The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XVII.---NO. 23. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1891. PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, - - ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year if paid in advance, or within three months from beginning of year; $1.50 per year if not so paid. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted by the date on the address label.

ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements, 8 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

CONTRACT RATES—The following table shows our rates for the insertion of advertisements for specified periods:—

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO
20 inches	$60.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
10 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	3.00
5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

Advertisements without specific directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. For changes oftener than once a month the composition must be paid for at regular rates.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

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

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:—Kennedy's Block, Acton up-stairs

R. J. McNABB,
CONVEYANCER, COLLECTOR, ETC
Rents and accounts collected. Agent Fire and Life Assurance. Property bought and sold. Money to loan on the most favorable terms.
J. A. MOWAT'S Office, Acton

SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & STONE,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,
TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN.
Offices:—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and Traders' Bank Chambers, 65 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. Rulling 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.

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

IRELAND'S
Desiccated Wheat
For Dyspeptics and anyone with weak digestion.
TRY IT.
THE IRELAND NATIONAL FOOD CO., (Ltd.)
TORONTO

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. KOYER, Publisher,
120 Yonge St. Toronto

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 land 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:—51 Queen St., East, Toronto.
S. M. COOK & CO., Auctioneers,
Georgetown and Toronto

THE
LADIES' PICTORIAL
XMAS NUMBER,
With Colored Supplement
RIVAL - QUEENS
To hand at
DAY'S
The other Numbers expected daily, will have plenty in stock, having bought extra large quantity.
DAY + 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 Thick Glass, 10c.
8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames complete 20c.
3 Feet Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings 25c
Our Wall papers
Are said to be the best selected in the city
WATERS BROS.,
ESTABLISHED 1877
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 6 15 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 gore, corner of Woolwich and Norfolk streets, Guelph, Ont.
JOHN H. HAMILTON,
Proprietor,
Wholesale and retail dealer and direct importer and manufacturer of all kinds of Granite and Marble Monuments, Tombstones, etc. Having had an extensive experience for the last 16 years, the public may rely on getting all superior articles at a cheaper rate than any other dealer in the West.
N. B.—15 per cent. off on a direct order received for the next 30 days.

BELL
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,
85 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.
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
PAID UP CAPITAL 604,600.00
REST FUND 35,000.00
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, paid 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.

CRINDELL'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 other wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

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.

FRANK BURGESS,
House Painter, Paper Hanger, Sign Writer, Etc,
Is prepared to execute orders in any of the above lines in the best manner and at reasonable terms. Every job having my personal attention I can assure customers complete satisfaction. Graining in all woods a specialty.
Orders left at my residence, Main St., Acton will receive prompt attention.

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

Acton Lodge, No. 204,
I.O.O.F.
MEETS in the Oddfellows' Hall, Hill's Block, Mill street 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 SEVEN STAGES.

Only a baby,
Kissed and caressed,
Gently held to a mother's breast.

Only a child,
Toddling along,
Brightening now its happy home.

Only a boy,
Trudging to school,
Governed now by a stormer rule.

Only a youth,
Living in dreams,
Full of promise life now seems

Only a man,
Battling with life,
Spared in now by a loving wife.

Only a father,
Hardened with care,
Silver threads in dark brown hair.

Only a greybeard,
Toddling again,
Growing old and full of pain.

Only a mound,
Overgrown with grass,
Dreams unrealized—rest at last.

Select Family Reading.

Cashmere and Swan's-Down

BY CARL BRICKETT.

The firelight and the mellow flame of the student's lamp on the center-table shone brightly through the room, shedding their radiance on the gray hair of Mrs. Hammond as she bent over her sewing, and the dark locks of Edgar.

The rapid pen, flying over sheet after sheet of paper, pauses and then stops.

"Mother, I'm tired of working! How would you like to go to the concert at Steinway Hall to-night? Miss Kellogg sings."

"I should much prefer staying indoors this cold evening, my boy; but you go. You have been working too hard lately."

And so it was that, an hour later, Edgar found himself in the midst of a brilliant scene. All the elite of the city seemed to have gathered together to welcome America's sweet prima donna.

