The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

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20 inches	$50.00	$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

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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.

J. E. 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.
OFFICE DAYS—Tuesday and Saturday.
OFFICE:—Sanawin'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.
J. A. MOWAT'S Office, Acton

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Barristers, Solicitors, &c.
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Offices:—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and Traders' Bank Chambers, 63 Yonge st., Toronto.
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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.

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

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER,
Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario
(Over Williams' Store.)
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.

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 speciality. 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 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 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.
MAKERS & SPECIALISTS 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.
W. S. JACKSON,
Real Estate, Loan & Insurance Agent
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. EBRAGE, 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.

Wellington Mutual Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 726, or telephone 66, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph.

Acton Saw Mills,
COAL AND WOOD YARDS.
JAMES · BROWN
MANUFACTURED 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.
Statement taken from Government Return, November 30th, 1892.

ASSETS.

Gold	$ 79,876
Dominion Notes	217,513
Deposited with Government to Secure Circulation	87,505
Notes and Cheques of other Banks	129,159
Call Loans on Stocks and Bonds	725,964
Balances Due from other Banks	105,783
Government Debentures	932,560
ASSETS IMMEDIATELY AVAILABLE	$1,659,488
Bills Discounted	3,012,883
Bills Discounted Overdue	8,767
Bank Premises	14,448
Mortgages and other Assets	19,038
Total Assets	4,714,029

LIABILITIES.

Paid up Capital	677,000
Surplus	55,000
Notes in Circulation	589,960
Deposits from Public	3,193,547
Deposits from other Banks	224,941

Clearing Sale
—OF—
Winter Boots, Shoes, Rubbers and Overshoes.
Reduced Prices
Previous to stock-taking.
TRUNKS & VALISES at the lowest prices in the city.
W. McLaren & Co.,
Leading Boot & Shoe Store.
GUELPH.

Fashionable West End
99 UPPER WYNDHAM STREET
HEADQUARTERS FOR
Stylish Suitings, Overcoatings, Trowserings and New and Stylish Gentlemen's Furnishings.
New Goods arriving Daily.
Inspection Invited.
My Speciality—Perfect Fitting Pants to order $4.00.
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.

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, 15c.
8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete 10c.
5 Feet Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 35c.
Our Wall papers
Are said to be the best selected in the city
WATERS BROS.,
ESTABLISHED 1877.
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, GUELPH.

Poetry.

WHY SHE CHANGED HER MIND.

Dear John, I am glad you have come, for I feared
That you might not come again.
I was cruel to speak as I did when you left;
I have changed my mind since then.
Yes, John, I mean it. I'm ready to be
Your wife as soon as you please:
You can ask my father at once, and I think
His answer will put you at ease.

What has made me change my mind? do you ask
Look out of the window there
Where the leaves of the maple gently stir
In the breath of the balmy air.
Do you see those birds, one soberly plumed,
The other with bright red breast?
Do you see how living and happy they seem,
As together they build their nest?

Well, after you left, I thought of the look
That came in your eyes when I said
We must have a home and a bank account
Before we decide to wed.
Yet I loved you, John, when I spoke those words
And I only meant to say
We ought not to marry till we had made
Some store for a rainy day.

And when you departed, I watched your form
Till it faded from my sight;
When I heard those birds in the tree-tops there
Twittering with delight.
I saw how happy they were as bit
By bit they builded their nest,
And I learned, what all should know, that work
Which is cheered by love is best.

I saw how the birds, in their labor of love,
Encouraged each other; and then
I said to myself their example should be
A lesson to women and men,
That is why I have changed my mind; and I feel
That I ought to be by your side.
Our home will be made the sooner, John,
If your work is cheered by your bride.

J. H. M.

Select Family Reading.

Nothing Like Consistency.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It was on a yellow-shining June evening just after a brisk thunder shower, that Emily Arden first saw her new home, the old stone house, all wreathed in blossoming pink roses, with the row of giant sycamores in front, and the pair of box monsters by the door; the dragon with his head grown to one side, and the peacock whose tail had been frozen off in the bitter spell last March.

