The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC
Money to Loan.
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OFFICE—Kennedy's Block, Acton, up-stairs

R. J. M. NABB,
CONVEYANCER, COLLECTOR, ETC.
Rents and accounts collected. Agent Fire and Life Assurance. Property bought and sold. Money to loan on the most favorable terms.
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Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,
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Offices—Creelman'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
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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)
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St. George's Square, Guelph, Ontario
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Rulingneatly and promptly done

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

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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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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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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.
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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 $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.
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1892.
Our New Stock
PAPERS AND BORDRES,
Very large, fine and cheap, are now ready for sale 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.
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 Bocklin's, 10c
8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete 35c
5 Foot Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 25c

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

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

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE.
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 9 a. m. and 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,
25 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 10 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 60 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 604,600.00
REST FUND 35,000.00
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 Salem 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.

Plush Parlor Suites
Solid Walnut Frames Complete
FROM $30 ,UP.
P. SPRAGGE,
Guelph.

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 Styles 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

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 work. manlike manner.
Plow and machinery repairs constantly on hand.
HENRY GRINDELL

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.

CANADA.

O Canada! my country,
Protector of my birth,
Offspring of the noblest realm
That rules upon this earth,
Where shall thy sons and daughters
Future store bright command
Thee within thy fair dominion,
Stretching from strand to strand?

The grandeur of thy scenery
The poet fails to pen;
The richness of thy fertile plains
Scientists "dinna ken."
Thy giant march of intellect
Has stirred the mother-land;
The shrewdness of thy men of state
The land who seeks thy hand.

Then rise! ye sons of freedom,
Sons to the manor born;
And claim your noble birthright,
Unblemished and untorn.
Stand by the land that loves you,
That claims you as her own!
Make her the fairest jewel
In the imperial crown!

—W. T.

Select Family Reading.

Aunt Abby's Patchwork.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Our folks aint littery, I s'pose," said Miss Abby, "an' that's the reason I hev so much trouble."

Miss Abby was right. The Hopkinses were not a literary family. There was a quarto edition of Shakespeare, a family Bible, a "Complete Physician," and a carefully preserved file of the weekly newspaper, kept on the table in the best room, but, as a general thing, the Hopkinses neither read nor wrote. They had not been brought up to it. There was the squire, a round, rubicund personage, who was much given to going about in his shirt sleeves, and to smoking comfortable pipes on his back porch; there was Mrs. Hopkins, who was great on pickling and preserving, and had on her tongue's end a certain cure for all the neighborhood ills; there was Letty, whose pink cheeks and bronze brown hair awoke the admiration of every young man in a circuit for ten miles around; and there was Elihu, a sturdy, black-browed young man, who was already beginning to disturb his father's conservative mind by hints as to steam plows, patent reapers, and progressive farm machinery of every sort.

"What's good enough for your grandfather's good enough for me," said the squire.

"But the world moves, father," said Elihu.

"That aint no reason that I should move, too," said Squire Hopkins, settling back on the hind legs of his chair and looking around for a light for his pipe.

And Miss Abby Hopkins, the maiden aunt of the family, had devoted all her life's energies to the manufacture of a silk bed-quilt in pieces of velvet, satin, brocade, rich stuffs of every imaginable hue and pattern, cut into tiny octagons, each one stretched over a piece of stiff writing paper, and fastened with almost invisible stitches to its neighbor. And it was of the extreme difficulty of finding foundations for the same that Miss Abby plained her little plaint.

"Betsy Ann Meacham made hern entirely outen the parson's old sermon-papers," said she. "I've often thought what a sight of theology there must hev been back o' that there quilt. And Mrs. Dr. Parsons, she cut up all her daughter Almira's school compositions. But our Letty, she never was much on compositions, and it's all I can do to find an old envelope or a piece o' paper with Elihu's calkilations on the back on it."

And Miss Abby, whose sight was failing fast, peered here and there like a jackal in search of food; for it was the highest ambition of her heart to finish the silk bed-quilt in time to exhibit it at the county fair in September.

Consequently when she came across an unsealed letter on the bureau in Letty's room, she pounced upon it with delight.

"It's been read or it would be sealed up," she said to herself; and it ain't wuth while for me to wait till Letty comes home from the picnic to ask about it. If I don't get this here quilt done it'll be fair time before I know it."

