The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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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.

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

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST, GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

McLEAN & McLEAN
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan.
Office:—Town Hall, Acton.
WM. A. McLEAN. JNO. A. McLEAN.

J. A. MOWAT,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC.
Money to Loan.
OFFICE DAYS—Tuesday and Saturday.
OFFICE:—Kennedy's Block, Acton, up-stairs

R. J. McNABB,
CONVEYANCER, COLLECTOR, ETC.
Rents and Accounts collected. Agent Fire and Life Assurance. Property bought and sold. Money to loan on the most favorable terms.
J. A. MOWAT'S Office. Acton

SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & STONE,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,
TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN.
Offices—Crossland's Block, Georgetown, and Traders Bank Chambers, 63 Yonge st., Toronto.
J. SHILTON, Q.C. W. H. WALLBRIDGE. H. E. STONE.

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

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

JOHN DAY,
ARCHITECT,
GUELPH, ONT.
OFFICE:—Wyndham Street.

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

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
MILL STREET, ACTON.
An easy shave, stylish hair-cut, a good sea-foam or exhilarating shampoo always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.
J. & H. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artists.

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

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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,
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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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COAL AND WOOD YARDS.
JAMES BROWN
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Coal and Wood.
Coal and Wood always in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices.
Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always on hand.
Telephone communication.

S. M. COOK & CO.,
GEORGETOWN,
Licensed Auctioneers, Appraisers, Valuators, Collectors, Real Estate and General Land Agents.
—FOR THE COUNTIES OF—
Halton, Peel, Wellington, Simcoe, York and Ontario.
Money to loan from $100 up at six per cent.
Parties placing their sales or other business in our hands will have the same promptly attended to at moderate charges.
OFFICE AND SALES ROOMS:—Mill St., Georgetown, or address Box 196, S. M. Cook & Co., Auctioneers.
BRANCH OFFICE:—31 Queen St., East, Toronto.
S. M. COOK & CO., Auctioneers, Georgetown and Toronto.

NEW
Wall Papers
1892.
Our New Stock
PAPERS AND BORDRES,
Very large, fine and cheap, are now ready for sale at
DAY'S BOOKSTORE
Day Sells Cheap.

Bank of Montreal
CAPITAL - $12,000,000
REST - 6,000,000
A SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
Has been opened in connection with this Branch.
Interest Allowed at Current Rates.
JAS. H. FINLAY,
Manager GUELPH BRANCH.

W. BARBER & BROS.
PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
—AND—
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.
The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.
WM. BARBER & BROS.

STEEL ENGRAVINGS,
Proof Etchings, Colored Pictures, Room and Picture Mouldings,
IVORY OAK FRAMES SILVER GILT
ARTISTS' MATERIALS.
A full stock of Winsor & Newton's Flake White.
Double Tubes, Rowney's, 10c.
6 x 10 Deep Plush Frames, complete 20c.
5 Feet Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 20c.
Our Wall papers
Are said to be the best selected in the city
WATERS BROS.,
ESTABLISHED 1877.
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE. - GUELPH.

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

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE.
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 9 a.m. and 8½ p.m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS.

Wellington Mutual
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
ESTABLISHED 1840.
HEAD OFFICE - GUELPH.
Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of insurable property, on the Cash and Premium Note System.
F. W. STONE, President. CHAS. DAVIDSON, Manager.
JOHN TAYLOR, AGENT.

BELL
Pianos
AND
Organs
WERE AWARDED
THE GOLD MEDAL
AT
Jamaica 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,
21 Lower Wyndham street, Guelph. Telephone 178.

Hamilton's Marble Works.
HAMILTON's Block (formerly Hatch's Block), the core, corner of Woolwich and Norfolk streets, Guelph, Ont.
JOHN H. HAMILTON,
Proprietor,
Wholesale and retail dealer and direct importer and manufacturer of all kinds of Granite and Marble Monuments, Tombstones, etc. Having had an extensive experience for the last 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 604,000.00
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. P. H. JONES,
Manager Guelph Branch.

