The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XVIII.---NO. 3. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1892. PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, : ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year if paid in advance, or within three months from beginning of year; $1.50 per year if not so paid. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted by the date on the address label.

ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements, 8 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

CONTRACT RATES—The following table shows our rates for the insertion of advertisements for specified periods:—

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO
10 inches	$60 00	$35 00	$20 00	$7 00
20 inches	35 00	20 00	12 00	3 00
1 inches	20 00	12 00	7 00	2 50
1 inch	6 00	3 50	2 00	1 00

Advertisements without specific directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. For changes oftener than once a month the composition must be paid for at regular rates.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

W. H. LOWRY, M. B., M. C. P. S., Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence:—At the head of Frederick street Acton.

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

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

McLEAN & cLEAN
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—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and Traders' Bank Chambers, 63 Yonge st., Toronto.
J. SHILTON, B.A. 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. Relling neatly and promptly done

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

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. B. WORDEN, Secretary

SALESMEN WANTED.
WE want both travelling and local salesmen to represent the old established Fonthill Nurseries. SALARY PAID FROM THE START to salesmen experienced in our line. Liberal terms to beginners and a permanent situation assured. We have 700 acres under cultivation and furnish only first-class stock. OUTFIT FREE. Hardy varieties for Northern Ontario and Manitoba a specialty. WE GUARANTEE OUR STOCK. Apply for terms at once. We want you Now. STONE & WELLINGTON, Toronto, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED
In every Township,
To sell "The Pictorial Cyclopedia of Live Stock and Complete Stock Doctor."
The most complete and comprehensive work ever published. Its authors stand at the head of their profession and have a continental reputation. Worth its weight in gold to any one having Horses, Sheep, Cattle, Swine, Poultry, Dogs or Bees. A grand opportunity to make money. Secure territory at once. Address
E. N. MOYER, Publisher,
120 Yonge St. Toronto

Hamilton's Marble Works.
HAMILTON's Block (formerly Hatch's Block), the 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 16 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.

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 186, S. M. Cook & Co., Auctioneers.
BRANCH OFFICE:—21 Queen St., East, Toronto.
S. M. COOK & CO., Auctioneers, Georgetown and Toronto.

MEXICAN GRASS
HAMMOCKS
LARGE
STRONG
SPECIAL
Low Price
—AT—
DAY'S BOOKSTORE

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.
8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete 10c.
5 Feet Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 10c.
Our Wall papers
Are said to be the best selected in the city
WATERS BROS.,
ESTABLISHED - 1877.
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, - GUELPH.

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

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE.
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 9 a. m. and 8 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 176.

Acton Saw Mills,
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.

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA.
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
CAPITAL AUTHORIZED $1,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP 604,020 00
REST FUND 53,000 00
GUELPH BRANCH,
CORNER OF WYNDHAM AND QUEBEC STREETS.
Savings Bank Department.
4 per cent. paid on sums of $1 and upwards from date of deposit to date of withdrawal, or compounded half yearly on 31st May and 30th November.
Deposit Receipts issued.
Advances made to responsible farmers.
Sterling Exchange bought and sold. Drafts issued payable at all points in the United States and Canada.
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.

THE RUSH
FOR OUR
LOW SHOES
AT
. . Cut Prices . .
CONTINUES.
Leading Boot & Shoe Store.
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.

JOB PRINTING,
INCLUDING Books, Pamphlets, Posters, Bill Heads, Circulars, &c., &c., executed in the best style of the art, at moderate prices and on short notice. Apply or address
H. P. MOORE,
FREE PRESS Office, Acton

Poetry.

SO DIFFERENT NOW.

"Lost your rubber, did you darling?
Wait, I'll bring it you again."
Thus he spoke and then he started
Backward through the falling rain.

On the crossing road the fair one,
Pouting a coquettish way,
Scolding him for fancied slowness,
All impatient at delay.

Most provokingly it spluttered,
Did the gas lamp overhead,
And he muttered sotto voce
Things he'd better left unsaid.

Finally he found and brought it
Frescoed well with clinging clay;
And when it was readjusted,
Daintily she picked her way.

