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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.

J. E. WILKINSON, B. 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—Skinner's Block, Acton, up stairs

R. J. McNABB,
CONVEYANCER, COLLECTOR, &c.
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, 64 Yonge st., Toronto.
J. SHILTON, B.A. Wolf WALLBRIDGE. H. E. STONE.

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

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

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS
HENRY GRANT Ottawa Canada
Twenty Years Practice. No Patent, No Fee

WM. HEMBSTREET,
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.

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ARCHITECT
GUELPH ONT.
OFFICE—Wyndham Street

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER
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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
In easy snare, a stylish hair cut a question hard; an exhilarating shampoo always agreeable. Razors honed and put in first class condition. Ladies and children's hair cutting a specialty.
J. A. H. WORDEN, Toronto Artiste

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Applications for insurance to my address, Acton P.O., or telephone to, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

MONEY TO LOAN.
$1,000 on village property at low rate of interest. Apply to
McLEAN & McLEAN,
Town Hall, Acton

Hamilton's Marble Works.
HAMILTON'S—Brick formerly Haight's Block, the new centre of Woodstock and Norfolk streets, Guelph, ont.
JOHN H. HAMILTON,
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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 25 years, the public may rely on getting all superior articles at a cheaper rate than any other dealer in the trade.
N.B.—Repairing all kinds of Marble done to order. Orders left with me will receive prompt attention.

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, easy operation, wears longer with less cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink ribbon to bother the operator. Its seat, substantial, interchangeable, 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 particulars, testimonials, etc. address
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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 $80 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 greenhouses. 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, 40c & 50c lb,
SWEDE TURNIPS, 18c lb.
SEED CORN, Yellow Horse Tooth 70c
Main Southern White 75c. per bushel
RED COB, COMPTON'S EARLY THOROBRED, FLINT LEAMING, etc
HUNGARIAN, MILLET, TARES, BUCKWHEAT, etc.
CEO. J. THORP,
Dwarf Seed Importer.
3 Masonic Block, GUELPH.

A Business Education
Is a Source of Wealth.
Every young person will find a thorough course as 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 promotion and wealth. Therefore, unless the coach of every ambitious person who attends the
Guelph Business College.
Opened at No. 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.
Where refreshing Banks [illegible] now for their liberal support in the past [illegible] to inform [illegible] 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 lowest 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
[illegible] than ever. [illegible] and will [illegible] and [illegible] pumps I supply will [illegible] satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. ERRAGE, Manager
Acton

STEEL ENGRAVINGS.
[illegible] Portraits, Rooms and Private Mouldings
IVORY OAK FRAMES SILVER GILT
ARTISTS' MATERIALS
A good stock of Winsor & Newton's Flake [illegible]
Double Thick Pressed Glass, complete as to Best Colors, Tin Brass Fittings &c.
Our Wall papers
Are sold to fit the best selected in the city
WATERS BROS.,
ESTABLISHED 1871
ST GEORGE'S SQUARE GUELPH

ACTON
LIVERY
BUS LINE.
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 7 a. m. and 8 p. m.
Careful attention given to every order and the wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
THOS. ERRAGE, Manager
Acton

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA
Capital Authorized [illegible]
Capital Paid up [illegible]
Rest 75,000
GUEL H 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 sales notes a specialty.
A general Banking business transacted.
A. T. H. JONES,
Manager

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

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 COODS CHEAP.
In our remnant lot you will find big bargains.
The Leading Boot and Shoe
WM. McLAREN & CO
GUELPH.
IT WAS EVER THUS.
To a Sprague in town, furniture cheaper than 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, Beeston, Fleet, Spartan, Remington, Comet, New Rapid, Premier, Reglan and Excelsior.
Bicycles to good [illegible] 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 more as will call and see me.
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. Post Office Block, Acton.

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 from. 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.
[illegible] 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.

HARVEST DAYS.

The shining, golden Harvest days!
Fair gospellers whose feet are shod
With peace and plenty, and whose hands
Are filled with gracious gifts of God!
Orchards as bright with miracle
As diamond on sacred Palestine,
The shed and stone are changed to bread,
And living water turns to wine!

