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LARGE
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SPECIAL
Low Price
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Has been opened in connection with this Branch.
Interest Allowed at Current Rates.
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PAPER MAKERS,
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MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
—AND—
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.
The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.
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ARTISTS' MATERIALS.
A full stock of Winsor & Newton's Flake White.
Double Tubes, Rowney's, 10c.
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5 Feet Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 25c.
Our Wall papers
Are said to be the best selected in the city
WATERS BROS.,
ESTABLISHED 1877.
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New Planing Mill
—AND—
Sash and Door Factory.
John Cameron, Contractor,
Has fitted up the building on Main Street, lately occupied as a trunk factory, with new machinery and is prepared to furnish plans, specifications and estimates for all classes of buildings, and execute all kinds of
DRESSING,
MATCHING, and MOULDING.
—MAKE ALL STYLES OF—
Sashes, Doors and Windows and Door Frames and Dressed Lumber.
And keep a stock on hand. All orders promptly attended to.
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—ACTON—
LIVERY
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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 6:18 p. m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
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Pianos
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WERE AWARDED
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AT
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In competition with American, German, English and Canadian manufacturers.
FOR SALE
On Monthly or Quarterly Payments only at
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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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REST FUND 53,000.00
GUELPH BRANCH,
CORNER OF WYNDHAM AND QUEBEC STREETS.
Savings Bank Department.
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Sterling Exchange bought and sold. Drafts issued payable at all points in the United States and Canada.
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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.
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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
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FINE SCOTCH SUITINGS,
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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 $4 Pants to Order.
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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.

WELCOME HOME.

Get the fine linen, Nina,
Spread the table, dear,
Bring out all the quaint old china,
For a guest is near.
He has come a long, long journey,
From across the sea;
Don't you guess? It's my son, Jamie
Coming home to me.

Read the letter over, Nina,
See, there's no mistake—
Roses on your cheeks are glowing,
Glowing for his sake.
He has chosen well, my Jamie,
You've my blessing too;
Yes, he's coming home, my lassie,
Home to you and me.

Furnish all the silver, Nina,
Make the table bright,
Let him have a merry greeting
When he comes to-night;
Let us put out all our dainties,
What a feast 'twill be!
And how glad he'll be to find you
Waiting here with me

Ah, it's been a weary waiting
Both for you and me,
And it's been an anxious praying
For our love at sea;
And I know your heart is thrilling
With a sweetheart's joy,
And my mother-arms are reaching
Out to clasp my boy.

And he's coming he is coming,
Really coming, dear;
Hurry child and set the table,
Soon he will be here;
Go put on your gay blue ribbons
And your prettiest dress;
Bring my white lace cap and kerchief
And my brooch pin? Yes.

Is it is his father's picture,
Painted long ago.
When he was to me what Jamie
Is to you, you know.
O! that he were here to meet him!
Yet he'll share our joy.
When from heaven he sees us, darling,
Welcome home our boy.

—*Abbe Kinne.*

Select Family Reading.

Master Martin's Billy-Goat

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

When the ill-paid clergyman of V. walked home from church, with his wife on his arm, and his long train of olive branches toddling, tripping and stamping along behind him, he sometimes saw Mrs. McMartin, widow of Martin McMartin, of that ilk, roll up to her gate, in her little phaeton, the proper vehicle of the day, and alight at her beautiful little dwelling, known as Wistaria Cottage; a soft smile on her face, and her dress just what a well-to-do, still far from old widow lady's should be. Then he would give a little sigh, as he answered her bow, and say to his good help-meet:—'Maria, my dear, a modest competence is greatly to be desired," as if she did not know it already by the lack of it. It was only of late that Mrs. McMartin had really felt that content which she assumed so well. Her little money was going fast, and she felt that the future might look dark for her boy; for though he was naturally his grandmother's heir, that lady was hard to manage and rather cranky, and might as likely as not decide to leave it all to some one else, though no one could say to whom.

