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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ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements, 8 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

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SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO
20 inches	$50.00	$35.00	$20.00	$17.00
10 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	8.00
5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	3.50
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. 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.

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GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

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

J. A. MOWAT,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC.
Money to Loan.
OFFICE DAYS—Tuesday and Saturday.
OFFICE:—Kaufmann'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.
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J. SHILTON, B.A. W. H. WALLBRIDGE. H. E. STONE.

JAMES HUTCHEON,
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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.

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. Rulingneatly 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

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.

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.

THE ODELL
Type Writer
$20 WILL buy the ODELL TYPE-WRITER with 76 characters, warranted to do better work than any machine made.
It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel-plated, perfect, and adapted to all kinds of type-writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become an operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the ODELL.
Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.
For pamphlets giving inducements, etc., address
ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
Room 36, Canada Life Building Toronto
J. W. Rutherford, Mgr. for Dominion.

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.

Spring Seeds
FIELD and GARDEN
Red and Alsike Clover, Timothy, Flaxseed, Oilcake, Thorley Food, Seed Grain
of every kind, new and old varieties.
SEED POTATOES, early and late varieties. GARDEN PEAS, ONIONS, CORN, BEET, CARROT, &c., by packet, ounce, lb. peck or bushel.
The product of my Mangel, Carrot and Turnip Seed took all the leading prizes at the Township shows last year.
I am the only seedsman west of Toronto importing direct and avoiding the Toronto and Hamilton seed combination.
CEO. J. THORP,
Masonic Block, GUELPH.

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.

- - 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

—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 6:15 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS.

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

ASSETS.

Gold	$ 79,876
Dominion Notes	217,515
Deposited with Government to Secure Circulation	27,505
Notes and Cheques of other Banks	189,159
Call Loans on Stocks and Bonds	135,962
Balances Due from other Banks	106,753
Government Debentures	302,560
ASSETS IMMEDIATELY AVAILABLE	$1,059,488
Bills Discounted	3,012,993
Bills Discounted Overdue	8,767
Bank Premises	14,648
Mortgages and other Assets	19,003
Total Assets	4,714,899

LIABILITIES.

Paid up Capital	607,600
Surplus	55,000
Notes in Circulation	589,960
Deposits from Public	3,192,547
Deposits from other Banks	274,941

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. B. 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 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 cute 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 come and see them. We handle the Celebrated High Class.
Newcombe

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.

LOST—MY BOY.

Lost! I have lost him,
When did he go!
Lightly I clasped him,
How could I know,
Out of my dwelling
He would depart,
Even as I held him
Close to my heart?

Lost! I have lost him,
Somewhere between
Schoolhouse and college.
Last he was seen—
Lips full of whistling,
Curl-tangled hair—
Lost! I have lost him,
Would I know where.

Lost! I have lost him,
Chester, my boy—
Picture book, story book,
Marble and top,
Stored in the attic,
Useless they lie.
Why should I care so much?
Mothers! tell why.

Yes, he has gone from me,
Leaving no sign.
But there's another
Calls himself mine,
Handsome and strong of limb,
Brilliant is he,
Knows things that I know not,
Who can it be?

Face like the father face,
Eyes black as mine,
Step full of manly grace,
Voice masculine,
Yes, but the gold of life
Has one alloy—
Why does the mother-heart
Long for her boy.

Long for the mischievous,
Queer little chap,
Ignorant, questioning,
Held in my lap,
Freshman, so tall and wise,
Answer me this—
Where is the little boy
I used to kiss?

—*Good Housekeeping.*

Select Family Reading.

For Conscience Sake.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

It was an hour and a scene for romance and sentiment. An evening in June; the air filled with the perfume of roses, of clover blossoms, of all the sweet country fragrance, in the lane where the Rev. Henry Morville and Ethel Weldon walked slowly homeward from their stroll that often made their rest and recreation after the labors of the day. They were lovers, long betrothed, for the salary of the minister of Greyston was very small, and Ethel was the village schoolmistress. So they had given up all thought of an early marriage, and denied themselves every luxury, and many comforts, in the present, to lay by a few hard-earned dollars toward the furnishing of that house they hoped to share some time in a vague future.

