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The Acton Free Press

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Office:—Town Hall, Acton.
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Money to Loan.
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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, 43 Yonge st., Toronto.
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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.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

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

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(Successor to T. P. Chapman)
BOOKBINDER,
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Account Books of all kinds made to order Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
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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.
QUEBEC STREET, GUELPH.
CLARK & CARTER,
DIRECT Importers of Granite and Marble Monuments and Headstones of all shades and from the newest designs. All work and material warranted first-class. Parties wishing to purchase, will please give us a call and inspect our stock and prices, as we are confident we can compete with any establishment in Ontario.

Having sold out my interest to the above firm, I respectfully solicit the patronage to my friends and the public on their behalf.
J. H. HAMILTON

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
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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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Licensed Auctioneers, Appraisers, Valuators, Collectors, Real Estate and General Land Agents.
—FOR THE COUNTIES OF—
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Money to loan from $100 up at six per cent.
Parties placing their sales or other business in our hands will have the same promptly attended to at moderate charges.
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BRANCH OFFICE:—81 Queen St., East, Toronto.
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School Books

The Best Stock.
The Best Exercise Books.
The Best Foolscap.

Slates, Pens, Ink.
School Bags.

FULL SUPPLY
—AT—
DAY'S BOOKSTORE
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, Rowney's, 10c.
8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete 10c.
5 Foot Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 15c.

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 tannery, 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 6:18 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.

BELL
Pianos
—AND—
Organs
WERE AWARDED
THE - GOLD - MEDAL
AT
Jamaic a International Exhibition 1891,
In competition with American, German, English and Canadian manufacturers.
FOR SALE
On Monthly or Quarterly Payments only at
C. W. Kelly's
MUSIC STORE,
26 Lower Wyndham street, Guelph. Telephone 176.

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

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 ..... $[illegible],000.00
REST FUND $5,000.00
GUELPH BRANCH,
We call your attention to the convenience 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.

GRINDELL'S
MACHINE & REPAIR SHOP
In addition to machinery repairing I am now prepared to do
HORSE SHOEING & General Blacksmithing.
In a most satisfactory manner. Woodwork repairs also made.
Careful attention given to all work brought in.
Any machine or implement by whomsoever manufactured will be repaired in a work manlike manner.
Plow and machinery repairs constantly on hand.
HENRY GRINDELL.

- - SEASON---1891 - -
WHILE returning thanks to our many patrons for their liberal support in the past we wish to inform you that we have entered into an arrangement with R. Stewart, Guelph, to keep constantly on hand a full stock of the ordinary sizes of
Sash, Doors, Etc.
and will also supply any special sizes on short notice at Guelph prices.
Frames of All Kinds
made to order. We also keep in stock a line of Base, Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, &c.
Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait.
Price—$1.50 per M.

PUMPS
Being better able than heretofore we will supply either wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

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.

Merchant Tailor.
Choice Stock of
Overcoatings, Cheviot Worsted and Tweed Suitings, Trouserings, &c.
Having opened up a merchant tailoring business in Acton with a view of staying here and making it a success I would respectfully solicit a liberal share of the patronage of the public.
I will endeavor to give perfect satisfaction and keep abreast of the times as regards style, prices, &c. Inspection invited.
Terms Strictly Cash.
Respectfully Yours,
Briggs Nicklin.

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, &c. 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.

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.

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 laws apply to the undersigned or any of the members.
W. WILLIAMS, N. G. H. H. WORDEN, Secretary

Poetry.

THAR WAS JIM.

Wildest boy in all the village,
Up to every wicked lark,
Happy at a chance to pillage
Melon patches in the dark,
Seemed a fateful mischief breeder,
For in every wicked whim
Put your hand upon the leader—
Thar was Jim.

He was eighteen when the summons
Came for Union volunteers,
At the fife's and the drummin's
At the patriotic cheers
Made us with excitement dance, sir,
Even old men, staid as prim;
And among the first to answer—
Thar was Jim.