All had been doubtful until the old lady had written of her own accord to propose coming to live with her daughter-in-law, and had added:

"I should like to oversee Martin a little; and as I am competent to put on my own caps, I shan't need a maid, thank Heaven! at your house."

It was virtually accepting Martin as her heir.

Mrs. McMartin had instantly written that her mother-in-law must come at once, had set apart the best room for her, and forbidden her to think of being at any expense whatever. She would to enjoy having her; and now, though she would not put mercenary ideas in little Martin's mind, she talked piously to him about his duty to his poor papa's mamma, and begged him to promise that he would be very quiet and make no uncomfortable noises.

"You won't beat your drum, or toot your trumpet, or play steam engine in the house, will you, dear?" she insisted. "Promise ma."

To which Master Martin's sententious reply was:

"Then gimme a billy-goat. Every other boy I know has got one. Why, ma, I'd be outdoors more of my vacation, and I'd have such fun I'd get ready to sit down indoors, don't you see? It makes me mad when I think I ain't got one, and I can't keep quiet."

This shrewd reasoning sounded well. The mother liked to humor her boy, and no accident had happened to young goat drivers, to her knowledge.

Accordingly, she purchased for Master Martin a goat of fine dark color, with splendid horns, a polished red and black wagon and a bright red harness; and having seen him driving it joyously down the road, ordered the phaeton and went to meet her mother-in-law at the station, feeling quite safe about her son and his prospects.

The train arrived without accident, and brought old Mrs. McMartin in an unusually amiable mood, with trunks and hampers in good order.

"What a comfortable turn-out you have," she said, as she settled herself under the canopy. "I never felt so happy in my life, for I've seen, I think, the last of Jane Fisher," she said to her daughter in law. "That wretch stuck pins into me on purpose, and her hands always smelt of scented soap—pah! I've got a room on the lower floor, ah?"

"Oh, yes, ma," smiled Mrs. McMartin. "All in blue chintz, with the sweetest little daisies in it; china to match. One step to the dining room; across the hall to the parlors; a good view from the window, and out of hearing of the kitchen."

"You've been very attentive to my comfort, my dear," said old Mrs. McMartin.

"Of course I should do all I could to please my poor husband's dear ma," sighed Mrs. McMartin. Then both ladies took out their handkerchiefs and applied them to their eyes. Never had matters been on so charming a footing between them. And so the phaeton stopped at Wistaria Cottage.

Now Philip, the factotum of the establishment, always knew when to expect his lady home, and never before had failed to step decorously forward to hold the horse, and take after charge of him. To-day, of all days, he was not on the spot. The fact was that the goat, whom he had been petting, had suddenly seized upon and devoured the clean paper collar with which he was about to adorn himself, and held unsuspiciously in his hand, and he had gone to his bedroom over the stable to get another. Therefore Mrs. McMartin alighted first, and holding Topsy's head, that her mother-in-law might descend in safety, cried:

"Just go right in, ma, dear. Philip will be here soon. I'll wait; Topsy is a little frisky."

And the mother-in-law, obeying placidly, toddled up the path towards the front door. But—horrors of horrors!—what was this? What object was this, that flying like the wind, appeared upon the path? A thing with horns, all red and black; something behind it shrieking, "Whoah! whoah! whoah!" It was the goat, who, not yet well broken in, was utterly beyond his master's control. Stop he would not, let Master Martin roar and Mrs. McMartin shriek as they would. And Philip was still upstairs adjusting his paper collar.

It takes a minute or so to tell a tale, but it only took one second to enact it. Billy lowered his head at old Mrs McMartin, and plump went that lady into the midst of the great clump of foliage plants, where she lay shrieking, while the revolving fountain, set to playing in her honor, gave her an impromtu shower bath—now drenching her bonnet, now her shoes, now her new black satin costume.