O days that tells us year by year
God's hand is strong still; nor we
Need strain our faith to reach the love
That walked in distant Galilee!
O days of Resurrection joy,
When Jurys and graves are open wide,
And dull unsightly gorbs appear
In living bodies glorified.

O fruit-heavy Harvest Days,
Sweet chroniclers of smile and tear,
Of light and shadow, pain and toil,
Earth's heart beats through the circling year,
Like ye, some rich and ripened sheaves,
Some fruit of deed I fain would show,
Perfected by life's smiles and tears,
And beautiful in joy and Woe!

Select Family Reading.

The True and the False.

BY CHARLOTTE M. STANLEY.

Benny and I were orphans. I had a little income of one thousand dollars, and the interest of ten thousand that lay in the bank, left to me by an aunt, but Benny had nothing. However, we lived together and shared and shared alike, and were well contented and happy.

He was five years my junior. When mother died, almost her last words to me were: "Take care of Benny; oh, keep him near you and watch over him;" and I promised.

How could I break my word, given, so solemnly, to the dead? Ah, never, never. Not even when Fred Dare required it of me, though I loved him—or thought I loved him better than my life.

I want no interlopers in my house," he said suddenly. "I want my wife and my home to myself. Ben will do well enough at the boarding house. Why shouldn't he shift for himself?"

Because of my promise. And, oh how can you try to turn me from what is a sacred duty. I hoped you would rather have been a true brother to Ben, and help me to guide him properly."

"Thank you," he answered. "I am not ambitious of such a responsibility; family cares will probably come soon enough with out that. I am sorry that you formed any such ideas of me, for I shall never fulfill them. I will not share you Madge, even with a brother, you must be mine wholly or not at all. So make your decision, choose between Ben and me."

I shall do my duty, Fred, and keep my word. So long as Benny needs my care I shall never forsake him and until he is eighteen years old, at any rate, he shall reside with me. For this was my mother's wish.

He answered not a word. His face was pale, and his eyes flashed, and he bit his lip as if to keep back angry words. My heart swelled almost to bursting, a sense of bitter disappointment was on me—disappointment in him. Was this the man I had chosen above all the world? So selfish, sullen, ungenerous and evil tempered, and I had believed him the very opposite of all this. I had thought he would be a wiser, better friend and guide to Ben than a sister, however fond and true, could be. The tears rolled down my cheeks. I felt as though I had lost my lover.

There was the sound of a merry voice outside, the noise clatter of a boy's foot steps, and then the door flew wide, and Ben came in.

"Oh Madge he is rated excitedly. I've got a place! John Arnold has got me into a store. Five dollars a week to begin with. What do you think of that?"

His bright young face was all aglow with pride and joy. He bent down and kissed me warmly. I turned my eyes on Fred appealingly. Could he indeed wish to take from this boy his sister and only friend. His face was cold and stern, he arose and said meaningly:

"Does this make no difference in our views? Ben is a young man now, too old to be tied to his sister's apron strings."

Ben answered before I could speak."

I can't tied to her apron strings. So long as she's single it's proper for me to live with her, and I shall do so. When she gets married to you however it will be different, won't it Madge?"

Mother wished us to keep together," I answered him. "And I shall not marry for three years. Then, turning to Fred: "If you will not wait for me so long, I can only release you from your engagement."

He caught up his hat. "I accept the release," he said, and turning on his heel left the house without another word.

Ben tried to comfort me. What was it all about?" he said. "Don't you fret, sis, for he'll come back again."

And so he did. In one week's time he returned to me penitent and humble and acknowledged himself in the wrong and begged my pardon.

"Let Ben live with us," he said. "Let all be as you wish it only marry me. Madge for life is worthless without you."

A strange thing is a woman's heart. I had been feeling bitterly towards him, my eyes had been opened to many of his faults may I had compared him greatly to his disadvantage with John Arnold, the best the noblest heart I ever knew and one that truly loved me, and I had begun to think that my love was not worthy of my love, and yet when he returned to me penitent and sad, a complete revulsion of feeling came over me, my whole heart was his own once again.

