The Acton Free Press.

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

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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:—Kennawin's Block, Acton, upstairs

R. J. M. NABB,
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Rents and accounts collected. Agent Fire and Life Assurance. Property bought and sold. Money to loan on the most favorable terms.
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Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,
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Offices:—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and Traders' Bank Chambers, 63 Yonge st., Toronto
J. SHILTON, Q.C. W. H. WALLBRIDGE. H. E. STONE.

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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.
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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. Rulingneatly and promptly done

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
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An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good sea-foam an exhilirating 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.
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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
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JAMES BROWN
Has on hand a large quantity of excellent coal which he will promptly deliver to any part of the town at reasonable prices.
Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always on hand.
Telephone communication.

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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.
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THE
LADIES' PICTORIAL
XMAS NUMBER,
With Co'ored 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 Tubes Rouner's, 10c.
8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete 10c.
5 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 7 a.m. and 8 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,
25 Lower Wyndham street, Guelph. Telephone 178.

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. P. 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 workmanlike manner.
Plow and machinery repairs constantly on hand.
HENRY GRINDELL.

- - SEASON---1891 - -
WHILE returning thanks to our many patrons for their liberal support in the past, we wish to inform you that we have entered into an arrangement with R. Stewart, Guelph, to keep constantly on hand a full stock of the ordinary sizes of
Sash, Doors, Etc.
and will also supply any special sizes on short notice at Guelph prices.
Frames of All Kinds
made to order. We also keep in stock a line of Base, Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, &c.
Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait.
Price—$1 50 per M.
PUMPS
Being better able than heretofore we will supply either wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. EDGAGE, 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, every Wednesday evening. Visiting brethren always welcome. For copy of constitution and by-laws apply to the undersigned or any of the members.
W. WILLIAMS, N. G. H. H. WORDEN, Secretary

Poetry.

"TOO MANY OF WE."

"Mamma, is there too many of we?"
The little girl asked with a sigh.
"Perhaps you wouldn't be tired,
If a few of your childs should die."

She was only three years old—this one
Who spoke in that strange, sad way,
As she saw her mother's impatient frown
At the children's boisterous play.

There were half a dozen who round her stood,
And the mother was sick and poor,
Worn out with the care of the noisy brood
And fight with the wolf at the door,

For a smile or a kiss, no time, no place—
For the little one, least of all;
And the shadow that darkened the mother's face
O'er the young life seemed to fall.

More thoughtful than any, she felt more care,
And pondered, in childish way,
How to lighten the burden she could not share
Growing heavier every day.

One day a week and the little Clare,
In her tiny white trundle bed,
Lay with her blue eyes closed and the sunny hair
Cut close from the golden head.

"Don't cry," she said, and the words were low,
Feeling tears that she could not see,
"You won't have to work and be tired so
When there ain't so many of we."

And the dear little daughter who went away
From the home that for once was still
Showed the mother's heart, from that dreary day,
What a place she had always filled.

Select Family Reading.

Margaret's Successful Life

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

Margaret O'——— was born in Ireland, of parents who did not marry until late in life, and were very old when she was but just eighteen.

Margaret loved them fondly, and loved home too; but when poverty fell upon them she knew that she must toil for them, and hearing that money was to made, hand over hand, in America, set to work to earn her passage money, and parting from the old folks with many tears, came across the ocean, enduring the terrible trials of a voyage made in the steerage. Her constitution however, was good, and her health did not break down. She stood fresh and rosy checked in the Intelligence Office, to which she was directed the day after her arrival, and in answer to a country lady's inquiries replied:

"I am very anxious to suit, ma'am, and will do whatever you bid me, in the way you bid me do it, though I'm just a greenhorn as you see."

The lady laughed and engaged her. She kept this first place five years, improving constantly. Then her good friend died, and Maggie sought a place in the city. She had, meanwhile, sent all the wages she did not require for decent clothes to her parents.

