The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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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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Desiccated Wheat
For Dyspeptics and anyone with weak digestion.
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Coal and Wood always in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices.
Hardwood and slate cut stove length always on hand.
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Money to loan from $100 up at six per cent.
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Perfumed Note Paper and Envelopes.

Sweet Lavender	*Heather*
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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
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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.
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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, 25c.
Our Wall papers
Are said to be the best selected in the city
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ESTABLISHED 1877.
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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.
F. W. STONE, President. CHAS. DAVIDSON, Manager.
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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,
65 Lower Wyndham street, Guelph. Telephone 178.

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.

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. K. JONES,
Manager Guelph Branch.

Babies! Babies!
Bring Your Fathers and Mothers to
Spragge's Furniture Store,
GUELPH,
and get a beauty of a
CARRIAGE,
New ones just in Very Cheap.

30 Solid Oak Rockers,
Upholstered in Plush and Tapestries, coming. Look out for them in about ten days.
A GREAT SNAP.
P. SPRAGGE & Co.
Upper Wyndham St.
GUELPH.

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.

Guelph's Leading
Boot & Shoe Store
New Goods,
Best Quality,
Fair Prices.
OUR New Spring Stock is selected from the Best wholesale houses in Canada and the United States. Every pair of Shoes we sell is WARRANTED. Any failure in quality will be made good by giving you a new pair.
All Widths kept in stock of Ladies' American hand turned Boots.
In Men's footwear we keep the best quality that can be got in the country.
Give us a trial and you become a regular customer.
LEADING BOOT & SHOE STORE
W. McLAREN & CO.

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

- - SEASON---1891 - -
WHILE returning thanks to our many patrons for their liberal support in the past we wish to inform you that we have entered into an arrangement with R. Stewart, Guelph, to keep constantly on hand a full stock of the ordinary sizes of,
Sash, Doors, Etc.
and will also supply any special sizes on short notice at Guelph prices.
Frames of All Kinds
made to order. We also keep in stock a line of Base, Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, &c.
Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait.
Price—$1.50 per M.
PUMPS
Being better able than heretofore we will supply either wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

Acton Lodge, No. 204,
I.O.O.F.
MEETS in the Oddfellows' Hall, Hill's Block, every Wednesday evening. Visiting brethren always welcome. For copy of constitution and laws apply to the undersigned or any of the members.
W. WILLIAMS, N. G. H. H. WORDEN, Secretary

Poetry.

"LA GRIPPE."

Once upon a midnight dreary
Coming home I felt so weary,
Felt, oh! many a pain; so curious,
Which I'd never felt before.
Then to bed—no chance of napping,
Blankets, rugs about me wrapping,
Feverish burning pains aglore.
Oh! I've got it! oh!" I muttered,
"Influenza!! what a bore!!"
Only this!—Oh!—Nothing more!!

Oh! my head and legs are aching!
Now I'm sneezing! Now I'm baking!
Clockwork in my cerebellum,
Oh! all over me I'm sore!
In my bed I'm writhing, tossing,
Yet I'm in a steamer, crossing,
While Kiralfy's Venice boasting,
I'm against Russell "for"
In a case about the Echo,
Somewhere out at Singapore!
Its a delirium!!! Nothing more.

Then a doctor comes in tapping
Me all over, tapping, rapping,
And with ear so close and curious
Pressed to stethoscope, "Once more,"
Says he, "sing out ninety-ninety,
Now again! You do it finely!
Yes! Not bigger than a wine loo
There's the mischief, there's the corpe
Of the insect that will kill us,
Hiding there is the Bacillus,
Only that, and nothing more!"

Why's he here with fear to fill us?
Will he leave me, this Bacillus?
Not one bone do I feel whole in,
And of strength I've lost my store."
Thus I to the doctor talking,
Ask "When shall I go out walking?"
He, my earnest queries baulking,
Says, "When all this trouble's o'er."
Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday
Friday Saturday Sunday? or
In a week?" "Um!—not before."

