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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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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.

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McLEAN & McLEAN
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan.
Office:—Town Hall, Acton.
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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.
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SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & STONE,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,
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Offices—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and Traders' Bank Chambers, 63 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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ARCHITECT,
GUELPH, ONT.
OFFICE:—Wyndham Street.

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(Successor to T. F. Chapman)
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St. George's Square, Guelph, Ontario.
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done

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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.

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

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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
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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.
OFFICE AND SALES ROOMS:—Mill St., Georgetown, or address Box 196, S. M. Cook & Co., Auctioneers.
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S. M. COOK & CO., Auctioneers,
Georgetown and Toronto.

THE LATEST NOVELTY.

Perfumed Note Paper and Envelopes.

Sweet Lavender *Heather*
Heliotrope *Sweet Violets*
Mignonette *Lily of the Valley*
Stephanotis *Moss Rose*
May Blossom *Jasmine*

We have much pleasure in calling your attention to the New and Fashionable Note Papers and Envelopes, of which we are now showing the above varieties. Each sheet of Paper bears a Floral Design in natural colors, and both Paper and Envelopes are perfumed to correspond.

Put up in Boxes, 35 Cents.

To be had only 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.

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ARTISTS' MATERIALS.
A full stock of Winsor & Newton's Flake White.
Double Tubes, Rowney's, 10c.
8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete 25c.
5 Foot Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 25c.

Our Wall papers
Are said to be the best selected in the city
WATERS BROS.,
ESTABLISHED 1877.
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, - GUELPH.

New Planing Mill
—AND—
Sash and Door Factory.
John Cameron, Contractor.
Has fitted up the building on Main Street, lately occupied as a trunk factory, with new machinery and is prepared to furnish plans, specifications and estimates for all classes of buildings, and execute all kinds of
DRESSING,
MATCHING, and MOULDING.
—MAKE ALL STYLES OF—
Sashes, Doors and Windows and Door Frames and Dressed Lumber.
And keep a stock on hand. All orders promptly attended to.
JOHN CAMERON.

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE.

The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains Between 9 a. m. and 6:30 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.
P. W. STONE, President. CHAS. DAVIDSON, Manager.
JOHN TAYLOR, AGENT.

BELL
Pianos
AND
Organs
WERE AWARDED
THE GOLD MEDAL
AT
Jamaic aInternational 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

Agents Wanted.

If you want to make money, take hold and sell our choice Nursery stock. Now is the time, write us at once for terms.
MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen,
Rochester, N. Y.

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 85,000.00

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 repaire 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.

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

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 15 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.

BACK ON THE FARM AGAIN!

Back on the farm again! A glad release
From noise and stir, to this domain of peace.
The city streets, walled in on either side
With brick and mortar, hold a restless tide
Of human life, with no glad impulse free
That is not touched by human misery.
Wealth jostles want, and sin and virtue meet,
Or walk together, through the crowded street.

On the farm I only see
Nature in her purity;
Flowers bloom and grasses grow
From the seeds I plant or sow;
Grain or grain I choose, and find
Nature to my wants inclined;
And the winds, unvexed, are free
In their blessed ministry—
Full of health and odors sweet,
Found not in the crowded street.
This is rest—a joy to be
From the city's turmoil free.

Rest and turbed by the discordant din
Of midnight revels from the haunts of sin;
And toil unvexed by the unholy strife
That in the city frets and fevers life.

Back on the farm again! I hear no more,
The din of trade, with its tremendous roar,
Or walk or ride through streets defiled, made
At brightest noonday, but a noisome shade
Through which the odors of a foul decay
Are wafted freely, if by night or day;
Where night or day the tread of weary feet
Goes echoing down the long, tiresome street.

On the farm the clover grows,
Breath as sweet as any rose;
And the wings of busy bees
Flying o'er these crimson seas,
Honey laden, tell that they
Duty's calls with cheer obey;
While the merry-making birds,
Knowing not the form of words,
In a language all their own
Praise the Lord for mercies shown;
City choirs and organ notes
Equal not their tuneful throats.

