The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick streets, Acton.

S. A. McKEAGUE, M. D.,
Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Licentiate of Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh.
Office and residence:—Dr. Lowry's late residence, head of Frederick street, Acton.

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

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

J. A. MOWAT,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC.
Money to Loan.
OFFICE DAYS—Tuesday and Saturday.
OFFICE:—Kannawin'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. Ruling neatly and promptly done

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

Acton Lodge, No. 204,
I.O.O.F.
MEETS in the Oddfellows' Hall, Hill's Block, every Wednesday evening. Visiting brethren always welcome. For copy of constitution and laws apply to the undersigned or any of the members.
W. WILLIAMS, N. G. H. H. WORDEN, Secretary

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

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:—51 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 20c.
5 Feet Curnice 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 keeps 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 6:18 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 604,400.00
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. F. H. JONES,
Manager Guelph Branch.

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

ALL READY FOR SCHOOL.
Solid Leather
School Boots
From the Best Makers.
EVERY PAIR WARRANTED.
PRICES RIGHT.
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

To Look Well
Is more the result of good judgement and taste than mere lavish use of money. My stock of
Boots & Shoes
Is adapted to fill the wants of those who, having slender incomes, still desire to make their appearance creditable.
My experience and close relations with manufacturers enables me to present a line of
FOOTWEAR
Unequalled in the county for style, quality and price.
Wm. WILLIAMS - Acton.

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 $4 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.

Poetry.

WHEN THE TRAIN COMES IN.

Well, yes, I calc'ulate it is a little quiet here
For one who's been about the world an' traveled far and near;
But, mebby 'cause I never lived no other place to me
The town seems 'bout as lively as a good town orter be.
We go about our business in a quiet sort o' way,
Nor thinking of the outside world, excepting wunst a day
We gather at the depo, where we laff an' talk an' spit
Our yarns an' watch the people when the train comes in.

Si Jenkins, he's the justice of the peace, he allers spends
His money for a paper, which he glances through an' lends
To some the other fellers, an' we all take turns an' chat,
An' each one tells what he'd do if he was this or that.
An' in a quiet sort of way, afore an hour's gone,
We get a pretty idea o' what's goin' on.
An' gives us lots to think about until we meet again
The follerin' to-morrow when the train comes in.

When I git lonesome like I set around the barber shop
Er corner grocer'y, where I talk about the growing crop
'Ith fellers from the country; 'nif the sun ain't out too hot
We go to pitchin' hoss shoes in Jed Thompson's vacant lot
Behind the livery stable; an' before the game is done
Ez like ez not some feller'll say his nag kin clean outrun
The other feller's, an' they take 'em out and have a spin,
But all git back in town after the train comes in.

I see it in the papers at some folks, when summer's here,
Pack up their trunks an' journey to the seashore every year
To keep from gettin' sunstruck; I've a better way than that,
For when it's hot I put a cabbage leaf inside my hat
An' go about my business jest as though it wasn't warm—
Fact is I ain't doin' much since I moved off my farm.
An' folks as loves the outside world, if they've a mind to, kin
See all they orter of it when the train comes in.

An' yit I like excitement an' ther's nothing suits me more
'N to get three other fellows, so's to make an even four
'At knows the game fit to a "T," an' spend half a day
In some good place a fightin' out a battle at croquet.
There's Tubbs who tends the postoffice, an' old Doc Smith an' me
An' Uncle Perry Louden—it'd do you good to see
Us fellers maul them balls aroun'; we meet time an' agin
An play an' play an' play until the train comes in.

An' take it all in all I bet you'd have to look aroun'
A good long while afore you'd find a nicer little town
'An this'n is. The people live a quiet sort o' life
Not carin' much about the world 'ith all its woe an' strife.
An' here I mean to spend my days, an' when I reach the end
I'll say "God bless ye!" an' "Good-bye!" to every faithful friend;
An' when they foller me to where they ain't no care ner sin
I'll meet 'em at the deepo when the train comes in.

—*Waterman Nixon.*

Select Family Reading.

Our Best Customer.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

How well I remember the day our best customer just came into the tiny shop where I sold pins and needles and "notions" of every kind, to support myself and my dear mother, who was paralyzed and almost helpless. She could use her hands, but her feet were so stiff and heavy that she could scarcely hobble, with my help, to the chair from the bed, or back again.

