The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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MILL STREET, - - ACTON, ONT.

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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.

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SURGEON, DENTIST.
Graduate University of Toronto, Member of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons.
Office open every day except Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.
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HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA.
Twenty Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

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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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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.

JOB PRINTING,
INCLUDING Books, Pamphlets, Posters, Bill Heads, Circulars, &c., &c., executed in the best style of the art, at moderate prices and on short notice. Apply or address
H. P. MOORE,
FREE PRESS Office, Acton

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,
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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.

A Business Education
Is a Source of Wealth.
Every young person will find a thorough business training the greatest aid in getting a good start in business life. This age calls for active, intelligent, well-trained help in all departments of trade. Those who make their services valuable have no difficulty in securing desirable positions, where advancement is assured. The demand for capable, reliable assistants is constantly increasing. A practical business education not only fits one for a successful start, but with energy, perseverance and hard work leads to prosperity and wealth. This is within the reach of every ambitious person who attends the
Guelph Business College,
Located at Nos. 101 and 103 Wyndham street, Guelph, Ont. Call or write for particulars.
M. MacCORMICK, Principal.

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 either wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. EBBAGE. Manager
Acton

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 123, 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.

The Traders Bank
OF CANADA.
Statement taken from Government Return, November 30th, 1892.

ASSETS.

Gold	$79,676
Dominion Notes	217,613
Deposited with Government to Secure Circulation	27,505
Notes and Cheques of other Banks	182,159
Call Loans on Stocks and Bonds	795,962
Balances Due from other Banks	106,788
Government Debentures	802,560
Assets Immediately Available	$1,659,498
Bills Discounted	3,012,383
Bills Discounted Overdue	8,167
Bank Premises	14,448
Mortgages and other Assets	19,033
Total Assets	4,714,089

LIABILITIES.

Paid up Capital	607,400
Surplus	65,000
Notes in Circulation	569,960
Deposits from Public	3,190,547
Deposits from other Banks	224,941

Alabastine.
It won't rub off.
It is more sanitary and is cheaper than Wall Paper.
It can be easily applied.
Write
BOND & CO
Hardware, GUELPH
For sample card and prices.

McLAREN & CO'S
Climax Puzzle.

M	E	A
P	C	W
O	Y	R

N R L I

DIRECTIONS FOR CLIMAX PUZZLE
1. Cut the card on the line in nine squares and arrange them in three rows so that up and down across from corner to corner they shall spell a word of three letters eight ways.
2. Form a cross with the nine letters so as to spell a word of five letters in two ways.
3. Spell a word of nine letters with all the letters in a row.
4. Form a triangle and show a word of four letters in three ways.
N.B.—The above puzzle is printed on a card which will be supplied by McLaren & Co. The letters N. R. L. I. appear on reverse side of card under the letters W. C. R. Y.
This puzzle can be solved.
The first person sending us the correct solution of the Puzzles will receive $5.00 in cash and any pair of shoes in store, valued at $3.50.
The first person sending us the nearest correct solution of the puzzle will receive $2.50 in cash and any pair of shoes in our store, valued at $2.50.
All replies to be sent in on or before June 1st, 1893.
All replies must be sent in sealed envelopes, with full name and address given to the Leading Boot and Shoe Store, Wm. McLaren & Co. Guelph.

THE LEADING BOOT & SHOE STORE.
We take care to keep our prices low and quality high. We have a full assortment of Ladies' American hand-made Kid Boots, in all widths.
We Lead in all the novelties in foot wear. In catering for the best trade in Ladies' and Gents' Fine Goods, we do not forget the children. Our stock is large and always of the best quality.
WM. McLAREN & CO.

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 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.

Poetry.

LISTEN TO YOUR MOTHER, GIRLS.

Listen to your mother, girls;
Take advice from her,
With your best and truest friend
Frequently confer;
She is wiser than your mates
In the giddy throng;
She will lead you to the right
When you're going wrong.

Listen to your mother, girls;
Do not turn aside
From her counsels, and embark
On a treacherous tide;
Take her in your confidence,
Tell her all the truth;
You could have no better guide
Through the days of youth.

