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The Acton Free Press

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We have unexpressed facilities for transmitting money to all parts of the country.
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HORSE SHOEING &
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In a most satisfactory manner. Woodwork repairs also made.
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- - SEASON---1891 - -
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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.
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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.
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Order now your
Fall Suit
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WANTS
TO SEE
YOU
For he has what will suit you
—IN—
DRY GOODS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
AND GROCERIES.
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Orders left at my residence, Main St., Acton will receive prompt attention.

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Acton Lodge, No. 204,
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MEETS in the Oddfellows' Hall, Hill's Block, every Wednesday evening. Visiting brethren always welcome. For copy of constitution and laws apply to the undersigned or any of the members.
W. WILLIAMS, N. G. H. H. WORDEN, Secretary

Poetry.

THE FIRST SNOWFALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping fields and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ringed inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new roofed with Carrara,
From chanticleer's muffled crew,
The stiff rolls were softened to swan's down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snowbirds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes the snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snowfall
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remember the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake came healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that hushes all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then with eyes that saw not I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

Select Family Reading.

Marrying a Gentleman.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

Twenty-five years ago, Mr. Lyman Baker was the cashier of a great national trust company, with a salary of four thousand dollars a year, which meant a handsome living in those days, and Mr. Baker lived handsomely in a pleasant house in a good locality. He had only one child, a daughter, but on her he lavished whatsoever her heart desired. She was very beautiful, and she dressed beautifully; she had expensive tastes, and she gratified them. It was all a very doubtful kindness, but Society does not yet frown on those fathers who educate their daughters for luxury, and yet make no provision for them against an old age of penury and neglect.

But penury and neglect were absolutely unknown conditions to Bessie Baker at twenty years of age. It seemed indeed a thing incredible to her that even her wishes should be disregarded; and especially incredible that the first rebel should be her cousin Philip Burdan. Her astonishment and indignation made her look very handsome, and Philip did not fail to see it, although it did not influence him in the present dispute.

"You see, Bessie dear," he said, approaching the pouting beauty, "I have never made a dollar by my profession, and never will. I hate pill boxes and lancets. I can't look like a doctor, people don't trust me, a good offer, and I like the work."

"Yes, sir, I suppose you do. All men like noise and dirt; but if you turn machinist, of course that ends our engagement. I propose to marry a gentleman."

"Shall I be less of a gentleman? Will I not still be same Philip Burdan?"

"Are mechanics, with dirty hands and dirty clothes, gentlemen? I engaged to marry Doctor Philip Burdan, not a machinist and engineer—I suppose you will run an engine."

"Not unlikely, Bessie. I mean to know all about my business. I would as lief run an engine as make one."

"Sir, you have very low tastes. I am quite sure we should never agree;" and with a quiet scorn, Bessie drew her opal engagement ring off her finger, and offered it to her lover.

For a moment Philip looked with a yearning tenderness and admiration at the beautiful girl, and hesitated. He had loved her from childhood with a true and profound affection, and he scarcely ever remembered seeing her look so lovely.

She stood under the gasalier, but the flood of light took nothing from her delicate and perfect beauty, while it drew from her glancing silken robe, rose-colored ribbons and snowy laces, a score of shifting, tantalizing lights.

He could not make up his mind to accept his dismissal.

"Dearest Bessie," he said "let me put it back on your finger; believe me, I will prove worthy of your trust."

"Will you continue your profession, Philip?"

"I cannot make a living by it. I am wasting my life. Let me go with Stephen Place, Bessie; I will make enough money to marry you in two years."

"Certainly; go with Stephen Place, you if desire to do so. Of course you don't expect me to marry a mechanic. Take your ring, sir."

There were a few passionate, pleading words, a proud, bitter answer, then Bessie haughtily left the room, and the pretty opal ring lay upon the floor at Philip's feet. He picked it sadly up, put it in his pocket, and slowly left the house, where he had spent the happiest hours of his life.

Yet he was sure of the step he had taken. He knew that he had done right, and he hoped that a few months' separation would alter Bessie's opinions. He put a ribbon through the rejected ring, and hanging it round his neck, went bravely to work in his friend's manufactory.

