The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, - ACTON, ONT.

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

R. 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.

J. R. WILKINSON, D. D. S., L. D. S., 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.

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

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

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

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CONVEYANCER, COLLECTOR, ETC.
Rents and accounts collected. Agent Fire and Life Assurance. Property bought and sold. Money to loan on the most favorable terms.
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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. P. Chapman)
BOOKBINDER,
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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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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.

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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,
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HAMILTON'S Block (formerly Hatch's Block), the gore, 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 15 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 BOOKS:—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.

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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.

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On Monthly or Quarterly Payments only at

C. W. Kelly's

MUSIC STORE,

25 Lower Wyndham street, Guelph. Telephone 178.

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840.

INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 793, 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 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 AUTHORIZED $1,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP 600,000
REST FUND 55,000.00

GUELPH BRANCH,
CORNER OF WYNDHAM AND QUEBEC STREETS.

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4 per cent. paid on sums of $1 and upwards from date of deposit to date of withdrawal, or compounded half yearly on 31st May and 30th November.

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Advances made to responsible farmers.

Sterling Exchange bought and sold. Drafts issued payable at all points in the United States and Canada.

A general Banking business transacted.

A. F. H. JONES,
Manager Guelph Branch.

Special January SALE

—AT—

R. E. NELSON'S

A Month of Bargains!

Stock must be reduced one half and prices reduced accordingly.

Choice Suitings reduced in price 20 per cent.

Fine West of England Pantings in Black and Blue, choice Patterns for $5.50 per pair. Former price $7.50 and $8.

About 100 Suits all Wool Underwear, 75c a suit.

Hats, Caps, Ties, Gloves, White Shirts and Top Shirts and Gents' Furnishings at greatly reduced prices.

A lot of Remnants at your own price.

R. E. NELSON,
Merchant Tailor and Gents' Furnisher,
99 Upper Wyndham St., Guelph

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 Corrugated 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.

Poetry.

INCOMPLETENESS.

However much there seems to be
In any life of sweetness
And unalloyed felicity
There still is incompleteness.

When we have reached the goal we seek,
The height of life's inquiring,
We often find the mountain bleak
To which we've been aspiring.

There is a song so sweet we're sure
There is not still a sweeter?
Where is a life so good and pure
There is not one completer?

Where is the thought so grand and terse,
So like thought's own Creator,
That somewhere in the universe
There may not be a greater?

Where is a grief so deep and dense
And black with mortal sorrow,
That it may not find recompense
Somewhere in Hope's to-morrow?

These broken and discordant moans
Our lives have long out-given,
May yet be mellowed till their tones,
Make harmonies for heaven.

This life at best can never be
With all its fine contriving,
More than a moving tendency,
A ceaseless upward striving.

—Jno. W. Eddy, in Chautauquan.

Select Family Reading.

Aunt Amy's Warning.

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

"Annie! Why, child, what are you doing with those little parcels? And with such a grave face, too! One might almost think you were about to decide the fate of a nation."

"Oh, aunty! not quite so bad as that. I am only trying to assist Fate, maybe, in her decision in the case of a few dear friends of mine. I am just fixing some pieces of wedding cake for the girls to dream on, writing the names of seven—that is the magic number in this affair—seven young men to put round each piece. I have enough left for another. Aunty, let me fix this for you to dream on!"

"No, no, love; my dreams of that kind were over long ago."

"My dreams of love are sadly o'er," Annie sang gayly, and the merry reply she was going to make was stopped, Annie hardly knew why, by a soft sigh that reached her ear and caused her to raise her eyes to Aunt Amy's face.

Although no longer young, it was still very fair to look upon, and traces of great beauty still remained.

There was a depth of pathos in the dark violet eyes that told Annie very plainly Aunt Amy had a story of her own; and perhaps she might win it from her.

She had often wondered why her aunt had never married. She had heard of her many admirers in years passed. She knew of more than one now who only waited an encouraging smile to place heart and hand before her.

Aunt Amy was veiling her eyes with their beautiful dark lashes when Annie stole quietly to her side, and passing her arms caressingly around the slight form, pressed her blooming cheek to the pale one and whispered:

"Aunty, tell your little girl why your dreams were over years ago."

"Why, you little tease, that I might live an old maid to take care of a very wild little bird that calls me aunty, I suppose. What would such little ones do without an old maid aunty, I wonder?"

