# 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. D., M. C. P. S., Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence—At the head of Frederick street Acton.

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

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

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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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SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & STONE,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,
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HENRY GEIST, OTTAWA, CANADA.
Twenty Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

WM. HEMSTREET,
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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.

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GUELPH, ONT.
OFFICE:—Wyndham Street.

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(Successor to T. F. Chapman)
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Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Rebinding neatly and promptly done.

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
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An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good sea-foam an exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair neatly 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.

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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 secured. 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,
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Hamilton's Marble Works.
HAMILTON's Block (formerly Hatch's Block), the gore, corner of Woolwich and Norfolk streets, Guelph, Ont.
JOHN H. HAMILTON, Proprietor,
Wholesale and retail dealer and direct importer and manufacturer of all kinds of Granite and Marble Monuments, Tombstones, etc. Having had an extensive experience for the last 15 years, the public may rely on getting all superior articles at a cheaper rate than any other dealer in the West.
N. B.—15 per cent. off to a direct order received for the next 30 days.

S. M. COOK & CO.,
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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 BOOKS:—Mill St., Georgetown, or address Box 186, S. M. Cook & Co., Auctioneers.
BRANCH OFFICE: 31 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 25c.
5 Feet Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 25c.
Our Wall papers
Are said to be the best selected in the city
WATERS BROS.,
ESTABLISHED 1877.
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, - GUELPH.

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

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE.
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 9 a. m. and 8.16 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.

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 ..... 804,400.00
REST FUND ..... 55,000.00
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. P. 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.

- - 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

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

Fresh Arrivals
FINE SCOTCH SUITINGS,
NEW SPRING WORSTED SUITING.
OVERCOATING—NEWEST COLORS
Opened To-Day
Choice New Lines in Fine English Hats, in Fedoras and all Newest Shapes to be sold at close prices.
Special Drives in Hats.
Remember our Famous 64 Pants to Order.
R. E. NELSON,
Fashionable Clothier,
99 Upper Wyndham St., Guelph.

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.

### CONSTABLE HEALY'S VOICE.

Those who have been at the Union Station,
Toronto, at the departure of day trains will be
able to appreciate the following from the
Telegram:—

I've heard of Patti's singing, but could never
raise the tin,
(Since they always raise the prices) to take that
warbler in
I've listened to the English Lloyd, and sacrificed a V
To hear him climbing up the scale and revelling
in "G."
I've read of Daniel Webster, too, and old Demosthenes;
One's tone was like a lion's roar, the other like
the sea's,
But whenever I feel lonesome, and would like to
hear a voice
That always makes the cockles of my throbbing
heart rejoice,
I don't go hunting vocalists in any foreign nation,
But I take a trip at train time down to our own
Union Station,
And I sit upon the window sill and look the
platform over,
And I hear the sound of hissing steam, the bustle
and the roar,
As five hundred hurried people strive with all
their might and main
To get checks for all their baggage and get
aboard their train.
It seems no noise on earth could still that
humming,
But I smile a smile of welcome as I see an old
man coming,
He wears a suit of railroad blue, a beard besprinkled with gray,
And with his martial head erect he clears his
onward way,
Then pausing at the platform edge when everything is clear,
His voice like fifteen thunders splits the adjacent atmosphere.
To such a sound the breeze tone which war's
stern trumpet brays
Is but a zephyr's whisper, and this is what he
says:
"All aboard for Hamilton, London and all points
west,"
"For Niagara Falls and Buffalo!" and then without a rest
He calls out "Woodstock!" "Sarnia!" points
out each separate track,
And says the train for Montreal is just about to
back.
Now when that twenty-horse-power voice is
getting its work in
No sound is heard whatever of the usual station
din,
The instant Healy's lungs send forth their blast
of echoing sound,
All else seemed hushed and silent for forty rods
around;
The instant those same lungs shut off the issuing
vocal stream,
Is heard the tramp of the hustling crowd and
the hiss of escaping steam.
Homer may sing of loud-voiced men in his tale
of the Trojan war,
And how Achilles' mighty wall brought Thetis
from afar,
But if all those old time heroes could be summoned from the shades,
I'd back Healy against all of them and give them
cards and spades.

