The Acton Free Press.

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Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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Office and residence: Corner Hill & 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

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CAPITAL $12,000,000
REST 6,000,000

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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 Dwarf Essex Rape Seed from me. Prices

10c per lb or 11 lbs for $1 00
MANGLES 20c lb
CARROTS, 40 & 50c lb
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SEED CORN, Yellow Horse Tooth 70c
" " Mam. Southern White 75c. per bushel

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Located at Nos. 204 and 206 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 can also supply any special sizes at short notice at lowest prices.

Frames of All Kinds

made to order. We also keep in stock a supply of Bee Hives and Honey Crates, Corner Blocks, &c.

Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait
Price $1 50 per M

PUMPS

Cheaper than ever. Every pump we sell we guarantee to give satisfactory service.

Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.

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STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

Fine Etchings, Colored Pictures, Room and Picture Mouldings.

IVORY OAK **FRAMES** SILVER GILT

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

A full stock of Winsor & Newton's Paints, whole

Double Extra Incorporated Ink.

A big Drop Photo Frame complete 25c

Fine Cabinet Gold Brass Fittings 25c

Our Wall papers

Are sure to be the best selected in the city

WATERS BROS.,

ESTABLISHED 1867

ST GEORGE'S SQUARE. GUELPH

ACTON

LIVERY

AND

BUS LINE.

The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and believes them that

Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured

At his stables. A comfortable bus meet all trains between 9 a.m. and 8 p.m.

Careful attention given to every supplier

The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

The Traders' Bank

OF CANADA.

Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid up 700,000
Rest 7,000

GUELPH BRANCH

3 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. E. JONES,
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Binder Twine

"Red Cap,"
"Blue Ribbon,"
"Silver Composite,"

At Prices Lower Than Ever.

Can quote now.

BOND & CO
Hardware, GUELPH

Boots & Shoes

Midsummer Clearing Sale.

We have commenced our annual Midsummer Clearing Sale

Now is your chance to buy all kinds of

COLORED AND SPORTING GOODS CHEAP.

In our remnant lot you will find big bargains

The Leading Boot and Shoe Store

WM. McLAREN & CO
GUELPH

IT WAS EVER THUS

Sprague in Guelph, Furniture cheaper than anybody else, he has the largest and most select stock of Furniture in Guelph and will pay freight on all purchases in Binder twine he handles the

Bumber Whitworth, Delaine, Fleet, Spartan, Remington, Comet, New Rapid, Perfect, Reglan and Excelsior

Business is good because we sell cheap

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Music Store

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Pianos, Organs and all kinds of Musical Instruments Sheet Music and Music Books.

Small and cautious by stock. No trouble to show goods

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95 Upper Wyndham street Guelph. Next door to R. 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.

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Merchant Tailor and Gents' Furnisher,
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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 BELLE OF A BY-GONE DAY.

By Josephine Pollard

She sits apart from the merry throng,
She takes no part in the dance,
But her pulses thrill to the music still
That once had power to entrance.
And the scenes of the past repeat themselves
In colors as bright and gay,
What triumphs were hers! And what rare delights!
What memories sad and sweet!
When lovers a crowd in her presence bowed,
And their treasures cast at her feet.
Of moonlight walks, and of gilded halls,
Where she ruled with a sovereign sway,
Of brilliant schemes, so successful, dreams
This belle of a by gone day.

You must think that beam on her lover's grip,
A angry and mischievous elf,
The gayest of girls, with clustering curls,
Reminds her so of herself
That she quite fears to have the years so fast flown,
That her tresses are scant and gray,
And resumes her part with a youthful heart,
Though a belle of a by gone day.

And oh, how the gay times all come back!
And men and maidens appear
On the scene again, as the well-known strain
From the violin meets the ear;
Then they fade from sight, and in rosy nooks
Does she with another stray,
The favorite one, who wooed and won
The belle of a by gone day.

