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The Acton Free Press

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Business Directory.

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Parties placing their sales or other business in our hands will have the same promptly attended to at moderate tariff.

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REST - 6,000,000

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Interest Allowed at Current Rates.

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PAPER MAKERS,

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MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

Machine Finished Book Papers

—AND—

HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.

The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.

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Proof Etchings, Colored Pictures, Room and Picture Mouldings.

IVORY OAK FRAMES SILVER GILT

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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, 15c.

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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LIVERY

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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 8.30 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

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Wellington Mutual
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

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Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of insurable property, on the Cash and Premium Note System.

P. W. STONE, President. CHAS. DAVIDSON, Manager.

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Pianos AND Organs

WERE AWARDED

THE - GOLD - MEDAL

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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.
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CAPITAL AUTHORIZED $1,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP 906,400.00
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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.

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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. B. 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.

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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. EDGAGE, Manager
Acton.

Poetry.

"THIS WAY, MY FATHER!"

Once, in my boat, the glassy bay
I crossed, and spent a summer day,
But as I piled my homeward oar
A mist came down and hid the shore.
There was no sign my way to mark;
I shouted thro' the gathering dark;
Then, answering back as bugle plain,
To guide me where I toiled in vain,
A voice I loved rang o'er the sea:
"This way, my father! Come to me!"

It was my child, my pride and joy:
He watched for me, my only boy.
O, often when my steps would roam,
It was his voice that called me home;
For when I stood, temptation's mark,
And faith's pure star in heaven grew dark,
My fainting soul reviving heard,
Thro' gathering clouds, his warning word.
Cry, as it cried along the sea:
"This way, my father! Come to me!"

One day—what tongue my grief could tell?—
I bade that darling boy farewell,
And lost forever from my sight
The joy that once my life made bright;
And now, in darkness darker grown,
I grope my weary way alone.
Yet sometimes from the Blessed Shore,
I think I hear that voice once more
In angel tones ring o'er the sea:
"This way, my father! Come to me!"

—*Rev. Theron Brown.*

Select Family Reading.

Three Little Children.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It was one of the sweetest days of all the sweet summer-tide, and the three little Berkeleys, playing beside the brook, had almost forgotten that there was such a thing as school and lessons, when the kitchen window was flung noisily up, and a shrill voice broke in upon their dream of happiness.

"Children! come out of that grass medder! Don't you see how you're tramping all the timothy down!" screamed Mrs. Hall.

She was a spare hard-favored woman, who was engaged in picking over a huge pan of white beans at the table, while her husband sat opposite mending the dislocated leg of a milking stool with a pot of glue and some hempen twine.

"Now, mother," said Ebenezer Hall, "why can't you let these young 'uns enjoy themselves? Their little feet won't hurt the timothy grass, I guess."

"That's just like you, Mr. Hall," said his wife, querulously. "The children are always in mischief, and you're continually upholding 'em. Didn't I tell Fanny to mend her gingham apron the minute school was over? And there she is, puddling in the brook, ruining her dress-sleeves. And John's dog scratched up all my larkspurs and four-o'clocks this morning. But I settled the question," she added, setting her thin lips together like a steel trap. "I gave the varmint to Folke, the tin peddler. He'll never bother me any more."

"You oughtn't to have done that, mother," said Ebenezer. "Johnnie was fond of the critter."

"John must make up his mind to do without him," said Mrs. Hall. "I won't be tormented by anybody's mischievous dog. And I found a 'Robinson Crusoe' hidden under little Joe's pillow this morning."

"That's natural enough, mother," said Ebenezer, apologetically. "All boys like story-books."

"Now I know the reason he never could say his catechiz of a Sabbath morning," sharply added Mrs. Hall. "The trouble those children make us can't never be told. And I've made up my mind to bind 'em to trades as soon as ever I can."

"They're my darter's children, mother, and I can't bear the idea of partin' with 'em," said poor Ebenezer.

"Then why don't you bring 'em up to earn their own living, like other paupers?" said Mrs. Hall, who had been the farmer's second wife, and whose crabbed nature had never been thawed out in the light of a baby's smiles. "That's what I want to know. This house aint going to be an orphan asylum. Not if I know it."

"If you feel so about it, mother, I'll take 'em over to Cornelia Crashaw's," said Mr. Hall, whose face had grown very grave. "Cornelia's husband owes me money, and she's fond of children. I calculate she'll be good to them, if my own wife won't."

