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The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

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—AT THE—

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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.

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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:—Kennawie's Block Acton, up-stairs

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CONVEYANCER, COLLECTOR, ETC.
Rents and accounts collected. Accept Fire and Life Assurance. Property bought and sold. Money to loan on the most favorable terms.
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Twenty Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

WM. HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
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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.
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Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Rulings 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.
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Desiccated Wheat
For Dyspeptics and anyone with weak digestion.
TRY IT.
THE IRELAND NATIONAL FOOD CO., Ltd.
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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; firms 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,
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In every Township,
To sell "The Pictorial Cyclopedia of Live Stock and Complete Stock Doctor."
The most complete and comprehensive work ever published. Its authors stand at the head of their profession and have a continental reputation. Worth its weight in gold to any one having Horses, Sheep, Cattle, Swine, Poultry, Dogs or Bees. A grand opportunity to make money. Secure territory at once. Address
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JAMES BROWN
Has on hand a large quantity of excellent coal which he will promptly deliver to any part of the town at reasonable prices.
Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always on hand.
Telephone communication.

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Licensed Auctioneers, Appraisers, Valuators, Collectors, Real Estate and General Land Agents.
—FOR THE COUNTIES OF—
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Money to loan from 6 to 7 per cent.
Parties placing their sales or other business in our hands will have the same promptly attended to at moderate charges.
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THE LATEST NOVELTY.
Perfumed Note Paper and Envelopes.

Sweet Lavender	Heather
Heliotrope	Sweet Violets
Mignonette	Lily of the Valley
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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.

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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.
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Proof Etchings, Colored Pictures, Room and Picture Mouldings.
IVORY OAK FRAMES SILVER GILT
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A full stock of Winsor & Newton's Flake White.
Double Tubes, Rowney's, &c.
8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete 25c
5 Feet Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 25c
Our Wall papers
Are said to be the best selected in the city
WATERS BROS.,
ESTABLISHED 1877
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, GUELPH.

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

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE.
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 9 a.m. and 8.18 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.
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BELL
Pianos
—AND—
Organs
WERE AWARDED
THE - GOLD - MEDAL
AT
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In competition with American, German, English and Canadian manufacturers.
FOR SALE
On Monthly or Quarterly Payments only at
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MUSIC STORE,
25 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

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 600,000.00
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. 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. EGBAGE, 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.

WILL PROHIBITION PROHIBIT?

A meeting was held up in Portland one day,
Attended by three thousand children, they say;
Those lively, bright youngsters were asked to declare
Which of them had seen a man drunk anywhere?

Now, will you believe it, in all that vast throng,
But one boy was found who had seen this great wrong,
And when he was asked when and where it occurred,
It was not in Maine; but in Boston, we heard.

The question was then put to all who were there,
Who has seen a drunk woman? Now children, declare
A deep thrill of horror ran through the great hall,
At the thought that a woman could ever so fall.

And a little girl there in a horrified tone,
Said "Women do never get drunk, as I have known."
The very idea was shocking to her,
That such a sad sight should be seen anywhere.

These children, so happy, had lived in a land,
Endowed with a law that was noble and grand,
A law that prohibits the sale of strong drink,
Thus closing the vortex in which they might sink.

Now how many children in England to-day,
Could be gathered together in a meeting to say,
As long as we've lived we've ne'er seen a man drunk
Nor heard of a woman so fearfully sunk?

Well, if prohibition such things bring about,
Why don't we adopt it and put drink to rout?
Could we bring up our children not knowing the curse,
Would England, dear England, be any the worse

Then, friends of good order and virtue and truth
We call on you now, for the sake of our youth,
To vote for the men who this question will see to,
And give to our much abused people the Veto.

Select Family Reading.

Just Before The Dawn.

BY MARY E. KOFFAT.

"Well, husband, any success to-day?"

A mournful shake of the head, whitening so rapidly of late, was the only answer. Mrs. Clay smothered a sigh as she rose and drew a chair toward the grate where a few coals were smouldering.

