The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XVII.---NO. 33. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1892. 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, 5 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	5.00
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.

J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M., Trinity University, Honor Graduate Victoria University, M. C. P. S., Ont. Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick streets, Acton

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—Crockman's Block, Georgetown, and Traders' Bank Chambers, 63 Yonge st., Toronto.
J. SHILTON, B.A. W. H. WALLBRIDGE, H. E. STONE.

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS
HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA.
Twenty Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

WM. HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards

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, either 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.

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

AGENTS WANTED.
FONTHILL Nurseries. Largest in Canada—700 Acres. We want reliable, energetic men to sell our Nursery stock; previous experience not necessary; any man with tact and energy can succeed; terms liberal, outfit free. Our Agents have many advantages, such as selling home-grown, hardy Canadian stock. Choice New specialties, which are of great value and which can only be secured from us. We have given particular attention to the propagation of Hardy Varieties suitable to the Northern sections of Canada. For terms apply to,
STONE & WELLINGTON,
Toronto, Ont.

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. MOYER, 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 and 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 reasonable charges.
OFFICE AND SALES ROOMS:—Mill St., Georgetown, or address Box 126, S. M. Cook & Co., Auctioneers.
BRANCH OFFICE:—21 Queen St., East, Toronto.
S. M. COOK & CO., Auctioneers, Georgetown and Toronto.

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 20c.
5 Feet Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 20c.
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 8:30 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,
25 Lower Wyndham street, Guelph. Telephone 178.

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 604,000.00
REST FUND 55,000.00
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.

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 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. 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.

Rattan Chairs
Rocking Chairs
Card Tables
Sideboards
Writing Cabinets
IN ABUNDANCE
AT LOWEST PRICES.
P. SPRACGE & Co.
Upper Wyndham St.
GUELPH.
SPECIAL PRICES to those contemplating Housekeeping.

Hamilton's Marble Works.
HAMILTON'S Block (formerly Hatch's Block), the core, 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 12 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.

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

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.

Poetry.

A CONVALESCENT GRIPSTER.

The gods let slip that fiendish grip
Upon me last week Sunday—
No fiercer storm than racked my form
Ere swept the bay of Fundy;
But now, good-bye
To drugs, say I—
Good-bye to gnawing sorrow;
I'm up to-day,
And whoop, hooray!
I'm going out to-morrow.

What aches and pain in bone and brain
I had I need not mention;
It seemed to me such pangs must be
Old Satan's own invention,
Albeit I
Was sure I'd die,
The doctor reassured me—
And, true enough,
With his vile stuff,
He ultimately cured me.

As there I lay in bed all day,
How fair outside looked to me!
A smile so mild old Nature smiled
It seemed to warm clean through me.
In chastened mood
The scene I viewed,
Inventing, sadly enough,
Fantastic rhymes
Between the times
I had to take a bolus.

Of quinine slugs and other drugs
I guess I took a million—
Such drugs as serve to set each nerve
To dancing a cotillion;
The doctors say
The only way
To rout the grip instanter
Is to pour in
All kinds of sin—
Similiuss curantur.

'Twas hard, and yet I'll soon forget
Those ills and cures distressing;
One's future lies 'neath gorgeous skies
When one is convalescing!
So now, good-bye
To drugs, say I—
Good-bye, thou phantom Sorrow!
I'm up to-day,
And whoop, hooray!
I'm going out to-morrow.

Select Family Reading.

A Professional Visit.

BY AN OLD EXTERNEUTOR.

"Frightfully sudden!" sympathizing friends said, when the news of Mrs. Sylvester Reed's death was known.

"She dropped from her chair, at the table, dead," they said, who knew the particulars; and some one added:

"Poor little Daisy!" While intimate friends added:

"It will all have to come out now."

Miss Clementina Sayre, Mrs. Reed's sister, ever so many years younger though she always said, scarcely waited until the hastily summoned physician had given his verdict, before she said, with a savage emphasis:

"It will all have to come out now."

