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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32 inches	$60.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
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8 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
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Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. For changes oftener than once a month the composition must be paid for at regular rates.

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

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 TYPEWRITER with 78 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 pamphlet, terms, 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, 20c lb.
CARROTS, 40 & 50c. lb.
SWEDE TURNIPS, 18c. 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 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 meet all trains between 9 a. m. and 6:18 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 Flake White.
Double Tubes, Rowney's, 10c.
8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete 20c.
5 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	27,505
Notes and Cheques of other Banks	189,159
Call Loans on Stocks and Bonds	785,968
Balances Due from other Banks	105,783
Government Debentures	322,560
ASSETS IMMEDIATELY AVAILABLE	$1,559,498
Bills Discounted	$,012,893
Bills Discounted Overdue	8,767
Bank Premises	14,648
Mortgages and other Assets	19,003
Total Assets	$,714,089

LIABILITIES.

Paid up Capital	637,400
Surplus	55,000
Notes in Circulation	589,991
Deposits from Public	$,190,547
Deposits from other Banks	221,911

Binder Twine
"Red Cap,"
"Blue Ribbon,"
"Silver Composite,"
At Prices Lower Than Ever.
Can quote now.
BOND & CO
Hardware, GUELPH

SHOES
Ladies' Fine American Shoes, Flexible and Dainty, Hand Turned, Cork Soles.
Every Lady Enjoys Stylish, Durable and Perfect Fitting Shoes
This you can have by letting us fit you with a pair of our Shoes which are made in all the different widths.
Oxfords for Ladies' Gents' and Children's wear. We carry the Largest Stock in the city, and of the very best quality. Our Specialties are:—Hand Sewed, Hand Welts, Goodyear Welts and McKay Sewed Flexible.
If you are looking for stylish footwear of the best quality at low prices try W. McLaren & Co.
The answers to our climax puzzles have been examined. Miss Tena G. Head, Guelph, is the successful competitor for the second prize, $2.50 and any pair of Shoes in our store valued at $2.50. As the WHOLE SOLUTION was not CORRECTLY GIVEN by ANY ONE the first prize was not awarded. We wish to comment on the neatness of the answers throughout, but more especially on those received from John Keone, Morriston, Lottie E. Webb, Springe, M. H. Stewart, Clyde, Lizzie D. Snow, Erin, and And. McAlister, Hespler.
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 loan 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 outsell 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.

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.

VOICES AND SHADOWS.

Fair are the children
But subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the rose burst of dawn,
But the secret that sleeps it is rarer;
Sweet the exhultance of song,
But the strain that precede it is sweeter
And never was poem yet writ,
But the meaning outmastered the metre.

Never a daisy that grows,
But a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows,
But a majesty sceptres the flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared,
But a stronger than he did unfold him;
Never a prophet foretells,
But a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the curves that throbs
The painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statute that breathes,
The soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt
Lie the infinite issues of feelings;
Crowning the glory revealed,
Is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being,
But that which is symbolled is greater:
Vast the create and beheld,
But vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence,
Back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives,
Thrills the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is nothing to spirit,
The deed is outdone by the doing!
The heart of the wooer is warm,
But warmer the heart of the wooing.
But up from the pits where these shiver,
And up from the heights where those shine;
Twin voices and shadows swim starward
And the essence of life is divine.

—*Richard Relf.*

Select Family Reading.

The Great Australian Heiress.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

Great as she was, considered as heiress to a millionaire in Australia, she was the narrowest escape from being a dwarf that ever a full-grown woman was. Exquisitely proportioned, every curve of her dainty figure rounded to perfection, a wealth of golden curls crowning a sweet face, she was the tiniest, loveliest little woman that ever charmed a man's heart away. But she was Godfrey Leeman's daughter, and for twenty years Godfrey Leeman had been piling up wealth in Australia, while Sadie passed from infancy to childhood, from girlhood to womanhood. Her mother's death had made an exile of her father, but her aunt, Mrs. Cresswell, took her into her nest full of girls and boys, and she was always one of them in every respect.

It was fully ten years after Godfrey Leeman left Sunnydale and his infant child before he began to send home money, but when he did begin every mail from Australia brought a draft, and with it a letter, begging of Mrs. Cresswell to spend every dollar:

"You have taken care of my little girl for ten years," the father wrote, "and this is for your own use. Give Sadie her share with your own children, if you will, but do not save for her. She will have more than she can spend."