"Good riddance to bad rubbish," was Mrs. Hall's tart retort, as she flung the last handful of beans into the pan. "But if you really mean it—"

"I do, most assuredly," said Ebenezer Hall, sternly. "Nelly's children shall not be subjected to unjust rebukes or tyrannical ill-temper while I can help it."

"I've done the best I could," said Mrs. Hall, with a toss of her head. "But I don't like children, and I never did."

The three little Berkeleys did not know what was the cause of the unwonted gloom on grandpa's face at tea-time. They sat quite silent. Grandma had always tried to impress it on their minds that children must be seen and not heard, and eat their baked beans and blueberries and milk, with longing glances at the plum bread-cake, which was always cut in such economical slices, and of which grandma never would allow them more than one slice.

"Mother," said the old farmer, when the meal was over, "pack up the children's boxes to-night, I shall start early in the morning."

"Where are we going, grandma?" Johnny ventured to ask.

"To Cornelia Crashaw's," said Mrs. Hall.

"Do you suppose she will let me keep my dog?" said Johnny, wistfully, for Tiger came back there afterwards. "Tiger won't stay away from me."

"Oh, good! good!" cried Fanny, clapping her small, brown hands. "Mrs. Crashaw always lets us play where we please. And she gave me a handful of red lilies the last time we went there."

"I am glad, too," said little Joseph, with kindling eyes. "Mrs. Crashaw has all the 'Rollo' and 'Lucy' books in her cupboard. I saw them there once."

Mrs. Hall bit her lips. Indifferent as she had professed herself to the children, there was a drop of bitterness in their willingness to leave her.

Ebenezer was fond of his grand-children, and it seemed hard to separate them. Had they expressed a single objection to going away her heart might have melted. But as it was, she only compressed her lips, and frowned the gloomy frown which John and Fanny and little Joe knew so well.

The boxes were packed that night, and early in the morning Ebenezer and the children drove away.

"Good-bye, children," she said, standing on the door step, and shading her eyes with one hand from the level eastern sunshine. And they answered in shrill, sweet voices;

"Good-bye, grandma!"

But there were no tears, no loving words of farewell, no last clinging caresses. Mrs. Hall had not supposed that she cared for such things—but it chagrined her a little, now!

"Oughtn't we to have kissed grandma?" said Fanny, in a whisper as the wheels rattled on.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Joe. "I don't believe grandma knows how to kiss."

The house seemed strangely lonesome, when Mrs. Hall turned back into the deserted kitchen.

"I declare," said the old woman, "I didn't know how I should miss them. I'm almost sorry that—"

And without completing her sentence, she went to the sink, and began to wash the dishes.

From Cornelia Crashaw's house, Mr. Hall was going to Montreal to see about some lumber which he needed for an addition to his house. He was to be gone a week—and during all that time his heart ached whenever he thought of the empty little beds, and the desolate hearthstone at home.

It was a sultry August afternoon when he drove up once more to the old farm house. To his amazement, Fanny, Johnny and little Joe, with the faithful dog, Tiger, at their heels, all rushed, shouting and laughing, out to meet him. And there was not a single uprising "Hush-sh-sh!" from Mrs. Hall, whose face was visible in the hall behind them.

"Hallo!" said Mr. Hall. "Eh! What? How's this? I thought I left you all at Mrs. Crashaw's house?"

"So you did," chirped Fanny.

"But we've come back," said Johnny.

"We liked home best!" exclaimed Joe.

"Grandma came after us," said Fanny. "She said she loved us, and wanted us back again! She really did."

"And we love her!" piped up little Joe. "And she has bought me a fairy book, and she says I needn't bother about the catechism until I am a little older."

"And she lets us make nests in the hay, and play in the grass meadow as much as ever we please," said Johnny. "And she saves sweet bones for Tiger. Oh, grandma is so nice!"

"Wife!" said old Ebenezer Hall, "what is this the children are telling me?"

Mrs. Hall stood smiling in the doorway.