They were a fine-looking couple—both tall, both handsome, and in each face was an expression that told of earnest purpose and high aim, ennobling their lives and lifting them above the often vexing routine of their every-day labors.

On this evening there was a set, rather hard look in Henry Morville's eyes, and in Ethel's a wistful tenderness, as she told him of a strange, most unexpected turn of fortune's wheel in her favor.

"We are so very poor, Henry," she said, after they had walked some distance in silence.

"True, we are very poor; but what we have is earned by no trade that burdens the conscience. We lead no souls to ruin: we take no bread from the lips of starving mothers and children. I will not advise you, Ethel. You must go to New York and see this lawyer, and I leave the rest to your own conscience."

"If it was only right to take it!" Ethel said. "We could do so much good, Henry."

"You could," he answered, with strong emphasis. "I am too thoroughly your father's pupil, Ethel, even to touch a dollar of your grandfather's money."

She said no more, walking silently beside him, until they reached the gate of the little garden leading to the cottage where Ethel kept house, with one old servant. Here they parted, with a strange, new constraint, Ethel saying, sadly:

"I will go to New York on the early morning train."

But Henry did not, as she had hoped, offer to see her again, and she left him, her heart sore and heavy, when that of most women would have exulted in the news only that day received, that she was now heiress to a large fortune—a sum of money so vast that its mere look in figures upon paper had dazzled her.

Her first emotion upon reading the letter that told her her grandfather had died, leaving her sole heiress to his property, had been one of exulting joy. Here was the road to happiness. She could put into Henry Morville's hands the power to do good—to seek wider fields of usefulness. They could travel, make holiday for a time and then return to work faithfully, but without the necessity for rigid economy and painful self-denial that had so long cramped their lives.

Over this first outburst of rejoicing there crept slowly a cloud of misgiving and doubt, a stinging recollection that would not be put aside. Ethel knew that her father, who had been the pastor of the little white church over which Henry Morville now presided, had left his home, his father, a life of luxurious ease, because of this very money, now offered to her, had seemed to him laden with a curse, stained with sin.

Old John Morville had made his fortune in selling liquor. He had owned large distilleries, and eased his conscience by selling the liquor in large quantities, ignorant of its destination, and at liberty to believe it was used for medicinal or harmless purposes. He had not inherited the business, and be able to plead that as an excuse for continuing it. At forty years of age, he had been in another business, and, tempted by the large profits, had deliberately bought a flourishing saloon and barroom, adding another, and still another, and seeing money flow in exceeding his most sanguine expectations.

One son alone represented the heir to this wealth, an earnest lad of seventeen at the time his father changed his business, the darling of a Christian mother, and his father's idol. All the struggles of her father's life were not known to Ethel, but she did know that as he grew to manhood his whole soul revolted at the money earned as his father's was, and that he had resolutely refused to become a partner in the business he condemned. There had been terrible scenes, and the result was that he was given the choice of accepting a share in the business, or leaving his father's house. And he had gone from his home, exiled, to accept a position as teacher in the college where he had been educated. By close economy, he had saved sufficient from his salary to study for the ministry, and had taken his place in Greyston, an earnest minister of the gospel, a man honored and beloved in his chosen sphere. He had married, and Ethel was born three weeks before her mother died.

For some weeks the babe had been the care of one of the members of the church, and had then been confided to Margaret Stone, a widow of three months, whose infant had followed his father to the grave. And Margaret Stone had never given up her care. She had taken the place of housekeeper in Mr. Weldon's cottage, and taught Ethel to cook, sew and knit; and had taken care that her father, who was her teacher from ABC to Latin verses, did not over-tax the willing brain and eager intellect. The organist of the church had given Ethel music and singing lessons, cultivating carefully a fair amount of talent and a sweet, clear voice.

