# The Acton Free Press.

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## The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

—AT THE—

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MILL STREET, - - ACTON, ONT.

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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:—Kennawin'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.

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ARCHITECT,
GUELPH, ONT.
OFFICE:—Wyndham Street.

FRANCIS NUNAN
(Successor to T. F. Chapman)
BOOKBINDER,
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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 an exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.
J. & H. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artists.

Acton Lodge, No. 204,
I.O.O.F.
MEETS in the Oddfellows' Hall, Hill's Block, every Wednesday evening. Visiting brethren always welcome. For copy of constitution and laws apply to the undersigned or any of the members.
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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 500 acres under cultivation and furnish only first-class stock. OUTFIT FREE. Hardy varieties for Northern Ontario and Manitoba a specialty. WE GUARANTEE OUR STOCK. Apply for terms at once. We want you Now. STONE & WELLINGTON, Toronto, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED
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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.,
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Licensed Auctioneers, Appraisers, Valuators, Collectors, Real Estate and General Land Agents.
—FOR THE COUNTIES OF—
Halton, Peel, Wellington, Simcoe, York and Ontario.
Money to loan from $100 up at six per cent.
Parties placing their sales or other business in our hands will have the same promptly attended to at moderate charges.
OFFICE AND SALES ROOMS:—Mill St., Georgetown, or address BOX 156, S. M. Cook & Co., Auctioneers.
BRANCH OFFICE:—41 Queen St., East, Toronto, S. M. COOK & CO., Auctioneers, Georgetown and Toronto

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, Browney's, 10c.
8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete 20c.
5 Foot Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 25c.
Our Wall papers
Are said to be the best selected in the city
WATERS BROS.,
ESTABLISHED - 1877.
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, - GUELPH.

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

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE.
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 9 a. m. and 8:18 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 ..... 804,000
REST FUND ..... 85,000
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, compounded half yearly on 31st May and 30th November.
Deposit Receipts issued.
Advances made to responsible farmers.
Sterling Exchange bought and sold. Drafts issued payable at all points in the United States and Canada.
A general Banking business transacted.
A. P. H. JONES,
Manager Guelph Branch.

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

- - 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.


## Poetry.

### ONLY A WORKING GIRL.

I know I'm only a working girl,
And I'm not ashamed to say
I belong to the ranks of those that toil,
For a living day by day.
With willing feet I press along
In the paths that I must tread,
Proud that I have the strength and skill,
To earn my daily bread.

I belong to the "lower class"—
That's a phrase we often meet—
And there's some who sneer at working girls,
As they pass us on the street,
They stare at us in proud disdain,
And their lips in scorn will curl,
And oftentimes we hear them say—
"She's only a working girl."

Only a working girl! Thank God!
With willing hands and heart,
Able to earn my daily bread
And in life's battle take my part.
You could offer me no title
I would be more proud to own;
And I stand as high in the sight of God
As the Queen upon her throne.

Ye gentle folks who pride yourselves
Upon your wealth and birth,
And look with scorn on those who have
Naught else but honest work.
Your gentle birth we laugh to scorn,
For we hold this as our creed—
"That none are gentle save the one
Who does a gentle deed."

We are only the "lower classes,"
But the Holy Scriptures tell
How when the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell
Not with the rich and mighty,
Nor in costly palace dome,
But with the poor and lowly
He choose to make His home.

He was one of the "lower classes."
And had to toil for bread,
So poor that oftentimes He had
No place to lay His head.
He knows what it is to labor
And toil the long day through;
He knows how we get tired,
For He's been tired too.

Oh, working girls! remember!
It is neither crime nor shame
To work for hardest wages,
Since Christ has done the same.
And wealth and high position
Must seem of little worth
To those whose fellow-laborers
Is King of heaven and earth.

So when you meet with scornful sneers
Just lift your heads in pride;
The shield of honest womanhood
Can turn such sneers aside.
And, some day, they will understand
That the purest brightest pearl,
Mid the gems of noble womanhood,
Is "only a working girl."

