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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2 inches	$60.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
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H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

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

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 etc. 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:—Kaighwin's Block, Acton, up-stairs

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

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

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

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

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

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER,
Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario
(Over Williams' Store.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Italian neatly and promptly done

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
MILL STREET, ACTON.
An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good sea-foam an exhilirating 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 Fontehill 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 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 155, S. M. Cook & Co., Auctioneers.
BRANCH OFFICE:—31 Queen St., East, Toronto.
S. M. COOK & CO., Auctioneers.
Georgetown and Toronto

The Traders' Bank OF CANADA.

Statement taken from Government Return, November 30th, 1892.

ASSETS.

Gold	$ 72,876
Dominion Notes	217,613
Deposited with Government to Secure Circulation	27,505
Notes and Cheques of other Banks	189,159
Call Loans on Stocks and Bonds	795,962
Balances Due from other Banks	105,183
Government Debentures	972,550
ASSETS IMMEDIATELY AVAILABLE	$1,639,498
Bills Discounted	3,012,993
Bills Discounted Overdue	8,767
Bank Premises	14,448
Mortgages and other Assets	19,033
Total Assets	4,714,089

LIABILITIES.

Paid up Capital	607,400
Surplus	55,000
Notes in Circulation	589,960
Deposits from Public	3,193,847
Deposits from other Banks	274,941

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.
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 better wood for iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. EDGAGE, 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 728, or telephone 68, 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.

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.

Graduation

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

MILLIONS IN IT.

Put money in thy purse;
If not, alas!
He who steals thy purse
Steals trash.

So said William Shakespeare, and all we have to add is that a lean purse takes a new lease of life when it comes in contact with the prices we are offering on all our

FURNITURE.

We won't quote to you any big 25 per cent. discount, but just ask you to look over the following list:

A good Bedroom Suite at	$10
A better one for	11
A daisy	12
A beauty	13
A dandy	14
And the best in the world	15

NEXT.

A good sideboard for	$6 00
A better one with mirror	7 50
A daisy with mirror	8 50
Ladies' Rocking Chairs from	1 00
Children's Rockers from	50
Extension Tables, full size, from	5 00

We have opponents but no rivals in the Furniture business. We outclass them all, and everybody knows it. Give us a call, and see for yourselves: if it is not true do not buy from us

OUR BABY CARRIAGES

Are the finest ever seen in the city. Just see see them. We handle the Celebrated High Class.
Newcombe Pianos.
BOY'S AND MEN'S
BICYCLES
Will be in a little later. Wait for us; we are going to put new life in this town and its good people.

P. SPRAGGE,

The People's Popular Furniture Store
Upper Wyndham St.
Guelph.
We pay freight on all bills amounting to $25.

—ACTON— LIVERY —AND— BUS LINE.

The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 9 a. m. and 8:15 p. m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS.

Poetry.

TAKING AIM.

There were four little boys
Who started to go
From the very same spot,
To make tracks in the snow.
Who made his paths straitest,
They had in their plan,
Of all the contestants,
Should be the best man.

Now, this little four
Were Philip and John,
And merry-faced Harry,
And sober-eyed Don;
The best friends in the world,
The fun of invention
In play, but they seldom
Were found in contention.

Well, they started altogether,
And travelled along;
But John, Don and Harrow
In some way went wrong;
But Phil made his path
Nearly straight, and they wondered,
When all tried alike,
Why they three had blundered.

Then Phillip replied:
"The reason you see;
Though not harder I tried
To succeed than you three,
I pushed for that oak,
Going forward quite ready,
While you struggled on
Without aim, and unsteady.

Now you see, my dear boys,
What such lessons teach—
If there is a point
That you wish to reach,
A position in life
At all worth the naming,
If you gain it, 'twill greatly
Depend on your aiming.

—*Mary B. Ladd, in Christian Union.*

Select Family Reading.

The Rightful Heiress.

BY CARL BRICKETT.