Not until she had passed her nineteenth year was Ethel left alone, and the sorrow for her father had been comforted by his pupil and successor, who had been her childhood's best friend, sharing her studies, her pleasures and griefs for nearly ten years. He had been at college, returning only for holidays, until Ethel was twenty-one years old, when Henry Morville was offered the pulpit, never filled since Mr. Weldon's death, and accepted the charge.

It was nearly noon of the day following Ethel's reception of the lawyer's letter, when she came into his office, sending a card in advance. He had expected to see a shy country girl, overwhelmed by her change of fortune, ready to allow him to control and guide her, possibly terrified at the novelty of city life and the grand house open to receive her. His grave, elderly face assumed its most fatherly and encouraging expression, but changed oddly as a tall, graceful, perfectly self-possessed lady entered the room, and acknowledged his greeting with an easy grace. Ethel had not been lady of the parsonage, mistress of a school for years without learning courtesy, self control, and ease of manner, and her beautiful face and dignified figure were never seen to better advantage than when she faced Mr. Dupont, something of the resolution at which she had arrived in her large, dark eyes.

Their interview was a long one, and when it ended Ethel found her own carriage had been sent for, and Mr. Dupont accompanied her to her house where every luxury wealth could command lay around her, where her feet sank into soft carpets, cushioned chairs tempted her to laziness, choice pictures asked for admiration, a grand piano wakened musical longing, and attentive servants waited her command. It was new, bewildering, and certainly pleasant, and Mr. Dupont wondered again at the absence of all shyness, and the easy acceptance of all the novelties.

"You will find Mrs. Carter the best of housekeepers," "and she will see about a maid for you. In the meantime, I suppose she can train one of the house-maids for your wants. Mrs. Dupont will call to-morrow, and will be pleased to assist you in procuring your mourning.

Then he left her to wander about the house, taking, in spite of her dignified manner almost a childlike interest in her new possessions, and listening to Mrs. Carter's rather long-winded descriptions and explanations with exemplary patience. Refined in taste, and with a keen appreciation of all her dainty surroundings, Ethel found her room with all its luxurious appointments, a delight such as she had never experienced. Half despising her own pleasure, she roveled in its space, its beautiful furniture, the large adjoining bath-room, the profusion of gas burners, the long mirrors and dainty little feminine details Mrs. Carter had provided as soon as Mr. Dupont had warned her to be ready to receive the heiress.

* * * *

The June roses had faded; July, August and September were over, and October half gone and the Rev. Henry Morville had not once seen his betrothed. She had written very seldom, her letters giving him very little information, being guarded, and, he fancied, cold. And he was conscious that his replies invited no confidence, his conscience dictating the sternest disapproval of Ethel's acceptance of the money her father had so absolutely refused. He had not actually asked her to choose between her lover and her wealth, but he knew that she fully understood that he would never share with her the money he believed to be ill-gotten and accursed.

And yet he loved her—loved her with a pure devotion he had not fully realized himself before these dreary weeks of separation. She had been so long his other self that his loneliness, his bitter sense of loss, was indescribable, and the desire to rush to New York, to bring her back on any terms, at any cost, nay, even to stay with her, was, at times, almost maddening. Every hour of her absence increased his love, even against the growing conviction of her unworthiness. He tried to despise her, to set her love of riches against all the noble qualities of her heart and mind, and failed. Conscious of his own love of power, his own temptation to grasp the riches offered him through her, and making it an instrument of widespread usefulness, he could fully appreciate its overwhelming attraction for one reared in such a hard school of poverty as Ethel had been.

It required all his manly strength, his religious conviction, to combat the ever recurring sophistries that tempted him, and he could only brace himself as well as possible to bear the separation that was so bitter for life.