Sideboards from
$6.50 up.
Parlor Suites
Walnut frames
Upholstered
In plush from
$30.00 up.
Agent for the "Comet" Bicycle. Best made. Call and see them.
P. SPRAGGE'S,
Upper Wyndham Street, - Guelph.

Dust Proof
Watch Cases.
If your old Silver Hunting Watch Cases lie in the dust, PRINGLE, the Jeweller, of Guelph, will give you a first quality new nickel, open face, thick glass one, in exchange, without extra charge.

FLEXIBLE, DAINTY
—AND—
DURABLE.
Genuine Kid and Dongola Buttoned Boots and Low Shoes,
We keep a fine line of Hand Turns and Machine Sewn.
Ladies' American handmade turn sole Kid Boots in all widths and best quality.
See the Latest Style in Ladies and Gents' LOW SHOES in our windows.
You get a better selection with us than anywhere else in the city. We study to please the public and buy only the very best.
It does not pay to buy any Shoe because its cheap. Get the BEST QUALITY at the
Leading Boot and Shoe Store
Mail Orders Attended To Promptly.
W. McLAREN & CO.
Guelph, Ont.

99
Upper - Wyndham - Street.
FRESH ARRIVALS.
Fine Scotch Suitings,
New Spring Worsted Suitings
Overcoatings—Newest Colors
OPENED TO-DAY
Choice New Lines in Fine English Hats, in Fedoras and all the Newest Shapes to be sold at close prices.
Special Drives in Hats.
Remember our Famous $1 Pants to Order.
R. E. NELSON,
Fashionable Clothier,
99 Upper Wyndham St., Guelph.

- - 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

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 secure customers complete satisfaction. Graining in all woods a specialty.
Orders left at my residence, Main St., Acton will receive prompt attention.

Poetry.

MARRIED LOVE.

Spurgeon was not known as a poet, but the "Sword and Trowel," 1875, contained the following to his wife:

"Over the grave that parts us, my wife,
I'll cast no a bridge of song
Our hearts shall meet, O joy of my life,
On its arch unseen, but strong.

"The wooer his new love's name may wear
Engraved on a precious stone;
But in my heart thine image I wear—
That heart has long been thine own.

The glowing colours on surface laid,
Wash out in a shower of rain;
Thou need'st not be of rivers afraid,
For my love is dyed ingrain.

And as every drop of Garda's lake
Is tinged with sapphire's blue,
So all the powers of my mind partake
Of joy at the thought of you.

The glittering dewdrops of dawning love
Exhale as the day grows old,
And fondness, taking the wings of a dove,
Is gone like a tale of old.

But mine for thee, from the chambers of joy
With strength came forth as the sun,
Nor life nor death shall its force destroy,—
For ever its course shall run.

All earth-born love must sleep in the grave,
To its native dust return;
What God hath kindled shall death outbrave,
And in heaven itself shall burn.

Beyond and above the wedlock tie
Our union to Christ we feel;
Uniting bonds which were made on high,
Shall hold as when earth shall reel."

Select Family Reading.

"The Last Straw."

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Adeline was a young housekeeper. We're all young housekeepers in our time," said Aunt Betsey, placidly polishing her spectacle glasses as she sat by the fire, "and experience can't be learned out of books like spelling and ciphering and the rule of three. And our Adeline was like all other brides; she supposed that when she got married, she was going to step right into Paradise. Dear knows what girls are thinking about, to make such a mistake as that. But there—we're all mortal! If we wasn't some of us would be angels, and some of us t'other thing—and I take it, that isn't the Lord's intentions at all!