When you feel disposed to break
From the ties of home;
When the siren's voice you hear
Tempting you to roam;
When persuaded and disturbed
By ambition's spur,
Listen to your mother, girls;
Take advice from her.

There are many demon ones
In angelic guise,
Waiting in yon neighborhood
To secure a prize;
If within an evil net
You would not be caught,
Listen to your mother, girls;
Learn what she's been taught.

Youth is apt to make mistakes;
Prone to go astray;
Foolish virgins may be found
Anywhere to-day;
Unto wise and prudent ones
All your doubts refer;
Listen to your mother, girls;
Take advice from her.

—*Josephine Pollard.*

Select Family Reading.

Her Only Son.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It was Monday morning. Not a blue Monday either, for the October sun was flinging its golden rays into the red and brown leaved woods, and the clothes were flapping, signals of household truce, upon the lines, while Mrs. Carson, knitting briskly at the south window, watched her tall son, Royal, potting his geraniums and bring them into the house one by one.

"He'll be doin' it for somebody else next year," she murmured to herself and a tear plashed down upon the blue yarn sock that she was fashioning. At the same time Royal looked up, and saw the glitter of the prismatic drop as it fell. In an instant he set down the scarlet "General Grant" that he was trimming off, dusted the earth off his hands, and came hurriedly into the sunny keeping-room.

"Mother," said he, "are you sick? What is the matter, mother, dear?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Carson. "Nothing out of the ordinary, I mean. It's only what all mothers have to stand, I suppose."

Royal put his brown hand kindly on his mother's shoulder.

"Tell me what you mean, mother," he said.

"You oughtn't to let me hear it from gossip like Susannah Sears, Royal," said Mrs. Carson mournfully. "If it's really true, why didn't you come and tell me yourself?"

"But mother, I don't know what you mean."

"About your bein' engaged to Clara Paddock, Royal!" said Mrs. Carson, sternly, transfixing her son with her eyes. "Oh, I see, you're blushing like a gal! It must be true!"

Royal did color a little, but he smiled nevertheless.

"Your accusation is a little sudden, mother," said he. "And I do not know who has been talking to you. I am not engaged to Clara, although I don't deny that I should like to be. I am fond of Clara, mother."

"A little dark thing like that," spitefully uttered Mrs. Carson, "with no more idea of housekeeping than yonder kitten! Oh! Royal, how can you talk so!"

"I love her, mother," the young man answered, simply.

"I know it," said Mrs. Carson, sobbing. "Folks has always told me how it would be; you bring up a son, and you do everything, and bear everything for his sake, and just as you're beginning to take a little comfort of your life, off he goes after some girl that will be a trial to you for the rest of your days. Royal don't marry that girl! Take your mother's advice. She's only a little insignificant chit, and you'll repent it."

Royal looked pained.

"Mother," said he, don't you think that that is a subject upon which every man and every woman ought to choose for themselves?"

Mrs. Carson screwed up her lips and shook her head.

Remember the Good Book, Royal," said she. "'Honor thy father and thy mother.' Ain't that what it says? And I tell you plainly, I never can feel like a mother to Clara Paddock."

"But, mother—"

"If it was Letitia Dart, now," went on Mrs. Carson, knitting away as if for dear life, "I'd be suited exactly. A nice, handsome, stirring girl, that would be sure to push a husband on in the world."

"Do I need pushing, mother?" said Royal with a half smile.

"Every man does," evasively retorted Mrs. Carson.

"You would like me to marry Letitia Dart?"

"I'd like it above all things, Royal," cried the old lady, her keen eyes beginning to sparkle again. "I don't know a brighter girl than she is. Nor a prettier, nor a sweeter-tempered."

"But perhaps she wouldn't have me, mother," hazarded Royal.

Mrs. Carson laid her hand carelessly on her son's arm.

"There ain't many as would say 'No' to you, Royal, I guess,' she said.

For a moment or two he was silent.

"You are asking a good deal of me, mother," said he in a serious tone.

"You have never disobeyed me yet," pleaded the old lady. "Don't let this time be the first."

Royal returned to his work among the geraniums. Mrs. Carson knitted on, with flying fingers and needles that gleamed like lines of electricity, and in her mind's eye she beheld all the paraphernalia of a joyful wedding, and saw black-eyed Letitia Dart sitting at the head of the little round table, pouring out the tea, and dispensing the preserves, while she herself occupied an honored post.

