The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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

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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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SURGEON DENTIST.
Graduate University of Toronto, Member of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons.
Office open every day except Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.
Over the Drug Store, ACTON.

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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.
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OFFICE:—Kauffman's Block, Acton, up-stairs

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Offices:—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and Traders' Bank Chambers, 65 Yonge st., Toronto.
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HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA.
Twenty Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

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

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(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.
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SALESMEN WANTED.

WE want both travelling and local salesmen to represent the old established Pontiliil 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 186, 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 Glass, 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,
23 Lower Wyndham street, Guelph. Telephone 178.

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 782, or telephone 66, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph.

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

The Traders' Bank OF CANADA.
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
CAPITAL AUTHORIZED $1,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP 604,400.00
REST FUND 65,000.00

GUELPH BRANCH,
CORNER OF WYNDHAM AND QUEEN 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. P. H. JONES,
Manager Guelph Branch.

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

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.

"LOST—SIX THOUSAND."

BY TIMOTHY TICKLE.

(Written for the Acton FREE PRESS.)

Six thousand, last year;
Not dollars—but souls,
Were lost, yes, lost, to our land,
By rum's mighty power,
Almost one every hour
Was snatched by its blood-reddened hand.

"Not so many" you say;
"Sixteen every day!"
"That cannot be true, you but jest,"
Nay, my reader, tis true
What I've written to you;
But statistics tell not of the rest.

How the motherless girl,
And the fatherless boy,
And the heart-broken wife in her need,
Are starving to-day,
And falling by the way,
On account of this curs'd traffic's greed.

Though six thousand is large,
And a sad, woeful charge,
On our land to support such a curse,
There are many times more
Of hearts that are sore,
And who feel their position the worse.

And shall ninety-three
In this land of the free,
See six thousand more find their graves,
In disk'nor and shame,
Without honor or fame,
Bound with chains, and die rum power's slaves?

Whose son, full of life,
Whose daughter, whose wife,
Whose husband, or father, or friend,
Shall cut past all grace
And die in disgrace,
Ere the year ninety-three shall have end?

"Not mine," you may say,
"And why not?" I pray;
Have your friends a special safe-guard?
Have you done your best,
And tried with the rest,
To make easy your boy's path—or hard?

Have you prayed that men
Might fear you not come,
To destroy, and to curse, and to blight?
And then have you rest,
As you did in the past,
Your vote against that which was right?

Then let us who vote,
And all those who pray,
Vote and pray our Dominion to free:
May the time soon come
When Satan and rum
Shall to God and the right bow the knee.

Select Family Reading.

A Confusion of Ideas.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"I've no patience with 'em," said Mrs. Wedgewood, polishing energetically away at the surface of a marble table with a silk dusting cloth. "If I wasn't two-and-sixty years old yesterday I wouldn't dream of such a thing as keeping a girl. A lazy, idle, good-for-nothing set—that's what they are; and they want you to pay 'em wages enough to pave the kitchen floor with gold."

Mrs. Major Pikestaffe, who had dropped in, on her way down stairs from Lionel Wedgewood's studio on the third floor, where the walls were draped with soft, crimson cloth, and the ceiling had been replaced by a skylight of methetic ground glass gave a sympathetic groan.

"My dear Mrs. Wedgewood," she said, "I know all about it. I'm a housekeeper myself."

"I really think of employing a Chinaman," said Mrs. Wedgewood.

"Don't do that," said Mrs. Major Pikestaffe. "They're a thieving set, and you never know what they will serve you up for dinner."

"Or of breaking up housekeeping," added Mrs. Wedgewood, with an air of desperation.

"What would that dear, gifted nephew do without a home?" said Mrs. Major Pikestaffe. "That picture of his, of 'Moonlight in the Woods,' I declare, it is exquisite! I've just been looking at it. My dear, it took me back to the days when I was a girl, and Pikestaffe and I used to walk out, of moonlight nights, and get such delightful colds in our heads, and neuralgias."

"I wish he could sell it," said Mrs. Wedgewood, pensively.

"I think I know of a customer for him," said Mrs. Major Pikestaffe, who delighted in managing other people's business for them.

"Miss Fortunata Foxell, the California heiress, boards at our hotel, and she is making a collection of choice oil paintings for the gallery of their new mansion at Santa Barbara. I will make a point of mentioning 'Moonlight in the Woods' to her."

