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.

CONTRACT RATES—The following table shows our rates for the insertion of advertisements for specified periods:—

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO
20 inches	$60.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
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

Advertisements, without specific directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. For changes oftener than once a month the composition must be paid for at regular rates.

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

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick streets, Acton.

S. A. McKEAGUE, M. D.,
Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Licentiate of Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh.
Office and residence:—Dr. Lowry's late residence, head of Frederick street, Acton.

J. E. WILKINSON, D. D. S., L. D. S.,
SURGEON, DENTIST.
Graduate University of Toronto, Member of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons.
Office open every day except Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.
Over the Drug Store, ACTON.

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

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

J. A. MOWAT,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC.
Money to Loan.
OFFICE DAYS—Tuesdays and Saturday.
OFFICE:—Kennedy'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.

W. S. JACKSON,
Conveyancer, Notary Public, Real Estate, Loan and Insurance Agent.
Money to loan at lowest rates.
Office, Day's Block, Guelph, Ont.

JAMES HUTCHEON,
Land Surveyor and Civil Engineer.
Office, adjoining J. A. Mowat's, Macdonnell street, Guelph.

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. Binding 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.

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 78 characters, warranted to do better work than any machine made.
It combines SIMPLICITY WITH DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer with out 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. Wages $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 indorsements, 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.

Rape Seed!
FARMERS look out and get the right seed this year. I imported my Rape Seed in the winter and had it tested by Prof. Shaw, at the Ontario Agricultural College in their greenhouse. You can therefore rely on getting the genuine true Dwarf Essex Rape Seed from me. Price
10c. per lb. or 11 lbs. for $1.00.
MANGLES, 20z lb.
CARROTS, 40 & 50c. lb.
SWEDE TURNIPS, 15c. lb.
SEED CORN, Yellow Horse Tooth 70c
" " Mammoth Southern White 75c. per bushel.
RED COB, COMPTON'S EARLY THOROBRED, FLINT LEAMING, etc. HUNGARIAN, MILLET, TARES, BUCKWHEAT, etc.
GEO. J. THORP,
Direct Seed Importer.
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.

- - 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 E. 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 Lime, 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 meet all trains between 9 a.m. and 8:18 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS.

STEEL ENGRAVINGS,
Proof Etchings, Colored Pictures, Room and Picture Mouldings,
IVORY OAK FRAMES SILVER GILT
ARTISTS' MATERIALS.
A full stock of Winsor & Newton's Fluka White.
Double Tubes, Rowney's, 10c.
8x10 Deep Photo Frames, complete 10c.
6 Feet Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 25c.
Our Wall-papers
Are said to be the best selected in the city
WATERS BROS.,
ESTABLISHED 1877.
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE - GUELPH

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

Gold	$ 79,876
Dominion Notes	217,613
Deposited with Government to Secure Circulation	87,505
Notes and Cheques of other Banks	139,159
Call Loans on Stocks and Bonds	795,953
Balances Due from other Banks	106,783
Government Debentures	402,560
ASSETS IMMEDIATELY AVAILABLE	$1,659,499
Bills Discounted	3,012,883
Bills Discounted Overdue	8,767
Bank Premises	14,468
Mortgages and other Assets	19,033
Total Assets	4,714,099

LIABILITIES.

Paid up Capital	627,400
Surplus	55,000
Notes in Circulation	589,963
Deposits from Public	3,192,547
Deposits from other Banks	224,941

New Stock Imported Scotch LINOLEUM
BOND & CO
Hardware, GUELPH

LEADING SHOE STORE.
Large Arrivals of New Goods
WONDERFUL display of Colored Goods. See our Windows. We only show a small sample of what we have in stock. We are constantly in touch with the wants of the public, hence the daily arrival of New Goods. We keep you supplied with everything in the line of fine Shoes at Low Prices. Quality always has the first consideration. We don't pretend to deal in so called "Cheap Shoes" but in shoes which are really a cheap Shoe in the end. The old and reliable Leading Shoe Store is fresher to-day than when it was opened 25 years ago.
We keep in the front rank with the best quality of Goods that Money can buy.
Guelph's Leading Shoe Store.
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 out-[illegible] them all, and everybody knows it. Give us a call, and see for yourselves: if it is not true donot 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.