Then he could not help but think him
Of the days when he and she
Hustle had and simple maiden,
Rambled o'er the dewy lea.

Both barefooted, tanned and happy,
Ere her father stern struck oil;
Ere he, that he might be near her,
Plunged into the city's moil.

Yet he spoke not of his musings,
For she had forgotten quite
That she knew him ere he learned to
Wear a spike tail every night.

—*Detroit Tribune.*

Select Family Reading.

A Workingman.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"We must send Maud away, this autumn," said Mrs. Talbot.

"Poor, dear little Maud," acquiesced Mary, the elder of the two daughters, "we must certainly send her away. It would be too severe a trial to her feelings, to witness the straits to which we are reduced. And you must never let her guess, mamma, that you are going to discharge Bridget and Norah, and do the work yourself."

"Nor that you have accepted the situation of sales-girl in a bookstore," said Mrs. Talbot lowering her voice to almost a whisper. "Maud is so exquisitely sensitive. Her whole being is like some finely-strung harp."

"It's so fortunate that our cousin, Mrs. Peck, should have sent for her to come and spend the autumn at Chestnut Meadows, just now of all times in the world," said Mary Talbot, with a sigh of relief. "You and I, mamma, can manage to meet our reverses in almost any way. But Maud must not be compelled to suffer."

So those two self-sacrificing women carried out their programme. The pretty young family idol was sent to Chestnut Meadows to have a good time and enjoy herself, while Mrs. Talbot and Mary prepared to face the grim realities of poverty by themselves. Whatever happened, they argued, Maud must not be put out or annoyed.

Honest Philena Peck did not believe in this sort of thing.

"Maud ain't a child no longer," said she. "Maud's a grown woman. She's as fit to bear trouble as her mother and Mary. She can't be kept under a glass case always like as if she was a bunch of wax flowers. However, I suppose it must be as Cousin Talbot says."

And so Maud was given the best room in the house, treated with constant tenderness and allowed to think that she conferred a great favor on Mrs. Peck by sojourning there at all.

"I suppose I shall find it awfully stupid," she mused, "but mamma and Mary think that it will be good for me, and Cousin Peck is going to hire a cottage piano for my use, and I can walk in the woods and gather ferns and pretty leaves and mosses, and, of course, I needn't associate with the other boarders unless I like."

For Mrs. Peck was a widow of straitened means, and eked out her income by the keeping of what she termed "a house full of boarders" until the frost came, and the city guests packed up their wardrobes and fled back to brick blocks and the glare of gas lamps and electric globes.

But as the radiant October reddened over the land, and the boarders, one by one, drifted away, Maud did not become lonesome, neither was she homesick. And once or twice, returning late from the woods, Mr. Neville, the gentleman who occupied the second story back room, was her companion.

"Guess she's got over her notion of not associating with the boarders," shrewdly mused Mrs. Peck.

"Cousin Philena," asked Maud one evening, as she was winding crewels for her newest piece of Kensington work, "where is Mr. Neville from?"

"Where is he from? From Philadelphy," Mrs. Peck answered. "And Maud, my dear, don't you go to flirting with him."

"Flirting! I!" cried Maud with the color mounting to the very roots of the hair.

"Because, my dear," said the old lady, "he's a workingman, like the rest of us; and you'll have to marry some one who can keep you like a princess; and it ain't nowadays right to trifle with his feelings, so long as there ain't no earthly chance for him."

The roses grew richer and deeper than ever, as Maud's eyelashes drooped to the ground. Mrs. Peck's words had evidently stirred some chord deep down in her heart. Did any one imagine that she, Maud, had been "trifling" with James Neville's feelings? He was pleasant to look at—he was both intelligent and fluent, that was very certain. As for his being a workingman, had he ever pretended to be otherwise? She could remember, now, how often he helped Mrs. Peck carry heavy loads of wood and water—how he kept the little vegetable garden free from weeds; how, as often as not, he drove home the cows in the dewy purple of the twilight and spent a morning hour or two in pruning the shrubs or digging up the borders where next spring's hyacinths and tulips were to be planted.

