The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XVIII.---NO. 27. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1893. 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.

CONTRACT RATES—The following table shows our rates for the insertion of advertisements for specified periods:—

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO
20 inches	$60.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
10 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	3.00
5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

Advertisements, without specific directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. For changes oftener than once a month the composition must be paid for at regular rates.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick streets, Acton.

S. A. McKEAGUE, M. D.,
Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Licentiate of Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh.
Office and residence:—Dr. Lowry's late residence, head of Frederick street, Acton.

L. L. SENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST,
GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

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

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

R. J. McNABB,
CONVEYANCER, COLLECTOR, ETC
Rents and accounts collected. Agent Fire and Life Assurance. Property bought and sold. Money to loan on the most favorable terms.
J. A. MOWAT'S Office, Acton

SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & STONE,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,
TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN.
Offices:—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and Traders' Bank Chambers, 63 Yonge st., Toronto.
J. SHILTON, B.A. W. H. WALLBRIDGE. H. E. STONE.

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS
HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA.
Twenty Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

WM. HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms; and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

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

FRANCIS NUNAN
(Successor to T. F. Chapman)
BOOKBINDER,
St. George's Square, Guelph, Ontario.
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done

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

Acton Lodge, No. 204,
I.O.O.F.
MEETS in the Oddfellows' Hall, Hill's Block, every Wednesday evening. Visiting brethren always welcome. For copy of constitution and laws apply to the undersigned or any of the members.
W. WILLIAMS, N. G. H. H. WORDEN, Secretary

SALESMEN WANTED.
WE want both travelling and local salesmen to represent the old established Fonthill Nurseries. SALARY PAID FROM THE START to salesmen experienced in our line. Liberal terms to beginners and a permanent situation assured. We have 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
E. N. MOYER, Publisher,
120 Yonge St. Toronto

Hamilton's Marble Works.
HAMILTON'S Block (formerly Hatch's Block), the core, corner of Woolwich and Norfolk streets, Guelph, Ont.
JOHN H. HAMILTON,
Proprietor,
Wholesale and retail dealer and direct importer and manufacturer of all kinds of Granite and Marble Monuments, Tombstones, etc. Having had an extensive experience for the last 16 years, the public may rely on getting all superior articles at a cheaper rate than any other dealer in the West.
N. B.—15 per cent. off on a direct order received for the next 30 days.

S. M. COOK & CO.,
GEORGETOWN,
Licensed Auctioneers, Appraisers, Valuators, Collectors, Real Estate and General Land Agents.
—FOR THE COUNTIES OF—
Halton, Peel, Wellington, Simcoe, York and Ontario.
Money to loan from $100 up at six per cent.
Parties placing their sales or other business in our hands will have the same promptly attended to at moderate charges.
OFFICE AND SALES ROOMS:—Mill St., Georgetown, or address Box 196, S. M. Cook & Co., Auctioneers.
BRANCH OFFICE:—31 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 - $12,000,000
REST - 6,000,000
A SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
Has been opened in connection with this Branch.
Interest Allowed at Current Rates.
JAS. H. FINLAY,
Manager GUELPH BRANCH.

W. BARBER & BROS.
PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
—AND—
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.
The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.
WM. BARBER & BROS.

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

- - SEASON - 1893 - -
WHILE returning thanks to our many patrons for their liberal support in the past we wish to inform you that we have entered into an arrangement with R. Stewart, Guelph, to keep constantly on hand a full stock of the ordinary sizes of
Sash, Doors, Etc.
and will also supply any special sizes on short notice at Guelph prices.
Frames of All Kinds
made to order. We also keep in stock a line of Base, Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, &c.
Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait.
Price—$1 50 per M.
PUMPS
Being better able than heretofore we will supply either wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager
Acton

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.

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 783, or telephone 68, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA.
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
CAPITAL AUTHORISED $1,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP 604,400.00
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.

AND NOW FOR
NEW YEAR'S GIFTS
Beautiful Banquet Lamps
Handsome Piano Lamps
Music Cabinets
In Oak, Walnut, Mahogany and Curly Birch.
Oak Secretaries
From $8.00 up. And the Best.
Ash Bedroom Suite in the in the world for $15.00,
Come and See for Yourselves.
P. SPRAGGE,
Guelph.