KELLY'S
Music Store
Removed to 95 Upper Wyndham St.
Where I will be pleased to meet all my old customers and as many new ones as will favor me with a call.
Having disposed of nearly all my stock during the Clearing Sale, I have purchased a very large stock of
Pianos, Organs and all kinds of Musical Instruments Sheet Music and Music Books.
Call and examine my stock. No trouble to show goods.
C. W. Kelly's
MUSIC STORE,
95 Upper Wyndham street Guelph. Next to G. B. Ryan & Co.

Poetry.

ONE OF THE SENSIBLE SORT.

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 'would quicken,
But she cannot tell what's modern from antique.

She knows how to set a table
And make order out of Babel,
But she doesn't know Euripides from Kant:
Once at making pies I caught her,
A real expert must have taught her,
But she cannot tell true eloquence from rant.

She has quite a firm conviction
She ought only to read fiction,
And she doesn't care for science, not a bit;
She likes a plot that thickens,
And she's very fond of Dickens,
From Copperfield to Martin Chuzzlewit.

She can make her hats 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 can she repeat.
(Thank goodness).

Well, in fact, she's just a maiden
That whatever she's arrayed in
Makes her look just like the heroine of a play;
'Twould be foolish to have tarried,
So to-morrow we'll be married,
And I'm certain I shall ne'er regret the day.

Select Family Reading.

Under the Apple Tree.

She stood under the apple tree, in the little patch of ground that was all the garden the small house behind her could boast. Pretty May Grierson she was called; but as she stood looking out into the road, and picking to pieces a sprig of apple blossoms, there was that in her beauty to make her heart ache.

She was hungry; she was almost desperate. The large, brown eyes, whose natural expression was all gentleness and timidity, were bright and eager; the face was thin and white, the lips parched with fever.

"Just a mile to the river," she was thinking—"one little mile—and once under the waves, rest, peace and oblivion."

Out upon the soft summer air there came from the window behind her a hollow cough. As she heard it, her face softened, and a ruth of tears filled her eyes.

"I could not die and leave him! Ah! the way is hard, the cup is bitter, but I will walk over the one, and drain the other, for his sake—only for his sake. It will be only for a little while, and then there is still the river."

She was not yet nineteen, and the way before her was to lead to the church; the cup to be drained, her marriage, and for her wedding portion she was meditating suicide.

Does it seem exaggerated? I will tell you her story, and you may judge. Her father, Paul Grierson, had been a successful artist, and May was his idol, after his wife died, years agone. May had been carefully educated, and upon a groundwork of useful knowledge her father had reared a fairy palace of music, poetry and painting. Without being rich, they had plenty, and they had travelled far and wide with a companion May had loved from a baby, her father's pupil and namesake, Paul Grierson Hall, a distant cousin.

When May was seventeen, and Paul five years older, the young artist joined an exploring expedition to make sketches, and the trio separated. That was the first heart-wrench. They were all in Paris when the parting came, but a few months later Mr. Grierson's health began to fail, and he became homesick.

The tiny cottage in Hamilton—smallest of villages—was his inheritance from his mother, and he came back to it to die; for consumption grasped him in iron folds, and while he struggled with sickness, the bank in which were all his savings failed, and save for the cottage and its furniture, he was destitute.

Then began that fierce discipline of life that had robbed pretty May Grierson's cheek of its bloom, and had driven her step by step over the rugged road of poverty and suffering to the boundaries of desperation.

She sewed for the villagers at starvation prices; she carried her father's pictures to the great city, nine miles away, walking one way always, but rarely finding a sale. She saved and starved to give food and wine to the invalid, and at last in sheer despair, she resolved to marry Cuthbert Holmes, from whom her soul shrank in positive horror.

It was useless to write to Paul, wandering in Central America, and whose letters to Paris were forwarded; before he could come they would be dead from hunger and privation.

Cuthbert Holmes was rich, and had fallen in love with May in the church choir. He had a deep bass voice, and had supported her clear soprano, week after week, till she woke in him a desire to keep her ever beside him, his wife and mistress of his large, handsome house. He was a coarse, illiterate man; and there were rumors that his dead wife died of an obsolete disease called decline by the profession, broken heart by the sentimental.