Happily she was not much hurt. Billy had only butted the flounces, not the lady.

She was shaking and very wet when Philip, the cook, Mrs. McMartin the younger, and a strange gentleman, who happened to be passing, bore her into the house.

There were no injuries to be discovered but the loss of her false teeth, which were found safe; the upper set in the cup of a calla lily, the under amongst the roots of a moss-rose bush. But she took to her bed and remained there two days, denouncing Master Martin as her murderer."

"He did it on purpose, Augusta," she reiterated to her daughter-in-law. "There's not a doubt of that in my mind; he knew he was to be my heir."

"A child like that! Oh mamma, how can you dream it!" sobbed the younger Mrs. McMartin.

"I don't believe you were an accomplice," said the old lady, with a doubtful air; "but I know that it is my duty to disinherit him. Have you had the goat killed?"

"I have had him sent away," said Mrs. McMartin, "and poor Martin is wretched."

So he was, about the loss of the goat.

However, nothing she could say in any degree softened the old lady's heart. She had her lawyer telegraphed for, and made a will leaving everything to the new Society for the Protection of Insects and Reptiles, of which she had just received a prospectus.

"However, my dear madam," the lawyer whispered to Mrs. McMartin, "I have no doubt my excellent client will call me in again. It amuses her to write wills and destroy them."

He spoke the truth. The lady having recovered and gone to take a short walk, was bitten by mosquitoes in some shrubbery. The lawyer was at once sent for, and the money left to another organization; and the daughter-in-law resolved to show a disinterested kindness to her aged connection, which would at last win her to forgive the only child of her only son, who, after all, was not to be blamed for what had happened.

So the months passed on, not happily, for Mrs. McMartin the elder could not endure the presence of Master Martin in any room she occupied, and spoke of him in terms only to be endured by the mother, for the sake of the hope that he might at last be forgiven.

However a year passed by, and the grand-mother had just made another will in which her property was left to the wealthiest church in her native town, when a late supper of fifteen croquettes, chocolate, lobster salad and pistachio ice cream resulted in a severe illness, and poor Mrs. McMartin lay at the point of death.

She suffered terribly, but her memory was good; and she laid her illness to the terrible injuries inflicted by that horrible boy's goat; and having sent for her lawyer, altered her will, and left half her fortune to the church aforesaid and half to certain persons whose duty it should be to purchase and assassinate all goats to be obtained anywhere in the United States.

"It is done," she said. "I have punished my murderers."

Then she took the will, and sending every one from the room, read and re-read it with satisfaction.

Meanwhile Mrs. McMartin, who had done her best for the old lady, and who had conscientiously warned her that lobster, after so many croquettes, was not wholesome, overcome by mingled feelings, wept in her own room, and Master Martin in the stable was in clover. Billy, who had been sent away only so far as a neighbor's stable-yard, had come home on a visit. Safe from the supervision of his mother at such a time, Martin harnessed his treasure and drove him up and down the road, until at last, fearful of being betrayed by the servants, he released Billy from the traces, and would have led him back to his place of exile.

Unfortunately, as it then seemed, Billy was not disposed to be led, but turning, butted his master in the chest, overset him, and rushing into the house, crossed the hall, threw himself against the door of the invalid's bedroom, burst it open, and bounded in and upon the bed. The terrified old lady, for the moment dumb with horror, lifted the only weapon at hand—her folded will against him, and he, fancying it a kindly offer of refreshment, instantly seized it in his mouth and began to devour it. When the shrieks of the terrified lady, who at this sight found her voice return to her had summoned the household to her aid, the will was gone, and Billy was slowly rolling the bit of red tape that had tied it under his tongue as a choice *bonne bouche*, over which he lingered lovingly.

"He knew what was in it, Augusta. He's Satanic," gasped poor old Mrs. McMartin.

"He came here on purpose to destroy it. Take him away. He has killed me at last!"