"No, no, aunty; you cannot laugh me off so; and you are forcing this merry mood. Besides, I heard Dr. Mason say yesterday he truly believed there never was a 'Gill' but had her 'Jack' waiting somewhere, to 'go up or down the hill' with her. And you answered, 'Yes; you truly believed it was so.' Now, after that, aunty, you cannot deny your Jack. Do tell me!"

"Annie, last evening, when you were worrying and teasing Carl so about that picture, I seemed to be living over these 'bygone days,' you reminded me so much of my own folly. Then I made up my mind to tell you a little story as a warning given. But to-day I shrink from unraveling the past. Still perhaps I ought. And so to your pleading I shall not say nay. But tell me first, did you destroy Richie's picture or promise to send it back?"

"No, indeed, I did not. Neither the one nor the other. It is all nonsense in Carl. He ought to have more confidence in me. He ought to know, if I loved Richie, I would not have consented to become his. He is too jealous. A sweet time I shall have if I do not care him before I belong to him. The idea of not being allowed to keep a friend's picture!" pouted Annie.

"Annie, you have made so much of the picture, showing it, and declaring it to be the handsomest picture you ever saw. Yes, my dear, and you were almost beyond the bounds of maiden modesty, I think, when you pressed the picture of any man other than a very near and dear relative to your lips, and that in presence of your betrothed. I am sorry to hurt you, dear, but I blushed for you then."

"Oh, aunty, I only was in fun—just to tease Carl—when he said he would destroy it, or I should send it back."

"And how did it end?"

"Oh, he went off very indignant, saying if I preferred the picture to his love, I could keep it," Annie answered, with flashing eyes, adding, with a smile of conscious power: "But he will come back this evening, and be loving enough."

"Suppose he should not—"

"Oh, but he will. He could not stay away."

"Annie, you are very confident of your power. So I was once. Oh, yes, too confident. And for as slight a joke my lover left me, never to return. I could not suppose it possible that he would not come the the next evening. Years have passed—seventeen of them—yet the evening to bring him back has never come to me. I am thirty-five now, Annie."

"But still young and beautiful enough to win the love that might brighten and make happy the years to come, aunty."

"My dear, no other love can ever fill my heart. I would not wrong another by bringing to him love so wounded and crushed as mine. Annie, when just your age I won a love which made me supremely happy. I was an only daughter, whom the devotion of parents and brothers had somewhat spoiled I fear—a merry, fun-loving girl like yourself, Annie—yet loving with her whole heart the noble, earnest man who sought to make me his. Although there was no time fixed, I felt sure at no very distant day I should be Henry Heyton's wife.

"Since I was fifteen I had worn constantly around my neck a chain holding a locket given me that birthday. When I first knew Henry, he used to tease me about it, once asking me seriously if it contained the likeness or hair of some loved one. As seriously and truthfully I answered: 'Both—the likeness and hair of one very dear.'"

"Gentleman or lady?" he continued; and I saw greater anxiety than he cared to show when I replied:

"Oh! I think you would say a gentleman—young and handsome besides—if I should show you."

"Frequently after this, when we grew more intimate, he would speak of the locket and beg to see it. But I would neither explain nor permit him to open it. I had something to tease him with, and, girl-like, I wanted to keep it.

The day he put an engagement ring on my finger, he said:

"Now, my darling, you will put away that old love," touching the locket, "and I will give you another to wear."

"Oh, no, indeed, I never can do that. But I can wear yours, too. Besides, it is not an 'old' love. I will let you see now to prove it."

And opening the locket, I displayed a face of wondrous beauty—too delicate perhaps to be called a handsome man. The lieutenant's uniform in which the picture was taken caused Harry to start.

"I suppose the reason I have not been honored with the acquaintance of this young gentleman is his being at sea, probably. Were you ever engaged to him, Amy?

"Never engaged," I answered, with a provoking emphasis on the last word, but adding directly: "Oh, never mind about it. The one who gave me this will never trouble you, nor be any more to me than now."

"This seemed to reassure him, and for several months we were, oh, so very happy. The demon of jealously slumbered. But there came a terrible awakening of it, and to me."

"One evening, after we had been engaged about six months, Harry entered the parlor, unannounced, and found me reading a letter, just received from a dear friend. As he drew near, I made a show of hiding it from him. The spirit of tantalizing possessed me. I saw he was worried, and when he asked—

"Who is your letter from, Amy?"

"A friend," I answered, in an embarrassed tone.

"The friend whose picture you still wear?"

"His voice was so changed—so stern—I should have been warned of the coming danger. But, no, I was possessed, and went on replying:

"Yes, from the same."