He was musing upon it all, his heart full of grief and sore pain, when a light step in narrow entry, a tap upon his study door, aroused him, and a moment later Ethel, sobbing, trembling, laughing, an Ethel utterly unlike the dignified lady of Mr. Dupont's acquaintance, was in his arms.

He could think of nothing at first but the joy of seeing her, of holding her fast and it was some moments before either of them could speak. Ethel was the first to command her voice,

"It was all gone, Henry—every dollar of the money made by selling rum. I would not write until I was free. You should have seen Mr. Dupont's horror! I had to fight every inch of the ground, but I was of age, the money was mine, and I told him plainly he might obey me and pay himself whatever he pleased, or hand over the business to another. The saloons are sold, and the stock destroyed. Not one drop was sold for further mischief-making. The money was given to hospitals, free libraries, charities of various kinds, and a fund set aside, under Mr. Dupont's control, to be given to widows and orphans of drunkards, or to reclaim those who are on the road to intemperance.

"My noble girl! My own Ethel! Henry cried. "I was sure your own heart and conscience would guide you right, though, forgive me, darling, I did not hope it would be so soon.

"We are no poorer than we were a few months ago.

"Richer, dear; for we can start a home whenever you wish! After all this weary business is over, Mr. Dupont gave me a sealed letter, directed to me by my grandfather. Henry, it was written just before he died, and was not to be given to me, unless I followed the teaching of my father, and refused the money he would not accept. In this letter he told me that, yielding to my grand-mother's entreaties, he had set aside five thousand dollars when he sold his old business. My grandmother was convinced that evil would come of the new venture, and this money she took, and kept apart as a reserve when ruin came. After her death, my grandfather still held it apart, using the interest in his business, but never touching the principal. It is money untouched by the curse upon the rest, money honestly earned in a business that could harm no man. You will not refuse to share that, Henry?"

And he did not. Ethel's little cottage was sold, a small, but comfortable house taken, and modestly furnished, the whole village sending gifts to the minister's bride. And although there are many privations in her life, and luxury is unknown in the home over which she presides, Ethel Morville has never regretted the fortune she sacrificed for conscience sake.

VERY WONDERFUL DOGS.

There is a story of a French dog whose breakfast was forgotten, whereupon he ran out into the garden, and returning with a sprig in his mouth, deposited it at his master's feet. It was a sprig of forget-me-not. The truth of this story is, perhaps, open to question, but a story almost as remarkable comes from a Florida correspondent, whose veracity is undoubted. Jack is a handsome Newfoundland dog. Every evening at nine o'clock he is taken to walk by his master, who has an orange-wood walking stick, which he particularly likes and usually carries. Every evening on the stroke of nine Jack reaches to the hat-rack in the hall, noses about among the walking-sticks and umbrellas until he finds the orange-wood stick, and immediately afterward appears before his master carrying it in his teeth. He wags his tail and dances delightedly about, and shows as plainly as possible that he will be a broken-hearted dog if his friend and master omits the usual evening stroll. One evening the family were in the sitting-room with some guests. A shower had come up and it was raining hard when the clock struck nine. The strokes had hardly died away when Jack danced gaily into the room with the orange-wood stick in his mouth.

"No, Jack," said his master, "we cannot go to-night. It is raining too hard. We should get wet. Just listen to it rain, Jack."

With that the host turned his attention once more to his guests, and presently they heard Jack pulling over the things in the hat rack. They supposed he was putting away the walking-stick, like the clever dog that he is. A few moments later a beseeching little bark was heard. There in the sitting-room door stood Jack. He had an umbrella in his mouth. Everyone flew for the rubbers, waterproof and hat of the man of the house, and that gentleman, bearing the umbrella so persuasively offered him, took Jack out to walk without further delay.—*Youth's Companion.*

WHY DO SO MANY PEOPLE WEAR GLASSES?

The question is often asked "why do so many people wear glasses nowadays."

The answer is easily given. In the first place the eyes need more help now because the amount of work they are required to do is much greater than at any previous period in the world's history. The sewing machine and many other inventions of its class save the labor of the hands only to add to that required of the eye.