It was a new life, and he liked it. A day meant something to him now. He did not go to bed every night and leave the world as he found it; by ever so small an extent he had changed it a little. Weary, grimy and oily, he grew in self-respect, and soon began to pocket his ten dollars a week, with a sense of pride that he had never felt in the gentlemanly profession for which he was in no manner fitted.

Yet Bessie's lack of sympathy and her scornful farewell, rankled deeply in his heart. He longed earnestly for some tenderer and more hopeful parting, and in about three months he ventured one evening to enter the familiar street with a view to calling upon his old love. He had scarcely done so, when he saw her leave the house and come towards him. She was elaborately dressed, and had a couple of elaborately dressed girls with her.

They were laughing merrily as they came down the steps, and seemed thoroughly interested in their own conversation. It takes a brave man to deliberately approach three such girls, for nothing on earth is so merciless when they are beautiful, prosperous, and untamed by sorrow and experience. However, Philip told himself that the street was public property, and that even Bessie's scorn could not kill him, and walked proudly on to meet them.

Bessie saw him first, and said a word to her companions which totally changed the bearing of the whole group. Smiles vanished; low laughter and pleasant chat instantly ceased. They met, Philip with a cold and severe propriety well calculated to thoroughly disconcert any man. He moved his hat to Bessie. She barely returned the courtesy; and her companions looked at him with that curious, critical air that women know so well how to make mortifying.

Philip was only an average man, and he was intensely mortified; but the medicine, though severe, did him good. He went home determined to forget the woman who could so wantonly wound his feelings. Still he did not forget her. He was always hungry to hear any report about Bessie Baker, and no other woman took her place in his affections.

At the end of two years he went into partnership with his cousin, and the firm of Place & Burdan began gradually to command a reliable and honorable standing in their specialities. Philip worked steadily away, feeling all an artist's pride in the creation of the splendid pieces of machinery that passed through his brain and his hands, yet conscious all the time that, however true he had been to his instincts as a workingman—however well he had satisfied his intellect—his heart was very hungry and weary.

He saw Bessie frequently at church. He met her at intervals on the street, and every such meeting, barren as it was of comfort, filled him with a vague, unrestful longing. Therefore when Russia began to entertain thoughts of war and railways, and Philip saw a fine opening suddenly arise in St. Petersburg for a first-class machinist and engineer, he determined to accept it, and thoroughly cut himself apart from a memory so painful and unprofitable.

Yet so contradictious is Love, that he could not bear to leave without one more opportunity of seeing and speaking to his lost Bessie. Therefore, under the pretence of bidding his aunt and uncle farewell, he called at the house. He did not ask for Bessie, but wittingly, or unwittingly, she entered the parlor, and in spite of her cool salute and formal manners, Philip saw that she had not been quite indifferent to their separation. She changed color violently when told of Philip's intentions, and scarcely lifted her eyes, or moved her lips to his formal adieu. But Philip was not wrong in believing that the drooping lids hid heavy tears, and the cold little hand, passive as it lay in his hardened brown one, certainly trembled. If Bessie had been less proud! if Philip had been more confident!—if they had met alone! Ah! ah! those "ifs!" They are wide and deep as the ocean.

Philip sailed for St. Petersburg the next day, and Bessie spent its long, sad hours sobbing in bitter regret over the handsome, manly fellow she was never likely to meet again; and the sun rose and set and weeks and months went by, and the two hearts drifted further and further away from each other.

But after that parting a cloud seemed to gather over Bessie's life. Often afterwards, looking backward, she said, her good genius left her when Philip sailed. Certainly things very soon took an evil turn. Mr. Baker, going down the steps to his usual business, lost his footing, fell heavily, and lay for many weeks in a very helpless condition. Slowly he endeavored to resume his duties, but they had slipped beyond him. He was retired on a much smaller salary, and a stranger sat at his desk.

Bessie felt the change very bitterly; they had to remove to a much smaller house, in a less stylish neighborhood, and her acquaintances soon began to forget her address. Bessie's beaux were not more faithful, and only two or three of the least desirable clung to her fallen estate. Her home itself was far less happy; Mr. Baker was querulous and fretful, and her mother did not fail to reproach her with the excellent offers she had scorned and rejected. She made a desperate little struggle to keep her place in society, and failed; for what can a girl do without fresh toilets? She tried to win back some of her old admirers by a strange amiability, but love cannot be whistled back at pleasure.