But he had a sort of clumsy tact, and he wooed the girl through her father; talking of what he would do if he had the invalid in his care, sending flowers and fruit to the cottage, and all the while hating Paul Grierson as a coarse mind hates a refined one, smarting under a sense of inferiority, though he called the Griersons beggars in heart.

I think, had Paul Grierson known all that was in his daughter's heart, as she stood under the apple tree, he would have bidden her go to the river, leave him for the suicide's lot, rather than put her hand in that of Cuthbert Holmes and swear to love and honor him. But he guessed nothing of this crowning act of self-sacrifice the girl meditated.

He looked from the window and saw her standing quietly alone, and he said, gently:

"Shall we walk to the Grove, darling?"

"Do you feel strong enough?" she asked, coming quickly to his side.

She wrapped him carefully in a soft travelling shawl, brought a taste of wine in a tiny glass, and gave him her arm; only stronger than himself in the fact that there was no disease in her young frame, only the weariness of hunger and suffering.

They walked slowly to the Grove, a cluster of trees upon a public common, and where one bench at the foot of a gigantic oak tree was a favorite resting-place. They were hidden there from passers-by upon the narrow foot-path, and when May had made a cushion of an old shawl that would keep her father's feet from the ground, they both fell into deep, contented silence; the girl crouched at her father's feet, and his hand softly stroking her glossy brown curls.

I think their greatest blessing was the power both possessed to lift themselves at such times above realities, put their sordid life far away, and live again in their past, or make a new world of poetic and artistic imaginings. Somewhere in dreamland they were resting for their brief holiday, when a harsh voice on the other side of the great oak tree roused them. Only too well both knew those hard tones, as Cuthbert Holmes said:

"She'll marry me fast enough when I ask her; and as to her father, I'm not quite such a fool as to burden myself with a sick man, I'll take May off for a wedding trip, and keep her till the old man—" The voice was growing faint in the distance and they heard no more.

But Paul Grierson's eyes were fixed upon the white, white face at his knee with such terror that she cried:

"Oh, forgive me! forgive me! It was for your sake!"

"For my sake, May! Would you have married that—that brute to help me? Child! child! I would sooner strike you dead than give you up to him!"

But Paul Grierson was too deeply shocked yet to realize May's escape.

"It could not be long for me, dearest," he said, holding her hand in a close clasp; "only a few months of ease or rest; but for you a life-long agony. Promise me, promise me, May, that you will never yield to such a temptation again for my sake."

"I promise. We may suffer, but it will be together. Oh, to think he would have parted us, and left you to—" And a shudder finished the sentence.

But even then, in her relief and pain, May gave no hint of those visions of rest under the river that had been the dream of release. Surely Heaven had saved her once, and some way would open for the future—the future, the girl bounded by her father's life. Beyond that separation, the dread of which never left her, May had no thought of a future.

Dusk was gathering when Paul Grierson rose feebly and set his face homeward. When the cottage door came in sight father and daughter stopped short in the road. There being little to tempt burglars, they had not fastened doors or windows, and evidently some one was in the house. There was a light in the sitting-room, and when they entered it a table was spread such as they had not seen for many long days. The service was familiar, the old-fashioned china that old Mrs. Grierson had cherished since her own wedding-day, the well-kept damask, the small silver spoons and forks. But where had broiled chickens, muffins, golden preserves, huge red strawberries and crisp water-cresses ruined down from? Who had heaped the sugar bowl, filled the cream pitcher, replenished the butter-dish? Who was coming with a firm step from the kitchen, bearing triumphantly a coffee pot whose fragrance was wafted upon summer breezes to greet astonished noses?

A tall man, a brown-bearded man, a broad-shouldered man, with great blue eyes full of mischief, and yet softening oddly at the sight of his host and hostess, as if tears were not far away.

May gave one ecstatic cry:

"Paul!" and would have rushed forward, but he waved her back, deposited the coffee pot with a dramatic flourish, and then opened his arms. She nestled there like a bird who had found her nest after a storm, and looking over her head, Paul held out one hand to his god-father.

"My little wife?" he asked, and knew by Paul Grierson's eyes and May's quick sob that the hope he had cherished in his long exile would soon be a reality.

"Come!" he said presently, "eat of my supper. I knew you would come home half starved, so I foraged with a pocket full of silver. You know I have a natural genius for cooking, and it has been cultivated to full perfection in our explorations."

"But how did you find us?" asked Mr. Grierson, when the two were seated.