"Yes, as I was saying, Adeline she was a young housekeeper,—and, of course, it was very kind for all her husband's relations to come and visit her just as she was putting up her curtains and putting down her carpets. Uncle Peter Poole, too, on Adeline's own side, came on from Wisconsin, with his wife and the two boys. Said he shouldn't have thought of such a thing, if Adeline hadn't been housekeeping. And I don't suppose he would; for Uncle Peter Poole was one of your economical sort, and hotels cost a deal of money. And old Miss Caroline Carter with her mother—they came; and Amariah Hazeldean came; and, finally, Adeline and her husband, they slept on a mattress on the kitchen floor, and I stayed o' nights at Miss Delford's, the milliner, two doors down the block. It was pretty hard, as you may believe, and Adeline said she didn't know how in the world she was going to stand it. But John Henry said it was our duty to be hospitable, and, after all, the relations couldn't stay forever. But after a little while it did begin to appear as if some of 'em intended it!

"And there were other disagreeables. Uncle Peter couldn't eat salt-rising bread, and old Mrs. Carter said that yeast in any shape was poison to her. Amariah Hazeldean couldn't drink green tea, and Caroline Carter disliked black tea. Mrs. Poole said fried meat wasn't fit to eat, and John Henry's father, a nice old gentleman, only rather disposed to be a bit fidgety, he liked his bit of bacon and liver friend in the pan with plenty of butter. Aunt Poole wanted mince pies, and Caroline Carter said people might as well swallow so much poison. Amariah liked dinner at noon, and John Henry's father preferred two o'clock, and John Henry himself had to have it at six on account of his business. And between 'em all, I did think Adeline would have gone crazy, especially after the girl went away. 'I can stand one missus, mem,' said Anne, 'but I can't stand twenty; no, nor no living soul couldn't!' And I didn't blame the poor creature!

"Well, but to get on with my story. The last straw that broke the camel's back was—pig's feet! It don't sound exactly logical, I know," said Aunt Betsey, scratching the bridge of her nose, thoughtfully, with her knitting-needle, "but it's gospel truth, all the same. It was of a Monday, and the washerwoman she was busy in the kitchen, and me and Adeline we were in the dairy-room, cutting up the chickens to make a nice pot-pie for dinner, for John Henry was partial to pot-pie and said that Adeline's crust beat all creation for lightness and sweetness, though Uncle Peter Poole said that people might as well commit suicide as to eat boiled dough; when in comes old Mrs. Carter, smiling all over—she had a set of false teeth that didn't fit over well, and they did give her an awful wolfish look, when she was good-natured!

"'My dear,' says Mrs. Carter, 'what have you got for dinner?'

"Adeline looked scared. 'Chicken pot-pie, Aunt Carter,' said she.

"'Never mind the chicken pot-pie,' said Mrs. Carter, looking as if she was all teeth. 'I was just going past a market, and I bought you a dozen pigs' feet.'

"'Pigs feet!' said Adeline, and she looked at 'em as if they were so many pigs' tails.

"'I'm fearful fond of pigs' feet said old Mrs. Carter. 'Give 'em a good boil, because if pigs' feet aint tender they aint nothing.'

"She had hardly got out of the room, for she was very stout, and walked like a waddling duck, when in came old Uncle Peter Poole by the basement door, with a brown paper parcel under his arm.

"'Niece,' said he, "I've a pleasant surprise for you—pigs' feet. I like 'em boiled down and then sliced off and fried with a sprinkle of powdered sage.'

"Adeline looked at me.'

"'Aunt Betsey,' said she, "what am I to do?'

"'Do just as you was going to do,' said I. 'Go on with the pot-pie.'

"Just then the door-bell rang, and in came a package with Amariah Hazeldean's name written in the corner. 'With compliments!' and if you'll believe me, it was half a dozen pigs' feet!

"'Is everybody crazy?' says Adeline.

"She hadn't fairly got through saying it, before in walks old Miss Caroline with a basket.'

"'I hope you won't think I'm taking a liberty, Cousin Adeline,' she said, triumphantly, 'but I was down to a wholesale grocer's, this morning, to get some cocoa for ma, (ma finds that she cannot drink tea nor coffee, so if you won't mind making the cocoa, we shall be so much obliged), and saw the loveliest pigs' feet there, so white and fresh, my dear! And if you'll just pickle 'em in a pickle, we can enjoy 'em for relish.'