Doctor!" cried I, "catch this evil
Send! Bacillus!! Microbe!! devil!!!
Second syllable in Tom-post,
Send him to Plutonian Shore.
Send him back to where he came from,
To the place he gets his fame from,
To the place he gets his name from;
Kick him out of my front door!"
So the doctor feels my pulse, and,
As I drop upon the floor,
Quoth the doctor, "Some days more."

—*Punch.*

Select Family Reading.

A True Friend.

BY ANNA SHELLIM.

It was a bad place for a sick man. The room was large, too large for any attempt at coziness or snugness to be successful, and the surroundings were most inappropriate. Here lay a figure, grotesque in its drapery carelessly flung on to get the garments out of the way; there an easel, with a white sheet thrown over the unfinished picture upon it, and looking weird and ghost-like when the light was dim; in corners, piles of pictures, framed and unframed, sketches, portfolios, drawing-boards—all the surroundings of an artist—scattered about, pushed aside, heaped on chairs or tables; but all bearing the unmistakeable air of long neglect. In one corner, half screened, a cot bed, beside it a small table and a chair. Upon the bed Frank Mason, artist, sleeping; on the chair Tom Gwynne, artist, wakeful and watching.

And at any time, day or night, for ten days previous, the same might have been seen, expecting that the invalid had not slept, but tossed and raved in wildest delirium. The time was summer—early June—the hour between sunset and dark. Everything that could be open was open, and the hum of the city streets came, softened and subdued, up to the fourth story of the tall house, the studio of Frank Mason, artist.

The watcher, weary with his long strain of nursing, was wondering, drowsily, if he might venture to lie down for a nap, when the invalid opened a pair of large, mournful, dark eyes, and looked into his face. And Tom's heart gave a quick, strong throb of delight as he recognized the return of reason in the wasted face and questioning expression.

"How long have I been ill?" the faint voice asked.

"Only ten days; and you will do famously now," was Tom's reply, in a cheery tone; "only you must not talk, and you must take this," holding a tiny glass to Frank's lips as he tenderly lifted his head.

"Thanks," drinking obediently the far from tempting mixture. "I—have I talked much?"

"A great deal of nonsense. Nobody pays any attention to fever fancies, old fellow; so don't worry about that."

"Did any one hear me but you?"

"No one else, unless the doctor caught a few words. Now don't look so troubled. You are too weak to talk now."

"Did I rave about him—my father?"

The last two words came in a choked, gasping whisper, and on the pale face the perspiration started in heavy drops.

"Dear old boy," Tom said, caressingly, while, tenderly as a woman, he wiped the clammy moisture from his friend's face, "you must not talk of it now. You need rest, sleep; and this agitation is very bad for you. What you said is as if it were never spoken."

"A true friend!" Frank murmured, "a good friend for nearly three years, and I deceiving him all the time. Why do you not shrink away, as every friend did when my father was hanged—hanged for murder!" and his voice grew thick and hoarse. "My father! my dear father! You must listen! I must tell you!" he said, as Tom vainly urged quiet. "It was one mad fit of anger, not intentional murder," and he shivered at the word. "But it was a fatal blow he struck—only one blow—and his friend the friend he had loved and trusted, and who was false to him, fell, striking his head upon the corner of a book-case. Even then my father might have denied the blow, for not one knew of the quarrel, the first, the last they ever had; but he gave himself up. And we were not popular in Millbanks, while the murdered man was the idol of the place. So the jury convicted the man who made no defence—"

"Frank! Frank, dear old fellow! Stop, I beg of you! You are killing yourself!" Tom pleaded. "I gathered it all from your fever talk, and you do not need to tell me."

But the sick man never heeded him.

"My mother would not leave Millbanks, and we endured all man can endure of scorn, contempt, dislike for two weary years, while her heart broke slowly, till she died. Did I rave of *Laura?*"

"Hush! hush, now! I have told you all you said is already forgotten."