It really seemed so for a while, but Grandma McMartin was not ready for her tombstone yet. She recovered and lived many years. She even grew fond of Martin. The sight of the goat was, however, insufferable to her ever after, and a superstitious belief that the goat would return if she did so withheld her from ever making another will, so that her fortune fell to Martin in the regular course of inheritance.

As spring time of year men have a wild yearning to work in their garden that they don't have when the weeds begin to grow.

It is what Hood's Sarsaparilla actually does that tells the story of its merit and has given it the largest sale of any medicine.

Bashful Youths.

As a general thing, young ladies are much more self possessed when they first go into society than young gentlemen, and while the girl of sixteen is helped out by the kindness of older women and the attention men always pay to "rosebuds" if they are pretty or pleasing, the boy of eighteen or nineteen is left to do the best he can for himself, and if he is modest, well-bred and not conceited he often retires from society after a few brief plunges into it, with a feeling that he is not wanted there and will never be fitted for it. Yet, after all, hollow as society is, in many professions it is necessary for a young man to hold his own and appear well on social occasions.

It is also a relief to any one whose feelings are strong, and who is apt to grow melancholy in solitude to have "somewhere to go." I presume many originally able men who have become oddities, and grown careless in their habits and offensive in their manners, might have been comfortable and well liked if they had taken a little pains to know a few people, and to be sought at least in some small circle of society.

Long ago Lord Chesterfield said to his son: "Your figure is like other people's; I hope you will take care to dress so, too. Why then should you be ashamed? Why not go into mixed company as freely as to your own room?" And he adds:

"I remember that when, with all the awkwardness of college about me, I was first introduced into good company, I was frightened out of my wits. If I saw people whisper, I was sure it was about me, and thought myself the object of censure or ridicule of the whole company, who, Heaven knows, did not trouble themselves about me. In this way I suffered martyrdom, and should certainly have renounced polite society forever if I had not been absolutely convinced of the necessity of forming my manners. I remember at last gaining intrepidity enough to go up to a fine woman and tell her that I thought it was a very warm day. She answered me very civilly that she thought so, too; upon which the conversation on my part ceased, until she remarked, good-naturedly resuming it, 'I see your embarrassment, and I'm sure the few words you said to me cost you a good deal; but do not be discouraged. All you want is manner, and you do not want that as much as you think you do.'"

Lord Chesterfield was supposed to be one of the most elegant men of his day; and the bashful boy who made an effort to say, "It is a warm day, madam," to a lady, became ambassador to the Hague, Viceroy to Ireland, Secretary of State, and a member of the Cabinet. He had all the elements of social success with him, and yet, no doubt, he might have gone to the wall but for that determination to form his manners in good society. And what was said so many years ago to a bashful English youth, a bashful boy of any nation may read with benefit: "Do not be discouraged. All you want is manner, and you do not want that as much as you think you do."

A Bad Bargain.

If one man were able to cause all the lottery tickets which are issued in a year by the one great lottery of the country to be bought up in his interest, in order that he might be perfectly sure to get all the prizes, he would receive back twenty millions of dollars in return for forty millions expended. That is to say, he would have lost outright twenty millions of dollars, all of which would have gone into the coffers of the lottery company.

This statement is based upon the safe estimate that the annual receipts of the lottery company are forty millions of dollars, and its payments in prizes twenty millions. It illustrates, as well as anything could, the folly of buying lottery tickets.

The people of the country, as respects such an enterprise, may be represented as one man. As long as they support it they are annually paying out forty millions to get back twenty.

This is certainly not an act in harmony with the supposed sagacity of the American people. To go on indefinitely paying out two dollars to get back one is not exactly a bright and business-like proceeding.

Though Americans were among the first of peoples to despise and prohibit lotteries, no people, probably, tax themselves more heavily to-day to buy these unprofitable lottery tickets.