And straightway Aunt Abby's big steel shears sealed the doom of the letter, and without loss of time it formed a background for velvet and silken octagons.

Scarcely a week afterwards, however, she was stitching diligently at her window, when the voice of Howard Perth, the young doctor, fell upon her ear, as he talked to Elihu Hopkins.

"It's no use," said he. "I told you so, Hopkins. She don't care for me. She never will."

"How can you tell whether she does or not until you ask her?" said Elihu. "Now, Perth, don't be a fool."

"I have asked her. I wrote her a letter, only a few days ago, in which I told her all. And she hasn't seen fit to take any notice whatsoever of it."

Elihu whistled a low whistle.

"Perhaps," said he, "she never got it."

"She did, for it was placed on her bureau. And it was taken away, and it must have been read!"

"I'm sure, Perth," said Elihu, "there must be some mistake."

"There is" said Perth, moodily. "There was a great mistake when I supposed your sister could ever care for a struggling young doctor like me!"

"Will you let me speak to her about it?"

"Not for the world," cried Perth. "Promise me, Elihu, that my unlucky secret shall be buried in your own heart! Promise me, upon your word of honor!"

And then the voices receded further down the gravelled path, while Aunt Abby sat aghast.

"Oh, law!" groaned the unhappy spinster. "What be I goin' to do? What will Letty say? And I've cut it all up and stitched it under the velvet bits, because it was such good stiff paper. Well, there aint but one thing to do, an' that is to make a clean breast on't. I'll go to Letty, the very first thing she comes back from Lizzie White's tea party, and tell her the hull story from A to Z."

With this laudable resolve, Aunt Abby started up the minute she heard Letty's light footstep on the stone door-step below, but, hastening down, she caught her foot in a worn place on the carpeted landing, and fell headlong down the stairs.

Aunt Abby was neither young nor light. At her age and avoirdupois a fall signified no light matter. She was taken up senseless and carried to the best room bed, from which she never rose. Only once during the twenty-four hours, during which the spark of life lingered in her bosom, did she evince any signs of intelligence, and that was when Letty was bathing her forehead in scented waters. "Letty," she said, faintly; "Letty, is that you? I didn't mean to do it, Letty."

"Hush, dear Aunt Abby," gently soothed the girl, who had love's magnetism at the end of every one of her slim young fingers.

"The silk quilt," faltered Aunt Abby—"it is there! It's in the silk quilt. You must take it, and—and—"

Then she stopped. A film came over her eyes—the lids drooped.

"Hush!" said Dr. Perth, authoratively. "Don't let her talk any more now. If she can sleep—"

Letty looked up at him, with large, wistful eyes. In her estimation, Howard Perth was like a strong young archangel, who might accomplish all things, even to the raising of poor Aunt Abby from this seeming bed of death.

But at the turn of the night the old woman died, as peacefully as a child falling asleep.

The day after the funeral, Letty took Aunt Abby's work-basket, and set herself down under the curly tendrils of the grape-vine in the south piazza.

"Child, alive, what are you doing?" said Mrs. Hopkins, who was bustling hither and yon on housekeeping cares intent.

"I am going to finish this silk quilt in time for the County Fair," said Letty. "I am sure it was what Poor Aunt Abby meant by those disconnected words of hers. She has been working for it all the year, and I am determined that her work shall not be in vain."

"It'll be a job!" said Mrs. Hopkins, veiwing the work critically.

"I can finish it if I sew steadily," said Letty. "Of course, I can't work as well and rapidly as Aunt Abby did, but I can do my best!"

But, as she sorted over the neat piles of brocade satin and velvet, a stray tear plashed down, ever and anon, creating its own separate little rainbow among the brilliant tints, for Letty had built up her own small air-castles on the altar of heart; and alas and alack-a-day! it was slowly drifting in pieces.

"I did think he liked me a little," said Letty to herself. "But he had plenty of chances to speak, all through Aunt Abby's illness and burial, and he never uttered a word. And—good gracious me! here's his writing on this velvet octagon, and as I live, it's 'dearest Letty.'"

Her eyes sparkled, a vivid crimson rose to her cheeks, as she hurriedly examined the rest of the papers which had served as a background to poor Aunt Abby's patchwork. Parts of the all important letter were gone, but there was still enough left to make out Dr. Perth's case as that of "hopeless disease of the heart."

