The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick streets, Acton.

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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.

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GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

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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:—Kennawin'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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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.

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GUELPH, ONT.
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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. Rither neatly and promptly done

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

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I.O.O.F.
MEETS in the Oddfellows' Hall, Hill's Block, every Wednesday evening. Visiting brethren always welcome. For copy of constitution and laws apply to the undersigned or any of the members.
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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 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.

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In every Township,
To sell "The Pictorial Cyclopedia of Live Stock and Complete Stock Doctor."
The most complete and comprehensive work ever published. Its authors stand at the head of their profession and have a continental reputation. Worth its weight in gold to any one having Horses, Sheep, Cattle, Swine, Poultry, Dogs or Bees. A grand opportunity to make money. Secure territory at once. Address
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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 16 years, the public may rely on getting all superior articles at a cheaper rate than any other dealer in the West.
N.B.—15 per cent. off on a direct order received for the next 30 days.

S. M. COOK & CO.,
GEORGETOWN,
Licensed Auctioneers, Appraisers, Valuators, Collectors, Real Estate and General Land Agents.
—FOR THE COUNTIES OF—
Halton, Peel, Wellington, Simcoe, York and Ontario.
Money to loan from $100 up at six per cent.
Parties placing their sales or other business in our hands will have the same promptly attended to at moderate charges.
OFFICE AND SALES ROOMS:—Mill St., Georgetown, or address Box 146, S. M. Cook & Co., Auctioneers.
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S. M. COOK & CO., Auctioneers,
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THE SMOOTH IVORY
Exercise Book
"How delightful it is to write on this paper,"
64 Pages, only 5 Cents.
The Central School Scribbler
A large book made of extra strong paper, ruled, is the best
5 Cent Scribbler in Guelph.
To be had only 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 Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 20c.
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 8:18 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 AUTHORISED $1,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP 604,600.00
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.

Graduation
—FROM THE—
GUELPH
Business College
—MEANS—
Enterprise, Character, Capacity, Success.
ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.
M. MacCORMICK, Principal.

THE LEADER
99
Upper Wyndham St.
Choice New Novelties in
Scarfs, Ties and Neckwear,
Just Opened up.
The Finest Range of Choice
New Suitings & Fine Trowserings
In the Trade.
Close Prices for Cash.
My Specialty:—Perfect Fitting $4 Pants to Order.
R. E. NELSON,
Merchant Tailor and Gents' Furnisher,
99 Upper Wyndham St., Guelph.

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

FALL AND WINTER
- Stock -
Ready at the Leading Shoe Store, Guelph.
OUR STOCK is selected from the Best Manufacturers in Canada and the States. Why walk about with an ill-fitting shoe, when you can get exactly what will fit you at the
Leading Shoe Store
Not only are our fine goods chosen very carefully, but we carry the largest and best stock of Calf and Kip Boots in the City. Special attention given to ordered work. Every pair guaranteed.
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

Poetry.

THE AULD STOCKIN' FIT.

Before ye settle down in life you're mony things to learn,
Among the very foremost, tak' care o' what you earn;
Lay by your every penny piece—nane ever rued it yet;
And if ye hae nae better purse, just tak' a stockin' fit.

Each penny saved is a penny gained, when added to the stock
It mak's ye feel within yursel' as gude as ither folk;
You never need to kulk around, or in a corner sit—
There's an independent ring in a well-filled stockin' fit.

You'll aye hae plenty friends around, while a' gangs fair and richt,
To flatter ye, and deat ye, scarce let ye oot their sicht;
That may a' be very wool, but the best friend I've seen yet
Is "Victoria's" winsome face in a well-filled stockin' fit.

Sair trouble may o'ertak' ye—it's been aye the doom o' man—
And want o' work or sickness may thwart your best laid plan;
There's a providence abune us a' that never failed me yet,
Sae put implicit faith in that, and fill your stockin' fit.