No bride in all the history of wedding rings was ever happier than Emily Arden. True, she had given herself to a widower, but Tom Arden was young and handsome, and very much in love; and as she crossed the threshold into the sweet-scented, prettily furnished house, a vague sensation of tender pity for the loved and lost first wife who had once reigned there entered her heart.

"Welcome home, my darling," said Tom with a kiss, as he led her in. "I only hope you won't be lonesome here, after your city life."

"Oh!" cried Emily, "I love the country of all things. I am sure I shall be happy.

Tea was ready in a cheerful little room, where a vail of white and buff honeysuckles swayed to and fro between them and the sunset, and an ideal banquet of buttermilk, biscuit, fresh strawberries and cream, and newly baked sponge-cake was spread on the table. And afterwards she and Tom sat on the porch and listened to the song of whip-poor-will, and watched the moon rise, and Emily could have shed tears to think of poor, dead Clarissa, who was the first wife, and who never could sit by Tom's side and be happy any more.

The next morning, after breakfast, the white aproned maid came to Mrs. Arden with the keys.

"I'm ready, now, ma'am," "to show you where the closets are, and whereabouts the things are kept."

"But I am busy just now," said the bride, who was taking fine laces out of her trunk, and arranging them in the bureau drawers.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," said Jane, "but I've got to leave in the noon train, and—"

"To leave!" echoed Mrs. Arden. "Why, Jane, where are you going? Aren't you my maid?"

"No, ma'am," said Jane, smiling and dimpling. "I was only hired just to come here until you and the master got back. I've regular work, ma'am, in the factory."

"Who hired you?"

"The old lady, ma'am—Mr. Arden's mother. She that lives down in the cottage by the factory. It's her, ma'am, as always looks after things here."

Emily opened her eyes wider and wider.

"But who is to do the work?" said she "Why, you, ma'am, of course," explained Jane. "The old lady don't believe in hired girls. She says there's no reason why a healthy, smart young woman shouldn't do the work herself. And perhaps there isn't ma'am, when one comes to think of it," added Jane, smoothing down her apron. "Anyhow, ma'am, that's what the old lady says."

"But what has the old lady got to do with it?" persisted Mrs. Arden, still bewildered.

"Well, ma'am," said Jane, uneasily, fingering the key basket, "it ain't my business to meddle with what don't concern me but you seem such a nice spoken, pleasant lady, and it does seem a pity you should be put upon; and I may as well tell you now that it was that killed Mr. Arden's first wife."

"What!" cried the bride.

"Hard work, ma'am," said Jane. "You see, she was a delicate young lady; and Arden's mother she couldn't see why Mrs. Thomas shouldn't do just what she had done about the house, never once stopping to think as she was as strong as a cart-horse and Mrs. Thomas was slim and feeble. But she had a brave spirit, had Mrs. Thomas, and she wouldn't own as she was doing too much, until one day she just drooped and died. The neighbors, ma'am, they said it was worse than murder. But the old lady's will was law!"

"I see," said Emily, slowly; and she went to work arranging the laces once more. "I am sorry to lose you, Jane, but we must not go against the old lady's wishes."

She got the tea herself that night—a pretty, appetizing meal—and then she broached to her husband the all-engrossing subject that occupyind her own mind.

"Tom," said she, "what am I to do for a servant?"

"A servant, my dear?" said Tom. "Why, what do you want of servants here? There's only you and me."

"Yes, but, Tom—"

"And my mother has always done her own work," went on the young husband, in a disturbed way. "Why shouldn't you do the same? Can a woman ever be better employed than in discharging the duties of her own household?"

"I never did it before, Tom."

"But you are turning over a new leaf in life now, my darling," said Tom. "And mymother says—"

"Never mind what your mother says, Tom," said Mrs. Arden, compressing her lips slightly. "If you wish it, that is enough."