But not my entire confidence. For trust, once shaken, is not so easily restored. I shrank, involuntarily from the thought of placing Benny a fourteen year's power. It was to my care that mother gave him, and I should no longer be entirely free agent when I was Fred's wife. Hesitating thus, I restated his entreaties to name an early wedding day.

The months went on. One morning I received a note from John Arnold—John and I had never met since I had told him, more than a year before, that his love for me was hopeless; but often and often I had felt, and had cause to know, that from a distance he watched over me like a true and faithful friend. The note said:

"My Dear Miss Manners:—There are rumors abroad that Simpson's Bank is in difficulties and may suspend. I am sure you will acquit me of all intention to interfere in your affairs, and believe that it as your sincere friend I advise you to withdraw your money from their hands at once. Otherwise you may lose it.

"Sincerely yours, JOHN ARNOLD."

I put on my bonnet and started for Simpson's that moment. The money was paid to me, though not without some murmuring and hesitation, and with my whole fortune in my little satchel, and a heart glowing with gratitude to John in my bosom, I started for home.

Before I had gone many steps I became afraid. The excitement of the past hours the suspense I had endured while the money was being paid to me, the danger of utter ruin in which I had unconsciously stood, and the narrowness of my escape from it all these had secretly tried my nerves, and now all at once a fear came upon me, was it safe for me to carry so much money? Would it be safe for me to take it with me home? Might not someone have watched and followed me? What if I should be robbed? These thoughts unnerved me altogether. A sudden resolve, came to me. John had saved the money. John should keep it for me; and retracing my steps, I hastened in the direction of his house.

They were at dinner. John's sister had joined the house in which he lived with his widowed mother. In I rushed, without stopping even to be announced, and laid the satchel down upon the table beside him.

"There it is!" I cried. "Thanks to you who have saved it!" And then the sight of him and the sudden change in his face at the sight of me, I burst out crying violently as Mrs Arnold took me kindly in her arms.

"She has been over excited, and hysterical," she said to him, gently. "Leave her with me, John. I'll keep her here this afternoon, and you can see her presently." So he went away.

That evening, as I lay on the sofa, suffering from severe headache, he sat by me and told me the news.

"The bank has gotten the withdrawal of your money finished it, they suspended payment this afternoon. Thank God, you are safe, however."

I put out my hand to him. "Thank God indeed, and thank you!" I said. He put my hand to his lips and kissed it kissed it tenderly, wistfully, again and again then dropped it and arose and walked to the window with a heavy, latter sigh.

Poor John! He loved me still as much as he did four years ago when he asked me to be his wife. I was a poor girl then, for it was before poor auntie died and left me her little fortune. John had just set up for himself in business. "I can keep a wife now," he said, "and perhaps help your mother with Benny too." Ah he was always generous.

Why couldn't I respond to such true affection? He had a right to expect a favorable answer for I had accepted his attentions and encouraged his love for months. Indeed, I had believed I loved him until I met Fred Dare. He dazzled me, and I no longer cared for John. So I refused him, and shortly afterwards the fortune came to me and I became engaged to Fred Dare.

But of late—my mind had misgiven me strangely as to the wisdom of my choice. I loved Fred still but I wondered why I loved him, and even doubted the sincerity of his regard for me. And now as I looked at John as I reflected on his constant affection, and acknowledged in my soul how little I deserved it, a vague regret oppressed my heart, and I longed for his esteem and pardon. Under the influence of this feeling I said, suddenly:

"Forgive me, John, forgive me!"

He came instantly to my side. "There is nothing to forgive," he cried. "You followed the dictates of your heart my dear. I pray God it may bring you true happiness."

And I felt more miserable and regretful than ever after that and fell to pitying myself somehow just as I had pitied John.

Next morning at my own house, Fred came rushing in with a wild white face.

"The bank!" he cried. "Wasn't your money in the Simpson Bank?"

"It was," I told him.

"Then it is gone!" he groaned. "The bank's closed broken, ruined. You fortune's gone, and you're a beggar!"