"I see it all, now," thought the girl. "He is poor, and Cousin Peck gives him his board cheap because of his help. A workingman! Well, why not? But I never imagined before that a workingman could be so nice and gentlemanly!"

"What does he do, Cousin Philena?" she ventured, in a very low tone, to ask.

"He's got some sort of a trade down in Philadelphy," said Mrs. Peck. "The folks he works for has given him three months' vacation. It's something as has a deal of pen and ink about it, I believe."

The next day Maud rose earlier than usual, and came down to the kitchen.

"Cousin Peck," said she, softly, "I—I want to be useful. I'm tired of doing nothing. Won't you show me how to cook?"

"And welcome, my dear," said the good housekeeper. "It's a thing every woman should know how to do."

Maud Talbot took her first lesson that morning. The next day she baked a little apple tart, powdered over with cinnamon, and made some plum sauce. The third, she cut out useful household articles under Cousin Peck's direction, and stitched them up on the machine. On Monday she learned how to starch the fine clothes, and on Tuesday she ironed them triumphantly.

"I didn't know it was such fun to work," said she. "And then, one always feels that one is accomplishing something. Oh, Cousin Peck, won't mamma be surprised?"

"I shouldn't a bit wonder," said the old lady, with a sedate smile.

When the chill December days gloomed over the sere landscape, Mr. Neville packed his portmanteau to return to the city, saying:

"I must get back to work. I have played enough. Perhaps too long."

Maud looked up with startled face—a face which unwittingly betrayed all the secrets of her heart. It emboldened James Neville to speak out what was in his soul.

"But before I go," said he, "there is one question that I must ask. May I come back to you, Maud, one of these days? May I ask you to be my wife? Do you think, dear, that you could love me?"

There was nothing of the coquette about Maud Talbot. She had no idea of playing with any man's heart, and she answered simply "Yes."

"And," she added, after a little of the sweet lover talk which transformed the frigid December twilight into light and sunshine, "you will find me a real helpmate, James. So I have learned to do all sorts of housework, since I have been with Cousin Philena Peck. I can cook, and sweep, and wash, and make soft soap, and—"

"My little busy bee!" he cried, laughing.

"Because," pleaded she, "Cousin Philena said you were a workingman, and I knew that I must be a working-woman, too. I couldn't sit idly by while you toiled for us both. But, James," she added, wistfully, "I should like to know what your trade is."

"I am a clergyman," said Mr. Neville, with a smile. "I am assistant rector of the Church of St. Segrarius. I toil with my brains and delve with my pen. But you are right, Maud; no day-laborer works harder than I do. And it was to rest my tired cerebrum that I came out to this peaceful farm-house, harvested Mrs. Peck's apples, and planted strawberry runners in her garden-borders."

When Maud Talbot went back to the city it was to carry the news of her engagement. Mary, also, the patient, much-enduring elder sister, had something to tell.

She had promised to marry the junior partner in the bookstore where she had stood behind the counter, and sold current numbers of magazines and sets of standard authors. And Mrs. Talbot could hardly express her gratitude to Heaven for this newer, brighter prospect.

"My daughters declare that I must come and live with them alternately, six months at a time," said she. "Mary has such a beautiful flat in the Georgione Building; but Maud's little Queen Anne cottage is still prettier in its way. But I never thought, Cousin Peck, that my little Maud would have the courage to go to work, and learn to be a real practical housekeeper."

"A woman will do anything for a man she loves," said Cousin Peck, shrewdly.

The Happiest Little Boy.

"Guess who was the happiest child I saw to-day?" asked papa, taking his own two little boys on his knees.

"Oh, who papa?"

"But you must guess."

"Well," said Jim, slowly, "I guess it was a very rich little boy, wif lots and lots of candy and cakes."

"No," said papa, "he wasn't rich, he had no candy or no cakes. What do you guess, Joe?"

"I guess he was a pretty big boy," said Joe, who was always wishing he wasn't a little boy, "and I guess he was riding a big, high bicycle."