"Sit down, Randall; and warm yourself. Sidney is just ready to take the work home; when she comes in again we will have a nice cup of tea."

"I don't want any, wife. The best thing I can do is to turn my face to the wall and stay there until I am carried out feet first."

Sidney crushed back the tears, and going to her father, laid her soft cheek caressingly against his face.

"It's always the darkest just before daybreak, papa, and I'm sure things couldn't be any worse. So I'll be a prophet, and a true one, too. You'll see before many days have passed. I'm going out now; and when I come back, if I don't bring you good luck, you may disown me."

In about an hour Sidney returned with her arms filled with parcels. As she was laying them upon the table, her mother called to her from an inner room.

Something in the tone of her voice startled her. Hastening to her assistance, she found her father lying upon the bed, with his eyes closed, and looking strangely white. Her mother was chafing his hands and trying to rouse him. She said:

"I saw the doctor drive up a moment ago. Run, Sidney, and hurry him over."

No second bidding was needed. The doctor lived just across the way, and one glance at the girl's agitated face told him the story he was so well used to hearing.

It was the work of a moment to snatch his medicine case and follow her.

It was some time before Mr. Clay showed signs of life, and the pale phantom which had threatened them was exorcised.

The doctor pronounced the attack to have been brought on by poverty of blood, and said:

"He had better keep his bed for several days, and give him all the nourishing things he will take—beef-tea, made very strong, cream-toast, and the best sherry wine, will be as strengthening as anything."

After he had gone Sidney and her mother looked at each other in silent consternation. The beloved invalid's life depended on these luxuries; and how could they procure them? The doctor might almost as well have ordered a trip to Europe. With a deep sigh Sidney, put her hand into her pocket, and with her portemonnaie drew out a letter.

"Oh, I forgot! This is for papa. The fright about him put it out of my mind. I wonder what is in it."

"Open it, Sidney. It may be an answer to one of your father's applications for work."

Sidney tore it open, and a paper fluttered out and fell to the floor. She picked it up, and found that it was a bank-note.

"It must be a mistake, mother. No one would send money to us."

"Read the note. That will tell." And then came the break in the clouds which had been gathering so darkly around that they had almost learned to doubt if any sunshine could exist for them. This is the letter:

"DEAR AND HONORED SIR.—I send the inclosed as a slight memorial of my gratitude for former favors. I am now a prosperous man; and every cent I have accumulated I owe to the timely help you gave me, when a push in the other direction would have sent me to the bad.

Yours very truly and gratefully,
"ALEXANDER MCDONALD."

As Sidney finished reading it, she looked at her mother, and saw by the expression of her face that all had been made clear to her.

"Who is Alexander McDonald, mother? I have never heard of him."

"It is little Aleck, the newsboy; but I forget. It was before you were born. Your father and I were but just married. He took a liking to the bright little fellow, and said that New York was no place for him. So he paid his way out West, where, he said, an uncle lived. He was an orphan, and had no one to care for him here."

"What about little Aleck?" questioned a feeble voice.

And, turning, to their great joy, they saw the clear light of intelligence looking out of the eyes of the beloved invalid, who had remained in a state of partial stupor since the attack.

"Father, I was a true prophet! Our good fortune has come as I said it would. 'Little Aleck' as you call him, has sent you a gift in a letter of five hundred dollars. Think of it!"

"It seems like a fortune," said the sick man gratefully. "God be thanked for His many mercies!" and as with closed eyes he lay back upon his pillow, the words he uttered were fervently re-echoed in the hearts of wife and child, Mrs. Clay saying:

"Your father was always doing good when he had means, and it has seemed very strange to me that he should be so afflicted: but I have no doubt we shall some time find that it was for some good purpose."