"Adeline stood a minute, looking first at Caroline Carter and her basket, and then at the piles of pigs' foot on the table. And then she put down her knife, and untied the white housekeeping apron that she always wore in the kitchen.

"'Bless me, Adeline,' said I, "what are you going to do?'

"'I'm going home to ma,' said Adeline with a little hysterical gurgle in her throat.

"'And who'll cook the pigs' feet?' said old Miss Caroline Carter, bristling up like a setting hen.

"'I don't know,' said Adeline, 'and I don't care! One thing I do know, I won't submit to this imposition any longer! I'm going home to ma.'

"So she did. And I gathered up all the pigs' feet and put 'em in the biggest pot could find, and biled 'em and served them up, piping hot, for dinner.

"The relations all sat around and ate them with the sourest faces and the grimmest looks that you ever saw. And after dinner they all retired to pack their trunks.

"When the house was clear I went after Adeline.'

"'My dear,' said I, "you can come back now.'

"'Are they all gone?' said Adeline, faintly.

"'Yes,' says I, "and so are the pigs' feet.'

"Adeline laughed—she couldn't restrain herself, although I could see, plain, enough, that she was just ready to burst out crying.

"'And what did John Henry say?' faltered she.

"'He said you did perfectly right,' I answered promptly.

"'And—and the pigs' feet?' she whispered.

"'They're all eaten up my dear,' said I. "And we'll have the the pot-pie for dinner to-morrow!'

"So Adeline came back home—and you never saw such a looking place. If a whirlwind of old coats and packing-paper, spectacle cases and rusty hair-pins had blown through all the rooms, they couldn't have looked worse than the Carters and Uncle Peter Poole's folks and Amariah Hazeldean had left it up stairs. But the fire was burning brightly in the sitting-room, and Anne, the girl, was back, smiling and courtesying: and there was the cosy little tea-table set for three, and John Henry waiting to welcome us.

"'Your not angry with me dear?' said Adeline, looking timidly up in his face.

"'Angry, my darling?' said John Henry. "I'm angry with myself because I stood this sort of thing so long. We've been living long enough for a swarm of hungry relations, now let us try and live for ourselves a little while.'

"And after that we had a little peace,' added Aunt Betsey. "But to this day Adeline declares that she never should have had courage to behave as she did if it hadn't been 'for the pigs' feet.'"—N. Y. Ledger.

Not Bad.

At a certain club house the other night, a Birmingham man, newly arrived, was lamenting his condition, and his folly in leaving an abundance at home, and especially two beautiful daughters who were just budding into womanhood, when he asked another club man if he had any family.

"Yes, sir; I have a wife and six children in Glasgow, and I never saw one of them."

After this the couple sat a few minutes in silence, and the interrogator again commenced:

"Were you ever blind, sir?"

"No, sir."

Another lapse of silence.

"Did I understand you to say, sir, that you had a wife and six children living in Glasgow and had never seen one of them?"

"Yes, sir; I stated it."

Another and longer pause of silence.

Then the interrogator again inquired:—"How can it be, sir, that you never saw one of them?"

"Why," was the response, "one of them was born after I left."

"Oh! ah!" and a general laughed followed.

How Merchants Fail.

An old and experienced dry goods merchant in this city recently said that the majority of failures in business are due to the fact that managers do not rightly estimate the difference between the cost price and selling price of their goods. In other words they break down because they do not allow sufficient margin for expenses, let alone a reasonable profit. Into the cost price of goods should be reckoned the cost of selling—freights, cost of handling in the store, rent, insurance, clerk hire, book-keeping and free delivery. These must all be paid for out of the selling price, not to mention bad accounts and cost of collection. An article which costs $2, and is sold for $2.50 does not represent 50 cents profit by any means. It represents only 15 or 20 cents after the expenses of selling are all paid, and, in case of failure, the inference is that it represents no profit at all and has not done so for many months prior to the collapse. The "centre" upon which the business engine is most likely "to hang" is when expense and profit meet.