"Do," said Mrs. Wedgewood, "and if you hear of any tolerably good girl out of a place—"

"If I hear of any I will send her here," said Mrs. Major Pikestaffe. "But good girls don't grow on every bush, my dear, like blackberries."

"Nobody knows that better than I do," said Mrs. Wedgewood, lugubriously.

Mrs. Wedgewood was washing up the breakfast china the next day at an hour so early that she deemed herself exempt from any intrusion, when the red-haired little girl who came in for twenty-five cents a day to clean mirrors, carry coal, and run on errands to the grocery, burst breathlessly into her presence.

"It's a young 'oman, ma'am," said she, "a axin' for Mrs. Wedgewood, ma'am. Mrs. Major Pikestaffe, she sent her. Be I to ax her up stairs, ma'am?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Wedgewood, carefully arranging her blue and white cups and saucers on the sideboard, "I do wish, Louisa, you would break yourself of that dreadful habit you have of sniffing when you talk. Yes, you may tell her to come in here.—Young woman" to a stout, substantial-looking young person, in a gray suit, with a bunch of yellow daffodils in her hat, who was presently ushered in by the sniffing Louisa, "you come from my friend Mrs. Major Pikestaffe?"

"I do," said the stranger.

"I don't approve of those flowers in your hat," said Mrs. Wedgewood, severely. "You are not pretty; that is fortunate. Don't color up so," she added. "Truth is truth. How old are you?"

"I am six-and-twenty," was the answer.

"Six-and-thirty, you mean," said Mrs. Wedgewood. "Don't try to impose upon me. Upon the whole—"

"Stop a minute, ma'am," said the strange young woman, between laughter and anger. "Is there a gentleman in the house by the name of—"

"A gentleman, indeed!" cried Mrs. Wedgewood, grindling up. "I am surprised at the audacity of the women of the present generation. So you are running after my nephew, eh? Let me tell you decisively, that my maid servants have nothing to do with the young gentlemen in the house! Nothing what-ever."

"But I am not your maid-servant," cried the stout young person with the daffodils in her hat.

"No, nor you won't be," said Mrs. Wedgewood severely. "I wouldn't have you in the house, not if you could work for me for nothing. Six-and-twenty, indeed!—and artificial flowers in your hat! Go back to Mrs. Major Pikestaffe, and tell her that she has made a great mistake in sending you here, and—"

At this moment, however, little Louisa came once more into the room, her countenance liberally bespattered with stove blacking, and a polishing brush clasped tightly in one hand.

"If you please, ma'am" said Louisa, laboring hard to keep down the obnoxious sniff, "its a girl from Mrs. Major Pikestaffe, which her name is Bridget O'Meara, highly recommended for general housework, as you can see the lady as she lived at last, number nine Bilberry Place, second door from the door of Third Avenue, and—"

Mrs. Wedgewood stared helplessly, first at Louisa, then at the stout young person with the daffodils in her hat.

"Didn't you come from Mrs. Major Pikestaffe?" she asked.

"Certainly I did," calmly responded the stranger.

"To obtain a situation for general housework?"

"Certainly I did not," said the stout young person, with such complete nonchalance that Mrs. Wedgewood herself began to be flustered.

"This is very singular," she said. "May I ask what you did come here for?"

"I was recommended by Mrs. Major Pikestaffe to come here and inspect—with a view to purchasing—a picture called 'Moonlight in the Woods,' answered the young person who had undergone such a severe cross-examination at the hands—or rather the lips—of Mrs. Wedgewood.

The matron turned pale. Was it possible that, by her ill-judged tongue, she had deprived her beloved nephew of an opportunity of disposing of his favorite painting?"

"I—I beg you pardon," she stammered. "I never supposed—I mean, I didn't think—that is, if I had dreamed—"

"Don't apologize, madam," said the heiress, with a calm superiority of manner which Mrs. Wedgewood wondered she had perceived before. "I dare say the mistake was natural enough. Perhaps the flowers in my hat are not in the best taste, although I purchased them from Madame Dupineau in Paris. Very possibly I may look older than my years. But one thing I must disclaim, and that is, any intention of 'running after your son,' or your nephew or whoever the young artist of the establishment may be!"