He sat down like one stunned and covered his face with his hands and groaned bitterly. I felt unspeakably touched and gratified to see him take my loss so much to heart. I reproached myself for ever a doubt I ever harboured against him. This absolute sympathy with my supposed misfortune who so sacred that I resolved not immediately to undeceive him. I sat down beside him and took his hand.

Don't grieve so deeply. I took nothing. Money is not everything in the world. See how calm I am and of course it is for my sake you are grieved. The loss of my fortune may be endured so long as I am sure of your love.

He put my hand away impatiently. "You talk absurdly," he said. "This is no affair of sentiment. As to my love of course I love you just as much as I ever did. (I believe this to be literally true). "But that is not the question. Your money is gone. What are you going to do?"

An air of embarrassment came over him and the averted face from mine.

In short, how will you be able to live?"

I began to understand him. Scorn filled my heart. Was it for this man I had lost John Arnold? But I resolved to make him speak out and show himself in his true colors for once. So I said very simply and quietly:

"How shall I live? Why where is the difficulty? Am I not soon to be your wife?"

He arose. "I am sorry," he stammered "sorry that your own good sense does not spare me the necessity of pointing out to you the impossibility of the madvisability of our marrying. I too, have had losses. I am quite poor. I could not support you as I should wish. It is quite breaks my heart to release you, of course, but I feel it my duty to do so. You are young and handsome still. I will not interfere with your chances of marrying well. I should wish—"

I interrupted him. "You would wish me to set you free." Well, he under no apprehensions. I do so with all my heart.

Our engagement is at an end; never under any circumstances, to be renewed. Before you go, however, let me inform you of one thing. My money had been withdrawn from the bank, as I should have told you had you given me time—and is not lost. I have my fortune still. Good morning, sir."

Three months later I told John all about that parting scene. John was about to invest money for me, and had hinted at the propriety of consulting Mr. Dare. "He has no longer any interest in me or my affairs," I said, and John left me. He stood thoughtfully looking into the fire.

"I wish the money had been lost indeed," he said.

I crept closer to him. "Why, John?" I said. "If I had no money at all what would become of me?"

He looked down into my eyes. "I would ask you to be my wife," he said. Then there was silence for a little moment, and then he turned away. My heart gave a great bound. I stretched forth my hand to detain him.

"John!" I cried, and hid my face on his shoulder—"couldn't you ask me now?"

I, to we were married. My first love was the true love after all. Daily I thank God that I found that out in time—that I escaped the bitter fruit of a selfish folly, and wedded the true and loyal heart that loved me for myself alone.

QUEEN VICTORIA—AN EPISODE IN HER LIFE.

The London *Touchstone* is responsible for the following story in connection with the reprieve of the Staunton brothers, who had been sentenced to death for the Penge murder.

On the Sunday proceeding the Tuesday, the day fixed for the execution of the Staunton, the mother of the two men travelled alone to Balmoral in order to obtain an interview with the Queen. Nothing could be obtained, and the people on hearing the melancholy mission of the unfortunate mother, showed their sympathy by obtaining for her a seat on the mail-bag in the little cart, which contained only one seat for the driver. The mail-bag was thrown into the cart, and the poor woman was allowed to seat herself upon it. So she travelled through the cold and dismal night the twelve weary miles to Balmoral.

On reaching the castle, the next and for undable difficulty that met her was obtaining an audience of the Queen. After explaining the object of her journey to the attendants, she at last obtained an interview with Sir Thomas Biddulph, who, after patiently listening to what she had to say promised to let the Queen immediately know the object of her being at the castle. With little delay the Queen set aside all etiquette and formality entered the apartment in which Mrs Staunton was seated, and with a true sovereign's and woman's heart, listened to the appeal and humble prayer of one of her subjects in her deep distress. The poor petitioner prayed for mercy, and that the lives of her children might be spared. The Queen, no doubt with an aching heart, could only explain that she was entirely in the hands of her responsible Minister.

The painful interview ended, and the petitioner, grateful for the condescension and sympathy of her sovereign, sought how to return to Ballater, heart broken that the last hope of saving her wretched sons had failed her. The servants enquired how she intended getting back to Ballater. There was no conveyance, and they plainly saw the poor woman was incapable of walking the distance. Again the Queen was informed of the circumstances, and with that consideration so characteristic of her nature, she ordered that one of her carriages should be got ready to take Mrs. Staunton back.

The lonely mother went on her way back worn out and dejected. In the meantime it was ascertained that the mail which went with her to the castle contained the reprieve desired. With the instinct of kindness and charitable feeling, the Queen at once instructed a special messenger to proceed on horseback and take the glad tidings to her sister in sorrow. Mrs Staunton, on reaching Ballater, was instantly informed of the glad tidings, and that the mail bag on which she had sat with a bleeding heart contained the reprieve which she had travelled so many miles to obtain. Such is a simple account of an episode in the life of the Queen, well harmonizing with all that her subjects already know of her.

HIS NAME.

Won't you kindly come in, mister—said Nancy, simpering—cook would like a bit of information.

When I reached the cook's domain she said:

"Well, mum, I took the liberty of asking you to step down, because there was no way of taking it to you and me and Nancy has very little learning between us. What better should you say that apple skin makes mum?"

I looked at the latter silently and said decidedly:

"To think of it!" exclaimed Patsy. "Ayl the butcher's name is Martin." Sure I was could it would be the name of the young man you kept company with, but I never believed it till this minute. And it is his name."

His name! I wonder whether there is a girl anywhere who has not once in her life, pared an apple and thrown the peel over her shoulder to see what the first initial of her future husband's name will be? Patsy don't it is natural. The Yankee girl does it in fun. Of course nobody believes it, but how strange it should be so, when you are thinking of John. It always takes the form of the letter in your mind, for you can call the convolutions of a delicately pared apple skin anything you like, from A to Z. It is always his initial. Ha!

You, my dear, "after many strange vicissitudes of love," became Mrs. Dr. Squills. Did you throw an apple peal over your shoulder when you first met Dr. Squills? You may say you were past that folly by that time, but I believe you did. If you did, it made an S a capital S upon the carpet. In fact, so general and so ancient is the [illegible] spell by which women folk all the world over endeavor to discover what letter this first name begins with, that if Eve had been a single lady, instead of a married one I should believe that she helped herself to that apple for the purpose of peeling it, and throwing the skin over her shoulder to form a great letter "A."

The many truthful testimonials in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla prove that no other medicine can do what Hood's Sarsaparilla does. Hood's Cures, even when all others fail. Try it now.

TEACH GIRLS HOW TO USE MONEY.

BY MRS. HELEN H. THOMAS.

A practical result or illustration of such teaching is more telling than a volume of mere theory.

It has just been my pleasure to entertain a living proof that young girls can be early taught to spend money to the very best advantage.

My guest was twelve years of age, the daughter of refined parents, the father, a judge of great reputation in his own state, the mother, thoroughly domestic, but a wise ruler in her own home, as I learned before seeing the daughter.

On the day of her arrival, my young friend showed me a long list of purchases her mamma had given her to make. I sighed inwardly as I glanced over it, thinking: That means a day's shopping for me and such a responsibility. The next morning, as cares were pressing, I handed Dorothy's quest, to my womanly little guest, saying: "The paper hangers must of much looking after, you must excuse me." She looked thoughtful an instant, then said: "I think I will do my shopping this morning, and get it off my mind."

I thought she had more sense, I mentally explained, but said aloud: "Really, dear, you see how I am situated, I cannot accompany you, wait patiently until to morrow." As I proceeded, the honest brown eyes opened wide, and with womanly grace, the child in a tone of surprise, said: "There is not the slightest need of your going, indeed, I do not want you to, you are all busy!"

"But your mother surely expected me to select what she sent for."

"Why, no, she never thought of imposing such a task upon you. I do nearly all of the buying at home, the babies keep mother so closely confined. Then she says I never can learn any younger."

Still I hesitated, saying: "What does a girl of your age know of "corduroy?" I noticed that on your list."

Very modestly she replied: "Why, I know the price and quality Mamma uses for brother's clothes. She thought I might do better here."

Slow to yield the point, I said: "Where are your samples of the silks you want to buy?"