It was late one stormy afternoon; the great trees which lined the lonely forest road lashed their pennant branches in impotent fury, while over head the sky was shrouded in an inky blackness.

Through this war of the elements slowly rode a gentleman and a young lady.

"Oh, Richard, I am so frightened! We must have taken the wrong turning. How could we be so careless!"

"I am afraid you are right," Edna, the young man answered.

Just then a welcome gleam of light caught the attention of both, and anxious to find shelter from the fearful gale, the two quickly turned their horses heads thither. They soon reached the door of the small hut, from whose one window the light came.

At Richard's loud knock a deep growl from within caused the young girl to shrink closer to her companion. The door was opened by an old weird-looking woman.

"Can you give this lady and myself shelter until the storm subsides?" Richard said, in answer to her look of enquiry.

The old woman's eyes rested piercingly on his face as he thus addressed her; then, kicking back the dog who had come forward, as if to him it seemed curious to see strangers in that out-of-the-way place, she motioned them to enter.

With her usual politeness, Edna controlled her instinctive shrinking, and thanked her sweetly as she drew near the fire and stretched her hands out to the welcome heat.

The cousins had conversed together some time before their taciturn hostess made a remark. Then in a low, rough voice, with a slight foreign accent, she said abruptly to Edna:

"Are you Ralph Greystone's neice?"

"Yes," Edna replied, quickly; "do you know my uncle? Then you can perhaps tell us the nearest way to reach my home. I have never been in these woods before, my cousin and myself having only come to the Grange a few months ago."

Still keeping her eyes fixed upon the girl's face with a strange, persistent gaze, the old crone said, as if musingly:

"So you are Ralph Greystone's neice? I knew your uncle years back. Then he has come to the old home again. I feared he never would until it would be too late."

Suddenly changing her tone, she turned to Richard.

"When the storm stops, I know of some one who can show you the way to the Grange," she said. Then seating herself by the fire she paid no further attention to her self-invited guests.

It was fully an hour before the sullen clouds dispersed. Then, rising, Richard Greystone laid his purse in their hostess's lap, saying:

"My good woman, you must accept this as an expression of our thanks for your shelter. You say you know of a guide out of these gloomy woods?

Well, the sooner we start the better; so send him along."

Since his entrance into the humble dwelling, the young man had not vouchsafed a remark, excepting to his cousin, and now as he spoke his words had a distinct supercilious tone. The old crone's black eyes flashed. She was not ill looking, Edna thought, as pushing her hair back from her brow, she drew her bent form up and refused, with a proud gesture, the proffered purse.

"Keep your money, young man," she said, harshly. "Though I've done but little good to anyone in my life, I do not want pay for a simple act of hospitality."

"You should not have spoken so haughtily, Richard," said Edna, gently as their hostess left the room.

The young man laughed rather uneasily.

"I was not aware that I did; but, in truth, Edna, that old hag makes my blood creep. I shall be glad when we are on our homeward way."

In a short time the old woman re-appeared, and with her was a small, roughly clad urchin.

"This is a lad who sometimes runs errands for me. He knows the ways about, and will guide you right."

After Richard and the boy had gone out to bring the horses from the adjacent shed beneath which they had been tied during the rain, the woman went up to Edna, and handed her a small metal box.

"Will you give this to your uncle?" she said. "Tell him that 'Margotte' sends it, and if he wants to see her to inquire for 'old Mog.' That's what the people around call me."

A little surprised at the request, Edna took the box and placed it in her pocket, and after thanking for her for timely shelter she rode away with her cousin, following the boy, who trod the forest paths with a reassuring familiarity.

Before long they emerged upon the high road, and were soon in sight of the towers of Greystone Grange.

Edna Greystone was the adopted neice of the owner of the Grange. Years before our story opens, the squire had been happy in his ancestral home with a lovely wife; but she had died, and soon after he had gone to the continent, where he had since spent his time in travelling, until lately he had returned home, accompanied by this fair young girl who called him "uncle," and whom every one looked upon as his heiress.