"I'm most certain she an' me will get along together first-rate," thought she, with a thrill of exultation in her heart.

In the afternoon, when the geraniums were all placed in the sunny window, and the housework was done, Mrs. Carson put on her ruby merino gown, and started to go to Mrs. Colonel Roberts' to tea.

"I'll go by the way of the woods," she thought, "and take Lucy Rickerts some o' them red spice-berries that she's so fond of painting on plaques. Poor Lucy! she's lame, and she's dreadful pleased with any such little attention."

The red spice-berries, however, grew higher up than Mrs. Carson had anticipated; and it was just when she was balanced on the top of rather an unsafe stone wall, with a long, scarlet-dotted branch hooked down with the end of her umbrella-handle, that she heard gay, young voices in the thicket beyond.

"It's Letty Dart," she said to herself. "And Martha Ann Pix! Good land! I must keep still as a mouse, till they've got by!"

For Mrs. Carson realized that however harmless her occupation might be, it was scarcely a dignified position for a stout, middle-aged matron to be climbing after spice-berries, on the top of stone walls, and she did not care to be seen.

"Nonsense!" Letty's clear, sweet voice rang out. He never asked that of me. He might know I would never harbor a fussy old mother-in-law. If any man asks me to accept of his home and his heart I must have a clear field."

"But she thinks a deal of you, Letty," remonstrated Miss Pix, the village schoolmistress. "I've always thought so."

"More than I do of her," retorted Letitia Dart. "Gracious me, Parthenia, don't you know that young folks and old fogies can't get along together? It aint in the nature of things!"

"It's hard on a mother, though, ain't it?"

"That doesn't signify," said Letty, indifferently. "I tell you—as I mean to tell him—no cranky old mother-in-law for me!"

A thrill of gay, sweet laughter followed the words, and then the voices of the speakers died away in the distance, and Mrs. Carson, with a scared, pale countenance scrambled down from the stone wall, with her trophies of scarlet spice-berries clasped tightly to her breast.

"Has it come to that?" she asked herself. "Has he proposed already to that girl? And I brought it on myself, Heaven forgive me. Am I to be turned out of the old home where I've been queen and mistress for thirty years? Not but what Royal is true and faithful to his old mother, but—but what is a mother's influence against a wife's will?"

She turned homeward, with a vague, uncertain step, still clutching the clusters of spice-berries. But she had forgotten the tea-party at Mrs. Roberts', and lame Lucy's fondness for vivid colors. Her heart was full of other things.

Evidently Royal did not expect her yet. He was standing before the fire, watching the leap and crackle of the flames around the old back log, and in his hand there was a little brown glove, four buttoned and scented faintly with direct rose-leaves. Mrs. Carson's heart sank within her.

"Mother!" cried the young man, turning quickly around, as her footstep sounded on the threshold.

"You've asked her, Royal!" gasped the poor woman, her eyes brimming with tears.

"Yes, mother, I've asked her, and she has answered me 'yes!'"

Mrs. Carson sat down and began to tremble.

"Oh, Royal!" she sobbed. "And what is to become of me?"

"You are to live with us, mother, dear," said the young man, putting his arm fondly around her still trim waist. "She stipulated for that herself. You are always to keep your own room and your old corner by the fireside. She has no mother, poor dear, and she will now feel as if she had gained one."

"Royal!" cried Mrs. Carson, with a great start, as she looked up at her son's face, "who are you talking about? Letitia Dart? Because—"

"Not Letitia Dart," said Royal. "Even if I could bring myself to care for her, didn't you know that she was engaged only this morning, to Peter Fanshawe? At least so Dr. Morrison tells me."

"And I pity Peter Fanshawe from my heart," said Mrs. Carson, clasping her hands. "But Royal—"

"It's Clara Paddock, mother," said her son. "Try and make the best of it, dear, for I feel that I can never be happy with any one else."

"The best of it!" exclaimed Mrs. Carson. "Why, its all best. There isn't any worst to it. I never was so glad of anything in my life."

Royal looked at her in some surprise.