Under our laws, it is impossible for the sentiment of the country at large to bring about the entire suppression of this great evil. The majority of people of the State from which the lottery hitherto has operated have done what they could to suppress it. But in the meantime, the common sense of the people of the whole country, fully realizing the very bad bargain which the lottery offers, should so greatly diminish the profits of the scheme as to render it very less powerful in its own locality.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Editor's Dream.

An editor sat in his office chair, his shoes were patched, his clothes threadbare and his face looked weary and worn with care. While sadly thinking of business debts old Morpheus slowly around him crept and before he knew it he soundly slept; and sleeping dreamt that he was dead, and from trouble and toil his spirit had fled, and not even a cowbell tolled for the peaceful rest of his cowhide sole. And as he wandered among the shades that smoke and scorch in lower Hades, he shortly observed an iron door that creakingly hung on a hinge ajar, but the entrance was closed with a red hot bar and Satan himself stood peeping out waiting for travellers there about, and thus to the passing editor spoke: "Come in my dear, it shall cost you nothing, and never fear; this is the place I cook the ones who never pay their subscription sums; for though in life they may escape, they'll find when they're dead its not too late. I will show you the place where I melt them thin with red hot chains and scraps of tin, and also where I comb their heads with broken glass and molted leads, and if of refreshments they only think, there's boiling water for them to drink; the hot grindstone to grind their nose, and red hot rings to wear on their toes; and if they mention they don't like fire I'll sew up their mouths with red hot wire and then, dear sir, you'll see them squirm while I turn them over to cool and turn." With these last words the editor woke and thought it all a practical joke. But at times so real did it seem, that he cannot believe it was all a dream, and often he thinks with a chuckle and grin of the fate of those who save their tin and never pay the printer.

Papa's Little Boy.

Charming as is the merry prattle of innocent childhood, it is not particularly agreeable at about 1 o'clock in the morning, when you are, "dead for sleep."

There are young and talkative children who have no more regard for your feelings, or for the proprieties of life, than to open their peepers with a snap at 1 or 2 a.m. and seek to engage you in enlivening dialogues of this sort;

'Papa!'

You think you will pay no head to the imperative little voice, hoping that silence on your part will keep the youngster quiet; but again the boy of 3 pipes out sharply:

'Papa!'

'Well!' you say.

'You' wake, papa?'

'Yes.'

'So's me.'

'Yes, I hear that you are,' you say with cold sarcasm. 'What do you want?

'Oh, nuffin?'

'Well, lie still and go to sleep, then.'

'I isn't sleepy, papa?'

'Well, I am, young man."

'Is you? I isn't—not a bit. I say papa, papa!'

'Well?

"If you were rich what would you buy me?'

'I don't know—go to sleep.'

'Wouldn't you buy me nuffin?

'I fancy so'; now you—

'What, papa?'

'Well, a steam engine, maybe; now you go to sleep.'

'With a whistle that would sound, papa.'

'Yes, yes; now you go to sleep.'

'And would the wheels go round, papa?'

'Oh, yes (yawning). Shut your eyes, now.'

'I say, papa?'

No answer.

'Papa!'

'Well, what now?'

'Is you 'fraid of the dark?'

'No' (drowsily.)

'I isn't either, papa'

'Well!'

'I want a jink.'

'No, you don't.'

'I do, papa.'

'Experience has taught you that there will be no peace until you have brought the 'jink' and you scurry out to the bath room in the dark, knocking your shins against everything in the room as you go.

"Now, I don't want to hear another word from you to-night," you say, as he gulps down a mouthful of water he didn't want. Two minutes later he says:

'Papa!'

'Look here, laddie, papa will have to punish you if—'

'I can spell 'dog,' papa.'

'Well, nobody wants to hear you spell it at 2 o'clock in the morning.'

'B-o-g—dog; is that right?'

'Yes, yes: now you lie down, and go to sleep instantly!'

'Then I shall be a good boy, won't I papa?'

