement is worth," said Aunt Betsey. "To be sure she hasn't had much experience in doing housework, but she's quick to learn, and handy in the kitchen, and, I declare, her hands are that soft and her ways that gentle and coaxing as it's a pleasure to have her wait upon one!"

And by degrees Aunt Betsey wiled this stranger's sad story from her with womanly sympathy and artifice.

"Poor lamb!—She's got a husband somewhere, but she don't exactly know (where," said Mrs. Trotcombe. "There was meddlin' friends, and he was jealous without a reason."

"Or with one said Uncle Timothy, shrewdly.

"Don't tell me," said Aunt Betsey. "And she ran away to her own folks; and they was dead, and she was too proud to go back and tell her husband of all she had suffered; and finally she fell sick, and nearly died in a hospital. And when she came back to life, as it were, she saw everything in such a different light; and she begged and worked her way back to her husband's house; and when she got there, lo and behold, the house was shut up, and he was gone to Europe. And she wrote to him, and she never got no answer; and now, poor child, she's supporting herself as best she can. I wish you a good her cry, with her head on my lap. I cried, too."

"Well, nobody could a-helped it. And then I told her the story of our nephew Tom, as we brought up just like a child of our own, and how he went West and married the play actin' beauty, and how she ran off and left him, and broke his heart; and how he was wanderin' around now in Switzerland and Vienna, and them furrin parts, tryin' to forget her. And Mary looked up at me with her big eyes, an' says she, 'O, dear, dear Mrs. Trotcombe, don't judge the poor girl too hardly! Look at me, and think what she, too, may have suffered.' And I declare to you Timothy, it never occured to me before that there might have been two sides to that quarrel, too."

"Humph!" said Uncle Timothy Trotcombe; and he took snuff. "Did you tell her as Tom was comin' back this week?"

"No," said Aunt Betsey. "Why should I?"

"Did it ever strike you as possible that he might come to-day?"

"No!" Aunt Betsey answered, wondering more and more.

Uncle Timothy wheeled the old lady's invalid chair a step or two forward, so that it was on a range with the window, and then he pointed out towards the garden gate, where the crimson honeysuckles were just bursting into bud and a white lilac waved its crets of bloom back and forth in the soft spring wind. A tall figure, bronzed in the face, and bearded as to the chin was striding through.

"It's Tom!" said Aunt Betsey, spasmodically clasping her hands.

"Yes, it's Tom," said Uncle Timothy. "Hush!"

For at that instant a slight figure, which had been stooping over Aunt Betsey's white lilies, rose into the bland May sunshine, and the two young people met face to face.

"Tom! Oh, Tom!"

"My Mary!"

And the next moment they were clasped in each other's arms.

Uncle Timothy and Aunt Betsey stared at one another.

"Old lady," said Uncle Timothy, "did you never suspect this?"

"Never!" cried the old wife, with a mist fast gathering on her spectacle glasses.

"I did," said Uncle Timothy; "long ago. Well, it's all right now. Pull down the shade, old lady. It aint hardly fair for old folks like you and me to be peeping. And Tom will hardly think of us now."

"Well," said Aunt Betsey, huskily, "I'm glad of it. For I always liked that girl."

"So did I," said Uncle Timothy Trotcombe.

HOW QUARRELS BEGIN.

"I wish that pony was mine," said a little boy, who stood at the window looking down the road.

"What would you do with him?" asked his brother.

"Ride him; that's what I'd do."

"All day long?"

"Yes; from morning till night."

"You'd have to let me ride him sometimes," said his brother.

"Why would I? You'd have no right in him if he were mine."

"Father would make you let me have him part of the time."

"No; he wouldn't."

"My children," said the mother, who had been listening to them, and now saw that they were beginning to get angry with each other all for nothing, "let me tell you of a quarrel between two boys no bigger nor older than you are, that I read about the other day. They were going along the road, talking together in a pleasant way, when one of them said:

"I wish I had all the pasture land in the world."