She rose early the next morning and prepared an excellent breakfast. It was true that the ashes of the previous night's fire were unremoved, and that Tom had entirely forgotten to split any kindlings, but Emily made out somehow. It is in emergencies only that some people's genius develops itself.

"My dear," said Tom, "your coffee is excellent. And these griddle cakes are delicious."

"I am glad you like them," said Mrs. Arden.

Mr. Arden strolled over the place before he took the ten o'clock train to train to the city. He gave directions to the gardner about the roses, and instructed the stableman to be at the depot to meet the five o'clock afternoon train. "I shall come up early," he said. And then he came back to the house to leave a good-bye kiss for his wife, who was sweeping the parlor.

"Don't overwork yourself, darling," he said.

"No, dear, I won't," said Emily, rearranging the little pink cambric cap that his caress had tipped to one side.

She herself was at the depot to meet him, when the five o'clock train from the city steamed into the little station, and very pretty she looked in her muslin hat and cool dress, holding the reins, while the little grey pony pranced and shied, and pretended to be in an agony of terror at the approach of the train.

"Steady, Whisker, steady," said she. "You see, I've come down to meet you Tom."

"Like a jewel as you are," said Tom, springing to the seat beside her. "And now I shall take you around by Sodar Falls before the sun is too low to light up the spray rainbows!"

It was nearly dusk when they reached home. Emily sprang lightly out, and ran up the stone steps. Tom looked around.

"Where's Patrick?" said he. "Why isn't he waiting to take the horse?"

"Oh, didn't I mention it?" said Emily, nonchalantly. "Patrick has gone!"

"Gone? Then where is the gardener?"

"He has gone, too," said Mrs. Arden, untying her hat ribbons. "I discharged them both this morning."

"Discharged them!" If Mr. Arden's days of bridegroomhood had numbered a few more, he would have, perhaps, expressed himself strongly; as it was he bit his lip, rather savagely.

"Yes," said Emily, with charming indifference. "I was speaking to them after you were gone this morning. Patrick tells me his wages are forty dollars a month, and Dick has thirty. Seventy dollars is a good sum; worth saving, certainly. If I am to economize, it is only fair that you should do the same thing. Now isn't it, Tom?"

"Y-e-e-s," reluctantly conceded Tom; "but—"

"Can a man be better employed," added Emily, gravely, "than in discharging the duties of his own place? All you have to do is to rise an hour or two earlier, and dispense with all the waste of time involved in your evening cigars. What do we want of servants? You can go and unharness the horse, and water the roses, and look after the young cabbage plants, while I place the dinner on the table, and we shall both be workers. How delightful to have such a unanimity of ideas and occupations!"

"My dear," said Mr. Arden, "is this a joke?"

"To me," said Emily, "it's very solemn earnest. I married a man to be his companion. Since he requires of me to be a drudge, I shall certainly expect him to be consistent. If you were a poor man, Tom, it would be my greatest happiness to toil for you with my hands—to wash, to scrub, to labor, if necessary, in the fields. But as you are well able to hire a servant to take this rougher business off my hands, I insist that you too, shall share the task. You sent Jane away yesterday. I follow suit, to day, with Patrick and Dick!"

Tom said nothing, but pulled very energetically at his long moustache.

"Come, Emily," said he, let's cry quits! You shall have Jane back again, if you say so, and—"

"But I don't say so. I leave it entirely to your decision," interrupted Emily.

"Then I will decide that you are to have as many servants as you like," said Tom. "And so shall I!"

"And your mother?"

"She shall criticise neither of us!"

"Tom," (with a little hesitating way which was infinitely winning) "you are not vexed with me?"

"As if I could ever be vexed with you, darling!" And a most lover-like kiss sealed the bargain.

Jane came back the next day. Patrick and Richard—who, as might be conjectured had not gone very far—once more pervaded the grounds. "The old lady" was signally routed, without even the ceremony of a battle, and Emily Arden felt that she had secured a most important privilege for herself—time to cultivate the talents that God had given her—leisure to enjoy the bright world that surrounded her.