Seated directly in front of him. Edgar noticed a lady and a young girl, (evidently mother and daughter). The girl's face struck his fancy, and as he listened to the music he unconsciously studied her profile. Very fair, with tender blue eyes, and soft light hair, and an expression at once so innocent and joyous as to cause one to know that only a lovely mind and disposition could belong to such a face.

The elder lady had features very similar only her eyes and hair were dark, and her expression sad, as though she had known sorrow. Over the back of the young lady's chair was thrown an elegant carriage cloak of pale blue cashmere, lined and trimmed with swan's down. Edgar found himself thinking how the delicate color of the dainty wrap would contrast with the cheek before him.

The concert was over, and Edgar passed out with the throng into the bitter cold air. As he walked along his feet touched something soft. Stopping, he found on the pavement a cloak, and taking it under the gaslight, he saw it was the same he had noticed in the hall.

His first impulse was to take it to the box office, and then the thought came that he would like to restore it to the owner himself, and receive his thanks from those sweet lips; so throwing the cloak over his arm, he walked rapidly on.

When still some distance from home, he saw a little figure crouching upon the sidewalk, and he heard a low, quivering cry. Stopping, he laid his hand on the child's shoulder, starting to find a thin calico garment the only protection from the piercing wind.

"My child, why do you cry here in the cold? Why do you not go home?"

"Oh, sir, I dare not go home! Mamma won't let me."

"Why, what have you done?"

"I didn't get enough by begging, sir, and indeed I'd rather freeze than go home."

"Poor child! Show me where you live, and I will see you are allowed to stay."

Edgar kindly lifted her to her feet, and then thought of the warm cloak over his arm.

That sweet kind face (he thought) would not frown if she knew to what use her cloak had been put, he was sure, so he wrapped it around the shivering child, and took her hand.

They made a strange pair, the handsome, elegantly dressed young man, and the poorly clothed little figure, with tear-stained face and the thin rags showing underneath the dainty, down-trimmed garment. But there was no one to notice save the angels, who always see a kind deed.

They soon reached the squalid habitation the child called "home." A repulsive looking woman opened the door, and looked savagely at the little one, who shrank behind her protector. Handing her some money, Edgar said;

"I found your child in a fair way to be frozen to death. I wish you would take her in this bitter night. I will come again, he said to the child, who evidently feared her "mammy" more than the cold. "What is your name?"

"Berta."

"You little wretch, that's a lie! Your name's Molly, and you know it!" Seizing her, the woman thrust her into the room. "Yes," (turning to Edgar), "she shall stay to-night; but she's a good-for-nothing baggage!"

Edgar told his mother of the occurrence, on his arrival home, and she said:

"Yes, it is only one case out of a thousand round us. I am glad my son did as he did; it shows a good, kind heart," and the old lady laid her hand fondly on his head.

Edgar, according to his promise, went again to the child's home, and his mother accompanied him, well laden with warm, comfortable clothing.

The little girl was expecting them; her face was neatly washed, and her dark hair was combed carefully back from a high, intellectual forehead, while the large eyes fairly seemed to speak, they were so earnest.

"Can it possible," exclaimed Mrs. Hammond, "that so low a woman could have such a beautiful child!"

That evening Edgar unfolded to his mother a plan, and she, when he had finished, delighted him by saying the same thought had been in her mind, too.

Mrs. Hammond was a dear, kind old lady and Edgar was her only child, and she was wealthy, as was he, from the estate of her late husband. Of all things, as he grew up she took most pleasure in encouraging his generous, kindly impulses.

So now she entered heart and soul into his plan of taking the neglected child and educating her as her own. The only trouble would be from the unnatural mother, but Edgar declared that money would settle all difficulty there. So everywhere arranged, and the little waif brought to her new home.

For a time she seemed bewildered by so much kindness; but after that she became the animated, lively child she naturally was. Her progress in study was marvellous and each year endeared her more and more to the hearts of Edgar and her kind grandma (as she was taught to call her.)