In grand cathedrals city folks may try
To worship God; but underneath the sky,
In nature's temple, God himself is there,
His ear attent to every song or prayer.

Back on the farm again! The years I spent
In city life were more than banishment;
They filled my soul with anxious cares, unrest
For those my children, loved and cherished best;
Shut out from nature, with no healthful play
On grassy lawns as day succeeded day,
No fruits or flowers in easy reach fresh grown
No trees or plants, or playground, all their own

On the farm the children know
Where the sweetest berries grow,
When the nuts are ripe to fall,
Where the apple, large or small,
That is mellow, tart or sweet—
Good enough for kings to eat;
And to see them in the spring,
Open-eyed and wondering,
As the buds to blossoms grow
And their wealth of color show—
Then I know how great the charm
Childhood finds upon the farm.

Ah! then it is the city seems to me
The band of childhood—life a mockery,
In cellars damp, in garrets dark and chill,
For childhood these breed only human ill.

Back on the farm again! I look around
All sights but pleasant, and to my ears no sound,
Harsh or discordant. Earth and air and sky,
Unite and blend in perfect harmony.
The landscape glows with color, and the trees
Wave "palms of joy" in every passing breeze;
And sun and cloud alike their blessings bring
A realm my own and I the happy king.

On the farm all days are blest
Some with toil and some with rest;
Always near to nature's heart,
She can rarest grace impart.
With the dawn the morning light
Always shows some new delight,
And the noon with radiant face
Is a minister of grace,
And the day's declining light
Welcomes the return of night,
Birds or beast, or great or small,
Love the farm—God cares for all.

Earth has no heaven, but on the farm I see
So much of God, in boundless mercy free,
So little know of greed and want and sin,
My home is here, a castle well walled in.

—*I. E. Sherman.*

Select Family Reading.

The Heiress of Melville Place.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

Melville Place was the home of the millionaire Simon Melville, who had made his fortune in Australia, and had come to America to spend it, and now lay dying. His son, hastily summoned from the college where he was finishing his medical studies, was sitting with bowed head at the bedside, listening to words that seemed to tear his very heart.

"You thought," the dying man said, "that Alice Barclay was a penniless orphan whom I had adopted out of charity, because her father was my friend. She thought so too. But I cannot die and carry the burden I have borne for sixteen years into another life beyond the grave."

"The money was all stolen from Alice's father. We were partners, but he had all, the money invested, and I had only commenced to save a little. He died, and there was no one to dispute my claim when I sold the business out, realized a fortune far greater than I anticipated, and left Australia. Alice was a child not four years old, and motherless. You were a boy of seven, with your grandmother in New York. I brought Alice home with me, and I have been a kind guardian. Two years ago I saw that you loved her."

"Then I thought everything would be easy. You would marry her, and the money would be yours and hers when I died. So I tried to bind her by a promise to marry you. She was furious! I never dreamed such a frail, gentle girl could show so much temper. She refused resolutely. One angry word led to another, until she declared she would leave the house and earn her own living rather than give the promise I required. I told her to go and she went. I have tried by every means to find her, but I cannot."

"What means?"

"Private detective, advertising, inquiry at all her friends."

"And how long has she been gone?"

"Nearly six months."

A long silence followed. Harry sat with his face hidden, trying to bring home his father's infamy, to see the ghastly truth in all its naked horror. The faint voice from the bed roused him.

"Harry! It was for your sake. Say you forgive me!"

He started and bent over his father. His lips moved, but no voice would come to him. After a vain effort to speak he pressed his lips to the dying man's face, and then his self control gave way, and dropping upon his knees he put his head down and sobbed like a woman. His heart seemed breaking. His father dying—a thief; the woman he loved with all his strength, lost—thrust out of a home that was her own, robbed, perhaps dying of want. It was maddening to think of, and that burst of womanish tears probably saved the young man's reason. When he was calmer, he looked at his father, to see the stupor that precedes death creeping over him. Very tenderly he spoke to him, nursed him, and tried to convey to him his love and pardon, but there was no response in the dull eyes, and consciousness was gone forever.