Old Mrs. Arden shook her be-capped head.

"It wasn't the way me and his father went to housekeeping," said she, not without acrimony. "But Tom is like all men, bewitched with a pretty face."

And Tom himself? Did he never think, when he sat smoking on the porch, that things might have been different if he had been equally considerate with the poor girl who lay coffined in the cemetery on the hill—with poor Clarissa—who had not the spirit to hold up a mental mirror to his face, as this second wife had done? Perhaps so, perhaps not. We all know how true is the utterance of the poet:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—it might have been."

A Heroic Husband.

So you have given up smoking to accommodate your wife," said Judge Peterby to Hostetter McGinnis.

"Yes, she wanted me to give it up, and I did so."

"Didn't you find it pretty hard to give it up?"

"Yes, I suffered a good deal during the first week, but after that I felt all right."

"What did you take to allay the craving for tobacco?"

"I took to smoking again. That allayed the craving right off."

ELECTRICAL INVESTMENTS.

The opening address of President Wright at the recent annual convention of the Canadian Electrical Association, held at Toronto, contains a note of warning to capitalists and investors, as well as electricians. He said: "That while it is undoubtedly a fact that solid and substantial progress has been made by conservative management of electrical enterprise, a word of caution may not be out of place to investors in securities based upon electrical speculation. There is a danger that the fact of this solid progress may be made the means of ultimate injury to the concerns identified with it. It has caused a growth of schemes, having electricity as a basis, to spring up as fast as mushrooms. The inevitable failure of many of these will discredit to a certain extent, legitimate enterprise and profitable business. The many schemes for the long distance transmission of power, though scarcely to be classed with what may be termed the electric fake, are still somewhat far removed from the line of commercial success. Experimentally, much has been accomplished in this direction, though the complicated nature of the apparatus and its cost for operation and repair make financial success rather more than problematical. At the last convention of this Association I took occasion, in opposition to views then set forth, to mildly criticize the hundred-miles an-hour enterprise that was to carry the denizens from the wilds of Missouri to the World's Fair at Chicago. Where is that enterprise today? Several miles of road are constructed—all but the track—in a straight line, too, I believe, as considered necessary by the promoters, but no plans are forthcoming, and we do not see the name of any engineer of standing connected with the scheme. The sole energy of the promoters appears to be expended in the production of a very rosy-colored prospectus, showing impossible profits, and an elaborate engraving of the happy farmer sawing wood and pumping water by electric light and power for a couple of miles on either side the right-of-way. To come nearer home, good hard dollars have been extracted from the pockets of liege subjects of the Queen in the name of electricity, as the magic wand was waved under the nose of Brock's effigy on Queenston heights. Where is that scheme now? The Utopian dream of a railway on every farm that is being promulgated now will not materialize in our generation, except as a sink-hole for the funds of the unwary. A word of warning is needed now, and as President of this Association I give it. It is open to you to dissent from this position, to criticize it if you see fit, and to prove it needless if you can. The safety of legitimate electrical enterprise is endangered by this trading upon the credulity of the people." Those seeking electrical investments should be wary of the rosy-colored prospectus suggestive of the marvellous dividends to be made in heating by electricity, combining and amalgamating companies and so-called wonderful improvements in telephony. The field for the latter in the United States to day owing to the expiry of patents, seems to be widening, and we read of telephone companies being incorporated in different states with from twenty to fifty millions capital to operate various telephone patents. Some of these enterprises will never reach the operative stage, as the alleged intentions which they are originated to exploit are impracticable on a commercial basis. As some of these concerns are likely to attempt to form local companies in Canada and invite capitalists to invest, it would be well for investors to look carefully into the feasibility of their schemes before undertaking what may be discovered to be very onerous obligations.—*Shareholder.*

ARE YOU INTERESTED?