After a long time Edgar had ceased trying to find the owner of the lost cloak. He had advertised, and searched the "lost column" in the papers, but to no avail, so he had made up his mind the young lady had either left the city, or had not cared enough for its loss to take any steps for its recovery.

Several years had passed away, and Berta was now a girl of twelve.

One day she rushed into the library, exclaiming:

"Oh, grandma, there's to be a tableaux party, and I am to be Cinderella! May I?"

"If, as you say, you are going to be Cinderella, what's the use of asking 'may I?'" said Edgar, laughingly.

"My dear, whose party is it?"

Sobering down, and stopping her pirouettes round the room, Berta seated herself, and began:

"Well, it's Edith Douglass's birthday party. Her mother is to get up the tableaux and they want me to be Cinderella."

"Who is the prince, Berta?" asked Edgar.

"Edith's cousin, Albert Havens. He has just come from Europe. Grandma, may I take part?"

"Yes, dear, if you want to; but come now dinner's ready."

The eventful evening came at last. The spacious parlors of Mrs. Douglass's house were brilliantly lighted and garlanded with flowers. One room was devoted to the guests, and the other was occupied by the stage.

The curtain rose first on a group of statuary, copied from Roger's "Playing Doctor." Several tableaux followed, and then—"The introduction of Cinderella to the Prince" was announced. An exclamation of pleasure broke forth as the curtain rose.

Gracefully bending, with her eyes modestly cast down, stood Berta. Unusually lovely she looked. Her dress (a marvel of pale paper muslin covered with tulle) gave her the appearance of being much older, with the sweeping train. Crowning the toilet was an exquisite cloak also of blue, with soft trimmings of down.

The prince, a tall, fair boy, looked right royal in his black velvet and silver.

As Edgar looked with surprise at the beautiful tableau—surprised, because although he had always thought Berta very pretty, he never had considered her so beautiful as that—he heard a sweet voice near him say:

"Why, mamma, isn't that the exact copy of the cloak I lost so long ago?"

"Yes, Lottie, I noticed that; but do you not see that which is stranger still?"

There was something—others besides Lottie's mother were commenting on it.

The peculiar light thrown upon the faces of the performers brought out every feature distinctly, and as the Prince and Cinderella both stood with their profiles turned towards the audience, a striking resemblance was seen between them.

The same high forehead, curved eyebrows, and straight noses, and what was most noticeable, as there are seldom two alike, the shape of their mouths was exactly similiar. Some time after the curtain dropped the strange resemblance was talked over.

As soon as possible Edgar turned to see the owner of the sweet voice. It was the same fair young girl whose cloak he had unwittingly become the possessor of.

When the performance was ended, Edgar sought his hostess, and requested an introduction to the young lady, whom he only knew as "Lottie."

"Yes that is my niece—Miss Havens. She and her mother and brother have just returned from abroad."

As soon as he felt sufficiently acquainted—after conversing awhile—Edgar introduced the subject of the cloak. Lottie was very much surprised, and said:

"Why, I think I remember your face. Didn't you stand beside me as we left our seats in the hall that night?"

To tell the truth, Lottie had secretly admired his fine eyes very much, and had wondered who he was. Of course, Edgar did not know that; but he felt a very agreeable sensation to think he had been worthy to be remembered so long a time.

After a while he led Lottie to his mother and Berta, and introduced them.

When the evening was over, and they made their adieux, Edgar said:

"Miss Havens, may I call and return your long lost cloak?"

"Certainly, we should be most happy to see you at any time, with or without the cloak," replied Lottie.

"And I should be very pleased to continue our acquaintance," said Mrs. Havens to Mrs. Hammond, "and please bring your little granddaughter with you some day."

She stooped and kissed Berta.

"You remind me very much of a little girl I lost, my dear. I should like to see you often."

Mrs. Hammond and Berta soon called upon their new friends, and a pleasant intimacy sprang up between the two families. Mrs. Havens seemed drawn to Berta, and Berta to her, until Mrs. Hammond laughingly said she would very soon be jealous.