The funeral over, Harry Melville put the house in good care, arranged his father's business so that there was no risk of loss, and made a legal transfer of every dollar to Alice Barclay. Not one dollar would he over touch.

From his mother he had inherited a few thousand dollars, the income of which would keep him from actual want until his profession began to pay him, and he secured his diploma a month after his father's death.

His whole life was a search for Alice. Two long years passed, and Harry began to consider, with a shuddering horror, the possibility that Alice no longer lived. What more likely than her delicate frame had refused to bear the weight of poverty and toil? He imagined the delicate little face wasted by hunger, the tiny, white hands roughened by toil, the slender little figure bending under burdens too great to bear: and then he would spring up, even from his bed at night, and rush into work or study to drown thought.

It was more than two years after his father's death, when Harry Melville, inheriting a small legacy from his mother's brother, resolved to go abroad to try to forget something of his trouble in travel. His lawyer promised to relax no effort to find Alice, and the young physician had but few patients to regret his absence.

He was in Paris, in the height of the fashionable season, when he met an old friend of his father's at the hotel, where he was staying, and, after refusing again and again, invitations to festive gatherings, consented to go to one party.

"They are Americans," his friend, Mr. Morris, told him, "Mr. Graham Ellis and his niece, the prettiest girl in Paris, and probably her uncle's heiress. He seems to worship her. He has lived in Paris for years, a bachelor, while his niece, I presume, was being educated, but since she came home he has taken a house, and receives royally. The young lady has had a title offered to her from more than one representative of foreign countries, but she seems to be whole-hearted."

Dr. Melville being presented to Mr. Ellis made his most courteous bow, and was turning away when a cry of—

"Harry! oh how glad I am to see you!" made the room reel round him for a moment out of the mist he saw her, Alice Barclay, in a dress of rich white lace over creamy silk, her sweet face lighted with pleasure her little white-gloved hands both extended.

"Uncle Graham!" the glad voice said, "it is Harry Melville!" and his host gave him warm, cordial greeting, adding;

"There, Alice, carrying him off to the library! You must have a thousand things to say to him."

And, still dazed and bewildered, Harry was "carried off" to a cozy room, book-lined, with a sofa made for confidential chat.

Here Alice, still glowing with pleasure, sat down, and motioned him to sit beside her.

"How deadly white you are!" she cried. "You are ill!"

"No. But the shock! We thought you must be dead. Alice, why have you been so cruel? For two years I have been seeking you in agonies of fear. How did you come here?"

"Were you troubled, Harry? I am sorry. I—I thought you—you—would be glad."

"Glad to lose you!" Harry cried, forgetting everything but his love. "I who love you!"

"Do you love me?" she whispered. "I thought your father—you never told me—I—" And here she broke down, and sat the picture of shy confusion.

And then Harry roused from his momentary delirium.—What right had he to talk of love to Alice Barclay? Suddenly, pitilessly, he told her the whole ghastly truth, steeling himself to a hard calmness, smoothing nothing, extenuating nothing. She listened, half frightened.

"Your father!" she said. "I cannot believe it!"

"Would to Heaven it were not true!" he said. "But tell me of yourself. How did you come here?"

"It is not a long story not a very strange one," Alice said. "Amongst the things that were my mother's were some letters from Uncle Graham, written from Paris. I had read them, but I never wrote to him. My life was such a happy one that I never stopped to think of my dependence upon your father, until one day when we—we did not agree about something, and I wanted to go away. Then I remembered my uncle's letters. I had money, and I packed up the letters, my mother's picture and some of her trinkets and came to Paris."

"Alone? Not knowing if he was alive or dead?"

"Yes! I had no trouble. Everybody was very kind on the steamer Havre, and my uncle was so glad to have me! He has been so kidd I have every wish of my heart gratified."

"I am glad of that. But do not forget your own fortune; your father's money only waits for you to claim it.

"I will not touch it. It is yours."

"Not one dollar of it is mine! I will never take it."