Christmas Presents
FREE
A present to everybody who will buy their
SHOES
—At the—
LEADING SHOE STORE,
GUELPH,
During the Holidays. Such an offer is rare. Come early, our prices are the lowest, our goods are the best.
W. McLAREN & CO.,
Cor Wyndham St. and St. George's Sqr.
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.

WHY KURMER?

BY TIMOTHY TICKLE.

Written for the FREE PRESS.

Why murmer at thy lot and fret?
Be content.
Hast thou not learned that lesson yet?
Be content.
Does love of gain disturb your rest?
Does fond ambition stir your breast?
Dost thou not know the way most blest?
Be content.

Have trials of thy faith been sore?
Be content.
Hast thou had foes, inkind, before?
Be content.
Thy Father knows what's best for thee;
His grace alone makes sorrows flee.
And keeps to all eternity.
Be content.

Thinkest thou that others are more blest?
Be content.
Think'st thou alone art sore depressed?
Be content.
A walk through city streets will show,
To thee what thou most needs to know,
That thou art not alone in woe.
Be content.

Hast thou not home, and health and love?
Be content.
Hast thou not tasted grace from 'bove?
Be content.
A mansion in the skies is thine.
And in it Christ the Sun will shine,
If thou but say "Thy will not mine."
Be content.

Select Family Reading.

My Dear.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

Uncle John Meadows had just come in, presumably for the remainder of the evening, and I heard him in the hall answer some questions of Aunt Millie's with three very commonplace words:

"Yes, my dear," was what he said; and once more, as often before, I noticed the tone of voice that made the last two words as tender as a caress. "My dear?" I had heard it ridiculed as a form of matrimonial sarcasm, frequently used when there was the sting of a blow in the apparent endearment. I had heard it used as a careless form of address, utterly meaningless; but never had I heard it from Uncle John's lips without a tender emphasis, a softening of tone and a look of love.

He came into the sitting room where I lay on the sofa in the luxurious laziness of convalescence. I had been very ill in my city home, and when I was recovering Uncle John had invited me to Summerfield for country air and diet, with the important addition of his medical skill and Aunt Millie's care.

It was early summer, and I was well enough to drive out, to take short walks, to thoroughly enjoy the lazy existence prescribed for me, as only a young girl without a care can enjoy anything.

"Tired?" Uncle John asked, dropping into a seat near me. "I hear you did wonderful things in the way of scrambling about to-day. Eva says you acted more like a school-boy on a holiday than a young lady of seventeen."

"Eva need not tell tales," I answered. "She is not so immensely dignified herself."

"No, dear, she is not!" laughed Uncle John, and I thought how little the caressing word resembled the one specially reserved for Aunt Millie. With the freedom love gives, I spoke my thought aloud. Nobody was afraid to speak frankly to Uncle John. He was one of those few favored individuals who always understand, from his own large fund of sympathy and kindness. Still, I added:

"Don't think I am saucy, Uncle John."

"No, no! You see, Dolly, married people should be very loving, always, but I—I have more reason than most men for being tender to my wife. Do you like love stories?"

"Oh, Uncle John, have you one to tell me?"

"If the office bell permits. Your Aunt Millie has gone over to Mrs. Tyson's to make her comfortable for the night, Eva is out, and the children in bed, where you ought to be, so we may have a quiet hour, and I will tell you my love story. Some day you can return the confidence," and he stroked my hand.

"I will," I said, with girlish carelessness, and waited. It was a moment or two before Uncle John spoke again, seeming to be deciding how to begin his promised story.

"I was quite a young man when I came to Summerfield," he said at last, "one of a large family, with no money, and but just starting my profession. My father was a physician with a large city practice, but he thought it better for me to try my fortunes in a new place than to wait for his retirement. Old Dr. Ray, who was the only physician here, was anxious to give up his practice, and had written to my father to suggest my coming here, and eventually succeeding him.

"Many long confidential talks we had in his office until I knew everybody in Summerfield as well as he did himself. Together we made many calls, especially amongst the poor people, and I was not long before I found out that there was a little 'Lady Bountiful,' in Summerfield, whose active charities gave us many a helping hand in our work. Wherever there was sharp poverty added to illness, Dr. Ray wrote a few lines to Miss Milicent Holmes, and on our next visit we found comforts provided, and provision made for food and necessaries. Very often we found also a small figure seated at the bedside, a sweet face lifted to greet us, and a low voice to tell us how the sufferer had passed the night.