"We were engaged to be married. Ah, how I loved her. I would have released her, but I had no chance to speak or write. On the day my father was arrested, her uncle took her away. They said in the village he went abroad. I do not know. In my misery I was half mad, and my mother needed me day and night. Before I sought her she was gone. When my mother died, I came here to try to forget my wretchedness in my art. But I prayed to die. Shall I die now?"

"No!" and Tom's voice was clear and firm. "You must live. Live to prove that a man can make or mar his life only by his own acts. You are already known as an artist, and you will live to be famous."

"A true friend! A good friend!" Frank said again.

And then, utterly weary, and yet in some mysterious way quieted by his confession, he slept.

The darkness had gathered in the room while he had been speaking; and, when he slept, Tom Gwynne rose softly and lighted the large lamp upon the centre table, carefully screening the rays from the corner where the invalid lay.

"A true friend! A good friend!" as Frank had called him, he felt no shrinking from his comrade. Long before he had been sure there was some sad secret in Frank Mason's life, some sorrow too deep for confidence. There was no sign of poverty. On the contrary, the young artist was lavish in his expenditure, and more than generous when his sympathies were aroused.

But it had been groping in the dark to try to fathom his secret, and Tom was far too loyal to attempt to surprise it. Enough for him that they could meet in true fellowship as artists and friends.

Since Frank's sudden, dangerous illness, however, a new possibility had occurred to his friend, and, as he watched him, it assumed an air of probability that troubled him deeply. He had wondered often that his friend would seek no companions, resolutely refuse all attempts to introduce him to society, and led the life of a recluse, their own friendship being the result of a chance meeting and Tom's own persistent advances. Seen in the light of Frank's disclosure, it was very easy to understand this, and the promise he had exacted that Tom would never mention his name to his friends.

But as he mused, looking often to see if his patient's rest was undisturbed, Tom Gwynne recalled another face that had for nearly a year been to him a hope, an inspiration. He had met Miss Lorimer in society, and knew her as an heiress, the niece of Mrs. Hughes, one of the leaders of fashionable circles. She was a tall, fair woman, of twenty-five or six, who bore the impress of sorrow upon her face as surely as did the man sleeping upon the cot bed.

Gentle and gracious, brilliant in conversation, Miss Lorimer seemed to have left her girlhood as far behind her as a woman of fifty. Quietly dignified, always dressed in the black, gray and white of light mourning, she was to Tom the living ideal of pure, stately womanhood; something to worship reverently, and yet to love with a tenderness born of strong devotion.

He loved her hopelessly. Never had one look from her large blue eyes given him a token that she even guessed his love, and yet he had taken her into his heart, and enshrined her there for the worship of his life.

And set strangely apart from his every day world, his love had been carefully guarded, so sacredly secret that no word of it had ever escaped his lips.

And now the delirious raving of his friend rang again in his ears.

"Laura! Laura Lorimer, my own love! One word! one look of farewell! My darling! My Laura!"

Over and over the name came to the fevered lips that had so long starved for its utterance, and Tom listened and wondered gathering strand after strand of the sad story together, until he held the whole tangled skein in his brain.

A voice, carefully lowered, roused him, to the consciousness of the doctor's entrance.

"Sleeping? That is well! Has he been awake?"

"Yes! And fully conscious."

"Very weak," touching the sick man's pulse with light, practiced fingers, and listening to the faint breathing; "has he no relatives?"

"I know of none."

"He will need great care now. It is a pity he has no wife or mother. Women are best in a sick room, and you must be worn out."

"Not quite that, but I may have a nurse to help me, if he is willing."

"It would be best."

And the doctor tip-toed out of the room, leaving Tom to his troubled meditation. He rose at last, gave himself a shake, and then, opening a desk, said half aloud:

"She could never care for me!" sighing heavily as the words passed his lips.