One day when the giner'l wanted
Volunteers to charge a place
Where the rebel banners flaunted
Impudently in our face,
Seemed as though the cannon's bellers
Had no skeerishness for him,
For among the foremost fellers—
Thar was Jim.

How we cheered 'im at the startin
On that fearful charge they made,
For it seemed that death was smartin
In that fearful ambuscade.
Once the smoke rits up a-elsewin
Then as up the hill they clim',
An head and still a-goin
Thar was Jim.

Git thar? Wal, yer just a-shoutin,
Nothin could have stopped them men;
Each one seemed a howlin demon
Chargin on a fiery pen.
Purty tough when next I found him,
For with face all black and grim,
Dead, with dead men all around him—
Thar was Jim.

Select Family Reading.

Counting The Cost.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

"And so you want to marry Edith Barrett, eh, Will?" and William Kirkham, sr., stood still upon the flowery lawn and looked kindly in his son's eager, handsome face. "A pretty girl, and good and clever, but—poor. Well, well, three to one isn't so bad after all. A man cannot have everything in this world, even if he deserves it. Have you counted the cost, my boy?"

"Why, yes, father. You know my salary is two thousand dollars a year; and Edith's father has preached all his life for nine hundred dollars a year. I should think she will feel rich."

The old man looked quickly at his son, and said:

"I was not thinking of money alone. There is your love of change and travel, Will. You have been planning to go to Europe ever since you left college; married men can't run off to the Pyramids, or take trips into Asiatic Tartary. There is your love of company. It is a poor thing when a married man is president of bowling and society clubs; being crack singer and stroke oarsman will not console Edith for your absence. There is your love of dress. You know, Will, you are just a little bit of a puppy—no offense, boy; I was, too, at your age, reverenced my barber and tailor like lawgivers, and spent as much on cravats and vests as would keep a baby or two. Well, married men soon find that wives must have dress, and you can't burn the candle at both ends."

"Well, then, father, Edith shall have the dress."

"Then you will be bothered with women-servants, and you'll have doctors creaking round your house, and sick-rooms, and crying children. You will have to give up your self-indulgent ways and bachelor comforts. Still, I say a good wife is worth every sacrifice a man can make, if he makes them with consideration—that is, if he has counted the cost."

"Of course, father, I know I must make sacrifices; every fellow who marries must do that, but Edith is a very uncommon kind of girl, she loves me immensely, and she knows she is doing very well with me."

Again the father looked sharply at his son ere he answered.

"I suppose Edith Barrett could have done a deal better in some respects, but in a bargain of any kind, both parties cannot have the best of it. I consider that you have done very well for yourself, Will, and I will try and do well for you both. I will furnish that pretty place I bought of Pierson last year, and give house and furniture to Edith as a wedding present, and I will raise your salary to $5,000 a year.

"My dear father, how good you are."

"Tolerably so. I guess you are pretty nigh worth the $5,000. You manage the mills mostly as well as I could. I have been thinking of giving you a share in the business, but as you are taking a partner of another kind, you had better start housekeeping with a fair certainty, then, if you are extravagant, you will have no excuse; and if you cannot manage $5,000, you would get into deep waters on some vague possibility. Now run away and tell Edith, give her my love, I always find it easy enough to love a good, handsome girl. Upon the whole, Will, I am proud of your choice."

So the young man went to his lady-love, and the old man went, half laughing and half crying, to tell his own little wife that "their Willy was in love and wanted to get married."

It was no news to Mrs. Kirkham, women see such things afar off; but she entered into all her husband's schemes and joy and the old couple renewed their youth, planning surprises for their children. They talked until, the future being exhausted, they fell into retrospective, and then into silence.

Suddenly the old man rose, went to his desk, and taking out his will, added something to it. His wife did not question him but he answered her look of interest thus: "What ought to be done, is best done at once, Mary. I have given the Pierson cottage and $10,000 to Edith Barrett. Go and ask brother Tom to come and witness it, and then I shall feel content."

"But William, something might happen.