The profits of the business were small, and my brother Frank, who had been studying medicine before father died, earned only a small pittance; and so we struggled on, starving ourselves to keep out of debt, and perpetually tugging at the ends that would not meet. As soon as mother was able to sit up in an arm-chair, she began to knit for the store pretty infant socks, tidies, trimmings of various kinds, and all sorts of pretty fancy articles, and it was a pincushion top in the window that attracted Miss Mitchell.

She came into the store one winter's day, when I was crying softly behind the counter, and it was as if the sunlight had streamed into the place, with our best customer.

Her face was indescribably lovely, with the most beautiful dark eyes I ever saw, and I caught the glance of compassion that rested on my tear-swollen face, and softened her own to such tender sweetness as I had never before seen. She made no comment, asked no questions, but one quick glance about the store seemed to tell her the whole pitiful story of poverty and struggle. She bought the pincushion top and ordered two more, only, as they were to be finer, larger, and more trouble, she should expect to pay double.

Only a few dollars were needed to make up the month's rent, but it was the apparent impossibility of having them ready the next day that had caused my tears. My new customer bought tape, buttons, ribbons, pins, cotton—everything her quick, bright eyes rested upon, until a formidable pile was heaped upon the counter.

"If you will let these things stay here for an hour or two," she said, "I will call again for them. Mamma is at the dressmaker's on the next street, and I was passing to make a purchase at the drug store on the corner, when I saw this exquisite piece of knitting. How can you manage such fine cotton?"

I told her then about mother, and her soft, dark eyes were full of sympathy as she listened. An hour or two later, a handsome carriage drove up to the door, and she called for her purchases.

In a few days she came again, buying as before freely, and leaving another order for knitting, so that my spare minutes were filled, too, with work.

Little by little she became friendly, and she made an excuse to see mother by ordering some work for which she wished to leave special directions. After that she always ran upstairs for a few moments to brighten the day for mother.

We knew little about her except her name; but with all her bright sweetness, her apparently large wealth, I was sure she had some sorrows in her life. It was not natural for one so bright and young to be so tenderly sympathetic, unless she had known some grief or anxiety herself.

In a long year that she was our best customer I learned to love her as I loved no one else but my mother and brother.

It was winter weather again, when one evening, as I was closing the shop, a little figure, in a close, dark ulster, crept in. Shivering with cold or distress, she sat upon the one stool the shop boasted, and lifting a brown veil, showed me the face of our best customer, white as death, the great brown eyes dilated with some sorrow too deep for tears, the sweet, sensitive mouth quivering.

"Miss Donaldson," she whispered, "will you hide me for a night? Will you let me stay here?"

"Gladly," I said. "But, oh, my dear, my dear, what is it?"

I was only a few years older than herself but in her distress she seemed such a child that I could not resist the impulse to take her in my arms, to kiss her, and try in my poor way to comfort her. And when the tears came and she sobbed, clinging to me as a child to her mother, I was sure the crying helped her poor, sore heart, and did not try to check it.

Mother was asleep, and I made up a bed on a wide lounge in our little sitting-room for Miss Mitchell. Before she lay down she said to me;

"I have left my home, and I cannot return. Will you shelter me and hide me for a few days until I can find some employment by which to earn my bread? And will you do this, asking no questions, but believing me when I tell you I have done nothing wrong, nothing that would make your mother deny me the friendship of her child?"

Very solemnly, even as she had spoken I made answer:

"While I have a roof or a crust, I will share them with you as with a dearly loved sister."

And no sister could have been more to me than Nettie Mitchell became as the days passed that followed that winter evening. She had some money, and she asked me to buy her necessary clothing, and the additional furniture that was needed to turn a tiny room we had used for lumber into a bedroom. Then I taught her what I had learned of housework; and, while she insisted upon paying a third of our expenses, she took care of mother, and shared in every detail of cooking and cleaning. With some difficulty I procured embroidery for her, and she went out only after dark, heavily veiled, to carry home her work and bring back a fresh supply.

But it gave her a glad pleasure that, although she would not go out except as I have said, her being with mother gave me greater freedom. Especially on Sunday, when Frank came, I could go with him to church, and, after dinner, for a walk.