A brief note was written, directed, and placed upon the table, and then, lowering the light, Tom stretched himself upon a lounge close beside the cot bed, and sleep reigned in the studio until a late hour next morning, nurse and patient drawing in new strength after the long, exhausting days they had passed. It was Tom who wakened first, just as the woman who "tidied up" and "did for gentlemen" generally entered the room and undertook to watch the patient while Tom went to his own rooms, on the other side of the hallway, for bath and breakfast. It was not long before he returned, having dispatched his note, refreshed himself, and prepared his heart and brains for the trials of the day by a prayer that was as simple a petition as ever passed the lips of a child at its mother's knee.

Still the patient slept. Twice he was tenderly lifted and nourishment placed at his lips, but he drank mechanically, murmured a very drowsy thanks, and slept on. Noon came, a hot, breathless noon, such as the city often feels in early summer, and Tom sat fanning his patient, listening ever for some coming footstep in the hall. The doctor paid his visit, shook his head doubtfully and went away, and no one came above the third floor until the clock timed half-past twelve, when a *soft* rustle swept across the hall, and there at the open door, stood a tall figure in a dress of thin gray, with a bonnet of black lace upon the wealth of golden hair, worn in waving bands.

Tom rose at once, no token of his thickly throbbing heart visible in his quiet greeting.

"How can I ever thank you!"

So she greeted him, with outstretched hands, and a light in her eyes he had never before seen there.

"You know all?"

"All that Frank can tell me."

"He could not tell you how I came back to look him after my uncle died. O! I could not come before, for my uncle was old and sick, and I obeyed him as I would my father. I thought Frank would understand and trust me."

"But he would never ask you to share a life blighted and shadowed as his, and so I dared to write to you."

"God bless you for the thought!" she answered.

"You are a true friend."

Softly she crossed the room and stood by the cot bed, looking with grave, earnest eyes into the pale face, but Tom saw that the old shadow was gone from her face, and there was no sorrow in the tender curves of her beautiful lips. The patient opened his eyes suddenly. There was no start, no exclamation, only a rapturous look of recognition, and then Tom stole away, closing the door after him, and took refuge in his own den.

Yet it was Tom who went, an hour later, for a minister; Tom who gave the bride away at the strange marriage; Tom who faced the indignant aunt, and gave orders to Miss Lorimer's maid, and sent her with her trunks to Mrs. Mason; Tom who brought the ambulance to carry Frank to the boarding-house where Tom engaged rooms; Tom who was here, there, everywhere, during the next three weeks, the sick man's right hand, Mrs. Mason's brotherly adviser, until, as the European steamer slowly left the wharf, Tom's face and Tom's waving hat were the last objects upon which the eyes of the young couple rested as they started upon their wedding tour.

It was a city he could not bear them, as he turned sadly away, saying to each other: "A true friend!"

Our Savings.

It is a fact that almost every man and woman is "saving" of something to the very verge of parsimony. Economy takes queer freaks. Your generous, free-handed, hospitable mother may be positively mean in her saving of pins. Or your father may be ready at any time to burn his fingers in an effectual attempt, to use a match a second time, instead of taking a whole one.

We once knew a man of wealth and position, who dressed well, kept a carriage, and sent his sons to an expensive college, but who invariably opened his letters with great care in order that he might turn the envelopes inside out and use them again.

Since this trait is almost universal although its manifestation is so various, every one should endeavor to give it the right direction, both in himself and in any young people under his charge. For sometimes the form which one's economy takes causes not only amusement to others, but a distinct loss to himself.

For example, certain writers, in competing for large prizes for stories, prepare their manuscripts in such a way that they save a cent or two in the aggregate, but make their story so unattractive in appearance that an editor reading it can hardly do it justice.

There is one form of economy which, in spite of all that has been written about misers, is seldom carried to excess—economy of money. Every boy and girl, no matter how rich the parents may be, no matter how hard the family must pinch in order to live, should learn or should be taught to save a part of his or her money income.

If it is only ten cents in a year, then save that ten cents. Put it away and accumulate a fund. If you are within reach of a savings bank, have a deposit there, and add to it. Thrift in money matters is a lesson which every one must learn who hopes by-and-by to have a fortune of his own.