Try aye to help a neighbor that's bowed doun wi' sair distress,
He'd maybe do the same for you, so you can do nae less;
Ne'er turn the feckless frae your door, provide them ev'ry bit,
So may a blessin' aye attend upon your stockin' fit.

Be carefu', but no niggardly, gie every man his due—
You'll hae to keep a sharp look-out he does the same by you;
Aye drap the ither penny in' twill swell up bit by bit;
There's music in the jingle o' a well-filled stockin' fit.

—*Alex. Brown.*

Select Family Reading.

A Misunderstanding.

BY ANNA SHILLITO.

"Isn't it funny?" mamma said, looking around her at the very small, meanly furnished room, in the few available spaces of which some costly ornaments had been placed, the effect being certainly far from harmonious.

"Funny?" I cried, trying not to burst into tears. "I can't see much fun in it."

"Don't you? Now I think that pair of Majolica vases on that frightful old wooden mantel-piece, with the bronze clock against the exceedingly dirty wall paper, is very comical. Don't cry, Jessie, dear; don't. It is just as easy to laugh."

To prove which assertion, mamma took me in her arms, as I sat on the miserable bedstead, and we sobbed together like children.

"There!" she said presently. "Now we will both feel better. I think we had better re-pack the ornaments, Jessie. They only intensify the poverty-stricken appearance of everything else, and might be sold. Now, dear, let me tell you what I have done to-day. I have secured work for both of us, work you will like—embroidery. The pay is small—think what we had to pay for it—but I think it will give us a living while we look for something better. Cheer up, Jessie. Better days are coming."

"What should I do without you?" I said, gratefully.

"Do I really help you?" she asked, earnestly. "I try to do so."

"Help me! I think I should die without you!" I said, hugging her. And I meant what I said.

She was not my mother, and was really only six years older than myself, and I was just eighteen, but for four years she had been my father's wife, my friend, companion, sister, although she had laughingly insisted upon being called "mamma." My own mother died when I was a little child, and my life had been passed at a boarding-school until my father's marriage called me to a luxurious home, with the prettiest, most winsome little lady presiding over it, and giving me such cordial, loving welcome that my heart was hers in an hour. No more boarding school after that, but I had teachers at home, and mamma helped me in all my studies, taking lessons with me in music, German and French, petting me, and yet most ridiculously guiding me in all the housewifely knowledge, the pretty accomplishments that made her so charming.

It was the happiest of homes for four years—money in abundance, strong mutual love, everything to make life pleasant. Then my father died suddenly, leaving his business so involved that we found ourselves penniless. The creditors allowed us to take away from our home our clothing and all gifts we had received, including mamma's wedding presents, and Harry had accompanied us in voyages of search for humble lodgings, until we had found three rooms in a tenement house, at a rent we hoped to be able to pay.

Harry was a far-away cousin of my own mother's, six years my senior, and a clerk in a dry goods house, on a moderate salary. His affection for me, and mine for him, had been so very much an every-day affair, so very placid and humdrum, that we did not discover, until trouble came, that it was love, true, loyal, life-enduring love.

Looking upon me in the light of an heiress, and being under obligations to my father for his support and education for years, Harry had persuaded himself that honor had forbid his ever telling me his love, and I was content with the brotherly attentions he paid me, and never questioned my own heart.

But when trouble came, we confessed to each other that the burden of sorrow was not so heavy since we could still cling to each other.

"Only," I pleaded, "do not tell mamma yet. She might think I wanted to leave her, and we must not think of being married for a long, long time."

And mamma, bravely hiding her own heartache, tried to make light of all the petty miseries that followed the heavy blows, and to comfort me when she so sorely needed comfort herself.

In the dreary days that we spent "working for a living," we, who had never worked before, it was wonderful to see the energy, courage, self-devotion in the little creature's life. She was very small, with fairy-like hands and feet, a lovely blonde beauty who looked like a child playing woman in her heavy widow's weeds. I was not above the average height, and rather slender than stout, but I towered above her, and could lift her in my arms quite easily.