Yet it was not long before I saw that the day-time passed more slowly for my brother than the evening when Nettie Mitchell, with her low, sweet voice, her merry jests, her bright animation, made the hours fly past, and gave to our quiet room an added charm for Frank. He told her more than he had ever told us of his hope to one day take up his profession, and of the study he crowded into all his leisure time. She had that rare, sympathetic interest, as far removed from curiosity as it is from difference, that won confidence from every one with whom she came in contact. And with his confidence she won his love.

I, who loved him so dearly, soon read that secret, and the hopeless, longing pain it caused. Paupers all, as he once bitterly exclaimed, working ceaselessly for mere food and shelter, what had we to do with love and hope, and bright dreams of marriage!

It gave me keen pain, too, to see that Nettie did not discourage Frank's love, though she must have known its utter hopelessness. Ever her sweetest smile was for his greeting, her merriest jest to win his his smiles, her closest attention given to his confidence. And when I timidly spoke to her she closed my lips with a kiss.

"May I not love him?" she whispered. "Will you not trust your brother to me?"

And I, fearing the road some doubt in my hesitation, earnestly assured her that I could not imagine a brighter fate for my brother to win such love as hers.

"Only," I said, tearfully, "it seems so hopeless. How can Frank marry, burdened as he is!"

"Hope, Jessie!" she said, brightly "I am a fortune-teller, though not a gypsy. I forsee that when Frank marries his burdens will be lifted."

"But how?"

"Oracles never answer a second question," she said, laughing merrily.

And so, when the words that could not be restrained, broke from Frank's lips, and in spite of his poverty he told his love, she gave him softly the answer his heart craved.

"How could I deny my love, Jessie?" she said to me; "think, dear, of his loving me, knowing I am penniless and hiding. How does he know but I have fled from the consequence of some crime? And he loves me! So true a son, so fond a brother must be a good man. Some day, when he is a great physician, and we live in grandeur, we will laugh to recollect rice puddings without eggs, and rye coffee, in the little rooms over the store."

Then she told me that the wedding day was set, and on the twentieth of June she would be my sister.

"Trust me, Jessie. All will be well, dear."

As the time drew near she became gay as she had never been before, making the hours fly for mother, working with restless fingers, breaking into snatches of song.

On the morning of the wedding day she left us, promising to return at the appointed hour. For several days she had gone out for hours together closely vailed, always coming in with her face full of soft, sweet happiness. Not a fear or a doubt crossed my mind, for no guilty eyes could have held always the cheerful brightness of Nettie Mitchell's. The fear and grief that had driven her to me for shelter had left her long before the June day when she drove up to my door in the carriage I recognized at once, and walked into the store, richly dressed as of old.

Frank's eyes spoke his amazement, but she gave him an opportunity to speak, chatting in quiet pleasure as we drove to church. There was no crowd of friends to meet us, after the ceremony an elderly lady, leaning upon the arm of a much younger man, advanced to meet us.

"You have chosen your own wilful way," she said, coldly, "and I have no power to check you."

"None," Nettie said, gently; "so I thank you, mother, for coming here."

Then she introduced them—her mother and her step-father—and at the door they left her. From the church we drove to a large brown stone house on a wide street.

My first gasp of amazement was for the sign under the window—"Dr. Frank Donaldson." Then in a large, beautiful room sat mother and Nettie, opening a door, said;

"And this is your bedroom and hers, Jessie. All your treasures are here, dear, little sister. Welcome home!"

Then turning to Frank, she told us her story. Her father had left her wealthy, but she could not control her money until she was of age. Her mother had married a man who had determined to win Nettie's money for his brother, and had compelled her mother to commence a system of persecution to gain the girl's consent, ending in an attempt to force her into a marriage. She had escaped, to come to me, and the rest we know. On the first of June she was twenty-one, and taking her trustees into confidence, she had bought and furnished her house, our happy home.

Writers of Famous Hymns.

It seems a singular fact that apparently nothing in a literary way will relegate a writer to oblivion so surely as to be the author of a world-famous hymn.

Take a few instances.

Nearly every one has heard or sung the line of "Shall We Gather at the River?" and yet how many know even the name of the author, much less the fact that he is living?

The writer is the Rev. Robert Lowry, D. D., a resident of Plainfield, N.J.

In Richmond, Ill., lives Dr. S. Fillmore Bennett. To how many is that name familiar, yet to whom is his familiar church song, "The Sweet By and By," not known?