Aleck's kindly letter and timely gift acted like an elixir upon the spirits of the discouraged man. After his recovery he went forth with renewed energy, and soon found remunerative employment. Before he felt strong enough to hold a pen, he asked Sidney to send a note of thanks to Mr. McDonald, which she did, and Sidney's eyes grew bright with amusement when one day her father brought home a letter from McDonald addressed to "Mr. Sidney Clay," and gave it to her. Its contents expressed regret at her father's illness, and concluded by offering a clerkship in his store to the young son who had written him such a business-like note, saying also that he had occasion to come East, and would find them out and communicate his views in person.

The day after the reception of the letter a ring at the bell drew Sidney to the door. A sudden intuition told her that the tall, bearded stranger was her father's Western friend, though she had previously imagined him to be very different looking, owing probably to always hearing him spoken of as "Little Aleck."

Mrs Clay rose as he entered the room. After a moment's hesitation he held out his hand,

"You don't know me, and it's no wonder for time has made great changes. I am Aleck."

He was a stalwart, handsome man, instead of a slight stripling of twelve; and the silver glistened thickly amid Mrs. Clay's dark locks; but they were soon at their ease, and were chatting pleasantly when Mr. Clay returned. Sidney had been simply introduced as "My daughter," and had not joined in the conversation, though her eyes had occasionally glanced up from her embroidery to scan the stranger when she could not be observed.

Mr. Clay invited him to stay and take tea with them, and he seemed loth to accept the proffered hospitality. As they arose from the table Mr. McDonald said:

"I have been looking for the boy who wrote me that fine, clear-headed letter. Will he be in soon?"

Mr. Clay smiled.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, my friend, but this is Sidney—my only child. She bears a family name which has been given to the oldest child—be it boy or girl—for generations back."

Aleck glanced at Sidney, and said, something confusedly:

"I must beg your pardon, Miss Clay, for my stupidity. As I think of it, I might have known that no member of the masculine fraternity—"

"Now, Aleck, that'll not answer," said Mr. Clay, laughingly. "Sidney is not used to high-flown compliments, and you must not turn her head with them."

Aleck looked admiringly at the pretty face, which grew suddenly rosy under his scrutiny, but he forebore from further remarks, and soon took his leave. He remained in town for several weeks, and found his way quite often to the Clays' pleasant home. Sidney hardly dared look up from her work during his visits, for she could feel that his dark eyes were ever studying her face with an expression which caused her heart to throb strangely. At last he called and asked her to walk with him. They had not gone far when he startled her by saying:

"Miss Clay, I had a motive for asking you out this afternoon. I am a man of few words, but I know pure gold when I see it, and that my only chance to get the treasure I want is to ask for it before someone else finds out its value and steps in before me. I have never loved a woman before, Sidney, but the happiness of my whole future depends on one now. Will she be my wife?"

Sidney began tremulously and confusedly "My father—" but he interrupted her. "No! Sidney's decision first. Can she love me?"

The girl was almost crying. The crisis had come so suddenly that she hardly knew her own feelings. Aleck stood for a moment studying her troubled face with his bright, earnest eyes; then his look grew sorrowful.

"I might have known that such a great clumsy fellow could offer no attractions to one like you! Good bye! I will not pain you with a suit which I see is unwelcome."

He turned and went rapidly away. As Sidney watched him the thought came suddenly: "I will not pain him again!" Then a great wave of sorrow surged up in her heart, and she called wildly:

"Aleck! Aleck!"

He heard and turned back. She stood awaiting him with downcast eyes.

"Sidney," he said, passionately, "look at me. You could not be so bring me to your side again unless to say you would be my own little girl—my promised wife."

Her answer was so low as to be indistinct to any but a lover's ears; but his face shone with the magic brightness which brightness comes but once in the human heart as he drew her little hand within his arm, and he held it—a willing prisoner.

Offensive Public Notices.

It is related of a good-natured king, that upon taking a walk in his park, he saw a notice which set forth that all persons were "ordered" to keep the footpath. He told his attendant to have the word "ordered" painted out, and requested put in its place. The ranger objected that people would not regard so mild a word; but the king said: "That is their affair; I will not have them ordered." The king showed his good sense in the matter, as well as good feeling.