With them had also come a nephew, the child of the squire's only brother; and it was not long before the county folk found out that the young people were betrothed.

The old gentleman was much relieved at their safe arrival, and listened with interest to Richard's humorous account of their adventure. Edna had never once thought of mentioning to Richard anything about the little box which she had placed in her pocket while in the hut, and not until she was ready to retire for the night did the old woman's commission occur to her mind.

Throwing on a wrapper, she proceeded to her uncle's room.

Upon how slender a thread does destiny sometimes turn! Had Edna waited until the next day, my story would not have been written.

The following morning great consternation filled the Grange. Servants trod the halls with pale, tearful faces and careful steps, while in her room sat Edna stricken with the first deep grief which had ever come into her young life.

The squire of Greystone, the genial old man whom all had loved, was dead.

He had not retired for the night when the summons had come, for they found him seated by his table, while before him were a small metal box and a freshly-written paper.

As Edna's betrothed husband, Richard Greystone took all charge of matters upon himself. He had been the first to see the paper found upon the squire's table, and as he perused it, the ruddy color had suddenly left the young man's cheek.

That evening he had a conversation with Mr. Evans, the squire's lawyer, who, some months before, had drawn up old Mr. Greystone's will. The two gentlemen talked long and earnestly, until finally Mr. Evans said:

"This is a strange business; but I fear that this means only one thing, and that is that Miss Greystone is left unprovided for, while to this daughter (if she be living) belongs the whole Greystone property."

Before long Edna knew all—that her adopted uncle whom she had always thought childless, had in reality had one daughter, who had been stolen when a mere babe by a revengeful nurse who had been discharged by his wife. For years after his wife's death he had unwearingly searched for any clew to his missing child, until he had received anonymous communications to the effect that she was dead. Then during his travels he met Edna, and taking a fancy to her, had adopted her.

On opening the metal box which "old Mog" had sent, in it he had found a paper in which she confessed that, haunted by the stings of remorse, and feeling that she had not long to live, she had determined to repair, if she could, the wrong done by her twenty years before. She had then gone on to state that it had been she who had stolen and taken to a foreign land the squire's infant daughter, thus avenging herself for a fancied wrong done her by her mistress. The box also contained some articles of jewelry which the squire at once recognized as having belonged to his wife.

Under the excitement of what he had thus discovered, with the impatience peculiar to advanced age, the old gentleman had immediately written a new will, intending, as his words showed, to make ample provision for Edna, after consulting his lawyer, by an added codicil.

But death had interrupted him, and so the codicil was never written.

The squire's funeral over, it devolved upon Mr. Evans to see "old Mog." He found the rude dwelling which had been her home, but in it, guarded by her faithful dog, who lay at her feet, was only the lifeless body of her he sought. However, from papers discovered among her possessions, the truth of what she had asserted was proved beyond all doubt, and he learned also the name of the foreign city in which the stolen heiress of Greystone might be found.

Thus sweet Edna Greystone was at one stroke deserted. For when he had seen how things had turned, the lover whom she had thought all that was good and true had signified too plainly to be misunderstood his desire to release himself from their engagement.

Looking but a shadow of her former joyous self, Edna listened quietly as Randolph Evans told her that the next day he was to start for Florence, to find, if possible, the girl who, when a babe, had been robbed of her inheritance, only to have it restored to her again in this strange way.

As he rose to go Edna gave him her hand.

"When you return, Mr. Evans, I shall probably not be here. I must not delay to seek for something to do. You know I am dependent on myself now."

A sad smile passed over her face as she said this; and as the young lawyer listened his eyes softened with a yearning pity. Though he had known Edna but a short time, to him she embodied all that was lovely in womanhood.

He had heard of Richard Greystone's cowardly conduct, and now without stopping to think, he exclaimed, impulsively:

"Miss Greystone, it will be very hard for you, reared as you have been, to battle with the world. Will you not allow me to give you the protection of my name and love?"