And Mrs. Cresswell, whose husband had never been able to make both ends meet, found herself able to make them lap over, and plenty to spare. The mortgage vanished from the house, new furniture replaced old, fresh carpets were seen where shabby ones had been, pretty toilets for the girls, college education for the boys. For ten years there was plenty in the house of Cresswell, where Sadie reigned queen. She was older than some of the Cresswells, younger than others, but petted, caressed idolized, by all of them.

Yet they could not spoil her. She was always ready to answer every call. She would hunt out words in the dictionary for Tom in the intervals of making a kite for Bob; set up Kate's knitting when she finished Aunt Carrie's cap; fill Uncle John's pipe, and sing ballads for him, or play dancing music half an evening, with equal good temper.

Not even after society claimed her could the adulation and flattery harden the sweet nature, or introduce one element of selfishness into the gentle, loving heart. She was an embodied sunbeam, always ready to laugh, to frolic, to join in pleasure. She was the soul of sympathy, tenderly helpful in suffering, generous to a fault, essentially womanly.

And Edward Underhill, coming home from Australia with a letter to Mrs. Cresswell, full of enthusiasm and self-sacrifice, and resolute in his determination never to be won by money, surrendered in half an hour after meeting Sadie.

He was a rising lawyer, with a moderate fortune, and had gone to Australia in a sort of tour around the world he took before settling down to the practice of his profession; and in his travels in the favored island he had met Godfrey Leeman, and heard of the colossal fortune that gentleman had made in twenty years of fortunate investments. There was no doubt in Sunnydale of the stability of Godfrey Leeman's wealth; but, after all, it was something to have it confirmed by one who had been on the spot and seen the proof.

"Why hasn't he sent home a fortune to invest for his daughter?" Edward Underhill said, repeating Mr. Cresswell's question. "Because the investments are better where he is. Money doubles under his touch, and there seems to be no limit to his luck, or judgement, whichever it is that guides him."

"And he wants you to take our little Sadie from us," said Mrs. Cresswell. "He thinks well of you."

"But better than I deserve," said the young man, earnestly. "It was a mere matter of youth and strength. He was getting rather the worst of a struggle with two bush-rangers when I came along."

"But you were shot."

"A mere flesh wound, that has never troubled me. Believe me, I thought nothing of any claim upon Miss Leeman, and had resolved never to marry a great heiress, even to oblige her father, until I saw her. An hour beside her scattered all my fine resolutions. Who could see her and not love her?"

Sadie, who had most quietly set aside every wooer, never doubted the truth of Edward Underhill's love. Her quick gratitude was won before she saw him by her father's letter describing the fearful odds against which he had saved Godfrey Leeman's life. With a heart singularly pure and free from guile, she still knew that there was attraction in a full purse, and was inclined to resent any attention paid to her which Kate and Fannie Cresswell did not receive.

"They are a hundred-times prettier than I am, and twice as attractive in every way it is just papa's money!" she would say, indignantly, if she thought them slighted. But when Edward Underhill paid to them only the ordinary courtesies, and sought to win her favor, she quite forgot her indignation, and without giving utterance to her opinion, thought:

"He must like me best. He talked to me when Kate was singing her best, and he would not promise to join the riding party until he was sure I was going. I think Katie likes Joe Hunt, and Fannie always blushes when Will Thorne speaks to her so they can spare me Mr. Underhill. He is ever so much handsomer than the boys. And it would so please papa if he likes me."

Something, and it might have been his perfect sincerity, gave her the conviction that her fortune had no weight with him. She knew absolutely nothing of his income and she had never known what her own was to be. Every wish of her heart had been gratified for ten years, and yet she kept the memory of the days when they were all poorly fed, half clothed, and life was a daily struggle against poverty. She had fared as well as the rest, but she had slept in a fireless room, held butter to be a luxury for holidays, turned an old dress of Kate's or Fannie's into a new one for herself, and begged favors of irate butchers and bakers.

Then came prosperity, but in the way I have described. Money to spend, large sums of money, but no settled income, no certainty of the future. She spoke of it once to Edward Underhill.

"They call me a great heiress," she said, "but I have nothing of my own—nothing."

"Your father's fortune will be yours."

"How can I be sure of that? He has not seen me since I was an infant. He may not love me when he meets me. He may marry."

"Not likely. Does he ever talk of coming home?"

"Never! Yet his letters to me are full of loving interest. And he never proposes that I shall go to him."

"No. He would scarcely want you to live in the wild part of the country where he does. Yet, perhaps, you may visit him at some future time."