And though quiet and humdrum life may seem
To those on the sunset slope,
When the gold is spent, and the curtains rent,
And courage and strength are over
The fingers of memory over again
The ancient melodies play
With such skill, forsooth, they restore the youth
Of the belle of a by gone day

Select Family Reading.

Wanted.--A Model.

BY CARL BERGKEIT.

The clock upon my studio mantle chimed the hour of two, and at the same moment a gentle tap came upon the door. Laying down my brush, I rose and opened it. The long hall was dark, but through the latticed panes of the window at the farther end the sunlight entered in a broad flood. Standing right in it a glow, which brought out in vivid effect her marvelous beauty of face and form, was a young girl.

"Is this Mr. Althorpe, the artist?" a voice said, sweet enough to match the face.

"It is, and you, I know, are the model I have been expecting. Please enter and lay off your hat. I am glad you have come early, as I never work after five o'clock," I said.

Turning away, I busied myself about my paints, not wishing to embarrass the young lady, who in compliance with my request, had entered.

At last, after for the space of two weeks I had almost given up in despair, and had even gone so far as to turn to the wall the canvas of my historical painting which had been promised for the exhibition of the coming month, and in which, while every detail of costume and surroundings was completed, the face of the central figure, the beautiful heroine, was a blank. At last Fortune had smiled upon me, for in the face of my present model I beheld the ideal which had long hovered before my mind's eye, but which had so tantalizingly refused to be transferred upon the canvas.

"I know of a model that will suit you, Althorpe," my fellow artist, Armstrong, had said to me when I told him of my difficulty, "and I will send her to you when I see her again. She is young and very handsome, and a perfect lady. It is the old history of affluence followed by sudden poverty and the necessity of turning to anything that will afford a livelihood."

I agreed within myself as to the truth of his commendation, as the afternoon progressed. Three o'clock, four, and then five.

"Are you very tired?" I asked as I opened the studio door for my model's egress.

"Yes I am, a little," said the musical voice (shall), "I have not become quite accustomed yet to my present employment."

"But you will return to-morrow, will you not?" I asked anxiously. For although I had worked so rapidly that another sitting was by no means an absolute necessity, I was loth to lose sight of the charming model whose exquisite loveliness had set every artistic pulse thrilling within my beauty loving soul.

If I can, came the reply after a slight hesitancy, "but my mother is not strong and sometimes I am not able to leave her. Good afternoon Mr. Althorpe."

"Good afternoon, Miss."

But if I thought thus to learn her name I was baffled. With a graceful inclination of her golden head the young girl walked past me into the hall, and a few moments later I heard the door at the foot of the studio stairs close.

As I turned back into the room again, I noticed that lying upon the table just as I had laid it, was the envelope containing the remuneration for the three hours' sitting. It had been forgotten.

But it did not matter. She would return to-morrow, or so I thought. How long I remained standing that afternoon before my almost completed painting I could not say, but one thing I am sure of that it was the face of my heroine which looked out at me from the canvas which absorbed all my attention.

Incomparably beautiful! I exclaimed, involuntarily. Innocence, loveliness, and purity, all three united as I never have seen them before. And that exquisite being is poor. Strange inconsistency of Fortune! One would think her every gift would be showered upon one so worthy. I must know who she is.

My last birthday had marked the thirty eighth year upon my life's calender, but as I left my studio the haunting sweetness of that face went with me. It filled my dreams that night, it was my waking thought in the morning.

But the next afternoon wore on, and the next, and others, and to my keen disappointment and chagrin, never again did my studio door give entrance to the lovely image whose every beauty memory had traced in indelible characters upon my heart. The days passed until the one arrived preceding that upon which my completed picture was to be sent to the Academy.

"It is a masterpiece," my brother artists one and all declared. And I had Armstrong to thank for it, and I told him so, and that if he wanted it and to the obligation infinitely he would tell me the name and where to find the model who had come to me through his means. As I spoke Armstrong listened in genuine surprise.

"Why, Althorpe, I never saw that face before in my life. Oh, I remember. I see now what you mean. That was not the model of whom I spoke to you. She was handsome, but not like that," pointing to my picture. "But tell me, did not she keep her word to you, as I promised, for I started on a sketching tour soon after I met you, and when I returned she had left the city."