"Not—not it—Harry—do you know why I ran away?"

"To escape being my wife."

"No! I ran away because—I loved you! I had no reason to hope you loved me, and I would not be forced upon you by your father. Harry! you now say you love me."

Harry loved her, and she gave him her heart in return. The whole ghastly past, with its terror, its agonies of suspense and fear, rolled away, and only love reigned in that hour of happiness.

Mr. Ellis made no objection to his niece's marrying the son of the supposed millionaire, even consenting, rather than part with Alice entirely, to spending six months of the year at Melville Place, where Alice once more reigns, the most beloved of wives, while Harry finds his time fully occupied by his ever increasing practice in the neighborhood of his own home.

The wonderful progress made in surgery is shown from the fact that only nine per cent. of all operations in amputation are fatal.

A woman is never so apt to wish she was a man as when she sees one get up from the table and walk away without a backward look or thought of the dishes.

It is not what its proprietors say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that makes it tell, and wins the confidence of the people.

Sick headache caused by excess of bile or a disordered stomach is promptly relieved by using National Pills.

Winter Evenings.

GIFTS AND USES.

This is always a good game to commence an evening with, as it is exceedingly simple to learn, and provokes a good deal of kindly laughter. The players having seated themselves, two persons are chosen by lot to present the gifts, and describe their uses. The first visits each player in succession, whispering to each: "I present you with—a table, or a chair, or a horse or buggy, or anything she may happen to think of: While the second follows in the same manner, whispering to each in turn the use he is to make of his present: as, "you must light the fire with it," or "you must wear it on your head," or "you must take it to the kitchen." When the gifts have all been distributed, and their uses described, each player is called upon in succession to declare aloud what he has received, and what he is to do with it. The almost inevitable incongruity between the article presented and the use to which the recipient has been instructed to put it to is very provocative of laughter; while, occasionally, the peculiar applicability of both gift and instructions proves very amusing.

COINCIDENCES.

This is a game somewhat similar to "Gifts and Uses." The players being seated in a circle, each one whispers to his right hand neighbor the name of some person who is more or less noted. Having done this, each person whispers to his left hand neighbor, some quotation or familiar saying. I remember playing this once when the circle included all ages from over sixty to seven, and some of the hits were very good. One of the little ones gave his grand father's name, it being to him the most noted he could remember. Now the old gentleman was famous for his gallantry to young ladies; so that the announcement of his name, coupled with the proverb: "It's well to be off with the old love before you are on with the new," was received with shouts of appreciative applause. A staunch Republican was given the name of a recently-elected Democratic Governor, but he announed the sentiment; "Every dog has his day," with an emphasis that pointed its application, and showed the fervor of his political faith. The name of a divine who had gotten himself into warm places by his loquacity, was accompanied by the quotation, "Silence is golden." These few illustrations show how the game is played.

THE OPEN BOARD OF BROKERS.

When noise is not objected to, this will be found a queerly amusing, though a very simple game. In preparation for it, there should be copied on separate cards the names of railway and other corporations (taking the names from the share list of any newspaper,) but if there is no time for this, the game may be played with blank cards. The players sit in a close circle, or in two rows facing each other. The leader then hands a card to his neighbor, naming what it is as he does so. The second player passes it on. Meanwhile the leader has continued handing the cards, which have in turn been passed on; so that by the time the first has got well started on its rounds, half a dozen voices are shouting out at the same minute as many different names. By the time the first card has reached the leader again the resemblance to the Wall Street brokers is said by those who have been there to be perfect.

DUMB CHARADS.