Edna started violently, while a wave of crimson rushed over her pale face; then she said, gently:

"I thank you, Mr. Evans, for the kindness which I know prompts your words; but you misjudge me. Edna Greystone could never stoop to marry merely for a home!"

Before the young man could answer she had left him, and as he rode away the thought uppermost in his mind was, how utterly foolish had been his ill-timed words. That he did love Edna he knew well; but he feared that, by his haste, he had ruined any chance he might have had to win her affections in return.

The next day Mr. Evans started for Florence; and a week later, through the aid of a friend, Edna obtained a position as governess. Her new duties seemed strange and hard at first; but here was a nature to rise above difficulties; and in the society of the dear little ones, whose teacher she was, she daily grew more resigned to her lot.

At first it had been a crushing blow to her sensitive heart to find that her lover was false and mercenary; but as time rolled on, she grew to feel less and less the pain of her disappointment, and gradually her love for Richard Greystone died away and left behind no bitter scar.

Edna occasionally heard from Randolph Evans details of his quest; but up to this time he had not been successful. He had gone to the city where "old Mog" had left the babe in charge of relatives, but found that the persons to whom he had been directed had not lived there for some years. Time passed on, until one day a letter came in which the young lawyer announced his final success.

He had learned of the whereabouts of "old Mog's" brother and his wife, and would soon be able to present to the Greystone territory their mistress.

Edna read with intense interest his account of the discovery of the young girl. In her noble mind no unworthy jealousy lurked; but instead she looked forward with pleasure to seeing the daughter of him who had taken her from a life of squalor and poverty, and who had always been so kind to her.

In his letter Mr. Evans said;

"Were Mr. Greystone alive, he could not but be satisfied with his daughter. She is a truly lovely young girl, and to see her is to love her. Can you not be in Greystone when we arrive?" he concluded. "Forgive me if I am asking something that will be painful to you. But for my knowledge of your generous, disinterested nature, I would hesitate in making such a request."

Edna had no difficulty in obtaining leave of absence for a few days. She found the Grange affairs running in their usual orderly groove under the skillful guidance of the old housekeeper, who had grown gray in her present position, having been left in charge during all the years of her master's sojourn abroad.

It was indeed a painful moment for the young girl as the servants, who all loved "their Miss Edna," as they still called her gathered around her with tears of joy; for it was the first time she had been in her old home since one month after the squire's death she had left its familiar scenes.

The day passed swiftly away until afternoon; then Edna's heart almost stood still as the sound of carriage wheels fell upon her ear.

Controlling herself with an effort, she hastened to the door. It opened, and Mr. Evans sprang lightly up the stone steps to her side—but he was alone!

No slender, girlish figure followed him.

Edna's words of welcome remained unuttered as she looked at him with surprise plainly depicted upon her face. Taking her hand, Mr. Evans shook it heartily; then, with a beaming countenance and eyes whose gladness was dimmed by a mist of emotion he led her to Mrs. Thomas, who headed the long line of servants assembled in the hall.

"Let me present to you your mistress!" he said. "Mr. Greystone's own daughter, whom a kind Providence led him to see and love although he died without knowing of the ties of blood that existed between them."

It was too wonderful to realize or understand at once, but all was soon explained.

Mr. Evans had found the wondering Italian he had sought, and had learned that they had resigned the charge "old Mog" had left them, and which they soon felt to be a burden, to an English gentleman of means. All they know of him was that his name was Ralph Greystone, and that he lived in a place called "Greystone Grange."

Thus strangely was Edna proved to be the babe who had been stolen twenty years before to gratify a feeling of revenge in a passionate woman's heart.

It would be hard to picture Richard Greystone's rage and disappointment when he learned the truth; and his chagrin was complete when a year later he heard of the approaching marriage of the talented young lawyer, Randolph Evans, to the beautiful heiress whose romantic story rendered her the cynosure of all eyes.

