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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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MILL STREET, - ACTON, ONT.

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H. P. KOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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

S. A. McKEAGUE, M. D.,
Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Identate 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.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, Money to Loan.
OFFICE DAYS—Tuesday and Saturday.
OFFICE:—Kennedy's Block, Acton, up-stairs

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Licensed Auctioneers, Appraisers, Valuators, Collectors, Real Estate and General Land Agents.
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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.
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A SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
Has been opened in connection with this Branch.
Interest Allowed at Current Rates.
JAS. H. FINLAY,
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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 10c.
5 Feet Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 10c.
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.
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—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.
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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.
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Pianos
AND
Organs
WERE AWARDED
THE - GOLD - MEDAL
AT
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In competition with American, German, English and Canadian manufacturers.
FOR SALE
On Monthly or Quarterly Payments — only at
C. W. Kelly's
MUSIC STORE,
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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
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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.

Guelph's Leading
Boot and Shoe
STORE
Announces the arrival of
FELT LONG BOOTS,
FELT SOX & RUBBERS
Every farmer should have a pair of our Snow-Flake Merino wool Boots. Something quite new.
Ladies' Felt Shoes of all kinds
Our FELTS are away down in price. Close buying means close selling. They are real bargains. See them before buying.
Sole agents for the renowned
CRANBY RUBBERS & OVERSHOES.
Buy no other and keep your feet dry.
Leading Boot & Shoe Store.
W. McLaren & Co.,
GUELPH, ONT.

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 price.
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.

THANKSGIVING.

Heartfelt thanksgiving!
Oh! let it rise
Like the mist of morn
Toward the azure skies;
Let the heart be glad
And the song be gay,
As we welcome the joys
Of Thanksgiving Day.

How sweet is home
With its alter fire!
The meeting of sons
With their happy sires!
The fair young wives
And their little flocks,
In brand new coats
And Sunday frocks.

We gather around
The old-time board,
The blessing is asked,
The tea is poured,
And the children laugh
In their merry way,
When the turkey comes in
On Thanksgiving Day!

But what's this glee
To that which comes
With the smoking pudding
So full of plums?
And the rosy fruit
Without stint or lack,
And, last of all,
The nuts to crack?

What beautiful seasons
To bless who roams,
Are these meetings rare
In the land of homes,
When the young and old,
The grave and gay,
Lift up their hearts
On Thanksgiving Day!

Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

Select Family Reading.

The Thanksgiving Day.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"He's a good son to his mother," said Aunt Nabby Featherfew. "And I've noticed that pretty generally that's the sort that makes good husbands!"

Aunt Nabby sat by the window, peeling pumpkins for the Saturday's baking. She was a little, dried up old woman with black-rimmed spectacles that added a peculiar owlish effect to her dim blue eyes, and wore her scanty iron-grey hair screwed tightly up in a knob at the back of her head. Mrs. Featherfew, her sister-in-law, was plucking a fine fat turkey for the impending New England festival. She was one of those fore-handed women who always liked to get everything done a little in advance of time.

Luke Featherfew himself, the head of the family, sat on the edge of the table, chewing a gold-glistening rye-straw. He had just brought in a basket of rutabaga turnips, and had remained a minute or so to hear what the women were talking about.

"Yes," said Mrs. Featherfew, doubtfully, "but I'm a'most afraid he's inclined to be stingy, Abigail, and that ain't a desirable quality in no young man. It's bad enough in old folks."

"What makes you think so, mother?" said Mr. Featherfew.

"He's so dreadful close with his money of late," answered the house-mother. "He wouldn't give nothing to the subscription for getting up a free public library last week, and he's dropped the idea of buying a new horse, and he drives that old Dobbin of his yet."

"Dobbin's a good horse," reflectively observed Mr. Featherfew.

"Yes, but he's such a lookin' creetur!" Mr. Featherfew chuckled.

"You women are all for looks," said he. "I never see the best on 't. Well, I suppose there's no law agin a man doin' as he pleases with his own money."

"No," said Mrs. Featherfew, dryly. "But all the same, I don't want my Orinda to marry a miser."

"If Orinda's got her mother's spunk," said the farmer, laughing, "she'll do pretty much as she pleases about marrying."

Orinda, at the end of the room, was chopping suet industriously, and although she had heard every word of the discussion, neither spoke nor looked up. She was a round-faced, blue-eyed girl, with long lashes that swept her cheeks as she looked down, a dimpled cherry mouth, and a nose inclined to the retrousse type—commonly called pug. Her hair, of the richest glossy brown, was braided like a crown; her color was high, and she chopped away with a vigor that indicated the sanguine-nervous disposition. To speak the truth, Miss Orinda had been rather low-spirited for two or three days. Her darling desire of a new winter wrap had been denied her.

