The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XIX.—NO. 4. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1893. PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

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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 and Saturday, and the first Thursday of each month.
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—Kannawin'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. S. 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. A. H. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artist.

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 78, or telephone 68, 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 18 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 60 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 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 giving Indorsements, etc., address
ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.
Room 36, Canada Life Building, Toronto
J. W. Rutherford, Mgr. for Dominion.

NO MONOPLY IN BICYCLES
Day will sell you Coventry made Bicycle, Ball Bearings, Pneumatic Tire, an A1 $150 machine for $85 cash. Come and see it. He is agent for the Record Breaking New Howe and Rudge Cycles. Special low prices for cash at
DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
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 & 60c. lb.
SWEDE TURNIPS, 18c. lb.
SEED CORN, Yellow Horse Tooth 70c
Mam. 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 closer 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 [illegible] respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 7 a.m. and 8:15 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travelers 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, &c.
8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete 25c
5 Foot 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
Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid up [illegible]
Rest [illegible]
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.
Deposit Receipts Issued.
Farmers notes discounted.
The collection of sale 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
Also 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. Read, Guelph, is the successful competitor for the second prize, $3.30 and any pair of Shoes in our store valued at $3.30. 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 received from John Keme, Morriston, Lottie E. Webb, Orange, M. H. Stewart, Clyde, Lizzie D. Snow, Erin, and Ann McAlister, Hespeler.
Guelph's Leading Shoe Store.
WM. McLAREN & CO

IT WAS EVER THUS.
[illegible] Spragge in Guelph [illegible] cheaper than [illegible] he has the largest and most select stock west of Toronto and will pay freight on all purchases. In bicycles he handles the
Gundbar, Whitworth, Belsize, Fleet, Spartan, Remington, Comet, New Rapid, Premier, Reglan 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 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.

FASHIONABLE WEST END
99 Upper Wyndham Street
Headquarters for Best Values and Choicest Range of
Summer Ties,
Shirts, Collars
and Cuffs, Sox
and Summer Underwear.
Fine Range Fancy Vests
(One of the largest stocks in the city to choose your Hat from)
Try our Unlaundried Shirt, at 50c.
Specialty $4 Pants to order.
R. E. NELSON,
Merchant Tailor and Gents' Furnisher,
99 Upper Wyndham St., Guelph

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

Poetry.

THE OWNERS OF THE UNIVERSE.

Let us corner up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path
Let a trust on wheat and roses,
Give the poor the thorns and chaff.
Let us find our chiefest pleasure,
Hoarding bounties of to-day,
So the poor shall have scant measure
Two prices have to pay

Yes we'll reservoir the rivers,
And we'll levy on the lakes,
And we'll a lay a trifling toll tax
On each poor man who partakes.
We will brand his number on him,
That he'll carry through his life
We'll apprentice all his children,
Get a mortgage on his wife.

We will capture e'en the wind god,
And confine him in a cave,
And then through our patent process
We the atmosphere will save.
Thus we'll squeeze our little brother
When his lungs he tries to fill,
Put a whistle on his wind pipe
And present our little bill.

We will syndicate the starlight,
And monopolize the moon,
Claim a royalty on rest days,
A proprietary noon;
For right of way through ocean's spray
We'll pay just what it's worth,
We'll drive our stakes around the land
In fact, we'll own the earth

Select Family Reading.

Squire Trafton's Dream

BY [illegible]

Squire Trafton sat alone in the room he named his study, a frown upon his brow. The door had but just closed upon the slender, shrinking form of a young girl, Squire Trafton's only daughter, on whose fair, young cheek were unwiped tears, and her delicate mouth quivered, while sob after sob rose chokingly in her throat. She had been summoned but a few brief moments before to her father's presence, with hope and happiness in her breast; but in that short time both had flown away, leaving sorrow and disappointment to bear her company.