—*Marie Jousseye.*

## Select Family Reading.

### Letty's Two Lovers.

BY AY RANDOLPH.

"I never saw such a beautiful little creature in my life," said Mrs. Logan.

The Logan carriage, with its gold-plated harness, and paving, high-bred horses, was standing by the Lake in the Central Park; and at the foot of the broad steps, a golden-haired child was standing, flinging stones into the crystal surface, for the amusement of a swarm of children several sizes smaller than herself. Mr. Logan lifted his eyeglasses languidly.

"Yes," said he, "it is rather an unusual type of beauty, those deep hazel eyes, and the warm, red-gold hair."

"Call her up here," said Mrs. Logan, with the unconscious imperiousness that belonged to her station as heiress, beauty, and spoiled favorite of fashion. And little Letty Price came, swinging her battered straw hat by the string, and pushing the red-gold hair out of her wondering eyes."

"What's your name, little girl?" said the rich lady, looking admiringly down.

"Letty!"

"Where do you live?"

"In the shanties just outside!" staring hard at Mrs. Logan's primrose-colored gloves and the band of fringed gold that encircled her wrist.

"Are those your brothers and sisters?"

"No; they are Mrs. O'Neil's children. Mrs. O'Neil takes care of me. I'm a stray!"

"A what?" said Mrs. Logan, opening her eyes.

"A stray!" answered Letty, not in the least discomposed. "Mrs. O'Neil found me on the street, and took me in!"

"And if she had not taken you in—"

"I guess likely I should have died," said Letty, her eyes travelling down to the diamond stoppered smelling-bottle that hung at the lady's belt. "It was mortal cold, and I hadn't much clothes!"

"Is she good to you?"

"Awful good!" answered Letty, smacking her coral red lips. "But I helps her all I can. I carry out the milk every day, and bring the goats home at night when Denny isn't home. There, I must go now, or little Katie 'll be drowded."

And assuming an air of maternal solicitude which sat oddly on her baby features, she rushed back to the little flock by the shores of the lake.

"Walter," said Mrs. Logan, turning to her husband, "I want that child! I want to adopt her."

"My love!" remonstrated her husband.

"Well, I do!" said Mrs. Logan. "She's so lovely. I'm tired of greyhounds and monkeys and macaws, and all those other meaningless pets. If I can only train this golden-haired little angel to love me, I shall not be objectless in the world."

"What next?" said Mr. Logan, with a resigned shrug of the shoulders.

But the next day the inhabitants of the O'Neil shanty were thrown into unprecedented amazement by the apparition of a gray-headed old lawyer on its threshold.

"Are you Mrs. O'Neil the milkwoman?" said he.

"Sure it's meself that's that same," answered Mrs. O'Neil, promptly, as she wiped her reeking arms on her apron.

"Does a little girl called Letty live here with you?"

"An' sure she does," assented Mrs. O'Neil more bewildered than ever.

"I am commissioned by Mrs. Logan, of Fifth Avenue, to make you a proposal to adopt her," said Hymmard.

And little Letty Price was promoted out of the hoop-less and chimneyless pile of white-washed boards into the Fifth Avenue palace.

It was very grand at first, and novelty seldom fails to attract a child, but one day Mrs. Logan found Letty crying in the pink silk hung boudoir.

"My dearest love," cried she, "what is the matter?"

"I—want—to—go—home," wailed Letty, with a great sob between every word.

"But, darling, this is your home," soothed the lady.

"No, it ain't!" said Letty, flinging her big wax doll across the room. "I want to go back to Mrs. O'Neil, and the goat, and Denny."

"Now Letty, don't be unreasonable," argued the rich lady. "Remember that you are to be made a lady of!"

"But I don't want to be a lady," said sturdy Letty.

And the very next day she ran away and presented herself, in black velvet, a pale blue sash, and blue kid boots, at the door of the O'Neil shanty.

"I've come back to you, Denny," said she, precipitating herself into the arms of the fourteen-year-old heir of the O'Neils, a sturdy lad, with bright blue eyes, and a perfect forest of freckles across the bridge of his nose. "I don't like being adopted."

