The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XVIII.---NO. 24. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1892. PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET. ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year if paid in advance, or within three months from beginning of year. $1.50 per year if not so paid. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted by the date on the address label.

ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements 8 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

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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.

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GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

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

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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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Barristers, Solicitors, &c.
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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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(Successor to T. F. Chapman)
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Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Binding neatly and promptly done.

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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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WE want both traveling and local salesmen to represent the old established Fonthill Nurseries. SALARY PAID FROM THE START to salesmen experienced in our line, liberal terms to beginners and a permanent situation assured. We have 700 acres under cultivation and furnish only first-class stock. OUTFIT FREE. Hardy varieties for Northern Ontario and Manitoba a specialty. WE GUARANTEE OUR STOCK. Apply for terms at once. We want you Now. STONE & WELLINGTON,
Toronto, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED
In every Township,
To sell "The Pictorial Cyclopedia of Live Stock and Complete Stock Doctor."
The most complete and comprehensive work ever published. Its authors stand at the head of their profession and have a continental reputation. Worth its weight in gold to any one having Horses, Sheep, Cattle, Swine, Poultry, Dogs or Bees. A grand opportunity to make money. Secure territory at once. Address
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120 Yonge St. Toronto

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HAMILTON's Block (formerly Hatch's Block), the 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 experience of over 16 years, the public may rely on getting all superior articles at a cheaper rate than any other dealer in the West.
N.B.—15 per cent. off on a direct order received for the next 30 days.

S. M. COOK & CO.,
GEORGETOWN,
Licensed Auctioneers, Appraisers, Valuators, Collectors, Real Estate and General Land Agents.
—FOR THE COUNTIES OF—
Halton, Peel, Wellington, Simcoe, York and Ontario.
Money to loan from $100 up at six per cent.
Parties placing their sales or other business in our hands will have the same promptly attended to at moderate charges.
OFFICE AND SALES ROOMS:—Mill St., Georgetown, or address Box 186, S. M. Cook & Co., Auctioneers.
BRANCH OFFICE:—21 Queen St., East, Toronto.
S. M. COOK & CO., Auctioneers,
Georgetown and Toronto

Every week we are getting NEW EFFECTS in INGRAIN WALL PAPERS, with BORDERS and CEILINGS to MATCH. These papers are used by the best families. They are as cheap as the common papers—ONLY 15 CTS A ROLL — and much handsomer. When you are in GUELPH call at DAY'S BOOK-STORE and see how nice and cheap they are.
DAY SELLS CHEAP

Bank of Montreal
CAPITAL $2,000,000
REST $1,000,000
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.

MONEY TO LEND
—ON—
Good Farm Security
—AT A—
Lower Rate of Interest and on Better Terms of Repayment
Than ever before offered in Canada.
Intending Borrowers
Should write or call at once and be convinced before applying elsewhere.
MITCHELL & JACKSON,
Real Estate, Loan & Insurance Agts.
GUELPH. CANADA.

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

—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 8:15 p. m.
Careful attention given to everyorder
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.
P. W. STONE, President. CHAS. DAVIDSON, Manager.
JOHN TAYLOR, AGENT.

BELL
Pianos
AND
Organs
WERE AWARDED
THE GOLD MEDAL
AT
Jamaica International Exhibition 1891,
In competition with American, German, English and Canadian manufacturers.
FOR SALE
On Monthly or Quarterly Payments only at
C. W. Kelly's
MUSIC STORE,
25 Lower Wyndham street, Guelph. Telephone 178.

Acton Saw Mills,
COAL AND WOOD YARDS.
JAMES BROWN
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Coal and Wood.
Coal and Wood always in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices.
Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always on hand.
Telephone communication.

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA.
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
CAPITAL AUTHORISED $1,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP 604,600.00
REST FUND 55,000.00
GUELPH BRANCH,
CORNER OF WYNDHAM AND QUEBEC STREETS.
Savings Bank Department.
4 per cent paid on sums of $1 and upwards from date of deposit to date of withdrawal, or compounded half yearly on 31st May and 30th November.
Deposit Receipts issued.
Advances made to responsible farmers.
Sterling Exchange bought and sold. Drafts issued payable at all points in the United States and Canada.
A general banking business transacted.
A. F. H. JONES,
Manager Guelph Branch.