"It's all true, every word of it, Ebenezer," said she. "You'll be calling me an old fool I doubt; but the fact is (but I never know how much I missed the dear little children until they were gone. And then I realized that I hadn't been half considerate and kind enough to them. And, I declare, as I went about the house, it seemed to me as if there had been a death here. So the very next day after you went away I borrowed neighbor Oxley's carryall, and went after them. Cornelia Crashaw wasn't sorry, because she'd just got a letter from her sister in Ohio, who is sick with the malaria and wants her to come and nurse her. And you can't think how nice we've all got along together."

"I kiss grandma every night," said Fanny.

"And I've learned her to say, 'Sing a song of sixpence,'" said little Joe, "most as nice as I can say it myself."

"And she lets me look at the pictures in the big Bible," said Johnny, joyfully.

Old Mr. Hall took both his wife's hands in his and kissed her, as he had not kissed her for years.

"God bless you, Mary," said he.

For Love and Childhood had thawed the frozen crust around Mrs. Hall's heart. And in the old farm-house a new reign of happiness had begun.

THE MAGNITUDE OF THE EXPOSITION BUILDINGS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Chicago at any time, in its most normal state, if it ever laps into such a state, is distinctly a show city, and if you pay it your first visit while it is dedicating World's Fair buildings and making room for one million strangers, your impressions are so many and so various that it is difficult to know with which to begin. This is especially so when you must tell what you saw to the accompaniment of a type-writer and the rattle of an limited express.

And yet after it is all over there is the one thing which found you unprepared, and the wonder of which remains with you when every other impression is slipping away as rapidly as the miles which keep you from New York. And that is the wonderful beauty and magnitude of the World's Fair buildings. Everyone who has not seen these buildings thinks he knows exactly what they are like, and does not want to hear anything more concerning them. At least one man thought he knew what they were like before he saw them and certainly dreaded being told again in bewildering statistics of their area, height and cost. But when I saw them around the lagoon, in front of the main entrance, I wanted to be left entirely alone in front of a beautiful landscape or a great picture. There is no use of my trying to say why this was so, why they are impressive and dignified and beautiful, for I remember having read all this before of them, and of not considering it at all.

Their magnitude and their beauty, not on account of these qualities, but in spite of them, are not things of which the writers on architecture—of which I am certainly not one—can give any idea; neither can colored prints with palm trees in the foreground and blue skies above, nor even photographs which "never lie." You can hardly hope to give another person an idea of anything unless there is something with which he is already familiar, and with which you can make comparison. In this case you can only compare the World's Fair buildings with Rome as we believe it was in its grandest days, and with those days we cannot claim to be intimate. One of the Spanish legation put it this way: "The Chicago buildings," he said, "are the buildings we should have seen in Paris: those of the Paris exhibition are those we might have expected to find at Chicago." That is exactly right, and one of the secondary surprises of this wonderful white city; that the day of arc and letters of the Madeleine and of the Beaux-Arts should have fallen down and worshipped an Eiffel Tower and Edison electric lightings, and that the city of grain-elevators and pork should have reared a second city as classic in its beauty as the Athens of to-day, and as true in the detail of a cornice as it is grand as a whole.

PRIZE ESSAY.

The best Education for Farmers' Sons and Daughters who Remain on the Farm.

S. A. Laidman, Binbrook.

There has somehow arisen a kind of aristocratic feeling among city folk by which they regard themselves considerably above the average of the country people. If they wish to ridicule any of their fellows, they will say that he acts as if he had just come from the country. Now, is there anything about country folk to justify this opinion of them? We are afraid that in some cases there are good reasons for such opinions. Not that we consider farming to be a criminal offence; far from it, for we know that it is one of the noblest occupations that a man can follow. But as a rule, the farmer has not as much education as his position calls for.

Now, the problem to solve is: How can the farmer command greater respect and at the same time manage his farm more intelligently? The latter is of more consequence than what any person may think of him. The problem would be solved, I think, by the better education of farmer's sons and daughters. But what kind of education would be best suited to the wants of the farmer? I would answer in the first place, a good public school education.

A great many farmers make their children stop going to school as soon as the busy season commences, in order that they may get a little more work done. They think the children can get plenty of schooling during the winter months, and as they intend to remain on the farm, they do not require much education. It is a mistake to think so, and it is a mistake to keep them out of school through all the summer months; for by so doing the child forgets almost as much during the summer as he learns during the winter.