"No," said papa, "he wasn't big; and of course, he wasn't riding a bicycle. You have lost your guesses, so I'll have to tell you. There was a flock of sheep crossing the city, to-day, and they must have come a long way, so dusty and tired and thirsty were they. The drover took them up, bleating and lolling out their tongues, to the great pump in Hamilton court, to water them; but one poor old ewe was too tired to get to the trough, and fell down in the hot, dusty stones.

"Then I saw my little man, ragged and dirty and tousled, spring out from the crowd of urchins who were watching the drove, fill his old, leaky, felt hat, which must have belonged to his grandfather, and carry it one, two, three, O, so many as six times, to the poor, suffering animal, until the creature was able to get up and go on with the rest."

"Did the sheep say, 'Tank you,' papa?" asked Joe, gravely.

"I didn't hear it," answered papa. "But the little boy's face was shining like the sun, and I'm sure he knows what a blessed thing it is to help what needs helping."

Driving Two Kings.

The King of Denmark and his second son the King of Greece, were out for a walk last summer, and went farther than they had intended; dinner-time was close at hand, and they were tired. Just in the nick of time up came a cart driven by an old peasant; they hailed the man, asked him to give them a lift, and were soon seated upon some sacks in the cart.

In reply to King Christian's inquiry, the man said he was going to the Castle of Fredensborg to try to sell the two sacks of carrots upon which they were sitting. After a pause the King of Greece asked the man, "Do you know us?" to which the peasant made answer: "How should I? I have never seen you."

"Well," said King George, "I will tell you, so that you may know in future. You are driving the King of Denmark and the King of Greece."

The peasant roared with laughter at what he considered to be a good joke, and, not to be behindhand, proclaimed himself to be Frederick VII., who had been dead some years.

The man laughed and chuckled at the joke until the castle was in sight, the two monarchs sitting silent in the cart; but when the soldiers on guard saluted the kings and paid the usual honors, the scene changed. The two monarchs, however, thanked him cordially for the ride, and ten minutes afterwards the man was on his way back, his two sacks of carrots having been purchased at a most unexpected price.

Minard's Liniment cures La Grippe

How Cattle are Slaughtered for Market.

Some railroad tracks are crossed, and the night-car stands in the thick of a cluster of packing-houses. From out of a doorway under a phenomenally long porch come huge sides of red and white beef, shot out as if from a multiple cannon. These great weights of meat hang from pulleys that run upon a track overhead, and they swing along one after another as boards are turned out of a saw-mill, with force enough to toss the men who are paid to guide them as if the men were jackstraws. These stacks of meat were moving in the pens a short while before; now they are being loaded into refrigerator cars. In this building the cattle are being turned into butcher's meat. I saw two fat and comfortable steers coming out of an alley, and was told that they were trained to lead the other cattle to the foot of an inclined and enclosed gangway, there to turn and have them, while the other brutes went on and up the walk to the slaughter-pens. That is earning their living—and an honest one—with a vengeance!

I saw that the beeves were driven into pens, and that men ran along or stood over them on planks laid across the tops of the pens. I saw that they jabbed and prodded the poor beasts into the right position for their purpose, and then that they felled them with crushing blows of hammers upon their skulls. Then the doors of the pens were thrown open, chains were fastened about the hind legs of the unconscious beasts, and they were swung up so that they hung upon a trolley running on a single overhead rail. Silently and methodically the slaughterers walked along and gashed their throats, and the mysterious red essence of life was flung with drenching volume on the slippery floor. Rapidly, far more rapidly than the reader can believe unless he had seen it done, the carcases were sent back to the next and the next and the next set of operatives to have their hides taken off—so skilfully that they fetch more than any other hides discarded by any other butchers in the world—to have their entrails removed, to have their heads and hoofs taken off, to be split and washed, and to be sentswinging along to the cooling rooms. Silence, skill, expedition, these were the characteristics of all the labor in that murderous place.