"The other said, 'And I wish I had all the cattle in the world.'"

"'What would you do then?' asked his friend."

"'Why, I turn them into your pasture land.'"

"'No you wouldn't,' was the reply."

"'Yes, I would.'"

"'But I wouldn't let you.'"

"'I wouldn't ask you.'"

"'You shouldn't do it.'"

"'I should.'"

"'You shan't.'"

"'I will.' And with that they seized and pounded each other like two silly, wicked boys, as they were."

The children laughed; but their mother said, "You see in what trifles quarrels often begin. Were you any wiser than those boys in your half angry talk about an imaginary pony? If I had not been here who knows but you might have been as silly and wicked as they were?"—*Sunday Afternoon.*

Economy: "100 Doses One Dollar." Merit: "Peculiar to Itself." Purity: Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE KINDERGARTEN.

BY MRS. LITTLE, ACTON.

(Written for the Acton Free Press.)

The Kindergarten educates and trains early childhood, the stage generally left to the mother. At the centre of all true education stands the mother, through her the child receives his earliest impressions. He loves what she loves, dislikes what she dislikes, and through the mother's belief in God, is founded his own belief. The family is the most important educational factor in the life of a child, and all the surroundings which environ the young child, will have a special significance in forming its future life and character. As the beginning gives a bias, (or tends to influence) the whole after development, to the early beginnings of education are of most importance. We are all agreed, that the surroundings, the atmosphere, and the example presented to the child ought to be clear and pure. In consequence of our complicated social life, and the fact that ever-increasing demands are made upon the time and strength of the mother, it is impossible for her to answer all the calls made upon her, she needs helpers, either in the house or the Kindergarten, who shall stand by her side, or supply her place. How many mothers are there who are obliged to be so much occupied with other duties that it is impossible for them to see after their childrens' wants at home, especially their mental, moral, and social requirements. They may be glad to know that a friend ready to receive little children, during three hours a day, can be found ready to instruct them in the Kindergarten exercises and principles. The Kindergarten in no sense supplants the mother's influence. The Kindergarten only supplies the mother's place for the time being, as a deputy-mother to the little ones, only as a helper and faithful ally, and by her loving sympathy will guide and direct the children in their plays, keep them sweet, clean and gentle, while it is absolutely indispensable that the directress herself must be filled with true motherly spirit and understanding, able to enter into that caressing, coaxing, motherly play, which goes from the personal heart to the personal heart. This is the one thing training alone cannot do for the Kindergarten, it must in great measure be in her, naturally, a gift direct from her Creator.