Moses' Law and Health.

Science drives a slow coach; but it gets along after a while. The law of Moses has been the laughing stock of fools for generations; but the recent census gives the following facts in regard to "the vital statistics of the Jews in the United States." The annual death rate throughout the United States is fourteen per thousand, the annual rate among the Jews is only about seven per thousand, or a little more than one-half the average death rate of the country.

It also appears that out of one thousand Jewish children born, one half would be living at the end of about 71 years, while of one thousand of the average population of the United States, one-half would be dead at the end of 47 years. Of course, pork eating, rum selling, dram drinking, loose living Gentiles despise the Jew; but unless they are in haste to get into purgatory, or some better or worse place, it might be well for them to read their Bibles and learn something about health from Moses' law.

And now comes a little newspaper item concerning eels, which for some unknown reason Moses forbade the Jews to eat:

"An Italian physician claims to have discovered that the blood of an eel contains poison of a similar character to the poison of vipers. He says an eel of two kilogrammes, or about four and one-fifth pounds, has in its blood enough poison to kill six men."

Perhaps we shall learn enough sometime to know why Moses' law forbade certain things. But it may be safe even now to pay some heed to directions, the observance of which has made the Jews the healthiest people on the earth, and which reduces their death rate to about one-half of other people around them.

A Government of Parties.

The government of this country is one of parties, not of Presidents. It is a truth of which we are constantly reminded by the cry, "Principles not men," and it is one to be borne constantly in mind. There are, indeed, instances when the individual vote is properly decided by personal considerations. A citizen, whatever his party sympathies, ought to vote against any candidate, however regularly nominated by his party, whom he does not consider to be a fit person for the office. This, however, in the case of the greater offices, is an alternative which is not often presented. But as we may properly vote against a candidate who is personally objectionable, although the candidate of the party which for the time we prefer, so, with equal propriety, we may vote against a candidate who is personally unobjectionable when the general conduct of the party that nominates him excites distrust. A vote should be determined not alone by the candidate nor by the general professions of the party but by the conviction that the chances of honest and wise government are fairer under that party ascendancy than under that of the opposition. In 1864 the Democratic party declared for the Union, and nominated a Union General for the Presidency. But notwithstanding his personal character and the party professions, the country did not trust the party, and the nomination did not help it.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Pearls of Truth.

The web of our life is of mingled yarn, good and ill together. Our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not, and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

How easy is the thought in certain moods of the lovliest, most unselfish devotion! How hard is the thought in the face of a thousand unlovely difficulties!

Nothing appears more surprising to those who consider human affairs with a philosophical eye, than the easiness with which the many are governed by the few.

A brave man thinks no one his superior who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other by forgetting it.

Waste, but the loom of life never stops, and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to morrow.

A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labor, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock.

Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you'll never be forgotten.

If a man empties his purse into his head no one takes it from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.

Fashionable Weddings.

The weddings of many of the fashionable people of the present day would lack half their charms in the eyes of most people who attend them, if gossipers did not furnish society at large with a bill of particulars in advance. These matrimonial shows of Vanity Fair are intended to bewilder and astonish, and hence, they are always announced with a flourish of trumpets. The ostentatious display of wealth at some of the large weddings in a city is in truly execrable taste.

So long as people are making such a display, why do they not do it with as much parade as possible?

Would it not be pleasing to these leaders of fashion to have a catalogue of the wedding presents, with the prices attached, telling how many dresses the bride is to have, and how much the bridegroom has settled upon her in cash? These catalogues would also make very pretty souvenirs of the wedding, and from them any one could compute the actual expense of being married in that particular style.

Under any circumstances, a mere display of wealth is decidedly in poor taste; and it is more particularly so at weddings, for the inference from such a course is that vanity, and not love, is the ruling passion of at least one of the parties.