And so the hope to which I had clung that from my fellow artist I could learn the desired information that would lead me to the queen who held my heart in thrall—was dashed to the ground.

In an apartment in one of the city's palatial hotels; seated at a table, discussing the tempting viands before them, and conversing animatedly between whiles, are two gentlemen.

"Well, Ralph, does it not seem good to be in America again?" Mark Durand, the elder of the two, says.

"Good? It is more than good; it is a heartfelt delight!" his companion, Ralph Hall replies. "And the dear old city! Do you know that nowhere can be found its equal? Neither Paris, London nor Berlin with all their united attractions, can compare to our queen metropolis."

"You're right there," Mark says, heartily. "No more coffee? Cannot I persuade you? Well I have finished also, and as my watch says quarter of eight, we will just have time to run in and look at the pictures at the Academy. It is exhibition night, and there is a good deal of interest about the five thousand dollar prize that one of our philanthropic citizens has offered to encourage home talent. What say you, shall we go?"

"To be sure," Ralph answers, with alacrity, as he rises from the table.

"Do you suppose that your mother and sister would enjoy it?" Mr. Durand asks. "I have four tickets, and we can drive over for them, and be in ample time."

"Elsie might like to go, but my mother seldom ventures out at night. You know it was for the benefit of her health that we have spent so many years abroad."

"That reminds me, Ralph, if I had known that your mother and sister were in the city, I should have called long ago, but I supposed of course that they were with you in Chicago, where your last letter to me was dated."

"Oh! they will think nothing of that. They have only been in the city a month. They remained here after the vessel landed while I hastened to Chicago to attend to some property concerning which my agent had been expecting difficulty. But hark! it is striking eight now. If we call for Elsie we must hasten."

A half hour later a group of three threaded their way slowly through the throng that filled, to overflowing the Academy saloon. More than one admiring glance followed the lovely girl who leaned upon the younger gentleman's arm.

"Hart Cropsey Smith! Le Grand Althrope Ha! that must be my friend! If so he must have made pretty rapid progress up the ladder of fame to have his name written here. He was just starting in his art career when I last saw him."

So says Ralph, his eyes fixed so intently upon his catalogue as he speaks that he does not notice the slight start which his companion gives nor the deepening of the color that tinges her fair cheeks.

"Do you know Althrope?" Mr. Durand asks, with interest. "He's quite the lion in art circles just now. They say that it is his picture that is almost sure to take the prize from all the other competitors."

"Do I know him? I should think so! A fellow wouldn't be very apt to forget one who saves his life at the risk of his own. Thereby hangs an interesting tale, and some time I will tell it to you, and make you acquainted with the hero of it. I was on my way to call upon him this afternoon when you was laid me, and forced me in to sup with you. Let us find his picture."

But the painting they seek is at the farther end of the vast apartment, and the crowd before it is so dense, that, regardful of his sister's comfort and safety, Ralph does not press through it, and thus they leave the exhibition without having seen the work of art to which a few hours later, with the sanction of public approval, the judges assign the prize of superior merit.

"Ralph," Elsie says, the next evening as the three—her mother, brother and self—chat together about the evening lamp, "tell me again that story of your soldier days. You know which I mean, that about the battle of Antietam, when you so nearly lost your life. Now I am expecting to meet this Mr. Althrope, I should like to hear it."

And always ready to gratify his sister Ralph complies. It is an old story told by him and yet one which ever brings with it the same thrill, and as he speaks, Ralph's voice grows eloquent.

"And at last I am to meet and know the man who saved my brother's life," Elsie exclaims, "who bore his wounded form in his arms, on foot through the rain of deadly bullets, out of peril into safety, who counted his own life as nothing unless he could rescue his friend. Ralph, I have always longed to see him to clasp his hand and thank him and to show him that the mother and sister of the man whose life he saved appreciate his heroism, and have not forgotten even though many years have elapsed, and the one was but an ambreding child when it happened.