The Lessons of Arbor Day.

The influence of Arbor day in promoting interest in trees and flowers is a happy influence which will not be lost upon multitudes of pupils. Many of them hereafter will trace their pleasure in trees, and it is one of the purest of pleasures, to their early training of their taste and observation. The day affords the teacher a golden opportunity of pointing out the relation between the landscape and literature, and they may wisely discourse upon reason that in the ancient and most objective literature there is the least allusion to what we call Nature.

Not the least valuable of the lessons of the day is the tenderness of feeling toward trees which it encourages. If the children of to-day could once more people the woods and hills with dryads and oreads, they would less ruthlessly mutilate the shrubs and saplings, and look upon a shaved hillside as on a ravaged village. It is a beautiful holiday in the loveliest season, and we trust its observance will become more and more general.

Don't have a man in your employ you cannot trust.

HOW TO GET ON IN LIFE.

Nine Brief Rules for the Government of Rising Young Men.

In the current issue of the *Young Man* Prof. John Stuart Blackie publishes an interesting article on reminiscences of youth. Like a lady's letter, the most important part is the postscript, in which he sets down a few of the rules of conduct which have guided him through life, and which he has no doubt may have contributed largely to any praiseworthy work that he has been able to achieve.

I. Never indulge the notion that you have any absolute right to choose the sphere or the circumstances in which you are to put forth your daily powers of social action but let your daily wisdom of life be in making a good use of the opportunities given.

II. We live in a real, and a solid, and a truthful world. In such a world only truth in the long run can hope to prosper. Therefore avoid lies, mere show and sham, and hollow superficiality of all kinds, which is at the best a painted lie. Let whatever you are, and whatever you do, grow out of a firm root of truth and a strong soil of reality.

III. The nobility of life is work. We live in a working world. The lazy man does not count in the plan of campaign. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Let that be enough.

IV. Never forget St. Paul's sentence, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." This is the steam of the social machine.

V. But the steam requires regulation. It is regulated by intelligence and moderation. Healthy action is always a balance of forces, and all extremes are dangerous; the excess of a good thing being often more dangerous in its social consequences than the excess of what is radically bad.

VI. Do one thing well. Be a whole man as Chancellor Thurlow said, 'Do one thing at a time.' Make clean work and leave no tags. Allow no delays when you are at a thing; do it and be done with it.

VII. Avoid miscellaneous reading. Read nothing that you do not care to remember; and remember nothing you do not mean to use.

VIII. Never desire to appear clever and make a show of your talents before men. Be honest, loving, kindly and sympathetic in all you say and do. Cleverness will flow from you naturally, if you have it; and applause will come to you unsought from those who know what to applaud; but the applause of fools is to be shunned.

IX. Above all things avoid fault-finding and a habit of critism. Let your rule in reference to your social sentiments be simply this: Pray for the bad, pity the weak, enjoy the good, and reverence both the great and the small, as playing each his part aptly in the divine symphony of the universe.

Ram's Horn's Reasons.

The eccentric genius who presides over the destinies of the Ram's Horn, a weekly paper printed at the home of President Harrison, under the head of 'Some Reason,' does a little bit of paragraphing which is unique, to say the least:

One reason why every Christian is not a millionaire, is because God can't trust him with so much money.

One reason why people sleep in church is because the preacher himself is not wide-awake.

One reason why some people are not as wicked as other people, is because they don't have the same opportunities.

One reason why some men don't have better wives, is because they are such poor husbands.

One reason why some people belong to church is because they haven't been put out yet.

One reason why some men are preachers is because they are too lazy to be farmers and blacksmiths.

One reason why some women marry, is is because they haven't the courage to work for a living.

One reason why some children die young, is because they get everything they cry for.

One reason why so many people are in prison to-day is because they had poor mothers and worse fathers.