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

RARE VALUE
—IN—
Men's Long Boots
—AT THE—
Leading Boot & Shoe Store
GUELPH.
COW HIDE, KIP AND FELT BOOTS
At Lowest Prices. We invite the Farmers to see the Largest and Best Stock of Long Boots ever shown in Guelph.
$1.50, $1.75, $2.00 and $2.25.
We begin with a good cow hide Boot at $1.50 $1.75, $2.00 and $2.25.
In Men's Long Felt Boots we down all other stores in low prices.
HALF FOXED AT $1.50 $1.75 and $2.00.
For something extra good. We recommend our Waterproof Felt Foxed Boots $2.25 and $2.50
Telescopes or Pull Outs $2.25 to $2.75.
We guarantee every pair.
The Leading Boot and Shoe Store
W. McLAREN & CO.,
Cor Wyndham St. and St. George's Sqr. GUELPH.

WHEN IN GUELPH
We want you to see our
New Stock
OF
Plated Ware, Carvers, Cutlery AND Lamps,
Bought especially for
THE CHRISTMAS TRADE.
J. M. BOND & Co
Hardware Merchants,
GUELPH.

STEEL ENGRAVINGS,
Proof Etchings, Colored Pictures, Room and Picture Mouldings,
IVORY OAK FRAMES SILVER GILT
ARTISTS' MATERIALS.
A full stock of Winsor & Newton's Flake White.
Double Tubes, Rowney's, 10c.
8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete 20c.
5 Feet Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 25c.
Our Wall papers
Are said to be the best selected in the city.
WATERS BROS.,
ESTABLISHED 1877.
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, GUELPH.

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.

Poetry.

SONG OF BREAD.

Will you call me "Fount of Vigor,"
"Heart-Sustainer," "Staff of Life,"
Giving to the soul and muscle
Grand endurance for the strife—
Strife with rough, gigantic Nature,
Bering bolt and Ocean's power,
Barren desert, matted jungle,
And the mountain's rocky tower.
Yes, I am the Civilizer,
Bearing food with bloodless food—
Flesh the fought-for, only treasure
Of the roaming savage brood.
It is mine to rear the temple:
Mine to build the mighty mart;
Mine to launch world-bridging vessels:
Mine to kindle starry Art!

Statesman, Poet, stalwart Worker,
Moulding worlds, these are my own;
With them I go forth to conquer
Many a howling, savage zone;
Nor these only—firm-eyed heroes,
Battling for fair Culture's shrine—
Sentinel'd by Law and Virtue—
They, the crowned, are also mine!

Hark the traitor's stealthy trampling!
Fling that Flag of Planets out!
"Union—Constitution—Honor,
Be your sacred battle-shout!
For 'tis mine to nerve the soldier—
How at every stroke I thrill!
Onward! onward! Hero, thunder
Out a loyal people's will!

But I have a grander glory;
He, the gentle World-Redeemer,
Made me evermore divine—
Made me, with his dear disciples,
Prophet of the higher birth,
Sign of brotherhood and Heaven,
Peace's symbol for the Earth.

Call me, then, "the Type of Eden,"
"Heart-Sustainer," "Staff of Life;"
Giving to the Soul and muscle
Grand endurance for the strife.
Call me "Angel of the ages,"
"Beautifier of the sod:"
Sparkling through the world forever
Bright beatitudes from God!

Select Family Reading.

Behind the Counter.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

"A worthy young lady, and the sole support of her mother. Your needing a saleswoman at this moment seems really providential—that is, if you find my recommendation sufficient."

Thus said the Reverend Mr. Rivers, smiling very benevolently upon Mr. and Mrs. Talboys, in their fine dry goods store, in the town of Stickinthemud.