One day, as the Hammonds sat at dinner the servant brought in a letter. With some curiosity Edgar looked at the curious writing and then broke the seal, read it, and put it quietly in his pocket. But after the meal was over, and Berta had returned to school, his quiet manner vanished entirely, he took it out of his pocket and read it to his mother.

I was dated from a small village not far away, and ran thus:

"MR. HAVENS—Sur, I hav taken the liberty of writin to you, I am dying, and I must see you befor I di, it is about Molly. MARY BRIGGS."

Edgar hurriedly arose.

"There! I've had my suspicions all along, I believe our Berta has a name she need not be ashamed of, that this woman knows all about it. I will go immediately."

Edgar found the woman very ill, just able to speak. His suspicions were correct and she told him the following story:

Years before, there had been a fearful railroad accident, in which most of the passengers had been burned beyond recognition. She was then living near by, and went to the sad scene out of curiosity. At a little distance, behind some bushes, she found a little child, unconscious, but safe, by some miracle she had escaped. She noticed the child's rich apparel. A velvet, fur-trimmed cloak, and the Valenciennes handkerchief was fastened by a small jewelled pin. A handsome chain and locket were also around her neck.

Being very poor, the temptation came to take the child and go with her to New York where she could sell the rich clothes and jewelry.

So without pausing to think, she caught the little girl under her shawl, and took her to her lonely home. As soon as the child awoke to consciousness, she lisped:

"Berta want papa."

That was the story, and the woman, whose crime had troubled her death-bed, now seemed relieved.

When he arrived home, Edgar told his mother and Berta the woman's confession, and for awhile things went along in their usual quiet manner.

Every time our hero met Lottie Havens he found new charms. The time passed in her society seemed to him to fairly fly; he almost felt like audibly reproaching the cuckoo on the mantel, for reminding him how late it was. He was not long in discovering why it was he felt thus, and determined (with his mother's full sanction and approval) to learn his fate without delay.

One evening the opportunity arrived, and in earnest manly tones he told her of his love. The soft, frank eyes looked bravely into his for an instant; but what they saw there made them droop, and the shell-pink deepened into a vivid hue; but not before he read in their tender depths the answer he coveted.

As they sat talking, as lovers do, Lottie said:

"Edgar, there is one thing I value even more than this" (looking down at the flashing stone on her finger.)

"And what is that, my darling?"

"My cashmere cloak; if it had not been for that we might never have met and known each other."

"Yes, and it shielded our Berta from the bitter cold one time. I have never told you about that, but I will. We mustn't have any secrets from each other now."

When Mrs. Havens came in, Edgar in his usual straightforward way, led Lottie to her, and told her what had passed; and she, seeing her daughter's happy face, and liking Edgar heartily, was contented it should be so.

By and by Lottie said:

"Edgar, what about my cloak shielding Berta?"

"Oh that is a long story; but I want you and your mother to know, as you may be able to keep me in a search I am quietly carrying on."

Then, briefly he told them how he first found Berta, and the events after, until he took her to his mother. When he told of the strange communication the dying woman had made him, and reached the part relating to the disaster, and described the clothing and ornaments of the child, Mrs. Havens started up with the cry:

"Oh, my baby! my lost Alberta!"

She raised her voice higher at each word until with a scream she fell back in her chair.

Lottie quickly left her lover's side, and clasping her arms around her mother—herself trembling with excitement—said:

"Mamma, dear, think God, I think my little sister is alive! Oh mamma, don't give way!"

Edgar and Albert looked on, Albert dimly comprehending, but Edgar completely astonished at the scene.

As soon as Mrs. Havens recovered her composure, she spoke:

"Mr. Hammond—Edgar—to you I owe my child's recovery. Your Berta is my own daughter and Albert's twin sister. My husband's health had been poor for some time, and he thought he would go to his mother's home for a few weeks and recover his strength. Albert and his twin sister, Alberta, were children of three years at that time. So he begged me to spare her to him for his little companion while away. They started, and that was the last time I ever saw my noble husband. (Here she had to make a long pause.) When the news of the disaster came, I went right on, and found that my husband, and, as I supposed, my child, had been among the victims. Oh! that was a fearful time!