"An' it's as lonesome as a tomb the place has been without yez, darlint!" cried Mrs. O'Neil, with a face like the noon-day sun, in its rubicund joy.

Mrs. Logan came after Letty in her carriage, but Letty hid in the goat pen, and refused to be received back into the aristocracy.

"Sure, ma'am," said Mrs. O'Neil courtesying, "it's a wilful piece she is, our Letty, and she'll not be turned from her own way. Av course I know it's better wid you she is, but yourself couldn't be kinder to her nor think more of her than we does, ma'am."

"Letty," said Mrs. Logan, plaintively, "won't you come home with me?"

"No, I won't," said Letty, standing with her finger in her mouth, and the hazel eyes half obscured by the tangled tresses of warm Rubens gold.

And Mrs. Logan drove away again, half angry, half crying, while Denny executed a war dance of triumph on the dirt floor of the cabin.

"We can all be ladies and gintlemen now," said Denny, "since father's bought a horse and cart, and we're to live on a whole floor in First Avenue, over a genteel grocery. And I'm to be bound to the blacksmith's trade, and Letty shall go to school, and we'll be married some day, won't we, Letty?"

"Of course we will," answered Letty, seriously. "Wasn't that settled long ago?"

But four years afterwards, when poor Patrick O'Neil was killed by the beams of a falling house, and Mrs. O'Neil became a cripple from rheumatism, Letty began to feel herself a burden on Denny's small wages. And one day she presented herself at the Fifth Avenue house again.

"Letty!" cried Mrs. Logan. "Little Letty! Why, child, how lovely you have grown!"

"Have I, ma'am?" said Letty, coloring and confused, as she hid, in her old fashion, behind the glorious veil of her shining hair.

"Please, Mrs. Logan, will you adopt me again?"

And Mrs. Logan took the child to her heart with kisses and tears.

And so Letty Price—Letty Logan, they called her now—grew up like a tall, beautiful lily in the luxurious home of Walter Logan, the millionaire, but in her heart of heart she never forgot the Irish family who had sheltered her when she was shelterless and given her an honest, cordial love that money could not buy.

When Letty was eighteen, Mrs. Logan died, leaving her five thousand dollars.

"For she has been a daughter to me," said Mrs. Logan, when the world was fading out of her vision. And as soon as the funeral was over, Mr. Logan went to Europe, taking his adopted daughter with him.

"Has Miss Logan returned?"

Dennis O'Neil, a fine, stalwart young fellow of six feet odd, had presented himself at the door of the house in Fifth Avenue. The housekeeper eyed him doubtfully.

"They returned yesterday," said she, "but I don't think my young lady can see you."

"Tell her it's Denny O'Neil," said the young man, proudly. "And then, if she don't choose to see me, I can go away again."

Five minutes afterwards the scandalized housekeeper showed the young mechanic into one of the blue and gold reception rooms, and Letty threw herself sobbing into Denny's arms.

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Macpherson. "Her as is goin' to be the second Mrs. Logan, carrying on like that with a common Irishman! I am surprised!"

"Little one, what is it?" asked Denny, tenderly. "Has anything troubled you?"

"Oh, Denny, take me home with you," sobbed the girl. "Let me cry out my heart on Mother O'Neil's breast once more. For I'm very, very wretched."

"Wretched!" repeated Denny, reproachfully, for the whisper in the servants' hall had not been thrown away on him. "You, that are going to be a fine lady! You,—that have forgotten your promise to the poor Irish lad, years and years ago!"

"I haven't forgotten it, Denny," half laughing through her tears.

"Mr. Logan has asked you to be his second wife?"

"Yes," said Letty.

"And you have accepted him?"

"No, Denny, I haven't. I told him my heart was given away long ago. I told him that if I ever was married—"

"Letty!—my own little jewel of all the world!"

"If I ever was married," went on Letty, solemnly, "it would be to you, Denny, dear."