Mrs. Talboys simpered, and Mr. Talboys smirked. They rubbed their hands and glanced at each other, and replied, as with one voice:

"Oh, certainly, certainly, Dominie Rivers what more could we want? Your recommendation—we ask no more."

"Then I will tell dear Mrs. Chauncy to send her daughter to-morrow," said the minister; "and thank you so much."

He shook hands and departed.

His coat was old, his boots shabby, his stiff, low-crowned hat showed long wear, as he came into the sunlight; yet there were many spruce and natty clergymen not half so pleasant to look at, especially at this moment, when he felt that he had done practical good to some one, and his face beamed with kindliness.

Effie Chauncy had lost her father not long before, and the needlework she had managed to get had not provided for the needs of the two sorrowful women, and Effie had feared that she should be obliged to leave her mother in order to support her.

When she had heard that the Talboys advertised for a clerk in their dry goods store and were willing to take a woman, she felt that it might be a chance for her. Her sewing could be done in the evenings, and they could be together still, and good Mr. Rivers had volunteered to recommend her; and, as you see, he had done so, and had, moreover, induced the Talboys to give her the wages they had given the young man who had just left them. However, the smile faded on Mr. Talboys' lips and the simper from those of Mrs. Talboys' when Mr. Rivers was quite out of hearing.

"Dominie Rivers will poke his nose into everything," said the husband. "We ought to get a girl for half."

"And I'd have told him we'd choose our own clerks, if I'd dared," said the wife; "but you know—"

Mr. Talboys did know. Dominie Rivers, as he called him, had done him a great service. Ignoring the gossip that was afloat regarding something the Talboys had been supposed to be connected with, which did not redound to their credit as honest folk, taking them into the church and inviting them to visit him, he had been their great friend in Stickinthemud, and they understood so little of a noble nature that they fancied he would revenge himself if they offended him by refusing to take his advice. In reality he had merely believed them innocent people who were slandered, and had done his good work from truly Christian motives. Now, though the walk was long, the weather hot, and his simple dinner waiting for him, he hurried to the widow's little cottage to give them the good news, and was well repaid by the tears of gratitude in Effie's eyes.

Effie went to the Talboys next morning. It was a new life for the girl—not too easy, as one may fancy; but having passed through the ordeal of learning the stock with credit, and having made up her mind that Mrs. Talboys's sour aspect and Mr. Talboys's harsh voice were natural attributes, and not called forth by a dislike to her—alas! she was a little wrong here, for the Talboys could smile when it was advantageous to them to do so, and she was a thorn in their sides—she set to herself to earning her wages honestly.

At best they were not large, and soon she found that she had more to contend with than she had feared.

"There is a flaw in this stuff, you notice," she said, one day, to a poor woman who was about to buy a remnant of merino for a child's frock. "You could not cut the garment without using that piece."

The customer thanked her, and did not purchase.

"You knew we were anxious to sell those remnants, Miss Chauncy," said Mrs. Talboys, when the woman was gone. "You were officious to point out the flaw."

"It was my duty, I think," said Effie.

"Your duty is to us," said her employer.

Again, when a young girl who had received short change, insisted that she had offered a two-dollar, and not a one-dollar note, Effie, who had carried the money to the cashier's desk, gave her testimony that the girl was right.

Another lecture followed.

"You as much as accuse me of dishonesty Miss Chauncy," Mrs Talboys said.

"Indeed no. I am sure you thought the bill a one-dollar," said Effie, "but I took particular notice, and knew its denomination."

"I doubt it very much," said Mrs. Talboys. "You may possibly think you are right. Of course, I could not contest the point with the girl unless you upheld me That was your duty.

The truth was that Mrs Talboys had given wrong change intentionally. She often did so. The rumors that had followed them into the town had not been unfounded.

"If it were not for Dominie Rivers, she should pack," the exasperated woman said to her husband, and he answered:

"Why don't you make it so disagreeable for her that she will want to go? I'm sure you can do it if any one can, Mrs. Talboys."

His wife looked at him a little sharply, but seeing that he had no idea of being sarcastic, accepted the remark as a compliment, and took the advice.