In the interior of New York State lives Mrs. Annie Sherwood Hawkes, who wrote those famed lines of "I Need Thee Every Hour."

Hardly known and never recognized on the streets of New York as she walks out is Fannie Crosby, the author of countless hymns, among them the famous one, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus."

It is odd that the vail of obscurity should seem to be the inevitable reward of those whose pens have given us the hymns which have brought consolation and joy to so many thousands.—*Boston Globe.*

How Some People Console Themselves.

There are various forms of consolation for failure in securing praise, or for being the subject of evil-speaking, and so forth, which a judicious person will take care to be constantly provided with. A poet with three readers, for instance, knows that he is at least admired by the sage few (the wise have always been a small number,) and that posterity will do him justice. A defeated candidate may assure himself that he had all the independent voters on his side, and that it was only the overpowering force of corruption which carried the day against him. A gentleman, hearing he has been spoken of in very injurious terms by some person, probably heretofore supposed to be a friend, has it in his power to jump in a moment to the conviction that the ill-will of such a fellow is rather an honor and that it would be painful to be the subject of his praise. A philosopher whose views go a great way ahead of his age, and subject him to ridicule and calumny, the effect of which is to mar his fortune and make him universally shunned has a glorious consolation in the reflection, that about five hundred years hence mankind will be generally of his mind, and disposed to honor him as one of the greatest geniuses that ever lived!

Helpful Hints.

Lime or copperas water will cleanse the sink drain.

A few cakes of nice toilet soap should form a part of a travelling outfit.

Keep the silver bright by scalding it daily, wiping it with clean linen towels and polishing with chamois once a week.

The Stockman has this suggestion in reference to cleaning paint pails: As soon as the paint is emptied take dry dirt, sand or shavings and wipe inside and outside with the hands and every participle of paint can be removed with little trouble, and the buckets are very convenient to use for many purposes.

A overdress that will keep the clothes of the creeping child intact the "busy mother" will wish to possess. Dark gingham is the best material for the protector. Make a plain waist, full skirt and quite long sleeves. The skirt should be more than twice the length of the ordinary skirt. Hem the bottom, and gather the upper part to the waist: through the hem draw an elastic. When this skirt is put on, turn it up under all the skirts and the elastic will adjust itself around the waist, making a sort of a sack for the clothing. In this way the baby's dress is kept clean.

Just So.

"Father," said Johnny Dowd, "I saw Dr. Grey to-day, and he said he used to go to school with you."

"So he did, my son, and he is a great man now. Boys didn't trifle away their time in those days. They went to school to learn and they learned—ha! ha!"

"Yes, father. Dr. Grey asked lots of questions about you."

"He did—ha, ha!" said Mr. Dowd, swelling up with pride; "what did he ask, my son?"

"Oh, he asked me if you remembered the time you played truant with him, and stole Farmer White's apples, and if you ever get out of a window now to sneak off to a circus, and if you'd forgotten how you played sick to keep from going to school, and if you——"

"There, there, John; you talk too much. Dr. Grey was thinking of Tim Fellows. He always did keep company with the worst boys in school. Here's a ticket for the circus. I'm busy now."

A Delicious Cough Candy.

A delightful cough candy is made from the following receipe, and will be found a most agreeable medicine as well as beneficial to all who use their voices and are troubled with throat affections:

Break up a cupful of slippery elm bark; let soak an hour or to in a cupful of water. Half fill a cup with flax seed, and fill up to the brim with water, leaving it to soak the same time as the slippery elm. When you are ready to make the candy, put one pound and a half of brown sugar in a porcelain stew-pan over the fire. Strain the water from the flax seed and slippery elm and pour over it. Stir constantly until it begins to boil and turn back to sugar. Then pour it out, and it will break up into small crumbling pieces. A little lemon juice may be added if desired. Be sure to use the same measuring cup.

Varieties.

There are boys like ponds, clear at the top, and mud at the bottom; fair in their tongues, but foul in their hearts. Keep away from such. They will do you harm.

"A drop of ink is a very small thing, yet dropped into a tumbler of clear water it blackens the whole; and so the first oath, the first falsehood may seem very trivial, but they leave a dark stain upon one's character. Look out for the first stain."