A sense of failure settled down upon the once lovely girl; she began really to lose both her health and good looks, and if Philip had ever wished for a sharp revenge he had it now. For ever since their last parting she had known that it was Philip Burdan she loved—Philip, no matter what he wore, or what he did; and now it was too late. She had wrecked her life by foolish pride, she had lost all for the silly fear of "what the world would say," and now the world—that is, the dozen people in it whose snubs or sneers she feared—knew nothing of her, had forgotten her very existence.

Such thoughts as these were not pleasant company, but they were hourly all Bessie had for the next two years, for Mr. Baker had been gradually becoming more and more of an invalid, troublesome and unreasonable; yet the poor women clung tenaciously to the life that was wearing them out, for when it ceased all visible means of their support ceased with it.

The blow fell at last, and they were left to their own resources. Nothing but keeping a boarding-house suggested itself to them. Even this would have to be of a third or fourth rate character, for the once handsome appointments of the Baker household had acquired a shabbiness incredable to all who do not know what frequent change of house and servants, and a gradual going-down-hill means.

The undertaking did not succeed. The boarders were not of a very particular order, but they did not like the cooking, and they were offended at Bessie's rejection of all attentions. A certain class of young men regard everything but rude mirth as a "putting on of airs," and the Baker house very soon grew unpopular. Then the most of the furniture was sold, two rooms taken, and the once delicately-cared-for Bessie Baker sought for some position in a store. She sought long before she found it; then it was only in a shoe store, to fit ladies' boots, and sew on buttons. Twelve hours' work a day for eight dollars a week; and yet she was glad to get it; nay, in some respects she was happier than she had been since her father's accident. However little it was, she earned it; and with the few dollars her mother made by sewing, they managed to live.

Such changes as these, frightful as they seem, when placed at once before the eye, are very common in New York life, and people by no means die under them. What takes but a few moments to read, takes often months and years to accomplish, and the Bakers had come down, not all at once, but step by step, from their prosperous condition to that of poverty and forgetfulness. Not always either are such changes barren of wisdom. Bessie's character ripened and mellowed in adversity as it never would have done in wealth. She saw all her faults, and bitterly repented of them; she almost succeeded in accepting cheerfully her toilsome and empty life. She found in a larger measure her mother in her poverty, and the two learnt each other's hearts as they never did in a wider life.

They settled down into their new condition, and began to make the best of it. Their two rooms still retained a savor of the old comfort, two or three large handsome chairs, a good, though faded, carpet, and a few pictures and ornaments, with the relics of the old time delicate table service. The two women had saved enough to invest their small quarters with an air of comfort and respectability.

A year passed rapidly away, and then an old friend procured Bessie a position as a teacher in one of the primary schools; and Mrs. Baker gave up sewing and spent her days very pleasantly in attending to their simple housekeeping. They grew not only contented, but also very happy, in the two small rooms which it was their pleasure to make bright and pretty.

One winter's day, near Christmas, Bessie came home unusually radiant. She had a week's holiday. The superintendent had given her a pretty present. She had been able to buy her mother a certain cloak on which she had set her heart. The sitting-room was all aglow with a bright fire. There had been snowy curtains and bright green wreaths put up, and before the hearth the table was set for their early tea. Bessie chatted away to the rattle of the china; praised the tea, and praised the broiled chicken, and praised the cake. She had a hundred things to tell about what the girls had said, and what the teachers had said, and two or three little schemes for their holiday which bore a great deal of discussing.

The conversation lasted all through tea-time, and all through the hour which Mrs. Baker occupied in washing up their cups and plates and putting the pretty, bright little room thoroughly in order. Every one has secrets at Christmas time, so Bessie made no inquiries when her mother said she was going out for half an hour. She only smiled, and bade her be careful of the slippery sidewalk, and then drawing the most comfortable chair into the corner, she sat down for a "good think."

She went back many years, and sighed a little for her lost beauty. She need not have done so; she was really a far lovelier and nobler woman then, than she had been six years ago, when she gave Philip his opal ring back again. Then she looked at the little bare finger, and touched it sadly then she put both her hands before her face and a tear fell where the ring had been.