A crimson, deep as that in the heart of a rose, glows upon Elsie's beautiful face as she speaks, and her brother regards her admiringly, while her mother smiles as she says, softly, "Little enthusiastic!"

"Dear Armorer: I arrived in town a couple of days ago, and was prevented from seeking you at once, as was my wish. Can you not call this evening? We are at the Albemarle. My mother and sister as soon as they learned that you resided in New York, expressed a desire to meet you, certain matters pertaining to the old war days having naturally given them a very warm interest in you.

Be sure and come. I should have called and asked you in person this morning, but business intervened. I long to shake you by the hand once more. I shall wait this evening with impatience.

Your friend of "auld lang syne,"
RALPH HALL."

Such an invitation evoked but one answer and I went, glad in the thought of meeting once again the friend whose frank, brotherly companionship was so delightful in the days gone by when we were soldier lads together, sharing each other's pleasures and privations.

"Mother, Elsie, this is my friend, Mr. Althorpe—Paul, my mother and sister."

Like one in a dream, I acknowledged the mere introduction, scarcely knowing what I did or said. My brain, usually calm enough, was in a wild whirl. Before, me by the side of the gentle faced, middle-aged lady, Ralph's mother, with a radiant welcoming smile upon her blushing face, I beheld again the fair unknown who had come, conquered and vanished so mysteriously. "Was I dreaming? No; a surreptitious pinch proved the reality of my waking dream. Now, then, could it be accounted for that the model, whose beauteous countenance in my painting had won for it the coveted prize, and Ralph Hall's only sister, nurtured in the lap of luxury, and shielded from every breath of want, could be one and the same?

It was explained, but not then; for when, at the close of a few blissful, winged hours I held, at parting, Miss Hall's soft fingers for one moment in my clasp, I was in as much a mist of doubt and mystery as ever. But later, as I have said, all was made clear. Soon after her arrival in the city, while passing, one afternoon, the studio building, she had seen and recognized my name over the door as that of the friend of whom she had so often heard her brother speak, and to whom she considered that she owed the preservation of that idolized brother's life. Obeying an impulse, she had entered, intending to make herself known, and to extend to me an invitation to call upon her mother and herself.

The humor of the mistake that followed had appealed irresistibly to her fun loving spirit, but afterwards fearing lest her mother should disapprove and chide her, she had kept the occurrence to herself.

One item more: The remuneration which I owed to my model for her services and for which, to my surprise at the time, she neglected to return, the reader may be assured I gave with interest in the shape of kisses upon the sweet lips that, twelve short months later, upon one wedding day, called me by the sacred name, "Husband."

ANGLING FOR HEARTS.

Not to say it profanely, there be among the super excellent sex "fishers of men." And very expert anglers some of them are. No "brown hackle," make to skip over a mountain stream in May time, if half so fatal to the trout as are the sidelong glances shot from under the dark lashes of beauty, to many a susceptible gudgeon with whisker cirdiglip. We have known a young lady to hook a dozen such in a single evening, and have them all "on a string." A sweet smile behind a fan is an attractive bait, and we have seen much execution done with such a lure by a pretty girl who had the knack of it. The poet who insisted that "Beauty draws us by a single hair," goes a trifle too far, but she certainly often draws us by a braid or a ringlet, and, at the risk of our ears, we venture to add, some times an artificial one. Little mouse like feet and their belongings, if expertly handled, are tempting bait, at all times and in all places, and make especial havoc among the male fish in Broadway, when that channel of communication is somewhat muddy.

Some ladies, musically gifted, fish with the voice, and many a fine fellow has been caught with a song. A saucy bonnet some times does the business, and we have even known a victim to be landed safe on the shores of matrimony by means of a bloomer hat. One pretty young lady of our acquaintance had wonderful success on the ice. She rarely visits one of the suburban skating ponds without hooking several whiskerandos through the heart. A pair of skates, baited with two dainty gaiter boots, trimmed with fur, are, as Izaak Walton might say, "very killing" in the season. Unpretending domestic anglers, who fish for steady going souls with a needle and thread, or knitting work, or even a broom or a duster, also secure a good many substantial prizes, and it is said that a great catch was once made by a lady up to her elbow in suds, a fact which proves that it is not amiss to throw out a tub to a whale now and then.