"Your Aunt Millie is forty years old now, Dolly, but her face—"

"It is the loveliest face I ever saw," I interrupted.

"I think so," Uncle John said, "and you can take away twenty years, and imagine what a sweet young face it was. Lovely is just the word to describe it. I knew but little about her at first, for Dr. Ray did not include her in his Summerfield biographies but I began to look for her, to find a new sweet pleasure in life, as I heard her low tones or watched her shy, tender, dark eyes."

"It began to strike me as odd and disagreeable that Dr. Ray was evidently anxious to keep me from meeting her. He was never so hurried as when we found her beside a patient, and he always engrossed her whole attention, if possible. Gossip had given me some information. I knew that Milicent Holmes was very wealthy, the heiress of a grand-aunt, a Milicent Holmes also, for whom she had been named and with whom she had lived since childhood. I knew that the most beautiful house and most attractive grounds in Summerfield were part of her inheritance, but that she received but little company, and spent her life like a Sister of Charity, 'going about doing good.' I had seemed to me strange, even at first, that one so young seemed to care so little for youthful pleasures, and that I so seldom met Miss Holmes at the social gatherings to which I was invited. But, as the time crept along, the thought would often come of what a sweet home angel such a woman would be. I never called her a girl or a young lady in my thoughts of her—always a woman, the purest, sweetest of her sex, full of all the gentle loveliness we associate with that tender word, womanly.

"I know what your smile means, Dolly. You are thinking I was very much in love, and you are right, but I did not realize that truth myself until one evening when Dr. Ray, bluntly but kindly, opened my eyes to the path I was treading.

"John," he said to me, "you must not fall in love with Milicent Holmes."

"The sudden drop on my heart, as if it had fallen like a stone, warned me that his words were spoken too late.

"Why not?" I said, with a forced laugh.

"Because she is 'set apart' one may say, from a woman's usual life of wife and mother. She is enormously rich, as you see."

"You do not think I would marry any woman for money!" I said, with the hot indignation of a youth.

"No, but you would not deprive her of it! Listen! Miss Milicent Holmes, the great-aunt who lived and died in Summerfield, was an old maid who had been cruelly deceived and jilted in her youth. It soured and hardened her, and her hatred extended to all men. She would see no man unless compelled to do so by business. Not one was ever allowed to enter the house except myself. Even her lawyer had to meet her in his own office, and it was only in sore straits of suffering that she called upon me. When she died, she left her entire fortune to Milicent upon condition that she never marries. If she does, the house and grounds are to be sold, and every dollar of the old maid's money is to be divided amongst different charities. Now, John, love in a cottage is a very pretty romance, but to step from a palace to a hovel is a different affair. You are young, and it will be many years before your profession brings you in an income that will authorize you in seeking a wife, and you must guard your heart well."

"He left me abruptly after this warning, and I sat, half stunned by his words and the sudden discovery of my own heart's secret. I had thought of Milicent far more than was safe for my own peace of mind, yet so gradually, so gently had love grown in my heart, that I never realized how strong it was until I was told to uproot it and cast it away."

"Dr. Ray was right, that I admitted at once. It would be a scoundrel's part to win that pure heart's love, and then ask of it to sacrifice everything and share a life of poverty, or waste its youth in waiting for a lover's better fortune. So, buckling on an armor of pride to protect my heart, I went about my daily duties as bravely as I could and avoided meeting Milicent Holmes. Dr. Ray only nodded and smiled approval when I remained in the gig, and let him enter alone the houses where we were most likely to find the gentle little woman, and I tried to forget my heartache in reading deeply, studying in my leisure hour, and taking on myself all the office work.

"But it was a hard year, Dolly. It was not quite two years after I came to Summerfield when Dr. Ray was taken ill and compelled to give up practice. He had two married sons, living in a distant city, and he decided to go to them and pass the remainder of his life.