After the boy has a good public school education, it is important that he should know something about the business he is to follow. A carpenter or a blacksmith has to learn his trade before he can practice it; a teacher or a lawyer has to learn his profession before he can practice: and how can we expect a man to begin farming before he knows anything about it? It is too often done and as a consequence we find so many farmers who are so deeply in debt.

Now, the farmers' sons are to be our future farmers, and it is as necessary for them to know something about agriculture as it is for the lawyer to know something about law, or the politicians to understand politics. The farmer should study agricultural chemistry, so that he will be able to tell just what kind of food his different crops require. He should understand something about the rotation of crops, so that he will not sow the same classes of crops on the same field till the farm becomes barren and almost dies from exhaustion.

He should understand the best method of restoring such a farm to fertility, or he will lose a great deal of time waiting for it to recover its strength. He should know something about manures and fertilizers, so that he can apply such as will most benefit any particular soil or crop. Many farmers do not take care of their farmyard manure as they should. If they would read some good work on the treatment and application of manures, they would be benefited a great deal more than they imagine.

If the farmer understands the rudiments of agriculture, he will be far more likely to be successful than if he knows nothing about it, and in these days of cheap literature there is no excuse for not being posted in that direction. There are many books written on the subject and they are truly the farmers' best friends if they only use them correctly. Agriculture, then, should be the most important part of the young farmer's education, although there are other branches of almost equal importance.

Business correspondence is something that a great many farmers greatly neglect. True, the most of them can make a person understand what they want, but the appearance of his letter very often gives rise to a great deal of mirth (sometimes profanity) among business men. If a business letter be neatly written, and put in good form, it is a guarantee to the dealer that his customer is a man of business, and such a letter is more likely to receive prompt attention than one that is written in a slovenly way.

Then again, it is important that a farmer should keep an account of all his money affairs. He has just as much need to know how his business is prospering as the merchant has, and he cannot tell how it is going unless he knows how to keep a simple set of accounts. It is not necessary that he should know all the ins and outs of the double entry book-keeping, but it is necessary that he should know how to keep track of his money.

A farmer should understand farm arithmetic pretty well; that is, he should know how to compute simple-interest, to measure a field, to measure lumber, to measure fences, and any little problem that may come up concerning his business. Because a farmer has not a great deal of business to do, that is no reason why he should be cheated out of what little money he has. There are many little jobs of carpentering about the farm to be done, and many farmers send for the carpenter to come and do them instead of doing them themselves. The farmer should know how to use a saw and plane, so that he can do his own "tinkering," because there are many times when he cannot get a carpenter just when he wants him; and if he doesn't do it himself he will probably have to wait a week or so before he can get anyone else to do it.

But I have so far spoken about education of the farmers' sons; and now how about the daughters?

I think it is important that the daughters have a good education as well as the boys, although their education will not be in just the same direction. Girls should have a good public school education in the first place. If they intend to remain on a farm, it is necessary that they know all the details of butter-making, and, whether they remain on the farm or not, it is necessary that they know a good deal about baking, laundry work, etc., for no matter where they go to these things will have to be attended to.

It is also well for the girls to understand something about simple accounts, so that if the boys are very busy, they may take charge of the accounts. The daughter might take full charge of the books, and keep them for the men, who might give her a nice little sum of money for doing so. I know of men who do this, and they say that it saves them considerable work, besides pleasing the daughter, who is thus able to get a little pocket money.

Music is something that every farmer's daughter should know something about, for during the long winter evenings one has ample time to practice this art, and it will do a great deal towards keeping the boys at home during the evenings.

A great many argue that the farmer's daughter is not expected to be so well educated or so refined as her city cousins, but I think that she has just as much right to refined and educated as any person who lives in the city.

If farmers' sons and daughters would only take the pains with themselves that they ought, they might improve themselves a great deal. Now I don't say that they are not a good class of people, but if they would only take the interest in books and music that they should, I do not doubt but that they would enjoy themselves a great deal better, besides being able to do their work more intelligently and profitably.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

Every woman who has not a large fortune of her own, or a most amiable Croesus for a husband, often asks herself: "How do I spend so much money?"

How often do I find that, having so little to show for it, all that certain sum is gone!

How often the lead pencil and paper come into play to prove to one's self that she has not been robbed or lost something! Most people live up to their incomes; many beyond them, without at all intending to do so. "Where does the money go to?" people cry again and again. After all, the question is easy enough to answer. The money goes so mysteriously for what one might call the embroidery of life.