"You must manage to make the old one do for another season, Orinda," her mother had said.

"But, mother, it's so shabby! And Lucy Peaso has got a new seal plush."

"A couple of yards of fur trimming at a dollar a yard will make it quite decent," reasoned the thrifty matron. And Lucy Peaso is nothing to us."

"I could buy a real pretty beaver-cloth sacque, mother, at Roger's sale for fifteen dollars," pleaded Orinda, with tears in her eyes.

"But, daughter, we haven't the fifteen dollars to spare. Your father has had bad luck with his potato crop. Forty bushels were spoiled by the rain before they could be harvested, and the red cow died of horn distemper, and the barn on the hill was struck by lightning and burned down with two ton of hay in it! We've got to economize."

Orinda pouted.

"I never have anying like other girls," said she. "I might as well wear Aunt Nabby's old plaid woollen shawl at once, and be done with it."

And she had been quite silent and dejected ever since. What her mother said, she reasoned within herself, was quite true. If there was anything miserly about Wallace Grant, she did not want to cast in her lot with his. She had been pinched and cramped all the two-and-twenty years of her life, if there was to be any change, she decided that it should be for the better. There was John Jarvis who wore such stylish collars, and drove a high stepping horse to a brand-new yellow wheeled buggy, on his way to the Iron Works, where he condescended to fill up the position of cashier, until some one else could be found. Orinda knew very well that Mr. Jarvis admired her quite as much as Wallace Grant did; and Wallace was only a farmer, after all, and Orinda had her ambitions.

"By the way," said Mrs. Featherfew, her words chiming in strangely with the vague current of Orinda's unguided thought, "Mr. Jarvis was saying yesterday that he should not be able to get home Thanksgiving. Why don't you ask him here, father? I sort o' feel sorry for any young man that's by himself in a strange place on Thanksgiving day."

"Do, father," said Orinda, quickly.

"Just as you women folks say," said the farmer, "but will there be room at the table? There'll be Cousin Nathan Bartlett's folks, and Wallace Grant and his mother—"

"Why do you invite the Grants?" impatiently interrupted Orinda.

"They're sort o' family friends," said the farmer, apologetically.

"No more than other people," spoke Orinda. "Let them eat their Thanksgiving dinner at home."

Mrs. Featherfew and Aunt Nabby exchanged a look of surprise. This change of guests at the annual feast of the neighborhood meant a radical change of opinion. Wallace Grant had "waited on" Orinda for a year, to use the neighborhood phrase. Was the dashing cashier of the Iron Works to be promoted to his place? In such matters as this, however, Orinda's will was law; and so the affair was settled.

"I'm sort o' feared she's makin' a mistake," whispered Aunt Nabby.

"I don't know," responded Mrs. Featherfew. "I don't believe in these close-fisted men."

It was the night before Thanksgiving. There had been snow-flurries and a keen Arctic gale all day. With sunset, the world looked winter-cold and dreary, and Wallace Grant's fingers were stiff as he guided the clumsy old Dobbin up to the hitching-post in front of the Featherfew farm-house, and lifted an oblong package out of the wagon.

"He's come to return the swalite his mother borrowed of Aunt Nabby," said Orinda to herself. She sat at the window and had hurriedly risen to her feet, then sat down again, at the sight of the visitor.

"I don't know why I should run away from him," she thought, defiantly.

"I'm glad you're here alone, Orinda," said Wallace, quietly. "I wanted a talk with you. Somehow, I can't let Thanksgiving Day go by without saying what I've on my mind to say.

Orinda trembled. A strange thrill ran through all her veins. She had definitely made up her mind that she did not care for Wallace Grant, and yet, at the sound of his quiet, determined voice, she knew that she did care for him.

"I love you, Orinda," said the young man. "I want you to be my wife and come to the old brown house under the hill. It will be better than any palace to me, once you are in it. I've been dreaming of this year, and now the time has come that I can venture to say what's in my heart. Will you marry me, Orinda?"

And, looking into his dark, soulful eyes, she answered in a whisper, "Yes."

He put his arm tenderly about her.

"That's my own girl," said he. "I knew you would say yes."

"You take a good deal for granted," said Orinda, releasing herself with a little toss of her head.