"So being left alone in Summerfield, my daily duty again brought me into constant intercourse with Milicent Holmes. Every time I met her I put myself under the most rigid restraint, though often the questioning surprise in her large brown eyes sorely tried me. There was a summer of unusual drought, and a low fever broke out amongst the poor people who live down near the marshy ground at the east of the village. It was not so much contagious as it was infectious; but I think Milicent first read my heart when I urged her not to spend the night in the fever-stricken neighborhood. Her gentle but firm refusal to listen to my words of caution tore away my hard-earned self-restraint, and I pleaded so eloquently that I must have betrayed myself. But I did not convince her. Morning after morning I found her in the stifling cottages beside the sufferers, until one evening she came to pass, and she took the fever."

"Then for the first time I entered the luxurious home that was her inheritance, and fully realized what she left to minister to the wants of the poor. An old nurse, who had been with her from childhood, took the nursing cares, but there was no relative near her, nor even the customary chaperon. Propriety seemed to stand aside and let this pure, sweet life work out its duties without shadow of censure. There could be no tongue wicked enough to speak evil of Milicent Holmes."

"But in those days, when Milicent lay in delirium, I learned a sacred secret. She loved me! My coldness had wounded her, and yet she loved me. With a bewildered half recognition, she would talk to me, and tell me how little she valued her riches when compared with my love. I was not a handsome man, Dolly, nor an attractive man in any sense, and yet, striving against it, I had won Milicent's heart."

"It cost me many hours of thought—yes, dear, and of prayer—after Milicent was better, to decide what to do, but there was ever a mute, shy appeal in her brown eyes that seemed to reproach my silence. So at last I spoke and told her all. And for answer she put her hand in mine, my own love forever, and left her grand home, her large fortune, to be my wife."

"How I worked for her, how I loved her, I can never tell you. She was the sunshine of the tiny house where we began housekeeping in the most modest way, as she is the sunshine of this home that I have won for her later years. I cannot think she ever gave one longing thought to what she gave up for me. But, Dolly, I never forgot it, and her sweet face is never in my sight that my whole heart is not in my voice when I speak to her, and call her my dear, my very own, my tender, loving, self-sacrificing wife."

We had not heard her come in, and started, as stealing her arms about her husband's neck, she said:

"Your love is worth more than riches to your wife," adding, with a trembling in her voice, and moisture in her sweet brown eyes, Uncle John's own caressing words—"my dear."

ENGINEERING FACTS.

The Greatest Works in the World and When Constructed.

The St. Gothard tunnel is nine and one-fourth miles long; begun 1879; opened, 1881.

The Minot Ledge lighthouse is of granite, eight 68 feet, the lower forty-eight feet being solid.

A pneumatic dispatch tube thirty inches in diameter was laid down in London in 1861.

A light suspension bridge was built at Niagara Falls in 1846 and removed in 1851.

In A. D. 105 Trajan built a magnificent stone bridge across the Danube 4,770 feet long.

The Brooklyn suspension bridge is 5,862 feet long, 1,595 feet central span and 135 feet high.

In blowing up Blossom Rock, San Francisco Bay, 43,000 pounds of explosives were used.

The caissons of the St. Louis Bridge were sunk, in one case, 120 feet through the sand.

There are eighty miles of tunnels in Great Britain, their total cost exceeding £6,500,000.

A tunnel under the Thames was proposed in 1788; the present tunnel was finished in 1843.

The most noted lighthouse in the United States is at Minot's Ledge, in Massachusetts Bay.

The cost of the Union Pacific was reported as $112,259,360, an average of $128,778 a mile.

The excavation of Hell Gate reef was attended by 21,000 soundings and 8,000 borings.

The Croton aqueduct in New York surpasses all modern engineering efforts of this kind.

The first lighthouse in the United States was built on little Brewster Island, Boston, 1713.

Ventilating machines are a necessity in coal mines to overcome the effects of noxious gases.

HOW A GERMAN TRAIN IS STARTED.