"And give up all these splendors for me?" looking around at the glittering mirrors, and blue satin draperies, the gilded chairs, and the rare traceries of the Aubusson carpet under his feet, in a sort of bewilderment.

"For you, Denny," she whispered. "And I have five thousand dollars of my own that Mrs. Logan left me; and we'll all live together—you and I and Mother O'Neil, and the dear, dear children. Only take me home with you, Denny, for I can't stay here, now that I have refused Mr. Logan."

And arm-in-arm these two rash and headstrong young people turned their backs upon Fifth Avenue, and the world of fashion and repose.

She lived happy ever afterwards, like the heroine of a fairy story, this gold-haired Letty of ours. Happy, because she had followed the dictates of her own heart. Happy, because Dennis O'Neil's noble nature was worthy of any sacrifice she could have made. She had chosen, and she was more than content.

"Handsome is that handsome does," and if Hood's Sarsaparilla doesn't do handsomely then nothing does. Have you tried it?

Mighty few patriots set up nights worryin' bout failing to get an offis that don pay.

## RURAL JOTTINGS.

### Which Interest Farmers and Others Anxious to Learn.

Waste of willes sate like interest money in hard times.

A farm without a tool house is like pants without pockets.

Knowledge was never before so cheap and easy to get as now.

Dependence on a single crop may prove a disappointment.

No one yet knows the capacity of soil or how to best treat it.

When his stock is not improving, the farmer is falling behind.

All things considered, wire fence is cheaper than stone wall.

A good male for one herd might not be a good male for another.

Be punctual and save your own time as well as that of others.

Make the farm a home—the pleasantest place in all the world.

When you make everything else cheap you make yourself cheap.

Children are often born with tobacco juice and whisky in their veins.

Best breeds do not insure most profit without proper treatment.

Trust to tested breeds; let others experiment with the untried.

Skimmed milk and flaxseed gruel mixed make good calf food.

When you resort to sprinkling give the ground a thorough soaking.

A judicious combination pays better than trusting to one thing.

The needs of the soil should guide in the application of fertilizers.

Give to working stock frequent but moderate draughts of water.

Good work depends not so much on the tools as on the workman.

Let the little ones help; they will be the happier and better for it.

Deep-rooted crops require deeper plowing than shallow-rooted ones.

There are disadvantages as well as advantages in broad wagon tires.

General fertilization of the soil is better than manuring in the hill.

It is thought one sixth of the land ought to be devoted to timber.

Transplant without moving the dirt from the roots. Use a shovel.

People are beginning to prefer lightning to the lightning-rod men.

Salt is not so much of a fertilizer as a solvent of fertilizing material.

The man who best understands his subject uses the fewest words.

Experiment on a small scale, if you do not wish to lose in a large way.

Many crops will, the first year, grow another crop between the rows.

If you cannot have all your stock of the best, have the best you can.

Break the surface of the soil and the air will find its way to the roots.

The manurial value of foods corresponds with their nutritive value.

When tired and hungry, eat something easily and quickly digested.

"Whenever you see a head hit it," is an effective way with stubborn weeds.

The size of the flock should be adapted to the room allotted them.

"Bare land grows poorer, covered land grows richer" in nitrogen and carbon.

Harrow, hoe and mulch immediately after a rain, before the ground gets dry.

Money should be simply a medium of exchange, not an article of speculation.

Unless you have a special reason for leaving, stick to the farm and be a man.

When you know the needs of your soil it is best to mix your fertilizers at home.

### The Bashful Man's Mistake.

A bashful young man had a tender regard for the daughter of a certain farmer living not a great many miles from this city. The young man in question had acquired the habit of visiting the young lady, who was the subject of his affection, on Sunday afternoon. As time wore on the young man began to feel more at home on his visits to the farm-house, and from an occasional stopping for supper it grew to be a regular thing with him to eat supper with his prospective parents-in-law. This was very agreeable to the young man, but quite the contrary to the parents-in-law.