Froebel called his institution Kindergarten, the German for "infant garden," or garden of children, because he visited symbolically to indicate by this name, that children resemble the plants of a garden, and should be treated with similar care. They are living organisms, like plants, which must blossom and flower before they can mature fruit. The care of plants by the children themselves, or by those about them, is inseparably connected with the system. Froebel himself says in a letter to his wife, "You know what a close relation I hold to exist between the observation of nature in the cultivation and care of plants, and human education." Make children in a pleasant manner familiar with Nature. If you cannot, as in large and crowded cities, take children out to Nature and the garden, bring Nature and the garden as much as possible to the kindergarten. When a child has watched the growth of a plant, it comprehends what is meant when it is told that its goodness can grow if it is cherished. If a child in the Kindergarten plants some seed, sweet pea, for instance, it learns a lesson in patience and self-control. It would like to dig up the earth and find out why it does not sprout, but day by day it learns to wait, and the seeds eventually come up to view. Did the child or the teacher make the seeds grow? The children soon answer, no, God made the seeds grow, and therefore, they learn another important lesson also, that God is the source and first cause of all life. The Kindergarten then, in contradistinction to the old school system, which forced and crammed the teacher's ideas into the child's apprehension, developes from the child's own mental faculties. As a gardener or cultivator treats nothing in the trees or plants, so the educator, or child gardener creates nothing in the child, she merely superintends the development of inborn, inherent faculties. Freedom of growth among plants, is only possible where this systematic development is not disturbed, and the necessary conditions of their growth are attended to. First then, we must shield the child from all corrupting influences and everything that would hinder true development. In the second place we must have exercises for development, through personal action from the exertion of inward strength. We first deal directly with physical development, and influence spiritual development through the exercise of the senses. All the materials, their playthings, which are called gifts, and occupations, are so contrived as to meet their innate impulse to activity, and that in a rightly ordered sequence corresponding to every stage of the soul's progressive development. In the Kindergarten, children under six build, weave, sew, fold, model with clay, do drawings, paper cutting and many other things. Altogether we have about twenty-two gifts and occupations, used in the Kindergarten. In short, they learn in play, to work, to construct, to invent, to relate and speak correctly, and best of all, to love each other, to be kind to each other, to help each other, and what is even more important, they learn to play together with loving fellowship. Play is the normal occupation of children. Play is work, with the instinctive purpose of bringing into action the innate powers of the mind, and is the best preparation for, or rather the beginning of, mental culture. The songs and games are an essential part of the kindergarten system. They make a powerful appeal, through word, gesture and melody, to the self activities of the child, by rousing and stimulating the whole nature, physical and spiritual, simultaneously. The music corresponds to the words, and music and words are illustrated by gestures and activities, which are universally recognizable representations. The stories and talks, follow next in order of importance. The object of the stories is to show the child himself, hence they lead to self-knowledge. Froebel says of story-telling: "To tell a story is to the mind of the child like a strengthening bath. It is an exercise for the soul, and for the judgment, a school of trial and of personal feeling," and is especially a means of culture for the intellect and character. The talks assist material and æsthetic education. Miss Peabody says: "The Kindergarten is the primary art school." The chief point of difference between the talks and the stories is, the directress tells the story herself and the children listen quietly. With the talks she developes ideas from the children themselves, hence there is more actual participation by the children in the talks. Through these talks, Miss Blow tells us, "The varied activity of the whole kindergarten is concentrated in the unity of its idea, and the basis of the kindergarten system is the idea of organic unity." Froebel's fundamental ideas of the law of human development is:—"Every child born in the world has the germ or essential elements existing within himself of the form of his future life." The purpose of the kindergarten, as stated by Froebel, is to take oversight of children before they are ready for school; to give the children employment in agreement with their nature; to strengthen physical powers; to exercise their senses; to engage interest, the awakening mind; to make them acquainted with nature and with their fellow creatures; to guide heart and soul in the right direction by leading the feelings and affections to God as their Creator and first cause and source of all life; in unity with Him, and to harmony which is self-completeness with themselves. Therefore, to sum up the general aim of the kindergarten system in few words: "It developes the child, in the totality of his nature, as a being of thought, feeling and will, and in the totality of his relationships to Nature, to Man, and to God."

FARMERS VS. MERCHANTS.

Observer writes as follows in Bruce Telescope: I may premise that I am not a merchant, nor are any of my relatives. I have not one cent invested directly or indirectly in storekeeping; my judgment is not swayed by fear of and personal loss or hope of personal gain; but having lived more than half a century in this world, having travelled considerable, read much and mixed with business men of all professions, and in mercantile matters my relations with business men have enabled me to look behind the scenes, and I must confess my astonishment that some honest farmers do not use their intelligence but allow "organizers" to dupe them by railing at what they call the monopoly and oppression of the merchants. Take away the fat living from those organizers of "Patrons of Industry" and the voices of those self-sacrificing benevolent gentlemen will be silent about those "enormous profits" "crushing combines" of merchants "grinding the life out of the farmer by their extortion" and one hundred and one et ceteras in the adjective line.

Hunt's Merchants' Magazine—perhaps the most reliable authority upon the subject—published a few years ago mercantile statistics collected for the preceding 50 years from the most accurate sources in America, which showed that out of every hundred persons engaged in mercantile pursuits, ninety were financially ruined; 5 per cent., that is 5 out of each hundred made a mere living, and the other five made an independent fortune. And later than this that mercantile prince, the late Senator Macdonald, of Toronto, than whom a better authority could not be cited, published an essay in which he places the successful merchants lower than the above circulation 2½ per cent., I think.