Now she found that wages had gone up. She could get much more. Indeed, she was worth twice as much. She sent for the old folks and a little niece who had been cast an orphan on their hands, boarded them with worthy people from the same county, and was happy once more.

Of course, her city places were not permanent. People change about a good deal, and one thing Margaret was determined on she would not stay where her fellow-servants drank, robbed their employers, or, were immoral. Evil communication is to be guarded against. She had heard that often in church, and took it to heart. But she was never once "dismissed."

She was neat, buying strong, good, fast-colored calicoes to work in, with tidy caps and aprons—she was an "upstairs girl"—and for holidays better stuffs. As they were always made well and loose enough, she never had rips or tears to hide. In going to a new place she always requested a week's trial; after that engaged for a month.

There are very finely dressed people in great cities with whom no respectable girl should ever live. Margaret took good care of herself in this respect, as was her duty. But she never asked impertinent questions of her employers, and never deceived them as to her skill in certain matters.

"I am very good at this," or "not so good at that," she used to say, and so was often found better than they hoped at her work. If she thought of leaving, she gave proper warning with respectful manner, and left her work tidily done on departure.

Regularly once a month she put by a little money in the bank. She was generous, but against one thing she set her face from the first: She would not be imposed upon by those idle young men who make a practice of getting acquainted with domestics of the other sex, and managing by flattery to get their meals and loans of money. When Tom the blacksmith was hurt, and really disabled for a while, Margaret was the first to call on his mother with jellies and a bottle of wine, which had been ordered for the invalid; but when Peter, who was well and hearty, having flattered her with fine speeches, put in a petition for a couple of dollars, she answered with a decided "No." That put an end to his little plan of pocketing her wages and paying for them with kisses—a plan which had succeeded with several girls before.

"It's unfriendly of you, Maggie," said the cook. "Thank goodness I'm not that poor or that mane I wouldn't be able to lind a fri'nd the loan of a dollar."

"Not I," said Maggie, if the boy was in distress; but it's bad for him to loaf about living on loans and eating the family's victuals. It's not my place to tell tales, but when master sent down for cold chicken I felt ashamed to think Peter had swallowed it. You see, master had paid for it, and had a right to finish it."

Cook was angry, but she could not deny the fact.

Maggie was very self-respecting when there were callers in the kitchen of an evening. She had never encouraged them in using coarse language, or telling stories that were improper. If they would talk in this way, she left them, and went upstairs to her room.

Another thing Margaret would not do was to talk against her employers in whispers in the area.

"I can leave, you know, if I don't like them," she would say, "but while I'm here I'm one of the family in a way, and it hurts me as well as them to talk freely out of doors."

Maggie was not sociable with everybody, and spent little of her time in gossip. The few friends she had were very dear to her, and she visited them as often as could. Sensible men who knew what a good wife ought to be, often paid a great deal of attention to Maggie, but they were obliged to be respectful to her. If they were not they had no more of her company.

Though, when she "came over," she knew how to do but few things, no one now was more skilful than Maggie. She learned everything she had an opportunity to learn. She could make her own dresses and trim her own bonnet, darn beautifully and write very nicely indeed.

Besides, she was fond of reading, and seldom had an employer who would not lend her something to read when she asked for it. The days were too short for all she wished to do, but while girls who had no occupation for their work were inevitably leaving something undone, Margaret never was known to do so.

On one occasion, Margaret having left a place she liked very much, because the family were going to Europe, found one in the house of a very wealthy bachelor, who lived with several maiden sisters who were very fond of him. This gentleman thought Maggie very handsome, and liked her extremely; and after she had been in his service a year, surprised her, one day, by coming into the dining-room, as she was laying the table, and proposing to her.

He was no longer young, but he was handsome, a man of education, and extremely rich.

Maggie listened to what he had to say respectively. Then, after a pause, replied:

"You have paid me a very great compliment, sir, and I am glad you think so well of me; but though I am sure it is not because I do not appreciate you, I must thank you, and say no. It would never do.