He was treated coolly by the old folks, but the warmth of his own feelings for the young lady and the reciprocity by the young lady was such that a slight coolness was not felt. Upon one of the occasions when the young man was taking Sunday supper with the family the good housewife had prepared a bountiful supply of biscuits. When they had seated themselves at the table the prospective father-in-law passed the plate of biscuits to the bashful young man.

"Have a biscuit?" he said.

The bashful young man set one of the steaming biscuits beside his plate. "Have another, they're small," the father-in-law said.

The bashful young man timidly took another and placed it beside the first.

"Have another, they're very small."

Again the young man, lacking the courage to decline, took a biscuit.

The father-in-law to-be then dumped the whole contents of the plate in front of the young man, with the remark, "Take them all, you hog!"

The bashful young man stopped his visits, and biscuits for supper always causes a smile to go round the table at the farm-house.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

### All Signs Against It.

What a foolish question is it that we find in Hearth and Home. "Are women learning to hate men?" That they are learning this is certainly not proved by the hundreds of merry marriages that take place here every week in the year, or by the fact that over ninety per cent. of all women of mature years are living in happy wedlock, or by the universal longing of maidens to find their proper mates, or by the ways of womankind toward mankind, or by the books of poetry and romance of which women are the authors, or by any other visible sign whatever. If women were learning to hate men, men would be learning to hate women, and this is something that will not come to pass as long as the world goes around the sun.

The temperance women of Chicago have the courage of their convictions anyhow. An offer of $1,500 a month rent was made to them for the right to put a gilded palace in which to sell tobacco, in the rotunda of their marble hall in the Temperance temple. But Mrs. Carse answered: "Admit the vile weed into our temple of truth and purity? Never!"

The lazy laundress, as well as the flannel shirt, shrinks from washing.

## NIAGARA FALLS MASTERED.

### How its Immense Water Power will be Utilized.

The problem of subjugating the enormous working force locked up in the mighty cataract of Niagara and utilizing it for the benefit of the various towns in both the immediate and remote vicinity, proved, up to a very recent date, beyond the power of man to solve, but it has at last been found possible to do even this.

So far back as 1725 a rude sawmill was erected at the falls, and the rushing waters were used to turn a heavy water-wheel of the type which has not changed since the days when the ancients first had recourse to natural force as a utilizable power. Other mills at different spots have been erected from time to time, each, however, entirely isolated, and deriving its motive power from the direct agency of the rapidly running stream.

The first serious attempt to render Niagara subservient to man was made in 1873, when a company was formed to construct a hydraulic canal, and furnish about 6,000 horsepower to a number of establishments on the banks, principally flour mills. The canal was cut, but the supply of water it was constructed to utilize so far exceeds the demand that the tailrace below the mills shows a greater fall than that used to turn the water wheels.

The sudden commercial development of electricity and its general availability for almost all kinds of power work caused the thoughts of engineers throughout the world once again to be turned toward Niagara. Problems in the long-distance transmission of electrical power having been successfully solved, the tapping of the great fall seemed more nearly possible than ever before, and soon the commercial world was full of new schemes in relation to it.

A company was incorporated in 1886 under charter of New York State, styling itself the Niagara Falls Power Company. In 1889 the Cataract Construction Company was formed to take hold of the construction work and carry it to completion. The commercial and financial possibilities in their plans appealed most strongly to enterprising capitalists, and on the list of directors and stockholders are to be found some of the best known names in the world of wealth.

The great advantage of such a scheme need hardly to be emphasized. It is expected that a large manufacturing city will rise near the Falls, which some people predict will speedily have a million inhabitants. The shipping facilities will be unsurpassed, the new city being on the great waterways and railroads running both east and west. A line of railroad has been already laid by the Niagara Junction Railway Company, which will connect all the mills and factories with the principal trunk lines of the country.

The amount of capital available is $10,000,000, and the enthusiasm with which the scheme has been greeted on the money market augurs the belief that funds will not be wanting for the extension of the work when the time comes. The aspirations of the company are almost limitless, but their first attempt is to be comparatively modest. For the present the work is to be confined to cutting the big tunnel, excavating the supply canal and reclaiming certain tracts of land lying in the immediate vicinity of the canal itself, but still submerged.