One reason why the sinner can't see God is because he don't look the right way. Instead of standing up and looking down, he should kneel down and look up."

A Questionable Charity.

The world is full of queer anomalies. For example, in the city of London, where multitudes of human beings endure, unhelped, the bitterest pangs of want, there is said to be a "Home for Lost and Starving Dogs," with four lady patronesses, three of whom are peeresses, a managing committee of seven ladies and four gentlemen, and a minister of the gospel for its secretary. Hundreds of miserable, mangy curs picked up in the streets are taken to "receiving houses" and thence transferred to the "Home," where they are comfortably boarded and lodged—much more comfortable than many Christians from London charity, so tender to "Trey, Blanche and Sweetheart," has forgot to provide a home.

We have little sympathy with the maudlin humanity that gives it tears and testers to dogs, while men, woman and children starve in the streets whence the more favored brutes are rescued. If we might venture on a suggestion to the titled lady patronesses and clerical secretary of the London Charitable Doggery, we would say, "Kill off your curs and give their food to the outcasts of St. Giles's and Whitechapel. They would be thankful to be as well housed and fed as your four-legged dependents."

The poets sing, in dainty rhymes,
Of summer days and sunny climes,
Of beauteous maidens, passing fair,
With watching eyes and waving hair,
Till, near the end your spirit to see—
'Tis but an "ad" for P. F. P.;
that is, Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the infallible and guaranteed remedy for all kinds of female weakness, which cures the ailments of feeble, "run down" and debilitated women, and restores them to youthfulness and beauty once more. The price of this royal remedy, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, is but one dollar a bottle, and money refunded in every case it it doesn't give satisfaction. See guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

"Ikey," exclaimed Abram Einstein, as he glanced over his son's copybook, "who wrote dat copy, 'nothink sugseeds like sugsess?'" "Mein teacher," replied Ikey. "Dot vos all wrong, Ikey. Nothink sugseeds like failures, and blendy of dem. Don't you forget to remember dot."

Future Success.

We are confident that an immense gain would be made to the temperance cause in the near future, says the *Christian at Work*, if the subject of total abstinence were pushed to the front once more and presented in its most effective light. The cause will make true and real progress just in proportion as the number of total abstainers are increased. No degree of permanent success can be expected from any temperance movement that does not move on a total abstinence basis. It will not do now, if at any time, to countenance any form or phase of the traffic in intoxicating drink. The severance from the liquor traffic must be distinct and complete. There must be no recognition of it anywhere, not even at the communion table. In no other way can the warfare against the drink curse be prosecuted with vigor and success. While this implies the abandonment of some habits and customs which may appear harmless in themselves to some Christian men, it should be borne in mind the present is a critical time in the struggle with the liquor power, and Christian men cannot afford to occupy a position where their influence and example tend in any slight degree to weaken and embarrass the temperance forces. It will hardly be maintained by any reasonable person that any positive and tangible benefit, other than financial, accrues to individuals or to communities from the presence of the liquor traffic; considered at its best, it does nothing more than minister to the appetites and sensual pleasures of men. Except perhaps in its capacity as a medicinal agent, it cannot be regarded by anyone as among the necessaries of life. But on the other hand, no reasonable person will fail to acknowledge that a vast and unmeasureable amount of positive and tangible evil does come directly from the liquor traffic. For a person to deny this would be to deny the evidence of his own senses. This being the case, why should not all men who have any interest in the well-being of their fellows deny themselves that which does them no actual good if it does them no harm, but which to their certain knowledge is the means of bringing down upon the world around them a flood of misery and crime? More especially should they consider the need and importance of self-denial in a day like this, when example and influence counts for so much in the desperate and critical struggle with the liquor power. The great multitude of professing Christian men who indulge in drink in a moderate degree are the hope and the strength of the liquor traffic to-day. Their influence and example taken together are enough to throw the balance of power on the side of the traffic. Would that Christian men everywhere could see and understand this!

Polly Pressed the Button.