"Why not, Maggie?" asked Mr. ———.

"Sir," said Maggie, "the ladies would not like it at all, for one thing. Oh, you know that. There would be family quarrels, and I the cause. Your friends would despise me, and I am used to being respected in my place. And I do not feel that I should be at all happy. I have relations you would not be pleased to see, though I love them; people who have not as much education as I, and do not speak as well. And I would never make a fine lady. I have not the accomplishments—the ways. Besides, the most particular thing in my mind, sir, as I hope will be in yours, I have not thought of you, I—I just—well, I've just kept my heart sided away," said Maggie with a blush. "No one has it yet."

The bachelor laughed, blushed himself, was a little angry, and went away without another word. That afternoon Maggie gave warning to the ladies, who could get no other reason from her except that "she needed a little rest."

"I might get to thinking of him differently, now I know how he feels to me, if I staid in the same house," she said prudently to herself; and she did think of the handsome gentleman who had liked her very often, though she never repented.

Later on there came a time when she took that carefully preserved heart of hers out of its hiding-place. She met, at last—not until she was near thirty—a fine looking decently educated mechanic, some five years older than herself. Their tastes were similar, their ideas of life much the same. She could look up to him, and he admired her. All his relatives became her friends: and when they married and went housekeeping, the congratulations were all heartfelt.

With such a wife any man would prosper, and grateful to the parents who had given her to the world, he begged them his house their home.

Maggie lives to-day in a very good, well-furnished house of her own: and as her family is rather large, keeps help herself. No two people can be more universally respected.

"Mrs. ——— used to live out," said an envious neighbor to another one day, as she drove past in her nice little waggonette to bring her husband, now head of a large establishment, from the depot—"Mrs. ——— used to live out as hired help, and look at her now."

"Ah," replied the neighbor, "what a lucky family that must have been who hired her. She is just perfection in everything. I never knew such housekeeping. And how handsome she is!"

In fact, Margaret, though now forty-five years old, bears on her face the marks of a good, useful and happy life, which so beautify it that she throws many a lovely girl into the shade. Exercise has kept her figure good, and she dresses excellently and fashionably.

Certainly hers is a life worth writing, for it proves that worth and wisdom win their way where folly and frivolity miss theirs utterly.

The Ladder of Success.

Room at the top? Yes, and at the bottom, too. Do your best, catch hold wherever you can, push fairly, and go up a step at a time.

Royal roads to success are rare; slow and sure plodders are not always left behind. There are a thousand ways to do many things, and several roads to Rome.

Think of the boys with bundles on their backs, who have sold their little wares and started a corner stall, and from the stall gone to a little shop, and from the little shop to a big one, and are now merchants whose names are known in the annals of commerce.

Think of the Presidents of the United States who began by splitting rails, or tanning leather, or making coats. Think of the workmen you have known who have gone up head in their trades. Go through all the arts and professions, and discover for yourself that where one young man with all the advantages, and plenty of money, and plenty of influence, gets in at the top, there is another, who began poor and friendless, and who had no opportunities whatever, who has climbed from the bottom and stands abreast of him.

Avail yourself of all the chances that may offer to take the upper place at once; do not idle because you are lucky, but if on the contrary, you stand alone in the world, weighted with disadvantages and disabilities, don't sink down hopeless. On the average, those who have to climb get there first.

Respect that was Earned.

"You must honor your parents," the Sunday-school Superintendent said to the new boy. "I'm sure you obey your mother?"

"Yes, sir!" came the reply, with an emphasis that rather startled the questioner.

"And you and your little brother have always show her respect, don't you?"

"You bet we does. Why, she kin lick dad, she kin."

It is not at all surprising that parrots should use polite language.

Apples and Good Health.