It was not a difficult task for Randolph to convince Edna that his first offer had not been made through mere pity, and when once more he asked her to become his wife the answer was not again in the negative; and one bright summer's day, Greystone Grange wore its most festive appearance, while beneath a great marriage bell of pure white rose-buds Edna stood with her noble husband to receive the hearty congratulations which poured in from all sides upon the newly-wedded pair.

"JEEMS BUSBY'S WOOD SAWIN."

When the people of Peakville, Vt., are searching for something with which to compare a sharp business transaction, they usually say, "Twas about as close as Jeems Busby's wood sawin." Jeems Busby was an elderly man of a decided indolent temperament, who lived for the most part upon his friends and relatives, but now and then secured an "odd job" about which he busied himself in a spasmodic fashion until it was finished.

It was in one of these spasms of industry that he undertook to saw and split a cord of wood for "Squire" Willet, who had the reputation—and doubtless deserved it—of being the 'nighest' man in all Peakville.

Mr. Busby had no saw and was also without an ax. He presented these facts to the squire, and they made an agreement to this effect; Mr. Busby was to hire the squire's saw and ax for the sum of 6 cents an hour. He was to receive $2.50 for the work when finished and was to do it at his own convenience.

At the end of a week Mr. Busby appeared before the squire and announced that the work was accomplished.

"How many hours did ye take to do the job?" asked the squire.

"Seventy-seven. I have kep' a strict account," replied Mr. Busby.

"Well, at 6 cents an hour that comes to $2.31, don't it?" inquired Squire Willet.

"Reckon it does, jest about that," assented Mr. Busby after a long and evidently painful mental struggle.

"Well, then," said the squire, "as I was to pay you $2 50, it seems that I owe you 28 cents. Is that all right?"

"I presume t' say it is jest about right," said Mr. Busby as the 'balance' changed hands. "But if I'd re'lized what I was doin' an' how things was comin' out," he drawled, looking at the hard faced squire, "I might, jest as well hev took a leetle grain more comfort an a few extry hours and the hull thing would've come around even, without nothing out of your pocket, squire!"

Then he departed to spread the story, jingling the 28 coppers as he went.—*Youth's Companion.*

EDUCATION AND HOUSEWORK.

I used to believe very intensely in the common sense of the unlearned.

I fancied that those who could not read books would the better read nature, and take lessons from experience.

I have altered my mind on that subject, and now declare that educated women are the only women who bring common sense to the aid of house-work.

In watching hosts of ignorant women, who, after years, spent in cooking, know nothing of its principles, and during a life of house-maid's work have not got at the simplest secret of clean linen and order, I realize that I have been mistaken.

For behold, when Nora departs and Rosanna follows, because of Missuses interference," or an occasion of raw meat and burnt pudding, a graduate of Vassar, delicate, small-armed and unaccustomed to toil, enters the kitchen and proceeds to elucidate those problems which have been mysteries unsolvable to those reared in their midst.

No one needs tell her that kerosene will ignite, the flames burn, and boilers burst under certain conditions.

It never occurs to her to rake the fire with a silver tablespoon, and broil the eggs with a stove lifter, and leave the tea kettle on the range dry, and having placed a chop on a gridiron, allow it to broil itself, rushing back with a shriek when it blazes.

She can boil a potato beautifully, and is aware that sour apples, stewed in iron, become a black and poisonous mass.

She will make coffee that fills the house with its fragrance, with the same opportunities that yesterday morning produced a sluggish, yellow drink, disgusting alike to sight and taste.

Awful mysteries pertaining to dampers, faucets, boilers and wringers, seem clear to her at a glance.

She can wash her own china a year without chipping it, and sweep without filling the house with a cloud of dust.

Of course, the work is not congenial to her. She retires from it at least very weary, and not anxious to begin it again; but at least she has done it well, and without setting those man-traps for herself and family that anyone is usually safe to find in a kitchen, and which carry so many servants to the hospital.

She has simply used common sense, which seems to be one of the outcomes of education.

It would be a very good thing if some enterprising yankee would put common sense upon the market in tin cans or glass jars, ready for immediate use, for it really seems one of the things most needed in every kitchen, and something that very few people can manage to have on hand in connection with help.