The words sounded caustic, but as Miss Foxell spoke them, there was a merry twinkle in the corner of her eye which belied their import.

"I am forgiven?" said Mrs. Wedgewood, in accents of deprecatory interrogation.

"Freely and fully," Miss Foxell made reply.

"Then," said Mrs. Wedgewood, "you will allow me to conduct you upstairs to Lionel's studio?"

And Miss Foxell graciously allowed it.

She bought "Moonlight in the Woods" at a fancy price, and delighted the enthusiastic young artistic with her sincere praises. And Mrs. Wedgewood engaged Bridget O'Meara for general housework at eight dollars a month, and the tangle of ideas was straightened out at last.

PARTED LOVERS.

Effie, whose letter is blotted with tears, writes to ask me whether she will ever be happy again. She has broken her engagement with Young Linepenny, and life seems empty.

Life will seem very empty until another lover comes along. A lover is something as necessary to the well-being and happiness of the ordinary young lady, as, let us say, a plenty of heirplos. But one thing is certain—those who do not "get over it," always make up again. If she cannot hear your name without turning pale, or he yours without turning red—if you re-read old letters, and treasure locks of young hair and if you weep in secret, and cannot bear to hear romantic songs sung, and he takes speaking bitterly of women, and scornfully of love, you may be sure that some ball or pic-nic, some chance encounter on a journey, or merely the mutual mesmerism of your mutual love, will draw you together sooner or later.

In two words, people who have love do not part. But if you did not love each other, if your emotions were those of flattered vanity, and his the pride of owning, by the right of a "betrothal ring," the prettiest girl in the place, you will be amazed to see how easily you will "get over" your misery. It is a case of shock. You are not positively wounded. You want a tonic which is generally mixed with a new moustache.

Mysterious as the coming of love is, suddenly as we find ourselves "engaged," so mysteriously and suddenly do we find ourselves disengaged. How did it happen? Why? We gasp, and stagger a little, and then are conscious that a wave has passed over something written on the sands of life, and obliterated it. The "engagement" was pretty; it was pleasant; but there is no girl so constant that, given a little contempt to help her out, she may not stand still and breath a long breath, and say, without affectation or pretence, "He is nothing to me now." There will be no faster pulse-throb when she hears his name; no hidden woe in her soul.

Some day you will meet him, and wonder if he is always so unattractive—someday when you are happily married to somebody else.

Doubtless these things will be borne in upon you very soon if you do not love your fiance; but if you do long for reconciliation with your Linepenny, if you feel that you must "make up" or die, and if his demeanor expresses the same sentiments, just wait—that is all. The needle in our compass always points to the north.

"The ship will take,
And the tar come back
To the true love of his heart."

One way or the other, you will "get over it," I assure you, Effie. Broken hearts and disappointed maiden ladies who occupied thirty odd years in dying of love went out with side curls and poke bonnets and black silhouettes, and I am glad they did. In 1893, if one beau goes a girl gets another one.

M. E. D.

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

SIMPLIFIED HOUSEKEEPING.

"It is so very different now from the time when I was young," said a lady recently, in speaking of the arts of house and home. "Then housekeeping was a burden, sometimes the thought of it a terror. But with the change see how everything is lightened; there is no longer the need of such a routine tumbling over each other below stairs and above; the work is better done, and the whole thing simplified, and that merely by the help of a few young persons coming in from outside to do certain special things. Under this *fin de siecle* regime our parlors are full of bric-a-brac, you know some of it immensely valuable in cost, some of it precious from association. But now a young woman comes in on stated mornings (three or four times a week—a young woman of good breeding, often of good family, but who needs money—comes in with her paraphernalia of nice clothes and brushes, and goes to work quietly and softly, and the drawing rooms and reception rooms and library are in spotless order when she goes out to fill her next engagement, and everything is as it should be, and you have hardly been aware that she was there. The price paid her is trifling; but she receives the same price from so many houses that it amounts to a considerable sum in the course of the week, and makes her feel herself in a good business, while you, or to your housekeeper, if you have one, the result is luxury. Then another young person comes in with her bag of appliances and attends to the lamps, which in these days of lovely lamps in multitude is no small matter, and she has them all in some closet and rubs the metal bright with oil, and polishes it dry and clean, and brushes out the burners closely, and wipes the crust off the wicks instead of cutting them, and cleans the chimneys with a few drops of alcohol or ammonia on her piece of flannel and shakes the dust out of the silken shades and leaves them all ready and without a flaw, for the housemaid to set in their places. But perhaps as great a help as any is the young lady who comes to pack. She is also a lady; she knows what pretty are, and how they should be taken care of, and she does all the folding, laying away, stopping, stepping about, either for the packing of your trunks for a journey or the closing of your house for the season, and she comes to you in the city, or obeys your telegram summoning her down to the country or the sea-side, and saves you what weariness of soul and body!—*Harper's Bazar.*

NOT PREPARED FOR GUESTS.