"If a man can't trust the girl he loves, who is there to trust in?" said Wallace, simply. "And now look here—I've been saving up my money for months. I knew that to-morrow was not only Thanksgiving Day, but your birthday as well. And I wanted to give you a present, Orinda, dear. Will you accept it from your plighted lover?"

He opened the box. Orinda started back with a rapturous cry.

"For me, Wallace? A sealskin jacket!"

"My mother said it was the best economy, after all, dear, and you will look like a princess in it. She heard you say how much you needed a winter wrap, and we have been saving together for it. She is as much in love with you as I am, Orinda."

"What a model mother-in-law she will make!" cried the girl, with a laugh that was half a sob. "But, oh, Wallace! this is a deal too good for me."

Her eyes glittered, her cheeks glowed like roses, as she turned herself around and around to view herself in the clinging luxury of the new garment.

"I'm glad I accepted you before I saw this," said she. "Otherwise you might almost have thought it was a bribe."

"I knew you too well for that, Orinda," said he, smiling gravely.

"And you and your mother will come here to dinner to-morrow, Wallace?"

"Of course, since you ask us," said he, simply.

"There are only a few of us," said Orinda. "Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, and the girls, and Mr. Jarvis—"

"John Jarvis? Of the Iron Works?"

"Yes. You know him, don't you?"

"Know him? Yes, a little. But I hardly think he will eat his Thanksgiving dinner here to-morrow," said Wallace, composedly.

"Oh, yes, he will. He has promised to come," eagerly uttered Orinda.

"What I meant," said Wallace Grant, with a curious twinkle in his eye, "was that he has been arrested for forging signatures, and falsifying the accounts at the Iron Works. He was taken to Millford jail this morning, and the chances are that he won't come out very soon."

Orinda drew a long breath. Involuntarily she nestled closer to Wallace Grant. There was such a sense of safety, of security in being near him. So this was what Mr. Jarvis's free expenditures and dashing liberality meant!

"I never was gladder to hear anything in my life," said Aunt Nabby, as she bustled around on Thanksgiving morning, dressing the apples and oranges with autumn leaves and turning out the jelly in quivering moulds. "I always liked Wallace Grant, and I never believed a word about his being miserly or mean."

"Miserly, indeed," said Mrs. Featherfew, "when, all the time, it was Orinda he was saving for! And I must say, that seal jacket is the prettiest thing I ever saw!"

As for Mr. Featherfew his comment was entirely characteristic.

"If the women folks are satisfied," said he, "I am!"

The Sheep and the Goats.

The best and most effective object lesson on the relative advantages of buying and selling for cash and of trading on the credit system is that happily conceived and practiced by a California grocer. He has arranged two distinct and separate departments. On each side of the store there is kept a complete stock of groceries, the difference being that the goods on one side are sold for cash, while those on the other side are sold "on time." When a customer presents his order he is asked whether he desires to purchase for cash or on a credit and is at once brought face to face with a very perceptible difference between the two methods.—*Commercial Inquirer.*

Chink-Fillers.

At the recent Woman's Council, held at Bay View, Michigan, one of the leaders told an illustrative of the topic under discussion, an incident of her childhood. When a little girl of seven years, she stood by her father, looking at a new log cabin.

"Papa," she observed, "it is all finished isn't it?"

"No my daughter; look again!"

The child studied the structure before her. The neatly-hewed logs were in their proper places. The roof, even to the rough chimney, was complete, but on close scrutiny, one could see the daylight filtering through the interstices of the logs. It had yet to be chinked.

When this anecdote was ended, a bright young woman arose and returned her thanks for the story, for, she said, she had come to the conclusion that she was one of the persons who had been put in the world to "fill up the chinks."

The chink-fillers are among the most useful members of society. The fact is patent of the founder of one of our great educational systems, that he grasped large plans and theories, but had no talent for minutiæ. What would his majestic outlines be without the army of workers who, with a just comprehension of the importance of detail, fill in the chinks in the vast enterprise?

Putty may be a mean, cheap article, far inferior to the clear transparent crystal pane, but what would become of the costly plate glass were there no putty to fill in the grooves in which it rests, and to secure it against shocks?

The universal cry of the Women of the Present to the effect that the ox has a mighty mission to accomplish, sounds a note of woe to her who, try as she may can find no one occupation in which she excels, and who feels that her only sphere in life is to go through the world doing the little things left undone by people with mission. Does it ever occur to the self named commonplace woman that her heaven appointed task is as high a mission as any that may be taken up by her more gifted sisters?