"I dared not raise my eyes to see the effect of my cruel words."

"Oh, aunty, how could you tell him so? Of course, it was not so."

"Yes, Annie it was true; the letter was from the friend whose picture I wore."

"Oh, aunty, I could not believe this of you. As bad as I am, I would never wear the likeness of one man, nor correspond with one, when the promised wife of another."

"Nor would I, my dear. But I did almost as badly. I let my lover fear this wrong of me. Nor did I give the begged-for explanation, even when he said:

"Amy, there doubts are terrible. You must tell what this man is to you! You must put an end to this affair. Yes, to-night I must have this promise, or I shall bid you farewell forever."

"I did not believe he could or would do this. My tempter urged me on to try him a little longer, and so I answered only:

"I cannot do it."

Taking his hat he left the house without another word. Annie, I have never heard one word from his lips since. I believed he would come next day, but I was disappointed. A week passed, and yet he came not. Just then my cousin, a midshipman, came home from sea. We had been almost raised together—intimate from childhood—so during his visit, we were much together. One day, while walking, we came face to face with Harry. I longed to place my hand in his and explain all. I believe I should have then, had not a look of withering scorn met my gaze. That evening I received a note, requesting the return of his letters and picture. Accompanying it was my own picture, the little keepsakes I had given him and all my letters."

A few days after I saw by the papers he had sailed for the West Indies. I have never heard of him since."

"Oh, aunty, how terrible! I think I should die if Carl left me so. But of the other—the man whose picture you wore? Did you ever love him?"

"Annie, my child, I should have thought you might have guessed. I wore no man's picture. It was the picture of my dearest friend and school-mate, Dollie Dormer, taken in an officer's dress which she wore when acting my lover in charades while we were at school. For a piece of fun she gave it to me to 'tease my beau' she said, and making me promise to wear it always.

"You see, dear, now the cost of such a joke. Now, my child, do not try Carl's love too severely."

"Indeed no, aunty. Bless his dear heart, I'll have him back to-night; and there is no time to lose, either."

Annie ran away, to return in fifteen minutes, holding the following note for aunty to read:

"FRIEND RICHARD: While looking over my desk a few days since, I came across the inclosed picture. Thinking you have never had so excellent a likeness, I send it to you for the lovely girl whose love, I trust, will brighten your future years. With sincere wishes for the happiness of both, I am, your friend. ANNIE FORTEN."

"Now, auntie, I shall enclose this in a note to Carl, asking him to mail it on his way here this evening."

A few months after this, the evening before Annie's wedding, she sat with her head in Aunt Amy's lap.

"You are very happy, my darling?"

"Oh Auntie, I should be perfectly so but for one thing—the shadow on your life. You have been the only mother I ever knew and it hurts me so to leave you so lonely. Ever since you told me your sorrow I have prayed Our Father to brighten your life."

"Amy, there is an old friend waiting to see you in the parlor, and here is his card," Annie's father said, entering the sitting-room.

With a wild hope, Annie started up to glance at the card, and read: "Henry Peyton."

"Go, go, aunty; my prayer is answered. Oh, your hair is all right; and you look, oh, so lovely. Now, I never saw your eyes so bright," Annie, said, as with loving arms she pushed her aunt from the room.

Henry Peyton hastened forward to clasp the trembling woman to his heart, and whispered:

"Forgive, oh, my darling, forgive! and love me still!"

"I have nothing to forgive, Henry; and I have never ceased to love you. The fault was all my own. But how did you find the trunk?" Amy said.

"From your friend Dollie, now Mrs. Archer. I met her in St. Louis. She spoke of you and your intimacy, and then told the story of the locket. I could not hide my agitation, and so she learned my story, and then she sent me to you, never to leave again, Amy, until I take you with me."

The next day there was a double wedding after which, Annie whispered:

"Now my happiness is complete, for my prayer is answered."

And Aunt Amy, smiling through the joyful tears, replied:

"And my story completed with a happier ending that I dreamed could ever be, or that I deserved it should.

POOR BOYS.

Great men are a nation's choicest treasure. There are many stately and exclusive doors open only to those who bear titles and degrees, but to the hearts and homes of true Americans, those who have risen by their own exertions from poverty and obscurity to wealth and eminence, find a welcome. It has been said, "Biography is the most universally pleasant and profitable of all reading." If we would understand what heroism is, we must study the lives of heroic men and women. A living patriot will teach us more of patriotism than a thousand books.