And she, she cooked and swept, made our tiny room miracles of cleanliness, our simple meals tempting, and would have taken even the heavy lifting and moving, if I had not been, she said, "so dreadfully obstinate about making the fires, carrying the coal, and doing the marketing."

We sewed early and late, in every hour we were not compelled to give to housework, and as we became skillful we commanded a sufficient price to pay our rent, and put food in our mouths. For clothing we had an abundant supply, as our mourning was ordered by friends before we knew that poverty was to be added to our loss. As the mourning for my dear father became softened by time a quietly happy atmosphere was kept up in our humble home by mamma's never-failing cheerfulness, and never, in our old home, had she been more tender and loving to me.

We had been an entire year in our poor rooms when a change came over mamma. She received letters she did not read to me, and which she put away carefully, and more than once I saw tears falling from the sweet blue eyes. Gentle and loving as ever, there was a restlessness about her quite new to me, and sometimes I awoke at night to miss her from beside me, and see her sitting at the window, sobbing in a suppressed way.

But to all my entreaties for confidence she only answered that she was well and no new trouble threatened us. Only once, she asked me, passionately:—

"Do you need me, Jessie? Could you live here alone without me? Oh, darling! tell me you need me, you want me!"

And I, not prepared for the question, cried quickly that I could not live without her. Then she clung to me, sobbing:—

"Oh! Jessie, love me, love me, and I will never leave you."

But the next evening, after a sultry July day, Harry took me for a walk, and I told him what had passed. He pondered gravely for a moment, and then said:—

"We ought to be married at once, Jessie, and leave Mrs. Waldron free. Don't you understand it all, dear? She is torn to pieces by her love for some one and her duty to you."

"Love!" I gasped. "Why, papa has been dead only a year."

"True; but I don't want to hurt you, Jessie, but you must remember that Mrs. Waldron was a mere girl, and your father a man past fifty when they were married. He was very rich, apparently, and she—"

"Stop!" I interrupted. "You shall not talk so of her. She loved him. I know she loved him."

"I do not doubt it," Harry said, calmly; but she is free now, and some other love has come to her. Still, she cannot reconcile it with her conscience to leave you to struggle on alone. Your marriage would leave her at liberty."

It took considerable persuasion to make me see the matter from Harry's standpoint; but it ended in our calling upon my dear old clergyman, who had known me all my life, and who married us in his parlor, in the presence of his family. Then we went slowly home—slowly, for I felt like a traitor.

"You must tell her," I said to Harry.

"Oh, dear, if you are mistaken, she will think I have deserted her.

"That you need not do in any case. Our home is always open to her," Harry said, very grandly, considering that "our home" had as yet no existence.

We found mamma sitting by the window of our small sitting room, her clinging black dress showing out her blonde beauty, and her tiny white hands for once clasped idly in her lap.

"How late you are!" she said, rising to greet Harry. "You must have taken a long walk."

Then I began to cry, and ran into the bedroom; from which refuge I heard Harry explaining the position. I was already deploring our haste, but I was not prepared for the rush mamma made into the bedroom, her blue eyes blazing with indignation, her tiny figure trembling with anger.

"Jessie," she cried, "you wicked girl. How dare you insult me so, and insult your dead father? How could you think I could ever love anybody else when I loved him so much?"

I tried to speak, but she would not hear me. She dragged me back into the sitting-room.