Just at that moment, as good luck would have it, the young doctor's gig wheels rattled over the gravel of the garden drive. He was coming to consult with the squire about a free dispensary in the village, and before he could reach the door Letty had run out and intercepted him in the shade of a monster lilac hedge.

"Miss Hopkins!" he exclaimed.

"Dr. Perth! Howard!" she said brightly. "I may call you so now, mayn't I? For I have only just received your letter. And see"—holding up the fragments—"it is all in little pieces! But how glad, how very glad I am to get it!"

Then, of course, a series of explanations ensued—and, mournful to relate, the free dispensary was quite forgotten! For were there not more important things to think about?

As for Elihu, his comment was characteristic:

"Didn't I tell you so all along?"

But when September came, and the County Fair opened Aunt Abby's Patchwork Quilt took the first prize. For, in all her happiness, the young doctor's young wife had not forgotten that!

Unfed Man.

If there is anything ferocious upon earth it is a man whose dinner is not ready when he is ready for dinner. The mildest individual who wears a hat is a creature to be shunned at such a time.

A woman, obliged to wait for her beef and potatoes, solaces herself with a book and chocolate caramels, or does a row more of her crochet work; but the lord of creation cannot be solaced by an article on the silver question, nor the most furious abuse of his most hated candidate for public office. He paces the floor with a frown on his brow, threatens to kick the poodle, throws the cat out of the window, bids little Jane carry her doll out of sight, and tells the terrified nurse-maid that if she doesn't quiet that shrieking fiend of a baby he will dismiss her without her wages. In fact, he becomes transformed into a most diabolical Blue beard, until his wife, at a respectful distance, with the humility of a slave in the presence of a pasha in the habit of chopping wives' heads off at a moment's notice, signifies that the banquet is prepared. Then he instantly rushes to the table and berates the carving-knife as the worst he ever handled.

An hour after this, behold him mild and amiable, smoking of his own fireside, as many babies on his knees as they will hold at once, promising his wife a new sealskin cloak, and asking her whether she would like to hear the latest prima donna. In short, showing himself in the most charming light, and proving to all the world that man, like roast turkey, is only delightful when he is well stuffed.

H.N.D.

Have You any Cast-off Garments?

How can you be contented to let the moths destroy those cast off garments of yours when there are so many shivering people in our streets whom these clothes would protect from the cold and damp?

Look through the contents of your closets. Do it the moment you have finished reading this. It is sad to think how many suits of clothes or other articles of wearing apparel are stored away in closets, wardrobes, or even garrets, where they have not been seen since they were fashionable enough to be worn by their owners.

Overhaul these places at once, readers of the FREE PRESS, and enjoy the luxury of doing good in the way we have reminded you of, for there is a luxury in doing good; and many a cold night during the next winter, as you are breasting the keen air on your homeward journey, will it add warmth to your heart to think of the comfort you have given to others.

The merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla is not accidental but is the result of careful study and experiment by educated pharmacists.

A Fish out of Water.

"A fish out of water" is a synonyme for any creature that is strangely out of its element. Yet fishes do sometimes get out of the water, and they do it from choice, and seem to enjoy the change.

It would be more exact to say that some fishes do this, and not that fishes sometimes do it. Most fish live in the water, and die if kept out of it any length of time but it is well known that a few species sometimes come out of the water, and move themselves in various ways upon the land; sometimes travel upon it for long distances; sometimes even climb trees, and sit upon rocks—perhaps to gaze at the prospect; who can say?

Any these facts is destroyed one of the fondest traditions of our childhood. The oldest of us can recall the days when we solemnly asked each other, "Why is a fish like a stone?" and solemnly "told" the answer: "Because it can't climb a tree!" Science has discovered that a fish can climb a tree. Who knows but we shall some day be told that a stone is equally agile?

It is common, I believe, for eels to leave the water and roam about in the mud; but eels are vulgar creatures, and goodness knows whether they even bear a Latin name to bless themselves with.

But the most remarkable dry-land fish has a name as long as his body. It is Periophthalmus. Very kindly, naturalists allow ordinary mortals to speak of him as the "goby." The little creature is about four or five inches long, with a big head, prominent eyes, and side or pectoral fins, which are more like legs than anything else. The goby comes on shore, and scrambles along the banks in search of food. One ardent naturalist tells us that he took a shot gun and picked off his gobies as they hopped along the shore, as if they were snipe.