Let any of our intelligent farmers who have lived fifteen or twenty years in this section just run over in his recollection the different persons who, during that time have been engaged in mercantile life in Walkerton, and they are many in number, and there is not a single one now in mercantile business here who was in that business twenty years ago, except F. Guggisberg, and ask himself who of those has made a fortune by storekeeping—and the echo of his voice will answer "Who?"

I will venture to extend the investigation during the same period to any town or village around us, and the result will be that for every one who has made his fortune in the business more than ninety have failed.

Then dear farmers—let your own observation and common sense teach you rather than to listen to some double barreled orators gasconading the country enriching themselves by duping you into the belief that the merchant who asks more than 12 or 15 per cent. on invoice prices on any goods is robbing you.

Robbery indeed! Merchants would be glad to sell at less than 10 per cent. profit if there were not enormous losses by the miserable credit system or losses by perishable goods, or losses by changing fashions.

A merchant in this town the other day showed me an article of lady's dress in millinery which cost him $3, now out of style, and he is offering it for 25 cents, and he has many other articles upon which he would be glad to realize "cost," yes, one half of cost if he only could find customers.

If any one should profess to sell all articles to the Patrons slightly above cost—then watch and wait and—you will see.

"I speak as to wise men: judge ye as to what I say."

SELF-SUPPORTING.

It is pleasant and hopeful to note that so many of the young women of America are learning to value the mental powers and the education that will make it possible for them to support themselves if the necessity for doing so should arise. The daughters of comparatively wealthy men are not infrequently found assisting their fathers in the office or counting room as typewriters or accountants.

Many so-called fashionable ladies make their own dresses and hats, we are told, having gone through a regular course of instruction in the art of millinery and dressmaking. An instance recently came to the notice of the writer that has in it a lesson for women who give no thought to the state of dependence to which they would be reduced if their parents or husbands should die, leaving them unprovided for.

A lady who had a beautiful home and three little children, and whose husband was supposed to be comparatively wealthy, one day found herself a widow and almost penniless, her husband having been engaged in unfortunate speculations just before his death.

The lady's friends were profuse in their offers of sympathy, while wondering what in the world she would do now.

She knew just what she would do. Within a month she had opened a millinery establishment that at once became very popular and profitable, for the bonnets she had worn in the past had been such models of elegance that her fashionable friends were glad to take advantage of her good taste. They never dreamed that she had privately given herself a very good business education.

She was successful from the first, and the praises she received for her cleverness and good sense would have turned the head of a less sensible woman.—*Youth's Companion.*

COMPANY'S COMING.

Ma, she's dreadful busy a-hurrin' round the house,
An' boys are in the way, she says—O, mercy me,
what a touse!
can't sit here, I can't sit there, or even whittle a stick,
Without I hear this same old cry, "Move out o' the way there, quick."
O, what's a fellow to do, and where's a fellow to go?
And how can he keep on living when his mother treats him so?
But she wants me round the house an' keeps me fest a-running
On errands o' hers—'cause why? Why company's coming!

It's awful to be a boy when you're the only one,
With just a little sister or two—it ain't no kind of fun.
It's downright mean—that's what it is—to keep me flyin' so—
Upstairs, down cellar an' out to the barn—"Here Johnnie, shovel the snow!"

Johnnie, bring in the wood-box full an' run an' gather the eggs.
Or, "Johnnie, run down to the grocery store!" It's Johnnie's pair of legs
That this house moves on, now I tell you—an' they're forever running,
But more especially days like this, 'cause why? Why, company's coming.