"The remains were all burned beyond recognition, but I got my husband's watch and the little hat my baby had worn. I never thought in my wildest dreams that she could have escaped."

The scene in Mrs. Haven's parlor the next day was a most affecting one. When Berta entered the room with Mrs. Hammond and Edgar, her mother, with a glad cry, rushed forward and clasped her to her heart.

"My darling child! I know now why I felt so strangely drawn to you."

"My mamma!" was all Berta could say, and holding out her hand to her brother and sister, who were sobbing for very joy, she drew them closely to her.

Edgar and his mother looked on with what would have been sadness, but that Mrs. Hammond knew very soon Bertha's place would be filled by a loving daughter, and as for Edgar he couldn't have felt sad if he had tried.

The next month Lottie became Edgar's wife. The cashmere cloak was handled with reverent care, for it seemed almost a sacred thing to Lottie.

Edgar came in one day, shortly after their return from their wedding tour, and found her carefully arranging it in a box.

"My little wife, that cloak seems bound up in our destines. Through it I first met you; it has united the long-lost mother and child, and has been the means of making my Lottie a happy wife. Is she happy?"

The sweet mouth trembled a little as it was raised for a kiss, and Lottie answered the question with her eyes.

Edgar was satisfied.

Speak Louder.

At the recent conference in Saratoga, the Rev. Dr. ——, of Boston, who is opposed to suffrage for women, and takes a rather conservative view of the woman question in general, spoke disparagingly of women as public speakers. Dr. —— was not very well heard; and just as he was dwelling on the imperfections of women as speakers and the importance of their taking elocution lessons before attempting to make public addresses, a lady in the back part of the audience rose and said, in a voice that was distinctly audible all over the large building: "Will the gentleman please speak a little louder? We cannot hear a word he says." It was Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.—*Woman's Journal.*

Laws for a Successful Life.

Just a word to you young friends! We all envy successful people, but till it is too late we do not all learn that there are laws which control a successful life—laws which we have only to obey if we would prevent disastrous failure.

Let us consider a few of those commands to which God and nature have attached the promise of a crown.

1. First of all, Be resolute. Where there is a way. Determination makes men giants for good or monsters for evil. Make up your mind what to do, and be sure it is worth doing; and then do it. Do not be dismayed at obstacles. They are stumbling stones to the weak and the vacillating, but stepping-stones to the courageous and the resolute.

2. Be persevering. Choosing a lawful, laudable object in life, stick to it.

3. Be industrious. You can never drift into success, but you may climb to lofty heights.

4. Be thorough. What is worth doing is worth doing well. The peril of us all is learning to do too easily what we attempt. We get careless—superficial. We make a show of progress without any real acquisition, it is thin gold plating over a very good deal of brass.

5. Be systematic. This is the only way to be thorough. Life must be laid out on a definite plan. Method is like a mechanical appliance, it makes up for lack of power by teaching us how to use what power we have. Defects of imagination, of memory, and even of reasoning power, may be supplied by systematic habits. A certain French minister of great business qualities has been curiously contrasted with a shiftless English statesman thus: One never put off till to-morrow what he could do to-day; the other never did to-day what he could push off till to-morrow.

6. Be economical. Economy means wise administration, avoiding waste and using well what we have. Economy of money is at the bottom of personal peace and household plenty. Very few are there who, if they choose, could not be rich by and by. The five cents a day spent for cigars would, in course of a lifetime, if it were saved, come, by compound interest, to a snug little fortune and bless old age with competency. I heard a sagacious employer say of a very gifted salesman, "It would make that man a partner, but he spends all his earnings on dress. Economy may be applied to anything which is ours in trust for good uses. We should be saving of time—one of the most valuable of all God's gifts. As money is wasted in pennies, so time is wasted in minutes.