From this day Effie's life became a burden, Mrs. Talboys constantly criticised her.

"You are so awkward, Miss Chauncey," she would say; or again: "you are so slow."

Effie's neat black dress was not made of the strongest material, and it frayed at the elbows, and needed patching. The white threads of the cotton goods clung to it. Mrs. Talboys forbade aprons. The shop was bitterly cold in winter. Mrs. Talboys forbade shawls, as dowdy. A fine was imposed for being five minutes behind time; and Mrs. Talboys often set the hands of the clock ahead in order to impose it; but Effie, terrified at the loss of money, which meant perhaps a glass of cream or a needful garment for her mother, kept her own clock by that in the store until both clocks were half an hour faster than any other clocks in the town, until Mrs. Talboys, finding that she over-reached herself, since Effie's hours of duty ended at seven p. m., made the sudden discovery that "they were fast" herself, just as the girl was put on her hat one evening.

Effie had never met with anything but kindness before. The blows to her self-esteem were very painful. She never thought for a moment that Mrs. Talboys had a motive in her criticisms; but for her mother's sake she resolved to show no ill feeling; was always respectful; strove to please, and became a favorite with the customers.

"Get Miss Chauncy to measure it for you and you won't be scrimped in measure," people would say, whose trimmings had been wont to fail them because of Mrs. Talboy's short yards, or would not believe that they always lost some trifle from their parcels.

The honest clerk helped the business, but the Talboys never guessed it. Their great hope was to fill their pockets with the little pilferings of dishonest tradespeople.

However, there was as yet no excuse for dismissing the minister's protegee.

At last it came. The handsomest residence in town had long been uninhabited. The owner had lived abroad. Now, he was about to return, his family having finished their education. All the tradesmen in the place were interested, for the Dearborns lived well, and made business lively.

Workmen were busy about the place, and a son had arrived to superintend matters—a good-looking young man, who had been a child of ten when he left the place, long before the Talboys had bought the store from the widow of the former proprietor.

Charles Dearborn went about the place, making himself agreeable to all. He began to drop in at the Talboy's store frequently, chiefly for little articles needed by the upholsterer—thread and curtain rings, and what not, but sometimes for stockings and handkerchiefs for himself.

Coming in suddenly, Mrs. Talboys found him talking to Effie. She frowned upon an old colored man who wanted a pair of shoe-strings, and attended to the gentleman's purchases herself, with her everlasting smirk, her sly glances from beneath her pale straw-colored eyelashes, and her continual protestation of—"To your sir, it is only so much," as though prices were altered for favored customers.

It angered her to see the young man glance now and then at Effie's pretty face, as she patiently produced the shoe-strings for old Sam's critical examination; and when at last, in leaving the shop, he lifted his hat to the young lady, she grew furious.

"I am shocked, Miss Chauncy," she said—"shocked—that you should be so bold! Talking to customers of position—a thing never allowed in any respectable store!"

"I knew Mr. Dearborn as a little boy," said Effie. "We often played together. He inquired for my mother, and he spoke as an old acquaintance would naturally do."

"Very well, for once I excuse it," said Mrs. Talboys, "but remember, no more of it. Your manner was very ill-bred."

Effie felt that she was insulted, but none the less would her week's wages buy bread and meat. That day she met young Dearborn, quite accidently on her part at least, on the way home. He turned and walked with her. Almost at the door of her own dome they came face to face with Mr. Talboys, who had been to the butcher's to pay his weekly bill, and was returning with a pair of chickens, dangling by their long, yellow legs from his right hand, and a paper of sausages in his left.

The mean little man bowed and smirked at his customer, took no notice of Effie, and hurried home to tell his wife.

On Monday Effie presented herself at the store as usual. To her astonishment, a long, lean youth stood behind the counter, and Mrs. Talboys advanced, with a grim and forbidding expression on her face.

"I intended to send you word had you not been so unusually prompt, Miss Chauncy," she said. "I have engaged Thomas Edwards in your place. Your conduct in picking up acquaintances in the store and flirting with them in the streets, would bring discredit on the establishment. I shall mention my reasons to your friend, Dominie Rivers."