## Select Family Reading.

### Wild Marsh Marigolds.

BY ANNE RANDOLPH.

"It's pretty enough—pretty enough," said Mr. Mortimer, with a deprecating air, as he looked at the folds of rich, wine-colored silk which were flung over the screen before him. "But this art-embroidery business is played out. Nobody wants to buy such things nowadays."

"My sister would be very glad to sell it," said the tall, pale lad who had submitted it for inspection.

Mr. Mortimer whistled softly, regarded the drapery from between his half-closed eyelids, and felt reflectively of his chin.

"Well," said he, "you may leave it here for a day or two. Say for a week. I don't suppose it will sell. But if it should go off, I shall charge twenty-five per cent. commission. If it don't sell, I shall expect a dollar a day as rent."

"Very well, sir," the lad meekly responded. But he sighed softly as he went away.

Elfleda Elwyn, sitting at work in the little top-floor room of the tenement house, looked eagerly up as Karl came back. She was a bright-eyed, hectic-cheeked girl of eighteen, with abundant gold-brown hair; and even as she sat still, her fingers flew through meshes of rose and white split zephyr, making what fine ladies call "fascinators" for some fancy store or other. For Elfleda Elwyn belonged to the workers of the world, and the feeble, paralyzed old mother who lay on her narrow cot-bed in the corner was utterly dependent on these flying fingers for support.

"Well, Karl," she cried, brightly, "I see you haven't brought it back. Did they accept it?"

"I left it, Fleda," said the boy, gravely, "at Mortimer & Co's. I tried ever so many places first, and that was my last resort. But I didn't sell it. The man spoke very discouragingly, but I left it. If it meets with a sale, he is to have twenty-five per cent. commission. If it don't you are to pay a dollar a day for the time it remains there. Hard isn't it?" as he saw the quick shadow come over Elfleda's face. "But it's the best I could do. Don't despair, sis. Perhaps there is good luck in store for us."

Elfleda brushed the dew of tears from her eye-lashes, and went quietly on with her work.

The bright fabric of wine-red, broidered over with tangled reeds and radiant blossoms, had scarcely hung for two hours over the screen at Mortimer & Co's, when Mrs. St. Dominel came in, her scented shawl trailing over her shoulder, and a French hat tilted picturesquely over her middle-aged curls. She stopped short in front of the *portiere* where the wild marsh marigolds glowed so vividly.

"How lovely!" she cried. "What exquisite colors! What poetic treatment! What is the price of the thing, Mortimer?"

"A hundred dollars, madam."

"I'll take it," said Mrs. St. Dominel. "And I want a set of alcove draperies done in the same pattern. By this day week, please?"

"Madam, it is impossible," said Mortimer. "This exquisite gem is imported. I couldn't match it in alcove curtains short of five hundred dollars."

"Then I'll pay five hundred dollars," said Mrs. St. Dominel. "Only be sure that you have them ready for the 15th—it is my *fete* day, and I expect hosts of people. The pattern is absolutely too sweet!"

And the rich lady rustled herself out into a glistening carriage, and departed, leaving Mr. Mortimer to despatch a hurried message to the address which Karl Elwyn had left.

The boy came running eagerly up stairs, two steps at a time, when he had received his commission, and scampered home.

"Only think Fleda," he exclaimed, rapturously, "the curtain is sold! For fifty dollars! And that with the twenty-five per cent. commission off is thirty-seven dollars!"

Fleda's countenance brightened.

"I am so glad!" she exclaimed. "But—but I hoped it would bring a little more. The material cost twenty-six dollars, and I worked a whole week on it until twelve o'clock at night."

"Oh, but you haven't heard all," said Karl. "You are to do a pair of alcove draperies to match, and they are to be finished within ten days, and old Mortimer will pay you seventy-five dollars for them, if they suit exactly. He says you are to find the material, as you did before, for they must be a perfect match."