When we see in any public place, say a hotel, restaurant or assembly room, a notice calling upon guests to "report any inattention or neglect on the part of the waiters," we conclude that the manager of the establishment does not know the art of getting men to do their best. Such a notice is not necessary. The guest or customers know very well what to do in case he is not served to his liking, and the notice casts a kind of reflection upon the corps of waiters. In large factories there are sometimes notices ending with words like these: "Any man violating this rule will be discharged." How unnecessary such harshness! As if every man did not know that a wilful and persistent violation of an important rule necessitates such a penalty.

The old gentleman near Philadelphia knew human nature, and acted upon his knowledge when he placed over a public garden which he had given to a factory village: "Respect this place; it is for the public good." The people did respect it.

Minards Liniment relieves neuralgia.

A Hog's Soliloquy.

Standing near a hog yard one day last summer, I noticed a fine porker wallowing in a filthy mud hole, grunting away, I supposed, with contentment, when suddenly the ears of my understanding were opened, and this is the substance of the animal's soliloquy:—

"Yes, here I am wallowing in the filth because no clean place is provided. People curl up their snouts (noses they call 'em) and talk about hogs being such nasty creatures, and plenty of them have decided that we are not fit for food, (wish they'd all come to that conclusion). I don't mind being eaten, but it's the injustice that riles me. Here we are shut up in this hot, barren yard without water, and there is no creature more sensitive to heat and cold. Nature demands that we have a wet place in summer to wallow in; but no one ever thinks of scooping out a hollow in the earth and supplying it with clean water; no, we must take a nasty, foul place like this and return to it day after day. But it is enough better than we go to in winter; then we are all huddled into the dirtiest little pen, when we have to lie all in a pile to keep from freezing. People think we are only hogs I suppose, but I wish they knew how much we need clean quarters and fresh straw beds. Now I don't think we are dirty as some animals that nobody thinks of calling filthy. If I had my own way I would be clean.

"And then, there is all this howl about trichinæ. Who is to blame, I wonder? One thing I do know, we don't hatch the creature, whatever it is, ourselves, and if people took care of us we would not have it. Rats and mice, they say, are alive with them, and so long as they build our pens so that they can come in and eat up our corn we are bound to eat them up, so of course we get the trichinæ; and when people eat us they get it—serves 'em right, too. Then if a sick hog or cow, or anything of that kind dies, they feed us the deceased meat. 'Anything is good enough for a hog,' they say, and it makes me smile knowing that we are fatted for their table. We are naturally hearty eaters, and our susceptibility to cold makes us glad to eat anything to keep up heat in winter. And then our drink, O, me! The wash of everything, and milk all spring from a sick cow. They said it wasn't fit for anything but the hogs. Don't see why they mightn't as well drink it as to give it to us and then eat us, only in one case they would have to blame themselves; in the other they can put it on—the hog. How often have I watched people careing for their horses and thought of the difference in their treatment and ours. Their house is cleaned and aired every day. They have the cleanest water to drink and the cleanest straw to lie on, and besides they are combed off, carried, I think they call it, and sometimes washed. Now, if a hog had half the chance as that he might be somebody too. Well! well!—" and then his swinestup buried his nose in the mire and I heard no more.

Croup.

To begin with croup, that terror of all parents whose children are subject to this malady. The mother who has once been roused by the hoarse barking cough so unmistakable in its warning is never likely to forget the thrill of terror which seemed to make her very heart stop beating. No matter whether it be true or false croup, the alarm at the moment is the same, and in neither case is there time to be lost. If the cough does not seem very tight, and is not accompanied by strangling, begin giving syrup of ipecac in doses of fifteen drops every twenty minutes. Continue this until the child's breathing is relieved, or until he vomits. But should he awake with symptoms of choking and great difficulty of breathing administer at once a teaspoonful of the ipecac into which has been stirred a good pinch of powdered alum.