"I never meant to tell you," she said, "because I thought you were so unselfish and good you would send me away from you, but now you shall know how you have wronged me. I did not talk much to you about my Aunt Sophie who brought me up, because she was very angry with me when I married your father. She is very rich, and was always very kind to me, but she was selfish and jealous, and wanted me to love no one but herself. When she saw that I loved your father the best, she was furious at first, but at last gave a reluctant consent to our marriage to save appearances, informing me, however, that she should destroy the will that made me her heiress, and leave her money to an hospital. She went abroad the next year, and would not write to me. But about a month ago she came home, opened her house in Baltimore, and wrote to me to return there. I answered at once, telling her about you, not knowing of the engagement you have kept so secret, and asking for permission to take you with me. This was positively refused, and the old threat of disinheritance made if I did not go to her alone. I did not care for her money for the ease and comfort of her house; but she is old and feeble, and in her selfish fashion she loves me; so I was cruelly torn by what seemed conflicting duty. My duty to your dead father kept me with you, yet I owed a duty, too, to Aunt Sophie, my second mother. If you had been frank with me I might have been spared a month of painful struggle; but it is decided now. I hope you will be very happy."

She drew herself up with an air of cold dignity, but I was actually on my knees beside her chair, pleading for forgiveness; and Harry, on the other side, leaned over her and added his petitions to mine. And in five minutes we were kissing all round, laughing and crying in the same breath.

The next day Harry went to look for a boarding-house, where we could board until we started housekeeping; and I was helping mamma to pack her trunks for Baltimore, when a telegram summoned her to her aunt. A hastened packing and speedy departure followed, and a week later we received the tidings of her aunt's death; and later, the news that mamma had inherited the wealth she left.

That was ten long years ago. To-day we—Harry and I, with our three children—live in the beautiful house mamma bought near our old country seat, and the dear little blonde insists upon the babies all calling her "grandma," although Harry declares it is "entirely too absurd," as she looks younger than I do.

Many times she has been solicited to put aside her mourning, and change her name; but she says she can never love again as she loved my father, and that she is entirely happy with us, although we once so cruelly misunderstood her.

The Embarrassment of Riches.

He was worried. She was worried. Their sons and daughters all worried every day of their lives, although they were rich and possessed good healths which they did not know how to enjoy. They lived in a handsome home, on handsome grounds, upon the farthest corner of which was a neat cottage. In the cottage a servant of the house lived with his family.

The owner of this whole place often strolled past the cottage and sometimes stopped to note the look of peace and contentment the place wore.

Sometimes he heard a woman's voice singing about the house, often a man whistled a merry tune within. One day he inquired:

"John, how is it that you and your wife are always so happy? I hear you singing or talking or laughing as if you enjoyed life."

"That we do, sir," answered John, "my wife is strong and hearty and so am I, and we make enough to live on comfortably, as you know, sir, and we're at peace with ourselves and all the world. Time enough to fret, say, I, when trouble comes."

The owner of the place thought about John's contentment, and one day he said to his wife:

"John has been a faithful man and I've decided to give him a present. I will give him $500."

The wife took no interest in the matter one way or the other, so the master had his way and gave John the money to the great surprise of the man, who seemed hardly able to comprehend his good fortune.

Soon the generous donor noticed that there was no more singing or whistling in John's cottage. The couple went about with a distracted air, and it was as if some great trouble had befallen them. This time John was asked why he never sang or whistled any more.

"It's the money, sir," said John in a whisper, looking behind him in a fearsome manner, "we have it in the house, for we have no faith in any bank, and whiles I sit up with it and whiles my wife do, and we daren't leave the house alone a minute, an' oh, sir, we're verry meeserable and would ye be mindin' if we gave the money back to yourself, sir, seein' we're no use for it, and it such a care."

The master took it back, and John whistled and Mary sang, as they had done before, and the application of the story, so wise and yet so simple, will not fail to work for good.

If Were You, My Boy.

I would't be ashamed to do right anywhere.

I would not do anything that I would not be willing for everybody to know.

I would't conclude that I knew more than father before I had been fifty miles away from home.

I would't go in the company of boys who used bad language.

I would't get in the sulks and pout whenever I couldn't have my own way about everything.

I would't let any other boy get ahead of me in my studies.

I would't abuse little boys who had no big brother for me to be afraid of.

I would learn to be polite to everybody.

I would't cry for anything when mamma or papa told me it was not good for me.

I would try to see if I couldn't get people to like me, by being civil to everybody.