Fleda sat silently calculating matters in her mind.

"I am afraid I shall not make much profit out of it," she said. "But of course, I will accept the commission; it may lead to better things."

And so she set herself diligently to work, scarcely pausing long enough to eat or sleep, so anxious was she to complete the order, and receive the promised compensation.

"For," she reasoned within herself, "we owe the doctor so much already that I am ashamed to look him in the face; and he is so kind, so faithful in his visits. If I could pay him even five dollars it would be a load off my mind."

The upshot of the business was that poor Elfleda finished the draperies, but fell ill with a nervous exhaustion and over-fatigue the very next day. The doctor, a tall, handsome young man, with dark, Spanish eyes, and a profile like a cameo, shook his head, and said:

"You have overdone yourself, Miss Elwyn"

And then Elfleda made her confession, and told him of the Herculean task she had just completed.

"I am to receive seventy-five dollars for this," said she. "To be sure, I owe forty for the material, but there will be thirty-five dollars left; and we owe money to our landlord, and there is last month's grocery bill yet unpaid, and poor mamma needs a little wine, and—

"I see," said the doctor, shrewdly. "But I am afraid, Miss Elwyn, it will be a dear thirty-five dollars for you."

As he sat at the table writing a prescription, the door opened, and Miss Pennie Stockton came in.

Pennie Stockton was a bright little damsel of twenty or so—one of the shop-girls at Messrs. Mortimer & Co's.—and she was full of news.

"Did you hear, Fleda," she cried, without at first noticing the presence of the dark-eyed stranger in the corner, "your lovely embroidery has been sold for five hundred dollars? And your fortune is made!"

"All that I received was seventy-five dollars," said Elfleda, her cheeks flushing.

"Then," cried Pennie, "old Miser Mortimer has been at his old tricks again! I heard the bargain myself. It was Mrs. St. Dominel who bought the curtains—Mrs. Dominel, of Fifth avenue, and—"

The doctor looked up quickly, as Elfleda made her friend to stop.

"It is my mother," he said quietly. "I am Dr. St. Dominel! So she bought the *portieres*, has she? Well, of one thing I am very certain, she has been no party to this miserable double-dealing!"

"No, sir, certainly not," said Pennie, herself blushing a very becoming pink. "I heard the whole bargain. She supposed that Mr. Mortimer had cabled to Paris for them. And he allowed her to believe so!"

"The man must be a thorough-paced villain," said Dr. St. Dominel, compressing his lips. "My mother shall be informed of his base behavior."

But all that did but little immediate good to poor Elfleda Elwyn, who fell into a low fever, and lay at death's door for weeks, and when she recovered, Dr. St. Dominel took her hand in his.

"Elfleda," he said, "if you had died, all life's sunlight would have died, also for me. I never knew, until you seemed to be drifting out into the other world, how very, very dear you were to me."

Mrs. St. Dominel came, too.

"My dear," she said tenderly taking the sick girl's transparent hand in hers, "I am shocked to think how near my draperies came to bringing you your death. But I shall love them more dearly than ever now. And you must make haste and get well enough to be married very soon indeed."

So Elfleda Elwyn became engaged, almost without any act or volition of her own. And little Karl and the sick mother were luxuriously provided for, now, and life was all sunshine. Except Mr. Mortimer, who lost Mrs. St. Dominel's custom for good and all.

"Things happened very awkwardly that time," said Mr. Mortimer, gnawing his lip. "I must be more cautious in the future."

But the young wife never could look at the red satin *portieres*, so richly wrought with reeds and marigolds, without a shudder, when she came to live in the big house in Fifth avenue.

"They were so near costing me my life," she said.