A Boy's Discourse on Tobacco

Here is a boy's essay on tobacco: "Tobacco grows somethin' like cabbage; but I never saw none cooked. I have heard men say that cigars given 'em on 'lection day for nothin' was mostly caggage leaves. Tobacco stores are kept by wooden Injuns that stand at the door and fool boys by offerin' 'em a bunch of cigars what's glued into the Injun's hands, and is made of wood, too. I tried to smoke a cigar once, and felt like Epsom salts. Tobacco was invented by a man named Walter Raleigh, whose head was cut off. When the people first saw him smoke they thought he was a steampost, and was frightened. My sister Nancy is a girl. There is a fellow that comes to see her named Leroy. He was standing on the steps one night, and had a cigar in his hand, and said, 'I don't know whether you like smoking or not.' And she said, 'Leroy, the perfume is agreeable.' But when my big brother Tom lighted his pipe, she said, 'Get out of the house, you horrid creature!' The smell of your tobacco makes me sick.'—Snuff is Injun meal made out of tobacco. I took a little snuff once, and then I sneezed."

Clumsy People.

I hate clumsy people. Yes—I won't soften it down to please anybody. I hate 'em. What right have people to be clumsy? To be all legs and arms? Never to stir without knocking over, or knocking up, or knocking down something? What right have they, whose touch is always certain destruction, and who know it, to be forever fingering and pawing delicate ornaments and pretty little fragile parlor fancies? Why must they always select the only table in the room that has flowers upon it, to kick the water over upon your carpet? Why do they invariably sit down on babies and bonnets in preference to sofas and chairs destitute of such pleasing incumbrances? Why do they stumble over your toes when they rise, and drop everything in your lap when they attempt to pass you? I can't tell why a body is to endure all this. Why one should polish and beautify and adorn that such may recklessly mar? Is this Great Unpanked to be allowed to stumble through creation doing all sorts of disagreeable things under cover of—"'tis his way?" Nonsense! Let him learn a better way or stay away till he has.

What the Months Bring.

In January we have the lengthening days.

In February, the first butterfly.

In March, the opening buds.

In April, the young leaves and spring flowers.

In May, the song of the birds.

In June, the sweet, new-mown hay.

In July, the golden grain.

In August, the ripening harvest.

In September, the fruit.

In October, the autumn tints.

In November, the hoar frost on trees and the pure snow.

In December, last, not least, the holidays of Christmas and the bright fireside.

Last year:

Her eyes were rheumy, and weak and red,
Her breath—you could smell it afar,
She had ringing and dizziness off in her head,
And the cause of it all was catarrh.

This year:

Her breath is as sweet as the new mown hay,
Her eyes are as bright as a star,
And the cause of the change, she's ready to say
Was the Dr. Sage Cure for Catarrh.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will positively cure catarrh in the head, no matter how bad or of how long standing. Fifty cents, by all druggists.

Some persons never get farther out of their own little circle than the wooden horses in a merry-go-round.

The great reason for the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in its positive merit. It cures where other preparations fail.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

ABOUT CANADIAN NEWSPAPERS

Wonderful Advance of a Quarter of a Century.

The progress made by the British North American provinces since they became a Confederation is in no way more strikingly illustrated than in the advance made by the Press. This can be shown, whether we regard the literary talent attracted to the Canadian press, the growth in mere numbers of newspapers, or the expansion in the circulation and wealth of the leading journals. No town nor district of importance is now left without a newspaper champion of its local rights, while almost every leading branch of science, art and trade has some journal making its particular interest a special study.

Many highly instructive facts bearing on the progress of Canadian newspapers appear in a new handbook of the Canadian Press just issued by A. McKim & Co., Newspaper Advertising Agents, Montreal, to whose enterprise we are indebted for the first Directory of Canadian newspapers that at all approaches completeness.

It is certainly time that Canada had a newspaper directory of its own, instead of looking to foreign sources for information of its press, and the work just issued reflects credit upon the skill and enterprise of the publishers. It has over 200 more papers than are reported in any other directory, and the information is very comprehensive indeed, as the "Canadian Newspaper directory" gives a gazetteer of each newspaper town which embraces everything that could be of interest, from a business point of view. Regarding each newspaper it gives full particulars, touching every point on which accurate information is obtainable.