New employment, new amusements and new fashions are constantly being introduced to increase the strain upon these delicate and sensitive organs.

Secondly, the spreading of a taste for literature and the increasing use of artificial illumination extending the hours of eye work both combine to overtax the eye and render it an organ most liable to give way so that its aid and protection are matters of great importance.

Within the last twenty-five years a great deal has been learned about the value of glasses and the range of their usefulness has been greatly extended. As a consequence of this and other improved methods of treating the eye, statistics show that the number of persons losing their sight has greatly diminished.

When a person suspects or believes that his eyes may be benefited by the use of glasses, the best thing for him to do is to consult a responsible oculist or some one acquainted with the structure of the eye and who possesses special knowledge in this line. The oculist will determine if glasses are necessary and if necessary will furnish a formula for the glasses required. The satisfaction derived from using well chosen glasses depends considerably on the fit of the frames.

Failed to Size up His Congregation.

"Now," said the professor of magic, "I am about to undertake a feat in which I shall require the use of a pint flask of whiskey."

There was a dead silence.

"Will some gentleman in the audience favor me with a pint flask of whiskey?" asked the professor, advancing to the front of the platform.

There was no response, and things were becoming embarrassing.

"Surely," he said, "in a Southeastern Kentucky community I ought not to have to ask the second time for such a thing. I pledge you my word I will return it uninjured. Is there no——"

"Stranger," spoke up a tall, gaunt, hard-featured man on the front seat, "wouldn't a quart flask do jest as well?"

"Why, certainly, I merely——"

But the generous, open-handed audience had risen as one man and was on the way to the platform.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

HOW HE WON THE SCHOOL TEACHER.

"Yes," said the young man, as he threw himself at the feet of the pretty school teacher, "I love you, and would go to the world's end for you."

"You could not go to the world's end for me, George. The world, or earth, as it is called, is round, like a ball, slightly flattened at the poles. One of the first lessons in elementary geography is devoted to the shape of the globe. You must have studied it when you were a boy."

"Of course I did, but—"

"And it is no longer a theory. Circumstances have established the fact."

"I know; but what I meant was that I would do anything to please you. Ah, Angelina, if you but knew the aching void—"

"There is no such thing as a void, George Nature abhors a vacuum. But, admitting that there could be such a thing, how could the void you speak of be a void if there was an ache in it?"

"I meant to say that my life will be lonely without you; that you are my daily thought and nightly dream. I would go anywhere to be with you. If you were in darkest Africa or at the North Pole, I would fly to you. I—"

"Fly! It will be another century before man can fly. Even when the laws of gravitation are successfully overcome there still remains, says a late scientific authority, the difficulty of obtaining a balance—"

"Well, at all events," exclaimed the youth, "I've a pretty fair balance in the bank, and I want you to be my wife. There."

"Well, George, since you put it in that light, I—"

TO BE SUCCESSFUL.

George W. Childs, editor of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, a journalist who does not print a Sunday edition of his paper, says: "Would you learn the lesson of success? Here it is in these words. It has just three rounds, Industry, Temperance, Frugality. Besides these, I have had during my business career the following mottos: 'Be kind,' 'Be true,' 'Keep out of debt,' 'Do the best and leave the rest,' 'What can't be cured must be endured.' The perfect man is one who has a clear commission, an honest purpose, a bright mind, and a healthy body. I can't bring too great stress on the matter of strict temperance. Drinking wine, beer or spirits is a useless and dangerous habit. It does no good, and if persisted in it is almost sure to lead to destruction and death. You should have courage enough to say "no" if you are asked to drink. There is no safety in moderate drinking. The man who touches alcoholic drink is in danger. As to socialibility, you should try to make companions of the best people that you can become acquainted with. In order to do this you must have something in yourself that may be a return to them for what they give you. A man is known by the company he keeps. I can not sum up my advice to young people better than to say the greatest pleasure in life comes from doing good to others. Do good constantly patiently and wisely, and you will never have cause to say that life was not worth living."