These gobies are common in New Zealand, where the natives call them "running fishes." On our own shores we have a goby of a somewhat similar habit. This inoffensive creature has been called by naturalists the Gobius soporator.

Recently a party of naturalists travelling in Mexico and Texas found some of these little fishes and confined them in a pail. They remained in it a short time; then, to the astonishment of the observers, several of them were seen clambering over the side of the pail, and dropping down upon the ground, when they proceeded to wiggle their way to the water not far distant. They used the fins as legs, and made very good progress. When placed in the pail, they tumbled out again, and could only be kept there by placing a board over the top of the prison."

Fishes that hibernate and fishes that migrate have been observed and written about; and the curious facts about these odd little creatures would fill many pages.

If you want to be Loved.

Don't find fault.

Don't contradict people, even if you're sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friends.

Don't underate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everyone else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evil you hear.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't over or under dress.

Don't express a positive opinion unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about.

Don't get into the habit of vulgarizing life by making light of the sentiment of it.

Don't try to be anything but a gentle woman—and that means a woman who has consideration for the whole world, and whose life is governed by the Golden Rule. "Do unto others as you would be done by."—*Busy Bee.*

Flowers in the Window.

In riding through the agricultural towns and villages of New England, flowers may be seen in many windows; indeed, in some places nearly every house exhibits these signs of refinement and contentment. It is cheering, especially in winter, to be greeted by these many colored flowers in their green foliage, and it is an index, often, perhaps always, to the life that goes on within. If domestic peace and happiness were overthrown, it is certain that no attention would be given to plants or flowers. Flowers and discord do not grow together.

The cultivation of flowers shows that some degree of contentment and happiness is the portion of the occupants of the house where they are displayed, that there is a seeking after the beautiful, and that something more than mere life or existence is the object. Flowers are the most beautiful product of nature, and whoever appreciates and cultivates them is subject to an influence refining and ennobling. Flowers cheer and elevate, and the more flowers we have, the more cheerful and the better we ought to be.

To Cure Mosquito Bites.

A German chemist, after a somewhat learned dissertation on the various kinds of mosquitoes and their respective characteristics and virulence condescends to give a useful piece of practical information. He says that of the various remedies recommended for mosquitoe bites, none are better than ordinary soap. He is an ardent naturalist, and on his frequent excursions in the country he invariably carries a small piece of soap, of which, in case of a bite, he makes a lather all over the affected part and allows it to dry on. He almost invariably finds that the relief is instantaneous, and all the pain soon ceases. Should it continue, however, as sometimes happens, it is only necessary to repeat the application.

Woman in the English Postoffice.

There are now nearly 500 lady clerks employed at the general postoffice in receipt of salaries ranging from £65 to £150 or £170 per annum. Of course by far the larger proportion is found in the second class, where there are over 550 at a salary beginning at £65 and rising by annual increments of £3 to £80. In the first-class division there about 87 clerks, the maximum salary being £110, while principal clerks, of whom there are about twenty, can rise to £170 a year.

Love in its purity is the triumph of the unselfish over the selfish part of our nature.

School Boys and Tobacco.

The Bill recently introduced into the Ontario Legislature relative to the use of tobacco by minors may have a salutary effect in checking the habit to a large extent amongst the school-going population of the country. This exists to a much larger extent amongst school boys than most parents are aware of, and it is time that some definite action was taken. From a careful study by eminent physiologists, it has been found that boys who began the habit at an early age are stunted physically, and never arrive at a normal bodily development; and that, accompanied with the use of this narcotic were certain disordered functions, such as indigestion, impaired taste, defective eye-sight, dull hearing, nervous affections and diseases of the heart. With regard to its mental effect H. H. Seerley Principal of the Iowa State Normal School, found that tobacco, used in any form, destroyed the ability to apply one's self to study, and prevented his comprehending or remembering his lessons. The mental faculties of a boy under the influence of the narcotic seem to be in a stupor, and since depraved nerve power nullifies and overcomes the will power, there is but little use for the teacher to seek to arouse the dormant, paralyzed energies, or to interest and foster the fagged desire. The same authority says he never met a pupil that is addicted to the habit who will go through a day's work and have good lessons. He further says:—"I have never had one whose scholarship record was good, and in about every case the deportment was below the average standard. At the regular examinations for promotion, nearly every one of the tobacco using pupils fail in doing the most reasonable test work, even if this is not the first time the work has been passed over in class. I have had numbers of cases in which they have remained in the same grade for four successive years, and then they were not ready to be advanced into the next higher class."