A gentleman who has recently returned from Mexico, and who brought with him a parrot which he purchased in Vera Cruz, has been very much astonished at some tricks which that bird has learned during the few days he has been in the house. The bird's owner, Col. Howard Johnson, occupies a beautiful residence in the suburbs, and Jocko has from the first shown the liveliest interest in all his surroundings. It was very soon found that he could not be allowed his liberty in Mrs. Johnson's room, as he at once formed a terrible antipathy to a beautiful panther-skin rug, in which the head is remarkably lifelike, and the moment he was released he would make for the rug and begin biting savagely at his eyes and nose. He escaped from his cage one day and almost demolished the nose of the rug, and after that he was chained to his perch.

It happened that for several days in succession the perch stood by the wall, close beside the electric bell. When Mrs. Johnson touched the button Jocko took notes, with his head on one side and a most inquiring air; and when the servant appeared immediately afterward Jocko gave a faint croak of astonishment. After witnessing this performance several times it was evident that Jocko began to see some connection between the button and the servant. He spent a great deal of time studying the button, running his beak softly around it, and apparently communing with himself, his mistress watching him meanwhile, highly amused at his cleverness. At last, whether accidentally or otherwise, Jocko discovered the connection and pressed the button. The next moment a servant appeared, and the little schemer straightened up and said with great gravity "Jocko's hungry." His mistress's shouts of laughter and the servant's astonishment did not in the least discompose him. He had rung for what he wanted, and he insisted on having it. The scheme worked well, to Jocko's manifest delight. He rang the bell again before half an hour, and remarked to the servant who answered the call:

"Well, you are a daisy! Jocko wants water!"—*St. Louis Paper.*

The Lost Soul.

He had promised his dying mother that he would never enter tavern or gaming house. But the tempter came; he yielded; he gamed and he drank till laid on a death-bed, and smitten with the drunkard's delirium. He thought that devils were crowding in, and pointing to the door, he cried, "Keep them off! keep them off!" Then he seemed at a gaming table with devils. He played, and lost all he had. He played again, and staked his soul. Yes, he staked his soul and lost it. Then in agony he cried, "Yes, I will play one more with you; you have my soul and I must win it back." Thus did he rave in his agony, till death smote him, and ended the raving, but not the agony! That was only beginning.

A lost soul after terribly realizing his position, is described by Shakespeare as saying:—

"But that I am forbid
To tell the secret of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.
But this eternal blazon must not be
To the ears of flesh and blood."

Thomas (a lover from Wayback)—"I suppose, Susie, that there comes to every woman, sooner or later, an irresistible longing to lay her head upon some strong man's shoulders, and give vent to the outpourings of a full heart?" Susie (timidly)—"Yes, Thomas." Thomas—"Well, Susie if you feel that way, my shoulder is at your disposal." Susie embraced the opportunity, and Thomas embraced Susie.

AN ELEGY IN A COUNTRY STORE

Sit down a minit Mister, an' write a line or two,
An' let me tell my story—you'll say its sad though true;
But some things hev their bright sides as well as darkest shades,
An' clouds are never brighter than when the sunlight fades.

There's trouble, disappointment' an' trials all through life,
An' tho' yer peaceful minded yer bound ter have your strife;
But settle at four cross-roads an' keep a country store
An' you'll find yer troubles greater than e'er they were before.

But 'scuse me, I'm wandering a little off my text
How old Hank Smith, of Johnsville, was hooked and down up brown,
Yo'll do a wondrous kindness to every country town.

I've kep' a store in Johnsville nigh onto twenty year,
An' every man an' woman to my heart is dear,
I've paid what's due of taxes an' helped for make the town,
An' many a totterin' farmer 've kep from breaking down.

My business was progressin', an' though my wants were few,
I couldn't lay a surplus by, as some I know well do—
Like old Ben Jones, the Deacon, down on the township line,
Who owns three hundred acres, the finest of the fine.