According to the *Railway Review* an official of the Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railroad recently returned from Europe, referring to railway practices in Germany says: The roadbeds are about perfect, while the stations are simply magnificent, even in the most insignificant places being very fine. The roadbeds are quite rigid but this is mainly due to the iron and steel cross ties that are used. The locomotives are fine pieces of mechanism, but their capacity is scarcely equal to those on this side of the Atlantic. The entire passenger equipment is away behind that in use here. Their trains, however, run like clockwork, and the connections are perfect. The method of starting the trains is altogether unique and peculiar, and will cause local agents and trainmen to smile. The agent is an imposing, dignified and solemn looking official, attired in elaborate uniform, liberally gilt-edged, and he acts as master of ceremonies on the imposing occasion. When a train arrives at a station he is standing bolt upright in an almost military position, and he is on dress parade. One minute before the train starts he reaches up and taps a gong three times. Then a strange scene takes place and it would seem that he had pressed a button for at the last tap the conductor, who has been at the rear car, comes galloping along the entire length of the platform, shouting in German the name of every station the train will stop at. When the engine is reached he wheels about and on his return quickly closes and locks 2 car doors, darts back to the van to his perch on the rear car, whistles thrice on a tin or a metal whistle, which is instantly repeated by the brakesman at the foot and on the train starts.

A WORD TO OFFICE-SEEKERS.

From Harper's Weekly.

To all young men who contemplate a journey to Washington for the purpose of securing employment, the best advice is, don't. The humblest situation in a mercantile house, where the pecuniary reward is small, where the hours are long, and where the labor is hard, is better in the end than a government clerkship. One may lie opportunities for advancement, for the utilization and final reward of every talent and all the energy that the young man possesses. The other way lie hopelessness, drudgery, stagnation.

Many a poor young man seeks a government clerkship in order that he may earn his support while he is studying his profession. He is playing with fire. He is taking up as a staff that which is likely to become necessary to him as a crutch. He is in danger of discovering, when his profession is learned, that he has not the moral courage to drop his government stipend. It would have been indefinitely better—it might have been his making—if he had toiled for scantier dollars in a manlier way.

The government clerk drags out a monotonous existence, dreary, unpromising of advancement, and if he is not turned out in his old age, to linger on through his few remaining years in poverty, he is one of the most fortunate of his kind.

There is no service that so destroys the latent energies and kills the hope as that of a government clerk. Young men who think they have the elements of success in them should avoid it as they do a plague.

STUB ENDS OF THOUGHT.

Religion is no Sunday affair.

Genius drives; talent is driven.

Discovery is the pain of wrong doing.

Hypocrisy is oil with pounded glass in it.

You can bet on the wags of a dog's tail.

What man can do and has done woman wants to.

Each of us, no doubt, is a crank to the man we think a crank.

The heart has nothing to do with the making of "society" laws.

The wise man may be above his fellow-men, but he will not look down on them.

The Inevitable.

"Have you finished that address of mine on 'Modern Progress?'" asked the great man of his private secretary.

"Yes, sir;" replied the brainy hireling.

"Have you put in everything you could think of relating to the subject?"

"Yes, sir: I have made it very exhaustive; I don't think anything further could be said."

"Very well, just say at the beginning that I regret that, owing to the brief time allotted to me, I will be unable to go as fully into the subject as I could wish," and let me have it."

MRS. PENRUDDOCK'S CONSCIENCE.

"Please, ma'am," said Norah, "there's an ould man here says may he put the coal in for yez?"

"Norah," said Mrs. Penruddock, pitiulantly, "this is the third time you have disturbed me within the last half hour. How is a person ever to get inspired under these circumstances?"

She looked up from her writing-desk, with her forehead crist-crossed by frowns, and her eyes full of despair. Norah eyed her with respectful awe. A lady who could write a printed story, "all out of her own head," was, in Norah's eyes, little short of an enchantress.

"Yes'm—I know, ma'am," said she. "But there's coal on the sidewalk, and somethin' 's got to be done with it before dark.

Mrs. Penruddock laid down her pen, and went to the window. Norah was right; there was a heap of coal on the walk, and there was the best, meek-looking, old man standing beside it, leaning on a spade.

"Well," said she, slowly, "I suppose he may as well put it in. What does he charge?"

"Fifty cents, ma'am," Norah replied.

"Fifty cents!" echoed her mistress, "for half a ton of coal! I'll give a quarter to have that coal put in. If he chooses to do it for that, why, he may have the job."

Norah disappeared, muttering under her breath, and presently returned, saying:

"He says he'll do it for a quarter, ma'am."

"Very well."

Mrs Penruddock returned to her heroine. Presently, puzzled to select a form of words which should exactly express her ideas, she rose and walked mechanically to the window to look out.

"There was the old man, toiling away without a moment's intermission. How bent and feeble he was; how his footsteps tottered as he carried the brimming pails of coal around the area gate.