A large tract of land, some 1,400 acres in extent, has been purchased by the Power Company about a mile above the falls on the upper river bank, and on the further side of the Niagara Village. This is to be laid out in sites for mills, factories and warehouses, and will be intersected by numerous canals. It extends more than half a mile back from the river and runs parallel with it for nearly a mile. By means of the canals water can be supplied from the upper river to the different wheel pits.

For the lighting of the city of Buffalo the company expects its first contract. This will require 3,000 horsepower. Thirty-five dollars a steam horsepower is at present being paid there. Electrical motive power can be delivered to Buffalo at a considerably lower rate per horsepower than this. The basis of charge will be the horsepower supplied for twenty-four hour days. The advantage such a transmission presents is obvious, and its realization is now very near.

Transmission to Chicago at a distance of over 500 miles is a problem much more difficult of solution. Its accomplishment in time for the Fair, however is assured, and it is fully expected that the Falls Power Company will be able to deliver 650 horsepower there for every 1,000 horsepower generated at the Falls stations. Such a result would show a tremendous step forward in electrical practice, and would mark a new era in the science.

Chicago's dearest wish for many months past has been to get her power "by wire" direct from Niagara, and she is rapidly nearing its realization. And if Chicago, why should not a project for transmission to New York be realized?

The Niagara Falls Power Company has secured the whole right to operate the Niagara River on the Canadian side. They purpose to generate most of their electricity there, and then bring it into the United States, no import duty yet existing upon the electric current. The value of this franchise is incalculable, and the speedy development of the Canadian side can soon be looked for.

It has been calculated that the total power of Niagara Falls amounts to about sixteen million horsepower. The scheme now in progress of realization contemplates the present use of 100,000 horsepower only and a city using this amount will be one of considerable size. So small a fraction of power taken from the falls will have no appreciable effect upon them, and this most ambitious of schemes, perhaps the most stupendous engineering feat ever undertaken, becomes as nothing compared with the vastness of Nature's store there.

### Methods for Amusing Babies.

When my six-months'-old girl begins to fret, and I have no time to stop my work and take her up, I roll her cab up to the table, take the bird cage from its hook, and set it upon the table before the little miss. This always proves a pleasure to bird and baby, and gives me often an hour or more to work or rest. When she begins to tire of birdie's company, I set the clock (mine is a small one) upon the table beside the bird, and by the time baby has worn off the novelty of this, I am ready to take her up.

It's mighty hard work for a politician to keep in the middle of the road.

### MAUD AND I.

When Maud was eight, and I was ten,
We daily went to school together;
We little thought of trouble then,
Nor stopped for trifles or for weather.

Sometimes I drew her on my sled:
To ford a brook I ran beside her;
Once in my arms, time quickly fled;
I only wished the stream were wider!

I used to help her read and spell,
And when she grew a few years bigger,
I had a hundred things to tell
Of grammar, and of "sums" to figure.

Now, since we both are out of school,
And she is rosy cheeked and twenty,
I cannot skip the old-time rule;
Our interviews grow long plenty.

In fact, I met her twice one day,
And talked about our being older;
She smiled in just the sweetest way,
And stirred my heart and made me bolder

There was an ugly stream to cross,
Which always does beset the lover;
I thought of love, its gain and loss,
And wondered how I should get over.

But fortune always helps the bold—
In her blue eyes shone sunny weather;
We both rejoiced we were so old,
And now shall spend our lives together.

—*Joel Benton.*

### Some Clever Catches.

A young lady was once talking with a very young and very smart man, who was inclined to air his knowledge of the languages a little beyond what she felt that modesty required. She therefore said to him, with an air of deference to his superior attainments.

"You are a Latin scholar. I wish you would tell me how to pronounce the word 'so-met-i-mes.'"

The youth, with an air of kindly patronage, replied, "I have not met the word in my Latin reading, but I should have no hesitation in saying that it should be pronounced 'so-met-i-mes'" (giving it in four syllables, the accent on the second.)