One day a deputation of farmers came to town,
An' called on me to offer trade an' spot cash down;
They'd written's, papers, letters, rules by-laws an' the like,
Just like the honest workmen, preparin' for a strike.

An' Deacon Jones was leader an' read the rules to me,
An' Bodd of Township Logan, he of Concession Three.
Got up and painted to me the glories of the deal
An' like a fool I signed it—they stamped it with a seal.

I was to get the business of a hundred farmers sure,
On only ONE condition—'twas simple an' secure
That I should sell them freely for cash, you understand,
Their goods, an' only charge them—a twelve per cent demand.

They said they'd buy all goods from me and pay me down the cash,
An' that the other merchants here would all go plunk to smash.
That I would do a roarin' trade an' make my money fast,
An' all my neighbors would get left for robbin' in the past.

I signed the paper as I said—they stamped an' sealed it too—
An' smilin' left my little store—that day I'll always rue.
At first they swarmed into the place an' ordered goodly lots,
Looked at my bills, put down the cash, an' grinned like idiots.

But Roberts 'cross the way from me, who'd kicked the whole gang out,
Cut sugar down below my cost, which raised a deuced shout,
An' Brown, up near the market, sent out a card to say,
That "Patrons or no Patrons" who had the cash to pay,
Could get what goods they wanted at less than Patrons price—
He put his prices lower than for living would suffice.

An' every store around me, both in town an' out
Was cuttin' things below me, of that there was no doubt.
I kinder felt uneasy to see such tricks be made,
An' knew that I was losin' each blessed day more trade,
The Patrons seemed to vanish and leave no trail behind—
My neighbors were semilin'—they didn't seem to mind.

An' then my trade in town got mad an' passed my store each day,
An' bought their goods from "Hustler" Brown or Roberts cross the way.
They wouldn't deal, they told me so, with any man who sold,
To greedy men of wealth like Jones, for twelve per cent. of gold.

The Patrons didn't seem to come like once they used to do,
An' I began to see that things were gettin' very blue,
My business got into a mess, my bills could not be paid,
The wholesale house got dunning me—said payments must be made.

I wondered what the matter was an' couldn't make it out,
Until one night I met old Jones (twas him without a doubt)
Aloading up his democrat in front of Brown's old stand,
Humbled to the racket then—I saw the rascal's hand.

That night when I got home again I read the writin's through
To see just what the bargain was an' what we had to do
(Twas clear as daylight now to me—I'D BOUND MYSELF TO SELL,
While they had not agreed to BUY, except it suited well.

An' when my prices seemed too high, though I was sellin' straight,
They either went to other towns or came at night quite late.
An' bought what goods they wanted from Roberts or from Brown,
Who worked together, strange to say, to beat my prices down.

I knew then just how things would go, I knew it, though too late,
That I was bound to clean bust up as sure as fate is fate.
I couldn't buck ag'n old Brown, an' Roberts too was rich,
While they were making money I was nearly in the ditch.

Next mornin' I hung out a card, with letters large an' red,
An' told the public—as I thought the Patrons was all dead,
An' that, though I was near the same I'd drop the whole gang hot
An' sell my goods like honest men—I'd do it or be shot.

An' Mister, say, when you reach town, just tell yer printer man
To write an' show the merchants how they work their little plan,
An' if you'll only tell em straight, I'm sure you'll have success
An' many a trusting brother will pause, an' think an' bless—

—*Hec. Scord in Markdale Standard.*

Advice to Bosses.

Don't congratulate yourself when you hire a man for less than he is worth.

Don't get the idea that every customer who makes a claim for poor goods is a swindler.

Don't limit a salesman on expenses.

Don't forget there are others in your line of business who are after the trade.

Don't think you see the whole great west and south on the desk in front of you.

Don't work a man twelve months in a year.

Don't give money to foreign missions on Sunday, and cut down the salary of your travelling man on Monday.

Don't print on your bill-heads, "Pay no money to agents."

Don't you forget it.—*Boots and Shoes Weekly.*