'Yes? You'll be the best boy on earth. Good night, dearie.'

'Papa.'

'Well, well! What now?'

'Is I your little boy?'

'Yes, yes; of course.'

'Some man's haven't got any little boys; but you have, haven't you?'

'Yes.'

'Don't you wish you had two, free, nine, seven, twenty-six, ninety-ten, free hundred little boys?'

'The mere possibility of such a remote and contingent calamity so paralyzes you, that you be speechless for ten minutes, during which you hear a yawn or two in the bed by your side, a little figure rolls over two or three times, a pair of heels fly into the air once or twice, a warm, moist little hand reaches out and touches your face to make sure you are there and the boy is asleep, with his heels where his head ought to be.

Care of Clothing.

I remember seeing a young girl one recent summer's day starting to take a morning pleasure ride in a phaeton which she was to drive. She took hold of the reins with her hands encased in a very fine pair of light-colored kid gloves. I remonstrated telling her she would ruin the beautiful gloves. But she treated the matter lightly saying she did not care if it did spoil them. On her return from the drive I noticed that her gloves were indeed ruined, the strain of the reins having split them in several places, besides discoloring them. When I called her attention to this fact, she really seemed to think she had done something smart. She probably meant to impress me with the fact that a pair of nice kid gloves was nothing in particular to her. What she did impress me with was the fact that she had been guilty of a vulgar piece of wanton destructiveness, and with a conviction that a young lady of such thoughtlessness was not a desirable companion for susceptible young girls. When, a few days afterward, I saw her take a fine pocket handkerchief to wipe the dust off her shoes, and later saw her use the corner of a very fine embroidered white apron to wipe dampness off a window seat, I felt convinced that there was a radical defect in her character in the direction of refinement and sense of propriety. I concluded also that no kind mother or teacher had ever instructed her in the real value of beautiful things.

One cause of the great difference in attractiveness of appearance in young girls is to be found in the different ways in which they take care of articles of personal adornment. Laces, embroideries, neckties, ribbons, gloves, slippers, and in fact all the little elegancies of a lady's costume, depend for the looks on the care of them. It is not only bad taste and bad manners, but it shows a lack of personal refinement for a lady to wear crumpled, torn or soiled finery. There is no need or excuse for it. All these delicate little articles of dress can be so carefully laid away, when not in use, that their freshness and beauty will be preserved. But if a little girl or a lady throws her gloves, ribbons, laces, handkerchiefs and neckties carelessly together in boxes or bureau drawers, they will never look nice and fresh as they would if she carefully folded and laid them away. This is true also of good garments of any kind. To see an elegant silk or lace gown all full of wrinkles, looking as though it had been slept in, or a handsome cloak all out of shape, and dotted with lint through having been carelessly hung up under other garments in a closet or wardrobe, is offensive in the extreme to refined taste.—*Interior.*

It is seldom that a good bank teller will tell anything about his bank.

THE MURMER OF A WATERFALL.

The murmer of a waterfall
A mile away,
The rustle when a robin lights
Upon a spray,
The lapping of a lowland stream
On dripping boughs,
The sound of grazing from a herd
Of gentle cows,
The echo from the wooded hill
Of cuckoo's call,
The quiver through the meadow grass
At evening fall:—
Too subtle are these harmonies
For pen and rule;
Such music is not understood
By any school;
But when the brain is overwrought
It hath a spell,
Beyond all human skill and power
To make it well.

The memory of a kindly word
For long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower
Sent lovingly,
The gleaming of a sudden smile
Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand,
The tone of cheer,
The hush that means "I cannot speak,
But I have heard"
The note that only bears a verse
From God's own Word:—
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry;
The givers deeming they have shown
Scant sympathy;
But when the heart is overwrought,
Oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things
To make it well?

—*By Frances Ridley Havergal.*

It Was a Miss Who Wrote This.