Let us recall the lives of some of the men in active life who were once poor boys; whose fathers names are unknown in public; who by years of persistent endeavor attained wished for and deserved success. Washington, Franklin, Grant, Garfield, are men belonging to this class. They have made the world richer and better, and have passed away leaving others to make for themselves similar positions. We have poets, inventors, statesmen, divines who have become popular benefactors, not for an age only, but for all time.

Among inventors such as Morse, Whitney and Robert Fulton, Thomas A. Edison rises pre-eminent in his superior practical inventive power. Born at Milan, Ohio, young Edison began life poor. Though of humble parentage, yet he has surpassed the profoundest thinkers of our times. To him we are indebted for the electric light, the only artificial light whose brilliancy approaches that of the sun. Many of our inventors have died in poverty, receiving no pecuniary benefit for their genius, but Edison received $100,000 for the discovery of the carbon telephone.

Our Presidents have been men whose early struggles against adverse circumstances strengthened and prepared them for their important positions. Benjamin Harrison, when a young man with his family at Indianapolis, living in three plain rooms, not ashamed of his poverty or the self-evident fact that clients would be received cordially at all hours, had no visions of living in the executive mansion; Mrs. Harrison, performing the monotonous duties of a housewife, could not see in the future the position she would hold in the American mind and heart. They began life in poverty, which is but the beginning of wealth and power, having the boundless possibilities of the future always before them.

In all these lives there have come patience by being poor, courage by coming in contact with opposition, knowledge of character they would not have gained had they been carefully shielded by the surroundings which money gives to the sons of the rich.—*Merchant Sentinel.*

A MISTLETOE.

The mistletoe has always been an important guest at English winter festivities from the time of the ancient Druids until now. The evergreen plant, that was held in great veneration by the Briton priests, is now valued next to the Christmas Tree. Every year it becomes more popular. This Anglomania is joyous and healthful. The house that has not at this season a twig of mistletoe perched over some doorway or under a prominent chandelier has either no children in it or is unable to procure the rare parasite.

The derivation of the word is from the German word mist, which is supposed to have reference to the belief that the seeds are deposited by birds who eat the berries, *tien*, the prong of a tree or twig. Stormont's dictionary spells the word mistletoe.

The shrub extends from Sweeden to the Mediterranean. It is common in the southern counties of England, where it grows upon many varieties of trees, especially the apple tree, which it sometimes kills. The English variety is the *loranthaceæ viscum.*

The American mistletoe is quite different from its English cousin. It has leaves of a more yellowish green; its stem is brittle and green-black, and it has translucent pearl-like berries. Nuttall, an American naturalist born in England, made a new genus for it and called it *phoradendron* (borne to a tree). What we see in the Christmas books is the variety known as *P. flavescens.*

TWENTY THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Keep the cover on the canister.

Rub lamp chimneys with dry salt.

Throw chloride of lime in rat holes.

Wash oilcloth with skimmed milk.

Beat carpets on the wrong side first.

Cover apple barrels with newspapers.

Keep everything clean around the well.

Apply hartshorn to the stings of insects.

Pour boiling water through fruit strains.

Drink cream for a burned mouth and throat.

Put your coffee-grounds on your house plants.

Good eggs always have dull-looking shells.

Boiled vinegar and myrrh are good deodorizers.

Use oatmeal instead of soap for toilet purposes.

Camphor is the best anti-moth preparation known.

Use whiskey instead of water for making liquid blue.

Sponge roughened skin with brandy and rose-water.

Use hartshorn to bring back colors faded by acids.

Watson grease will take off warts and protruding moles.

If sneezing be induced it will stop a disagreeable hiccough.—*Home Queen.*

FIGHT WITH A WHARF RAT.

Harper's Young People.

Wharf rats are, as you may or may not know, much larger than the ordinary rat, and I lately saw an enormous one that had been killed under peculiar and exciting circumstances.

A young man who lives in a flat in Boston, fully three miles from the nearest wharf, was standing before the basin in his bath-room washing his hands, when he heard a noise as of something moving around in the little closet under the basin. Stooping over, he opened the door, when out jumped an immense rat. It was so large that the gentleman at first thought it was a cat, the light in the bath-room being dim. The rat jumped into the bath-tub, and the gentleman climbed upon the marble slab around the wash-bowl, and called for his mother to bring him a weapon of some kind—"To kill the biggest rat in Boston," he said.

Finally his mother brought him an iron carpet-stretcher with a handle six feet long. She opened the door just far enough to thrust in the weapon, after being assured that the rat was still in the tub.