To All who Favor a General Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic:—

Following up a previous letter advocating a Dominion Convention for the purpose of uniting our scattered Temperance forces into one solid organization, and believing that the attitude of the Church towards the traffic in alcoholic beverages should be one of uncompromising opposition and as such a stand has been taken and expression given by several of the Churches through their highest courts, we believe that the membership should be led into practical compliance therewith by their ministry and officers, and the religious press, and that such endorsation is not full and consistent unless it includes relentless opposition to any political party which supports the legalization of the rum traffic. It is to be regretted, with honored exceptions, that the ministry, denominational papers, and membership of our churches have not been consistent in enforcing the righteous declarations of their representative church bodies.

And in view of the awful criminality of the drink traffic and the guilt of being a contenting party to its continuation in voting for a political party favoring the licensing of the same, the time has come when true representatives of Christianity and Temperance can no longer refrain from uniting together at the ballot box and electing to Parliament men who will stand up independent of party, and advocate fearlessly the abolition of our country's curse and shame.

We are forced, therefore, to adopt political methods. If we would fight political combination and abolish a fortified traffic, we must organize our forces. We have wasted many years in our fruitless efforts to get Parliament to recognize the importance of the question of Prohibition. If petitions will not induce them ballots will. The settlement of the question is in the hands of the electors. They hold the key to the situation. Shall we have a Dominion Convention of representatives from all our Churches and Temperance organization and Christian Endeavors and Epworth Leagues and Y.M.C.A., W.C.T. Unions and Teachers Institutes and all other societies who will unite in an organized party for the overthrow and destruction of this legalized monster that is robbing the homes and sapping the life blood of the nation? All who are willing to contribute to the carrying to a successful issue of such a gathering will kindly correspond at once with the undersigned. The time and place of meeting will be announced.

Yours for God, Home and Country,
WM. MUNNS,
Sec. pro tem of Prohibition Convention,
78 Bay Street
Toronto, Feb. 15th, 1893.

After the grip, when you are weak and "played out," Hood's Sarsaparilla will restore your health and strength.

ANGELS OF THE SICKROOM.

Nurses, like poets, are born, not made. They need instruction and training—so do poets—but unless they have the nursing instinct to begin with, they can never become the strong placid, efficient, comforting presence which the born nurse is in the sick room. We have seen little girls of ten who, within the limit of their physical strength, were better nurses than training could ever make of many mature women.

There is no sweeter sight in the range of domestic experience than to behold one of these little women waiting on her sick mother—flitting from place to place with the light step of childhood, arranging blankets, patting pillows, drawing curtains or standing before the glass with her smooth little forehead puckered into unaccustomed wrinkles of anxiety, as she struggles silently with the buttons on her own back, the pins in her collar, or the upper braid of flaxen hair which ought to merge into a lower one—difficulties in which she is resolved not to trouble the invalid. Such an untaught but loving little attendant if far more soothing to the sufferer than many of those experienced ladies who pride themselves upon their efficiency, and drive their patients to distraction with constant, affectionate questions and experiments.

Sick people rarely like to be "fussed over." If they are strong enough, they frequently say as much, and the remark is taken as an example of the proverbial ill-humor of the convalescent. If they are not they suffer in silence while their pillows are piled up or pulled down, irritating lights kept dancing before their eyes through changes in the shutters, their foreheads tenderly fanned when they are pining to be let alone, and soft questions as to "how they feel now" cooed into their ears, when the effort required to bring out the huskily-whispered word, "better," is equal to pulling up a heavy bucket from the depths of a well.

The strong kind of whisper, too—the hissing, penetrating undertone—sets many a sufferers' nerves on edge, and there is nothing more distressing than the elaborate tip toeing of an awkward person, which is merely the utmost exaggeration of natural clumsiness.

The function of the nurse is, perhaps, oftenest to assist the sick person to rest. A child can sometimes do this where a well-meaning woman of many years' experience, but without the gift of sympathetic perception, will fail, and never know that she has failed.