But she waited, with what patience she could command, until after the funeral. If there was a new will she might not dare to speak. If not, there was an old will drawn up before Daisy was born, which gave her Mrs. Reed's entire wealth, the legacy of her deceased husband.

How Clementina waited and watched, sneering as far as she dared at Daisy's bitter grief, expressed with all the uncontrolled passion of her seventeen years.

There was no new will. Mr. Hughes, the family lawyer, was positive about it. Clementina was mistress of her sister's house, heiress to the entire fortune.

Daisy scarcely understood the words the lawyer read, she was sobbing so bitterly. Still less did she understand when Dr. Lansing, leading her to her own room, said, with emphasis:

"I will see you again, very soon. Do not let this new misfortune overwhelm you."

A new misfortune! What could be worse than her mother's death? Daisy thought. She was sitting listlessly, idle, when Clementina came in.

Daisy knew that "Aunt Clementina" hated her, but she was amazed at the malignant triumph in her face, the angry exultation of her tone, as she said:

"Miss Margaret Murphy, you may pack your trunk and leave the house. I will not interfere with your taking anything my sister has given you—books, clothing, jewelry, take them all."

"But where can I go, and why do you call me Margaret Murphy, Aunt Clementina?" asked bewildered Daisy.

"You can go to your own beggarly people. I call you Margaret Murphy because that is your name. You are the daughter of Mrs. Murphy, the woman who washes for us. When you were years old, my sister adopted you. Your own mother was allowed to see you, under a promise to keep your birth a secret. Probably she will welcome you with open arms."

Then Daisy was once more alone. Could she believe this story? Mrs. Murphy's child! While she was still trying to collect herself, and realize this sudden change of fortune, her door opened again, and stout, motherly Mrs. Murphy came in.

"Miss Daisy, dear," the woman said, gently, "Miss Clementina sent me to you. Child!" and here her voice was passionate, though not loud "I never meant to wrong you so! When I gave you up, and it was tearing the heart out of my bosom, Mrs. Reed promised to provide that very day for you, if she died. What can I do for you, that have lived like a lady all your life? I can give you nothing but love. There's plenty of that for you."

And half unconsciously, she opened her arms and Daisy fell into them, sobbing, but already strangely comforted.

Then followed a hurried packing and departure, Miss Clementina herself sending for the express to take trunks, and waiting impatiently till the door closed after them.

Then Miss Clementina had a severe attack of neuralgia, requiring the daily attendance of Dr. Lansing, the physician who had been her sister's warm friend for many years, and to whom Clementina had given all the love of which her shallow nature was capable.

For several days he was strictly professional, his manner simply courteous; then he drifted one day into conversation and asked:

"Where is Daisy?"

"Where she belongs!" was the tart reply. "Did you suppose she was my sister's child?"

"Oh, no. I knew all about her adoption. But surely you loved one so dear to your sister?"

"A beggar's brat! My sister was always odd, and never more so than about Miss Murphy."

"Can you give me Miss Daisy's address? I was a little uneasy about her the last time I saw her. Such sensitive natures often suffer physically from excessive grief."

"She can cure her sensitiveness over a wash-tub," said Clementina. "I do not know where her people live. In some low alley, I imagine."

It was useless to say more, but Clementina had effectually destroyed any respect or affection Dr. Lansing might once have felt for her.

More than that, she had forced upon him a conviction that what he had always supposed an affection for a lovely child was developing into the life-love of a man's heart.

Could he have seen Daisy, in those weary weeks, his heart would have ached sorely. There are some natures that in prosperity and happiness seem to be all yielding sweetness, sensitive, loving, shrinking from a harsh word as from a blow, feeling every pain, mental or physical, intensely; and we think the first breath of adversity will bring death or insanity; and when sorrow comes, this gentle sweetness rises to heroic fortitude; the shrinking, sensitive heart puts on an armor of endurance, and from the delicate child is developed the perfect woman.