### Drink in Germany.

Dr. Wilhelm Bode has just made an elaborate study of the drink statistics of Germany, and it is said that this is the first time that anything of the sort has been done. It appears that the production of material manufactured into beer, wine and spirits in Germany occupied in 1889-90 just about one-fifteenth of the cultivated land of the whole country—a territory somewhat larger than the Kingdom of Saxony or the Grand Duchy of Baden, and somewhat smaller than the Kingdom of Wurtemburg. If this immense field, thus devoted to the liquor traffic, were diverted to the production of food, there might be raised on it in a year 1,687,000,000 of kilogrammes of rye—a quantity sufficient to make 3,272,600,000 pounds of the bread on which the poorer classes chiefly live. The 56,000,000 of people of Germany would be able to have of this bread 65¼ pounds apiece, or a family of 6 persons 524 pounds—or enough to give them entire food for six or seven weeks. The loss of money value may be estimated at a total of 458,000,000 of marks—a loss to each inhabitant of 9 marks 17 pfennings, or to a family of eight, 73 marks—enough to pay all the expenses of a weaver's family for about eight weeks. In the direct service of the liquor traffic, agriculture, manufacture, and retailing, about 1,500,000 men are engaged out of the 25,000,000 occupied in all industries of the land. In other words, a fourteenth of the productive energy of the country is devoted to this business. The consumption of drink per head of the population in 1889-90 gave the following figures:—Wine, 6.44 litters; distilled 4.64 liters (pure alcohol); beer 106.8 litres. It is said that half the pauperism in the Empire may be traced directly to drink.

One person in every nine is left-handed.

### Natural Science in Primary Grades.

One day this spring, one of my little boys brought a frog to school in a little box.

We decided to study Froggie this month for our Natural Science work. We borrowed a pail with water and the dish with earth, and Froggie lives in them alternately.

For our first lesson, as we were all just a little afraid of Froggie, we observed him in the pail, and many remarks were made about him, the children being allowed to express their opinions freely on whatever peculiarity of Froggie they observed. The points were afterwards woven into short sentences, as purely phonic as possible, by teacher, printed on separate slips of paper, on a type writer, and next morning distributed to the class and used as a reading lesson.

When the time came for our next lesson in Natural Science, we were more friendly with Froggie, and placed him on the table around which the section for the lesson gathered. We then studied him more particularly—each pupil being called on to state, in a complete sentence, what he observed about Froggie; these sentences were gathered from this lesson—"A frog has black eyes with golden rings around them. Froggie's mouth is very wide. His hind feet are webbed," etc., formed the reading lesson for next day. The fable of "The Boys and the Frogs," made phonic, was the next reading exercise.

By this time we are quite well acquainted with Froggie, and the most timid child in the class would touch him gently, as we proceeded to model him in the clay. This required most careful observation. We had to look again and again at what the children will call "his front feet and his hind feet," to see how they were joined to the body, the length, number of joints, etc. We worked away very industriously for half an hour, and some very natural frogs were the result.

After a second lesson in modelling we made a picture of Froggie. This required several attempts, but we were not easily discouraged.

At the end of a month, these children, who entered the Public school last September, can describe the frog orally, can read printed stories about him, can write short descriptive stories of him of their own composition.

They have learned to love this little frog and all other animals for his sake.

Their powers of observation have been wonderfully quickened, and they have found their school work a delight.—*Educational Journal.*

### A Present for the Duke.

A friend of an old aunt of mine had a fine parrot which was a great favorite, both on account of its beauty and talking powers. It did not seem to talk merely at random, as most parrots do, but to choose the proper moments and circumstances for uttering his speeches.

After the victory at Waterloo, and the Duke of Wellington's return to Apsley House, my aunt's friend was determined not to be behind the rest of the country in showing her gratitude and appreciation for the services rendered by the great general. She therefore travelled up to London, taking with her her pet, determined that the bird should be her gift to the Duke.