He did not finish the job until six o'clock in the evening when Norah was dishing up the dinner, and the early winter twilight was as yet unbroken by the flicker of the lamps in the street. Then, silently and wearily, he presented himself, hat in hand for his scanty remuneration.

Mrs. Penruddock took out her purse. There was a half-dollar there and a quarter. For a second she was almost disposed to give him the larger coin, but then she remembered the bargain she had made.

"It is never best to overpay these people," said she to herself; and she handed the quarter to Norah, to give him.

"Sure, ma'am, he's worked all the afternoon at it," said the girl.

"Is that my fault?" sharply demanded Mrs. Penruddock. "I don't see that I am to blame because the man is old and feeble!"

And she drew the curtains, stirred the fire and lighted the lamp; taking up a new novel to while away the time until her husband should return.

She had a dream that night. She fancied that her own beloved father, dead these three years, stood before her; not in the guise he wore during his life, but bent and worn, in shabby raiment, shoveling coal into a pail; and as he held out his feeble palm, she dreamed that she dropped into it—a silver quarter! And the wild glance of reproach and sadness in his face was something which she never forgot.

It haunted her the next day as she made haste to dress herself for walking.

"It was a petty and contemptable thing to do, I knew at the time," thought she. "Why did I palter with my conscience in that sort of way? I will ask Norah where the poor old man lives, and go to see him."

But Norah was not altogether certain about the dwelling-place of the old man.

"I know his name is Owens," said she; "and he lives in Pearl Court; and I guess, ma'am, most anybody there could tell you just what it is."

And Mrs. Penruddock, in no wise discouraged by this vague representation, went to Pearl Court—a place singularly inappropriate to its name, inasmuch as it was neither pure nor lovely but very dark dirty, and crowded with tenement houses.

"Does Mr. Owens live here?" She asked the question, she was certain, at least half-a-dozen times; and from her experience it would seem that there were at least forty different families of Owens in Pearl Court. John, Patrick, Michael, Rory, Robert—all the names in the dictionary—but none of them the right one. At last, however, she found him in the very back of an ancient building, which looked as if it might topple over at any moment—old Adam Owens himself.

"But he's very bad with pneumonia, ma'am," said the young woman who opened the door, putting her apron to her eyes.

"He was out all yesterday afternoon, trying to earn a little something for himself, for he knew well, did grandfather, that me and the children had hard times to get along since my husband has been out of work; and he took cold, ma'am and—"

But here Mrs. Penruddock pushed past her.

"Let me see him," said she.

There lay the poor, meek-visaged old man upon his scanty pillow, looking so worn and weary and weak that the quick tears started to sympathetic Mrs. Penruddock's eyes. How she wished she had given him the fifty cent piece yesterday instead of the miserable quarter.

"I'll never practice that sort of economy again," said Mrs. Penruddock to herself, as she sat down on a wooden chair the young woman dusted with the universally useful apron, and began to talk to the gentle old man.

"I aint strong, ma'am," said he, "and Polly, there, can't abide me to work; but I did want to earn something and yesterday I got a job of putting in coal; and I hoped they'd pay me fifty cents, for it was a fine house, but I only got a quarter. P'raps it was all I earned, for I'm only an old man now; but it was a hard afternoon's work for me, and I'm afeard I've got my death cold, ma'am."

"Oh, I hope not," said Mrs. Penruddock.

And she went home and sent wine and jelly and beef tea to the poverty stricken home in Pearl Court, and spoke to her own doctor, and went daily to see how the old invalid got along.

He recovered, to the infinite lightening of her conscience—and the next ton of coal which was delivered at her house she paid more liberally for.

"It's only a little to me," said she. "And once a week, as long as old Adam Owens lived, she sent a little basket of nourishing food and dainties around to Pearl Court; and never again did Mrs. Penruddock endeavor to economize at the expense of the poor.

LETING DOWN THE BARS.

Twilight falls from out the sky,
And the moor-hen, lull and alone,
Sobs aloft her dismal cry
As I drive the cattle home.
O'er the moors her voice is calling,
Sweet inflections, rising, falling
'Neath the promise of the stars.
And twixt moor and meadow lands,
By the rustic gateway stands
Jessie, letting down the bars.