But we are on dangerous ground. A rod may be unpickle for us even now. Let us, therefore, make our peace by congratulating all sisters of the angle who have been happy in their casts, and encouraging the unsuccessful with the assurance that "there are as good fish in the sea as ever were brought out of it."

GEMS OF THOUGHT

Hypocrisy is the ready homage that vice pays to virtue.

Sin is like a river which begins in a mere spring, but ends in a tumultuous sea.

Happiness is at the fingers' end of all, but how many miss the blessed treasure by their own unworthiness?

To become an able man in any profession whatever, three things are necessary, which are nature, study and practice.

Do that which you judge to be right, whatever the vulgar may think of you; if you despise their praise, disregard also their censure.

The indolent are not wholly indolent. Though the body may shirk labor, the brain is not idle. If it do not grow corn it will grow thistles.

It is easier to pretend to be what you are not, than to hide what you really are, but he that can accomplish both has little to learn in hypocrisy.

A man should be virtuous for his own sake, though nobody were to know it, as he would be clean for his own sake, though nobody were to see him.

Till we have reflected on it, we are scarcely aware how much the sum of human happiness in the world is indebted to this one feeling—sympathy.

It will afford sweeter happiness in the hour of death to have wiped one tear from the cheek of sorrow, than to have ruled an empire, to have conquered millions, or to have enslaved the world.

While in all things that we see or do we are to desire perfection and strive for it, we are nevertheless not to see the meaner thing in its narrow accomplishment above the nobler thing in its orderly progress.

A love of good sky be cultivated to almost any extent where the original foundation of an unselfish nature exists. A passionate ideal of excellence can so fill the mind that no pleasure is felt in anything but in strong persistent efforts to realize it.

What are you waiting for? Some unpleasant shock to lift you out of your deathly state and strained position? That indefinite undefined "something," which "somehow" is to put things all right. Ah, don't be deceived; tidal waves don't sweep across stagnant pools.

A CREDIT SOLILOQUY.

I was handed a little slip of paper by one of the leading stationers on which was printed "Credit Man's Soliloquy," which I thought was one of the best things in its way that I have seen. It reads as follows:

CREDIT MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

"To sell or not to sell that is the question.
Whether it is better to send the goods
And take the risk of doubtful payment,
Or to make sure of what is in possession
And, by declining, hold them.
To sell; to ship; perchance to lose—
Aye, there's the rub.
For when the goods are gone,
What charms can win them back
From slippery debtors?
Will the bills be paid when due?
Or will the time stretch out till the crack of doom?
What of assignment? What of relatives?
What of uncles, aunts and mother-in-law,
Will claims for borrowed money?
What of exemptions, bills of sales and compromise,
That coolly offers a shilling a pound?
And of lawyer's fees—
That even cut up this poor pittance.
Yes, all we must
And some we'll trust,
We seek the just,
For wealth we lust;
By some we're cussed,
And stocks will rust,
But we skin the wust,
Or we'd surely bust.

Exchange.

A TERRIBLE GUN.

The Paris *Autorate* publishes an interview with M. Turpin, the inventor of melinite, on the subject of the new gun invented by him. Of all warlike apparatus it is said to be most destructive than anything yet known. "It is said," remarked the interviewer, "that with your weapon four discharges could be effected in a quarter of an hour, sending 25,000 projectiles a distance of one league in several directions, covering an area of 24,000 square meters at each discharge. All this may have been somewhat exaggerated." M. Turpin smiled and replied very quietly. "These figures represent a minimum. I hope soon to be able to clear in an instant a whole plain covered with several army corps. A few volleys would suffice. The apparatus is light. Only two horses are required to draw it, and four men to work it. The projectiles are diminutive shells. With this the strongest fort could be done away with in a few hours. For obvious reasons I cannot just now divulge my secret, but I may say this much, that it rests on a new electrical principle. It is the simplest thing in the world, and everyone will wonder, when it becomes known how it was not discovered long since."