"That is just it. I feel as if I ought to do this thing and wherever women are concerned, feeling is wiser than intellect. Will may be good to Edith, or he may be bad; he may marry her, or he may not; who can tell? In either case I have done right."

That very night apoplexy smote the kindly, just old man into a breathing clod, and when sensibility returned, it was only the short farewell lightening before death. But William Kirkham's house had been in order for this very event for years; he had nothing to do but bid his wife and son and brother a cheerful "good-night," until some in brighter sphere they should meet and say "good-morning."

At this supreme moment his worldly affairs did not much trouble him, and yet he bid his son remember the business he had built up was the bread of the whole village. "Everything is yours, Will, to use or to misuse, be sure before you do anything to count the cost—everyway."

I am sorry to say the young man soon proved himself unworthy of this great trust When he found himself absolute master of $80,000 and the Kirkham mills, with their fine machinery, raw materials and finished goods, all unencumbered, he was like those that dream. Vistas in life opened up to him, splendid and seductive; the world was all before him; he had money to command its pleasures; he would go into it, and possess it.

To his uncle Tom he had first declared his recreant intentions. They were walking on the very lawn where, scarcely a week ago, he had confessed to his father his love for Edith Barrett, and asked the help and sympathy so kindly and readily given. Then Edith was at the end of all his hopes and desires, and the promise of $5,000 a year, with her love, was kingdom large enough. She was scarcely more than a contingent now in the magnificent future he was planning for his own delight. He told himself that respect to his father's memory must defer their marriage for a year at least, and that in the meantime he might as well be enjoying himself. Now "enjoyment" had suddenly become to him travel, and a gay, splendid life. He would go first to Paris. One of his college friends now lived there—a "notable" even in the fast life of that fast city—and, with his advice determine his future movements.

Deception and lying were the first move in this intention. He told his mother and Edith that the remains of Egyptian civilization and the wild, picturesque life of the desert tempted him. Even with the belief that travel for improvement was the true object of the young man, his uncle strenuously opposed his plans.

"It is a kind of impiety, Will," he said, "to stay for one day the work which it took your father thirty years to bring to its present perfection, and on which the bread of three hundred families is depending."

"But why need I stay? Rent the mills."

"Have you lost your senses? Can you rent the good-will, the influence, the name, and recall them with the brick and machinery at your pleasure?"

"Sell them, then."

"Don't get foolish and sulky, Will. Eighty thousand dollars won't last forever. You will leave a bit of it here and a bit of it there, as you travel. Such money pays no interest and brings no pecuniary returns. When it is all gone, if your mills are sold, you have killed the goose that laid your golden eggs. Then think of the misery, anxiety, debt, deprivation that must ensue in the village if the mills were shut even for a few weeks, and a transfer of such property is not made in a day."

"Run them yourself, uncle. That Englishman—Braithwaite, I mean—knows all about things. You need not change the name, and you may have them at your own rent."

"I had hoped to have spent the rest of my days among my beetles and butterflies; but I cannot see you throw your father's name and life-labor to the winds. I will rent the Kirkham Mills."

It is no blame to Tom Kirkham to say that he drove a hard bargain with his nephew, and knocked the rent down to a nominal figure; for, as he told the young man's mother: "Will was on a spending business, and the less he had to throw away the sooner he would come home and go to work again." Besides every one knew that whatever Tom Kirkland had saved, or would save, was all for his nephew Will.

Edith saw further and hoped less than either mother or uncle. Will's desertion of his duty, and of his engagement to her was a palpable weakness and wrong. She expected nothing from a love and nothing from a man who could not bear prosperity. She fancied, too, that Will was slightly annoyed at the bequest which had secured to her a modest income independent of his claims upon her. The selfish spirit which she had occasionally noticed in her lover had grown rapidly. More craved more. Will spoke of the Pierson cottage as the one desirable part of his father's estate, and made her ridiculously large offers for its re-possession.