This, as its name indicates, is a great contrast to the preceding game. A number of players having left the room, the rest select some word which has a number of rhymes. The absent players are then recalled, and told that a word had been selected which rhymes, say, with "cat;" and their task is to indicate, in pantomime first one word and then another, until they finally hit upon the right one. For instance, supposing the rhyming word to be "cat," two of the guessers lay hold of the hearth-rug, but desist on being told "it is not 'mat.'" Three or four girls from among the guessers then come in and after apparently talking earnestly for a few minutes, a small brown or black object is pushed across the floor. The girls show great alarm, jumping on the chairs, screaming, etc., but again they are told "it is not a rat." And so on; through sat, fat, etc., until at length the right word is guessed, when the parties change places. Sometimes quite pretty scenes can be improvised in this game, as, for instance, to represent the word grace, one of the actors appears to be on the point of slaying a prostrate foe, when a lady, rushing in, falls on her knees, suing humbly for grace. Or to represent camp a pretty pic-nic scene can be quickly improvished.

British Pride Touched.

When three regiments of the English army took possession of Castine, Maine, in the last year of the war in 1812, a large detachment was sent up the river to seize neighboring towns. As the red coats were leisurely marching through the country they saw an old, bent, white haired man sitting at the door of a small plain house. The young officer at the head of the troops deigned to lay aside military dignity for a moment, and condescendingly hailed him;

"Old Daddy, did you ever see so many men before?"

"Yes," was the prompt answer.

"And where then?"

"With Wolfe, under the walls of Quebec."

The officer stopped. Good natured condescension to the old Yankee countryman was changed to respect for the old colonial soldier, 1776 and 1812 were forgotten. He ordered the command to halt, and with the other officers shook hands with the humble old man, proud to do honor to one who, under the British flag, had followed General Wolfe to his last victory.

"That Man's a Fool, or I am!"

At a reception recently given in London to Mr. J. N. Stearns, Secretary of the National Temperance Society of New York, Dr. B. W. Richardson paid a tribute to the "Temperance Work of America." In his reply, Mr. Stearns told the folowing story in regard to one of Dr. Richardson's temperance books: "A local doctor going into one of the reading rooms, took up the book, and, after glancing at it for a moment or two, threw it down, with the remark, 'That man's a fool.' A few days after he came in again, took up the book, read on a little further, and said, 'That man's a fool—or I am.' The next time he came he read right through to the end, then looked up, and, said quietly, 'Well, I'm the fool, after all.'"

Minard's Liniment relieves neuralgia

A True Story.

Some years ago, a young lad applied at my store for a position; he was bright, and I took a liking to him and put him to work, he remained in my employ a number of years, doing well and fitting himself for a good, successful business career. When he was about twenty-two years old, he had a position as one of four salesmen, salary $1,200 a year. After an absence of three months in Europe, the writer on coming home missed the young salesmen from the store, on asking for him, I was informed that on account of some matter in which a young woman was interested, he decided to go west. He went, our firm gave him a good letter of recommendation, and he got a good position in Chicago. Three years afterward, he again presented himself for a position as clerk in our house, saying that he did not feel at home elsewhere. We took him on again to travel as salesmen on the road; he did well for four or five years but we noticed that he looked like a man that was drinking lager beer. He admitted that he was, but that it did not do him any harm. He grew larger and soon weighed 200 pounds. After which he grew to be indolent and lazy, so we decided to ask him to get another place. We succeeded in securing him a position where would not have to travel, at the same time advising him to give up his drinking habit.

Two years rolled by, I met this young man occasionally, and he always seemed very much pleased to see me, but I noticed that he still looked as though he took his beer.

I heard that his employer did not want him after July 1st. Two weeks after, a newspaper reporter called to enquire about his history while with us. On asking why we were informed that he was missing, had written his father that he should never see him any more, and that he had written some letters bidding his friends good-bye.

In answer to notices about it in the public press, it was discovered that his body was found floating in the Sound, and that he had been buried near where they found the body. A business card was found in the pocket of his coat, with his name as representative of the firm printed on it. Moral: Lager beer leads to suicide. Young men—beware.