According to the observations of this authority, extending over a number of years, not a single boy has passed the examination required for admission to the High School after he had acquired the tobacco habit, and not one has graduated from the High School who began the habit after beginning his course in the High School. But the moral results are also as serious. Pupils under the influence of the weed are constant subjects of discipline, are not truthful, practice deception and cannot be depended upon. A change in character in a formerly good boy is a very strong indication that some habit is getting hold upon him whose tyranny must be broken before he will again be clothed in his right mind. The worst characteristic of the habit is a loss of personal self-respect and of personal regard for the customs and wishes of ladies and gentlemen, especially when amongst strangers. If these observations mean anything, they declare that something ought to be done, such as prohibiting minors until eighteen years of age as has been done by the Ontario Legislature, as it is evident that teachers and parents are not sufficiently aroused regarding the magnitude of the evil of tobacco using by children.

Intemperance.

Looking back to the opening years of this century, we can discern a marked improvement in the state of public opinion with regard to the degrading vice of intemperance. Then, it was not an indelible disgrace to a gentleman to consume so many glasses of wine at dinner that the conclusion of the meal found him under the table. Here in Canada even, rum was almost invariably provided at all "bees" and social gatherings, and consequently it was not at all unusual for the entertainment to be concluded with a fight. In Dr. Canniff's "Settlers of Upper Canada" is a quotation from an old account book relative to the building of the Napanee Mills; and again and again, mixed up with the entries about nails and whip saw files, are such items as the following: "For raising the saw mill, 2 gals. 3 pts. of rum, 17s. 6d.; 4 gals. and 1 qt. of rum for raising the grist mill, at 7s. 6d." It reads as if the rum had some motive power of its own.

In some parts of the country, whiskey succeeded to rum, and for many years figured at threshings and "raisings" as the most important part of the entertainment. Happily, that is changed, and tea and coffee has so decidedly taken its place, that most farmers would regard it as a slur on their respectability to have it said that they had offered whiskey to their "hands."

Yet, while appaling sums are every year wasted on intoxicating liquors, and while drunkenness is the source of so much crime and misery, we cannot congratulate ourselves on our sobriety as a nation. There rather seems reason for shame that more has not been accomplished, and if each temperate person in the country were to recognize his responsibility in this matter, and were to labor "with both hands earnestly" to get rid of this terrible blot on our Christian land, surely it would soon disappear. Every one can do something. There are little ones to be taught to loathe the evil of intemperance before they are tainted with it; there are the tempted to be sought out and warned and guarded; there are places to be supplied where the poor and homeless may enjoy light and warmth and friendly company without the evils of the public-house; and there are laws on the subject to be altered and improved. If you can aid in none of these things, you may at least resolve that you will never play the part of the tempter to the young or the weak by offering them intoxicants in your house.

Talking of patent medicines—you know the old prejudice. And the doctors—some of them are between you and us. They would like you to think that what's cured thousands won't cure you. You'd believe in patent medicines if they didn't profess to cure everything—and so, between the experiments of doctors, and the experiments of patent medicines that are sold only because there's money in the "stuff," you lose faith in everything.

And, you can't always tell the prescription that cures by what you read in the papers. So, perhaps, there's no better way to sell a remedy, than to tell the truth about it, and take the risk of its doing just what it professes to do.

That's what the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., does with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

If they don't do what their makers say they'll do—you get your money back.

A LITTLE WHILE.

The following little poem, by the Rev. Dr. Kennedy Moore, has been occasionally quoted in his addresses by the Rev. John McNeil; and has appeared in several newspapers in an incomplete form, of late. As it will be new to many of our readers, we have thought it well to give the lines in full, as they appeared in the "Sunday Magazine, and afterwards in the volume—"Proverbial Sayings of Our Lord."

A little while, with tides of dark and light,
The moon shall fill;
Glad summer's glow to be changed to shrouding white,
And winter's chill.

A little while shall tranquil planets speed
Round central flame
New empires spring, old pass, new names succeed
And lapse from fame.

A little while shall tender, winsome flowers
In beauty blow;
And carelessly, through shade and sunny hours,
Death's harvest grow.

A little while shall cold star-tapers burn
Through Time's brief night
Then shall my soul's beloved One return
With daspring bright.