"You didn't talk so this morning, mother," said he.

"But one changes one's mind you know," cried Mrs. Carson, incoherently. "Where's my bonnet? I must go and see Clara at once, and tell her how rejoiced I shall be to welcome her here."

And it was not until the old bedtime hour, in which, true to the traditions of his childhood, Royal Carson always came and sat beside his mother's rocking-chair for awhile, that the old lady told him what she had heard from her covert among the spice-berries.

"Oh, Royal," she said, "you don't know how bad it made me feel! And when when Clara came running to meet me—the dear little thing—I felt as if I could have taken her to my very heart. Royal, you were right when you preferred Clara Paddock to Letitia Dart. If you had married Letitia I should have lost my only son. Now I have got a precious daughter, and God alone knows how dearly I shall love her."

And Royal Carson and his mother were utterly reconciled at heart.

GLAD WE LIVE TO-DAY.

"Recall," said a speaker the other day in Philadelphia, "the raw sugar with which our forefathers were obliged to be content, and in the grinding of which the poor grocer's apprentice was permitted to meditate on his sad lot, and prove to his own satisfaction the percentage of sand in the sugar. Compare this old combination of questionable ingredients with the beautiful white crystals of pure granulated sugar of to-day, and which, like the product of the flour mills, is turned out at the rate of thousands of barrels per day, and is cheap enough to be used by the poor. Glance at our tables to-day, and we see, in the very heart of winter, delicious fruit, wholesome vegetables and nutritious meat and fish, many of which were unknown a century ago to even the wealthy, but which, because of the skill and cheapness of the canners art, have become a part of the daily bill of fare of the American mechanic."

ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

The lessons of experience are always most valuable, but rarely are they more worth heeding than in the case of William Colgate, the well-known manufacturer. They are the lessons that spring from the fact that a young man began life by starting in the right pathway.

A poor boy met an old captain one day on a tow-path on the Erie Canal; the captain recognized him and said:

"Well, William, where are you going?"

"I don't know," he answered; "father is too poor to keep me at home any longer, and says I must now make a living for myself."

"There's no trouble about that," said the captain. "Be sure you start right, and you'll get along finely."

William told his friend that the only trade that he knew anything about was soap and candle-making, at which he had helped his father at home.

"Well," said the old man let me pray with you once more, and give you a little bit of advice, and then I will let you go."

They both knelt down upon the tow-path; the dear, old man prayed earnestly for William, and then gave this advice:

"Someone will soon be the leading soap-maker in New York. It can be you as well as anyone. I hope it may. Be a good man; give your heart to Christ; give the Lord all that belongs to him out of every dollar you earn; make an honest soap; give a full pound, and I am certain that you will be a prosperous and rich man."

When the boy arrived in the city he found it hard to get work. Lonesome and far from home, he remembered his mother's words and the last words of the canal-boat captain. He was led to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness" and united with the church. He remembered his promise to the old captain, and the first dollar he earned brought up the question of the Lord's part. In the Bible he found that the Jews were commanded to give one tenth, so he said:

"If the Lord will take one-tenth, I will give that." And so he did, and ten cents of every dollar was sacred to the Lord.

Having regular employment, he soon became a partner; and after a few years his partner died; and William became the owner of the business.

He now resolved to keep his promise to the old captain; he made an honest soap, gave a full pound, and instructed his bookkeeper to open an account with the Lord, and carry one-tenth of all his income to that account. He prospered, his business grew, his family was blessed, his soap sold, and he grew rich faster than he had ever hoped. He then gave the Lord two-tenths, and prospered more than ever; then he gave three-tenths, then four-tenths, then five-tenths.

He educated his family, settled all his plans for life, and gave all his income to the Lord. He prospered more than ever. This is the story of William Colgate, who has given a million dollars to the Lord's cause, and left a name that will never die.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Icebergs sometimes last for 200 years.

Six-inch heels were once the fashion.

Vanderbilts have lace worth $500,000.

Silence is the gratitude of true affection.

Cannon balls in flight are photographed.

The King of Greece speaks twelve languages.

It is said that character is betrayed in the walk.

Mirth bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

The first and worst of faults is to cheat one's self.

The heart of a Greenland whale is a yard in diameter.