And she knew he added "with me" in his heart, as well as if he had spoken it. Every hour he spent with her strengthened his love, won more entirely his respect for the tiny lady, who spent her life in such loving service for others. Yet he did not speak. He had been six months in Sunnydale, and every man and woman in the village had made their comment upon his devotion to Sadie Leeman, and yet he had never asked her to return his love, although his every action proclaimed it.

It was midwinter, and he had been at a tableaux party at Mrs. Cresswell's. A huge check from Australia, for Sadie's Christmas box, had suggested a party, and the young people united in arranging tableaux. Sadie had been Titania, Goody Two Shoes, Cinderella's god-mother, and other dainty tiny characters, and Edward Churchill could not fail to see how much more her heart was set upon adorning her cousins than herself. They had ended with a dance after a final tableau from Midsummer Night's Dream, and Edward Underhill was carrying home the memory of the bewitching Titania, who had just said "good-night," when his visions were scattered by a voice close beside him.

"Friend, am I on the right road to John Cresswell's?"

"Godfrey Leeman!" he cried, standing still to confront a figure dimly visible.

"Who are you that have my name so pat?"

"Have you forgotten Edward Underhill?"

"Not while I hold the life he saved. Can you take me with you? Can you let me speak with you before I see my little girl?"

The man's voice was broken with emotion, and the hand that grasped Edward's quivered as with an ague fit. Very gently Edward Underhill led him to his own room in a large boarding-house, full through the summer months, but where he well knew there was room and to spare.

In the light he was struck by the woeful change in the man he had last seen in vigorous old age.

"You have been ill, very ill," he said, getting out wine and biscuit, and drawing a comfortable chair to the fire.

"Shipwrecked, my friend; shipwrecked. Starved and frozen in an open boat till we were picked up by a Boston-bound steamer ten days ago. And it's all gone! All the money I've toiled for for twenty years, all my little girl's money, is at the bottom of the ocean. I don't own anything but the clothes on my back. They told me I was a fool to sell everything, and trust it all on one vessel. But I wanted to take it all to my little girl myself. And now I have nothing. You—you didn't marry her, did you?"

"No."

"That's all right, then. That's all right."

"But if she won't marry me when I ask her, I shall feel very much like flinging myself where your money lies."

"Eh? You love her so much?"

"I love her with all my heart."

"Why, then—there, I'm upset with trouble; don't mind my crying like a woman—don't—why—let the money go, then—my little girl!" And then he broke down and sobbed like a child."

"You'll—you'll break the ice for me," he pleaded, the next day, when Edward Underhill suggested going first to see Sadie.

"I'll make it as easy as I can for you."

"Thanks! I can go back. Tell my little girl I am not so old but I can make money for her again."

But Edward Underhill quite forgot to mention that fact, when, after Sadie had promised to be his wife, he told her of her father's return and misfortunes.

"Oh," she gasped; "and were you waiting for that to speak to me?"

"I don't know, darling. I can only tell you that every time I tried to tell you how I love you, that ghastly money seemed to choke me."

"I am glad it is gone, then. But please, please bring papa now. I'll go and tell them all."

And when Godfrey Leeman, trembling, and fearing cold looks or angry reproaches, came into the Cresswell parlor, he found such loving welcome as his lonely life had not imagined for years. Sadie first, the tiny fairy-like little girl who nestled her fair curls upon his shoulder, and put her wee hands into his rough ones; and Mrs. Cresswell bustling about to make him comfortable, telling him he was never to leave them again, and making the spare room Uncle Godfrey's room forever; and Mr. Cresswell heartily welcoming him.

"You've made us all," he said. "There is a pile of your money invested in my business that is always subject to your orders. And you have started Tom and Bob and educated the whole of them, and a lifetime will not be long enough to show our gratitude."

There was a grand wedding, and in Edward Underhill's home "papa's room" is always ready when Uncle Godfrey's is vacated for a time. In a peaceful, happy old age Godfrey Leeman reaps the reward of his generosity, and the first moan has yet to be heard that Sadie is no longer the great Australian heiress.

THE CHARACTER IN THE FACE.

A grey eye means a hard heart.

A pouting upper lip indicates timidity.

An insignificant nose means an insignificant man.

An open mouth is a sure sign of an empty head.

Large ears are found on the heads of coarse people.

Coarse hair always indicates coarse organization.

Very full cheeks indicate great digestive power.

A projecting under lip shows malignity and avarice.

A double chin is invariably a sign of a love of the table.