"You are utterly mistaken, and you insult me," said Effie.

She managed to get out of the store without showing emotion, but as she hurried on the thought of what all this meant to her filled her eyes with blinding tears.

She did not see the face of a man she passed on the road, or indeed the road itself; but the man, having looked after her a moment, turned and followed her. It was Charles Dearborn.

"You sha'nt cut me," he said. I won't allow that. Miss Chauncy. Why, good heavens! You look ill! What has happened? What can I do for you?"

He drew her hand through his arm. The kinder words and the kinder tone, most of all his gentle touch, overcame Effie. She sobbed outright. And he, covering her hand with his own, led her to her mother's door and entered it beside her.

Three days afterward Mr. Rivers, entered the Talboys's shop with his wife, to buy muslin for some white cravats. Mrs. Talboys felt a little nervous. Was she about to be called upon to justify herself? she wondered. But the clergyman was very cheerful; and his wife, radiant with good humor, cried out:

"You must miss dear Miss Chauncy very much, Mrs. Talboys. She was so handy."

"Indeed, Thomas Edwards is born for business," said Mrs. Talboys. "And if Miss Chauncy would do as she did!"

"They will, however careful we may find them. Won't they?" said Mrs. Rivers.

"She was only sly," said Mrs. Talboys.

"Oh, no," said the minister's wife. "Mr. Charles Dearborn said that they had only just become engaged. He told my husband so. As a little boy he loved her dearly, and he came back intending to win her, but she did not know it. They are to be married on Wednesday. The Dearborns telegraph their best wishes, and I think dear Mrs. Chauncy is the happiest woman I ever saw. Such a happy ending to her daughter's trials; and Charles has promised to be a son to her. Why Mrs. Talboys, how pale you look!"

"I'm not very well," said Mrs. Talboys. "Mr. Paris, I think."

And Mr. Talboys grinned a ghastly grin, and said:

"How very nice for everybody," from his place amongst the red flannels, where he looked as green as a cucumber, for he knew it was not "very nice" for him that his wife had insulted the woman who was to be Mr. Charles Dearborn's wife and an accepted member of the Dearborn family; and in the end indeed it proved his destruction, for the Dearborns took their custom to good old Mr. Grutchley, who was an honest tradesman, and was content with fair profits; and the best people in the town followed them at once.

Carriages stood at Crutchley's door, and even black Sam took his wheelbarrow no more to Talboy's shop for shoe strings, but left it in the road before Crutchley's, where you got three for five cents, and all with good taste; and to crown all, Thomas Edwards one morning robbed the till, forged his employer's name to a check to a large amount, and escaped to parts unknown.

"Poor things! I am very sorry for them," said young Mrs. Charles Dearborn, as she one day drove past the shop where she had served, with her husband, and saw the red flag that told of a sheriff's sale, floating from its door.

"Then you must be an angel, darling," commented her husband; and here was the only word of kindness or pity that followed the Talboys in their downfall.

NO RIGHT TO BE RECKLESS.

Life is short at best. Do what we may we cannot escape great risks, and it seems to me almost wicked to dare death, not for some great motive, but merely for vanity's sake, or to have a little extra fun, or to save a moment of time, or ward off a laugh.

In the city of New York it behooves any woman, whose powers of motion are crippled alike by the garments she must wear, and the other garments she insists on wearing, to cross the great thoroughfares with caution. It is a duty not to render it a matter of hard work for any driver to allow her to escape with life, and to look out for those slips and tumbles we all make now and then. And in the country it is an actual wrong to those whose lives would be darkened by our sudden death, to walk on the railroad track simply to save a few steps across a meadow or over a hill.

Being afraid, or not afraid, has nothing to do with it. No one can calculate with certainty on the coming of a "special train," or a "wild engine, or a train sent out with laborers to clear a wreck or make repairs. Even regular trains are behind hand often.