Hold integrity sacred; observe good manners; endure trials patiently; be prompt in all things; shun the company of the idle; dare to do right, fear to do wrong; watch carefully over your temper; never be afraid of being laughed at; fight life's battle manfully, bravely; use your leisure moments for study; sacrifice money rather than principle.

Here is an apt illustration:

"Now, said little Johnny, "let's play Indian."

"How do you play Indian?" asked Tommie.

"Well you be Indian and I'll be pale face. Now I'll make a treaty with you that I'll give you your apple. See? There now I'll make a new treaty with you; then I'll eat your apple. See?"

"But I won't do it. I'm going to have my own apple."

"Oh, no: that ain't the way to play Indian. If you don't do the way I say you'll be hostile, you know and I'll blow you full of holes."

The famous St. Bernard dogs are very carefully trained. A traveller who visited some of the monasteries of the monks of St. Bernard, a few years ago found the monks teaching their dogs from the earliest stage of puppyhood. Not only is physical and mental training included in the teaching, but spiritual culture is by no means neglected. At meal-time the dogs sit in a row, each with a tin dish before him containing his repast. Grace is said by one of the monks. The dogs sit motionless, with bowed head. Not one stirs until the 'Amen' is spoken. If a frisky puppy partakes of his meal before grace is over, an older dog growls, and gently tugs his ear.

A scene at the Minneapolis Convention:

First delegate: "You look pale; how are you?"

Second delegate: "I'm sick; suffering from nervous prostration and kindred troubles."

First delegate: "That's bad, I know, for I have suffered from 'kindred troubles' myself. Have got 'em now. I have an uncle in the Texas Legislature, and another in the Ohio State Prison, my brother-in-law ran on the ticket in New York, and my sister is going to marry a poor Methodist preacher. You needn't tell me anything about the prostrating effects of kindred trouble on a fellow's nervous system. I tell you I've had 'em—had 'em bad on both sides."

Dates of Inventions.

Aniline dyes were discovered by Unverdorben in 1826.

Flints for gun locks were used in the French army, 1630.

Gun caps were first used in 1822 in the English army.

The turning lathe was invented by T. Blanchard in 1843.

Silk manufactures were established in Europe in A.D. 550.

Billiards were invented in France by Devigne about 1471.

The mariner's compass was a Chinese invention, 1200 B.C.

The iron blast furnace was the work of Detmold in 1842.

The planing machine was the work of Woodworth in 1828.

Shoemaking machines were invented by Gallahue in 1858.

Bellows were invented by Anacharsis, in Scythia, B.C. 569.

Stocking-making machines were the work of Lee, in 1589.

The notation system of writing music was invented in 1070.

The first pipe organ was made by Archimedes, B.C. 220.

Locomotive engines were first made by Trevethick in 1802.

Nail-making machines were invented by Wilkinson in 1775.

Furnaces for puddling iron were invented by Cort in 1781.

The magic lantern was the invention of Roger Bacon in 1260.

The steam printing press was invented by Richard Hoe, 1842.

The Argand lamp was the invention of Aime Argand in 1789.

Wooden pavements were the invention of Nicholson in 1854.

Globes and maps were the invention of Anaximander, 602 B.C.

The machine for paring apples was devised by Contes in 1803.

The first pair of spectacles was made by Spina, an Italian, 1299.

The circulation of the blood was discovered by Harvey in 1617.

Machines for setting type were invented by Mitchell in 1854.

The Farmer an All-Rounder.

The farmer finds it necessary to be something of a veterinarian, to care for his animals when sick or well; an entomologist to know his friends and his foes among the insects; a chemist, to understand the nature of his soil and of the fertilizer he needs to use; a horticulturist, to know how to care for his numerous varieties of fruits; an artist to establish in his mind the ideal of perfection which he desires to attain in the mating and breeding of his stock, and a mechanic, that he may learn how to judge of the merits and handle intelligently all the labor saving machines that are offered for his use, and a good salesman that he may dispose of his products to the best advantage. Is it any wonder that there are but few first-class farmers, capable in all directions? But there are a good many good ones, who fail in but little of the above requirements. It is not thought now that "the fool of the family" should be made a farmer.

Farm Fagots.

A fertile brain fertilizes the soil.
Remember, animals relish variety.
Fertilizing is better than skinning.
Choose a good breed and stick to it.
The wise man often sizes up himself.
Owls destroy mice and other vermin.
Detasseling is called caponizing corn.
The best part of comfort is getting it.
Ripening cream is partially rotting it.
All animals are entitled to clean feed.
Treat your sheep so they will be tame.
Each saving of cost adds to the profit.