How to Bathe Without a Bath,

No bathroom is required, and there is no need for the ordinary large tub bath, or tube of water, or any of the usual paraphernalia often difficult to procure or troublesome to carry about in travelling. The bath is taken in the bather's bedroom immediately on getting out of bed, the only requirements are two ordinary bed-room towels and a rough bath towel, the rougher the better. Uncover the upper part of the body, leaving the limbs, from the loins downward, covered. Apply the rough bath towel to the exposed part of the body, with firm and rapid friction, all over. Take up one of the bedroom towels, previously steeped in a little water in the basin; press it out, so as to avoid dripping, then well rub the whole upper part of the body with the wet towel passing over the shoulders and taking these opened out ends in both hands to rub the back. Wring out the towel and pass it again over the whole trunk for the first dry, after which rub thoroughly all over with a dry towel, and then apply friction with the towel until the skin is in one glow, when put on the flannel jacket. Then repeat the whole operation on the lower part of the body. You may open your window to get an abundant supply of oxygeon, and you ought to take a tumbler or two of fresh cold water, in sips, during the operation of dressing, after which go out into the open air for an hour before breakfast, and you will return with a most uncompromising appetite, and thereafter go through the labors of the day with a buoyancy, ease and elasticity that will be a new and delightful experience.

The Joy of Giving.

Only those on whom gifts have been made, and who desire much pleasure in doing good can ever know the joy of giving. The holidays are full of it and the opportunity thus afforded, breaks down the selfishness of our natures, and broadens our sympathies, and helps to make us better. We always hail the coming of Christmas with pleasure because we are so drawn out toward those we love, that we we find ourselves interested in many other people and prepared for missionary work in their behalf. Do not angels, who are sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation, add to the general rejoicing when they report hearts melted, and made liberal to others, and in the gifts men make, which cost them much sacrifice. And does not the joy of receiving, add to the joy of giving, and thus multiplied, these doubled joys find an echo in the congregation above. The selfish man knows nothing of this pure joy, cannot set in motion a pulsation which is felt on the heavenly shore. So we really conclude that he is twice blest who opens his heart to give, and thereby being really prepared for a better life here, and is made susceptible of richer joys in heaven.

Shall we practice on it? Does not all we have belong to the Lord. Shall we therefore not dedicate all to him, and have the joy which comes of such a dedication and learn in time the luxury of such giving until it is done with a holy abaddon, which never even thinks of the cost, but leads to a sublime content, comparable to that felt by a weary child, when clasped to its mother's bosom and free from any care and fear.

Mrs. Parlingington's Half-Sister.

A certain Maine woman who has plenty of dollars but a very hazy idea of English orthography, returned from a visit to New York lately. Said she to a friend:

"Oh, I had such a perfectly lovely time: everything was so conveyed, you know. We stopped in a house where we rode up to our room in a refrigerator, and I always had my washing done at the foundry right there in the house. It was awful nice. Then there wasn't no stove and no clutter in the rooms. There was one of these legislators right in the floor and the heat poured right up through."

"How did it happen that you came back so soon?"

"Oh, well, you see, Sairy didn't have no appetite. I had the hardest work to get her anything she could realize. Honestly, when I got her home she was almost an individual."

Perhaps it was this woman's husband who said that "Hen Peters got killed this morning, and the corner has jest gone out to hold an insect on him."

OUR TITLED FRIENDS.

"Yes, yes; Judge Thacker, he's the man
As all the folks are pointin'.
How he came to be judge? Well now,
Your ignorance is amazin'
His dad was always 'locted sheriff
'Bout every time he ran
And when the old man died we hitched
This title to his son.

An' that's the colonel—comin' now—here
Seems like you're too inquirin'
Old Colonel Blood. You can't jest know
His title came of firin
What'd he fire on? Why on the Fourth
He made things fairly shake;
He always touched the cannon off
And kept the boys awake.

Old Cap'n Cuddle, he's so old
That's scarcely any livin.
As knows by whom or what or how
His rank to him was given.
'Pears like to me; though years ago,
It used to be the talk
And that they called him cap'n, sure
He always walked the chalk.

Tell you what! When to fame you're pinned
Be high or low your station,
It's kinder hard to be exact
Without exaggeration
And when you ask me for the truth,
I own I'm rather slow
What makes a title genuwin?
Well, durn me if I know!

—*Bronne Perriman.*

Injury from Cigarettes.