WHAT THE GROGSHOPS COST

At a crowded meeting in Exeter hall, London, I heard one of the great employers of labor say that he was a partner in iron works employing 1000 men, that the works were never run on Monday because the men were not recovered from their debauch of Saturday night and Sunday; that many of the men did not return to work until Tuesday, Wednesday, and some of them until Thursday, that by this stopping of the works the company loses $175,000 a year.

But this was not all of it. I do not know what the averages wages were, but with skilled and unskilled labor it must be at least $1 a day. This would make the annual loss of wages to the men more than $270,000, because many of them lost more than one day in the week. The country lost the value of the 270,000 days' work of the men. The loss in that one establishment was more than $115,000 a year through the grogshops, not reckoning the loss to the country. This is not an exceptional case, but may be taken as a fair sample of what is going on through many of the industrial establishments in the country. Near Don.

TAUGHT HIM HIS PART.

Matthews, the actor, was always letter perfect and severe with the forgetful ones. Playing at Lainbaing in "The Bachelor of Arts," a certain actor was cast in the part Adolphus. Matthews, in the play, was his tutor. It was necessary for the elucidation of the plot for Adolphus to tell the story of his life to his tutor. The scene arrived. He did not know his part. He started and stumbled, started again and stumbled worse, until at last thinking to get out of it, he turned to Matthews and said "Well sir, if you'll come into the next room I'll tell you the story." Matthews caught him by the coat. "Sit down sir," he cried, "sit down!" "There are some ladies and gentlemen in this house to-night who would like to hear you tell that story. Never mind me. Go on!" "Well sir," began the youth. "Just so," responded the irreprensible comedian. "You wanted to tell me that you were born." "Yes," faltered the youth. "And that after spending a few years." "Just so." So Matthews filled out the whole speech for him. When he had finished he turned to the young fellow, and in a voice of thunder cried, "Now you may go into the next room."

HAPPINESS

The true secret of happiness lies in confirming to be continually pleased, rather than highly pleased; and this is best effected by providing constant employment for our time. Business and those preparations of pleasure which partake of the nature of business, as requiring long contrivance and application, are more productive of enjoyment than pleasure itself. Nor is it the least distinguishing mark of difference between the civilized and the savage, that the one spend their days in idleness and gaping, unless while fighting with man or beast, whereas the others have a multitude of employments to busy themselves upon.

Similarity of Methods.

"What might be your business?" asked the passenger in the jeans suit.

"I am a writer of short stories," replied his seat mate, with a touch of pride.

"What paper do you write for?"

"None especially. I place my work with whatever publication will accept it."

"Oh, a sort of job-job fellow, eh? I've got a brother that makes his livin' that way, too; though his line ain't writing stories. He's in the tinware mending trade."

"I find my money in crossing," said the man whose business was pressing clothes.

HOW COULD WE SELL THE FARM?

At last we which grabbed, and we're living in the city.
Incidentally, that we really took so often compel to see!
For my eyes have grown a weary of the spring house and the maples,
And the sumac in the hollow and the weeping willow tree
And now around also at set are the steeples of the city,
And never a thought of quiet by the rumble and the roar,
And O! I want to leave them, and to stand be neath the maples,
Where the scarlet honey suckles used to climb about the door.
Now Bobbie is in the workshop from early morn, till evening,
And the labor is directly by the whistle and the bell;
And I miss him at the noon time and he used to come to kiss me,
And to take a drink of water from the bucket at the well
And I pass the weary days alone, thinking of the country,
And how my foolish, foolish heart has grown so sad and sore
And I want to leave the city and to look across the meadows
And to stand beneath the hopes and see climbing on the door.
I want to go to meeting in the white church on the hillside,
And hear the little choir sing the good old fashion tunes
And I want to hitch old Dobbin to the little open buggy
And drive him as I used to do on pleasant afternoons
How could we sell old Dobbin, and the cow and sheep and chickens
How could we sell the dear old farm to seek the city's roar,
With the hope of making money? And now that we have left them
We find ourselves so homesick, and we're poorer than before
And Bobbie does not say it, but I know that he is longing
To go back to the country and work the fields once more
So we'll toil and save the money to buy back the dear old homestead
Where the scarlet honey suckles used to climb about the door

Will Feith.