It requires vast patience and much love for one's fellow men to be a chink-filler. She it is who, as wife, mother, sister, or perhaps maiden-aunt, picks up the hat or glove Mamie has carelessly left on the drawing-room table, wipes the tiny finger-smears from the window-panes at which Baby stood to wave his hand to Papa this morning, dusts the rungs of the chair neglected by the parlor maid, and mends the ripped coat which Johnny forgot to mention until nearly time to start for school. It is she who thinks to pull the basting threads out of the newly finished gown, tacks ruching in neck and sleeves against the time when daughter or sister may want it in a hurry, remembers to prepare some dainty for that member of the household who is not quite up to the mark in appetite;—In fact, undertakes them, takes so many of which show for little when done, but are painfully conspicuous when neglected. Does she herself feel that her sphere is small—limited? Let her pause and consider how it would affect the family were the hat and gloves to be out of place, the chair undusted, and blurred window glass overlooked, the coat unmended, the hastings allowed to stand in all their hideous white promin-ence, the invalid's appetite untempted.

Like a good spirit our chink-filler glides in and out among the fallen threads in the tangled web of life, picking up dropped stitches, fastening loose strands, and weaving the tissue into a harmonious whole, and yet doing it all so unobtrusively that the great weavers, looking only at the vast pattern they are forming, are unconscious that but for the unselfish thought and deft fingers of the commonplace woman their work would be a grand failure. We may believe that some time the children whose shortcomings she has supplemented, and thus saved from harsh reproof, the servants whose tasks she has made lighter, the husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, for whom she has made life smoother and brighter, will rise and call her blessed. It may not be in this life, but it will surely come to pass in the world that sets this right."

Some such chink-filler was Lowell's saint of whom he tells us:

"She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone, or despite;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
Or giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemed in her eyes."

Few people appreciate the dignity of detail, although, from the days of our childhood, we have heard rhymes, verses and proverbs innumerable which aim to impress mankind with the importance of the horse-shoe-nail, of the rift in the lute, and the tiny worm hole in the vessel through which the watery tide entered. The wife and mother, more than any other, knows what a great part of life is made up of the little things, such as:

"Sewing on the buttons,
Overseeing rations;
Soothing with a kind word.
Other's lamentations;
Guiding clumsy Bridgets,
Coaxing sullen cooks,
Entertaining company,
And reading recent books;
Women's work!"

Often the work which doesn't show takes most time, and tries the temper. And the hardest part of it all is that it is so frequently caused by other's laziness or delinquencies. If John would only use an ash receiver, instead of strewing the veranda floor with ashes and burnt matches; if he would just think to close the library blinds when he has finished looking for a missing book, instead of allowing the hot sunshine and flies to enter at their own sweet will, until, two hours after his departure for the office you descend to the apartment which you had already dusted and darkened, and find it full of heat and buzz! If that big boy of yours could remember to strip the covers from his bed when he arises, and if your pretty daughter could cultivate her lamp of order sufficiently to refrain from having a hat of some description in every room on the first floor, and her jacket on the bannisters! Nobody but yourself knows how many precious moments you expend in righting these wrongs caused by other's carelessness. John would advise grandly that you "Let Bridget attend to these matters. Why keep a dog and do your own barking!" If he is particularly sympathetic and generous, he will inform you seriously that your time is too precious to spend on beggarly trifles, and that if one servant cannot do the work of the establishment, he wants you to hire another. Perhaps you ungratefully retort that it will only make one more for you to follow up and supplement!

It would be an excellent plan for each member of the household to resolve to put in its proper place everything which he or she observes out of order. By the time this rule has been established for twenty-four hours, the house would be immaculate and the mother find ample time for her mission,—if she has any beside general chink-filler for the family. If not, she will have an opportunity to rest.

Original Compositions.

As a general thing the girl or boy of tender years dislikes writing compositions, and the subjects furnished in many large schools are far from alluring. What, for instance, could very youthful minds make of "Education?" A small girl who conscientiously applied herself to the task finally produced the valuable idea that "Education is a very good thing, and one which every child should be taught."

"Whale ships," wrote by a boy, who had a more congenial subject, "are large, and have an hold in which a lubber is stored." If a landlubber, this is scarcely to be wondered at; but the composition-maker was evidently writing of blubber under a wrong name. Another youth said that "Julius Cæsar invented Great Britain, 55 B. C.," while an equally accomplished historian explained that "Ethelred the Unready was called that because he was never ready for the Danes. He used to entice them away from England by bribing them, but they used to come again and demand a larger bribe."