Beef, mutton and potatoes do not run away with any great sum. Gingerbread may be added to bread and butter, and apple sauce and dried fruits grace the table, at a cost almost miraculously small. But plum pudding and imported preserves, beautiful glass jars and pots, and china bottles of eatables that tempt one before they are opened much more than they do afterward, double the grocer's bill.

A dish of chicken salad from the restaurant, fancy biscuit in tin cans—these, and a host of other things, "add up;" not those plain, comfortable articles of diet which, after all you like best. Money is earned to be spent, but if you wonder where it goes in housekeeping, look at those unnecessary but expensive items, and you will know.

So in dress. A dress costs less that its buttons sometimes. The fringe and lace and jet beading costs more than two or three gowns. The plumes on a hat, the light kid gloves you wear, the "illusion" and cashmere trimming, swallow the money that you use for your wardrobe. Have these things if you can afford them. Why not? And your trimmings are what cost; not your flannels and muslins and merinos, or even your silks. I have no doubt that the sum expended on the wardrobe of a genuine Quakeress, despite its excellent quality, would surprise a fashionable lady by its insignificance.

So, too, in furniture. Beds and bureaus, book-cases and arm chairs last a long while, and you, at least, do not wonder where their price went. The thousand trifles that perish under the house-maid's dusting brush, the silken cushions and embroidered tidies are the real expenses.

I love to see beautiful things that tell of womanly care about the house, but they are what the money goes for in that direction. We waste it (if it is waste; as to that let each one decide for herself) not on our needs but on our fancies. I rather think we get the most happiness out of our fancies, after all. Still, let us at least know what we are about. The trimmings of life, and those little things we buy because they only cost 25 cents, though we have no use for them melt away our dollars.

M. K. D.

WOMAN V. MAN.

A lady sent her domestic to her glazier for some glass he had taken away with him after repairing her window; but the glazier refused to give it up.

"It vas der rules of der trade," he explained blandly.

Then the lady went herself saying, "I paid you what you asked for putting in those panes, and you've carried off my own glass. I want it."

"Well, you pays von shilling. Der rules of der trade say so."

"I don't care anything about the rules of the trade. You've taken my glass."

"Vell, you ged out," he returned and the lady retreated.

Later in the evening she went back, accompanied by her husband; the husband without any pretence walked up to the counter, and took the glass and started out with it.

"Police, police!" shouted the excited workman, rushing out.

The husband laid the glass down as an officer hurried up. The situation was explained, and the policeman told the husband to take the glass if he was certain of the property. When he looked around, however, it had disappeared. The pair had been outwitted.

Then the lady decided to bide her time. It came. Three mornings later the glazier's boy rang the bell.

"Did the glazier leave a hammer here the other day?" he asked.

"Oh yes," replied the matron stoutly.

"Tell him it's the rule of the house that we keep all the tools left here. If he wants his hammer he must return me my glass."

Ten minutes later the boy was at the door with the glass. The lady took it.

"Tell your master I was mistaken. He didn't leave his hammer here!"

And the door was closed with a bang.

An Inventive Grocer.

An ingenious grocer, who had in vain devised all manner of methods for clearing his store from the nuisance of flies, has shown himself to be well up with the times by starting an electric fly trap. This is driven by an electric motor, and consists of a band smeared with some sweet substance on which the flies alight, and on which they are carried along and swept into a wire trap. The new trap has been so successful that many grocers' shops in England are now supplied with it, and it is also installed in many shop windows, where it serves the double purpose of a unique fly catcher and a novel advertisement.

It is not what its proprietors say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story of its merit. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMARM.

Under the spreading catspraun tree
The village schoolhouse stands;
The teacher, a sprightly maid is she,
With small and dimpled hands;
And the ink stains on her finger-tips
Are black as iron bands.

Her hair is straight and black and long,
Her face is like the tan;
Her brow is decked with stylish bangs,
She crimps them when she can;
And looks the whole world in the face,
For she fears not any man.

The children sitting in the school
Look out at the open door;
They love to see the busy bee,
And hear the river's roar,
And catch the wary bug that crawls
So near them on the floor.

She goes on Sunday to the church,
And is stared at by the boys;
She hears the parson pray and preach;
She hears her sweetheart's voice
Asking to see her safely home
And it makes her heart rejoice.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing
Onward through life she goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close,
Something attempted something done
Toward earning her Sunday clothes.