I would never make fun of children because they were not dressed nice.

I would try to learn something useful every day, and whenever I saw men making anything I would watch to see how they did it.

I would keep my hands and face clean, and my hair brushed without having to be told so.

I would be respectful to old people and behave so that my parents would not be ashamed of me.

I would be in earnest about everything. When I had to work I would do it with all might, I would study with all my might, and I would play with all my might.

I would read books and papers that would make me want to know something, and do something that would benefit other people.

I would have as good a time as I could in this world, but I wouldn't tell lies, nor steal, nor be mean to anybody.

Columbus and Tobacco.

When Columbus discovered the island of Cuba in 1492, smoking was first made known to the civilized world. The sailors, when sent out to explore the island returned and declared that "the natives carried with them lighted firebrands and puffed smoke from their mouths and noses," which they supposed to be the way the savages had of perfuming themselves.

They also said they "saw the native savages twist large leaves together and smoke like devils." So wonderfully impressed were the sailors with what they witnessed that they repeated the story everywhere, tried the effect of the habit upon themselves, and were the means of spreading abroad over the world the most useless and expensive, not to say dirty and hurtful, custom known among men. In China, Japan, Persia and other portions of the east, the habit soon became general, and all Europe speedily joined in giving it universal popularity. Strong drink excepted, no other commodity has so degraded the taste of man. He smokes the weed, and chews the weed, and snuffs the weed. He cares little for its deleterious effect upon his own body, and nothing for its offensive influence upon others. At work or play, at home or abroad, by night and day, he places himself under the sedative influence of the famed narcotic. Will it be so in four hundred years from now?

Men Don't Admire.

A selfish woman.
A peevish woman.
An ill-natured woman.
A woman who is continually falsifying.
A woman who talks disagreeably of other women.
A woman who shows him she knows more than he does on a certain topic.
A man may think he admires the manly girl, but after all he loves the womanly woman."—*Music and Drama.*

Some men kin make votes that can't make laws.

"Prohibition Doesn't Prohibit."

(REV. D. ROGERS.)

"Prohibition doesn't prohibit, because men sell liquor and get drunk where prohibition exists." The West Virginia *Freeman* says: "Suppose we use the same argument in other matters; for instance, Christianity doesn't christianize, because there are sinners in the world. Wisdom doesn't make men wise, because fools are still to be found. Cultivation doesn't cultivate, because weeds still come up in the field. Education doesn't educate, because it does not exterminate the ignorance that persists in such silly arguments as the above." Maine adopted this principle over thirty years ago, and has been fighting away on that line ever since, and the result is that no political party now dares to take issue against prohibition. To assert that the law is broken and that some get drunk where prohibition exists, is simply to charge that it is like any other law, human or divine for all laws are broken; but the violation is often the most conclusive evidence of the necessity of the law. Had no one any disposition to do that against which a law is directed, such a law would be needless. Therefore to say that a law will be broken is really an argument in favor of the law. That stale old lie that "more liquor is sold under a prohibitory law than under a license law," will not go down with the common people, whose quick reasoning discerns that while the rumsellers declare their business to be better under a prohibitory law, that at the same time try to move heaven and earth, and the other place, to get the restrictions lifted.

They have practiced that lie down in Maine for over 30 years—"more liquor sold than ever" and yet our work goes on. Some of them may, and no doubt, get liquor—but where? In dens and disreputable places. When we have driven it there, no respectable person will be found seeking it. A traveller in a prohibition town (Rossville) had occasion to stay over night. He says: "I found every saloon closed up. Money couldn't buy a drink of whisky in the town. The week before a lame man who had been hobbling around on an artificial leg, was convicted of selling whisky and fined $20. But the fine was remitted on account of his being a cripple. Still the 'roughs' all said, 'There is plenty of whisky to be had.'"

"Where" I asked.

"Oh, we had some yesterday," they said.

"Now I'm not a resident and won't tell, so please let me know where you got it," I pleaded.