The China St. Petersburg Canal is 4,472 miles long.

Extreme heat is more fatal to human life than extreme cold.

It's the fad now to have baby's picture taken while it sleeps.

Yawning is caused by a deficiency in the air supply to the lungs.

Prejudice against green as a fashionable color is disappearing.

A revolver has been invented that shoots seven times a second.

Some insects are in a state of maturity thirty minutes after birth.

A dealer has invented a shirt that does not need a collar button.

The five largest cities in the world are London, Paris, New York, Chicago, Berlin.

A good Egyptian mummy warranted 3,000 years old, can be bought any day in Egypt, for $100.

The condor is the highest flying bird known. It spends most of its time floating three miles above sea-level.

Every time a bank in China fails they cut off the bank officers' heads, and no bank has failed there for over 500 years.

THE TIME TO PROPOSE.

Take the morning for it, Augustus. Pop the question then. There is no illusion to carry you away between breakfast and noontide. If she ever looks plain, she will look so then. If you are ill-tempered, that is the hour for it. If pecuniary questions are to weigh heavily in the coming years, you will be apt to know it at that hour, and if you really love each other, you will love before lunch.

The sunshine brings things out clearly and plainly; rouge and lily white and hair dye can't stand it. Sometimes a fresh, sweet goodness and prettiness appear in the face that is not seen by gas-light. I have known women who look prettiest in the morning, and in the bright daylight out of doors. It is not always the sweetest woman who is called "a belle of the night"—whose charms come out after the lamps are lighted.

The conservatory, or the balcony, or the ball-room, or a boat on the water with music on board, or a lonely seat in the garden under a tree, with the moonlight filtering down, moves young hearts. Surroundings have much to do with such things. But after all, the life of a married pair is not made up of romance. The commonplace comes into it very soon. Pop the question then in the morning, and you will not see an angel fade into an ordinary mortal. And if she accepts you in your business coat, with your freckles visible, she will understand that you are not always in a state of poetic ecstacy, and be more apt to remember how you like your beefsteak, and to sew on those missing buttons which befall all men sooner or later.

Life is short and time is fleeting, but Hood's Sarsaparilla will bless humanity as the ages roll on. Try it this season.

WHY I WAS SHORT.

A young bank teller of blameless reputation was detected in stealing money from the bank. When asked how it came about he said:

"'Why was I short?' Well, the money slipped out of my hands little by little, and before I realized it I was behind."

This would be the story of hundreds who have gone down to ruin through appropriating the property of others. They had money which did not belong to them; they had neither earned it nor borrowed it: they were trusted to handle it, and they stole it!

They did not call it stealing, though it was; they "took it, thinking to return it." This was the devil's device—his plan to get them to take it. If he had said "Steal" at first, the answer would have been, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this?" So he did not say "Steal"; he said "Borrow, help yourself, use the money, lend it to your friends, you can easily pay it back; you have money in your pocket, spend it freely, buy what you see, it will all come right by and by." But it all comes wrong by and by, and things grow worse and worse, and at last ruin overtakes the offender.

Learn to call all things by their right names. No man can "borrow" money from a drawer or a bank without the permission of its owner. He can steal it, but he cannot borrow it. Borrowing is not done in that way. If you propose to steal, say so and steal; but do not fool yourself with the idea that you are "borrowing." When you come into court, borrowing will not be the word used to express it. You may be a defaulter, you may be a thief, but no one will accuse you of being a borrower! If you wish to borrow anything you must ask permission of the owner; if you wish to steal it you can take it without that little preliminary formality.

Stealing is a hard word, but it expresses a hard thing, and the man who takes another man's property without his permission, and uses it or lends it or gives it away may just as well write himself down as a thief at the beginning as to wait till the courts do it at the end. Learn to let things alone which do not belong to you, and learn to call things by their right names.—*The Christian.*

OTHER PEOPLE'S AFFAIRS.

For my part I care very little about other people's private affairs. I never want to turn their hearts inside out, know the amount of their bank accounts, or peep into their store closets. If they are nice to know, pleasant to talk with, and altogether friendly and warm-hearted, that pleases me. There are plenty of abstract subjects on which to converse, and it would never occur to me to inquire what their butcher's bill might be, or if the butcher ever called twice for his little account.