Pointed noses generally belong to meddlesome people.

Blue eyes belong to people of an enthusiastic turn of mind.

Large eyes in a small face always betoken malicious ness.

A retreating chin is always bad; it shows lack of resolution.

If the forehead be shorter than the nose, the sign is of stupidity.

A steely blue eye is often the sign of a merciless disposition.

Fine hair generally betokens native good taste and intelligence.

Short, thick, curly hair is an indication of great natural strength.

Very tightly closed lips are usually found in secretive characters.

Irregular teeth generally indicate lack of culture and refinement.

Freckles, like red hair, are an indication of an ardent temperament.

A long forehead indicates intelligence; a short forehead activity.

The upper lip, when projecting, shows arrogance and want of shame.

A dimple in the chin is pretty, but indicates weak mental organization.

The ridge of the perfect nose should be broad and almost straight.

A curling lip betokens a supercilious and haughty temperament.

The chief characteristics of a broad face are inflexibility and obstinacy.

Gray eyes are generally found associated with prudence and foresight.

A thick neck generally accompanies a gross organization and coarse tastes.

Projecting, rolling eyes belong to people destitute of genuine veneration.

Warts on the chin or neck indicate industrious, active, sanguine persons.

Any marked peculiarity of countenance indicates some peculiarity of mind.

Thick, heavy, regularly arched eyebrows always indicate sound judgment.

The Roman nose shows the greater character; the Greek nose the greater taste.

Half-shut eyes show great natural shrewdness, together with a lack of sincerity.

A head flat on the top indicates lack of reverence and deficiency of moral qualities.

An irregular, knotty forehead is a sure sign of a bold, original, and investigating mind.

A very short upper lip indicates liveliness of disposition, though not always kindliness.

Eyes with long corners and thick lids that cover half the pupil are always indicative of talent.

Delicate features are never found in the faces of men of low organization or coarse habits.

TEMPERANCE.

A novel feature of temperance work has been adopted at the village of Eyota, Minn. The village recently voted no license. One of the difficulties was that the funds for lighting the streets were derived from the license fees and it was feared that when license was abolished the streets would be in darkness. The Women's Christian Temperance union obtained charge of the street lamps, raised money for oil by subscription, and allotted a lamp to each girl, whose pleasure it will be to keep it trimmed and burning.—*Christian Herald.*

The use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage not only ruins a man mentally, and uses up his money, but makes him much more liable to disease where there is an epidemic. It is said that "the great fever which swept through London a hundred years ago was fatal only to drunkards, and that during the yellow fever which was in New Orleans about twenty-five years ago, five thousand drinking men had it before it touched those who used nothing that will intoxicate. The same story may be told about cholera. Ten thousand deaths from cholera in the British Isles, and not a half dozen total abstainers in the number." The only safe way is to resolve never to drink wine, beer, whiskey, or any such thing, and keep the vow. It is evil, only evil, and that continually, when used as a beverage, "and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

BOYS, DON'T HURRY.

Lucy Scott, in her little book, Boys, and Other Boys, says, "A boy of fifteen once came to a school where he was an entire stranger. Noticing he was slow in making acquaintances, I asked him why he was not more social. He replied, with a smile, 'I shall be, as soon as the right boys show themselves more friendly.' And so he waited several weeks, coming in and going out in his own quiet, modest way, until the best students, who had held aloof at first, welcomed him as one of themselves. Had he grown weary in his solitary walks, and encouraged the mischief loving, free-and-easy class, who were ready to give a 'hail fellow, to anybody and everybody, he need not have waited three days for comrades."

Boys don't be in a hurry. Wait! Don't take the first cigar or cigarette, or the social glass to please any other boy. Wait! suppose they say you are "tied to your mother's apron strings," this anchorage has saved to the world some of its best men. When others want you to go into bad company, and say, "You dassent," have courage to say, "No; I don't dare." Wait, as the other boy did, you'll get the right kind of companions in due time. C. H. S.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns &c.

THE OLD LION KEPT COOL.