William Rufus would certainly deny if he had the power, that "he was gored to death by a stag in the forest his father had made to hunt the deer"; and Joan of Arc would hardly have to hear that "she was the daughter of a rustic French pheasant which lived in the forest." "Prince William was drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine; he never laughed again"—a result which no reasonable person would find fault with.

A boy whose subject was plum pudding, and who was evidently not acquainted with it before it appeared on the table, undertook to describe how it was made, and mentioning a variety of queer ingredients, he added: "When they have put all these in, they make it into a batter, and then mix it up; and when they have finished battering it they put in on a the fire for about an hour and a half to get it done enough, so that it will be better to eat, and after to chew."

A thoughtful little personage declares that "a stone-mason's work is injurious because when he is chipping he breathes in all the little chips, and they are taken into the lungs." We are also informed that "there are five ways of cooking potatoes, and we should die if we eat our food raw." A practical girl advises, "when roasting a piece of meat put it in front of a brisk fire so as to congratulate it."

Another thinks "we should not eat so much bone-making food as flesh-making and warmth giving foods, for if we did we should have too many bones, and that would make us look funny."—*Harper's Young People.*

Dates of Inventions.

The great anæsthetic, chloroform, was discovered by Guthrie in 1831, and was first employed in surgical operations in 1846.

Quill pens were first used A.D. 553; steel pens were invented by Wise, of England, 1803, and improved by Gillott, 1822.

Checkers or draughts were known to the ancient Egyptians, and pictures 4,000 years old represent a quarrel over the game.

Tobacco was taken to Europe by the Spaniards early in the sixteenth century; was introduced into England by Raleigh in 1555.

Gunpowder was known to the Chinese 2,000 B. C., to the Hindoos 855 B. C. Its European invention is credited to Roger Bacon about 1281.

Brass pins were first made by the Saracens in Spain in A.D. 400; were brought to England by Catharine of Arragon, wife of Henry VIII.

Wooden railroads were built in England in 1802; iron rails were first used in 1789; the first iron railroad was laid in America in 1827.

The magnifying lens is believed to have been known to the ancients, but in modern times was brought into use by Roger Bacon in 1262.

Lace-making was first done by Barbara Uttman about 1550, though the invention is claimed for an earlier date by France and Italy.

The first carpets made in Europe were manufactured in France, in 1664, in imitation of some which had been brought from Turkey.

Banks and banking was known in Greece 275 years before Christ, in Rome 352 B. C: in Venice 1157 A.D. The Bank of England originated in 1695.

The first newspaper in the modern sense was issued at Venice in 1536; the first English newspaper was published in 1662, the first American in 1704.

The first electric light was the invention of Staite & Petrie in 1846, but scores of men have since made improvements and adapted it to popular use.

The water clock was known in Rome B.C. 158. Dial clocks were first put up in A. D. 913; striking clocks were Saracenic about 801; pendulum clocks were invented in 1641; repeating clocks in 1675.

The first handkerchiefs on the British Islands were made in Paisley, Scotland, 1743; were made popular on the continent by Empress Josephine, who had bad teeth, and held her handkerchief before her mouth when she coughed.

All He Guarantees to do.

The cleverness of the waiters who stand at the doors of the dining rooms of the large hotels in charge of the hats which are left outside by the guests is very striking. Some of them perform really wonderful feats of memory in the way of identifying the hat of each person, although they often do not see the guest more than once and that for only the instant when he pauses to leave his hat behind him as he enters.

At a hotel on the Maine coast is a darkey who is famous among the guests for never making a mistake, although sometimes the guests have tried to puzzle him by going in groups and by wearing hats which he has never seen. One day one of the boarders talked with him about this power and the waiter said he had acquired it by long practice.

"And do you never make mistakes?" the gentleman inquired.

"No, sah; I don't cal'late to make no mistakes," was the answer.

"And do you give every man his own hat?"

"Oh, sah," returned the waiter, "'tain't none o' my bus'nes whose the hat am. I gibes to ebery man the hat he gibes to me."—*Boston Courier.*

MINNA'S THANKSGIVING.

A little maiden once there was
Who heard her mother say
Upon a bright November morn:
"This is Thanksgiving Day."

In little Minna's grateful heart
There dawned a purpose new;
"Then if this is Thanksgiving Day
I know what I will do.

She wrapped her in a cloak so warm
And tied her little hood,
And to the barn did Minna run
As quickly as she could.

An straight she went to where the cows
Stood each within his stall;
And said, and stroked their sides the while;
"I've come to thank you all.