"Came direct from Paris. May wrote you were coming to Hamilton, so to Hamilton I came. The natives told me where Mr. Grierson lived."

But Paul did not mention how the one native he had interviewed had described to him the dreadful poverty in the little cottage.

"May?" he commanded, "eat more, and stop drinking coffee. You are the same old coffee-lover as ever, I see."

"This is simply delicious," she replied. "Nobody ever could make coffee like yours."

"But we will train our slaves," he answered, majestically; "for, May," and he laughed like a boy, "what news do you think I found in New York?"

"I cannot guess."

"My grandfather is dead."

"Well? I thought you quarrelled with him because you would be an artist."

"Too true, yet he relented and left me all his money. We are rich, my dear."

"We!" she echoed. "You are rich."

"It is all in the family, my love, for I am going to have a wedding in Hamilton to-morrow."

"Oh, Paul!" she gasped. "It is too soon."

"Then I'll be off to Central America again, and give you two or three years more to think about it."

"Dare to go!" she cried, wondering if her singing heart was the one so full of misery only a few short hours before.

But before she slept she made her confession, and was forgiven, and Paul had his way about the wedding.

He had been urged to haste by Mr. Grierson's ghastly face and racking cough, but the Angel of Death passed them by. With money used lavishly in physicians and remedies, with the most loving of care, his children nursed Paul Grierson back to life and health, and the studio in the great house, where there are baby voices now to greet Paul and May, is as much for the use of the elder artist as for his son and pupil.

Sometimes they make summer visits to the tiny cottage and live in Arcadian simplicity for a few weeks, but May's dreams under the apple trees are no longer of despair and suicide, but full of roseate visions of a fair, happy future—happy in her father, husband and children, and the home-love encircling them all.

When a man in his upward course reaches a point where he ignores his inferiors, he has attained his climax. The truly great man treats his inferiors genteely, and often gains a new idea, even from a bootblack; such a man grows wiser and broader as long as he lives.

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

A LIST OF MISTAKES.

A Good Round Dozen of Them That Induce Chronic, Bad-Tempered Invalidism.

Contriving to keep up a continual worry about something or nothing; giving way to fits of anger.

Living irregular in all habits of sleeping and eating; too much, too many kinds of food, and that which is too highly seasoned.

Wearing thin shoes and stockings on damp nights and in cool rainy weather; wearing insufficient clothing, especially on the limbs and extremities.

Sleeping on feather beds in 7 x 9 bedrooms, without ventilation at the top of the window, and especially with two or more persons in the same small bedroom.

Allowing the power of gain to absorb our minds, so as to leave no time to attend to our health; following an unhealthy occupation, because money can be made by it.

Tempting the appetite with bitters and dainties when the stomach says no, and by forcing food into it when nature does not demand and even rejects it; gormandizing between meals.

Neglect to take proper care of ourselves, and not applying early for medical advice when disease first appears, but by taking quack medicines to a degree of making a drug shop of the body.

Marrying in haste and getting no congenial companion and living the remainder of life in mental dissatisfaction, cultivating jealousies and domestic broils and always living in mental ferment.

Beginning in childhood on strong tea and coffee and going from one step to another, through chewing and smoking tobacco and drinking intoxicating liquors, and mental and physical excesses of other kinds.

Surfeiting on hot and very stimulating dinners; eating in a hurry without half masticating the food, and eating heartily before going to bed, when the mind and body are exhausted by the toils of the day and the excitement of the evening.

Keeping children quiet by giving paregoric and cordials; by teaching them to suck candies and by supplying them with raisins, nuts and rich cakes. When they are sick by giving them mercury, tartar, emetic and arsenic, under the mistaken notion that they are medicines and not virulent poisons.

Leading a life of unfeeling, stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in an unnatural state of excitement by reading trashy novels. Going to theatres, parties and balls in all sorts of weather in thin dresses; dancing until in a complete perspiration, and then going home without sufficient over garments through the cool, damp, night air.

COURTESY PAYS.

A prominent city retailer recently desired some concert programmes printed within twenty-four hours. He was recommended to a well known firm of printers, who were to him strangers. He not only was received courteously, but was aided in the arrangement of his matter and made to feel as if the printers were under obligations to him. The man was so much pleased with the manner of his reception and the readiness to meet his wishes that he publicly acknowledged his indebtedness before a large audience and gave the printers further large additional orders. Courtesy made a paying customer in that instance.