The band of the British Grenadier Guards is one of the finest musical corps in the world. The following thrilling incident, told of this band, illustrates the value of good discipline—especially when such discipline is coupled with quick wit:

At the time of the Peace Jubilee, held in Boston, Mass., in 1872, Mr. P. S. Gilmore, a noted impresario, (now dead), succeeded in inducing the governments in Great Britain, France and Germany to send over one each of their great military bands to give eclat to the event. The French sent the band of the Garde Republicaine, the Germans that of the Kaiser Franz Grenadiers, while the British Secretary of War, Mr. Card, said to Mr. Gilmore: "I suppose the Americans would like to see a band of the traditional red-coats; therefore I will send the band of the Grenadier Guards." Fifty-eight men were sent, or about one half the band, and no one who heard them at the time will ever forget the impression they made when they appeared in full uniform (scarlet, blue and gold,) with their great leader, "Dan" Godfrey, and the burst of enthusiasm which greeted their playing. Nothing like it had ever been heard on this side of the Atlantic. The Jubilee was held in a large wooden structure, called the Coliseum, capable of holding 100,000 people, and the performances were classed as national days. There was a large organ, blown by steam, soloists from all leading countries, and chorus of 20,000 voices, etc.

The American day arrived—the President and Cabinet were there—the building was packed—when suddenly came a thunderstorm in the middle of the programme, and during a fierce gust of wind the great structure was felt to sway, and then a loud crack was heard as if the whole mass were about to collapse.

That was enough! A panic ensued. Those nearest the doors bolted, while a scene of wild confusion presented itself. In vain the bravest and coolest shouted and implored the audience to be calm; a general stampede which would have changed the Coliseum into a Golgotha was about to be made, when the grand strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" was heard swelling above the din. The timid halted the fear-stricken listened, and as the martial strains rose grander and grander, they became reassured and resumed their seats; and then it became known that the music which had so opportunely quelled their fears and revived their drooping courage proceeded from the British band!

No pen can describe the effect of this announcement. Cheer upon cheer rang out from the 100,000 throats for the Grenadier band, which stood calmly in double circle, leader in centre, as it had stood in the vortex of the demented throng a few moments previously, sending forth its richest notes as if on parade. Hats, handkerchiefs parasols and walking sticks were waved and flung high in the air in the excess of their admiration, and, of course, a thundering encore was demanded. Mr. Godfrey then gave them "Nearer, My God to Thee," and "God Save the Queen," the latter being cheered to the echo.

After that, every member of the Grenadier Band was a lion as long as they remained in Boston.

CROPS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The weather in Great Britain is something unprecedented. For over ninety days, with the exception of a few light passing showers, no rain of any considerable amount has fallen over the greater part of the country, and in consequence the country, especially where the soil is light sand or heavy clay, is suffering in consequence. Pastures are dried up, and with the exception of wheat all cereals are backward. With regard to wheat a heavy yield is not expected, but the quality will probably be good. The outlook at the present time seems promising for a good fruit crop. *The London Times*, discussing the crop prospects, refers to the enquiry conducted some twenty years ago by Sir J. B. Lawes and Dr. Gilbert into the subject of the rainfall as it affects the crops. The result was to show that Great Britain rarely suffered any serious injury from deficient rainfall, while great damage was generally done by an excessive one. To grow a crop of wheat, oats or hay—to take representative growths—requires about 700 tons of water per acre, whereas the average rainfall in the old country is one of 2,500 tons per acre, an inch of rainfall being equal to about 100 tons of water per acre.

The hay crop in Great Britain is certain to be short this year, as a result of the drouth; and it is probable that there will be a good market in that country for all our surplus of hay.

THE COLOR AND QUALITY OF EGGS.

Food has a great influence on the quality of eggs. Corn has the effect when fed liberally of causing the hens to produce eggs with rich looking, dark yellow yolks, while wheat fed instead of corn will yield eggs of a pale yellow. The public imagine the dark yellow yolk eggs are the richest. They are not; the pale yolk egg, made so from a good, sound wheat diet, is the richest, says the Baltimore *Sun*, authority for the following:

Green food in the spring produces the dark yellow yolk. While food has considerable influence on the yolk of the egg it has little or none whatever on the color of the shell. There are certain breeds that never lay any other than white shelled eggs, and others that also invariably lay brown shelled ones. An egg from a leghorn that was not white, and pure white at that, would never be set by a poultry fancier. A white egg from any of the Asiatic breeds would be a curiosity. The distinctive shape and color of the eggs of domestic poultry are as marked and established a feature as is the case with wild birds.

CENSUS RETURNS.