7. Be self sacrificing. Do not hesitate to pay the price of success even if it costs much self-denial. There is no prize without its price. Palissy, the potter, was so enthusiastic in his study to perfect his porcelain wares that he forgot food and drink and sleep. He spent all his money, and then burned his garden-paling, household tables and furniture, to keep up the furnace fires that were to melt the enamel. He was so absorbed in his work that, like Pouisy, the Chinese potter, he would have thrown himself into the furnace rather than fail in his lifework. In all life's noblest achievements it is still true we save life only by losing it. The highest virtue is self-sacrifice, and the grandest results are reached only at cost of self-denial; but when the crown shines on the brow, the way of the cross will be forgotten.

Words of Wisdom.

No man who knows himself is proud.

Any work is hard work to a lazy man.

Every good man builds his own monuments.

Beware of people who do not love children and flowers.

There is nothing sadder on earth than an unhappy child.

The devil loves to hear the man who won't pay his debts talk in church.

The praying doesn't mean much when the pocketbook won't say amen.

The less religion people have the more they insist upon others having.

Babes in Christ sometimes die because they are fed with watered milk.

People who expect to praise God in heaven ought to begin to do it here on earth.

If you want to bring down the sinners outside of the church shoot at those in it.

The man who professes to be a Christian ought to work continually at the business.

Some people, when they pray in public, push every window in heaven shut to begin with.

The devil don't care how much religion people get if they wait until they get away from home to practise it.

The man who is a man never quits work and goes to whittling because somebody tells him the sun has spots on it.

The man who doesn't love his brother on the other side of the earth doesn't love his brother on the other side of the street.

There are people that claim that they are willing to do anything for the Lord who never think of going to church on a rainy Sunday.

There are women who sometimes think Sunday that they have religion, but when the clothes line breaks down Monday they find out that they haven't.—*Rans's Horn.*

"For Nothing!"

In some parts of Africa a young man is not considered grown up until he marries, and naturally a bachelor has a pretty hard lot. Dr. Prudy says that one day, in a strange village, a little chit of a boy marched up to him, stuck his arms out, put his hands into what would have been his pockets had he worn clothes, and, putting his head on one side, looked up at the white man, and said, in an impudent voice "Are you married?"

On another occasion my wife and I had been visiting a chief of a small village, and as we were going away we heard the steps of people running after us. So we waited a moment, and up came two young men quite out of breath. As soon as he could get his breath one of them said, pointing to my wife:

"How many cows could I get one like that for?"

I tried to explain to him that in England people did not get their wives in that way.

"For nothing!" he exclaimed, delighted; "could I get one like that for nothing?"

I told him in answer to one of his questions that if he came to England he would be allowed to ask a woman to be his wife, but that I thought she would probably say "No." His friend, upon this, looked at him, and bursting into a hearty fit of laughter said, with emphasis:

"Yes, I expect she would say no."

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, &c.

THANKSGIVING.

Shall we give thanks?
The toiler answers: Yes.
His hands were weary, as the long days sped away;
Spent brain, tired body, ached from day to day.
And yet the brave heart in his brawny breast
Beat in content, as evening brought its rest.
The sweet companion if his rugged life
Smoothed his moist brow with tender hands—his wife,
Beloved by him beyond all mortal ken
And cherished, since the joyous moment, when
He led her to the cot among the trees
Where now his children prattle at his knees.
His home, his kingdom, and his right arm strong,
He triumphed as the bright days sped along.
Shall we give thanks to-day?
The toiler answers: Yes.
Shall we give thanks?
The rich man answers: Yes.
The days have brought more wealth his lot to bless,
And given him his share of happiness.
His ventures and his trades in lands afar,
Have prospered, as beneath some happy star.
His argosies have spanned the raging seas,
And sailed in safety back before the breeze.
At home his enterprises waxed and spread
And shone, fair as the blue sky overhead;
And, seeing thus his golden store increase,
The rich man nightly slept the sleep of peace;
For did he not, by scattering his pelf,
Do lots of good to others besides himself?
Shall we give thanks today?
The rich man answers: Yes.
Shall we give thanks?
The Nation thunders: Ay!
And all the land takes up the joyous cry:
A year of peace and plenty has gone by.
And every dweller in his hut or hall
Bends knee to bless the giver of it all.
The harvest's golden gifts are gathered now,
And bursting granaries their wealth avow.
No child, no man nor woman but who sings
A hymn of thanks for all the season brings.
Unscathed by wade or tumult, every province
In its own sturdy strength invincible,
Sends up its voice to swell the chorused cry:
Thanks for our union; thanks to-day?
Shall we give thanks to-day?
The Nation answers, Yes.
—*Harold E. Vynne.*

The Temperance Reform.