The half-serious and half-sarcastic way in which these offers were made, spoke volumes to Edith's heart; not that she yet fully understood all they meant, but the tone pained and saddened her. Their parting, however, obliterated for a time all doubts and fears.

Edith could not but trust this manly, handsome fellow, who swore he would surely be back to share her cottage in a year at the most; and Will really imagined himself the most earnest and devoted of lovers.

But Parisian fast life is not a life favorable to the growth of any domestic virtue. Will began to spend a great deal of time in places where he would have thought it a kind of sacrilege to remember his mother, or sweet, pure Edith Barrett; began to ride, and shop, and sit with women, who ruled him, and robbed him, and took him far down the slope of that road whose end is utter destruction.

It would be an idle excuse to say that he "fell into bad company:" for the truth is, he sought out bad company; and paid dearly for permission, both in cash and honor, to keep it. Rumors of this luxurious, sinful life did not fail to reach the little village in Massachusetts where his mother and his love watched and prayed for him; but no one could be sure they were quite true, and all hoped they were not.

Uncle Tom could have judged by the condition of Will's bank account, but that knowledge he had no means of reaching; for the $80,000 was removed by Will, on his accession to it, from the local banks in which it had grown for a quarter of a century, to a famous metropolitan company. Indeed, Will did not know its true condition himself. He only knew that he had drawn one ten thousand francs after another; and that he dimly suspected his losses at cards had not been covered by his gains.

Every day he determined on examining matters, but every day some particular engagement, or the painful physical results of such engagements, indisposed him for business. His affairs with Edith were just in the same unsatisfactory condition. After the first three months of his absence his letters were so infrequent and hurried that Edith felt a sense of humiliation in answering letters so evidently written under a sense of boredom, and before the year was out, the very pretense of a correspondence had ceased.

Still the proud, loving girl watched anxiously to see if he would remember the month which he had consecrated with vows and kisses to their marriage. No word or message came throughout all the long weary days, and after that, the faithless, selfish traitor was never named to the pale, sorrowful girl, who still loved, and believed that nothing but proper circumstances were necessary to develop the good points in Will's character.

But money was evidently not a favorable circumstance, though he was fast enough wasting that condition away. Ballet-girls and prima donnas, gambling at German baths, racing on English turf, fast students, poor nobility, yachting, posting, hotels, foreign valets and French tailors, made short work of the money his father had won with years of honest, laborious effort. And as troubles seldom come alone, the very same post that brought his banker's polite intimation that his account was overdrawn, brought also the news of his mother's death.

For the first time in many months his conscience bitterly accused him, he remembered, with unspeakable shame and sorrow, that in her last three letters she had said his conduct was breaking her heart, and begged him to come and see her once before she died. He had "pooh-poohed!" the letters at the time—said: "she guessed he knew what women breaking their hearts meant—had seen a thousand cases of broken hearts cured by giving them their own way or a diamond bracelet." But he had no charm to reach the dead, and he could not avoid the conviction that his heartless neglect and prodigal life had shortened his mother's days.

He was not without a certain plunk and resolution, when he chose to exert it; and closing his doors resolutely to all his companions, he sat down and investigated his condition. He owed some large debts, his checks would no longer be honored; he had no available resources but his splendid furniture and some rings and diamond studs. It did not take him long to decide, for below all his folly there was a strong business instinct in his character, and he was capable of taking the most decided steps when once persuaded to step at all. Indeed, the tendency then was to decisions weak in their very extremes.

He sold all he possessed, laid aside sufficient to pay his expenses home, and then called in his accounts. He was short twelve thousand francs. He tried to borrow them, and learnt a great deal of human nature in the trial. His noble friends, his fashionable friends, the "good fellows" of his extravagant carousals, the recipients of his careless hospitality, were all "very sorry," &c., but their sorrow was not worth a single franc to him. He had to go to an American firm whom he had rather snubbed and patronized for the necessary loan.