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face,
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress,
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
Some kindly deed the hands had wrought;
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped,
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words would all be laid aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
E'en hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully,
The eyes that chill me with averted glance,
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften, in the old, familiar way;
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay.
So I would rest, forgiven of all to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead-cold brow;
The way is lonely, let me feel them now;
Think gently of me, I am travel-worn,
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn
Forgive, Oh hearts estranged, forgive I plead;
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night!

Hints.

CORRECT HABITS.

The true guide to health is not by way of drugs and medicines so much as correct habits of life.

PEACH LEAVES.

Peach leaves pounded to a pulp, and applied to a bruise or wound from a rusty nail, will give immediate relief.

THE CARE OF SPECTACLES.

Those who are obliged to use glasses ought to know how to take care of them. To clean them use an old, clean, soft cotton or linen handkerchief—never a soiled one—nor chamois leather, silk or tissue paper. If necessary they may be cleansed by a little pure, soft water or ammoniated rose water.

OUR MEALS.

Take few varieties of food at one meal. It is well now and then to omit by turns the use of every article of food, even bread, thus preventing the system from becoming tied to any injurious routine. It would not be amiss to make an occasional meal of some palatable fruit or vegetable in its season when best relished.

FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

There are a few general principles to observe in the hygiene of a house that it might be well to impress upon young mothers, although the lack of observance which is seed is not due to want of knowledge so much as want of care.

Every mother should see, by personal supervision that each member of the family becomes habituated to sleep with the window more or less open, according to the season.

If there are stationary basins in the rooms, or in the adjoining bath rooms, she should enjoin the constant and free use of disinfectants.

If any one is obliged to sleep in a room with such a basin, a good plan is to throw a damp towel over it before going to bed.

Good Machines and Poor Workmen.

It does not pay to fit up a shop with poor machinery if you want good work, nor do you want to put bad workmen in charge of your expensive tools. You are doing things by halves, introducing a bull into your china shop, and playing with fire in a manner that is certain to result in burned fingers. Good machines will never do good work in the hands of poor mechanics, and although a good workman will often do wonders with the poorest of tools, the combination is not economical, and is usually unsatisfactory to employer and employed. Good tools operated by competent mechanics last longest, do the best work, produce in every way the most satisfactory results, and are always cheapest in the long run.—*Safety Valve.*

Five Cents Worth of Travel.

We know of a bright boy whose great longing is to travel. His parents have no means with which to gratify him in that respect. He occasionally earns a few pennies by selling papers and doing errands. Instead of spending the money foolishly, he carefully treasures it in a small iron box which he calls his safe. One day, after earning five cents, he dropped them into the box in the presence of a companion of about his own age, and exclaimed: "There goes five cents' worth of travel!"

"What do you mean?" asked the other boy. "How can you travel on five cents?"

"Five cents will carry me a mile and a half on the railway. I want to see Niagara Falls before I die. I am nearly four hundred miles from them now, but every five cents I earn will bring them nearer, and a great many other places that are worth seeing. I know it takes money to travel, but money is money, be it ever so little. If I do not save the little, I shall never have the much."

Some boys squander every year the cost of a coveted trip to some point of interest. Let them remember that every five cents saved means a mile and a half of the journey. Small amounts carefully kept will foot up surprising results at the end of the year, and almost every doctor will testify that five cents' worth of travel is better for the health of the boy than five cents' worth of sweets.—*Wide Awake.*

Those who believe that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure them are more liable to get well than those who don't.

If you happen to be one of those who don't believe, there's a matter of $500 to help your faith. It's for you if the makers of Dr. Sage's remedy can't cure you, no matter how bad or of how long standing your catarrh in the head may be.

The makers are the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y. They are known to every newspaper publisher and every druggist in the land, and you can easily ascertain that their word's as good as their bond.

You wind your watch once a day. Your liver and bowels should act as regularly. If they do not, use a key.

The key is—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a dose.

Ethel—After marriage we two shall be one, shan't we, George? George—Theoretically, though I doubt if they will make out the board bill that way.

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

"I'm up in arms again," as the baby remarked at 2 a.m.