It was so with Daisy. The first shock over, she took up her new, strange life with patience and courage. She returned the timid, pleading affection her mother seemed half afraid to offer her by a unceasing tenderness, that made the woman's heart leap for joy. She did not toil over a wash-tub, because Mrs. Murphy would have suffered more to see her there than she would to be there; but she made the three small rooms marvels of dainty neatness; she learned to cook the cheap, plain food, to make it appetizing; she sewed busily in every leisure moment upon fancy work that brought starvation prices, but still made some little addition to her mother's narrow income. She had always a smile for the tired woman when she came from her day's work, to find the table set, her supper all ready, and a daughter's loving welcome, where for years there had been only loneliness and added work to meet her.

Was it wonderful that her mother was ready to fall down and worship her? But, with the keen eye of love, Mrs. Murphy saw, too, how the body shrank from the demands made upon it by the dauntless spirit. She marked the falling off of the pretty rounded arms and dimpled shoulders; she saw how the color faded to a dead white, and the large eyes sank into dark hollows; she noted how the quick, springing step grew listless and slow. And one day she surprised a secret.

She had suffered all the torments self-reproach could bring for having given her child up, to entail upon her misery, instead of ease and happiness, and now in her ignorance this secret became a burden, hard to bear. She thought of it day and night, until at last her suspense became too great for endurance. She said to herself, piteously:—

"I cannot see the child die before my eyes."

So one day she said, as carelessly as she could:—

"Whose picture is that, Daisy, in your upper bureau drawer?"

Daisy blushed furiously, but answered, gravely:—

"That is Mrs. Reed's physician, Dr. Lansing. He was very kind always to me."

"Dr. Lansing. Where does he live, Daisy?"

And Daisy innocently gave the address.

It was evening; office hours were over; but the doctor was in his office when the servant ushered in Mrs. Murphy. He had never seen her, and her dress proclaimed her social station, but he won her heart at once by his gentle courtesy.

"He couldn't 'a' been politer if I had been the first lady in the land," she said, once, when describing the interview.

"Doctor," she said, hesitatingly, "I—I am Mrs. Murphy."

"But the name did not seem to help him to any recognition of her.

"I—I am Daisy Reed's own mother. Perhaps you have forgotten her?"

But she knew he had not. She was watching him intently, and the sudden light in his eyes and flush upon his cheeks could not escape her.

"You—you remember her?" she said, presently.

"Most certainly I do," was the emphatic reply. "I have been much troubled that I did not know where to find her. She is well, I hope?"

"Doctor, she is dying by inches. What could you expect," the added, bitterly, as she started and grew pale, "she breathes air all day that is just poison if you're not used to it, and she works like a slave. I'm too poor to keep her from work, and she is too good to live in idleness when I am hard at work. Will you come and see her, Doctor, and tell me if any medicine will help her? I came to you, sir, because she told me you had tended her once or twice when she was ill."

"Yes, I will come in the morning. Leave me the address."

But Mrs. Murphy said nothing of her own visit or the doctor's promised call, when she reached home. She watched for him, and called Daisy from her embroidery to see an old friend, and then disappeared. When she returned she knew that Dr. Lansing had already given Daisy the medicines of hope and happiness, restoring the delicate color to her thin cheeks, and brightness to her large, hollow eyes.

"You will give her to me?" he asked. "She shall not be altogether separated from you."

"Gladly! Oh, so gladly!" Mrs. Murphy said. "I will give her to you. Could I love her, and kill her? You will take all the brightness from the house, but I will bless you all my life for doing it."

Miss Clementina ground her handsome teeth over the wedding cards, but Mrs. Murphy, in her pretty country home, with an income that relives her from any heavy, money-earning drudgery, blesses the day when she saw Daisy kissing and crying over Dr. Lansing's photograph.