TRICKS IN TRADE.

Now, for instance, let us suppose you have put up $10 on ten shares of Manhattan. Forty-nine other customers have done the same. That makes $500 in the bucket shop.

Manhattan is a fairly lively stock, we'll say, and it closes several points higher than it opened, yet you and your fellows in misfortune lose.

How is that?

Simple enough, my dear fellow. The bucket shop man goes to a member of the stock exchange and tells him that it will be worth his while to break the price of Manhattan one point.

The broker quietly sells 100 shares of Manhattan at one point below the opening price, regardless of the fact that it has since risen one point. This transaction cost him $200, or two points a share. The bucket shop man pays him this and $100 more for his trouble. Thus the bucket shop man loses $500. Subtract that from his $500 and you see he is still $200 ahead. Had he allowed the prices to go their course he would have had to return to the customers their $500 and $1,000 more, but the quotations on the ticker show his broker's transaction and so the customers can't kick when their margin is wiped out.

HOW TO TREAT THEM.

The late Bishop Simpson, who was a very wise man, used to say to the Annual Conferences: "If you have a man among you that thinks he can do a certain thing, let him try it." In no other way is it possible that men of special aptitudes should be brought to the front and made available for practical usefulness—a thing that must be seen to, even if it involves the certainty that some persons of overweening conceit will thrust themselves for a time into places which they are unfit to fill.

A THIRTEEN COINCIDENCE.

There are a number of people in the United States who believe that Cleveland would have been elected four years ago but for the fact that he was yoked with the old Roman, Allen G. Thurman; this same set of people (they are a little superstitious, of course) also believe that Thurman might have been elected but for one thing—the thirteen curse has followed him through life. Look at this:

ALLEN G. THURMAN,
Born, Nov. 13, 1813.
Nominated June 7.
Election Day, Nov. 6.
THE RED BANDANA.

He was born the 13th of November, 1813; the words "Allen G. Thurman" contain thirteen letters; the words and figures in "born November 13, 1813," contain thirteen characters. Add the "7" of June and the "6" of November and you have 13; add the 1, 8, 1 and 3 of his birth year and you have another 13; finally count the letters in "The Red Bandana."—St. Louis *Republic.*

PLAIN DEFINITIONS.

The religion that is to sanctify the world, pays its debts. It does not consider that forty cents returned for one hundred cents given, is according to Gospel, though it may be according to law. It looks upon a man who has failed in bank or trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief; and the man who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand with interest, and who neglects to pay it on demand, with or without interest, is a liar.

A HUSBAND'S TRIAL.

I've been doing women's work for at least a week or more,
And I'll own it isn't anything like fun;
For when you try to think that your labor's nearly o'er,
You will often find you've only just begun.
There is boiling, and there's baking
There is sweeping, and bed making,
And a thousand other things not understood
By a service such as I,
And I won't deny
That I would not be a woman if I could.
This is how it came about: My wife was taken sick;
No help was to be had, so like a dunce,
I tongue I'd try my hand, but I found out very quick
That I couldn't think of everything at once.
The fire was slowly dying,
When I put the steak a-frying,
And the cat was making havoc with the bread
I had prepared for toasting.
While the apple that was roasting
Was a plaything for the pug upon the bed.
When I went to wash the dishes I found the kettle dry;
The spout was melted off, and on the floor
It lay a perfect wreck, that awoke a pensive sigh
As I thought upon the happy days of yore.
I reflected on the bliss
Of domestic scenes like this,
And I couldn't hit on any other plan.
It might be called bewitching,
But the work done in the kitchen
Is not within the scope of common man.
So, I'd like to mention this to every friend and neighbor,
That woman's work is never overdrawn;
My respect is something greater for the hopeless wife's daily labor
Since the trials I have lately undergone.
Their woes are not misstated,
For I've been initiated,
And I'm bound to help them every time I can.
There's a recompense in doing
What alone is worth pursuing,
And woman's loving labor is a blessing unto man.