A track is the worst possible place for pedestrian efforts, and we hardly take up a paper without reading of some one, who, seeing a train coming along the track he was walking upon, stepped to the next track, and was run over by a train he had not heard. Do any of us doubt these stories? No; we only believe that we can never make mistakes! We are cool in an emergency, and know just what to do, etc.

Your wise adviser remembers well how she sat on a mossy log in a lonely country place and watched the Boston express which she had just escaped by the width of a narrow tape, and said to herself: "You complete idiot! You wicked, stupid creature! You have almost thrown your life away, simply to be at the station five minutes sooner!" I had no name too bad for myself when I thought of "the folks" at home, and how nearly I had come to being taken home to them in fragments on a barn door.

"Subsequent proceedings" would probably have interested me no more, but I arrived at that moment at a conclusion, never to be shaken, that recklessness is criminal, and that I for one intend to take good care of myself for the future; not to cross the street without time to tumble down and pick myself up; nor to go upon a pond of ice as far as the word "dangerous;" nor refuse to heed a black-letter warning at a Railroad crossing. Look out for the cars;" nor jump for a ferry boat—I did that once too; nor struggle with the man at the gate on what the New York public calls "The Elevated;" nor light my grate fire with the kerosene oil can; nor fire a pistol at my relations for fun, hoping it is not loaded. In fact, I registered a vow never to risk my life, or that of any other person, without a good reason.—M. K. D.

A Neat Girl.

Neatness is a good thing for a girl, and she does not learn it when she is young, she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable. Not because a boy, to start with, is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort, not so many colors in them, and people don't expect a boy to look so pretty as a girl. A girl that is not neatly dressed is called slovenly and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty, and her eyes bright; but, if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek, and her finger ends are black with ink, and her shoes are not laced or buttoned up, and her apron is dirty, and her skirt is torn, she cannot be liked.

Blow, blow, blow! That disagreeable catarrh can be cured by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the only constitutional remedy.

THAT HANDY TYPEWRITER.

"Oh, yes, frequently," said a young lady who has had considerable experience as a stenographer, in reply to the question as to whether her employer ever dictated family letters to her.

"Now, there is Mr. Jones," continued the young typist. "While his wife was away at Hastings in July, he always dictated the letters he sent to her daily or else got me to write them. It came to be quite the usual occurrence for him to lag after business matters has been attended to:

"Well, I think, Miss Brown, you may write to my wife. You know about what to say."

"So I would proceed and write a letter in his usual cordial tone, telling her that the house was doing well, and the boys were getting along finely with Mary, the house servant. Sometimes, when I was feeling quite in the humor I would send off long letters of several hundred words each. Mr. Jones would look over the page and jot down his name at the end. I would address the envelope on the machine, seal it and send the message on its way to the absent wife.

"But there came an end to all that.

"One day Mr. Jones did not come down to the office. I supposed he had been out to a ball the night before. In the afternoon his brother came over to my desk and said: "Perhaps we had better get off a letter to Mrs. Jones, as otherwise she might think something had happened.'

"So I wrote out a letter in the usual manner and signed it with the rubber facsimile of Mr. Jones' signature.

"The letter was posted, and I thought no more of it for several days. Mr. Jones did not come down to the office that day or the next, but on the third day there was an explosion. It seems that the reason he did not come down on the morning that I wrote the letter was because his wife came home the morning before, and he had not heard of it till he went home at night, she thinking she would surprise him.

"The next day and the next he stayed at home, and the third day the letter that I had written unbeknown to him was forwarded to her from Hastings, and you can imagine the breeze it created. I really believe the woman couldn't have been more angry if she had caught me flirting with her husband instead of doing my best to keep up pleasant relations between them.

"Yes, that is why I found another situation. She put on such fanny airs before me, and wouldn't even speak to me when she came into the office, although she had always done so before, that.

"I think Mr. Jones enjoyed it on the quiet; but he was too honorable and too much of a gentleman to make sport of his wife, even indirectly.

TENNYSON AS A CARPET-CLEANER.