St. John is the Oldest.

The Hand Book of Canadian Dates shows St. John to be the oldest incorporated city in Canada, the dates of incorporation being as follows:—

St. John	May 18	1785
Toronto	March 6	1834
Quebec	June 25	1840
Montreal	June 25	1840
Halifax	April 10	1841
Kingston	May 18	1846
Hamilton	June 9	1846
Fredericton	March 30	1848
London	January 1	1855
Ottawa	January 1	1855
Charlottetown	April 16	1855
Victoria	August 2	1862
Winnipeg	November	1873

A Good Story for Boys.

"We have had a good many boys with us from time to time," said Mr. Alden, the senior member of a large hardware establishment in Market street, Philadelphia, "as apprentices to learn the business. What may surprise you is, that we never take country boys unless they live in the city with some relative, who takes care of them and keeps them home at night, for when a country boy comes to the city to live, everything is new to him, and he is attracted by every show window and unusual sight. A city boy, accustomed to these things, cares little for them, and if he has a good mother he is at home and in bed in due season. And we are very particular about our boys, and before accepting one as an apprentice, we must know that he comes of an honest and industrious parent. The best boy we ever had is now with us, and a member of the firm. He is the one man in the establishment that we could not do without. He was thirteen years old when he was apprenticed to us and he with us for eleven years, acting several years as salesman. When he first came, we told him that for a long time his wages would be very small, but that if he proved to be a good boy his salary would be increased at a certain rate every year, but as it turned out, when according to agreement, we should have been paying him $500 a year, we paid him $900 and he never said a word about an increase of salary. From the very outset he showed that he had an interest in the business. He was prompt in the morning, and if kept a little over time at night it seemed to make no difference to him. If information was wanted, it was to this boy, Frank Jones, that every one applied. The entire establishment seemed to be mapped out in his head, and everything in it catalogued and numbered. His memory of faces was equally remarkable; he knew the name of every man who came to buy goods, what he bought and where he came from. I used to say to him, 'Jones, your memory is worth more than a gold mine; how do you manage to remember?' 'I make it a business to remember,' he would say. 'I know that if I can remember a man, and call him by name when he comes into the store, and ask him how things are going on where he lives, I will be very likely to keep him as a customer.' And that is the exact case. He made friends of buyers. He took the same interest in their purchases as he took in the store, and would go to no end of trouble to suit them and fulfil to the letter everything he promised. Well, affairs went on in this way until he had been with us eleven years, when we concluded to make him a partner. We knew that he had no extravagant habits, that he neither used tobacco, nor beer, nor went to the theatre. He continued to board at home, and even when his salary was at its lowest he paid his mother two dollars a week for his board. He was always neatly dressed, and we thought it very probable that he had laid up $2,000, as his salary for the last two years had been $1,000. So when we made him the offer to become a partner in business, and suggested that it would be more satisfactory if he could put some money in the firm, he replied, 'If $10,000 will be any object I can put in that much. I have saved out of my salary $9,400, and my sister will let me have $600.' I can tell you I was never more surprised in my life than when that fellow said that he could put in $10,000 and most of his own money. He never spent a dollar, nor twenty-five cents, nor five cents, for any unnecessary thing, and kept his money in the bank, where it gathered a small interest. I am a great believer in the Bible, you know, and always keep two placards in big letters up in the store. One is this text, 'He that is faithful in that which is small, is faithful in that which is much.' On the other, 'He that is diligent in business shall stand before kings, and not before mean men.' And Frank Jones' success was the literal fulfilment of these two texts. He had been faithful in the smaller things as in the greater ones, and diligent in business."

Health Hints.

People who have a bad odor in their breath, if it cannot be cured by attention to teeth or stomach, should rinse the mouth with a mixture made by adding a teaspoonful of the tincture of myrrh to a tumberful of water. It cannot harm and may retard decay of the teeth.