She was roused by a knock at the door. No neighbor, however tiresome, must be refused to-night; perhaps they wanted her to do something for the children in the house; so she said, as cheerily as possible "Come in!" and the door opened quickly, and a tall bearded fellow in a fur cloak strode right to where she stood, and taking both her hands, said, between laughing and crying:

"Oh, Bessie! Bessie! My little Bessie!"

Yes, it was Philip home again, come especially to find his little Bessie, of whose trouble he had heard only a few weeks previous; and before he said "good night" that Christmas Eve, he had replaced the opal ring on Bessie's finger, and Bessie and Bessie's mother had promised to change their two cozy rooms in New York for Philip's splendid mansion on the banks of the Neva.

"Only Bessie, darling!" said Philip, a little provokingly, "you are marrying a mechanic, mind, and not a gentleman" and Bessie replied with her head in Philip's breast:

"Forgive me, darling! In these six years I have learned that no good man or woman, however indigent, and no honest calling, however humble, is 'common or unclean.'" For in poverty Bessie had learned to call things by their right names, and perceived that it is generally by our own hands God reaches us good things.

MR. GIGADAB.

"Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith," said Doctor Holmes of one of his well known classmates. Fate made one man too conspicuous, it seems, by such a name—and the owner had to invent a worse one to protect himself.

There is a quaint old man in Manchester, England, who goes by the unique name of Gagadig Gigadab. His original name, so the story goes, was John Smith, but many years ago he began to brood over the possibilities of mistaken identity involved in such a common name.

The name figured frequently in the criminal records, and he became abnormally apprehensive lest he might be confused with some of these bad John Smiths.

At last what he feared so much actually happened. One morning the papers recorded the capture of an accountant in a bank for embezzlement, and through some blunder of the reporter the identity of the embezzler was confused with the subject of this paragraph, who was also a bank accountant.

Then and there he determined to assume a name like unto no other ever borne by mortal man. And in Gagadig Gigadab most people will agree that he has done so.

—*Youth's Companion.*

VERBAL SNARES.

The popularity of Peter Piper's celebrated peck of pickled peppers will probably never wane as a snare to catch the tongue that would fain be agile; but that test has formidable rivals. The following short sentences as their author maintains, do wonders in baffling the ordinary powers of speech:

Gaze on the gay gray brigade.

The sea seaseth, and it sufficeth us.

Say, should such a shapely sash shabby stitches show?

Strange strategic statistics.

Cassell's solicitor slyly slashes a sloe.

Give Grimes Jim's great gilt gig whip.

Sarah in a shawl shovelled soft snow slowly.

She sells sea shells.

A cup of coffee in a copper coffee cup.

Smith's spirit flask split Philip's sixth sister's fifth squirrel's skull.

The Leith police dismisseth us.

Mr. Fisk wished to whisk whiskey.

COLLEGE TRAINING DOESN'T DO IT ALL.

I have said that I have seen college women fail in the commercial world, using the term to cover the giving of work for which money is paid. There comes to mind now a clear beautiful morning in the early fall, when a card of introduction was handed to me in my office, introducing a graduate of the Harvald Annex and of Girton College. Had I been asked before this experience whether it were possible for a woman to fail with such an equipment, I would have unhesitatingly answered "No." The bearer of the card shortly appeared. There was not one indication in her dress or manner of her educational advantages. A bang that began at the crown of her head, so cut it that it reminded you of terraces, extended to her eye-brows, completely covering her forehead. A hat many sizes too small for a woman of her height was on her head. Her dress was too short, and the braid was worn off; two buttons were off her dress, and her handkerchief in the opening did not hide the fact of their absence. When she sat down I unconsciously moved my chair to make room for her. She told her story. She could find nothing to do. She had been teaching, but did not like it. She wanted other work. No immediate and more vague ideas of what she wanted to do than this woman. She thought she could do newspaper work; was sure she could write editorials. She wanted to get into a newspaper office. It took all the self-command I had to refrain from saying, "There is not an office in the country that would shelter that bang." I inwardly groaned. My dream that a college education was the protection of women against just such experiences as here was dispelled. No widow with five children and a district school education faced the world more helplessly. Her mind was a great mass of dough, unshaped and unshapable until it had passed through the fire. The girl who comes out of college with no sense of proportion, no eye for color, no sense of the fitness of things, no knowledge of the present conditions of the world of which, from her stand-point, she forms so large a part, will need another training, that of painful experience, to fit her to use the tools given by her *Alma mater*.—*Harper's Bazar.*

SHORT SERMONS.