"Thank you for telling me," replied the girl, demurely, "I have always heard it pronounced 'sometimes', but if you say the other way, they must be right."

This is similar to the perhaps familiar catch of the pronunciation of "bac-kac-he," which will often surprise the uninitiated by proving to be only back-ache. It also reminds one of a question printed some years since, as to the way of spelling 'need'—to need bread. The average person will reply, "k-n-e-e-d, of course;" but the answer will be, "that is the way to spell 'knead' dough, but not to 'need' bread.

A young lady recently misled a family in a most heartless way! She remarked, "I had a letter today, and how do you imagine the little preposition 'to' was used?"

"Too," suggested mamma.

"Two" suggested papa.

"Tew," "Teu," "Tu," ventured various voices.

Lily, who was much engaged with her French lessons just then, suggested 'tout,' and Tom, in derision, improved upon that with 'queue,' declaring that must be right in order to rhyme with 'queue.'

"All wrong," exclaimed the young lady, when the alphabet and their ingenuity were well exhausted.

Just then Teddy, who had been soberly absorbed in bread-and-honey, and who was in his first term at school, and wrestling with the problem of words in two letters, raised his head, and with an air of decision and importance, gravely spelled, "T-o, to."

"Yes," cried the young lady, with a peal of laughter.

"Why," exclaimed the others, in dismayed chorus, "that is the right way to spell it!"

"Exactly," she replied; "and that is the way my correspondent spelled it. You do not suppose I correspond with persons who cannot even spell 'to' correctly, do you?" *Harper's Young People.*

### He Needed a "Guardeen."

I was the only passenger in the car. Midway of a block another came in. His hat was crushed and his clothing daubed with mud. For a long time he sat in gloomy meditation. Then he hitched up toward me and said:

"I guess I'm the dodrottedest fool runnin' loose in this town at the present time.

"So?" I said.

"Yes, sir. I ain't got sense enough to be let go without a 'guardeen.' See that car up ahead there?"

I did. It was half a dozen blocks away.

"Wal, sir, I run like 60 for mor'n a block to catch that car."

"Couldn't catch it, eh?"

"Yes, I could. That's the trouble. I did ketch it, an' I giu the conductor a dime on the hind platform an' he giu me a nickle change. Then somehow I up an' dropped the nickle overboard. I hollered to the conductor to stop the car, but he wouldn't do it, so I ups and jumps off backwards. Look at my clo'es. When I got up that car was out o' reach, so I had to wait for this one."

"Did you find your nickle?"

"Oh, yes; found that right enough.

Lost my car, an' it my clo'es and skint my back just for the gratifyin' privilege of pickin' up that dodden nickle an' givin' it to this conductor. I used to think that Bill Thompson was the dingedest fool agoin', but I guess I'm clost onto him."

"What did Bill do?"

"W'y, don't you know? Bill's dog got his his head stuck in a pitcher, an Bill cut off the head to save the pitcher and then broke the pitcher to get the head out."—New York *Recorder.*

### A Good Chili Sauce.

A most acceptable winter appetizer is made from eight quarts of ripe, red tomatoes, a pint of small red peppers which also be fresh, a pound of brown sugar, three pints of vinegar, half an ounce each of ground cloves and cinnamon, four ounces of salt and a quarter of an ounce each of ginger and mace. Peel the tomatoes by dropping into boiling water and rubbing the skins off; chop them and peel and chop the onions; chop the peppers; tie the spices in little cheese cloth bags and boil all together for three hours. When ready to take from the fire remove the bags of spice; wet a tablespoonful each of ground white ginger and mustard and a tablespoonful of cayenne pepper with a little of the sauce, stir it in and add more salt if necessary. This may be bottled in any wide-mouthed pickle bottles but it is easier to use self sealing pint jars with porcelain lined tops.—*American Agriculturist.*

There is a man in Chicago who possesses so remarkable a memory that he is employed by the various benevolent societies to "remember the poor."