THE MEDICINE OF SLEEP.—

Take all the sleep you can get, but remember that the necessary amount varies greatly for different persons. Some must sleep at least nine hours, while others thrive under six. Only don't rob yourself of what you really need. The 'midnight oil' is a terribly expensive illuminant to burn either for purposes of labor or study.

HOW ULCERS ARE CONTRACTED.

Boils, ulcers and running sore come from impure blood, and this is caused largely by eating pork and other unwholesome foods. The blood becomes filled with these impurities and cannot throw them off ahead of the constant supply and they centre in these sores and so find an outlet. We hear it said boils save from fits of sickness. It is doubtless true. Impurities better come to the surface and run off than go to the internal organs and cause disease.

TO AVOID CONTAGION.

In a lecture recently given to women in Philadelphia, a physician prescribed the best method to avoid contagion or infection. The lecturer said: "The best way to prevent the poison from being absorbed by the lungs is to have the stomach full during a period of contact or exposure. The lungs absorb while the stomach is empty, but throw off during digestion, never absorbing while digestion is going on. While watching at night the nurse should take a light lunch such as beef tea or crackers every few hours. Another point of protection against contagion is personal cleanliness and frequent changes of inside and outside clothing.

The Lover's Lament.

Your face is like a dropping flower,
Sweetheart!
I see you fading, hour by hour,
Sweetheart!
Your rounded outlines waste away,
In vain I weep, in vain I pray,
What power Death's cruel hand can stay?
Sweetheart, Sweetheart!

Why, nothing but Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It imparts strength to the failing system, cures organic troubles, and for debilitated and feeble women generally, is unequalled. It dispels melancholy and nervousness, and builds up both flesh and strength. Guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it refunded.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria

What to Teach a Daughter.

Teach her that not only must she love her father and mother, but honor them in word and deed, says a writer in the February *Ladies' Home Journal*.

That work is worthy always when it is well done.

That the value of money is just the good it will do in life, but that she ought to know and appreciate this value.

That the man who wishes to marry her is the one who tells her so and is willing to work for her, and not the one who whispers silly love speeches and forgets that men cease to be men when they have no object in life.

That her best confidant is always her mother, and that no one sympathizes with her in her pleasures and joy as you do.

That unless she shows courtesy to others she need never expect it from them, and that the best answer to rudeness is being blind to it.

That when God made her body He intended that it should be clothed properly and modestly, and when she neglects herself she is insulting Him who made her.

Teach her to think well before she says no or yes, but to mean it when she does.

Teach her that her own room is her nest and that to make it sweet and attractive is a duty as well as a pleasure.

Teach her that if she can sing or read or draw, or give pleasure in any way by her accomplishments, she is selfish and unkind if she does not do this gladly.

Teach her to be a woman—self-respecting, honest, loving and kind, and then you will have a daughter who will be a pleasure to you always, and whose days will be long and joyous in the land which the Lord hath given her.

The Baffled Cabman.

Mr. Walter Besant tells the following story of a disputed cab fare: "A friend of mine drove from Piccadilly to some place in the suburbs outside the radius. On getting down, he tendered to the driver three shillings and sixpence, which was a little over the proper fare. The man, however, wanted five shillings. The passenger refused. 'I'd like to fight you for it,' said the driver. 'The very thing!' cried my friend, who had never in his life put on a boxing glove and was almost as ignorant as Mr. Pickwick even of the fighting attitude. 'The very thing! Capital! We'll have the fight in the back garden; My brother will look on, hold the stakes, and see fair play!' The cabman got down slowly. 'I was pleased,' continued the narrator, 'to discover that he appeared almost as much afraid as I was myself, perhaps—if that was possible—even more. He followed into the back garden, where there was a lovely little bit of turf, quite large enough for practical purposes. I placed my five shillings in my brother's hands, took off my coat and waistcoat, and rolled up my sleeves, all with an appearance of cheerful alacrity. "Now, my friend," I said, "I am ready as soon as you are." The anxiety of the moment was, I confess, very great; but it decreased as I watched the man's face express successively all the emotions of bounce, surprise, doubt, hesitation and abject cowardice. "No," he said, 'gimme the three and six! I know your tricks, both of you—I've been done this way before!" And so, grumbling and swearing, he drove away."—*London Exchange.*

He had an Engagement.