This experience was not lost upon Will Kirkham; the average American youth can always put two and two together and find the result. As he smoked his solitary cigar, as he paced up and down the deck of the homeward-bound steamer, his father's last words came back to him with a strangely forceful meaning. He "counted the cost" of his four years' life of fashion and pleasure, and found that he had paid very dearly for his fancy, and been egregiously swindled in every article of the transaction.

The reaction was so complete that it was just as dangerous. Suddenly, money became of superlative importance to him. He thought of his foolish bargain with his uncle and was angry, for he looked for no motive beyond the present one, and in his heart accused Tom Kirkham of taking a most dishonest advantage of his youthful eagerness for life, to make a swindling bargain for himself.

When uncle and nephew met, the old man did not think highly of the young one's manner, and starting from a misunderstood point, every interview threw them further apart. The place of his birth became hateful to him, he missed his mother's loving cheery presence, the villagers passed him doubtfully, the gentlemen, indeed, spoke pleasant welcome to him, but he noticed that none of them asked him to their homes. The very girls he used to sing in the choir with did not see him. Edith was from home when he arrived. He waited anxiously to see if she would receive him, he half suspected she would not, and called her a "little Partian" in his heart, even in anticipation.

He was mistaken in some respects. Passing the Pierson cottage one morning, he saw her standing on the veranda, tying up some morning glories. With her outstretched arms and upturned face, she could not see him until he had time to note into what an exquisite womanhood she had bloomed. His voice scarcely startled her. She knew he was home again. She asked him in, treated him with such a calm, sweet dignity that it was impossible for him to utter anything but the ordinary words of friendship.

This meeting decided his next movement. He quarrelled with his uncle, and insisted on forcing a sale of all the property. He even now thought bitterly of the Pierson cottage, and said some very ungenerous things about the "proud, sanctimonious girl" who owned it. He kept assuring himself that she "was not very beautiful," that "she had no style," that "of course she had never really loved him," and that "of course he did not want her love." But saying these things does not make them so: and, after a very unpleasant visit home, he left the property in the hands of an agent for sale, and went to New York.

A week afterwards he received the agreeable intelligence that the mills and the homestead had both been sold to one party at a reasonable figure, and that the business would be run in the old name. He cared for nothing but the money; for he was now possessed by a frenzy for making, and had half a dozen schemes with "millions in them" in his head.

But when such a character makes money it is more by good luck than by good management: and Will Kirkham had no "good luck" in money matters. He speculated and won; he speculated, and lost; he kept at this pitch and toss, happy-go-lucky kind of business, with all passionate eagerness of a miser and a gambler, and at the end of eighteen months was a bankrupt. But men cannot go on taking chances with Fortune and not feel the unequal contest physically. This insolvency found him in the stupor of brain in an uptown boarding house.

It rather hurt him when he came to himself to find that Uncle Tom had sent nothing but kind letters and plenty of money.

"He might have come and seen me," he said, sorrowfully; but then it is butterfly time, and God knows a man is better with such innocent creatures in the green fields than with a poor miserable man like me in a dark, still room."

Ah! he did Uncle Tom a great wrong as he found out one day when he and Edith Barret came, with the softest of carriages to remove him home. And during the long hours of his convalescence he found out other things which touched him in a way beyond all expression. He found out that the mills and the old homestead had been bought by Uncle Tom, and were still run by him because, he said: "I knew Will, you were sure to come back to love and duty sometime." He found out that Edith had never ceased to love him, and that she had refused more than one excellent offer, because, like Uncle Tom, "she knew Will would come home again."

Well, it was a hard but a healthy ordeal for Will to go through—to lie, slowly coming back to life, for days and weeks, and feel himself all the time compelled to "count the cost" of nearly six years of wasted life. But he faced the sum total bravely—the loss of self-respect and of his stainless manhood—the loss of his good name morally and commercially—the loss of his friends—the loss of every dollar his father had made for him—the loss of precious time—the loss of his health, and the waste of his physical beauty. What a restless troubled sea he had been tossing upon; and though he was now safe in port, it was with—

"Rent gunwales, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck."