"Familiarity breeds contempt," is a saying often true in regard to articles of food which have lost their flavor of excellence because they are too readily obtained. Western farmers usually have enough and to spare for man and beast, and are noted for their hospitality. The only fear is that the stranger may be dissatisfied with such fare as they can offer. On one occasion an Eastern gentleman during a horseback journey through the West encountered a severe snowstorm, and seeing a double log cabin, resolved to seek shelter there.

"Can I stop here for the night, madam?" he asked of a woman who came to the door.

"Well," she said, hesitating, "it don't seem like a body should turn a stranger from the door on a night like this, but we ain't fixed to keep travellers. We ain't got no meat in the house."

The snow was drifting, and the cold growing severe.

"Have you any bread and tea?" asked the traveller.

"No tea, but coffee, and plenty of bread and butter and eggs, of course."

"I don't want better fare than that, said the weary man preparing to dismount.

As he entered the house, after putting his horse in a comfortable stable, the woman renewed her apologies.

"I most wish I hadn't let you stay. I know we hain't nothing to give you like what you'd been used to at home."

Her guest renewed his assurances that he would be quite satisfied with what she had. Then, happening to look about the room, he said:

"Madam, I thought you said you had no meat in the house, but surely these are prairie fowl?" pointing to three or four that hung against the wall.

"Oh sir," said she, "would you eat prairie fowl? Then I can make you out a supper."

"Why did you suppose I disliked prairie fowl?" questioned the traveller.

"Well, she replied, "if you had them in the morning, noon and night, as we have, you wouldn't like 'em. We can shoot 'em anywhere, anytime."

The guest says that the broiled prairie fowl, cooked to a turn, the coffee, fair with rich cream, and the delicately browned biscuit, with unexceptionable butter and eggs, made up as good a supper as he ever tasted, although his hostess continued her apologies for the poorness of her table.—*Youth's Companion.*

SERMONS IN SENTENCES.

The gate of heaven is not a toll gate.

Childish simplicity is God-like power.

One is not ready to live until he is ready to die.

God deals not with appearances, but with realities.

To be a servant of God one must be an enemy of sin.

Those only live who love; all other life is mere existence.

Stronger power than love can never be exercised by man.

The same wind that brings a cloud will beat it away again.

Distance does not lend enchantment to the view of the Cross.

The most agreeable thing some men ever evince is to make their exit.

Some men are prouder of their humility than others of a new suit of clothes.

Real beauty is just as dazzling in a calico wrapper as it can possibly be in silk or satin.

THE WORLD'S BIG LIBRARIES.

Some interesting and little known figures regarding the number of the volumes in the big libraries of the world are made public by the Rev. Dr. John C. Zachos, of Cooper Union, New York. "The Astor Library," says Dr. Zachos, "is the largest in New York, but its rank in size is only forty-one among other libraries in the world. The Astor contains 235,101 volumes; the National, of Paris, has 2,290,000; that of the British Museum 1,500,000, and the Imperial Public Library, of St. Petersburg, 1,000,000. Sixth in the rank is the Congressional Library at Washington, with 565,154 volumes; seventh, Boston's Public Library, 520,508."

THE UNFLEDGED WRITER.

I will not undertake to tell, lest I should not be believed, how many letters I receive a month from 'literary aspirants' who lack the first essentials of preparation for the employment they desire.

One specimen is as good as a thousand. My last was from a young person, who tells me that she is tired of sewing for a living, and wants to write; Also, that "she wisheme to remember that I once struggled myself."

Also that she wishes me to inform her how I went to work to get a publisher."

Now, to begin with, this young woman mispells every other word in her letter, besides entirely ignoring capitals and punctuation. This, of course, settled in the outset the question of her present literary possibilities. Editors do not expect to find these things for their correspondents.