Nor was her burden rendered lighter by the fact that another must share it. When in manly truth, Tom Fearing had confessed his love for her, she had but waited her father's sanction to openly plight to him her troth, and now all was at an end! So had the stern decree been issued, and no thought of disobedience crossed her mind. She had seen her lover approach; had listened to his voice seeking the master of the house; had watched (herself unseen) the tall, handsome form cross the hall and enter the study. Then came words, exciting and loud on the squire's part, and of calm remonstrance on that of the younger man, until at last the interview was at an end, and she in turn was summoned, and commanded to think no more of one against whom could be raised no fault, save that of the lack of money.

"No man, unless he can offer my daughter a home in every respect equal to that she leaves, shall dare sue for her hand," thundered forth the squire; and the vision of the pretty rose embowered cottage, with its vine wreathed porch, vanished in gloom, and the cold, dull, stately house rose up before her like a prison.

Oh, how she hated its grim precision, its cold, stiff backed chairs and sofas, on which her eye had rested since her infancy. How often she and the sweet faced, sad eyed woman in whose arms she now found herself enfolded, had built in fancy a bow window here, a conservatory there, sent all the hated furniture to auction, and put in its stead pretty, chintz covered lounges, the easy chairs, with the dear mother's in the window where were to be the flowers, with the singing bird over her head.

"Flowers! nonsense!" decreed the master. "Let those who choose, waste time and money upon the useless things; but I'll have none in my house," and when the bay window was timidly suggested, his indignation was too great for words, but his look neither wife or daughter forgot though it did its work. "College! Ridiculous!" he again asserted to the bright faced youth of eighteen, who ventured to express his ambitious hope, and the place and office were not wanting in which to curb his absurd aspirations, and teach him that bread winning was the end and aim of a man's life. He had not gone early to work, had he not toiled and saved, and had he not sufficiently learned the value of money not to permit its foolish squandering?

"The girl 'll soon get over it," he said to himself, settling himself back in the chair. "Presumption enough in young Fearing to aspire to my daughter's hand with no money laid away in bank," and the figure in the overwhelming case of his conscience resigned himself to the comfort of a short nap.

A boy with a telegram awakened him. He had feared that his business might make necessary a trip abroad, in order to effect certain negotiations in the European market. The telegram confirmed his fears. He must start at once.

There was nothing of which he could complain in the preparation this hasty decision involved. His trunk was packed with careful precision, each article in its appointed place. His wife had received his directions concerning the money she was to expend during his absence. His son was doing well, and he knew he might trust him. His daughter. Well by the time of his return her tears would have been forgotten.

She would marry a man rich and respected and some day thank him, whom now, perhaps, her heart reproached. Could it be that in her good bye, and in that of her who had been so long the faithful wife of his bosom, there mingled a trace of something like relief? It was idle imagination on his part, as idle as the moisture which crept over his eyes at the sudden thought he might never see wife or children again.

But he would not tolerate in himself that which he could not in others, and his farewell seemed somewhat more stern, more cold, owing to the slight need for concealment.

It had been a premonition, perhaps, he thought, as, on the third day, the wind and seas arose, and the vessel tossed upon its troubled surface, a plaything at its pleasure.

"Unless help soon came, the ship was doomed," said the captain.

Doomed! That meant death, and here on the wide sea there was none to save. The cold, black waters would fold him in their chill embrace, nor ever relinquish their hold. What then availed him the gold he had toiled for, struggled for, and amassed for such a price? Would he not give it all once more to see his daughter smile through her tears? How little she dreamt of her place in the father's heart, who never kissed or caressed her! And his wife? How sadly she had changed from the bright, laughing girl he had brought a score of years before to make the sunshine of his home. She was still young; no gray streaked the light brown hair. Only the smile had faded. What a difference it wrought! And his boy, his handsome, manly boy, who had come to him so nobly with his young hopes and ambitions only to find them wither at his touch!