Mr. Anson McKim, the proprietor of the Advertising Agency from which this work is issued has been in the advertising business about 13 years, having started as special agent of the Toronto *Mail* in Montreal in 1878.

It is now less than 4 years since he opened out in the Newspaper Advertising Agency business in Montreal under the style of A. McKim & Co., and the success already achieved by this enterprising firm can only be the result of experience, industry, and indefatigable attention to every detail of the business.

Perhaps it is not too much to say that this agency now handles more business with Canadian newspapers than all other agencies combined, which shows that the firm not only enjoys the confidence of the many large advertisers whose business they control, but that of the Canadian publishers as well.

One of the most interesting features of the work is a history of Canadian journalism, in which an account is given of the first papers published in each province, with a sketch of the rise and progress of the most noteworthy papers down to a comparatively recent period. Many curious facts are given about these early papers, and the sketch, which contains much material that has not hitherto been in the light, is the most comprehensive one yet published on the subject. Accompanying the history is a facsimile of the first newspaper printed in the Dominion. It was supposed that the Quebec *Gazette* was the first Canadian newspaper, but the Halifax *Gazette* here reproduced, appeared in March 1752, twelve years before the Quebec paper saw the light. It consisted of only two pages 9 x 15 inches, and it is a lamentable fact, strikingly illustrating the mortality of the early newspapers, that not a single copy of the Halifax *Gazette* is known to exist in Canada. A copy, supposed to be unique, is in the library of Massachusetts Historical Society, in Boston; and after some trouble and expense Messrs. McKim & Co. obtained a photograph of it. The souvenir alone is worth the price of the book, which is $2.00. To give an idea of the labor required in a work like the Canadian Newspaper Directory, it may be stated that the book contains 30,000 separate facts, apart from its history.

The compilers have been at considerable pains to gather facts regarding newspapers of the past; and they have framed what appears to be a very complete table of the newspapers of all the provinces, so far back as 1864—just three years before confederation. There were then in all British North America only 298 papers, of which 12 were in Newfoundland. At the end of 1891, these had increased to 1044, including Newfoundland, which now has 11. In 1864 Manitoba had but one paper, now it has 57; British Columbia had 3, now it has 33; then the North West Territories had not a single one, though now they have 19. And though the increase in the other provinces does not bear so great a ratio, it is still remarkable. The papers of Ontario have increased from 172 to 573; Quebec from 55 to 209; Nova Scotia from 25 to 80; New Brunswick from 22 to 49; Prince Edward Island from 8 to 14; Newfoundland alone stands with one less paper to-day than it had in 1875, and Newfoundland alone of all the British American Colonies, has remained out of the confederation. The progress of the press means the material progress of the people, and no doubt if the ancient Colony were now a member of the confederation, her newspapers and her resources would alike increase and multiply. In 1864 Canada had scarcely any of what are known as class papers. Now we have 26 devoted to agriculture and rural interests, 34 to the interests of benefit societies and brotherhoods, 10 to the law, 15 to medicine, pharmacy, and hygiene, 15 to temperance and prohibition, 32 to literature, 7 to education, besides 29 published as school and college papers, and 43 to trade, finance and manufactures. There are also many papers devoted to other special topics. This new directory brings out the interesting fact that there are 100 religious publications in Canada, of which the Roman Catholic Church claims 24, the Church of England 15, the Methodist 13, the Presbyterian 10, the Lutheran 6, the Baptist 6, while 26 belong to various denominations or are classed "unsectarian." There are 144 papers published in Canada in languages other than English. Of these no less than 126 are published as French, distributed as follows: 115 in the province of Quebec, 6 in Ontario, 2 in Manitoba, 2 in New Brunswick and one in Nova Scotia. To show the remarkable advance the French