Now as to "how I got a publisher." I didn't get him. He got me. And when this young woman produces anything a publisher wants, or thinks he wants, she will probably have a call from one, too.

"Nextly, I don't forget "that I once struggled myself." It adds zest to my life every hour to remember it. I love the little cosy house I live in as I never else could do, because I earned the money to buy it myself; and I thank God that if I lost it to-day, and coupons and banks also gave out, that I am hale and strong enough and have the will and the courage, even at this late day, to begin anew. So much for that. But I do not believe it to be kindness to advise this uneducated young woman to throw up her present means of support, how disagreeable soever it may be for one that in her present illiterate state is utterly hopeless.

Scores of such letters I get, so that I have sometimes thought I would have a printed circular embodying the above obvious difficulties in the way of "literary aspirants," and mail it on the receipt of their epistles. To-day I concluded that I would once for all, air my views on the subject in the this journal After this, every letter from a 'literary aspirant' which is mispelled goes into my waste-paper basket.

N.B.—But such advice remember that after spelling some ideas, and after that, the editor's indisputable right to decide whether those ideas are felicitously put and whether, if so, they are suited to his particular paper. I trust I am sufficiently explicit.

Having said all this, I may, in justice to myself, own up to the fact that time and again I have given up my own most imperative writing to correct, and try to make presentable, MSS. for which I was requested to 'find a publisher,' and which I knew had not the ghost of a chance, and all because I did not, as this young woman advises me, 'forget that I once struggled myself.' I never received one word of thanks for it, but instead dissatisfaction that 'somehow' I had not insured success.

So my conscience is quite clear on the subject of remembering—and in the best way too—"my own early struggles." I have tried in this article to express myself so as not to be misunderstood. Still I have no doubt that some 'literary aspirant,' feeling himself or herself aggrieved, will haste to set me down as an unfeeling wretch. I can stand it.—FANNY FERN.

A PEANUT HUNT.

A pleasant and easily arranged evening entertainment, suitable for winter or summer, is prepared in this way:

First, put in order the room in which you intend to entertain your guests, as any change in the position of the furniture is undesirable after "the party" is ready. It is a good plan to remove any fragile articles of bric-a-brac or furniture that may be within easy reach of the "hunters."

Get a good supply of peanuts, according to the size of the room and the number of your guests.

Count the peanuts and record the number. Then let them be hidden in every imaginable, but particularly every unimaginable place. Exercise all your ingenuity, and remember that wits just as bright as yours are to find what you have concealed. Sometimes, however it happens that a very conspicuous place is the last to be searched.

Now prepare as many little baskets or receptacles of some sort as you are to have guests. The little "cat baskets" are very good for this purpose, but boxes or larger baskets will serve as well. A little decoration of some sort enhances the pleasure of the seekers, and at the close or the evening the baskets may be given as souvenirs. The small baskets may be prettily grouped in a large basket, and both may be tied with ribbons.

If the company is large the players may be asked to "hunt in couples," and the baskets may be arranged to match each other.

When the hunt begins those who have placed the nuts are to act as umpires, in case there should be any question as to the first finders, and they must also notice whether all the nuts have been found and so determine the end of the game.

Sometimes a single nut is dipped in ink or dyed in red and hidden away very securely, and the person who finds this particular red or black nut is the winner of the game. But generally the prize is given to the person or the couple whose basket shows the greatest number of nuts.—*Youth's Companion.*

DUTCH SIMPLICITY.

Kempen, a town in Holland on the lower Rhine (the birthplace of Thomas a Kempis) is a favorite residence of people with small incomes. The imagination of these Dutchmen must be as limited as their incomes, judging from the droll stories that are told of them.

At one time a fire broke out, and much damage was done because the engines were out of repair. The council met, and after much argument it was voted that on the eve preceding every fire in town officers should carefully examine the engines, pumps, etc.

One of the greatest profits of the town was the toll exacted at the gates. The council wished to increase the income, and instead of increasing the toll, it voted to double the number of gates.

This same council also ordered the sundial to be taken from the court-house common and placed under cover, where it would be protected from the weather.

But of all the queer things that are told of Kempen and its people nothing is so absurd as this: Grass grew on the top of a very high tower, and the only way these droll Dutchmen could think of to get it off was to hoist a cow up and let her eat it.—*Harper's Young People.*

THE LOVER'S HOPE.