"Well," said one man, "lame John sold it to us."

"Where?"

"Why, we went with him over behind the meeting house shed, into the graveyard, and there lame John unstrapped that artifical leg and hauled out a bottle of whisky.

"Out of his leg?"

"Yes, his hollow leg."

"And what did you pay for it?"

"Thirty cents a drink."

"Well boys," I said, "you may not have prohibition in Rossville, but when you go off into the darkness with a cripple, following him over beyond the meeting house shed into the lonely graveyard, and he has to sit down on some mother's grave and unstrap an artifical leg to drink out of—why, I think you have got near enough to it for all practical purposes."

Prohibition in relation to liquor is not a new thing, for history informs us that in 1833 the trustees of the colony of Georgia enacted that "the drink of rum in Georgia shall be absolutely prohibited, and all which shall be brought there be staved." In Scotland twelve hundred years ago there was a law that anyone who should sell intoxicating drinks should have his house pulled down and he be banished. If he returned and began his business again he was to be hanged.

This great evil will never cure itself. It never did that and never will. They who are not in the fangs ought to make it hard for others to be destroyed. Only a few months ago an elderly man said to me that morning walked ten miles to get whisky with which to celebrate his fifty-fifth birthday, which was the next day, by getting on a "big drunk," but to his sorrow (it ought to have been to his joy) he failed to procure the "celebrating" fluid. So much for the duty of putting the evil out of the way, in accordance with Gladstone's statement not long ago, viz., "It is the function of the Government to make it easy for the people to do right and difficult for them to do wrong."

How is this great end to be gained? Edmund Burke once said, "When bad men conspire, good men must combine." Let all good men (and women too) combine in this work, and may God help those who are now praying and working to save this land of orators and heroes from "the curse that has blighted its men of genius, murdered its young manhood, and broken its women's hearts!"

From Columbus to Lieut. Peary.

The discovery of America, began by Columbus, has been a continuous process. It has gone on steadily for four hundred years and is not completed yet. There still remain portions of the interior and of the northern coast lines that are not definitely known. Counting Greenland as a part of our western world—as geographers have habitually done—we may regard Lieutenant Peary's exploit in this very anniversary year 1892 as simply a continuance of the work of Columbus and his successors. Look at the map of the Arctic regions and you will see that no northern outline is given for Greenland, at least for a long distance. It has not been given by the map makers, because it has not been determined by the explorers. But Lieutenant Peary (of whose views and purposes an account is given in our department of "The New Books") has this summer made a sledging expedition across the ice fields of Greenland from his camp beyond Cape York to unknown north coast, and has brought back definite geographical information that will help geographers to complete the outline map of that portion of America. The *Review of Reviews* last year told of the perilous undertaking and of the anxiety that was felt for the little party wintering so far north. The *Kite*, which took Peary, his wife and his associates last year and left them in McCormick Bay, has now had the happy fortune to find them and bring them back. The return of the Peary Expedition was one of the pleasantest incidents of the month of September.—*Review of Reviews.*

High tempered people are not necessarily ill tempered people.

IT IS FUNNY.

This world is very funny,
For no matter how much money
Man is earning, he will spend it and be hard up all the time.
To his utmost he is straining
To catch up without attaining,
Till it makes his life a burden when it should be bliss sublime.

He who earns a thousand merely
Thinks two thousand yearly
Would be just the very figure to make happiness complete;
But this income when it doubles
Only multiplies his troubles,
For his outgo then increases makes his both ends hard to meet.

It is run in debt and borrow,
Flush to-day and broke to-morrow,
Financiering every way to postpone the day of doom;
Spending money ere he makes it,
And then wondering what takes it,
Till he, gives up the riddle, looks for rest within the tomb.

Oh! this world is very funny,
To the average man whose money
Doesn't quite pay for the dancing that he does before he should;
And he kills himself by trying
Just a little higher flying
Than is suited to his pocket and his own eternal good.

—*Frank E. Holliday.*

Varieties.