Fairy fancies faintly fall
In the chambers of my brain,
In my heart I hear her call
O'er the moor-hen hills again.
Through the toil, the noise, the strife,
All the cares of busy life,
Through the perils and the scars,
In my dreams I loom to see,
With her brown hair floating free,
Jessie, letting down the bars.

Jessie kissed the Prince of Death
And he bade her silent lie,
But the sound of memory's breath
In my heart can never die.
When I bring my flock of years—
Gilded hopes and faded fears—
To the City in the stars,
I shall see my darling wait,
I shall see within the gate—
Jessie, letting down the bars!

—*Arthur Hobson Quinn.*

THE TOILETS AND LAVATORIES AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Each principal building on the grounds will have from one to four apartments devoted to toilet purposes, and placed in the most easily accessible portions of the structure.

The total number of closets on the grounds will exceed 3,000, of which 1,000 are free, and 2,000 are subject to the charge of five cents.

There will be nearly a thousand public lavatories, any one of which may be used on payment of five cents, this sum covering charge for a sufficient quantity of powdered soap, an individual towel, comb, and mirror.

The lavatories now being fitted up for women are as perfect as can be desired, and include a private room finished in English white enamel and containing chair, rug, towels, powdered soap, brush, comb and long plate glass mirror; all arranged to afford the uttermost privacy and convenience, for which a charge of but five cents is made, including the services of a matron, and no room is to be used a second time till thoroughly cleansed by the attendant. The concession is controlled by J. B. Clow & Son, of Chicago, who will pay a portion of their receipts to the exposition. The same firm also controls the only advertising on the grounds, namely, the interior wall space in the rooms devoted to lavatories and closets.

This was one of the first concessions granted and the World's Fair officials have since endeavored to repurchase it, in order to prevent advertising of any nature whatever on the grounds. Some idea of the value of this advertising space may be inferred from the statement that one house pays $25,000 for space in each room and another firm $12,500.

COURAGEOUS ACTS FOR YOUNG MEN.

The *Fireside* contains the following excellent exhortations to young men:—

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket. Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much you may admire it.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is better that you should be silent.

Have the courage to speak to a poor friend in a threadbare coat, even in the street, and when a rich one is nigh. The effort is less than many take it to be, and the act is worthy a king.

Have the courage to set down every penny you spend, and add it up weekly.

Have the courage to admit that you have been in the wrong, and you will remove the fact from the mind of others, putting a desirable impression in the place of an unfavorable one.

Have the courage to adhere to a first resolution when you cannot change it for a better one, and to abandon it at the eleventh hour upon conviction.

Have the courage to face a difficulty, lest it kick you harder than you bargain for. Difficulties, like thieves, often disappear at a glance.

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you possess when he convinces you that he lacks principle. "A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities"—not his vices.

Have the courage to wear your old garments till you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to prefer propriety to fashion—one is but the abuse of the other.

BERTHA'S FAULT.

"Mamma, please give me something to do," said Bertha one morning. "I want to be busy."

Mamma said: "Yes, Bertha, you are big enough now to feed and water the chickens all yourself, and you may do it, night and morning."

Bertha jumped up and down. "That will be such fun," she said.

"It is not for fun you are to do it," said mamma; "and remember, dear, I cannot tell you each time. You must remember it all yourself."

"I will," promised Bertha, "and I will go now the first thing."

For a week the chickens were well fed and watered, and then, one sad time Bertha forgot! It was a very hot day indeed and there were some new little bits of chicks that needed food and water very much. Poor little things, to be starved all day and all night in their little coops! In morning some of the weakest ones were dead. Mamma found them. How sorry Bertha was!

"You were not faithful," said mamma. "I trusted you, but you were not fit to be trusted."

Bertha took her big bowl, and with a sober face went out to feed the chickens that were too fat and old to be starved in one day. She gave them three times as much as they needed, but this did not make the little dead ones live again!—*Sunbeam.*

Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet.

New York, Dec. 6.—The best forecast yet obtainable of President-elect Cleveland's cabinet is as follows:—Secretary of state, William C. Whitney, New York; secretary of the treasury, John G. Carlisle, Kentucky; postmaster-general, Isaac P. Gray, Indiana; attorney-general, Geo. Gray, Wilmington, Del.

Scrofula, whether hereditary or acquired, is thoroughly expelled from the blood by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.