WOMAN'S CRY OF AGONY.

It has been said no sound ever dies on the air, but echoes forever—a baby's laugh, a man's oath, a woman's shriek in death. If this be true, then the cries of agony, the curse of man has wrung from a woman's lips will go on and on—

"Until the stars grow old,
And the sun grows cold,
And the leaves of the judgement book unfold."

Woman has stormed the very stars with her prayers, but under this reign of terror God seemed pitless to her agony, and well might she cry with the pessimist of old "They have given my soul to the hounds, darling to the power of the dogs."

Drunkenness creates licentiousness. If men become drunkards, our daughters must fall with them.

Under the church spire and at the mother's knee all is well; but out in the great world of trade and commerce, where his life inevitably centers, she cannot come. Saloons on every side, with softly yielding doors, swing inward at his touch. Law and custom make them bars of brass to shut her from the following, to shield and save. Selected.

SCOLDING AND FRETTING.

From Labor and Outdoors.

While visiting at a friend's house once she asked me to go to her desk for something, and I saw there on opening the lid, a motto written by herself, and evidently intended for no one else. It said "Do not scold, do not fret." "Yes," she said, in answer to an enquiring look, "I was obliged to put it there. I wasn't very well, little things troubled me, and it is so natural to speak of them, but I noticed after a little while that when in the morning early, before school or breakfast, I began to speak of the wrong-doings of any member of the family, that the wrong-doings and the tendency to speak of them increased alarmingly all through the day, and I discovered that if I were silent the opposite was true, and I began to earnestly believe as I never did before that my soft words turned away my own wrath."

PAID THE YEAR'S RENT WITH A HOSE

In 1772 Baron Henry William Stiefel, the founder of Manheim, Pa., donated the ground to the Lutheran congregation upon which Zion Church now stands. The Baron castled for his land five shillings in cash and the annual rental of one red rose in June, when the same shall be lawfully demanded. That clause is in the deed of transfer, and for 120 years the red rose has been paid by the congregation to some descendant of the Baron. Last month commemorative services were held in the church. Mrs Elizabeth Boyer, of Harrisburg, who is the great granddaughter Baron Stiefel, was present. In a vase at the altar was a huge red rose, blood red and fragrant. It had been plucked with care by a young lady of the congregation. Dr J. Stellinge, on behalf of the Church Council, made an address, presenting the flower to Mrs Boyer, who in return gave a receipt in full of one year's rental.

RED HOT DOLLARS STOP A RUN.

A good story is going the rounds in the west which is especially good at the present time. There was once a run on a bank in an iron mill town, and the depositors were being paid in silver dollars. The excitement increased and the run became a fast one. The cashier was a young Irishman and the work put upon him was more than he liked. He resolved to stop it. He sent the janitor with a bushel of silver dollars into a rear room where was a stove, with instructions to heat them silver dollars red hot, they were heated and in that condition he handed them out with a ladle. The depositors first grabbed the coin, then kicked. "But you'll have to take them that way," said the cashier. "We are turning them out as fast as we can melt and mold them, but if you won't wait till they cool you'll have to take them hot." That vetoed it. The run was stopped.

The Better Class.

The Acton Free Press celebrated the nineteenth anniversary of its birthday last week. The Free Press is a clean, newsy sheet and represents the better class of country newspapers. It strongly adheres to the cash in advance system inaugurated at the beginning of the year and would not go back to the old pay-as-you-please plan under any circumstances. The Free Press has been under the efficient management of its present proprietor, Mr. H. P. Moore, for fifteen years without a break.—Streetsville *Review*.