—*George W. Shipman, in Exchange.*

UMBRELLAS.

Not one of us remember the time when the people went through the pouring rain like so many poor drowned rats, for we have always been used to the sight of an umbrella. But the fact is that though umbrellas were used in Eastern lands hundreds of years ago by the Romans, Greeks, Persians and Chinese, still no one had the courage to introduce them into England or this country for many years. Somewhere near the end of the sixteenth century a traveller wrote to England a letter saying that some of the Italians carried a little leather canopy over their heads, which they called "umbrellas," meaning something that ministers to shadow and shelter them from the scorching sun. In a letter from Gen. Wolfe written some years later from Paris, he speaks of the use of umbrellas there, and wonders why anything so useful had not already been introduced into England, but they were only exhibited as a curiosity in the museums then, and no effort was made to manufacture them. Suddenly a very courageous man one day appeared on the street carrying an umbrella. It was raining in torrents and his common sense overcame any fear of ridicule. Imagine the crowd he must have collected as he strode along not caring what people thought. The boys jeered at him while the crowd accused him of being "Frenchy." This man's name was Jonas Hanway, the founder of Magdalene Hospital. He had been in Persia, where he had found how very sensible people were to carry umbrellas, and how they administered to one's comfort. So on his return he saw no reason for exposing himself to the sun and rain. You know there always has to be a first time, children, and doubtless there were many waiting for someone who had the courage to brave the public opinion as Jonas did. At first all the umbrellas were made in France and sent to England and America, and cost a great deal of money. The sticks were heavy and solid like those you see on the umbrellas of the grocer's or express waggons and other carts, etc., that go rushing about the city. The frame work at the top was of iron covered with a heavy waxed silk. The handle had a huge wooden knob that rested on the ground, the other end possessed a solid ring by which the affair could be hung; altogether it weighed three or four pounds. Compare this lumbering heavy thing with the delicate light sunshades and the best Lyons silk umbrellas, and you will see what rapid strides have been made in that line.—*Aunt Katharine in Christian at Work.*

AN OLD-FASHIONED MAID.

She can peel and boil potatoes, make a salad of tomatoes, but she doesn't know a Latin noun from Greek.

And so well she cooks a chicken that your appetite 'twould quicken, but she cannot tell what's modern from antique.

She knows how to set a table and make order out of babel, but doesn't know Euripides from Kant.

Once at making pie I caught her—Jove! an expert must have taught her—but she doesn't know true eloquence from rant.

She has a firm conviction one ought only to read fiction, and she doesn't care for science, not a bit.

And the way she makes her bonnets sure is worth a thousand sonnets; but she doesn't yearn for "culture," not a whit.

She can make her wraps and dresses till a fellow fair confesses that there's not another maiden half so sweet.

She's immersed in home completely, where she keeps all things so neatly, but from Browning not a line she can repeat.

Well, in fact, she's just a woman, gentle, lovable and human, and her faults she is quite willing to admit.

'Twere foolish to have tarried, so we went off and were married, and I tell you I am mighty glad of it.—Boston *Globe.*

Something Like a Catastrophe

"I saw a funny thing the other morning in front of the Tecumseh House," said a policeman. "A cat pounced upon two sparrows in the road and started to carry them to a hole under the G. T. R. platform. In an instant a whole drove of sparrows in the trees near by darted at the cat and pecked the animal's back furiously. The cat was forced to drop one of the birds. Just as she was getting the other into the hole the sparrows renewed the attack, and, yelling with pain, she let go the other and ran into her retreat.—*London Advertiser.*

"Why did you put that nickel with a hole in it in the contribution box?" asked one man of another. "Because I couldn't put the hole in without the nickel, and I had to put in something."

When you feel all tired out and broken up generally, you need a good tonic. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best. Try it now.