A certain lord had a board put up on some land belonging to him, with an inscription thereon to the effect that trespassers would be prosecuted. On taking a walk early one morning he came across some newly made footmarks, which he followed up, and eventually overtook the trespasser, who turned out to be a navvy, whereupon the following conversation took place:

"My man, do you know you are trespassing on my land?" said the lord.

"Oh," said the navvy, "is this your land?"

"Yes."

"Ah! And where did you get from?"

"My father left it to me."

"And where did your father get it from?"

"My grandfather left it him."

"And where did your grandfather get it from?"

"Confound your impertinence," said the lord, "my ancestors fought for it."

"Oh, did they," answered the navvy, pulling off his coat and rolling up his sleeves. "Well, I don't mind fighting you for it."

The noble lord suddenly remembered he had another engagement.

Quick-Witted.

An actor now famous made his first appearance on the stage in a provincial city where theatre-goers were accustomed to make their disapproval felt when an entertainer did not succeed in pleasing them. He was young and nervous, and failed dismally in the part he was endeavoring to present, and soon found himself the target for an assortment of objectional bric-a-brac. When the uproar was at its highest, one of his disgusted auditors flung a cabbage head at him. As it fell on the stage the actor picked it up and stepped forward to the foot lights. He raised his hand to command silence, and when his tormentors paused to hear what he had to say, exclaimed, pointing to the cabbage head,

"Ladies and gentlemen, I expected to please you with my acting, but I confess I did not expect that anyone in the audience would lose his head over it."

He was allowed to proceed without further molestation.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Suppose You—

Resolve not to sneer at the woman who believes in God and the forms of her religion, just because you cannot understand such things.

Resolve not to speak disparagingly of your father and mother, and do not speak of them as "the gov" and "the old waman."

Resolve to pay all your bills, especially, the small trades people.

Resolve not to touch the wine which cheers if you cannot do it within reason; you must know the shame and misery it brings to your womankind.

Resolve not to fight against the voice of conscience, not to strangle your good impulses, just to do some wrong which will make you unhappy.

Resolve, dear insiden, to "be good, and let who will be clever; do noble things, not dream them all day long."

Resolve to be good, honest and true, knowing that "all good is lovable," and I am sure that the year 1892 and every other year will be happy.

OUR LITTLE BACK YARD.

'Tis a long time ago and a poor time to boast of,
That foolish old time of two young people's start;
But sweet were the days that young love made the most of—
So short by the clock and so, long by the heart!
We lived in a cottage in old Greenwich village,
With a tiny clay plot that was burnt brown and hard;
But it softened at last to my girl's patient tillage
And the roses sprang up in our little back yard.

The roses sprang up and the yellow day lilies
And heartease and pansies, Sweet Williams and stocks,
And bachelor's buttons and bright daffodillies
Filled green little beds that I bordered with box.
They were plain country posies, bright-hued and sweet smelling,
And the two of us worked for them, worked long and hard;
And the flowers that she loved in her old country dwelling,
They made her at home in our little back yard.

In the morning I dug while the breakfast was cooking,
And went to the shop where I toiled all the day,
And at night I returned and found my love looking
With her bright country eyes down the dull city way.

And first she would tell me what flowers were blooming,
And her soft hand slipped into a hand that was hard,
And she led through the house till a breeze came perfuming
Our little back hall from our little back yard.