Should this not cause vomiting in fifteen minutes, repeat the dose, and assist its action by making the child drink a cupful of warm water. Place him in as hot a bath as he can bear—about 100 degrees—and keep him there at least ten minutes, spreading blankets over the tub to prevent the water cooling. He should be supported in a reclining position, so that as much of his body as possible may be under water. When he is taken out, roll him at once in heated blankets, and put him to bed in a warm well-ventilated room. He may sometimes be relieved by inhaling steam. If possible, get a doctor immediately.

Take great care the day after croup that the child is not exposed to cold. There used to be a comforting theory current that no child ever had croup after midnight, but alas! time and experience has proved this a pleasant fallacy.

About Advertising.

If you can arouse curiosity by an advertisement it is a great point gained. The fair sex don't hold all the curiosity in the world.

A thing worth doing is worth doing well. A thing worth advertising is worth advertising well. A newspaper worth advertising in once is worth making a contract with.

It is a mistaken notion that a fine store in an eligible location, surrounded by attractive signs, is a superior advertisement for the experience of the most enterprising merchants is that it pays better to spend less in rent and more in advertising.

Don't be afraid to invest in printers' ink, lest your reads of life be nearly run out.

Trying to do business without advertising is like winking at a pretty girl through a pair of green goggles. You may know what you are doing but nobody else does.

The enterprising advertiser proves that he understands how to buy, because in advertising he knows how to sell.

Bread is the staff of human life, and advertising is the staff of business.

A simple card may profitably stand years without change, but a sensational advertisement should be changed as often as you can get the printer to do it.

Now is the time to think about advertising, and reflection should be followed by judicious action.

You can't eat enough in a week to last you a year, and you can't advertise on that plan either.

George Kennan, lecturer and writer on the Siberian exile system, is said to be a victim of nervous prostration. For months he has been working 15 hours a day on his new book about Siberia, and lecturing at the same time. His nervous system is wholly shattered and insomnia has secured a hold which he cannot shake off. He is in San Francisco.

A Young Girl as a Wage Earner.

Every girl should be educated so that if the need rises she can become a bread winner. The rich man's daughter, equally with the poor man's, ought to be mistress of some one trade, profession, or art, by means of which she can earn her own support. So rapid are the fluctuations of fortune that nobody can be sure of retaining it, and it is the part of wisdom, therefore, to be armed against the incursions of want by a knowledge of something which the world requires and is willing to pay for. Every girl should have a specialty. And whatever her specialty is, she should be so proficient in it that she can command the highest prices for her skill. This implies patient, laborious training, the serving of a faithful apprenticeship, the diligent study which insures the deft hand, facility and freedom from blundering which come only after faithful practice. We all know how the best dressmaker is sought and waited for, and how royally she dictates her terms and makes her appointments, but she is only one of a great number who might dictate terms if they possessed tried ability. To the wage-earning girl I would say: Select your trade, your art, your profession, and determine to learn it thoroughly. Employers assert that men are more thorough than women.

Which brings me to my second point. The weakness of our sex is in contrast with our quickness to grasp a situation, so marked as to be rated a vice. We lack thoroughness. We often forget to finish off our work; the wrong side looks rough and seamy; it has loose ends; there is a weak spot in the middle; it won't stand wear and tear. I overheard two gentlemen in conversation, not long ago, in a street car in New York. Said one to the other, "We have stopped employing young women in our office as stenographers. A man costs more, it is true, but girls make so many mistakes, and are so absent, that they are expensive in the end, and it's better economy to hire a man and pay him twice as much." Now, our standing grievance, as we all know, is, that the rate of payment for men is higher than the corresponding rate for women in employments in which both engage, and which a man is not by nature fitted to do better than a woman. Suppose we stop complaining and look around for reasons why there is a cause for complaint. Must we not confess that a girl sometimes fails in thoroughness, or that she excuses herself on the plea of her sex, from doing her work as well as she can, and as she ought. When it is with difficulty, for instance, that I find myself waited on in a New York drygoods' shop where women clerks are employed, because the saleswomen are occupied in gossip of their own, and when in another, I am promptly and punctiliously served by men, I am fain to conclude that were I an employer, my wages should go to those who would serve me best. Yet, who should handle ribbons and laces so well, or wait on a woman so perfectly as a sister-woman? I beg our girls to be thorough.