"Pray who told you
That I loved you?"
Cried the maiden
Sweet and fair,
Looking shyly
At her lover,
As he smoothed
Her shiny hair.

"True, you've told me
Love's sweet story
Every morning
Of the seven;
But you know
A real answer
I have never,
Never given."

"Ah! my darling,
As you listened
To the story
Old yet new
With a blush like
Your carnation,
Was not that
An answer true?

"And the love-light,
Soft and tender,
Shining in your
Eyes of brown,
As an answer
Most expressive,
May I not, dear,
Set this down?

"I have hope still
Love has conquered;
Though your lips
May silent be,
Yet I trust
To hear to-morrow,
'I love you
As you love me.'"

There they go, the
Happy couple,
She as radiant
As the rose;
Little darling,
She's not sorry
That her secret
Well he knows.

And she'll give him
Soon her answer,
And he'll give her
Soon a ring;
And you'll hear,
If you but listen,
Wedding bells
So merrily ring.

—*Mrs. M. A. Kelder.*

LITTLE PITCHERS HAVE BIG EARS.

Well, yes, that homely proverb is very true, and the only wonder to me is that people do not remember it in time.

Here sits the child, with its mind, like a white sheet of paper, unwritten upon, and both its big eyes and ears open, and you go on as if it were not present, and talk, talk, talk, until suddenly a shrill little voice utters a remark upon the subject of your discourse, and you cry out: "Dear me! I forgot little Pitcher!"

But that is just what you have no business to do. The story had better not be told, the slander not uttered. The hard name given to a neighbor, the rash verdict upon his actions, might well be restrained. What excuse can you give for filling your child's mind with thought alien to the innocence of childhood? None.

It is a child's nature to trust, to think people good, to believe that strangers are kind, to be sorry for people who suffer, without looking into the cause, and saying "They deserve it," as grown folks do at times. They do not criticise until they are taught to do so. They believe what is said to them, and they have no doubt that the angels watch over them all night long. To disturb their faith by long, irreligious arguments, by exposures of sly tricks and wicked devices, by revelations of motives of which they could not dream, and possibilities in this world and the other that must terrify and unsettle them, is cruel.

If you must talk against your neighbors or speak of sin, or draw pictures of evil-doers, or utter doubts of heaven, or indulge in ridicule of worthy people, or above all, if you must tell wicked stories under the guise of jokes, send "Little Pitcher," out of the way first. Honest, simple, wholesome talk is all that should enter his big ears.

Don't cry out, "Little pitchers have big ears!" when you find your child sitting under the table listening, but remember the fact before you delight yourself with your own opinions on dangerous subjects; for, a "Little Pitcher" upon whose memory the words of the catechism or the numbers of the multiplication table fell without making an impression, will never forget a dreadful story or a wicked word that is once dropped into his "big ears." M. K. D.

A NATIVE OF DEVON.

There used to be a certain stern old colonel stationed at Aldershot who was a great stickler for all the officers being acquainted with the name and genealogies of the various men of their troops. The well-known jovial captain, who was never yet at a loss for a reply to any question asked him, was once put sublimely through his facings.

"Captain Dash," said his superior officer overlooking a posse of young recruits, "what is this man's name, and where does he come from?"

"His name's Brown, sir, and he's a native of Derbyshire," responded the calm captain, prepared for any amount of fabrication, but in reality not knowing one single point upon which he is likely to be questioned.

"And this man? What is his name, and where was he born?" was the next enquiry.

"Oh, his name's Smith, and he's a native of Devon," answered the plunging captain as cooly as though he were telling the truth.

"Of Devon!" repeated the colonel. "Dear me! my own native place. So, my man," addressing the grinning recruit,—"you are actually from Devon?"

"Fair, yis, yer honor; and troth its a grand place intirely!" was the reply.

The colonel fell back very much astonished, and Captain Dash had to see him later on in private.

HAPPINESS.

When you rise in the morning, form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done; a left off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves light as air—will do at least for the twenty-four hours. And if you are young depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum look at the result. If you send one person away happily through the day, that is 365 in the course of a year. And suppose you live forty years only after you commence this course of medicine, you have made 14,600 persons happy—at all events for a time.