The apple is composed of vegetable fibre albumen, sugar, gum, chlorophyl, malic acid, lime and much water, says *Field and Farm*. The German analysists declare that the apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. This phosphorus is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter, lethicin of the brain and spinal cord. Old Scandinavian legends or tradition represent the apple as the food of the gods; who, when they found themselves growing feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit to renew the powers of the body and mind.

Judging from these traditions apples must have been highly thought of in ancient times and their restorative qualities understood. The acids of the apple are of good use to people of sedentary habits whose livers are sluggish of action; they eliminate from the body noxious matters, which if retarded, would make the brain heavy and dull, or bring out jaundice or skin eruptions, or other allied troubles. Some such experience must have led to the custom of taking apple sauce with roast pork, rich goose and like dishes. The malic acid in ripe apples, either raw or cooked, will neutralize any excess of chalky matter generated by eating too much meat.

It is also a fact that such fresh fruits as the apple, the pear and the plum, taken when ripe, without sugar, diminishes the acidity of the stomach rather than provokes it. The vegetable salts and juices are converted into alkaline carbonates, which tend to correct acidity. A good, ripe, raw apple is one of the easiest of vegetable substance for the stomach to deal with, the whole process of digestion being complete in eighty five minutes. A poultice of rotton apples is said to be an excellent remedy for weak rheumatic eyes. In the French hospitals an apple poultice is applied to inflamed eyes, the apple being roasted and the pulp applied directly to the eyes—that is, without the intervention of any cloth or substance. A modern maxim teaches us that "to eat an apple going to bed; the doctor then will beg his bread."

Terribly Lonesome.

"At last we are alone!"
It was the man who spoke.
The woman trembled and lifted her eyes to his face.
They were beautiful eyes, but they were tremulous eyes, eyes which look out of a heart which is irresolute, fearful.
He stamped with his heavy foot upon the floor of the room.
The echoes brought back in their invisible arms the sound, and let it ripple out again until it struck the walls once more and fell into the vast void of silence says the Detroit, *Free Press*.
A bat, disturbed by the unusual activity darted from a corner and blindly dashed in eccentric convolutions about the dusty building.
Great ropes of cobwebs hung down from the ceiling, and across the corner of the room dead flies hung lightly in the hammocks the spiders had fastened there.
The dust rose in listless clouds from the shock of the heavy foot fall and sank again overcome by its own inertia.
Even the air was resting.
The spirit of desolation seemed to pervade the place.
The woman looked furtively around upon her dim surroundings, and shivered.
The man laughed harshly.
"Alone, I said," he growled.
"Yes," she murmured.
A faint light struggled in through the great windows in front, thick with dust.
"Where are we?" she whispered, and shivered as the bat dashed into her hair.
"Listen," he replied harshly; "we are in a store which does not advertise."

Bananas.

The best way to tell a good bunch of bananas is by the stem. If this be green and sound the head of bananas will ripen slowly and attain that lusciousness for which this fruit is justly famed. If the stem be black or has the appearance of decay, the bunch will ripen quickly and the flavor be very poor. This is an infallible test.

Dr. John Dougall, of St. Mungo's College, Glasgow, has a letter in a recent issue of the Glasgow *Herald* on the banana. He quotes from Stanley's "In Darkest Africa," showing that "for infants, persons of delicate digestion, dyspeptics, and those suffering from temporary derangements of the stomach, the flour, properly prepared, would be of universal demand." During Stanley's two attacks of gastritis a slight gruel of this flour, mixed with milk, was the only material that could be digested. It is odd, also, as pointed out in Stanley's book, that in most banana lands—Cuba, Brazil, West Indies—the valuable properties of the banana flour are unknown. Dr. Dougall has made some experiments in making banana flour. He concludes that it should be made from the ripe fruit at its place of production. In trying to make it from bananas purchased in Glasgow, he obtained on drying the pulp a tough sweet mass like toasted figs, an appearance probably due to the conversion of starch into sugar. Bananas contain only about 50 per cent. of pulp, and of this about 75 per cent. is water. They would yield therefore, only one-eighth part of flour.