Never, as Charles Dickens said, do anything with one hand, when you ought to do it with both hands. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Third. Our wage-earning girl should cultivate self-respect, holding herself far above all silly flirtation or familiarity with the other sex, when encountering men in business relations. Employers and fellow-clerks—men with whom she has business engagements, stand toward her precisely as other woman do in similar situations. Glances of admiration, or the reverse should be ignored. On her way to and from business, and during the hours of business, and wage earning girl should be intent on one thing only, her duty. No foolish sentimentality should be encouraged in her thought. She has not time for it, and it is inexpedient, as is the light repartee and the gay badinage which are appropriate in society. "I am very much annoyed," said the employed of a number of young women, "by two propensities of your sex. The gabble, gabble, gabble, when they ought to be at work, and if they are reproved, they cry. I hate to see women cry, and I wish they knew how unbusiness-like crying is." Keep your temper, dear wage-earning girl, and keep your self-respect. A girl who respects herself truly, will always be respected.

A PREFERRED CREDITOR.

He Certainly Did Come in Ahead of the Others.

A good story is going the rounds about a New York merchant who recently failed for a large amount. He called all his creditors together and offered to settle with them at 10 cents on the dollar, giving them his notes, payable in thirty days.

At most of the creditors had little hope of getting anything they eagerly accepted the proposition. One man, however, stood out for better terms, and all efforts to get him to agree were futile. Finally the bankrupt took him out into the hall and said:

"Ven you come in ub' sign mit de udders, den I make you preferred creditor."

"All right," said the kicker, "under those circumstances I will agree to a settlement."

The papers were signed and all the creditors left except the one who had been told he was to be preferred.

"Vat are you vating for?" said the man who had failed.

"Why, you said I was to be preferred. I am waiting to know what I am to get."

"Vell, I tell you—you get notings."

"Get nothing? Why you promised to make me a preferred creditor if I would sign with the rest."

"And so you are. I make you preferred. I tell you now you gets notings. De udders wait thirty days before they dey know it, and den dey gets notings."

LITERARY LINES.

John G. Whittier was 84 years old on the 27th inst.

The *Independent* says that the book of President Warren's, which sets forth the hypothesis that Eden was located at the north pole, is finding very many friends in Europe.

The remains of Helen Hunt Jackson have been removed from Cheyenne mountain, where they have laid for six years, and re-interred in Evergreed cemetery, Colorado Springs.

A silk weaver in Lyons, France, has spent three years in making a Catholic prayer book in which the prayers were woven in each leaf, not printed. Five hundred copies were sold. They sell for wedding gifts to the rich.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia

HER LAST COURSE.

When I married my wife she had studied stenography,
Got that down solid and took up photography,
Mastered that science and started geography—
All in the course of a year.

She presently took up a course of theology,
Followed that up with a touch of mythology,
Got a degree in the line of zoology,
(Still her great mind remained clear.)

So she took up a course on the theory of writing
Some lessons and points on the subject of fighting,
A long course of house building, heating and lighting,
For over her classmates she'd soar.

So she entered the subject of steam navigation,
Took also instruction in church education,
And mastered the study of impersonation,
And still she was longing for more.

Next she tackled the latest great fad, electricity,
"Dress Reform" institutes taught her simplicity,
Sought the best way to encourage felicity—
Oh! she's as smart as a book.

She at last ended up with a course in phonetics,
Gave a little attention and time to athletics,
The rest of her time she gave to magnetics,
And now she is learning to cook.

The Charm of Giving.