I fancy, however, that some people must go about asking such questions as these, for in no other way could they provide themselves with such an amount of statistics as they collect in regard to other people's affairs and housekeeping.

I remember that a lady (!) once called on me, burdened with news as a homeward flying bee is burdened with stolen sweets for honey-making. She shut the doors, drew down the shades, and begged me not to mention it, for only to me would she confide so terrible a secret. She was no gossip—not she; she pitied them from her soul; but Senator Bobolink's family had all their underclothing made of unbleached muslin, without so much as a row of rick-rack braid upon it.

It was such a frightful disclosure that I could do nothing but stare at her and gasp, "Oh!" And I did not think it worth while to mention the fact that the clothing was all of raw silk in its natural yellow tint—Mrs. Senator Bobolink having confided to me the fact that she had a bale from China and meant to make that use of it. Another lady—a venerable one—toddled several miles one day to see our family, that she might impart the news that the Tomkinses were so poor that they could not afford carpets!

The Tomkinses were among the first who had their floors polished, and large rugs laid in the centre of the room; but we shook our heads and hoped they would soon recover their lost good fortune, and were equally sympathetic when the visiting spinster of a far-away country place, confided to us the fact that "them Smiths from New York never had no regular dinner," for she went and staid one day, and found out. Their dinner hour was at six. The local hour was twelve, and they always had a light lunch at noon.

Apart from these funny mistakes however, there are so many bits of gossip afloat that I often wonder if there is not a gossip syndicate where people find out things. It is wonderful what petty stories certain people spend their time in gathering and dispensing. And the pity is that those who listen with suppressed contempt have not the courage to express it. Open the door and bow the gossip out. Nine times out of ten she deserves it, because she is a liar as well as a tattler. — M. K. D.

THE REWARD OF ECONOMY.

Some one has defined genius as "conscientious thoroughness." No key to business success is more reliable than such thoroughness and it is within the easy reach of all. We remember hearing the following story which illustrates this truth: It seems that a merchant had made up his mind to take a young man as partner in his growing business. While looking for the right man he chanced to hear a conversation between two clerks somewhat as follows:

"Have you thoroughly cleaned the floor behind those barrels?"

"Yes; with the exception of a few corks which are of no consequence."

"That won't do. You must not waste even corks. Pick them all up."

The reply of the senior clerk made for him a fortune. The merchant made him an offer of partnership and a career of continued success followed, closed only a few weeks ago by his death.

The following is, says the Australian Sunday School Teacher, from a boy's essay on total abstinence: "I abstain from alcoholic drinks, because, if I would excel as a cricketer, Grace says 'abstain;' as an oarsman, Hanlan says 'abstain;' as a swimmer, Webb says 'abstain; as a missionary, Livingston says 'abstain;' as a doctor, Clark says 'abstain;' as a preacher, Farrar says 'abstain.' Asylums, prisons and workhouses repeat the cry, 'abstain!'" We have heard a long speech with less in it.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

SPRING CLEANING.

Yes, clean yer house, an' clean your shed
An' clean your barn in every part;
But brush the cobwebs from yer head,
An' sweep the cobwebs from yer heart.
Jes' w'en spring cleanin' comes aroun'
Bring forth the duster and the broom,
But rake yer fogy notions down
An' sweep yer dusty soul of glooms.

Sweep ol' ideas out with the dust
An' dress yer soul in newer style.
Scrape from yer mind its wornout crust
An' dump it in the rubbish pile.
Sweep out the hates that burn and smart,
Bring in new loves serene an' pure,
Aroun' the hearthstone of the heart
Place modern styles of furniture.

Clean out yer moral cubby holes,
Sweep out the dirt, scrape off the scum;
'Tis cleanin' time for healthy souls:
Git up an' dust! The spring hez come!
Clean out the corners of the brain,
Bear down with scrubbin' brush and soap,
An' dump ol' Fear into the rain,
An' dust a cozy chair for Hope.

Clean out the brain's deep rubbish hole,
Soak every cranny great an' small,
An' in the front room of the soul,
Hang pootier pictures on the wall.
Scrub up the winders on the mind,
Clean up, an' let the spring begin;
Swing open wide the dusty blind
An' let the April sunshine in.