Yet, after all, there was some precious salvage—Edith's and his uncle's love, tried to the uttermost, and still able to trust and embrace him.

Will had to begin life again, just where he would have done six years before. Uncle Tom gave him $5,000 a year as his manager, and when Edith and he were married, they went to live at the Pierson cottage. No one, perhaps gave Tom Kirkham the praise he deserved; for no one knew what an effort of self-denial it had been for the enthusiastic naturalist to return to business and commerce.

But he lived to see the full reward of his patience and faith. Will bettered all his expectations—redeemed all the losses of his youth, and became a good man, and a great merchant.

God is patient because He is eternal; but even we might trust each other a little longer. There is an hour when every prodigal "remembers his father's house," and is glad to come home. Do not let him find the doors shut. Go to meet him while he is yet "very far off."

Shoe Sizes.

A third of an inch gives us a full size in length of shoe; a sixth furnishes the intermediate point between two sizes, the saving of which is desirable, if practicable; a small fraction of breadth goes a good way in securing comfort, and in girth of ball or instep an infinitesimal part of an inch is sometimes an ell of freedom; a quarter of an inch is a good deal of letting down or elevating at the heel, and the difference of a sixteenth is readily perceptible at the sole.

For these reasons sudden and extreme changes in the size or weight of shoes are injudicious. Even the paper sole (which ought never to be worn in any place) should be replaced by one only a little thicker at first. After the summer shoe the proper thing is one of medium weight before the winter article is in order, and often that doesn't now mean a thick, cumbersome shoe, as it once did.

Very few shoe salesmen have a stock of patience that will hold out beyond the trying on the sixth pair of shoes for a woman customer. The lacing or buttoning of this number is considerable labor of itself; then with each new one tried there is the usual amount of preliminary talk about the style price, etc.

"Over there is a woman," says a dealer, "who has tried on nine pairs, and she feels worse now than the clerk about it. She probably has a peculiarly shaped foot, and none of the shoes, thus far feel comfortable to her. In such a case if the clerk shows weariness he loses his customer.

The alleged preference of women in quest of shoes to be waited upon by male rather than female clerks is probably due to the fact that the former can tell them more about shoes and leather than the latter. Many a pair of shoes is sold by the aid of a little judicious shoe lore, even if partly unintelligible to the buyer. In the matter of patience there isn't much difference between the sexes.

How to Make a Good Town.

Vim.
Soap.
Energy.
Schools.
Morality.
Harmony.
Cordiality.
Advertising.
Talk about it.
Write about it.
Speak well for it.
Help to improve it.
Advertise in the papers.
Help good men to office.
Patronize its merchants.
Good country tributary.
Honest competition in prices.
Make the atmosphere healthy.
Faith exhibited by good works.
Fire all loafers, croakers, and dead beats out of town. Let your object be the welfare growth and promotion of your town and its people; boom your own town and your own business on every occasion; speak well of the public spirited men, and be one yourself—and our town will boom.—*Ex.*

Home Without a Mother.

The room's in disorder,
The cat's on the table,
The flower-stand upset, and the mischief to pay
And Johnny is screaming
As loud as he is able.
For nothing goes right when mamma's away.

What a scene of discomfort and confusion home would be if mamma did not remain. If your wife is slowly breaking down from a combination of domestic cares and female disorders, make it your first business to restore her health. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is without a peer as a remedy for feeble and debilitated women, and is the only medicine for the class of maladies known as female diseases which is sold under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction, or the money will be refunded. It is a positive cure for the most complicated cases of womb troubles.

The United States has ratified the Brussels anti-slavery treaty, but disclaims any interest in African possessions or protectorates.

"Listol," as the papers say, at "100 Doses One Dollar," Hood's Sarsaparilla is always a fair equivalent for the price.

RAISING THE SCHOOL AGE.

An Excellent Letter Against the Proposal—The Kindergarten Instead.