The best time to eat bananas is in the morning. A breakfast of ripe, luscious bananas is the greatest blow that can be aimed at dyspepsia. Eaten with bread and butter, they add a charm to the morning meal that cannot be excelled. They soon satisfy, and being digestible in a very short time, they ensure an appetite for dinner that is surprising. Breakfast is the best time to eat bananas of all fruits.

We live in Deeds, not Years.

A pleasant, cheerful, generous, charitable-minded woman is never old. Her heart is as young at sixty or seventy as it was at eighteen or twenty; and they who are old at sixty or seventy are not made old by the ravages of passion, and feeling of an unsocial and ungenerous nature, which have cankered their minds, wrinkled their spirits and withered their souls. They are heartless, dull, cold indifferent; they want the well spring of youthful affection, which is always active, always engaged in some labor of love that is calculated to promote and distribute enjoyment.

There is an old age of the heart that is possessed by many who have no suspicion that there is anything old about them, and there is a youth which never grows old, a lover who is ever a boy, a psyche who is ever a girl.

It doesn't satisfy a hungry tramp to find only a fork in the road.

Queen Victoria's Family.

There seems to be no fear of the royal family suffering extinction at least not for some time, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The prince who was added to the royal house on Saturday, makes the fortieth grandchild of Her Majesty.

The names of the grandchildren, most of whom are alive, are as follows:

Princess Royal: The Emperor William, Princess Charlotte, Prince Albert William Henry, Prince Sigismund, Princess Frederick, Princess Sophia, Princess Margaret.

Prince of Wales: Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, Princess Louise Victoria, Princess Victoria, Princess Maud.

Princess Alice: Princess Victoria, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Irene, Prince Ernest, Prince Frederick, Princess Alix, Princess Mary.

Duke of Edinburg: Prince Alfred, Princess Marie, Princess Victoria, Princess Alexandra, Princess Beatrice.

Princess Christian: Prince Christian, Prince Albert John, Princess Victoria, Princess Louise Augusta, Prince Harold.

Duke of Connaught: Princess Margaret, Prince Arthur, Princess Victoria.

Duke of Albany: Princess Alice Mary, Prince Leopold.

Princess Beatrice: Prince Albert Alexander, Prince Leopold Arthur, Princess Victoria, Prince ———.

Her Majesty has several great grandchildren and she is still hale and hearty at 71, we hope she may live to see a generation of great grandchildren.

Sunshine.

Sing the song of sunshine!—sunshine in the heart, sunshine in our dwellings. Open the windows of your soul to the love that manifests itself around us, and let it as free as the glad beams of heaven.

Have you ever thought how much God wants you to be happy? Let joy so irradiate your countenance that you shall see it reflected in the lives of all around you. "Catch the sunshine"—great, golden sheaves of it—in all your living-rooms. "Glorify" your homes with it. Plan for it when you build. Send out projections at the front, at the sides, at the back, if need be, to bring it in. Let bay windows make sunning-places for the children and the flowers. Roll up the shades. Throw back the crimson curtains and the lace. No drapery is so beautiful as sunshine.

Sunshine! Sunshine! the life of the world, the great, wonderful smile of God that calls the blossoms from their damp beds to answer its greeting, that blesses the children as Jesus blessed them, that makes the wilderness to sing, turns the wheatfields yellow for the harvest, and the corn in its silken husks, and dots the field with golden globes; sunshine, that falls among the apple-boughs to turn unwholesome juices into into ambrosial sweetness! Sunshine, that in the winter-time sparkles from a million snowflakes thrown from the skies to clothe the earth in purity.

Sing the song of sunshine!

Judge Pratt tells a good Story.

At Syracuse, where formerly I resided, the Millerites had quite a large sect, and as they saw the time of the end drawing nigh, they talked of having all things in common. Those who had nothing of their own to divide with others, were of course quite willing to make this arrangement, and the most of them were of this description. But there was one rich farmer who had joined the company and was looking daily for the coming of the Lord. He was called upon to give up his large and handsome property for the common benefit, and, at and at this he demurred. He would think and pray over it and report at the next meeting. When that came, and they were all together in one place, he said that his mind was fully made up as to his duty. While praying over the subject, a text of Scripture had been deeply impressed on his mind, and it had made his way perfectly clear. It was this; "Occupy till I come."

To Wash Windows.

There is a right and a wrong way to wash windows, and as this operation is usually dreaded, the following method will doubtless be appreciated, as it saves both time and labor. Choose a dull day, or at least a time when the sun is not shining on the window, for when the sun shines on a window it causes it to dry streaked, no matter how much it is rubbed. Take a painter's brush and dust them inside and out, washing all the woodwork inside before touching the glass. The latter must be washed simply in warm water diluted with ammonia. Do not use soap. Use a small cloth with a pointed stick to get the dust out of the corners. Wipe dry with a small piece of cotton cloth, do not use linen as it makes the glass linty when dry. Polish with tissue paper or old newspapers. You will find this can be done in half the time taken where soap is used, and the result will be brighter windows.

What a Modern Gun Can do.

Unless one is actually brought into business relation with the great science of modern warfare, it is difficult to conceive of the terrible power of the latest and largest guns. These engines of destruction weighing 110 tons, hurl a projectile of solid steel sixteen inches in diameter and nearly four feet long at a velocity of 2070 feet a second. When tested recently, one of these guns sent a shot through twenty inches of steel armour, eight inches of iron, twenty feet of oak, five feet of granite, eleven feet of concrete, and three feet of back.

Comparatively, a locomotive weighing 100,000 pounds would have to spin at the rate of 135 miles an hour to strike a blow equal to that projectile. Think of the damage wrought in a railroad collision where the train speeds along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and one may calculate the destructives of modern ordnance.

A Chance for Improvement.

First Arctic explorer—"I say!"
Second Arctic explorer—"Say on."
"I say! We're in a box."
"Jesso."
"We'll have to wait for a rescuing party."
"That's it."
"One will come, I suppose."
"Yes, they always come—but not always on time."
"I say!"
"Well?"
"Don't you think the present style of Arctic exploration might be improved?"
"Perhaps so. What would you suggest?"
"I think the rescuing party ought to go ahead."

How do you treat headache? "Politely. I just sit down and let it ache."

HOW TO RUN A COUNTRY WEEKLY.

Uncle "Billy Bowers, of the Bowersville *Union*, is "up to snuff," says the Atlanta *Constitution*. Here is the list of things that he proposes to take on subscription:

Corn, wheat, rye and oats,
Hogs, cattle, sheep and goats,
Beef, pork, fish and fowl,
From partridge up to hooting owl,
Fodder, shucks, hay and straw,
Victuals sound, cooked or raw,
Butter, eggs, meal and flour,
Apples, plums—not too sour.
Beans, peas and whortleberries,
Onions, 'taters and black cherries,
Manis, wedges, axes, hoes,
Pickled beets, and tomatoes.
Pants, shirts, socks and hats,
Pet squirrels and white rats,
Paper, ink, and good books,
Pins, needles, small fish hooks.
Fruit, brought in by Bennett or Duncan,
Whether pop melon or yellow pumpkin,
Chopping, hoeing, or branch ditchin,
Bridles, saddles, or buggy breeching.
Cups, saucers, knives and forks,
Plates, pitchers, jugs and corks,
Oil, matches, beeswax and honey,
Gold, silver, and greenback money.

Suggestive Thoughts.

(For the FREE PRESS.)

At the summit of the Rocky Mountains there is a narrow bridge, which is the dividing line between two great waters.