A pretty dressed little American boy was walking along the streets of Paris one day, when, as he tried to cross the crowded Boulevard, he was knocked down by the pole of a carriage. In a moment a crowd had collected, but the first upon the spot was a little crossing sweeper, ragged and dirty, who had seen the danger and had sprung to help the child, almost before the pole struck him. Tenderly and carefully the street boy raised the rich man's son in his arms, carried him through the crowd and into a druggist's near by. It was found that the boy was not as much hurt as might have been expected, and soon the crowd dispersed. The druggist bound up the boy's wounds, the little crossing sweeper standing by in sympathy; and when the work was done he ran out, hailed an omnibus and carefully helped the injured boy into it, paid his fare, and told the conductor where to stop. As the omnibus rolled away and the crossing sweeper turned back to his work, a gentleman who had been looking on spoke to him, offering him six cents.

"Here, my boy," said he, "you can't afford to pay that rich child's fare. Let me give it back to you."

The crossing sweeper put his hand behind him "Oh, no," said he, "for then there wouldn't be any charm in"

He meant the charm of having done the kindness would all be lost to him if it cost him nothing, and he was quite right. The poor little crossing sweeper understood the true secret of happiness in giving or in doing good.

A Sleeping Demon.

The following incident is full of lessons for reformed men, and it comes direct from a leader in the gospel temperance work:

A good-hearted man who was reformed and remained steadfast for nine years, amassed $50,000 in money, becoming a director in an important temperance institution and being instrumental in saving one hundred and sixty-three men who had fallen. At the end of nine years he felt altogether safe, became proud of his success, and did not like to have any one know he was a reformed man, ceased to attend and work in the temperance meetings.

A saloon-keeper got hold of him and offered to wager $10 that this reformed man of nine years' standing could not walk around the block with a teaspoonful of whiskey in his mouth. In the weakness of his pride, the poor fellow accepted the wager, swallowed the whiskey, his appetite was fiercely aroused, he began to drink, and six years after this diabolical temptation he died a drunkard. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," and let him remember that to work in Christ's name for others is the surest way of being saved himself.

A Household Word.

Two gentlemen once found themselves travelling together in the corner of a Pullman car. One was a stranger in that part of the country; the other appeared to be well acquainted with every district they passed through.

"You appear to know the country well, sir?" queried the stranger.

"Yes, I do," replied the other; "my name is a household word throughout this district."

The stranger became curious at once.

"You're mayor of a large town, perhaps?

"No." "Governor, then?" "No." "Member of Congress?" "No." "A director of this railway, perhaps?" "No." "Well," said the stranger impatiently, "who are you, then?" "I'm John Smith," was the calm reply.

When you buy your spring medicine you should get the best, and that is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It thoroughly purifies the blood.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter's home is Appledore, the largest of the Isles of Shoals, is surrounded by a beautiful garden, gorgeous with brilliant blossoms. Among these Mrs. Thaxter may be seen at work in the early morning. The house, a roomy cottage is always fragrant and bright with cut flowers, and the walls are covered with choice bits of painting, etching and sketching. Mrs. Thaxter was brought to the Isles of Shoals by her father, their owner, when she was only five years old, and lived there until she was sixteen, when she married Levi Thaxter. Since then she has spent her summers at Appledore.

Let's reason together. Here's a firm, one of the largest the country over, the world over; it has grown, step by step, through the years to greatness—and it sells patent medicines!—sh!

"That's enough!"—

Wait a little—

This firm pays the newspapers good money (expensive work, this advertising!) to tell the people that they have faith in what they sell, so much faith that if they can't benefit or cure they don't want your money. Their guarantee is not indefinite and relative, but definite and absolute—if the medicine doesn't help, your money is "on call."

Suppose every sick man and every feeble woman tried these medicines and found them worthless, who would be the loser, you or they?

The medicines are Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," for blood disease, and his "Favorite Prescription" for woman's peculiar ills. If they fail toward health, they cost nothing. If they don't, they cost nothing!