A boy named Samuel Kimball, sixteen years old, a chorister boy in St. Mary's church, Brooklyn, died very recently in St. John's hospital. Almost his last words were; "Let any boy who smokes cigarettes look at me now and know how much I have suffered, and he will never put another into his mouth. He was a bright boy and exquisite singer, and had many friends. He lived with his grandmother and worked in a chandelier factory. Here is his story, as he told it to his nurse, Sister Cornelia: "To me he confessed that this trouble had originated from cigarette smoking. Some days, he said he smoked twenty cigarettes. At first he kept his grandmother in ignorance of his indulgence. As he continued to smoke the appetite grew upon him with such force that he could not break it off, and it began to effect his constitution. "Why," I asked him, 'did you not stop when you saw what it was bringing you to?' Oh, I could not, he replied.

If I could not get to smoke I almost went blind. I could think of nothing else. That my grandmother might not suspect me, I would work extra hours instead of spending my regular wages for cigarettes. For months I have kept up this excess although I knew it was killing me. Then I seemed to fall to pieces all of a sudden." His disease took the form of dropsy in the legs, and was very painful. Sister Cornelia continues the story: "During all his sufferings he never forgot what brought him to this terrible condition. He kept asking me to warn all boys against their use. Before he died he called me to his bedside and said that he thought had not lived in vain if only those boys who are still alive would profit by his sufferings and death." There is no other form of tobacco so dangerous as cigarettes, because the nicotine in the smoke is not absorbed in the loose tobacco, and smoked clean up to the end, but is taken unfiltered and unadulterated into the lungs. It was not the poison in paper but the poison of the tobacco which killed Samuel Kimball, and is ruining the health of thousands of other pale-faced boys.

Farm and Fireside.

For rheumatism, a liniment of oil of wintergreen and olive oil affords great relief.

Glycerine and rose water, mixed in the proportions of one-third glycerine to two-thirds rose water, is very good for the hands.

Mothers who have several children to send to school, will be glad to know how to make their own ink instead of buying so many bottles of it as are usually required.

A very excellent black ink may be made as follows. To one gallon of water, add one-eighth of a pound of gum arabic, one-eighth of a pound of sugar, one-eighth of a pound of copperas and three-eighths of a pound of powdered nutgalls, and let it steep in an iron kettle one hour. To make red ink, put one teaspoonful of aqua-ammonia in an ounce vial, add gum-arabic the size of two peas, six grains number forty carmine, eight grains number six carmine; fill the bottle with soft water and it is ready for use. To make blue ink, add rain water to Prussian blue until it is of the desired shade.—*Household.*

We're not waiting for the bats and moles but for men and women who have eyes and use them, who have brains and reason! There's a new world for them—suffering and sickly as they are—a new world created from the brain of a skilful physician—a discovery—the "Golden Medical Discovery."

Years ago Dr. Pierce found out that the secret of all scrofula, bronchial, throat and lung trouble lay—in the beginning at least—in impure blood and the weak tone of the system; that the way to cure these effects was to remove the cause, that human nature being the same, the same results might be looked for in nearly all cases. So confident was he that the exceptions were uncommon that he took the risk of giving the medicine to those it didn't benefit, for nothing, and the results have proved that he was right.

And "Golden Medical Discovery" is the remedy for the million! The only guaranteed Liver, Blood and Lung remedy. Your money back if it doesn't help you.

We Have Seen

A young man sell a farm, turn merchant, break and die insolvent.

A farmer spend so much time in town that there was nothing at home worth looking after.

A worthy farmer toil idle away the prime of his life in dissipation and end his career in poverty.

A farmer too self-conceited to mend his way and too obstinate to mend his footsteps.

A poor boy grow rich by industry and good management, and a rich boy grow poor by idleness and dissipation.

A man spend more money in folly than would support his family in comfort and independence.

A farmer deliver a fine oration at the agricultural fair, with his fence all down, fields overgrown with weeds, stock foraging on a neighbor's field and his taxes unpaid.

—Ask your druggist for Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops for