The Acton Free Press.

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H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

P. UREN, M. D. C. M. ... and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick Acton.

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

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MOWAT, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC. Money to Loan. OFFICE DAYS—Tuesday and Saturday. Kannawin's Block, Acton, up-stairs

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Interest Allowed at Current Rates.

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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 Giant Essex Rape Seed from me. Price

10c. per lb. or 11 lbs. for $1.00.

MANGLES, 20c lb.

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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.

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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. These are the reach of every ambitious person who attends the

Guelph Business College,

Located at Nos. 301 and 303 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 size 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 White Pine Cash. Price $1 50 per ...

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. EBRAGE, 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 will always be Secured

At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 9 a.m. and 8 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers a lord fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

STEEL ENGRAVING, Proof Etchings, Colored Pictures, Gilt and Picture Mouldings.

IVORY OAK **FRAMES** SILVER GILT

ARTISTS' MATERIAL. A full stock of Winsor & Newton's Flake White. Double Tubes, Brushes, etc. 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 18.. ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, - GUELPH

The Traders' Bank OF CANADA.

Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid Up 677,400
Rest 75,000

GUELPH BRANCH

4 per cent. paid on sums of $1 and upwards deposited in the Savings Bank department and paid or compounded every six months.

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The collection of sales notes a specialty.

A general Banking business Transacted.

A. F. H. JONES, Manager.

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, $1 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 commend on the neatness of the answers throughout, but more especially on those received from John Keane, Morriston, Lottie K. Webb, Springs, M. H. Stewart, Clyde, Lizzie D. Know, Erin, and Ard. McAllister, Hespler.

Guelph's Leading Shoe Store.

WM. McLAREN & CO.

IT WAS EVER THUS

That Spragge in Guelph sells better Furniture cheaper than anyone else, he has the largest and most select stock west of Toronto and will pay freight on all purchases. In bicycles he handles the

Humber, Whitworth, Belsize, Fleet, Spartan, Remington, Comet, New Rapid, Premier, Raglan and Excelsior

Business is good because we sell cheap.

P. SPRAGGE, Guelph.

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. H. Ryan & Co.

Fashionable West End

99 UPPER WYNDHAM STREET.

Spring SUITINGS, OVERCOATING and PANTINGS. Beautiful designs.

New Spring Hats. New Gents' Furnishings. New and leading Styles.

Try our Unlaundried Shirt, at 50c.

My Speciality—Perfect fitting Pants to order $4.00

R. E. NELSON, Merchant Tailor and Gents' Furnisher, 99 Upper Wyndham St., Guelph

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Poetry.

HOW I FELL IN LOVE WITH DOLLY

As I went down the country lane
Past Farmer Johnson's place,
I glanced across the fence and saw
Fair Dolly's smiling face.
Dolly was busy hanging out
The linen on the line.
"He, he," I said, "she's the fairest maid
On whom the sun doth shine."

For bright the sun shone on her arms,
Her arms as white as snow,
And bright upon her golden hair
That back the wind did blow;
And in the mesh of tangled curls
That in the wind was tossed,
As Dolly smiled while I passed by,
My heart to her was lost.

I raised my ... and she
A pretty courtesy made,
And ever in my memory
That lovely vision stayed;
It haunted me both day and night,
Until at last I said,
"Ah! would that I were loved by her!
Oh! would that we were wed!"

"Better," I said, "the substance is
Than shadow, and her face,
In vision fair, were farer far
Beside my own fireplace;
For there upon her gentle face
A sweeter smile I'd see,
And that a tenderer light would fall
From her dear eyes on me."

All this one summer eve I told
To Dolly, as we strayed
Under the light of moon and stars
Down through the willow glade.
The willows whispered overhead;
I whispered in her ear,
With beating heart, a passionate tale.
That made her blush to hear.

And now fair Dolly is my wife,
And oft I live again
That hour I fell in love with her,
As I went down the lane.
Romance oft hallows homely scenes,
And Love, in ways unknown,
Enters the waiting heart; he has
Allegiance for his own.

Select Family Reading.

True Love's Opportunity.

BY MARY E. MOFFAT.

Mrs. Mordaunt laid her hand tenderly upon the golden head which hall hidden itself upon her lap in an abandonment of grief. Her own face was pale with emotion and it was an effort to her to render her voice steady, but she succeeded.

"My own Maud," she said, "we have one comfort which is often denied to those in our situation. We have confidence in your father, although by some disastrous mistake he has been adjudged guilty of the crime. If I lost my trust in him for an instant I should go mad! But never, I can truly say, did a moan or dishonest action sully his record until now that he has been accused of defrauding a man of properly of which he had no need, and of which he emphatically denies any knowledge."

Maud raised her tear-wet face and kissed her mother.

"Teach me to be as brave as you are, dear mamma. I am ashamed that I am so weak; but I will not be. I will follow your example and hide my pain."

"Do not make the effort before me, my sweet child, for our wound is the same. But it is right to present an impassive front in the world, or it will say of us that we believe our sufferer to be deserving of his pitiful fate."

A pause ensued. Both mother and daughter were following out their individual lines of thought.

"Mother," at last said Maude, half-hesitatingly, "what must I say to Harry? It is not right that I should consider him bound to me after what has happened."

"If Harry is worth loving he will only be the more steadfast to you, Maude."

"I wrote a note, requesting him to come to me at once as soon as he received it. I shall offer him his freedom, and if I see a sign of hesitation for even a fleeting instant, our lives from that instant will be as far sundered as though oceans rolled between us."

Maude spoke with a decision which rested strangely upon one so young, so softly, gracefully beautiful. Her large gray eyes seemed to have become almost black, as she raised them, intense with earnestness, to her mother's face.

"You are right, Maude. You must give him the option about continuing the engagement; but I pray that the God of the widow and of the fatherless may not suffer another affliction to overshadow my darling, who, though not exactly fatherless has lost for a time the one who stands in that relation to her. I can bear sorrow when it strikes at my own heart, but I can not be reconciled that your young life should be crushed."

"Then, mamma, you have a fear that Harry will not bear the test? You think he will desert me?" And again Maude studied her mother's face with eyes sharp with pain.

"No, Maude, I would not judge any one much less Harry, so harshly as to say that. But the world is cold, and so are many of the dwellers upon it, and some think so much of the speech of people that they are too cowardly to stand shoulder to shoulder with a loved one, and bear half the brunt of a calamity like this. It may be mistaken kindness in me to try to prepare you for a possible attack. If it is, my darling forgive me!"

Maude threw her arms about her mother's neck with an impulsive:

"Forgive my own dear mamma! She who may be all that I have left to me! You could not do anything to require forgiveness from me!"

In her agitation Maude had failed to notice that a ring at the door-bell had been heard and answered by the servant, so that even as she said this the door was opened and Harry Driscombe was ushered into the room.

At first all Maude's trouble vanished like a dream, and with a glad "Oh, Harry, it is you!" she flew to meet him. Then with a thought of the change in her circumstances she drew back, blushing and paling alternately. She did not give him time to speak before she went on hurriedly to say what was in her mind.

"Harry, I sent for you to tell you something. Do not be angry with me for what I am about to say, for it is because I love you so dearly that I do it. When we became engaged no cloud rested upon my name, but now it is blackened. I can bear the stain patiently, for I know that father is an innocent man;—but you—Oh, Harry! would it not be too great a burden for you to bear to have your wife pointed out as the daughter of a man who had been sent to prison?"

Harry's face expressed truly his feelings. It was a troubled, irresolute soul which looked out of his eyes. He loved Maude dearly, but he was very proud spirited, and it had galled him severely to think of the disgrace which had come upon the family. Yet to give her up would be torture. But in that brief moment of hesitation the option was no longer left with him.

Maude's sensitive nature made her eyes keen to read his feelings, and, with a mighty effort at self-control, she crushed back her tears, and said:

"And if you would be willing to subject yourself to such a trial, I could not allow it. Here is your ring, Harry."

"Will you not keep it, Maude—if for no other reason, for a memento of our brief happiness? And, Maude," with sudden eagerness, "we need not be separated. We can go far away from this place, to commence our wedded life—to a spot where no one need know what has happened."

"And live a lie!" exclaimed Maude, with an accent of scorn in her sorrowful voice. "No, Harry, unless I can be respected for what I am—notwithstanding what has happened—I should be miserable, and should make you as unhappy as I would be myself. Then, too, mamma and I are going to shut up our house and go and live near my father's place of confinement, so that we can visit him as often as allowed, and keep up his courage until the time comes when he is again a free man. Good-bye, Harry, and may you be happy."

"Maude, I cannot give you up!"

"Do not say that, Harry, for a calmer moment would find you regretting it. I know you want to help me in my trouble; but I can see clearly that your course is not equal to facing the future with such a weight clogging your aspirations. I could not marry you, Harry, knowing that. But we will still be friends. Good-bye! And before Harry was conscious of her intention, she caught his hand and covered it with tearful, passionate kisses, as she put within it the glittering ring which had been the symbol of their engagement.

Another moment and Harry was alone. Perhaps even then if he had followed Maude and insisted that he would not give her up, he might have have carried the day. But the truth is he hardly knew his own mind, and so the golden opportunity passed and carried with it what had been the chief happiness of his life.

Half stunned by what had occurred he went mechanically out of the room, and soon the outer door shut him away from the inmates of the mansion, and all was over between the two who had been betrothed lovers.

Descending the steps, Harry met Ray Hertford. He recognized him with a half-ashamed, half-pained feeling, for he well knew that to win Maude had been the dearest hope of the newcomer's heart; and now, when the prize had nearly become his own, how could he have been so mad as to let it slip from his grasp?

Hertford extended his hand, saying:

"How is poor little Maude, Driscombe? I hope you have done your best to cheer her up in this sad trial. I would have been only too thankful had it been my place to be her consoler; but, of course, that is out of question. My heart has ached for her ever since I heard of her trouble."

Maude holds her head so high that I doubt if she will accept sympathy from any one. She has given me my walking papers, because I proposed to take her away among strangers who would not be supposed to know anything about her father's misfortune."

"I should have thought you would have hesitated about making such a proposal, Driscombe. It must have hurt poor Maude coming from you.

"I can't help it," was Harry's somewhat sulky reply. "I would have stood by Maude by herself, but it is another thing to shoulder a disreputable father-in-law."

"Mark my words, Driscombe," exclaimed Hertford, excitedly, "you will some time regret having said that. If ever a man stood high in the community, it was Maude's father, and I believe he is an innocent sufferer of some one else's crime."

"It isn't likely that a jury would have convicted him if there had been a loophole of escape by which to let him off."

"Well, time will prove;" and with these words the young men parted—Hertford to offer his sympathy to the sorrowing wife and child of the condemned man, and Harry to go whithersoever his disturbed thoughts might lead him.

As Hertford stood at the door waiting for an answer to his ring, a boy ran rapidly up the steps, bearing in his hand a telegram, which he gave to the servant to deliver to the mistress.

The girl took it, and said to Hertford: "Please to walk into the parlor. I will see if my mistress can see you."

A few minutes later a scream, followed by a heavy fall, struck upon Hertford's ear, and the girl came rushing down the stairs with terror depicted upon her face.

"Oh, sir, my mistress is dying! She has had bad news from the master and it has killed her, sure! Oh, what shall we do? what shall we do?" and she wrung her hands in distress.

"It may be only a faint," Ray said, soothingly. "Take me to your mistress. I may be able to suggest something to relieve her."

But before he reached her she had come to her senses. She put out her hands entreatingly.

"We must go to my husband at once. He is dying! Will you give us the protection of your presence, Mr. Hertford? We are so alone—Maude and I!"

"I will go for a carriage while you and Maude get ready to accompany me. I will be here in a very short time. But keep up your courage, Mrs. Mordaunt; while there is life there is hope, you know."

His calmness quieted the poor wife's agitation, and raised her hope.

Maude was all though turned suddenly into stone—pale as a lily, and with a sort of dazed expression in her dilated eyes which caused Hertford to fear for her mind. He longed to have the right to open his arms and to say to her:

"Let me share your trouble and sorrow with you. Lay your stricken head upon my breast and feel that my heart-throbs are in unison with your own—the same in disgrace or in joy."

But, alas! the one who had once such an insufferable privilege had proven unworthy of the trust, and he who had only stood by to see the precious treasure of her love bestowed upon another, could now only offer his help as from one friend to another—not as from the own rightful knight errant.

Their sad journey ended, and it was to find the spirit ... death. ...

lash almost with the departure of the messenger.

Then Ray's opportunity was given him, and he made the most of it. Mrs. Mordaunt was so stunned by the shock that she lay for weeks in a stupor, varied occasionally by outbreaks of delirium. Maude watched over her tenderly, and almost forgot her own sorrow in fighting for her mother's life. No worry of the outer world was allowed to intrude upon her. Ray constituted himself a barrier beyond which no thought about way or means should pass. Every day flowers and fruit for the invalid were sent by him to the sick-room, and the few words of thanks which he occasionally received from Maude's trembling lips were remembered and dwelt upon as the miser hugs his treasure.

At last, however, came the golden gift of all to him. He became the bearer of intelligence to clear away all clouds of shame from the memory of the husband and father. He had befriended a man whom he had, as it were, picked from the gutter into which he had fallen after a prolonged period of indulgence in drink. He had taken him to his own home and cared for him, and had talked with him seriously but kindly about his folly in yielding to temptation. The seed he thus planted fell upon good ground, and his protege became a reformed man, and in his earnestness of conviction resolved to vote himself to the work of raising other inebriates out of the slough from which he himself had been rescued.

It was through him that Ray received a clue, which followed up, resulted in finding out the real criminal for whose crime Maude's father had wrongfully been made to suffer. Mr. Mordaunt had been cashier of a bank, and by a cunningly contrived plan suspicion had been fastened upon him after the bank had been robbed.

Now, however, his name had been cleared, and it was through Ray Hertford that it had been done. Can it be wondered at that Maude, as well as her mother, began to regard him in the light of one of the noblest and most unselfish of benefactors?

But Ray was too sensible to betray the real nature of his feelings to Maude, until an incident occurred which precipitated matters. It was fully three years after Mr. Mordaunt's sudden death.

Maude had received from a friend the present of some pressed flowers, gathered amid the imposing grandeur of Alpine heights. One of the specimens was very beautiful, and as she read its accompanying description, and learned that it always blossomed through the snow, she looked up at Ray, who was standing beside her, and said, with a sad smile:

"That is an emblem of our friendship, Ray. It took root in the winter of our deepest sorrow. I shall love that flower the best of all, for it will always remind me of your faithful kindness to us when others, from whom I might have had a right to expect comfort and help, passed by on the other side."

Ray's voice trembled as he answered her. He tried to speak jestingly, but it was a failure; his words bore the impress of the intense longing which filled his soul.

"Love me, Maude, instead of the flower!" he said, "for it is unsatisfactory to waste so much that is precious upon an inanimate object; and oh! Maude you are the dearest object on earth to me!"

Maude opened her eyes wide in surprise at this unexpected outbreak from quiet, self-contained Ray Hertford. Then, with a sudden rush of color to her face, she said:

"Do you mean it, Ray? I never thought of you in that light; but I think you are the dearest and best of men, and—and—I really believe—Oh! Ray, I am glad you love me!"

The next moment her blushing face was hidden upon Ray's breast.

His faithful love had met with its reward.

TONGUE-TWISTERS.

Read the following aloud, repeating the shorter ones quickly half a dozen times in succession:

Six thick thistle sticks.
Flesh of freshly fried flying fish.
The sea ceaseth, and it suffoseth us.
High roller, low roller, lower roller.
A box of mixed biscuits, a mixed biscuit-box.
Strict strong Stephen Stringer snared slickly six sickly silky snakes.
Swan swam over the sea; swim, swan, swim; swan swam back again, well swum swan.
It is a shame, Sam; those are the same, Sam. 'Tis all a sham, Sam, and a shame it is a sham so, Sam.
A growing gleam growing green.
The bleak breeze highleth the bright broom blossoms.
Susan shines shoes and socks; socks and shoes shine Susan. She craveth shining shoes and socks, for shoes and socks shock Susan.
Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round; a round roll Robert Rowley rolled round; where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round?
Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owland oyster. Did Oliver Oglethorp ogle an owl and oyster? If Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and oyster, where are the owl and oyster Oliver Oglethorp ogled?
Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs bobs to Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs nobs with Snobbs and robs Nobb's fob. "That is," says Nobbs, "the worse for Hobb's jobs," and Snobbs sobs.
Sammy Shoesmith saw a shrieking songster. Did Sammy Shoesmith see a shrieking songster? If Sammy Shoesmith saw a shrieking songster, where's the shrieking songster Sammy Shoesmith saw?
I went into the garden to gather some blades, and there I saw two sweet pretty babes. "Ah, babes, is that you babes, braiding of blades, babes? If you braid any blades at all, babes, braid broad blades, babes, or braid no blades at all, babes."

Mincing Misses, or "Tomboys"—Which?

Never apply the word "tomboy" to a girl who is taking healthy and innocent exercise. Are there not mincing misses enough about us, who prove plaything to adult nuisances till the whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint? Better, a thousand fold, be "tomboys" than such things as these. "Tomboys" have lungs and cheeks and rosy cheeks, and grow up to be healthy mothers of healthy children. Doctors may not like them, ... hundred of people write: "It is impossible to say too much in praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It will be ...

OUR FRENCH CANADIAN COMPETITORS.

It is clear that the mass of the Canadians who are settled in New England are not rapidly becoming proprietors of the soil, their holdings, according to their own reports, being very much below the average per capita assessed valuations in the six States, as appears from the census of 1890. They remain operatives in the mills and factories. A few of them are storekeepers; fewer still are physicians and lawyers. Recently the French-Canadian press in the United States, and especially in New England, has rapidly developed. This is a pretty sure sign that the active politicians are taking a decided interest in the French-Canadian vote, and are prepared to avail themselves of the customary electioneering methods for the purpose of securing it.

In 1887 there were in New England 16,808 French-Canadian voters; in 1891 the number had increased to 29,465; in 1891 it had grown to to 35,563. In every one of the six States, except Vermont, votes equal in number to the solid French Canadian vote would suffice to reverse the political supremacy if they should be transferred from the prevailing party to the minority. In the Presidential election just held this vote played an important part, especially in Massachusetts. It is said that most of the French Canadians voted for the Democratic candidate because of the injuries inflicted on the farmers of Quebec by the McKinley tariff. However that may be, it is the fact that the French-Canadian vote was a matter of much solicitude to the politicians of both parties, and it is its growing importance in American politics that makes the immigration of interest in this country.—From "French Canadians in New England," by HENRY LOUIS NELSON in *Harper's Magazine* for July.

A BEAVER'S TEETH.

How Nature Makes a Chisel that Always Keeps Sharp.

As in every "gnawer" the beaver's skull is armed with two long chisel-like teeth in each jaw. Those teeth are exceedingly powerful, and are to a beaver what an axe is to a woodsman. One such tooth taken from the lower jaw of a medium-sized skull (they can be removed without difficulty, unlike the most of ours) is bent into nearly a semicircle, and measures five inches along its outer curve. Only one inch of this length projects from the skull. The corresponding one from the upper jaw is bent into more than a complete half circle, and measures upon its outer face four inches, of which less than an inch protrudes from its bone casing. In width each tooth is five-eighths of an inch. Examination of one of them reveals the secret of how a beaver can perform such feats as chopping down a birch-tree sixteen inches in diameter, not to speak of softer woods like the basswood, of much greater size. The tooth is composed of two materials. Along the outer face or front of the tooth is a thin plate of exceedingly hard enamel; on the inner forming the body of the tooth, is a substance called dentine. The dentine, being softer wears away with use. The thin enamel remains comparatively unworn, so that the tooth assumes the shape of a keen chisel that never grows dull. The tooth is hollow at the base for half its length, and is filled with a nourishing substance which keeps it constantly growing. Thus, not only is natural wearing away provided against, but a certain amount of wear becomes an actual necessity. With such implements the beaver is admirably fitted for obtaining its natural food, the bark of shrubs and trees.—*June St. Nicholas.*

OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

Let me tell you a pretty story. Among the visitors in New York, during the centennial celebration from the South, was a gentleman on the staff of the Governor of Virginia. He had written to a friend to engage a horse for him to ride during his stay in New York. A white horse, proud, stepping and slender-limbed, was selected, and on the morning appointed was led in company with a coal-black steed to the spot where the Virginian gentleman and a friend were ready to mount, when, lo! the black horse pawed the ground, shook his head, showed great uneasiness, and altogether behaved so remarkably that he attracted great attention.

"As sure as I live," said the rider of the white steed to his companion, "you are mounted on Black Diamond, my own old horse!"

"Nonsense!" said the other equestrian, "You wouldn't know Black Diamond now, and he wouldn't know you."

By this time a little throng of spectators had gathered, interested in the scene. Black Diamond's saddle was taken off, and under it was discovered an old scar, and a little tuft of white hair, which proved his identity beyond a doubt. When his old master mounted him, the horse fairly quivered with delight, and gave a cry of gladness. All through the centennial week there were two happy beings together, a man and a horse, and a horse sometimes shows intelligence so nearly human that one cannot but be glad when a great pleasure falls into the life of this faithful friend of man.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

AMERICAN LEGITY.

Singularly enough it appears that Poe, the only absolute distinct genius our country has yet produced, was incapable of humor, and that even his levity was artificial. Hawthorne, next to Poe in originality and far above him in style, was but meagerly equipped with smile-provoking material. Bryant, our greatest poet, maintained a lofty seriousness throughout his work.

It may be sacrilege to say so, but the truth is Lowell was the founder of our levity; he never could be quite a reliably serious thinker; but would at the most unexpected moment break off into fun-making.

Humor is good in a fresh and natural state; but so is a peach; cut and dry either and you have a poor article for a regular diet. We Americans have fed on laughable things until our faces show the wrinkles of a grin even when in solemnest repose. We are never sure of one another, but must wait awhile after each communication to see out whether or not it is a joke. The off-hand of highest sincerity cannot be reached at the index of all this hurly-burly of ... lying voices. How can one be serious ... everybody else is grimacing?—*The ...*

GRANDPA'S WAY.

My grandpa is the strangest man
Of course I love him dearly,
But really it does seem to me
He looks at things so queerly.

He always thinks that every day
Is right no matter whether
It rains or snows, or shines or blows
Or what the kind of weather.

When everyone else is ruffled
A heavy shower provoking,
He pats my head and says, "Don't see
The dry earth needs a soaking."

And when I think the day too warm
For any kind of pleasure,
He says, "the corn has grown an inch
I are without a measure."

And when I fret because the wind
Has set my sidewalk whirling,
He looks at me, and says, "Tut, Tut
This close air needs a stirring."

He says, when drifts are piling high
And fence-posts scarcely peeping!
How warm beneath their blanket white
The little flowers are keeping!

Sometimes I think when on his face
His sweet smile shines so clearly,
It would be nice if everyone
Could see things just so clearly!

A WOMAN'S TRIBUTE.