On arriving at Apsley House the servant told her that it was not the Duke's custom to receive visits from strangers without knowing something of them and their business. The old lady persisted that she had come up from Somersetshire, 120 miles, to see His Grace, and that she was sure he would be delighted with her gift. The Duke, hearing of the earnestness of the old lady, ordered that she should be shown in. He received his visitor with great politeness, and thanked her for her kind intentions, but said he really did not want a parrot. She said that if His Grace would only hear the bird speak, she was sure he could not refuse her gift. He allowed her to uncover the cage, and she said to her favorite, "Polly, this is the Duke of Wellington!" The bird, flapping its wings with the joy of being liberated from darkness, cried out, "See, the conquering hero comes!"

"Oh, I'll have her! I'll have her!" cried the Duke with evident pleasure, and when Polly was made to sing, "God save the King," and to say a number of other loyal and complimentary things, the old lady was most warmly thanked for her gift, and her pet was praised for all of its accomplishments.

After this the Duke kept the parrot always in his room, and Polly was transferred from Apsley House to Strathfieldsaye, and was highly esteemed in the neighborhood.

### A Cow's Intelligence.

Col. R. D. McDonald of Columbia City tells the following story of animal intelligence. He had bought a lot of stock including a cow and calf. The cow had been recommended as one of the kindest animals. Its motherly affection for its offspring had more than once attracted attention. It never deserted its calf, and anybody that tried to seperate them was met with such piteous appeals from the elder that nobody but a hardened butcher could carry out a design against the younger. The cow and calf drove along very indifferently with the other cattle until a deep stream was reached. There was no bridge, and the current was very swift. When the cattle plunged in they were swept into deep water, and a good many of them disappeared for a moment.

When the cow came up her first thought was for her calf. She held her head up out of the water and looked about in all directions. She did not at first see her calf because it had been swept several rods down stream and was struggling in the water. The mother at length observed this with dismay. Instead of making for the opposite shore, as all the other animals had done, she plunged into the stream and swam down below her calf. The current drove the young animal up against the protecting bulk of the mother. Then the mother started for the shore, the calf swimming along-side of her in comparatively calm water. Some progress was made in this way; but about the middle of the stream the current, striking the calf in the forequarter, swept it behind the cow, and it floundered down stream. The mother once more went to the rescue. She had to swim clear around to the other side of her calf, and this done she had to steady herself in the stream, treading water to hold her position until the calf was once more safely against her side, and the latter swam safely to shore.—Indianapolis *News.*

### The Right Way to Buy Butter.

EDITOR CANADIAN GROCER.

SIR,—As the plan which I have adopted in taking butter from farmers has been very successful, several merchants have asked me to explain it to them, which I gladly do for two reasons, namely: To try and raise the standard of butter in sections where there are no creameries, and to prevent the country merchants from losing every summer what is made the balance of the year.

I distribute among my customers one-gallon stone crocks, which cost 10c. each and hold from 8 to 9 lbs. of butter. This I consider the best size, as one churning will fill it, therefore there will be only one quality in each. Then it is clean, and will not taint the butter, is light and easy to handle, and in retailing a family would buy it where they would not think of taking a larger one. It also saves to a considerable extent the loss occasioned by weighing out in small quantities.

When these crocks are brought in filled I put a label on them and fill in the name of the maker, not forgetting to let the maker know that her name is on the butter. If she allows the name to be put on she gets the highest price, if not, a reduction of 2 or 3c. is made. In this way every woman judges her own butter. For example: One week last fall the weather was very hot, and it was hard to make good butter. One of my best customers, on coming in the following week, said: "I did not bring my butter last week; it was not as nice as I would like to have my name on. Therefore, I took it over to—and got sugar for it."

I know several farmers' wives, who, previous to adopting this plan, made very ordinary butter, but now they do their best to make a good article, as their reputation is at stake. If an inferior article is made it goes to my neighbor. I don't want it.

To force them to take the crocks I make a difference in price. If the tubs, pails, rolls, or in any shape where I would have to re-pack, they get 2c. less per lb.

Last August, to commence with, I bought 100 crocks, and in a short time 200 more. I have now 800 one-gallon crocks in circulation. Another advantage is, that it does away with the old plan of having butter brought to the store in tubs, pails, tins or rolls, which was all thrown in a heap, regardless of color or quality, and packed when the clerk had time.

I can get 2c. per lb. more for this butter as buyers can depend on getting a good article. Parties wishing further information or able to suggest an improvement, I should be pleased to hear from.

R. WEATHERALL.

Oil City, Ontario, July 6, 1892.

### A Noble Triumph.

Not many years ago the house of a well-known clergyman in New York was entered by a burglar. In his stealthy search for plunder the fellow ventured too far, and awoke the owner.

The minister, being a brave and muscular man, seized and disarmed the thief, who, after a sharp struggle, in which the minister had the assistance of members of his family, was securely bound. Then the burglar was marched to the nearest police station, where he was left safely in the hands of the law.

It was the way of the clergyman to make thorough work with what he began, and he followed the case till he saw the culprit tried and sentenced to State prison for three years.

But this was not the end of his thorough work. He had suppressed a criminal, and served the ends of justice; now he thought of the criminal as a fellow-man.

He visited him in prison, talked with him in a friendly manner, and won his confidence. By arrangement with the prison authorities he sent him letters and received replies.

The correspondence and repeated visits produced the best effect, and scarcely a year had passed when the clergyman felt certain that the character of his convict friend was radically changed. The man's behavior inclined his keepers to the same good opinion.

After waiting a proper time the clergyman applied to the governor, secured the prisoner's pardon—and befriended him after his release. The repentant burglar became a worthy member of society and of the church; and to-day he is one of the late Doctor Howard Crosby's sincerest mourners.

Here is an instance of a real victory of good over evil, of order over disorder, of right over wrong. We are apt to regard the criminal by whom we suffer as a serpent to be trodden on and flung out of the way; and human laws recognize no duty in his case beyond the penalty they inflict.

But the law of Christ goes further, and wins a safer triumph. Kindness follows the punished evil-doer and tries to reform him. They who "walk humbly with God" will both "do justly and love mercy."—*Youth's Companion.*

### Turkish Couriers.

The ancient Turkish couriers always ran with bare feet, which grew so hard and destitute of feeling that they are said to have had themselves shod, like horses, with light iron shoes. To render the resemblance more complete, they carried in their mouths balls of silver, pierced with holes, and champed these as a horse does a bit. Further, their belts and garters were furnished with little bells, which tinkled wherever they went.

Besides their pay, they received two full suits of clothes every year. Their costume consisted of an Albanian sassock of damask or striped satin, and a belt of silk enriched with gold, in which they carried their poniard. Later they began to wear coverings upon their feet—long stockings, as well as a rude kind of shoe. Upon their heads they wore high bonnets covered with silver, from which waved enormous plumes of ostrich feathers. In one hand each man carried his hatchet, and in the other hand a bag full of comfits, with which they kept their mouths moist while running.

In this costume they accompanied their noble master, and conveyed his messages as far as he pleased to send them. As soon as they had received his orders, away they went leaping and capering among the crowd with the agility of a deer, crying: "Sauli, sauli!" (Take care, take care!) On they rushed night and day with astonishing swiftness, taking no repose until they had delivered the message intrusted to them.—*Harper's Young People.*


No other Sarsaparilla has the merit by which Hood's Sarsaparilla has won such a firm hold upon the confidence of the people.


### HOW I WON A KISS.

Beneath a spreading willow
That overhung a brook,
I saw a pretty maiden,
With eyes upon a book.

I knew her by her tresses
That, fallen in mesh and fold,
Concealed my little sweetheart
As with a web of gold.

Intent upon the romance
She read, she did not hear
The sound of coming footsteps
Gradually drawing near.

Then, going close behind her,
I threw about her eyes
Her scarf that lay beside her,
She started in surprise.

And then her merry laughter
Rang out upon the air;
She knew I stood behind her,
Yet asked me who was there.

"If thou canst guess," I answered,
"A pair of gloves is thine."
"But if I fail," she faltered,
"Why, then a kiss is mine."