—*Yarmouth Light.*

STEAM ENGINE LORE.

Morland, in 1683, built steam engines for mines.

Watt's patent for road engine was issued in 1784.

Savery, 1698, built an engine to drive a mine pump.

In 1769 Robinson suggested to Watt the road engine.

Comte d' Auxiron built steamboat on Loire in 1774.

Watt 1765, invented condenser separate from cylinder.

Comte de Jouffroy built steamboat on Saone in 1783.

Potter, a boy, in 1783, made the valve gear automatic.

A working steam engine was invented by Papin in 1681.

Giambattista, made a steam pump for mining use in 1601.

Hornblower, in 1781, solved the problem of double action.

In 1769 Cugnot, French, made an excellent road engine.

Blasco de Gersy built a steamship at Barcelona in 1543.

Watt's expansion engine brought to perfection in 1778.

Beighton in 1718, substituted a plug rod for cords to valves.

The Aeolopile, a steam engine, invented B.C. 241, by Hero.

Watt, in 1778, solved the problem of rotary motion engines.

Smeaton, in 1764 built a seventy-two-inch cylinder engine.

Watt, 1764, built the first complete double action engine.

Watt's patents renewed by special act of Parliament in 1775.

Marquis of Worchester, 1663, built an engine to run by steam.

Smeaton, 1765, attached a separate condenser to his engines.

Watt's first patents taken out, 1769 for engines set up in factories.

Jonathan Hulls, 1736, issued proposals for boats driven by steam.

Watt, 1768, first used oil and tallow to keep piston from leaking.

De Caus, 1615, published an account of a machine to run by steam.

Thomas Payne, 1778, proposed scheme for steamboat in America.

Tubular boilers first used in America in 1875. Inventor unknown.

Papin, 1696, built an engine to run a boat. Destroyed by boatmen.

Newcomb, Dartmouth, built, 1712, the first self-acting steam engine.

Marquis of Worcester constructed a special copper boiler in 1663.

Roger Bacon invented a steam engine, 1282. Imprisoned for sorcery.

Pliny, A.D. 60, described a boat run by a "pot of hot water and wheels."

Hero of Alexander, B. C. 200, described machines for utilizing steam power.

Roger Bacon, about 1280, anticipated application of steam power to navigation.

A SUCCESSFUL CLOTHES-PIN PITCHER.

The old gentleman who stuck his ear-trumpet above the garden wall to hear what was going on, and received in his ear the gallon of milk which the milkman supposed he was emptying into the housemaid's pail, was a very surprised man. But he was not more surprised than the old gentleman on the Rochester and Pittsburg Railroad the other day, who anxiously inquired of the conductor whether the train stopped at a little cross-road town on the line. It did not, and the old man seemed very much disturbed in consequence.

"What am I going to do?" he asked, mournfully.

"Did you want to get off there?" a sympathetic passenger inquired.

"No; but you see I've got a box of clothes-pins that I wanted to leave off there for my darter."

"Why you can drop them off the rear platform," said some one; and as they approached the little town four or five people followed the old man out on the rear platform of the train, where he descended to the lower step, and as the train sped past a shanty he leaned forward until the alarmed conductor grappled his coat tails.

The box struck the end of a log, and a couple of gross of clothes-pins shot into the air as though fired out of a gun, and scattered like shot from the muzzle of a bell-pointed blunder-buss.

For a moment the old man was a picture of perplexity, but when he looked back up the track, and saw his "darter" and grand children had witnessed the mishap, and were hurrying out with the evident intention of picking up the scattered merchandise, he turned and entered the car, and glancing with an amused expression at the laughing passengers, he said, as he took his seat, "Well, I'm glad them pins are delivered."—*Harper's Young People.*

TAKING CARE OF LAMPS.

Buy the best oil.

Fill the lamps by daylight.

Lamps should be kept well filled.

Keep the oil can closed and in a cool place.

Never attempt to light a lamp that is only partly filled.

Lamps to be carried should be of metal and have handles.

See that any hanging lamps you may have are securely hung.

Watch your wicks closely, and change them before they become too short.

If burning oil gets upon the floor smother with woolen blankets or rags.

When buying lamps select those in which the end of the burner is considerably elevated above the body of the lamp.