"I haven't any. I know what mother wants to pay, and the colors she wants, and I must do the best I can, just as she would."

Half convinced, I gave her the name of a reliable firm, and awaited the result with bated breath. In an amazingly short time my young guest re appeared, and I was forced to admit that the purchases were really more judiciously made than they would have been had I aided her. She laughed heartily, saying: "It seemed so strange to be treated like a little girl, at first they would hardly show me anything, thinking I only wanted samples. At home they treat me just as they do mamma, show me what they have and wait for me to decide."

No wonder, I replied, looking into the face of the speaker. "Truly, there are girls and girls, and mothers and mothers." Then I questioned her as to her accomplishments. She said:

"I commenced to buy when I was just a little girl, and now I buy all my own clothes. Papa gives me an allowance and I am trying to save all I can out of it to put to the savings bank."

Such a daughter is indeed a treasure. I met the example worthy of imitation.
New York Observer.

ABSTAIN FOR A WEEK TO TRY YOUR APPETITE

A young man carelessly formed the habit of taking a glass of liquor every morning before breakfast. An older friend advised him to quit before the habit should grow too strong.

"Oh, there's no danger, it's a mere notion. I can quit any time," replied the drinker.

"Suppose you try it to-morrow morning, suggested the friend.

"Very well, to please you, I'll do so but I assure you there's no cause for alarm."

A week later the young man met his friend again.

"You are not looking well," observed the latter. "have you been ill?"

"Hardly, replied the other one "but I am trying to escape a dreadful danger, and I fear that I shall be ill before I shall have conquered. My eyes were opened to an imminent peril when I gave you that promise a week ago. I thank you for the timely suggestion."

"How did it affect you?" inquired the friend.

"The first trial utterly deprived me of appetite for food. I could not eat breakfast and was nervous and trembling all day. I was alarmed when I realized how tenacious by the habit had fastened on me, and resolved to turn square about and never touch another drop. The squaring off has pulled me down severely, but I am gaining, and I mean to keep the upper hand after this. Strong drink will never catch me in his net again."—*Ohio Church Life.*

CULTIVATE YOUR SPECIAL TALENT

As a general rule the people of this country are expert in practical affairs. We have a "knack" for doing things. Bungless are somewhat rare among us. As executive mechanics, we are certainly surpassed by any nation in the world, and the ingenuity, dexterity and success with which we apply apparently inadequate mechanical means to the accomplishment of important utilitarian purposes is proverbial. Nevertheless we are not all expects. Occasionally one meets with a young man in whose head the constructive faculty (so far as it relates to material objects) seems to have been omitted, and whose hands are as incapable of any extraordinary effort as those of an automaton regulated by clock work. No amount of instruction will ever make such a person an inventor or a first class practical mechanic. He will never design a new machine or improve an old one, or astonish the world with the perfection of his handiwork although he might possibly write a great epic or a telling satire or a powerful tragedy.

The moral to be deduced from this state of facts is that the best way to train up a child or youth, is to cultivate his special talent, whatever that may be.

There are, to be sure, some men in whom all the faculties are well and about equally developed; but these curiosities of humanity, are few and far between. Almost every mind, even the weakest, is better adapted to some one business or professional pursuit than to any other, and it is well that the dominant intellectual tendency should be fostered.

THE REDEMPTION.

Within the guarded tomb
Jesus dear body lies.
Friends wrapped in deepest gloom,
Bidding their dear home-tears
All life is calm, for Lord is dead!
The [illegible] now His blood was shed.

Three Marys chased Him well,
And saw how He was laid.
To weeping friends they tell
How He that lived was slain.
And all hope sacred was to him;
The mightier than Lord, then mortified
King.

And that first Easter morn
Before the break of day,
By loving hands were borne
Ointments to the clay.
When Mary cries, Behold! the stone
Is rolled away! for Lord is gone.

Stooping, they look within,
Two men arrayed in white,
All undefiled in Sin.
Meet them astonished quest
Seek not the living among the dead
Your Lord is risen, as He said.