And really, when the article is patented and for sale, I hope the government will buy a quantity to bestow upon the educated.

They need it greatly, though it is one of the things we might fancy to be entirely beyond the jurisdiction of the schools.

M. K. D.

TO ONE WHO WILL UNDERSTAND.

"Say something to comfort me for the loss of my little ones." That is what you asked of me.

Nothing I could say now, my friend, would comfort you, because you are stunned, and must have time to lift your head and look about you. Then you will see myraids of little graves beside your own darling's, and myraids of mothers who have passed through the same Gethsemane, where you are now weeping tears of blood. Each of those mothers has cried out like yourself: "What sorrow was ever equal to my sorrow?"

What is that to me? you ask. Listen! Many of these mothers are now thanking God every day of their lives, that their little ones are safe from the fearful earthly storms that have since come with desolating sweep over their hearthstones. Humbly they say, "Ah! I little knew, though my Maker did, when he folded my baby safely to his protecting breast, what was in the future."

Well, some day you, too, will cease to weep—growing unselfish—and reach forth further each day your supplicating hands towards that heavenly home where there shall be "no more death." Having your treasure there, there will be your heart also. Said a sweet young mother to me: "Once I used to cry always at twilight, that I must some day die. Now that my baby is gone, death has no terrors for me, for there I shall be happy with her again—and forever."

Let those who can, rob her of this her beautiful faith. When the sun shines only on the graves wept over by others, they can stand erect and say, "This world is good enough for me. I don't want any better." But see, if with the first falling clod on some dear, cold, still breast, "My God" will not come as involuntarily to their lips as "Mother!" to the little child's, when pain overtakes it away from the protecting side.

The shining lock, the little shoe—my friend, it is long years since I shed a tear over mine—I can take them out of their wrappings in my hand, and smile to think that I am so far on my journey that I shall soon see my little one face to face. Whether she or I will be the child when we meet again, God only knows; or, what heavenly mysteries I shall learn, kneeling at my baby's feet, I cannot tell; but this I know, by the kisses I have given many a little face since she died, for her dear sake, that a mother's love was meant to reach far beyond the grave.—FANNY FERN.

The Voyage of Trousers.

A pair of trousers is reported to have been lost in the ocean current in the Behring Sea, and afterward to have been found off the coast of Greenland. It is inferred that the trousers passed around the northern end of the American Continent, and many explorers believe that this is proof that the North Pole may yet be reached, because a man can go where his trousers can go. It was long ago claimed as positively known that a whale had travelled past the pole, as a harpoon lodged in him in one ocean was found in the other. Both the whale and the trousers may be held to have proven the existence of an Arctic Sea passage round the American Continent, but by no means prove that the journey will ever be accomplished by man, either in a ship or in trousers.—*The Clothier's and Haberdasher's Weekly.*

Hood's Sarsaparilla positively cures even when others fail. It has a record of successes unequalled by any other medicine.

HOW I WON HER.

I lately met Jennie,
So graceful and fair,
Few maidens, if any,
With her could compare.

But, so full of strange feeling
My heart was that day,
I was shy in revealing
The things I would say.

She divined my emotion,
But showed no surprise,
While a turbulent ocean
Of tears filled my eyes.

I stammered: "Dear Jennie,
It is Leap Year, and May,
Tell me who—if there's any—
You care for to-day."

But at this point; "I care not
For Leap Year," she said—
"For the fellow who dare not,
Deserves not to wed."

Then no longer affrighted,
I knew what to say,
And our hearts were united
That fortunate day.

THE REAL MONROE DOCTRINE.

Of course this does not mean that the United States shall go careering about the world in search of distress to succor, like Don Quixote. Nor does it mean a policy of entanglement in affairs purely European nor a reversal of the Monroe doctrine in any real sense. But it does mean an intelligent and modern construction of that doctrine.