"And then the fun began," said my friend when he told me the story. "The moment I picked up the carpet-stretcher the rat was on the defensive. It was getting dark in the bath-room and I lighted the gas, and the instant I did so the rat gave a squeal and jumped upon the edge of the tub. I struck at him, but missed him, and he seized the handle of my weapon and clung to it with his teeth until I could hardly shake him off. When I did shake him off he jumped for me. I was still on the marble slab, and when he landed on it I jumped into the tub. When I struck at him the second time he dodged the blow and made for me again, squealing as loud as a young pig. I didn't suppose that anything in the shape of a rat could make such a noise. The families living in the flats above and below were heard him distinctly, and came to ask what it all meant. Quite a crowd collected at the bath-room door, but I warned them not to open the door.

"The rat and I changed places three times before I could hit him, and then his rage was something terrible. He squealed louder than ever, and buried his teeth in the handle of my weapon. I shook him off, and he tried to jump up to where I was but he fell short. It was wonderful how he dodged my blows, and I narrowly escaped being bitten three or four times. Finally I pinned him down in a corner with the iron teeth of the carpet stretcher, holding him so he could not escape, but he fought and struggled and squealed just as long as he could, and he died with his teeth fastened in the handle of my weapon.

"The bath-room presented a gory appearance. There was blood everywhere. The rat was almost as large as a woodchuck, and he bore marks of age."

"But how did he ever get into the closet under the basin?" I asked.

"That mystery will never be cleared up in full," was the reply. "There was a big hole in the floor around the escape-pipe of the basin in the closet, and he had evidently made his debut through that hole. I think he must have come from the wharf through the sewer pipes, but just how he brought up in that closet I don't know. I do know that he was there and on the war-path, and a more formidable foe I never want to encounter within the narrow limits of a bath-room."

WHERE AUTHORITIES DIFFERED.

From Harper's Young People.

The reading class were standing in a stiff row upon the floor of an Indian school-house, and a bright little fellow was drawling out a paragraph about a Roman massacre.

The president of the school board was present on his regular tour of inspection, and he pompously requested that the boy "read that verse again."

The "verse" was read again.

"Ah! hm!" said the great man in a loud voice. "Why do you pronounce that word massa-ker?"

The boy was silent.

"It should be pronounced masse-kre," continued the great man with a patronizing smile.

The boy remained quiet, but the teacher finally spoke:

"Pardon me, sir," she said, "but the fault is mine if the word was mispronounced. I have taught the class to pronounce it 'massa-ker.'"

"But why?" insisted the great man, as a look of surprise was followed by a look of pain upon his benign features.

"I believe that Webster favors that pronunciation" said the teacher, meekly.

"Impossible," said the great man.

The dictionary was brought and the president turned over its leaves until he found the word. There was breathless silence as he looked up.

"I am astonished, madam," he said, at last, "that Daniel Webster should have made such a mistake as that."

YOUNG MEN, IT PAYS.

It pays better and better, every year, for young men to become total abstainers even from a business standpoint. Not only do the railway companies openly express their desire for total abstainers for their service, but every other class of men see clearly the advantage. Only last Saturday a Hamilton liquor seller offered a young man five dollars a week extra for a bartender because he was a total abstainer. He doesn't want a young man that drinks himself, to sell drinks to others. It pays far better to get abstainers, if possible. The same day another man was given to understand he could get a position on the police force here providing he could get a certificate from the editor of *The Templar*, as to his abstinence principles. These hints are well worth taking in these days.—*The Templar.*

Our Odd Corner.

Empty heir—A hungry boy.

Worth its weight in gold—A double eagle.

The place to keep up one's spirits—A haunted house.

Large returns—Fat folks coming home from the county.

Don't say "a crowd of swells," but "a flock of chappies."

Deeply interested—A man who has tumbled down a well.

A gas-burner—The editor who stays late at the house of his best.

A sermon is more voluminous than luminous when it does not illumine us.

THE DRUMMER'S PETITION.

A hungry drummer out in the wilds of Nebraska puts up the following pathetic petition, to which many of the eastern travelers will respond; "so mote it be":

"Backward, turn backward oh time in thy flight!
Feed me on mush again just for to-night.
I have grown weary of restaurant fakes,
Petrified sandwiches, vulcanized steaks,
Oysters that sleep in a watery bath,
Butter as strong as Goliath of Gath;
Weary of paying for what I can't eat,
Chewing trunk hinges and grilling it meat.

Backward turn backward, for weary I am!
Give me a whack at my Grandmother's ham;
Let me drink of the milk that has never been skimmed.