It was long, long ago, and we haven't grown wealthy;
And we don't live in state up in Madison square
But the old man is hale, and he's happy and healthy,
And his wife is none the worse for the white in her hair.

Each year lends a sweeter new scent to the roses
Each year makes hard life seem a little less hard,
And each year's new love for old love discloses
Come, wife, let us walk in our little back yard.

H. C. Banner.

The Stolen Horse.

A countryman's finest horse was one night stolen from his stable. He travelled forty-five miles to a horse market to buy another. But lo! and behold! among the horses offered for sale he discovered his own. He at once seized it by the reins and cried out:

"This horse is mine; it was stolen from me three days ago."

The man who had the horse for sale said very politely.

"You are mistaken about it, my friend; I have had the horse for more than a year. It is not your horse, although perhaps it looks like it."

The peasant quickly closed the horse's eyes with both hands and asked:

"Tell me now, if you have had the horse for so long a time, of which eye is he blind?"

The man, who had actually stolen the horse, but had not yet examined it particularly, was perplexed. However, because he was obliged to say something, he said at random:

"The left eye."

"You have missed the mark," said the peasant. "The animal is not blind of the left eye."

"Oh!" cried the man, "it was only a slip of the tongue. It is blind of the right eye."

The peasant uncovered the horse's eyes and said:

"It is evident now that you are both a thief and a liar. Look here, all of you! The horse is not blind at all. I simply asked in order to bring the theft to light."

Old Letters.

No two words could well be brought together out of which a more pregnant meaning might be gleaned than the above. Old letters! the very intonation of our voices as we utter them startles us. They summon up anew the long silent echoes of sounds heard only in that once world of youth—a chaos now—out of which we have passed; till, rising boldly before us in this our later sphere, like severe rebuking spectres, come all buried joys, dead loves, sworn and forsworn friendships and irreconcilable hates. Drag yonder chest from from among the cobwebs that have gathered about it for thirty mortal years; take down the rusted key from the nail where it has hung so long. Does it grate and jar in the unused lock? What of that? The sound is significant, in perfect unison with the tone that shall vibrate through the heart's most secret chords when the mournful lid is lifted, and the indwelling spirit invoked, and the hollow sepulchre laid bare. But courage! raise the groaning lid, and dive beneath the accumulated rubbish for the long-hoarded and long-neglected pages. Lay out, one by one before you, the motley muster-roll that holds in record the startling fictions of a life. A small as of a damp mould hangs about it like a charnel. A brave hand is needed to unloose the string; the knot resists, as though it felt the mercy of delay. But old men lack patience, and so you cut the Gordian knot. Now look as in a mirror, and behold.

What is a Well-Bred Woman?

A well-bred woman never dresses so that she attracts attention on the street.

A well-bred woman never talks about her personal affairs in public places.

A well-bred woman doesn't let a door slam in the face of the next comer.

A well-bred woman doesn't read her morning mail in the street-cars.

A well-bred woman doesn't drop first her purse, and then her handkerchief, and then her gloves, and then her flowers in a public restaurant until everybody is looking at her.

A well-bred woman doesn't pick the name of any celebrity she may have met when she is travelling.

A well-bred woman is quiet and refined, a man is proud to be seen with her, and he can pick her out from among a thousand, which is very much more than the average woman can do.

To Mail Cut Flowers.

To send flowers by mail cut them early in the morning and let them stand in water for some time before packing, so as to absorb moisture enough to prevent them withering, in which case they will not need to be sprinkled after they are in the box. Pack in a light wooden box lined with cotton batting and covered with tissue paper. Lay the flowers, not on top of each other, but in rows side by side, the blossoms of each row on the stems of their neighbors and as close as possible; cover with paper and cotton; see that the lid of the box is securely fastened, and remember to write on one corner "Cut Flowers," as that will insure the package being carefully and quickly handled.

"Who said Hood's Sarsaparilla?" Thousands of people, who know it to be the best blood purifier and tonic medicine.