Gin a man credit if you want to start him on de road to de poo' house.

As it am de roughness of de grinstun which sharpens de axe, so it am de troubles of life which size up de human mind.

Gray hairs am entitled to respeck only when de owners of gray heads respeck deirselves.

It doan' do no good to light a candle arter you have bin eatin' wormy apples in de dark.

De pussen who judges de speed of a mule by his bray mustn't complain if eberybody passes him on de road.

De pussen who am neber tempted deserves no perticular credit for obeying de law.

De less advice you gin without pay de mo' credit you will receive fur bein' chuck full of wisdom.

Men who expected to be treated jist as you treat them will never slander nor abuse you.

Between readin' a man's character by his bumps or goin' on a pic-nic wid him, take de pic-nic.

What we kalkerlate on doin' fur to-morrow won't pay de grocer for taters nor de butcher for soup bone.

Dosn' be too hard on human natur'. De man who kin set down and tell you exactly what dis kentry wants to make her great and glorious may have no ideah where his next barrel of flour an comin' from.

A religion which can't stand befo' de circus purcesshun or de sound of a fiddle am not worf luggin' around de kentry.

A dollah will buy a great deal more for a grateful man than it will for a stingy one.

People who expeck a man to lick his own dog in case of a fight have got a big surprise laid up for 'em.

When you flatter yourself dat de majority of people dos' know de difference between de roar of de lion an' de bray of an ass you have struck a bananna peel that will bring you down kerflop.

BABY'S LIFE SAVED BY A PIGEON

An incident occurred recently in the family of G. F. Marsh, the dealer in Japanese curiosities at 525 Market street, and a member of the Pacific Coast Pigeon Society, which proved to him in a most impressive manner the valuable services which may sometimes be rendered by the carrier pigeon, and probably explains some of his enthusiasm in that direction. His little baby boy was taken slightly sick with most alarming symptoms of diphtheria. The mother, watching by the bedside of the little one, despatched a message tied on a carrier pigeon to her husband at his store on Market Street. In the message she wrote the nature of the child's alarming illness, and made an urgent appeal for medicine to save its life. The bird was started from the home of the family, near the Cliff House, five miles from Mr. Marsh's Market street store.

The bird flew swiftly to the store, where Mr. Marsh received it. He read the message, called a doctor, explained the child's symptoms as his wife had detailed them in her message, and received the proper medicine. Then tying the little vial containing the medicine to the tail of the pigeon, he let it go. The pigeon sped away through the air, straight through the city to the cliff. It made the distance, five miles, in ten minutes—a distance which would have required the doctor three quarters of an hour to cover. In twenty minutes from the time the mother's message was sent to her husband, the baby was taking the medicine. Naturally enough Mr. Marsh is partial to pigeons, for he considers that he owes his baby's life to one.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

True Charity.

A little girl and her youngest brother were on their way to the shop one windy, frosty morning. They were both poorly dressed, but the little girl had a sort of cloak over her. As they walked briskly along, she drew the boy closer to her, and said, "Come under my cloak, Johnny." "It isn't big enough for both," replied he. "Then I will stretch it a little." And they were soon nestled close together. How many shivering bodies and sad hearts there are just because people do not stretch their comfort beyond themselves.—*Christian Commonwealth.*

OLD DOG TRAY.

The morn of life is past,
And evening comes at last;
It brings me a dream of a once happy day,
Of merry forms I've seen
Upon the village green,
Sporting with my old dog Tray.

CHORUS.

Old dog Tray's ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away.
He's gentle, he is kind,
I'll never, never find
A better friend than old dog Tray.

The forms I hailed my own
Have vanished one by one,
The loved ones, the dear ones, have passed away
Their happy smiles have flown,
Their gentle voices gone,
I've nothing left but old dog Tray.—Chorus.

When the thoughts recall the past,
His eyes are on me cast;
I know that he feels what my heart would say,
Although he cannot speak,
I'll calmly, calmly seek
A better friend than old dog Tray.—Chorus.