Mr. D——is a retail grocer in——. One rainy day a strange woman entered his store and asked to be directed to the residence of Mr. B——. It was raining hard, and the grocer said: "Madam, my wagon is under the shed, and if you will ride in it, I will send one of the clerks to take you where you desire to go." The offer was accepted, and nothing further heard of the affair until a few days later, the wife of Mr. B—— entered and said: "You were so kind and courteous the other day to my friend, to you a stranger, that my husband says he would be pleased to give you his patronage," and he did. Another instance where courtesy made a paying customer.

Courtesy costs nothing. Its exercise enriches whoever makes it a part of his daily life. Aside from its power to help a man along in trade, it is always a sign of the true gentleman and everyone can be that, regardless of his station in life.—*American Grocer.*

IN THE FORESTRY BUILDING.

A brief study of the Canadian exhibit in the Forestry Building at the World's Fair will well repay one. There are specimens of all the known varieties of Canadian woods, highly polished to show the grain. The most artistic, as well as the most attractive and unique display in the Ontario Court, has been prepared by the Indians of the reservation of Brant and Haldimand. This consists of a monument or trophy, entirely made of pieces of timber comprising thirteen varieties, and all of which have been prepared and fitted without the use of saw or other utensil, except a jack-knife. Yet the timbers are squared and moulded with a perfectness that could not be excelled by the most elaborate machinery, and the pieces are polished by the hands of the Indians. Surmounting these timbers, forming the base of the trophy are five wooden columns elaborately decorated by carvings of native birds and animals, all being done with a jack-knife. On the top of each column is a small belfry, and above all a large belfry. The entire work is the result of six years work of two or three educated Indians. The sides of the base are richly inlaid with various specimens of wood and seed.

WHAT FISH NEVER SLEEP.

On the authority of Mr. Coates, of the South Lexington Aquarium of the Invention Exhibition, there are the gold-fish, pike, angler-fish, and salmon, which, though occasionally resting, never sleep. Mr. Coates, in the very careful investigations he made on this subject, found that amongst fresh water fishes the roach, dace, gudgeon, carp, tench, and minnow sleep periodically and regularly, as also among marine fishes do the wrasse, conger, dory, dog-fish, bass, and all flat fish; while the sleepers and resters sleep and rest equally well by day as by night having really no preference for the latter time. Fishes having no eyelids and a very small brain, in proportion to size, cannot enjoy true sleep like the higher mammalia. The great exception in the matter of sleep, so far as fishes are concerned, is the African mud-fish which, at certain seasons, goes into a state of torpidity like hibernating animals, and hides for months together in the soft clay at the bottom of the pools.

TID-BITS.

Necessity makes some very poor bargains.

Humility should never be worn as an outside garment.

Some people are never easy unless they have a hand in putting your affairs in shape.

The man who is wisest and who lives longest always finds much that he has not earned.

The more industrious a man is in his profession or calling the more useful he is to the world at large.

Every path in life leads to the grave; most of us wish to avoid the short cute.

Many objects are only obtained by round about routes. It is the zig-zag path that leads us safely to the mountain top.

He who thinks most for the many has no time to think of what is said of him by the few.

The man who knows just what to do with himself is quite a man after all.

"Nearer my God to Thee" brings a man to realize the fact that God and man are one, and the nearer man is to God, the more does he feel at home, and the more useful is he to others.

Death is the unknown and not existing thing for the one that knows that God and man are one.

What a narrow idea is that held by those who think this the only inhabited world, and that all the stars, and planets, and worlds innumerable are vacant lots.

Reverend Drysdust may be a very good man if he wants merely a tobacco sign, but the minister who is more intent on his mission than on his grammar will find the biggest score in his favor over there.

No person ever gained a passport to heaven as a reward for seeking to quarrel with the minister who preached an welcome truths.

Every crime committed by the present generation had its origin in a preceding one.

Perhaps the man we denounce in our anger may not be entirely wrong, even if we think so.

The people have some influence in the making of political changes after all.

The combined length of the world's telegraph lines is 881,000 miles, necessitating the use of 2,260,000 miles of wire.

Bigger than the almighty dollar is the penny dropped into the contribution box.