Everything—without particularizing too closely—every single thing that appertains to a slaughtered beef is sold and put to use. The horns become the horn of commerce; the straight lengths of leg bone go to the cutlery makers and others; the guts become sausage casings; their contents make fertilizing material; the livers, hearts, tongues, and tails, and the stomachs, that become tripe, all are sold over the butchers' counters of the nation; the knuckle bones are ground up into bone flour for various uses; the blood is dried and sold as a powder for commercial uses; the bladders are dressed and sold to druggists, tobacconists, and others; the fat goes into oleomargarine, and from the hoofs and feet and other parts come glue and oil and fertilizing ingredients. Over the slaughter-house I found a series of rooms hear a fall of bones and horns. The bones had been boiled to get the fat of the marrow as well as to clean them. Then they had been dried and shaken about until they were as smooth and clean as cotton spools. The knuckle joints had been cut off them, and one room was filled with the ground-up flour of those parts. The white and pretty bones that remained were to be shipped to Connecticut, England, and Germany, to be worked into knife-handles, fan-handles, tooth-brush handles, backs for nail-brushes, sides for pen-knives, and into button-hook handles, shirt-studs, cuff-buttons, and so on, *ad infinitum*. What was to become of the horns was still more astonishing. By heating them and then tapping them skilfully, the operatives had loosened the soft cellular filling which solidifies and strengthens each horn. The substance around this, between it and the inner surface of the horn, goes for glue; the rest is ground up into bone-meal. The horns were then to be sent to the makers of horn goods who by cutting each horn skilfully, then pressing it between heavy rollers manage to spread each one out into a flat ribbon. In this shape it can be used in a thousand ways. The artificers who do this work cut each horn spirally, so that it becomes a tight curl capable of being straighted out. By immense pressure the curve is taken out of it. Good horns sell at $120 a ton. It is by such thorough economy and ingenuity—by losing nothing and wasting nothing—that the great firms in this business have monopolized their field. A small butcher in the East cannot kill his meat and market it in competition with the stock-yard packers, because he must waste what they save and sell.

I made a tour of the refrigerating or cooling rooms. They are kept at a temperature of 36°, I believe. Yet, when the meat fresh from the slaughter is railroaded into such a room, the animal heat in it warms the room for a considerable time, and fills it with steam as with a fog. Once it is cooled, the sides of the beef are firm and hard and almost appetizing. Everywhere, except at the actual scene of slaughter, these houses and the work in them are clean and above criticism. While I looked on, they were killing four beeves a minute, or 250 in every hour. There were slaughtered in those stock-yards during 1890 no less than 2,000,000 sheep, and 5,383,082 hogs.

As I passed out of the yards some one handed a card to me. It contained a record of the business of one firm, the leading one of the "big four" packing concerns. It showed that during the year ending April 1, 1891, that company transacted sales of $66,000,000 worth of meat and other goods. It killed 712,000 cattle, 1,714,000 hogs and paid nearly $4,000,000 in wages. It owned 2250 refrigerator cars and 50 acres of buildings. It made 7,000,000 pounds of glue and 9500 tons of fertilizer. I suggest that its hogs and sheep and boxes of glue and sides of beef and cans of meat may stretch out, if piled one on the other, from here to the moon, but I leave calculation to others, satisfying myself with the reflection that America is great and Chicago is its prophet.—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Recommendation.

A gentleman in Scotland lately dismissed a clever but dishonest gardener. For the sake of his wife and family, however, he gave the man a character, and this is how he worded it: "I hereby certify that A. B. has been my gardener for over two years and during that time he has got more out of my garden than any other man I ever employed."

Things We do not do.

The following is gleaned from Bulletin LXXV, of the Ontario Agricultural College, on butter making on the farm in summer:

1. We do not consider that we know everything about buttermaking, as something new is being discovered every month. Not only from our own work are we continually learning, but also from the observation and research of others.