The "Gentlewoman" prints the following anecdote of the late Poet Laureate:—A married couple, old friends of Tennyson, who had been travelling in the East for some years, returning to England, wrote to the poet to announce their whereabouts and beg him to go and see them. Accordingly one fine afternoon Tennyson betook himself to Shepherd's Bush, and on ringing at the bell he learned they were not at home. "Well, then, I will just write them a note, and arrange for a day of meeting," said he to the housemaid. Forthwith he was conducted to the drawing-room, where quills, ink, and paper were supplied. When signing his name to a polite little note, Tennyson, by a jerk of the elbow, overturned the ink-bottle, and great was his dismay at seeing a large pool of ink spreading rapidly over his friend's new white Persian carpet of matchless beauty. Horror-struck, he rang the bell. Up ran the servant. "For goodness sake, help me!" cried the poet. Now it happened that the milkman had just left a can of frothing milk at the door. And the intelligent handmaid remembered, in the nick of time, that new milk if thrown over wet ink would remove all traces of the despoiling fiend. Accordingly she overturned the jug on the large black pool, and with house-flannel and cloths set about rubbing and scrubbing at the stain. Down went Tennyson on his hands and knees rubbing and scrubbing with his little helpmate. His agony of mind for fear that his old friend should knock at the door and suddenly appear on the scene of disaster he often described in later days, declaring it "to reach the infinite." With such a good will did this strange couple work together that every trace of ink was removed. "Here is a five shilling piece, my good girl," cried the poet, "and God bless you!" With that he seized his hat and made for the door. Some weeks later an invitation to dine with his old friends reached Tennyson. He went. And the carpet was in no way alluded to on either side.

THE MODERATE DRINKER.

Much is said about the "moderate drinker," but the meaning of such talk is not clear, says the Michigan *Christian Advocate*. What is a moderate drinker? To a man who drinks 40 glasses a day, another man who contents himself with 20 is of course a moderate drinker. So a man who uses only the strongest distilled liquors might feel inclined to regard the beer toper and ale sipper as moderate drinkers.

We doubt whether there really is such a thing as a moderate drinker. Dr. Richardson, an authority on such questions, says: I know of no such person as a moderate drinker. Those who take a nominal amount of alcohol daily are the sirens sitting on the rocks of intemperance and luring the weak to their destruction. Whenever a person, however moderate, believes that to him alcohol is a necessity, he is in at least the first stage of alcoholic disease."

Alcohol in any quantity quickens the nervous action and tends to waste and disease. It produces no good effect of any kind upon the healthy body. The taste once acquired makes for itself what is termed the "alcoholic constitution," which knows no law but that of continued indulgence. The mental injury is quite as great as the physical, and the moral is equal to both. Can the use of such an element in any quantity properly be called "moderate?"

The victims of alcohol are not doing the great work for the world. Whenever you find an effort to elevate a brother man, to make the world better and to bring heaven down to our planet the chances are that you will find a total abstainer behind it. Water drinkers are in the front rank every where. God has good use for cold water people, but he rarely finds occasion to do great things by the aid of tipplers or sots.

OLD ENGLAND'S UNION JACK.

Shall we haul down the rag that ne'er
O'er countless lands and seas,
That for a thousand years has braved
The battle and the breeze?
Shall we, by coward fears dismayed,
Disgrace that glorious name
That all the world in arms arrayed,
Could never bring to shame?

Not so! the heroes who have bled,
Staining the fields and waves,
With all our scattered English dead
Would turn them in their graves.
Maimed Nelson still would lead the van,
And signal forth anew,
England expects that every man
Will now his duty do.

Dead foes would jeer at our disgrace,
Napoleon's shade would mock;
"Is this the dogged English race
That chained me to the rock?"
Proud Russia's despot would deride,
Though conquered in the fight;
"This change will salve my wounded pride
For Alma's bloody height."

Oh! Englishmen, stand back to back
For what your fathers won!
And o'er our glorious union Jack
Shall never set the sun.
In every clime, on every sea,
It still shall flying unfurled;
And still our morning gun shall be
A salvo round the world.