Dr. Keating, chairman of Guelph Board of Education, has prepared a petition to the Legislature, praying that the school age be raised to seven years. Mrs. R. Little replies to the letter in the following practical manner:—

I, for one, was much interested in reading Dr. Keating's views and opinions in regard to sending children to school, at the early age of five years. On some points I agree with him. For instance to give the children studies from books, so early, will over strain and force the brain. It is most injurious. It stunts all growth, hinders development and is highly reprehensible, but what does Dr. Keating propose to do with those first seven years of childhood? I suppose he would say: It is the parents business to consider that question. It is *their* duty to look after their children's welfare, and generally speaking, we will grant it is so. However, in large cities having a large working population, where the children have not proper care at home, where it is well nigh impossible to many families, to have proper care, from the ignorance or the loss, or the intemperance of one, or both parents. What is to be done with poor children of these classes, Dr. Keating? Then, again in many other homes, the mother cannot afford to pay for help, and by the time the eldest child is seven years old and ready to go to school, there are three or four more children, and it is impossible for her to keep them all confined in the house, day after day, so the consequence is they are turned out upon the street. There is no other place for them. Not to speak of the danger and liability of their being run over by horses, vehicles, etc., are not children on the streets exposed to the worst companionship and most pernicious influences of every kind? Is it not from those who, at the earliest stage of life, were allowed to run wild on the street, the dangerous classes in the community chiefly spring? Then if the street is the wrong place for the little ones, where is the right place? We answer, the Kindergarten is the right and proper place for the little child.

There is no more urgent need in the community, than to provide for the protection and first education of childhood, where the care of the family is insufficient. Those who have power and influence should do all they possibly can for those lowest down in the social scale, that have the least, and need the most. Wherever the Kindergarten is engrafted on the Public School system in Canada, all classes share alike in the beneficial results. It deals with only one stage of Education, but it is the all important one of the foundation. Is not a good and firm foundation sound in every respect, the most important part of the whole building? It is just so in education, the Kindergarten is the necessary foundation of the whole educational system, and deals with the *period* upon which the superstructure of culture is to be raised, hence we claim that the most important and valuable period in human education is before the child attains his seventh year, as these early years of childhood, are most valuable for formative purposes, biasing and influencing the whole after life. From the time of Plato, all educational reformers agree in saying, "Early impressions are the most lasting." This is owing to the receptivity of the brain cells at this most plastic age. They are passive and receptive to these first impressions, which are brought before the child's observation from without, as wax is passive to the seal. Children's characteristics mainly are bodily activity of every kind, manual power, imagination, imitative action and loving dependence, leading to moral development. All these characteristics and opening capacities should have room to expand and improve. In the Kindergarten, children are educating themselves every hour, they are therein, Knowing and doing go together. The senses are trained, also the observing powers, through handling and doing, muscles and limbs are exercised, advantage is taken of the imitative faculty, they learn from each other, imagination is appealed to by means or stories and talks. The law of kindness rules, as the constant aim of the Kindergarten is to fill all with happiness, cross looks, hard words, harsh tones, are all banished from the Kindergarten. No punishments, no tasks, work is all kept play, and not allowed to become a task. In consequence, the children advance imperceptibly, but surely, in health and strength, in knowledge, skill and good conduct. Children are social beings, they love to be in a crowd, through this common feeling of association and fellowship the Kindergarten offers advantages which even the home does not, because these good results are only obtained through association and participation. As a preparation for school and for life, the Kindergarten can, in some ways, do more than the home alone can do. One eminent Professor of science and art in education tells us, "Participation is one of the greatest laws of developement the world has ever yet known." The Kindergarten prepares the child for the Public School, it is needed as the missing link, to make the change from the freedom of home life, to the restraint of school life, less formidable to the child and teacher alike.

In reference to the matter of expense, Kindergartens may seem to add to the outlay of the Public School system, but they will prove to be the strictest economy in the end. In preventing harm and the growth of evil through modifying all evil propensities, surely in this one feature of "prevention" alone, the Kindergarten is worth the expense. The old proverb says:—"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

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I am Gentlemen,
Yours Respectfully,
SARAH. LITTLE.