2. We do not keep a cow that makes less than 200 pounds of butter in a year;

3. Nor expect a cow to make something out of nothing;

5. Nor keep our cow in an out house, hog-pen or dungeon;

6. Nor allow them to go a whole year without carding or brushing them;

7. Nor depend upon pasture alone for a supply of summer feed.

8. We do not allow the milk to stand very long in the stable to absorb foul odors.

9. We do not neglect to strain the milk at once after milking.

10. Nor set the milk in deep cans in well water without changing the water at least twice, or without ice;

11. Nor mix sweet cream with cream to be churned less than twelve hours before churning. (The cream is ripened in one vessel which holds the cream for a whole churning);

12. Nor add scalding water to the cream, nor guess at the temperature with the finger; nor take two or three hours to churn;

13. Nor gather the butter until the "dasher stands on top," and then dip it out of the buttermilk;

14. Nor add coarse salt by guess; nor work the butter into grease.

15. And finally, we do not send our butter to market wrapped in old rags that may have seen other service in the house.

To those who wish something more extensive than can be presented in a bulletin, we have much pleasure in recommending a pamphlet published by Smallfield & Son, Renfrew, Ont., costing ten cents.

The Tendency Towards Cash.

Horace Greeley was considered the best analytical editor of his time, and there certainly never has been a newspaperman who had a better and more thorough knowledge of business conditions. It was Horace Greeley who said that the poor man who has encountered some sudden and severe calamity, such as the burning of his house or the destruction of his crops by hurricane or flood, may very properly be offered credit for a season at cash prices; so may the poor widow, whose children, this year at school, will be able to help her next season. But in all ordinary cases the merchant, if only from a patriotic regard for the general well being, should inflexibly refuse to sell on credit, since such selling is, and must ever be to the undiscriminate majority, a temptation and facility for general improvidence and overtrading.

It has been questioned that the tendency of the times is toward cash transactions. That the growth of building associations, and the rapid increase of time payment systems, is evidence that the people are more attached now to the credit business than they ever were before, nevertheless, the drift of feeling throughout the country is in favor of a cash business, and the best proof of it is the fact that collections are urged, and made more imperative than ever before known. The time was when a merchant sold his goods with the understanding that the purchaser was to pay at the end of ninety days. Now the time is more limited, and the buyer is expected to meet his obligations at the period agreed upon. The mere fact that time payment systems thrive in the city has nothing to do with the situation as regards the great majority of merchants who do business in the towns and villages.—St. Louis *Grocer.*

Mothers Ought to Know.

That sameness of food, not variety, is required by the baby.

That a chill or a fever is a serious symptom and requires the immediate attention of a physician.

That he is not hungry every time he cries; often he is thirsty and a few drops of water will quiet him.

That a little vaseline rubbed on his nose and chest is a simple but efficacious remedy for slight colds and coughs.

That it is an excellent plan to lay baby on his back on the bed, unpin his diaper and let him kick awhile every day for exercise.

The specients are poor expedients for the regulation of a child's bowels, as they encourage a costive habit and render him liable to take cold.

That until he cuts his first teeth starchy food is apt to cause flatulence and even convulsions, and that cookies and cake of all kinds are rank poison to him.

The skirts should hang from the shoulders, and fasten with small flat buttons up the back. It is much easier to dress a very young baby in garments that fasten behind.

That an excellent way to keep an infant's hands warm in cold nights is to make him a flannel nightgown with out sleeves or armholes, open all the way down the front and closed with buttons and buttonholes. His little hands can have plenty of freedom beneath the gown without possibility of getting from under cover.—*Babyhood.*

A Toper's Joke.

One of the best jokes ever practised occurred in a certain Lindsay hotel last Saturday afternoon. A seedy looking man with an umbrella entered the place, and walking up to the bartender said he wanted a drink, had no money, but would "put up" the umbrella. Seeing that the umbrella was quite new and well worth a dozen drinks the bartender jumped at the offer and handed his lordship a glass of the best rye and bitters. After drinking the beverage and smacking his lips, the man "put up" the umbrella and shut it down again and walked out. The bartender was too dumbfounded to run after him or call the police.

A Good National Spirit.

We commend the following from the Montreal *Witness* to the earnest consideration of all: "Our spirit should be as broad as our prairies: our liberality as vast as our inland seas; our ideas of the future as lofty as the peaks of our Rockies; our union as perfect and our harmony of nationalities as omnipotent as our endless rivers. The Canadians of the future will be just what the Canadians of to-day are, a loyal, cosmopolitan, and faithful race, walking shoulder to shoulder along the highway of our country's boundless prospects."

THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

The royal feast was done; the king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried, "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me a fool!

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sway
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heartstrings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharply it pierced and stung
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse all;
But our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave and scourge the tool
That did his will; but thou O Lord,
Be merciful to me a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The king; sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

—*Edward Rowland Sill.*

What Eggs Can Do.

"The egg," remarked the doctor in a dignified and erudite manner, "is the most nutritious and digestible of all foods when eaten raw."

"That's what I always said," corroborated they young man in a blue necktie.

"Are you an expert in dietetics?" inquired the doctor stiffly.

"I guess not," said the young man at a venture, "but I'm solid on facts, and I've got evidence to prove what I say."

"What facts?" enquired the doctor quizzically.

"Well, I've seen what eggs can do, and can show you or any man here if he wants to come over to my place in the country."

"State the facts," commanded the doctor.

"All right, here goes. About three months ago a fat laying pullet I raised got fastened up under an old spring house up in the woods where there wasn't a blame thing to eat but dry dirt and water. About a month ago I happened to be poking around the place, and hearing a noise under the floor, I pulled up a plank and there I found my lost chicken.

She was alive and kicking and I couldn't for the life of me understand why she hadn't starved to death. I went to the barn to get an ax to chop her out and when I came back she laid an egg and was eating it as fast as she could. That kind of gave me an idea, and instead of taking her out, I left her there for a day longer. About the same time next day I went up again and she was finishing another egg. Next day she did the same thing, and she has been doing it right along now every day for the thirty days and I'm going to keep her there and see how long she can support herself. She's getting fat since I gave her a little more light, and seems a good deal better satisfied. You bet, Doc, I'm with you when you say there's a good living in an egg."

The doctor looked at the young man seriously.

"Young fellow," he said, getting up, "I guess I'll go with you and see that hen."

An Ample Apology.

I was present in the reporters' gallery of the House of Commons one famous fighting night, when a famous fighting Irish member rose to denounce a speech delivered from the treasury benches. He desired to say that the statements made by the government's representative were not altogether accurate, but his impetuosity led him on to phrase the *Annais* accusation somewhat too concisely.

"Order, order," said the speaker of the house, as he rose in all the majesty of full bottomed wig and silken gown. Again and again did the dauntless son of Erin return to his charge of wilful mistatement. Again was he called severely to "order." It was a critical moment. His Irish colleagues did not wish him to be "suspended" for the rest of the debate, and they hinted so by vigorously tugging at his coat tails.

Now it is a very dangerous matter to trifle with the tail of an Irishman's coat, save in the cause of friendship. Nevertheless, the indignant yet good humored honorable member recognized the command of this party and sat down, delivering this beautiful Parthian dart: "Very well, sir; I obey your ruling, and I beg to retract what I was about to observe!"

That one touch of Irish oratory took the house by storm.—*New York Recorder.*

There are some patent medicines that are more marvelous than a dozen doctor's prescriptions, but they're not those that profess to cure everything.

Everybody, now and then, feels a little "run down," "played out." They've the will, but no power to generate vitality. They're not sick enough to call a doctor, but just too sick to be well. That's where the right kind of patent medicine comes in, and does for a dollar what a doctor would not do for less than five or a ten. We put in our claim for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

We claim it to be an unequalled remedy to purify the blood and invigorate the liver. We claim it to be lasting in its effects, creating an appetite, purifying the blood, and preventing Bilious, Typhoid and Malarial fevers if taken in time. The time to take it, on general principles, is now.

How to Manage a Wife.

Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems, pastor of the Church of the Strangers, New York City, has just won a $20 gold piece offered as a prize for the best essay on "How to Manage a Wife," and he says he will give it to his wife to help him to continue to manage her. In his brief essay he said: "The first business of the husband is to manage himself so as to keep himself always his wife's respectful friend, always her tender lover, always her equal partner."

Characteristics of Hood's Sarsaparilla: The largest sale, the most merit, the great est cures. Try it, and realize its benefits.

Life is too short to nurse one's misery. Hurry across the lowlands that you may spend more time on the mountain tops.