She guessed I was her father,
And so I won the kiss;
But I have bought my darling
Gloves from that time to this.

For as that day I kissed her,
Her father came our way,
And we prevailed upon him
To name our wedding day.

—*J. M. H.*

### Subjects for Thought

We may talk and reason, we may reprove and expostulate, we may praise and blame, but, after all, it is our own character, our own example, the moral atmosphere in which we dwell that will act upon others with tenfold force. We may accept it as an assured fact that those who come into intimate relations will to a greater or less degree resemble each other, for, without intending it, they communicate their emotions to each other, they inspire each other with their feelings, they transmit to each other their desires, and they can no more help absorbing the dew which descends upon it.

The worship of a beauty above earthly shows is the highest homage of a true religion. Eternal movement is the characteristic destiny of the modern mind. All civilization is a conflict of opposite forces. To plant for the future is better than to war with the past. Life should be catholic as nature. Beauty is the great mediator between the flesh and the spirit. No use can exhaust the sunless income of the universe.

It is because so few have definite goals before them that so many fail; it is because so many aim at impossibilities that so few succeed; it is because there is too much wishing for success, with so little unremitted striving after it that so many end with wishing; it is because there is too much eagerness for speedy triumph that so many end in defeat.

It is not necessary for all men to be great in action. The greatest and sublimest power is simple patience.

Trust men and they will be true to you; treat them greatly and they will show themselves great.

Men's backs were made to bend, and the race of parasites is still in good repute.

Audacity as against modesty will win the battle over most men.

A brute can face a sword. It takes courage to face a sneer.—*Waverly Magazine.*

### A Succession of Vegetables.

This may be continuous throughout the season if the farmers and gardeners are so minded. Usually those who have gardens are content with but one variety of the same vegetable, whereas several varieties might as well be grown. Take, for instance, sweet corn; there are some varieties which mature fully six weeks earlier than others. By planting these, some early, some intermediate, and some late, we can have corn for the table for six weeks, at least, of even eight weeks, instead of for but two or three, which is usual.

The same may be said of the different varieties of peas and beans, and, indeed, of almost all the vegetables and fruits which we grow. By giving a little attention to the selection of varieties, we may have a constant succession of fresh vegetables of one kind or another from spring until the time of autumn frosts. Then there are certain varieties of vegetables for winter use which are at their best, it may be, early in the winter, and certain other varieties in the spring. By giving attention to growing these, not necessarily in large quantities, an abundant supply of vegetables would be accessible the year round.

### Isn't This So.

A woman is a good deal more likely to fall in love with a man if he can only persuade her to imagine that he has a secret sorrow.

There is a right time for everything but the four-dollar watch seldom manages to hit it.

It takes a good deal more courage to propose to a girl than it does to tell her a year after marriage that henceforward she will have to bring up the kitchen coal herself—but it ought not to be so.

The woman who spells society with a capital "S" usually spells family duties with a lower case "f" and "d."

The father whose heart is right loves his children even when he finds himself walking barefooted in the middle of the night over a train of tin cars lying in the middle of the chamber floor.

It takes a good deal to satisfy man. Jonah, for instance, was unquestionably "in it," and still Jonah was't happy.—Somerville *Journal.*


### Our Old Fire Company.

"That was a gay old company that we belonged to, Joe, away back in '68 when you and I ran with the machine. Do you remember that big fire in Hotel Row, one freezing night, when fifteen people were pulled out of their burning rooms and came down the ladder in their night-clothes; and how 'Dick' Greene brought down two 'kids' at once—one in his arms, the other slung to his back! Poor 'Dick'! He got the catarrh dreadfully, from so much exposure, and suffered from it five years or more. We thought once he was going in consumption sure. But, finally, he heard of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and tried it, and it cured him up as sound as a flint. I tell you, Joe, that catarrh remedy is a great thing. It saved as good a man and as brave a fireman as ever trod in shoe leather."


In Germany married men wear wedding rings, a custom which many writers have advocated in other countries.