Still, Mary, weeping, stands—
"Whom have they borne from my sacred?"
Sweet sparks fill her hands
Christ, like a mighty sword.
Pierces her heart, tears bandits care
All unprepared for sweet surprise.

Woman, why weep you thus?
Sir, ah! if thou tell me where
My Master lies, even now
Oh, tell me! tell me, where!
Mary! she turned, and heard a voice
Which made her bleeding heart rejoice.

Rabboni! Master, Lord!
Triumphant Conqueror
Before Thy mighty sword
Death pales, retreats, axe more.
In weakness up in victory,
And ransomed saints of loss are free.

DIRT DIRT A HANDMAID OF SIN.

We have it on high authority that cleanliness is akin to godliness, and it is equally certain that dirt and dishonesty are intimately related. The best child alive could be demoralized by personal uncleanliness and ragged attire, and it is probable that the foulest "mud larks" that roam could be ennobled in character by persistent ablutions and satisfactory wash rotes. Who has not observed the repugnance of some bright little girl to the wearing of even a rumpled apron to school, on the ground that she would be charged with slovenliness by "the girls," or on the higher ground that anything missed may be her equal all over. This is the instinctive protest of nature against the degradation of untidiness, and children that have become familiar with doubtfulness are ripe for the manipulations of the infernal powers. We of course, do not refer to what the little ones call "clean dirt," that is, the ground stains and rumpling of clothes incident to childish sports, these do not harm as well ordered families, where the children begin every day afresh in cleanliness and comfort. But dirty dirt is always and forever not only an abomination but a livelihood of sin.

STARTLING HISTORICAL FACTS

The following examples of schoolgirl prevarication are not from the recent great examinations, but from some papers of a girls school of summer visiting in the Eastern States. The funny thing about them is the complete mastery of isolated facts with the ability to mate them properly. It reminds one of the yoked who said he knew his letters all right but never could put them together. Here are the extracts:

The cotton famine was when the grass was so scarce the sheep had no place to go for food, and there was no wool for the people to make clothes with.

The Indian Mutiny was when all the people had to be muzzled because the Indians were very cross if one was left out.

The American war was a very civil war. The people had hardly anything to eat. The war lasted for seven years, there was scarcely a shoe in the camp. People were all starved to death, the king went to England, then he escaped to France.

French translation—Sabbaoc is a strange thing in the interior of a peasant.

The battle of Waterloo was fought because the Athenians did not want the tea and they threw it into the water. Then they said they did not want to be taxed so they fought the battle of Waterloo.

The Jacobites were people who lived in huts and they took 300 men and those who lapped like a dog were taken.

Walpole was the man who fought the battle of Waterloo. Having beaten the French he died in the moment of victory.
Cape Mercury.

A LESSON IN HOSPITALITY.

Mind your own business.
Avoid controversy and all quarrels.
Do not monopolize any good thing.
Conform by when the call or visit is [illegible].
Do not make a bother of preparations.
Do not gossip, it is mean [illegible] entertainment.
Do not forget [illegible] to [illegible] to travellers.
Make yourself at home [illegible] as much as
In this accord the [illegible] of the family.
Do not gossip, there are better things in life to talk about.
Do not make unnecessary work for others, even servants.
Let no member of the family intrude in the guest chamber.
Conform to the customs of the house especially as to meals.
When several guests are present give a share of attention to all.
Be courteous but not to the extent of surrendering principle.
Introduce games and diversions, but only such as will be agreeable.
Better simple food with genuine than luxuries with annoyance and worry.
Have a comfortable room or [illegible] adapted to the needs and tastes of the guest.
A guest need not accept every proposed entertainment he should be considerate of himself and of his host.
Learn the likes and dislikes of those who are to be entertained, but not through the medium of an imperative catechism.

What Surprised the Barbarian.

A Soudanese chieftain whom Professor Hagenbeck of the German Barnum had brought to Berlin was introduced to some representative of the Kriegs-good society who asked him how he enjoyed his trip, and which of all the wonders of the civilized metropolis had impressed him the most. "What surprises me most," said the ingenuous savage, "is how you can move the enormous freight trains on your railway tracks, and how you can manage to swallow the horrible drinks sold in your restaurants."