I always have to wait around till the old folks all get through,
An' take what's left over for me an' try to make it do—
It generally goes about far enough, but it's lonesome eating alone,
An' the nicest part o' the chicken's gone an' they've broke the wishing-bone.
An' the biggest piece o' cake is took and the frosting's tumbled off;
An' the nuts an' apples is mighty scarce, an' they've smeared the table-cloth.
O, dear! I think it's awful! it sets my head a buzzing;
Whenever I know by the way ma acts, that there's some company coming!

—*Our Little Men and Women.*

THE FORGETFUL PUPIL.

There once lived a man who possessed such a lovely garden that it was his greatest pleasure to watch its growth, as a leaf and flower and tree daily seemed to unfold in brighter bloom. One morning, as he was taking his usual stroll through the well-kept paths, he was surprised to find that many of the blossoms were picked to pieces. It was not long before he traced the mischief to a little bird, which he managed to capture and was about to kill, when it exclaimed:

"Please do not kill me. I am only a wee tiny bird. My flesh is too little to satisfy you. Set me free, and I shall teach you something that will be of much use to you."

"I would like to put an end to you," replied the man, "for you are spoiling my garden; but as I am always glad to learn something useful, I shall set you free." And he opened his hand to give the bird more air.

"Attention!" cried the bird. "Here are three mottoes which should guide you through life: do not cry over spilt milk; do not desire what is unattainable; do not believe what is impossible."

The man was satisfied with the advice and let the bird escape, but it had scarcely regained its liberty, when, from a high tree opposite it exclaimed;

"What a silly man! The idea of letting me escape! If you only knew what you have lost!"

"What have I lost?" the man asked angrily.

"Why, if you had killed me you would have found inside of me a huge pearl as large as a goose's egg, and you would have been a wealthy man forever."

"Dear little bird," the man said, in his kindest tones, "sweet little bird, I will not harm you. Come down to me, and I will treat you as if you were my own child, and give you fruit and flowers all day."

But the bird replied: "What a silly man, to forget so soon the advice I gave you! I told you not to cry over spilt milk, and here you are worrying over what has happened. I urged you not to desire the unattainable, and now you wish to capture me again. And, finally, I bade you not to believe what is impossible, and here you are imagining that I have a huge pearl inside of me, when a goose's egg is larger than my whole body. You ought to learn your lessons better in the future," added the bird, as it flew far away.

ODD BITS OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

THE ORIGIN OF VISITING-CARDS.—It is said that we owe the invention of visiting-cards to the Chinese, and that even so long ago as the Tang dynasty (618-907) visiting cards were used in China. No nation observes so strictly the ceremonies in regard to the paying of visits as the Chinese do, but the cards they use for this purpose are very different from our dainty bits of white paper, being large enough to fold twice, and of a bright red color.

A BIRTHDAY EVERY WEEK.—There is an old saying that the sun always shines on his own birthday.

How many of you ever thought of the sun having a birthday, or know what day of the week it comes on? Yet there is little doubt that most of you have read all about it in the first chapter of Genesis, beginning at the 14th verse. If not, do so on the next anniversary, which always comes on Wednesday.

AN ERROR TO BREAK.—Dogs in the native or wild state never bark; they simply whine, howl and growl; the noise which we call barking is found only among those that are domesticated. Columbus found that to be the case with the dogs he first brought to America and left at large, for on his return he tells us that they had lost their propensity to bark. Scientific men say that barking is really an effort on the part of the dog to speak.—*Harper's Young People.*

Don't Read! Don't Think! Don't Believe! Now, are you better? You women who think that patent medicines are a humbug, and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the biggest humbug of the whole (because it's best known of all)—does your lack of faith cure come? It is very easy to "don't" in this world. Suspicion always comes more easily than confidence. But doubt—little faith—never made a sick woman well—and the "Favorite Prescription" has cured thousands of delicate, weak women, which makes us think that our "Prescription" is better than your "don't believe." We're both honest. Let us come together. You try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If it doesn't do as represented, you get your money again. Where proof's so easy, can you afford to doubt?

Little but active—are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. "Best Liver Pills made; purify you thorough. They regulate and invigorate the liver, stomach and bowels.