Plant flowers in the soul's front yard,
Set out new shade an' blossom trees,
An' let the soul once froze so hard
Sprout crocuses of new ideas.
Yes, clean yer house an' clean yer shed,
An' clean yer barn in every part;
But brush the cobwebs from yer head
An' sweep the snowbanks from yer heart.

—*Sam Walter Foss.*

CANDY-MAKING AND CANDY-EATING.

"I am told" said a cynical gentleman, "that confectionary is made, put up and handled entirely by girls and women, but I do not believe it. From what I know of women, I infer that if the preparation of confectionery were completely in their hands none of it would ever reach the public. It would all be eaten up." This cynical person, like most cynics in their judgments, ignored an important characteristic of human nature. It is this, that liberty is often one of the best means of regulation.

In most establishments where confectionery is manufactured the female employees, when they begin their service, are told to eat as much candy as they like. Their employers even show a solicitous interest that they shall consume as much as possible.

"You are doing very well," said a superintendent in a candy-making shop to a girl who had been in his employ for a day or two, "except in one respect—you don't eat enough candy. Unless you eat more we shall have no confidence in you."

Thus encouraged, the girl ate a great quantity of various sorts of confectionery the next day—and never wished to eat any more as long as she lived.

This is the secret of the free permission. A new employee, set down in the midst of so much sweetness, and free to help herself, consumes too much for her palate and digestion; disgust follows satiety, and from that time forward the candy-maker is content to let her confections pass through her hands without tasting them.

In Russia, where repression rather than freedom is the order of the day, a different practice, and apparently a cruel one, prevails in the confectionery establishments. The girls employed there are never permitted to taste the candies; and in order that they shall not do so secretly, a sort of moral muzzle is put on them.

They are made to sing incessantly, when at work, a song especially composed for the purpose. Any young woman who interrupts her singing for an instant is at once under suspicion, and is watched.

Of course the employees, in such circumstances, are continually tempted to eat the candy, and their torture is made the more like that of Tantalus by the words of their song itself, which are in praise of the sweetness and deliciousness of the candy they are handling.

They learn to sing on ceaselessly and indifferently, but it is said by those who have been much in these Russian candy shops that the girls' utterance occasionally becomes singularly thick.—*Youth's Companion.*

The "Buts" and "Ifs" of Faint Praise.

The buts and ifs of faint praise are the commonest and most mischievous of qualifying words. To the former how many reputations have fallen sacrifice—to the latter what wrecked possibilities and unquenchable remorses are anchored. We turn with suspicion from the eulogizer who intersperses his commendations with but—who says he is a fine fellow, but—or she is a nice woman, but—. What stabs are given to innocence through this insinuating little word. The tongue seems to find it with instinctive evil propensity. How seldom we hear a person discuss the character of another without using this qualifying but. No matter how generally reputable, amiable, or meritorious a person may be, some flaw in his character will be found in which to lodge a detracting but. We are manifestly all jealous of contemporaneous perfection—possibly because we lack it ourselves—and so we put this drag upon our neighbors and our friends. We are quick enough to anger if others "but" us; yet we are perpetually "but"-ing others. Preserve us from all such covert weapons! If we are to be assaulted we prefer an undisguised blow. We scorn the commander who tips the shafts of his praise with poisonous buts and ifs. But for this and that—and if he did and if he didn't—these are the qualifications that blast more character than all bold, open falsehood. Uttered in tones of patronizing sympathy they are like the tiger's paw, all velvet to the seeming, but all death to the touch.

Our first impulse is generally kindly, compassionate, generous, but the quick after-thought, as though stung with envy or jealousy, drags back the full praise and dilutes it with killing qualifications. The garlands on the dagger only hides the keener blade. If our kindred and friends leave our character intact, our enemies can scarcely injure us. It is the aiding word, or willing ear of the former, that gives the latter their chief power to do us harm.

EASY ENOUGH.

Mrs. Goodsoul—Oh, don't thank me! It makes me too happy to know that I can be of service to an unfortunate fellow-being.

Wanderer (eagerly)—Lady, say th' word and you can be happy three times a day the year around.