A BACHELOR IN LOVE.

A bachelor in love loses a dimple or two grows melancholy, reads poetry, and looks at the moon; is nervous about his necktie and his gloves; consults his aunt as to what kind of hats girls most admire; changes the style of his frequently, but is never satisfied.

His countenance is as changeable as his necktie. Now she has smiled, and he is radiant; now she has frowned, and he wears a furrowed brow, and looks in at the apothecary's windows and thinks of laudanum.

If his laundress sends him home a bosom not quite perfect, it grieves him to the heart's core. He passes the most golden-haired damsel without a glance. He goes no more to see burlesques. His bouquets are anonymously sent to the object of his adoration. He is hourly afraid of revealing his condition of heart, but makes it manifest unconsciously to all beholders. Fiendish passions dwell in his breast. He hears that she has been at the opera with young Welkins, and wants to kill him. He says fiercely in society that he approves of dueling, and that, should he call a man out, he would aim at *his* heart.

He would like very much to work hard and make a fortune, but he cannot do it. He horrifies his employer by entering an item in the ledger "1,000 Angels." He is seen to clasp his brows suddenly at dinner-time, to the horror of the waiter, who, believing him to be choking beats him on the back and offers him water. He goes surreptitiously to the so-called clairvoyants, who describe a light-complected young lady, sir, and her face turned your way, and her heart in her hand, if only you can get over the cross betwixt you."

He thinks the cross is young Welkins, and grows dangerous.

Suddenly you see the bachelor in love amazingly altered. He smiles, looks happy, eats comfortably, and nods to his old enemy Welkins. Then you may be sure that he has somewhere in his bosom a certain *carte de visite*, and that the original of the picture has blushingly advised him to "ask Pa."

Stub Ends of Thought.

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

Discovery is the pain of wrong-doing.

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

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

Genius drives; talent is driven.

Some men pray a minute and work an hour; others work a minute and pray an hour. Call the former before dealing elsewhere.

Hypocrisy is oil with pounded glass in it.

What man can do and has done women wants to do.

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

Religion is no Sunday affair.

"WOO'D AN' MARRIED AN' A'."

A young couple just starting in life, with only enough for simple and economical living, received at their wedding several hundred handsome, expensive, and many of them ornate presents; presents from relatives whom they had never seen, from mere acquaintances, and from people for whom they cared nothing. It took them years, as they said, to live down these presents. Many of them they simply put in a safe deposit vault; but they felt under obligation to each giver of gifts, and when in turn, these friends and acquaintances were married, the young couple felt in duty bound not only to send them a present, but one that as near as possible approached in financial value that given to them.

It behooves us to call a halt in the giving of engagement presents and to curb as much as possible promiscuous giving in wedding presents. A wedding is a family rite, and an inmate sharing in it belongs to those alone who are nearest the bride and groom in blood and in sympathy.—*The Chautauquan.*

A SCHOOL-ROOM IDYL.

How plainly I remember all!
The desks, deep-scored and blackened,
The rows of blackboards 'round the wall,
The hum that never slackened;
And, framed about by man and chart,
And each of dusty plaster,
That wisest head and warmest heart,
The kindly old schoolmaster!

I see the sunny corner nook
His blue-eyed daughter sat in,
A rosy, faithful girl, who took
With us her French and Latin,
How longingly I watched the hours
For Ollendorf and Cæsar
And how I fought with Tony Powers
The day he tried to tease her!

And when, one day, it took the "Next"
To stay some Gallic slaughter,
Because I quite forgot the text
In smiling at his daughter,
And she and I were kept till four
To study after closing!
We stopped the clock an hour or more
While he, poor man, was dozing!

And there he sits, with bowed head,
O'er some old volume pouring
(Or so he thinks; if truth be said
He's fast asleep and snoring),
And where the shaded lamp-light plays
Across the cradle's rocking,
My schoolmate of the olden days,
Sits, mending baby's stocking.