"Thomas," said a gentleman to a colored white-washer at the Central market one day, "can I put entire confidence in you?" "Yes, sah." "Well, then, I've half an acre of watermelons out on my farm on Woodward Avenue." "Yes, sah—jess so, sah. Am dat all, sah?" "All, except I wanted to say that I depend on you not to say a word to any of your colored friends about it." "No, sah—no sah; not a word. I hain't dat sort of a pusson, sah. If any ob 'em ax me what I get dem mellyons, I'll put 'em on de wrong smell, sah; somethin' smell awa' ober in Kennedy."

The majority of men who have succeeded in life have been able to point to unusual opportunities. They have made the best of the passing time and prevalent surroundings. To the one man who finds the large, weighty nugget of gold, at which the world wonders there are hundreds who sift the precious metal out of the sand in tiny particles. But they who thus obtain it by care and perseverance may accumulate as much wealth as the more fortunate seekers.

If you are a small man intellectually, it's because you haven't treated yourself right. Steel nerves, you say? They wouldn't be as good as those you have. There isn't a woman in this house who couldn't wear out a set of steel nerves in three weeks. God does not speak his best thoughts in the thunders. His sweetest words are spoken in whispers. I know men who will leave roast turkey any time to feed on a fact.

A good name is a great treasure. It will be yours if you keep strait forward in the path of duty and usefulness. But remember that a good name is easily forfeited, and hard to win back when once lost.

When John Newton's memory was nearly gone he used to say there were too things he could never forget. They were, first, that he was a great sinner; second, that Jesus Christ was a great Saviour.

And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade if unforeseen,
That patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

—*Byron.*

Nothing is more expensive than penurious ness; nothing more anxious than carelessness, and even duty which is bidden to wait returns with seven fresh duties at its back.

Every act of self-denial will bring its own reward with it, and make the next step in duty and in virtue easier and more pleasant than the former.

There never did, and there never will, exist anything permanently noble and excellent in character which is a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial.

How they Helped.

The other day, when a horse drawing a cartful of coal got stalled, the public was promptly on hand with advice.

"Put on the whip!" shouted the driver of an express wagon.

"Take him by the head!" said a truckman.

"If that was my hoss," said a man with a bundle of clothes under his arm, "I'd tie a cloth over his eyes. I've seen it tried a hundred times, and it makes 'em pull their best."

"Don't believe it," said a man with a cane. "I've owned horses all my life, and I've had some bad ones among them. The only thing to do is to blow into his ear."

"You mean the left," said a small man with a very thin voice.

"No, I don't! I mean the right ear. I've tried it often enough, I guess."

A crowd of fifty people had gathered, and now the driver got down and looked the ground over. One wheel was down in a rut. He stood looking at it, his hand on the horse's hip, and everybody around him tendering advice, when a couple of sailors came along and one of them called out,—

"Ah! mate, but here's a craft on a reef."

"Over with her, then."

Both seized a wheel for a lift, the driver clucked for the horse to go ahead, and away went the load as easy as you please. They were the only two of the whole crowd who had not advised the driver how to do it.

Bismarck's Hint.

Bismarck, after blazing comet-like round his southern ellipse, has come back to North Germany. At Jena he suggested that the time had come when a parliamentary and national movement should be organized against the absolutism of the Kaiser and the domination of the Pope. It is significant that the strongest and strongest politician in private life in Europe is so impressed by the growing power of the Catholics that he cries aloud against the possible advent of a Centre Ministry as a misfortune and a danger to the Empire. To avert such a calamity he takes up what was the favorite idea of Paul Bert and the French Republicans, and urges the Germans to substitute the idea of the Nation for the Church. "We have no National Church," he said; "but might not the idea of the nation be the sanctuary round which all parties should gather?"—*October Review of Reviews.*

No Other Sarsaparilla possesses the Combination, Proportion, and Process which make Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar to itself.

Harmony is the brain, melody the heart, of music.