Lose no time in laying in your stock of thermometers; they will be much higher in a few days.

TOMATOES AND CANCER.

One of the delusions that is prevalent in many parts of the country is that tomatoes are the direct causes of cancer, and that those who eat them are pretty sure to run the risk of developing cancerous growth at some time. So fixed is this delusion in parts of the country that people will not touch this most healthful of vegetables. The fact is there is no connection at all between eating tomatoes and cancers.

Those who eat plenty of tomatoes are now more apt to outlive those who do not, for the vegetable has a direct and beneficial action upon the stomach and kidneys. They should be eaten whenever possible. Recently it was announced that the London Cancer hospital had forbidden all patients in it from eating tomatoes, as they were a predisposing cause to cancer. In response to numerous inquiries if there was any foundation to the rumor the chairman of the hospital committee, Dr. Marsden, announced officially that "tomatoes neither predispose to nor excite cancer formation, and that they are not injurious to those suffering from the disease, but on the contrary are a wholesome article of diet, particularly so if cooked." This should be sufficient to dispel the illusion in this country too.

STAMPS AS WALL PAPER.

In a certain old-fashioned house in London there is a room about twelve feet square that is entirely papered with postage stamps. It is estimated by Mr. Palmer, the largest stamp dealer in the world, that those stamps would be worth $5,000,000 but for the unfortunate circumstance that not one of them is genuine. Mr. Palmer extracted these forgeries from collections that he bought from time to time, and, as a rule, the people from whom he bought them did not know that they were forgeries. But no forged stamp can pass as genuine when it falls under the scrutiny of the expert Palmer. This crazy patchwork shows a specimen of every known stamp in the world. The Pall Mall Budget of London says there are 70,000 stamps on the walls of the room, and it took almost thirty years to collect them. "To make wall paper out of them kept four pairs of hands busy for three months. They are pasted upon canvas, so that in order to remove the stamps it will not be necessary to remove the building. Paste, no gum, has been used, as gum discolors stamps. Having been fastened to the canvas, the stamps were treated to a coat of shellac, and were then varnished."

GETTING THE MOST GOOD OUT OF BOOKS.

You should treat a book as you would a person with whom you are talking for information. That is, question it, read it over, and turn back and try to get at the meaning. If the book itself does not answer the questions you raise, go to some other book; ask a dictionary or encyclopedia for an explanation. And if the book treated in this way does not inspire you, it is of no more service to you than the conversation of a dull, ignorant person. I just used the word "inspire." You do not read all books for facts or for information merely, but to be inspired, to have your thoughts lifted up to noble ideas, to have your sympathies touched, your ambition awakened to do some worthy or great thing, to become a man or woman of character and consideration in the world. You read the story of a fine action or a heroic character—the death of Socrates or the voyage of Columbus; or the sacrifice of Nathan Hale, or such a poem as "the Lady of the Lake" not for information only, but to create in you a higher ideal of life, and to give you sympathy with your fellows and with noble purposes. You cannot begin too young to have these ideals and these purposes, and the best literature in all the world is the best for you to begin with. And you will find the most interesting.

He is the wisest and happiest man who, by constant attention of thought discovers the greatest opportunities of doing good, and with ardent and animated resolution breaks through every opposition that he may improve such opportunities.

DRAWING NEAR THE GOAL.

From the original.