Let me eat butter whose hair has been trimmed;
Let me but once have an old-fashioned pie,
Thereafter in peace I might curl up and die.
I have been chewing old scrap iron for years.
Can you then wonder I'm melting in tears?"

—*Detroit Herald of Commerce.*

BLACK SOMETHING OF SOMETHING.

The man was in a brown study when he went into the drug store.

"What can we do for you?" inquired the clerk.

"I want black something of something," he said, "Have you got any?"

"Probably we have," replied the clerk, "but you'll have to be more definite to get it."

The customer thought for a moment.

"Got any black sheepskin of something?" he asked.

"No we don't keep sheepskins. We have chamois skins, though."

"That isn't it, I know," said the customer.

"Got any other kind of skins?"

"No."

"Skins, skins, skins," repeated the man, struggling with his slippery memory. "Calfskin seems to be something like it. Got any black calfskins of anything?"

"No, not a one," and the clerk laughed.

The customer grew red in the face.

"By jove," he said, "if it isn't a skin, what in thunder is it?"

"Possibly it is a hide?" suggested the clerk kindly.

"That's it! That it is," exclaimed the man.

"Have you got any black hides of something or anything?"

"Not that I am aware of," and the customer became thoughtful again.

"Hide, hide, hide," he repeated. "Got any rawhide of anything?"

The clerk shook his head sadly at the man tramped up and down the store.

"Got any black cowhide of anything?" he asked after a minute's thought."

The clerk's face showed a gleam of intelligence and then broke into a smile.

"Possibly it is black oxide of manganese you want?" he said quietly.

The customer almost threw his arms around the clerk's neck.

"Of course, that's it," he exclaimed. "I knew there was a skin or something somewhere about the thing, and he calmed down and waited for what he wanted.

SANG-FROID OF AN ENGLISH GENERAL.

A correspondent, writing of the late Lord Strathnair, says he was the most indolent, lackadaisical, languid person who ever dawdled along Piccadilly. When he was devasting central India, winning the splendid victories that immortalized his name, he was so lazy that he could not be got to dictate the dispatches recording his own triumphs, says the Sheffield (England) Telegraph. Months elapsed before these documents could be extracted from him, and then they were brief and meager to the last degree.

One day, when Sir Hugh Rose, he was entertaining a gallant company to dinner during the crisis of the mutiny. With the utmost sang-froid he was delighting those near him with one of his best anecdotes. In the middle of it his orderly entered and after saluting exclaimed: "We have captured 200 rebels, sir."

To him the general turned and with that elegant courtesy of manner on which he prided himself, serenely replied: "Thank you, sergeant."

But the man still remained. Again interrupting his chief, he said: "But what are we to do with them, sir?"

"Oh," replied Sir Hugh with a soft smile, "hang them, of course," and he resumed his anecdote.

In a little while Sir Hugh was again interrupted in the middle of another story by the sergeant, who came in and said: "Please, sir, we've hung the lot, sir."

The general turned, bowed slightly, and in the sweetest manner lisped: "Thanks, sergeant, very many thanks," and then went on with his anecdote as if nothing had happened.

This story came to the ears of the queen and she was so angry that it nearly cost Sir Hugh his peerage.

TEACH GIRLS HOW TO USE MONEY.

From Harper's Bazar.

Would it not be wise if some exercises in the mysteries of money were added to the curriculum of every girl's studies? A boy finds it all out by actual contact with the public as soon as he is out and a part of it; but a girl may become a mature woman, shrinking then through the habit of long protection, and be thrown on the mercies of the world with her money to fall the prey to the first cheat and cozen. She is taught at school the spectra of the stars, and the map of Mars; what a pity that she should not be instructed in the workings of life on the planet where she lives! That a knowledge of the nature and meaning and care of money should be made a part of every girl's education is growing more and more evident in this age of enlargement and prosperity, which puts money into the hands of so many women. And in the coming century, the woman's century, as it is already called, in which so many women will be workers and bearers of money, it is all the more important in order that they may neither be handicapped nor too far outstripped, that they should be well instructed as to business movements and investments, that they may be directed in the right way before they set out to earn.

Binks came home rather mellow the other night, and when he was nearly ready to go to bed, his wife inquired: "John, how's the baby, and how late is it?" Binks couldn't take in more than one question, but he happened to make an apropos reply when he said: "Oh, it's early." (It's early.)

Catarrh in the head is a constitutional disease, and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, to effect a cure.