NOT IN STOCK.

Fair Customer—"I live in the suburbs, and I want a watch-dog."

Dealer—Yes, mum."

"But of course I don't want one that will keep us awake all night barkin' at nothin."

"No, mum."

"He must be big, and strong, and fierce you know."

"Yes, mum"

"Yes as gentle as a lamb with us you know."

"Yes, mum."

"And he must pounce on every brutal tramp that comes along, and drive him off."

"Yes, mum."

"But he mustn't interfere with any poor but honest man looking for work."

"No, mum."

"If a burglar comes prowling around at night the dog should make mincemeat of him in instant."

"Yes, mum."

"But he mustn't attack a neighbor who drops in for an evening call."

"No mum."

"And of course he mustn't molest people who come harrying in at all hours of the night to call my husband. He's a doctor, you know."

"No, mum. I see what you want. You want a mind-reader dog."

"Yes, I suppose so. Can you send me one?"

"Very sorry, mum, but I'm just out of that kind."

THE MISSION OF AN ORGAN.

A lady with a cottage organ moved into a house adjoining a saloon, so that what transpired in one place could be heard in the other.

A sweet child of the lady died, and the saloon keeper, who owned the house, professed much sympathy; but the next Saturday night a number of rough drinking men met in the saloon to have some violin music, and as it was anything but soothing, the poor, lonely hearted mother, doubtless thought of the organ, and going over to it, began playing; and as she played, sang:—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly:
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last."

She had played but one verse when all became quiet in the bar-room. Then she lifted up a silent prayer that the hymn might prove a blessing; and so God ordained, for when the lady ceased the shutters of the saloon were closed for the night.

The next evening the saloon-keeper sent two lady members of his family to ask the lady to play and sing

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

Wonderingly the lady complied. Still more strange, he sent in again and again.

The organ and hymn accomplished their mission. The man closed his saloon and abandoned the business.—*Christian Observer.*

LADY ANGLERS.

Old Louis, Bouchard, our half-breed Nepigon guide, writes a Canadian correspondent to the *Youth's Companion*, reverences white ladies but prefers to let Eskimo Joe, another famous voyageur and cook, take charge of angling parties that include lady members. On seeing an American party of three gentlemen and two ladies, old Louis remarked:

"Dole chentlemans ain't got no fish, den, No. Dey's nice, de ladies is—mebby? I don't know—but in camp? No-o-o. Dass so. One tahm I'll go up with five lady and seven chentlemans. De chentlemans was boss dat trip? Boss? No-o-o—nevare! All de tahm, all de tahm, doze lady boss dat camp. Keep me cookin' cookin' and nossin' is cook right. In de mawnih', first ting, I got to bring coffee in de tent before doze lady ees get up. 'Louis, you wash your hands?' doze lady ees ask. What dey tink? Mebby I boil my hands before I mek dat coffee? No-o-o—dass so. I ain't boil'em any. All de tahm, all de tahm, doze chentlemans watch for do someting dey tink those lady want—dose lady aint dere. You tink de chentlemans get out for fish early, early? No, doze lady not make ver' good fishin'. Den Louis, he's blame. Eskimo Joe laugh when I'll tol' him about dat. He's want for go wid lady party. Mebby he's like for wash himself two—tree—times in one day. Dass fool way for waste soap."

AN INGENIOUS BOY.

A little lad who had become interested in gathering money to send the Gospel to the heathen, hit upon this happy device. He rummaged in the garret and found an old-fashioned powder horn, which he decided to make into a missionary box. His elder brother said he might have the horn, but wondered what he was going to do with it. The large end of the horn had a wooden bottom, and Eddie scraped it smooth, and asked his brother if he would cut some letters on it. "Yes," said his brother, and Eddie gave him these words:

"Once I was the horn of an ox,
Now I am a missionary box."

Eddie inked the letters, and then as he showed his box to his friends they were all so pleased with his ingenuity that they all put something into it, and he became a large contributor.—*Selected.*

"How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss, at love's beginning,"—
sings the poet, and his sentiment is true with one possible exception. If either party has the catarrh, even love's kiss loses its sweetness. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is a sure cure for this repulsive and distressing affliction. By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties it cures the worst cases. $500 reward offered for an incurable case.