—*Ladies' Home Journal*

ENTHUSIAM.

It has been asserted that enthusiasm is fanticism. If it be true, it is equally true that the world needs more fanatics.

The man who throws himself, body and soul, into the world's work is far preferable to his *vice versa*, the indifferent man.

Of all the laws which a character may possess, that of indifference is the worst.

Show us a boy enthusiastic in his work and we can show you one who will make his way in the world; show us one who is indifferent and it is easy to pick one who in after life will never be heard from.

All this is aimed at the heads of our boys to show them the blackness of I don't-care-ness. Boys, be enthusiastic. More. Let every effort count. If you undertake a thing, stick at it—succeed in it. If you undertake to learn a trade show enthusiasm enough in it to master it in every detail.

If you enter college and a professional life, be crank enough to stand at the head of your class and your chosen profession.

Remember nothing succeeds like success and the I-don't-care never achieves it.—*Wis. Times.*

Mrs. Michael McHood-Resolutions (who has just declared his new resolve never again to touch strong drink)—The Saints be blissed! An', now, Mikey, dear, out goes iver' drhop.

Mr. M. McH. (anxiously)—Phist, Biddy, me darlin', don't t'row it away. Oi may be too wkse to shtick be me good intentions an' Oi might nade a dhrop wanst in a thoile to kape me courage up.

How Often the Watch Ticks.—Many watches make five beats per second, 500 each minute, 18,000 every hour, or 432,000 per day. Thus it will be seen that a half-dozen turns of the key or stem, once a day taking up but a few seconds of time, stores up a modicum of power in the spring which is cut up into nearly a million of beats. If we multiply the daily beats by 365¼, the number of days in a year, we find that the watch ticks 157,888,000 while the earth is making one annual trip around the sun.

A railroad engineer saying that the usual life of a locomotive is only thirty years, a stranger remarked that such a tough-looking thing ought to live longer than that. "Well," responded the engineer, "perhaps it would if it didn't smoke so much."

A mad princess of the house of Bourbon, on being asked why the reigns of queens were, in general, more prosperous than the reigns of kings, replied: "Because under kings women govern—under queens, men."

From the Far North.

In northern climates people are very subject to colds, but the natural remedy is also produced in the same climate. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, asthma, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Price 25c. and 50c.

If you want to buy or sell a Farm, advertise in the Toronto *Weekly Mail*. That paper reaches 100,000 Farmers' homes every week, and your advertisement should meet the eye of someone who wants to purchase. Advertisements of this class are inserted in the Toronto *Weekly Mail* for Five Cents a word each insertion, or Twenty Cents a word for five insertions. Address The Mail, Toronto, Canada.

"Papa, why do the little pigs push and squeal and try to get so much milk" "Because we want them to make hogs of themselves.

No Remedy cures Coughs, Colds, Croup, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, etc., so well as Dr. Wood's Norway Syrup.

Burdock Pills give satisfaction wherever tried. They cure Constipation, Sick Headache and Biliousness.

A temperance lecturer in New Hampshire finished his discourse thus: "Finally my hearers, why should any of you drink ardent spirits? My son Tom has got as good cider as any in the country, at six cents per quart!"

Thorough Digestibility and Nutritive value are two strong points in favor of Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with Wild Cherry and Hypophosphites.

Kill the worms of they will your child. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup is the best worm killer.

One trouble with the world is that there are too many church members and not enough Christians.

Where can I get some of Holloway's Corn Cure? I was entirely cured of my corns by this remedy and I wish some more of it for my friends. So writes Mr. J. W. Brown, Chicago.

The Third page of the Toronto *Daily Mail* is noted for "Want" advertisements If you want to buy or sell anything. If you want a situation, a mechanic, a business, machinery, lodgings, if you have lost or found anything, or if you want to find out where anyone is, advertise in the Toronto *Daily Mail* and read the advertisements on the Third page of that paper. The charge is Two Cents a word each insertion. Address *The Mail*, Toronto Canada.