Chicago has 6,000 saloons, one for every 200 people. Chicago has a church for about every 3,000 people.

Thousands of men who were hard drinkers have quit for good. The majority of them are dead however.

Rev. Mr. Hinckley, of Iowa, says, she gathers up facts wherever she can regarding the practical working for prohibition. Meeting an agricultural implement dealer she asked him in which state it was easier to make collections, Minnesota or Iowa. He answered; "Iowa, two to one; farmers in Minnesota spend lots of money for liquor; this makes them more likely to break their machines, and then they are not willing to pay."

Dr. Talmage says: "Sitting in our religious assemblages there are a good many people in awful peril, and, judging from ordinary circumstances, there is not one chance in five thousand that they will get clear of it. There are men in my congregation from Sabbath to Sabbath of whom I must make the remark that if they do not change their course within ten years they will, as to their bodies, lie down in a drunkard's grave, and as to their souls lie down in a drunkard's perdition. I know it an awful thing to say but I cannot help saying it. Oh, beware! You have not yet been captured. Beware! Whether the beverage be poured in golden chalice or pewter mug, in foam at the top, in white letters, let there be spelled out to you, "Beware!"

We observed with some interest the erection of a business block the past season on one of the streets we traverse every day. Masons, carpenters, and laborers toiled hard day by day to rear it. When finished it was a handsome structure, and its two stores quickly rented. It was some disappointment to us to see that a saloon was the kind of business occupying one store, but we had a slight offset in the fact that a bakery took possession of the other. If whiskey was going to be sold in the one place, bread for the drinker's family would be made and sold in the other. After a few months the bakery was removed. It did not pay. The saloon is still in operation.

A Sensible Driver.

About 6 o'clock one evening this week the driver of a third avenue street car, bound up town with a heavy load of passengers, stopped his horses, just before reaching Grand Street, hitched the lines tight, and ran over to a fruit stand on the curb and bought a couple of rosy apples. Returning to his horses, he gave each of them an apple, which the animals munched with great apparent relish. Then jumping on the platform he shook the lines loose, and the horses started off in a way that made the standing passengers grip the straps convulsively. To a passenger on the front platform the driver said that as a matter of fact and not sentiment one apple was worth more than all the whips in New York in getting satisfactory work from the horses. "I never use a whip on any horse," he said. "I drive six horses a day and give each one an apple, and they seem to look forward to the treat. The scheme cures balky and obstinate horses, wonderfully." And the way the horses covered the ground and did their work generally, seemed to bear out his theory. They made up for the time lost by the stop in less than three blocks, and kept on uptown like a fresh team.—*New York Sun.*

Could Drive the Oxen.

It is said that almost every man is quite sure he can successfully edit a newspaper.

But it is not quite so easy to drive oxen as one of our city travelling men found out the other day when he made a bet of ten dollars that he could drive a yoke of oxen around the square in a country town. He succeeded quite well until he came to a corner, when the oxen put their heads down, elevated their tails, and bolted on a run for the country. The farmer pocketed his ten dollars and followed them.

Charming people, these exceptional people! Here's a medicine—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for instance, and it's cured hundreds, thousands that we know, thousands that're unknown, and yet yours is an exceptional case! Do you think that that bit of human nature which you call "I" is different from the other parcels of human nature? "But you don't know my case." Good friend, in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases, causes are the same—impure blood—and that's why "Golden Medical Discovery" cures ninety-nine out of every hundred. You may be the exception and may not. But would you rather be the exception, or would you rather be well? If you're the exception it costs you nothing, you get your money back—but suppose it cures you? Let the "Golden Medical Discovery" take the risk.