Miss L. B. Robertson, of Mobile, Ala., has won a prize for the best essay on the subject, "How to Rule a Husband." She says: "Do not indulge in prying into his affairs. If he does fool you a little, are you the happier by detecting it? Bestir yourself. Place on the center table a soft glowing light. Lay his papers on the corner, and especially never tear up his 'latest.' Put slippers and dressing gown in easy reach. Dressed in a dainty, becoming gown, as you used to do as his sweetheart. Greet him winsomely, however late the hour. Honey entices bees, vinegar never. To prevent his eyes from ever turning to seek grace in other women, make yourself as sweet and attractive looking at home as lies within your power. Do not become extremely affectionate when you want something—he will soon learn the trick. The shy tremor in your voice will never meet refusal. Though he may be an Ananias himself, be truthful at all times. Nothing turns a man's heart into stoney selfwill like a woman's prevarications. Above all, do not pout. Study his idiosyncrasies. Never combat them openly. Go around like you would an obstacle in the road. Soon you will govern him completely by letting him rule you." Miss Robinson's ideas have not met with much approval among her sex. "How to Bun Husbands by Underground Methods," "How to Make Hypocrites of Wives," "The Proper Care of Male Lunatics," are various comments of women's journals and clubs.

Quite Legal.

A certain English laborer who was noted for his great size and strength once thought of an original fashion of avoiding toll. The incident is described in the "Autobiography of an English Gamekeeper."

The laborer was going along the road mounted on his donkey, which was a good-sized animal, when he came to the turnpike gate.

"How much do you charge for my donkey to walk through?" he asked the pikeman.

"Twopence," was the reply.

"And how much do you charge for carrying a parcel through the gate?"

"Nothing."

"Whoa! whoa!" cried Joslin; and quietly dismounting, he deliberately slipped his head under the donkey, seized his forelegs with his hands, lifted him off the ground, carried him through the gate and set him down on the other side.

"Gee up, Neddy!" he cried, getting on the donkey's back, and off they went, well content.

Spiders' Perseverance not Appreciated.

Ever since the story of Robert Bruce and the spider that insect has been proverbially held up to view as an example of pertinacious skill. An attempt to establish instinct as a guide to reason is, however a fallacy. The setting hen is an example of instinct, not maternal constancy. This perseverance of spiders may have been an encouragement to Robert Bruce, but it is often a discouragement in engineering work. In sinking plumb lines down shafts for middle headings in tunneling in order to obtain an alignment for the tunnel, the accuracy of the work is often seriously impaired by spiders attaching their webs to the lines and drawing them toward the walls, often with sufficient tension to introduce material errors in the position of the plumb bobs.—Cor. *Engineering.*

Youths at the World's Fair.

Provision has been made for the holding in Chicago at the time of the World's Fair, of a congress composed of youths of all nations of the world. Delegates will be sent, it is expected, from England, Japan, France, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Spain, Austria, Italy, Russia and countries of the Orient. These young men are to be selected from the high schools and the grammar-school grades. Their ages are to range between 13 and 20 years. No World's Fair congress had been thus far arranged for, it is thought, that will excite more interest than this project. The idea is to get from each country not more than from fifteen to forty or fifty students. All told, it is intended to have 5000 at the congress, and a special committee has been appointed to see that proper encouragement is lent to induce attendance.

Banana Peel on the Sidewalk.

The street car had passed, but to catch it he reckoned,
So he ran like a deer, shouted and beckoned,
Till he planted his heel
On a smooth bit of peel—
Then he saw half a million of stars in a second.

He was in too great a hurry; better have waited for another car. There are cases, however where haste is necessary. If you have night-sweats, feverishness, weak, sore lungs and a hacking cough, do not lose an hour in obtaining a supply of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Delay in such cases is dangerous; it may be fatal. Before the disease has made too great progress, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a certain cure. In fact, it's guaranteed to benefit or cure, or money paid for it promptly refunded.