"I know you give us every day
The fresh-sweet milk we drink;
And cream and butter, too, and cheese.
You're very good, I think."

Then Minna crossed the barn, to speak
To Dick, the good old horse
"O, Dick! when I am giving thanks
I'll thank you too, of course.

"No matter what the time of year,
You work and work all day;
In Spring you drag the heavy plough,
In Summer loads of hay.

"You take the bags of grain to mill,
You bring the flour back;
And from the forest cart the wood,
However rough the track.

"For all these things, you dear old Dick,
I've come my thanks to pay;
I thought it when mother said
'This is Thanksgiving day."

Then down the dim and dusty barn
Did Minna trip along
To where the sheep were huddled close,
A gentle, woolly throng.

She patted them with loving hand,
The sheep stood unafraid;
"Thank you for all my nice warm clothes,"
Then said the little maid.

With smiling face, and having still
Her grateful thoughts in mind,
Next to the farmyard Minna went
Her feathered friends to find.

When cluck and cackle, all the hens
Soon gathered at her feet;
Said Minna; "Thank you for the eggs
You've given me to eat."

Then little Minna ran again
Across the sparkling snow,
And soon was at her mother's side
With face and heart aglow.

"I've been and thanked them, mother dear,
As nicely as I could;
—The cows, the sheep, the hens and Dick—
I think they understood.

"For they all listened quietly
To everything I said.
And Dick! I wished you could have seen
The way he bowed his head.

"They might have thought it very strange
If I had stayed away
And had not given thanks to them
Upon Thanksgiving Day!"

—Emilie Poulsson.

Why Do They Do It?

I have always noticed that an infidel is apt to be a bigot. He will not allow you to believe in Heaven, or in God, or in your own future existence, if he can help it. A word in defence of your faith sometimes makes him more furious than any sectarian ever grew over his creed. This always seems very strange to me; for what comfort can it be to anybody to convert any one to a belief in nothing?

Of course, if a man cannot believe, he is to be pitied. It may be that he cannot help it, any more than he can help the color of his eyes or the inches of his stature. In that case it is not worth while to argue with him. But you might say to him: "My hope of Heaven and immortality make me happy. Can you not try to believe as I do?" And what has he to offer you? If he could force upon you his opinion that "We go out like the snuff of a candle," it could not be by saying how comfortable he found the thought. In snatching your bread from you, he offers you a very cruel and hard stone; nor is it any use for him to pretend that it is otherwise.

All life's trials may be borne if you can sincerely say: "There is a world where no tears are shed." Even the death of dear ones does not leave you utterly comfortless, if you can believe that you shall meet them again, "to part no more." Otherwise, what is life? A brief existence soon cut short by fate. We have a pretty dream of childhood, and a little time for youth and love, perhaps a little time for retrospection and regret, and then the grave. Why, if there is only the world and no Heaven, only time and no eternity, what are we? Creatures to whom continual disappointment and grief must finally render existence unsupportable, useless, meaningless, hopeless.

As I have said before, those to whom life is this miserable thing are to be pitied, but why they should wish to convert others to their doctrines I cannot imagine. Is it that misery loves company? or that they desire to forbid to all the world a comfort they cannot share? H. K. D.

Judge Waxem's Proverbs.

Whichever politicke party that has the least to get wants the most civil servis reform.

Gittin' rich on politicks is a bad sine.

It's a powerful bad practise to put licker in your politicks.

Talkin' patriotism ain't doin' patriotism by a long shot.

The Amerikin eagel has got the most different brood of enny bird that ever set on eggs.

If all the liars wuz to go out av politicks there wouldn't be a korum left to count the votes.

Cause the wimmen can't vote ain't no sine they don't put their husban's noses the way they want 'em to go.

The tax on licker improves its taist.

Them as voter shood hev ther say, and them as works shood git ther pay.

Patriotism with poverty is a sintshent rellick.

Musings.

How a man hates to give away a fifteen cent cigar!

No woman who has children regards her life as quite a failure.

A man can learn more in one day's trouble than he can in a year of joy.

A man who allows his head to be turned by every compliment paid him soon has it twisted off.

A man will ease his conscience over the way he earns a dollar by spending it the right way.

A wolf makes a mistake in wearing sheep's clothing. He never deceives any one, and the sheep skin never fits him.

Every task you neglect when you go away on a vacation meets you at the depot with all its friends and relatives when you come back.

Constipation, and all troubles with the digestive organs and the liver, are cured by Hood's Pills. Unequalled as a dinner pill.