"Faith Fenton" of the Toronto *Empire* having been at the White City writes of it as follows:

Yes, it is really wonderful, how still and reposeful this lovely White City is; even when, as on Decoration day, nearly the entire population of Chicago was within its walls. The people walk the broad avenues in quiet, almost reverent admiration. Sometimes, as I watch them, I think that the very beauty and purity of the place permeates their mentality to the exclusion of all that is rude and base.

They throng the Art Building, moving quietly among the paintings and statuary they stand with almost wordless admiration among the beauties of silver and gold, of carvings and pottery, of silks and laces in the Manufactures Building; they watch with absorbed interest the flashing columns and wheels in the Electricity Building; they pace the avenues in quiet chat, or watch the fountains, or sit in family groups upon the stone steps, listening to one of the fine bands that play here and there in the squares.

This the people do by thousands and tens of thousands every day—and I have yet to see an intoxicated man, to witness a quarrel or to hear rough words. From daylight to dusk it is absolutely a happy and a safe spot for the most timid of women.

Everybody is too busy seeing and enjoying to interest himself in aught that others may do, save in a good-natured way.

The Columbian Guards—the police force of this White City—are everywhere. Their camps are upon the grounds, near the lake shore; and night and day they watch ceaselessly.

Yet their most onerous duties consist in answering the questions that are showered upon them without cessation from the time that the gates open, in the morning until they shut out the last visitor at midnight.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

Women are employed at railway switches and crossings in Italy because they don't get intoxicated.

Iowa paid the last dollar of her State debt recently and her taxes are to be reduced one fourth. This is the "ruin" wrought by prohibition.

If church members were only as inimical to the saloon as it is to the church, the saloon couldn't hold its ground at all.

"Yes; saloons do make a place lively; so do maggots in carrion. They do improve business; so does the yellow fever, for the doctors and undertakers."

The evangelical church and the saloon are as hostile to each other as fire and water. The conflict between them is irrepressible. The war is on, and neither compromise nor truce is possible.

We have seen there is no hope of improving, in any shape or form, the liquor traffic. There is nothing more to be done but to wipe it out completely.—Bishop John Ireland.

The continuance of the liquor traffic means more broken hearts more drunkard's graves more fallen sons and daughters, more weeping wives and mothers, more desolate homes and orphans.

The political sky is brightening with the indication of moral progress, and national prohibition is sure to come. The contest may wage long, fierce and furious; but in the cause of right, with God on our side, we shall triumph in the end.

THE WESTERN FAIR.

The Western Fair Prize List has again reached us, through the kindness of Mr. Thos. A. Browne, the Secretary, and it calls to mind the fact that the fair has gone on steadily improving and growing in importance since its inception in 1868. The dates this year remain the same, being September 14 to 23.

In viewing the Prize List we find that a class has been added for Cobs in harness, and also that the Teams and Fillies of the General Purpose class have been revived. In the Holsteins, Jerseys and Ayrshires a section has been added for four-year old Cows, and in the sheep department a class for Hampshire Downs. The Duroc Jerseys and Hogs have been allowed to compete with the Tamworths.

The Poultry classes have had Rose Comb Leghorns added, and in the Ornamental class, Magpies. The Dairy interests have received special attention, being among the leading industries of Canada. The one judge system is to be continued, having proved far more satisfactory than two or more, and in every case the men selected are experts in the departments; being the nominees of the different Live Stock Associations.

The Directors of the Western Fair are evidently men of good judgement and executive ability, who spare neither time nor labor to keep these exhibitions well to the front. They richly deserve the unparalleled success they have enjoyed in the past.

Prize Lists can be had by any of our readers on application to the Secretary.

Victoria Carbolic Salve cures cuts, burns Sores, Bruises, Wounds, Chapped Hands and Cold Sores. Price 25c.

Dr. Lowe Worm Syrup removes worms of all kinds in children or adults. Children cry for it.

Milburn's Beef, Iron ... is recommended by Physicians.

Harsh Coughs, Heavy Colds, ... Asthma and Bronchitis ... Hagyard's Norway Pine ...