A drop of rain falling on the west side finds its way into the Columbia river, and after travelling hundreds of miles is lost in the wave of the Pacific Ocean, whilst a drop falling on the east side finds its way through a long reach of thousands of miles to the warm water of the Gulf of Mexico and thence to the Atlantic. Now so narrow is this line of demarcation which divides these mighty streams, that a drop of rain falling from the clouds may have its entire future course directed to the one or the other destination by a passing breath of air. Just so in the life of our young people, the unconscious, almost unappreciable influence, of their surroundings is deciding their moral and religious character for all time to come.

Closely allied to the dangers that beset business pursuits are the dangers that beset social life. The mania to get rich rapidly flourishes in the same soil with the mania for fine and fast living. Every young man who is ambitious to get into "society," is confronted by a false standard. The door that ought to open to solid worth in a course coat is opened to a fine suit of clothes and familiarity with the fashions of the day. This taint of extravagance runs in every direction.

In every department of human action, from the attainment of rudiment knowledge, to the salvation of the soul, effort is the price of success. Every progressive step is made by undaunted toil. The youth drones over his book, a slave to listless laziness, thereby secures a place for himself at the foot of society. The young man who shrinks from difficulty in his business or profession, who refuses to climb because the rock is sharp and the way steep, must make up his mind to slide back and to lie, in the shadows below, while others use him as a stepping block for their own rising. Young man, such is the constitution of society that you must succeed by self help or fall by self-neglect. By what you are, and by what you do.—

You must either soar or stoop,
Fall or triumph, stand or droop;
You must either serve or govern,
Must be slave or must be sovereign,
Must in fine, be block or wedge,
Must be anvil, or be sledge.

No one can live without influencing others. Many seem to live unconscious of this important fact. We are in no danger of over estimating on others. The real danger lies in the other direction. We influence others, and mould their characters for time and eternity far more than we imagine.

Fifteen Rules for Girls.

1. Shut the door and shut it softly.
2. Keep your own room in tasteful order.
3. Have an hour for rising, and rise.
4. Learn to make bread as well as cake.
5. Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours.
6. Always know where your things are.
7. Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable.
8. Never come to breakfast without a collar.
9. Never go about with your shoes unbuttoned.
10. Speak clearly enough for everybody to understand.
11. Never fidget, or hum, to disturb somebody.
12. Never help yourself at the table be you pass the plate.
13. Be patient with the little ones as you wish your mother to be with you.
14. Never keep anybody waiting.
15. Never fuss, or fret, or fidget.

Forget it.

On my way to one of the ferries, I passed two little girls about eight years of age. They were evidently confidential friends, and one, with an indignant look on her face, was telling the other of some unkind word spoken by a little playmate.

"Oh, well," returned her companion calmly and soothingly, "don't think of it; forget it."

The words rang in my ears all through the hours of the day, and since then have not been absent from my memory.

Did not the little one give good advice? How often we, in our intercourse with a dear friend, take offence at a hasty word, and in our indignation brood over it until our hearts are filled with bitterness and the friendship of years, it may be, ruthlessly destroyed, the only remembrance of our friend, being the hasty word. Our dignity has been insulted, and we have no desire to forget it.

We've heard of a woman who said she walk five miles to get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription if she couldn't get it without. That woman had tried it. And it's a medicine which makes itself felt in toning up the system and correcting irregularities as soon as its use is begun. Go to your drug store, pay a dollar, get a bottle and try it—try a second, a third if necessary. Before the third one's been taken you'll know that there's a remedy to help you. Then you'll keep on and a cure'll come. But if you shouldn't feel the help, should be disappointed in the results—you'll find a guarantee printed on the bottle-wrapper that'll get your money back for you.

How many women are there who'd rather have the money than the health? And "Favorite Prescription" produces health. Wonder is that there's a woman willing to suffer when there's a guaranteed remedy in the nearest drug store.