According to the census there are 1,588,055 married persons in Canada, of which 791,902 are females and 796,153 males, so that there are over 4000 wives missing. The census does not account for them. Nearly every husband in Ontario has a wife in the country, the figures being 353,060 husbands and 352,798 wives. The decrepancy is still smaller in Quebec province, where there are 244,792 husbands and 244,639 wives. In all Canada there are 129,015 widows and 64,777 widowers. In Ontario the number of widows is 60,269, and in Quebec 36,362, or one in about every 40 of Quebec's population, and one in about every 35 of Ontario's. Toronto returned 25,856 married men, and 23,933 married women. In this case there were 77 husbands not accounted for. The number of widows in Toronto is 5,235.

RUNNING A NEWSPAPER.

Jim Jones' he was an editor; that is, he tried to be;
He bought himself a hand press, an' he started in to see
Jes' what there was in editin', but—when he'd canvased round,
Some fifteen hundred editors in that same town he found,
They all knew more about it than Jones could hope to know;
They told him: "You must run her, Jones, just so an' so an' so!
Be sure an' boom the Baptist's, they're bound to help you out,
An' give the good old Methodist's a big sa-lvation shout!
"Give every man a notice; be sure and put it down,
Whenever Major Jinks is seen to perambulate the town;
Put in a few free locals for all the stores, and give
Each man a free u bscription, if you want your sheet to live!"
Well, Jones; he done jes' as they said, and fear they'd make a row;
But the more he tried to please 'em all, the more they told him how!
Until at last he took his book an' laid it on the shelf;
Then run the paper in the ground an' lowed it himself!

"SITTING UPON" A DEBTOR.

The Persian creditor having once determined to get his money, calls for it early in the morning, and cannot be persuaded to go away until it is paid. He brings his carpets with him and sits down in his debtor's bedroom, eating, drinking, sleeping and smoking there till he is bought off. Some years ago, a Persian had, or fancied that he had, a claim on the English Foreign Office; so one day he travelled away from Teheran, and after many strange adventures arrived in London, bringing his carpet with him, and fully prepared to sit upon the Foreign Office, which he supposed to be a person, till he was satisfied. Lord Palmerston was secretary of State for Foreign Affairs at that time, and took the thing good-humoredly; but Mr. Hammond the Under-Secretary of State, a sharp-tempered gentleman, was for calling a policeman.

The practice of "sitting upon a man," as it is called, universally prevails in Persia, and it is not easy to deal with it. Still, it may be dealt with, and Sir John McNeil a shrewd old Scotch diplomatist, who was once accredited to the Persian court, contrived to get rid of a dervish by a rather clever device. At the New Year, which is kept as a festival in Persia, religious mendicants go about, not so much asking for alms as insisting upon a fixed sum. They generally tax a foreign ambassador highly, and one of them, a dervish, demanded an extravagant sum from Sir John McNeill. The Scotch diplomatist offered to compromise with him for any reasonable amount, but his offer was refused, and as he would not give more the dervish proceeded to sit upon him. He established himself in Sir John's garden, just before his study windows, and every now and then during the day, and when he awoke at night, this dervish set up a horrid hullabaloo, and blew a cracked trumpet. Sir John, who did not like to have his rest disturbed in this way, determined to put a stop to the dervish's tricks, and eject him by force; but he was solemnly warned by the Persian authorities that it would be dangerous to lay hands upon him.

"Get rid of him if you can," said they, laughing, "but do not touch him."

"Very well," said Sir John, dryly, and he sent for a bricklayer.

"Build me a wall round this howling beggar in my garden," said Sir John to the bricklayer, "and then roof it in."

The dervish looked on composedly while the wall rose slowly around him, and made more noise than ever; but when he perceived that they really meant to shut him up in a tomb alive, he jumped over the lowest part of the wall and rushed away like a maniac. Sir John was probably the only European who ever got the best of a dervish.

A HINT TO YOUNG CLERKS.

Said an old man of eighty, whose career had been one of marked success: "It is a great thing for a boy to have a nail to hang his hat on." He had possessed such a nail in his mother's old kitchen, and all the family were taught to respect it. If the broom was hung on Henry's nail it was quickly removed and nothing was allowed to interfere with the little orderly habit he had been so early taught, of hanging up his hat instead of throwing it down when he came in. It seemed a small matter, yet he felt it had done much for him in helping to make him an orderly, careful, systematic boy.

Once get the seed of a good habit well planted, and then stir the soil properly, and it will grow and multiply. It is surprising to see how one grain of good wheat will, under favorable circumstances, increase. A farmer at the West, who had plenty of rich prairie soil, tried the experiment, and at the end of the third year reported seventeen bushels as the proceeds of the one grain: Akin to this is the growth of good or evil habits in our characters. Each is likely to bring with it a harvest.

Looking through a boy