My eyes are dim, my step unsteady now;
Grey locks adorn my pale, time-furrowed brow;
My feeble pulse, my palsied hands, my whole,
Tell me that I am drawing near the goal.
What have I done these three-score years and ten,
Thy name to honor, Lord, thy love to gain?
What can a mortal plead, approaching Thee?
But this, and only this "He died for me."
Faith triumphs here!—what more,—'tis all I crave
No more is needed; and no less can save.
Redemption here complete,—the glory thine
Salvation free!—'tis free!—the grace is mine.
A way is open, and for me there's room;
For me!—for whosoever will may come—
Why linger here? earth has no charms for me;
My Father calls me; let me come to Thee.
No brother's cross can I assist to bear;
No sister's grief am I required to share;
No little hand is stretched to me to guide;
No little feet keep patter by my side;
No needy children look to me for bread;
No family to claim me at its head;
My work is done; Ah, no—forgive the boast—
The days I've squandered;—precious moments lost;
The day is finished, nature's night has come,
My work unfinished, scarcely well begun;
The field is large, the harvest ready,—true—
Yet what is there the aged one can do?
Could I some hapless fallen one restore;
Heal the afflicted, and relieve the poor;
Comfort the orphan, dry the widow's tears,
Bring back the prodigate his misspent years—
Then life were bliss, then would I gladly stay
Another four score years, nor go away
Till I had wiped away the last sad tear,
And failed to find another woe to cure.
In vain the needy stretch their arms for aid;
In vain the suffering for compassion plead;
Sadly I see them sink beneath the wave,
Without the means to aid or power to save;
Helpless to help—why should I linger here,
Sad witness of the woes I cannot cure.
The rich, in gold perhaps may find a charm;
And youth and beauty travel arm in arm;
An infant child may hold a mother here;
A Father's love a father's toil may cheer:
But none of these are mine to comfort me;
What hath the aged one, O Lord, but thee?
In vain I watch the passers on the street,
For those familiar forms I used to greet,
The voices and the faces once so dear
Are known no more, they are no longer here;
The busy crowd now passing to and fro
Is not the busy crowd of long ago;
The maid whose smile I once so proudly won,
Was summoned hence, ere life had well begun:
The child so often fondled on my knee
Has long since fondled others (it may be)
The child in time became a man with men;
By nature I became a child again;
A child whose mirth no company annoys,
A child without his playmates and his toys
An orphan child, no loving mother now
To wipe my tears, or smooth my troubled brow:
No father's hand to bar the threatened blow,
Or none that can a sister's love bestow:
An orphan child, poor, frail and helpless thing,
Without the sympathies misfortune bring:
An orphan child—nay, am I not a son?
A prince? an heir apparent to a throne!
A Father's kingdom with his children share?
For all the ransomed have a mansion there.
Come heavenly muse my song indite,—inspire
My pen,—Faith plume thy wings,—awake my lyre.
My few remaining hours let me engage
Singing of such a glorious heritage.
Poor, lost and ruined out-cast flesh and blood,
Redeemed, restored, adopted, child of God.
Oh for a glimpse beyond! Nay, if I might,
What then of faith if I beheld the sight?
For this! For this a title we receive,
For this,—not having seen, yet we believe
In this our Heavenly Father hath delight:
His children walk by faith and not by sight.
Hereon I rest! let skeptics covet more;
Enough for me; His promise sure is sure.
A few more trials, perhaps a few more tears,
Finish my pilgrimage of four-score years;
Let gratitude, O Lord, inspire my song:
'Tis by thy grace that I am spared so long;
Thy love has been my shield throughout the whole,
Still more I need Thee now when near the goal.
Grasping the hand that held me all those years,
Clinging to hopes that cheered me—dried my tears;
Looking to Him who saves me from my sin:
Leaning on Israel's God, I win! I win!

Guelph, March 2nd, 1893.

ENTERPRISE IN BUSINESS.

It is necessary to have enterprise in business in order to make it a success as it might be termed. They are business men who have an average success, as it might be termed. They never make a great stir in the world, but they make a living, and call themselves fairly successful men. They are such, but they could be much more so if they would make a little push outside of the beaten rut.

A business man who is in a rut is to be pitied. He sees other men make great business successes of their efforts, and he attributes their success to some genius they possess that is beyond his grasp. But many times their genius is simply cosheadtiveness. They strike out. They are not content to do business as their fathers did, and they look the field over carefully; they observe and they study; they work after the store closes up; they watch the methods of more successful men than they are, and the result is they make progress.

The great trouble with the average business man is that he goes to sleep. He is content with never thinking. The successful men of the day are those who think. They are not afraid to make ventures that have the promise of success behind them. Of course there should be reasonable care but there should not be unreasonable fear. This last should be borne in mind as much as at the first. Fear is just as much to be inveighed against as rashness.

Just stop short and say, I can better my position. That is where you must begin, and then you will do something if you do not allow yourself to fall back into the vortex of indifference.

A man to be successful in business must study the field constantly. He must be prepared to lead his competitors by surprising them constantly with something new. It will never do to sit down and imagine that luck will throw ideas in your way. It never will. The plans by which you succeed have got to be thought out. There are men in every locality who have made a success and say that such success is beyond their reach. Not at all if the same vigilance is