Our children—spreading like the surge—
Shall bless their sires so true;
While infamy and scorn shall scourge
The Separatist crew.
Till all shall share a common grave
In this world's final wreck;
O'er our united land shall wave
Old England's Union Jack.

—*Dr. Bryce Maxwell.*

MARTIN'S REVENGE.

"O mamma!" screamed little Martin Goodwin as he ran crying to his mother, "old Mr. Thorn has shot my dear Malty."

"What did he shoot her for?" asked his mother.

"He said she was after his doves, but I don't believe it. O mamma, I did love my kitty so!"

"And I'm real sorry he shot her," said mamma. "He was very unneighborly to do so!"

"Never mind" said Martin, angrily. "I'll get even with him. I'm going to hurt some of his pets."

"But Martin, you must not do evil because he did," said his mother.

The next day Mr. Thorn's beautiful peacock flew into Mrs. Goodwin's yard and went into the hen-house.

"O, ho! exclaimed Martin, quickly shutting the door; "now I'll have my revenge. I'm going to pull out every feather in that peacock's tail."

He caught the big bird and pulled out two of the long brilliant feathers. The poor peacock was so scared and fluttered so badly that finally Martin said, "Poor birdie! I won't hurt you; even to spite old Mr. Thorn."

So taking the bird in his arms he was soon at Mr. Thorn's door.

"Mr. Thorn," said Martin, "I'm awful mad because you shot my cat. I don't think I'll ever like you again. I started to pull out the feathers in your peacock's tail so as to get even with you, but I thought I wouldn't be so mean. So here she is."

The next morning Martin was greatly surprised When Mr. Thorn came to his door with a beautiful Maltese kitten in his arms.

"Martin," he said, "sometimes little folks act better than those with gray hair, I can't call back the cat I shot, but I've brought this one to take it's place."

The kitten was a beauty, and it was not long before Martin and Mr. Thorn were as good friends as ever.

THE DARKEY'S EYES BULGED.

There was once a man who had a wooden leg.

The man was an officer in the Union army. He had lost his meat leg," as the little boy said, at Sharpsburg. But the wooden leg was such a good one that its owner still passed for a biped, even among some of his intimate friends.

One day a runaway negro, a "contraband," strolled into camp, and the officer engaged him as his body servant.

After looking long upon the wine one one night at a little dinner, the officer came home to his tent. He called his contraband to help him pull off his boots.

"Now Sam," he says, "be careful. One of these boots is tight, and it most pulls my leg out to get it off. Besides I feel rather flimsy to night."

"I'se allus keerful, boss," replied Sam, and he carefully removed the first boot.

When the contraband began to pull at the other boot the officer loosened the straps of the wooden leg a little. Sam pulled hard and things came with a rush.

"There! There! I told you to be careful," shouted the officer, as the leg came off. "I was afraid you'd pull that leg off."

Sam saw the leg protruding from the top of the boot which he had pulled off."

His eyes bulged out like a lobster's, and he yelled just once as he sprang for the door.

"Lemme go, lemme go," he shrieked, as he dashed through the group outside, "I never done nuffin, forde hawd I never done nuffin!" And he was still yelling when he disappeared in the woods. They never saw him in camp again.

A HOPELESS MINORITY.

A well-known Congregational minister was one day preaching as usual, when a half-intoxicated soldier strolled in, and having secured a seat, sank into it and was soon fast asleep.

The preacher, in the course of his sermon, declared that all men intended to reform in the future, however careless they might be in the present, and wishing to drive home the point he was making he asked all of his congregation who hoped to go to heaven to stand.

The whole congregation, with the exception of the sleeping soldier, immediately arose.

"Now," continued the preacher, "will those who intend to go to the everlasting punishment rise?"

His request was so far complied with that all his hearers resumed their seats.

The soldier, who had been sufficiently awakened by the first movement to understand that something unusual was going on, now staggered to his feet.

The people gazed at him with horrified wonderment, while he, looking around with tipsy gravity, at length leaned forward and addressed the minister: "Well, parson, I don't quite know what subject we are voting on, but you and I seem to be in a hopeless minority."

There is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn, even from the of the living.