The Monroe doctrine has never been defined in any statute or treaty; but its essence is clear enough. It means simply that the United States does not propose to interfere in any questions that belong wholly to Europe, and, on the other hand, does not expect Europe to interfere in any questions that belong wholly to America. That is all. And from that doctrine the United States is not likely to depart. Indeed, it is just our American system of home rule applied to international relations. Our federal government does not concern itself with what pertains only to the States. The States keep clear of federal concerns.

But with the increasing complexity and intimacy of international relations there is coming to be a set of affairs neither wholly European nor wholly American. They belong to both. For instance, in 1885 and in 1890 the United States shared in the conferences at Berlin and Brussels with regard to the African slave trade. American delegates sitting in a European congress of any kind are a strange spectacle. But the ending of the brutal slave trade in Africa is a common duty of all civilized nations, and so one country very properly took part in the deliberations. Another instance is the recent silver conference at Brussels. And these international concerns are likely to become still more numerous.—*Review of Reviews.*

A NORWEGIAN WEDDING.

Gordon Cumming, while travelling in Norway, saw a village wedding, which he thus describes:

"About fifty persons were assembled, all in holiday costume—the women in bright-colored petticoats and bodices with beautifully white chemisettes. They were a very pleasant-looking group—the men strong, well-knit fellows, but all alike fair skinned, with flaxen hair and kind blue eyes. The bride was a demure young woman, somewhat overweighted with necklaces and bracelets, which we understand to be heirlooms, but more especially by an immense gilt crown running up in tall points to a height of about eight inches, and studded with many colored crystals. It is a most gorgeous head-dress, and belongs to the village. Every village is supposed to have one, which is hired for the occasion by the parents of the bride.

All the men sat on one side and the women on the other, according to the usual customs. The parson—whose garb is a black gown, with a very large, white fluted collar encircling his throat like a Queen Elizabeth ruff—performed the simple service, in which a wedding-ring, shaped like a double heart, did duty in place of our plain circlet.

There was one feature in the ceremony which we noted with especial interest, therein recognizing a lingering trace of pre-Christian days. The pulpit stands in the center of a large chancel, and, at a pause in the service, all the wedding party walked solemnly thrice around it in sidewise procession—a pretty survival of old Norse paganism.

WHAT A MONKEY THINKS ABOUT WHISKEY.

In my youth I had a friend who had a monkey. We always took him out on our chestnut parties. He shook all our chestnuts for us.

One day my friend stopped at a tavern, and gave Jack about half a glass of whiskey. Jack took the glass and drank its contents, the effects of which set him skipping, hopping and dancing. Jack was drunk. We agreed to come to the tavern next day, and see if Jack would drink again.

I called in the morning at my friend's house; but instead of being as usual on his box, Jack was not to be seen. We looked inside, and there he was, crouched up in a heap. "Come," said his master. Jack came out on three legs, applying his fore-paw to his head. Jack had the headache. He was sick and couldn't go. So we put it off three days. We then met again at the tavern and provided a glass for Jack. But where was he? Skulking behind chairs. "Come here, Jack," said his master, holding the glass out to him. Jack retreated, and, as the door opened, he slipped out, and in a moment was on top of the house.

His master called him down. Jack refused to obey. My friend got a whip and shook it at him. The monkey continued on the ridge-pole. His master got a gun and pointed it at him. Jack slipped over to the back of the building. He then got two guns and had one pointed on each side of the house, when the monkey jumped upon the chimney, and got down in one of the flues, and held on by his fore-paws. My friend kept that monkey twelve years afterwards, but never asked him again to taste whiskey.—*Wolfboro News.*

What a world of misery would be saved if human beings were as wise as that monkey.—EDITOR.

A WITTY PROFESSOR.

On one occasion Professor John Stuart Blackie chalked on the blackboard in the lecture room at the University of Edinburgh: "Professor Blakie will not meet his classes to-day. An audacious student rubbed out the "e" in classes. Professor Blakie discovered the change, and modified it further by the removal of the "l." Professor Blakie celebrated his golden wedding last month.