How oft in golden dreams I see him stand,
I list his voice,
As winning largest from his lifted hand
The poor rejoice.

But waking bears that vision dear away,
My better part,
And leaves me to this pale and empty day,
This longing heart.

I cannot see thee, but I love thee. Oh,—
Thine eyes, that read
The deepest secrets of the spirits, know
Tis love indeed.

A little while; but, ah! how long it seems!
My Jesus, come,
Surpass the rapture of my kwestest dreams,
And take me home.

How Thimbles are Made.

Dies of the different sizes are used, into which the metal, whether gold, silver or steel, is pressed. The hole-punching, finishing, polishing and tempering are done afterward. Celluloid and rubber are molded. The best thimbles are made in France where the process is more thorough. The first step in the making of a Paris gold thimble is the cutting into a disk of the desired size a thin piece of sheet iron. This is brought to a red heat, placed over a graduated hole in an iron bench, and hammered down into it with a punch. This hole is in the form of the thimble. The iron takes its shape, and is removed from the hole. The little indentations to keep the needle from slipping are made in it, and all the other finishing strokes of the perfect thimble put on it. The iron is then made into steel by a process peculiar to the French thimble maker, and is tempered, polished and brought to a deep blue color. A thin sheet of gold is then pressed into the interior of the thimble and fastened there by a mandrill. Gold leaf is attached to the outside by great pressure, the edges of the leaf being fitted in and held by small grooves at the base of the thimble. The article is then ready for use. The gold will last for years. The steel never wears out, and the gold can be readily replaced at any time.

Get out of the Ruts.

A very clear explanation of the proverbial bad luck of many farmers is that they know too much. We have said in these columns that the man who has always been in some business in town or city and goes on a farm to make a living, will sometimes make more of a success at it than many of the men who have been brought up on a farm. The boy who has been raised on a farm is thoroughly familiar with all farm operations, and does them mechanically as his father performed them, without knowing or asking the reasons. He early gets into the rut and stays there, viewing with suspicion all new methods. He thinks he knows all about farming—far more than "side-walk" editors or med who attend stock breeders' meetings. If he happens to be the son of a progressive, intelligent farmer he probably is pretty well posted, but even then it is a good thing for him to learn over every year or two. But if he happens to be the son of a farmer of the old style we will back the city boy against him every time. The city boy who goes on a farm doesn't know anything, and he knows it. Consequently he is willing to learn and naturally will prefer to take advice of men who are prominent as farmers and stock breeders in preference to hide bound neighbors.—*Western Farm Journal.*

An Enterprising Young Russian.

Five school boys at Charkow, their ages ranging from 13 to 16, recently disappeared in a most mysterious manner. The parents of one of the boys received the following reassuring letter:—"Dear parents,—When this letter reaches you I will be far from Charkow. Do not worry about me. In ten years I shall return to you—not as a school boy, but as an American millionaire, the proprietor of gold mines, or the captain of a band of Indians—perhaps the last would be the best. I shall endeavour to discover new lands, and hand down our name as a glorious one to posterity.—Your loving son, &c." As the young explorer has not yet been heard of, it may be surmised that he is already negotiating the purchase of his gold mine or levying his band of Indians.

A Sum in Arithmetic.

"How are you coming on, Uncle Mose?"

"Poorly, poorly, thank God."

"What's the matter?"

"I has seben gals to support, boss. Hit costs a power of money to fill up seben mouts free times a day."

"Yes, but I heard one of your daughters was going to get married so that will leave only six to support."

"Dat's wahr you am foolin' yesself boss Dat ar gal am gwine ter marry one of dese called politicians, so instead of habin' only six to support when she marries, I'll have eight mouts to feed, for mighty few ob dese politicianers, white or black, is wuff de powder hit would take to shoot 'em. "No, boss, it will be eight instead of six ter feed when dat gal marries, not countin' de natural consequences."—*Texas Siftings.*

Training the Young.

It is quite evident that far too little attention is paid to the training of the young to an intelligent interest in the great enterprises of the Church, and in systematic giving. A general custom, where the weekly envelope is used, is for the head of the house to put the envelope on the plate, the rest of the family being thus shut out from giving, except by proxy. The young should have a share in this act of worship, either by separate envelopes or loose "change," and special attention should be paid in the Sabbath Schools and Mission Bands to good methods of giving. If the golden opportunity of youth is allowed to pass by, it is hard to engraft the habit later.