But a cry arises, lips blanch, and faces pale. The ship is settling to her fate. Not all his wealth can buy one moment's life. Is this death? He feels no pain as he sinks beneath the angry waves, but in some strange, wonderful manner his soul soars upward and leaves his body to its doom, as it takes its flight back to its home. What means this change? Have they so soon forgotten? Here is the pretty bay window, draped with lace, and here the conservatory, the fragrance of whose delicious bloom already greets him; flowers are in every window, plants everywhere. He enters. Nothing is the same. All is light and warmth and sunshine. Nothing dark, save the two shrouded figures who move so gracefully through the luxurious rooms. Can they who have so disregarded his wishes wear black robes for him? A widow's cap covers the light brown hair of his wife, but her face looks younger, prettier, than he has seen it in years, although her eyes seem as though they had kept solitary vigil with grief. All are busy with preparations for some event. Even the son, absent at college, his long cherished ambition gratified at last, is to be summoned home.

A new comer enters, with his face bright and handsome, who clasps in his arms the figure which springs quickly forward to greet him. Ah! Already the father has been forgotten in the lover. But what do they say? Can it be that part of his fortune has been appropriated to buying the interest he had assured young Fearing was necessary for the success of his suit? Yet to what better use could it have been put than the purchase of his daughter's happiness? Why had he not thought of this? How charming a home he might have made for her in the pretty house and grounds on the outskirts which he had left tenantless, and which was but one of the many he had owned.

"Too late! too late!" echoes in his ear; then his soul flies back again. The waters come washing over him, he must make one desperate struggle for life, and with this struggle, he wakes. All has been a dream!

Bewildered, he looks around. The grim severity of his study is unaltered, the sunshine streams through it. Can it be that it has touched his heart as well? Something seems to have fallen away from his vision—some load from his heart—and for the first time in years a tender smile plays about the stern mouth.

He rises from his seat and goes slowly toward his wife's room. As he passes his daughter's chamber sobs reach his ears, each stabbing like a knife. Could it be he had listened so indifferently before? He opens the door and enters. She starts to her feet from the bed on which she had thrown herself, endeavoring to repress her grief, but no words of rebuke fall from her father's lips. He opens wide his arms, and she springs amazed to their embrace.

"Foolish little girl," he whispers. "I said only you must wait until young Fearing had bought an interest in his firm. He has just procured it, and as you are to have a husband with such prospects I have decided to give you the house and lot which has been waiting a tenant. You must not keep it waiting long."

Then kissing away the now grateful, happy tears, bidding her see her lover when she would, he goes on his way, somehow feeling ten years had been taken from his shoulders.

"Wife," he says, closely, as the sympathizing mother hastily strives to conceal traces of recent weeping, "as we are to have a wedding so soon, it seems to me the old house should put on its holiday garb. Women know more about such things than men, so I leave it to you, only remember I am a rich man, and it must be done handsomely so when our boy comes home from college (did you not know I had decided to send him?) he may not be ashamed to one day bring his bride here. And, perhaps, who knows, wife, our children's children may yet fill it with sunshine."

Then clasping the weary, loving woman close to his heart, he whispered:

"And you and I together will grow in their youth."

PRINTERS AND PARADOXES

A printer is a most curious being. He may have a bank and coins, and not worth a cent; have small caps and have neither wife nor children. Others may run fast, but he gets along swifter by setting fast. He may be making impressions, without eloquence; may use the lye without offending, and be telling the truth, while others cannot stand while they set, he can set standing, and do both at the same time; have to use furniture and yet have no dwelling; may make and put away pi, and never see a pie, much less eat it during his whole life; be a human being and a rat at the same time; may press a great deal and not ask a favor; may handle a shooting iron, and know nothing about a canupus, gun or pistol; he may move the lever that moves the world, and yet be as far from moving the globe as a log under a mole hill; spread sheets without being a housewife; he may lay his form on a bed and yet be obliged to sleep on the floor; he may use the dagger without shedding blood, and from the earth he may handle stars; he may be of a roaming disposition and yet never desire to travel; he may have a sheep's foot, and not be deformed; never without a case, and know nothing of law or physic; be always correcting his errors, and be growing worse every day; have embraces, without ever having the arms of a lass thrown around him; have his form locked up and at the same time be free from jail, watch house or any other confinement; his office may have a hell in it, and not be a bad place after all; he might be plagued by the devil, and be a Christian of the best kind; and what is stranger still, be he honest or dishonest, rich or poor, drunk or sober, industrious or lazy, he always stands up to his business.

Strong nerves, sweet sleep, good appetite, healthy digestion, and best of all pure blood, are given by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Talk about women being flighty! Look at bank cashiers.

A MARRIAGE IN CAIRO.

From Harper's Weekly.

There was a young girl married while I was in Cairo. The streets around the palace of her father were hung with flags for a week; the garden about his house was enclosed with a tent which was worth in money $20,000, and which was as beautiful to the eye as the interior of a mosque; for a week the sheiks who control the estates of the high contracting parties were fed at their expense; for a week men sang and bands played and the whole neighborhood feasted; and on the last night everybody went to the wedding and drank coffee and smoked cigarettes and listened to a young man singing Arabian love-songs. I naturally did not see the bride. The women who did see her described her as very beautiful, barely sixteen years old, and covered with pearls and diamonds. She was weeping bitterly, her mother, it appeared, had arranged the match. I did not see her, but I saw the bridegroom. He was fat and stupid and over sixty, and he had white hair and a white beard. A priest recited the Koran before him at the door of the house, and a band played, and the people cheered the Khedive three times and then the crowd parted, and the bridegroom was marched to the door which led to the stairs, at the top of which the girl awaited him. Two grinning eunuchs crouched on this dark staircase, with lamps held high above their heads, and closed the door behind him. His sixteen year old bride has him to herself now, him and his eunuchs until he or she dies. We could show similitudes between this wedding and some others in civilized lands, but it is much too serious a matter to be cynical about.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Heaven will allow no man to secure happiness by crime.

Behavior is a mirror in which every one displays his image.

Men do less than they ought, unless they do all they can.

Politeness has been well defined as benevolence in small things.

The secret of making one's self tiresome is not to know when to stop.

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.

What do we live for if it is not to make life less difficult for each other?

He who boldly bears calamity is more valiant than he who dares to die.

Every duty which we omit obscures some truth that we should have known.

The greatest evil of modern education is the evil which it inflicts on health.

Fretfulness of temper will generally characterize those who are negligent of order.

Honesty is one part of eloquence. We persuade others by being in earnest ourselves.

Liberality consists less in giving much than in giving in the right way at the right moment.

The exact value of any man's religion may be determined by noticing the effect that it has on his conduct.

There are many dirty roads in life, but if you use your judgment, you may always be able to find a clean crossing.

Money got from books on which the thought settles for a definite end in knowledge, than from libraries skimmed over by wandering eyes. A cottage flower gives honey to the bee, a king's garden none to the butterfly.

WHAT WE OWE TO ANIMALS

Those who have read the story of Robinson Crusoe, the sailor who was shipwrecked on an island not inhabited by white men, will remember how he soon made companions of the various animals he found there, and with their aid sustained life until he was rescued. If one of us should be shipwrecked on a desert island where no animals lived, no horses to draw us, no ox to toil for us, no cow or goat to give us milk, no sheep to give us wool, no hens to give us eggs, no dog to be our companion and guard us in the night, no cat to lie on the hearth, no birds to sing their songs, no living creature to keep us company, no sound of any living thing by day or night, only solitude and silence everywhere, with nothing to eat but such roots as we could dig from the earth, and nothing to wear but such bark as we could pluck from the tree, we should then know how much we owe to these creatures which God has mercifully provided for our use. And ever afterwards, if we escaped from such a life, how grateful we should be to God for giving them, and how grateful to them for the service they render us!

It is said by those who have studied that if only the birds were all destroyed, we could not live on the earth, for the insects which the birds eat would destroy all vegetation and all human life would perish.

ABSENT MINDEDNESS

One who watches street life in a great city will often witness amusing cases of absent mindedness. One day a young girl came tripping down the steps of her New York home. In her hand she held an elevated railroad ticket and a letter to be mailed. She hastened to a letter box, dropped in her ticket, and walked hurriedly to the nearest elevated station. What she did there we cannot say. Not less forgetful was the man who, after buying a dollar's worth of elevated railroad tickets, tore off one, which he put into his vest pocket for future use, and dropped the other nineteen into the box. On a Staten Island boat not long ago a young man was seen to take a cigar from his pocket. He seated himself comfortably on deck with his evening paper, struck a match and lit his cigar, which, with a nonchalant toss, he threw over the railing, retaining the burnt match between his fingers. He opened his paper, his lips also, then, casting a hurried glance about to see who had witnessed the mistake, beat a hasty retreat. In this case he made the best possible disposition of his cigar. *Congregationalist*

FEAR

From Harper's Bazar

Some celebrated man, who saw a little clearer than others, once said, "The fear of looking like a fool has prevented many a man acting like a hero!"

This unworthy fear, which consists largely of self conceit and self consciousness, is the great vice to be eliminated in growing from the heart, out. There is nothing but love which can utterly overpower it. It is that love which is a love to God and a love to our fellow men, and which, growing greater and greater in the heart, finally casts out self conscious fear as well as every other baser thing. Where love grows perfect there is room for nothing else.

HOW A TAILOR GOT HIS MONEY.

A miserly English nobleman—Lord Bath—who lived many years ago owed his tailor some eight hundred pounds, which he utterly refused to pay. The tailor sent him many letters stating that he had himself paid out a good deal of money for cloth, velvet, and trimmings of all sorts, and could not afford to give so much away; but the dishonest nobleman never even answered him. He called and told Lord Bath how many troubles he had, how hard times were, and that nothing but necessity would ever make him press his bill. Lord Bath promised to pay him shortly, but only to get rid of him.

Finally the tailor grew angry. He stood in the entrance way of Lord Bath's residence when he had company, and cried:

"I want my money. The clothes you have on are not paid for."

The servants turned him away. He followed his lordship to places where he visited, forced his way into the hall, and insisted on being paid. The hosts had him arrested several times, and he was charged with being insane.

Finally he followed Lord Bath to church one morning, and seated himself in the pew behind him. As the nobleman sat erect, leaning a little backward, there came a sharp whisper in his ear:

"You call yourself a Christian, and cheat a poor tailor, do you?"

Lord Bath shifted his seat; the tailor followed him.

"I want my money," he whispered. When in the course of the service the congregation arose, those at a distance who noticed the tailor, only saw a respectable man seemingly joining in the responses; but every time he opened his mouth the tailor whispered:

"Pay me my money," in Lord Bath's ear.

Singularly enough, the sermon was on avarice. The tailor pointed every moral by whispering "Just like you my lord."

The clergyman hinted, as preachers of all denominations were apt to do in those days, at the probable fate of the miser, and the tailor behind Lord Bath breathed, with great apparent earnestness, in his ear such words as these:

"There now, my lord. See where you're likely to go to, my lord. See what is to happen to you if you're too fond of your gold not to be honest. I wouldn't risk it, my lord, if I was you. The parson ought to know, and you see what he thinks of you." And when, in his peroration, the clergyman waxed eloquent, the tailor, lifting his voice higher than he had before, filled each pause with an earnest, "Ah! that's you to a certainty, my lord. He's got you pat, my lord. That's Lord Bath that never pays his debts, and sits in church with honest men."

The rector, in his high pulpit, heard nothing of all this, but the people in the pews all about were staring. Those home truths, perhaps, touched the miserly noble man's conscience. At the conclusion of the benediction he requested the tailor to call on him the next morning, and on his doing so, his lordship gave him a check for the full amount of the debt.

THE BURNING QUESTION

"The Burning Question" is the caption on a contribution on the liquor traffic. Aye, it is the "burning question," hot with the scalding tears of suffering wives and children, hot with the feverish blood of rapidly consuming victims of drink. Hot also with the ardent longings of all good people and hot with the friction of opposing contestants.

An Awful Secret.

It is time men knew it. Women are on a sort of strike. A kind of secret understanding has arisen between them. They belong to a sisterhood without lodge or badge, and before long old bachelors will find their few remaining hairs rising on their heads with astonishment and young ones will have an experience their grandfathers knew not of.

Women do not think so highly of marriage as they used to think. Love is just what it was and what it will be forever, of course, but there was a time when simply to marry was in all feminine eyes to be a great good.

That day has gone by. All over the land are young women who have said to themselves: "I will only marry if I truly love and honor the man who woos me." There are young women, too, who have calmly made up their minds that it is, perhaps, not likely that they shall find any one exactly to suit, and who have calmly made up their minds that it is perhaps not likely that they shall find anyone exactly to suit, and who are comfortably supporting themselves, and even in some cases laying up provision for the future. These women are happy and enjoy life. They are not hanging upon the parent bough, withering because no one wishes to pluck them. If the right man comes they will say yes, but if he does not come they can do exceedingly well without him. And they smile serenely when they hear the men who have not yet found the key to the mystery lamenting that there are so many old maids in the world, whom they pity. Henceforth it will be the bachelors who should be pitied.

AN ARAB'S LOVES

An Arab—meaning a tent dweller for an equine sense—the town dweller is no Arab—loves first and above all his horse. No need to recite the oft sung affection he will lavish upon him. Next he loves his fire-arm. This, poetically speaking, ought to be a six foot, gold inlaid, muzzle-loading horror of a match lock, which would kick any man but an arab flat on his back at every shot, but actually, in Algeria or Tunis, when he lives near a city, it is rather more apt to be a modern English breech loader. You must fly from the busy haunts of men to find the matchlock. Next to his gun he loves his oldest son. Last comes his wife, or one of his wives. Daughters don't even count. I mean the Arab scarcely takes the trouble to count them, unless in so far as they can minister to his comfort, dietetic or otherwise. Until some neighbor comes along and proposes to marry, in other words, to make a still worse slave of one of them, she is only a chattel, a soulless thing. And yet she is said to be a pretty, amiable, helpful being—said to be, for no one by any hap ever chances to cast his eyes on one worth seeing. This disregard for women, be it said to their honor, does not always apply to the Bedouins of the Syrian and Arabian deserts. From "Algerian Riders," by Colonel T. A. Dodge, of the United States Army, in *Harper's Magazine* for July.

THE HUSBAND'S LAMENT.

Sing a song of cleaning house,
Pocket full of nails,
Four and twenty dust pans,
Scrubbing brooms and pails,
When the door is opened,
Wife begins to sing

Just help me move this wardrobe here,
And hang this picture, won't you dear?
And tack the carpet by the door,
And stretch this one a little more,
And drive this nail and screw this screw,
And here's a job I have for you
This cupboard door will never catch,
I think you'll have to fix the latch,
And, oh, while you're about it, John,
I wish you'd put the curtains on
And hang this curtain, when you're done
I'll hand you up the other one,
This box has got to have a hinge
Before I can put on the fringe,
And won't you mend that broken chair
I'd like a hook put right up there
The wardrobe door must have a knob
And here's another little job
I really hate to ask you, dear,
But could you fix a little here

And on it goes, when these are through,
And thousand that and those to do,
Ad infinitum and more to,
All in a merry jingle,
And isn't that enough to make
A man wish he were single? —Alma.

IS IT TRUE?

An esteemed correspondent mourns over the fact—or what she alleges to be a fact—that children and very young people are utterly wanting in gratitude to their parents. She says:

"They may, and generally do love them sincerely and devotedly, and may even be willing to sacrifice themselves for them, but it never occurred to them that they have anything for which to be grateful. It seems so much a matter of course, that all good things should flow to them from their parents that they never give a thought to the source whence they are derived. It is not till the parental hand is withdrawn by death that they discover how much they owed to those that are no more—how much they miss the tender care that can no more assist them."

Our correspondent seems to have become rather morbid on the subject of children's ingratitude to their parents. There is some truth in what she says, but, in our opinion, she states the case somewhat extravagantly.

TO THE "OLD FOLKS."

When your son John goes a courting, or some young man surprises you by paying attention to the girl you have always thought of as little Fannie, pause awhile before you decide on opposing their desires and thwarting their hopes. And do not set your face against the match, and make the young people miserable, unless it is really right that you should do so.

There is so much sweetness in the continuance of one's first love. In having nothing to look back upon, no regrets, no old love letters to tear up or locks of hair to put in the fire.

A life hardly ever goes quite right that is cut down, as are some rose bushes by florists, to the very roots and allowed to grow again. However it may be in the garden, the rose in the rosebud garden of girls never gets her sweetness back. She is coarser, less charming, and life is not the old life to her. Men get over these things better, but the first love is the only woman to whom a man is ever really true or whom he ever makes entirely happy and contented.

Of course, you don't fancy Fannie's suitor, the house of his parents are decidedly bad, or pleased with John if he has chosen some one who is quite unfit for him. But don't say "no" because you do not like the young man's grandfather, or because there was trouble twenty years ago about that acre of marsh land, or because there was an argument between your Aunt Priscilla and that girl's second cousin Sally which ended in their not speaking to each other, and in saying a great deal against each other to make up for it. Old feuds, old prejudices, old superstitions of the stupid sort have parted many a pair whom the angels evidently intended to join together. And there are sour old maids in many a homestead and wicked old bachelor in many a town who might have been good, dear old couples now if some other old couple in the past had not interfered without good reason.

An Indian Shampoo.

If by any chance one of our Arizona Indians should go into a barber shop and ask to have his hair dressed, he'd run out of the shop when he discovered the barber's way of dressing hair.

The Indians out there, both men and women, are very fond of a shampoo, but their way will never become popular among white folk. Both sexes wear their hair long, reaching nearly to the waist, and cut square across. Now, they would not think of such a thing as touching those raven locks of theirs with a brush or comb.

When an Arizona Indian feels that his hair wants doing up he makes a thick paste of the adobe soil and water. He winds his hair tightly about his head, and smears it from his forehead to the back of his neck with a plentiful supply of the paste so that his head looks as if it were in a plaster mould, for the clay is gray and sticky. He lets the adobe cast get perfectly dry and then cracks it off his hair, which comes from under this novel shampoo clean, smooth and glossy. The women dress their hair in the same way.

A LITERARY SENSATION

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has, after its "broke loose." The copyright of this most famous of American novels by Mrs. Stowe, has recently expired, which frees its publication from the monopoly of the high priced publishers and though in anticipation of this fact they have greatly reduced its price now that it is "unchained" the consequences are something surprising. John B. Alden, Publisher, of New York, issues several editions, selling them only direct (not through agents or book sellers); one in good type, paper covers, for five cents, sent post paid, or the same bound in cloth for 10 cents with postage 7 cents extra; also an excellent large type edition, on fine paper, handsomely bound in cloth for the price of 25 cents, postage 10 cents. Surely a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will soon be found in every home where it is not already. Mr. Alden sends a 32 page pamphlet describing many of his publications free, or a catalogue of 128 pages of choice books, a veritable "literary gold mine" for book lovers, for 2 cents. Address JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 57 Rose St., New York.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.