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Editor and Proprietor.

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Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick streets, Acton.

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MANGLES, 20c lb.
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RED COB, COMPTON'S EARLY THOROBRED, FLINT LEAMING, etc. HUNGARIAN, MILLET, TARES, BUCKWHEAT, etc.
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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

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and will also supply any special sizes on short notice at lowest prices.

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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.

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Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
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Double Tubes, Rowney's, 10c.
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Are said to be the best selected in the city
WATERS, BROS.,
ESTABLISHED 1877
ST GEORGE'S SQUARE, GUELPH

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE.
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 8 a. m. and 8.15 p. m.
Careful attention given to every order.
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
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The collection of sales notes a specialty.
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Binder Twine

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

At Prices Lower Than Ever.

Can quote now.

BON D& CO
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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.
WM. McLAREN & CO.
GUELPH.

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WAS . . .
EVER . .
THUS . .

This Sprague in Guelph. [illegible] Furniture cheaper than anyone else, he has the largest and most select stock west of Toronto and will pay freight on all purchases. In bicycles he handles the

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Business is good because we sell cheap.

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Music Store
Removed to 95 Upper Wyndham St.

Always I will be pleased to meet his old customers and as many new ones as will favor me with a call.
Having disposed of nearly all my stock during the Clearing Sale I have purchased a very large stock of

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

Call and examine my stock. No trouble to show goods.

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MUSIC STORE,
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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 $3 Pants to order.

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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.

TO WHOM SHALL WE GIVE THANKS

A little boy had sought the pump
From whence, in sparkling waters burst,
And drank with eager joy the draught
That kindly quenched his raging thirst.
Then gracefully he lowered his hat,
I thank you Mr. Pump, said he,
For this nice drink you to allow me!
(This little boy had been well bred.)

Then to the pump:—My little man,
You're welcome to what I have done;
But I am not the one to thank,
I only help the water run.
Oh, then, the little fellow said,
(Polite he always meant to be)
Cold Water, please accept my thanks,
You have been very kind to me.

Ah! said Cold Water, don't thank me,
Far up the hillside lives the spring
That sends me forth with generous hand
To gladden every living thing.
I'll tell you the spring then, said the boy,
And gracefully he bowed his head,
Oh, don't thank me, my little man,
The spring with silvery accent said.

Oh, don't thank me, for what am I
Without the dew and summer rain?
Without their aid I no'er would quench
Your thirst, my little boy, again.
Oh, well, then said the little boy
I'll gladly thank the dew and rain.
Pray, don't thank me without the sun
We could not fill one cup for you.

Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks
For all that you have done for me,
Stop! said the sun with blushing face,
My little fellow, don't thank me,
'Twas from the ocean's mighty stores,
I threw the draught I gave to thee
O, Ocean, thanks! then said the boy
It echoed back not unto me

Not unto me, but unto Him,
Who formed the depth in which I lie,
He, give thy thanks, my little boy,
To him who still thy wants supply
The boy took off his cap, and said,
In tone so gentle and subdued,
Oh God, I thank Thee for this gift,
Thou Art the giver of all good.

Select Family Reading.

For Duty's Sake.

BY CARL BRICKETT.

"Yes, it is rather a pretty face."

The words were said in a nonchalant tone, and the speaker slowly twirled his long, fair moustache as he gazed critically at the young girl whose beauty his friend was commenting upon.

"Rather a cool way of putting it!" exclaimed his companion, a young man with a frank, handsome face. "Rather pretty, indeed! She is an angel!"

Ralph Huntley glanced up quickly.

"Beware, my friend! What would the Lady Olyphant say to her son and heir thus discoursing upon the ethereal charms of an obscure American girl? She's only our hostess's companion, I suppose you know."

An annoyed flush passed over Lord Lionel's face as he answered impulsively:

"You jump at conclusions too rapidly, Ralph. I only want to be introduced to the sweetest girl I have seen to-night."

"Well, all right, come along. I'm acquainted, so I can perform that office for you."

And, arm in arm, the two friends advanced to where, looking on at the gay scene around her, in which as yet she had taken no part, sat Margaret Ellersby.

Margaret scarcely could believe her own ears when she found that the gentleman wishing an introduction to her little self was the young Lord Olyphant of whom she had heard so much.

As Mr. Huntley had said, little Margaret Ellersby was the paid companion of the heiress, Miss Mount, and this was her first party. Alecia Mount looked on with astonishment and much secret displeasure as she saw the marked attentions to Margaret of the young nobleman upon whom she had meant to try her own attractions. That was not the last time Lord Olyphant met Margaret Ellersby. Just of age, with plenty of money, and no one to restrain or command his actions, he had come to America to visit his friend Huntley, and to have a year of pleasure before settling down to the management of his large estates, and the manifold duties of an English land owner, and now, in six months' time, he was compelled to acknowledge to himself that one glance from a pair of blue, thoughtful eyes had more fascination for him than had all the high born beauties with whom his lady mother often filled the house.—"To make it pleasant for Lionel," she would say.

After the first wonder had passed Alecia Mount was equal to the occasion. Even if he had proved insensible to her charms, she felt that it would be no small triumph to be able to boast in her 'set' of having once had a peeress of England in her house hold. So when the young nobleman called he had plenty of opportunities made for him to see the object of his fancy. The days passed to Margaret like a dream, yet, childlike and innocent as she was, she well knew that his world would deem Lord Olyphant strangely forgetting himself and his position in singling out one like herself for his attentions; and she felt, too, that his proud, aristocratic family would inevitably regard her as an intruder. Nothwithstanding her lonely, unloved life, the girl's pride shrank from accepting happiness under such auspices; for Margaret Ellersby was a remarkable character, and though an orphan, with only her own pure instincts to which to look for guidance, she was everything a good and lovely woman should be.

So it was that when Lord Olyphant laid his heart and his title at her feet, even though she knew that she loved him, gently, but firmly Margaret said "No," and from that answer no arguments, no pleadings could move her.

It must be confessed, besides being cruelly disappointed, Lord Lionel was much surprised; for though unworldly himself, he knew that not such would have been the result had he wooed one of the young girls of his own society.

"So an English peer has had the mitten! Well, well, who'd have thought that little body had so much sense! for Lionel, I must say, that some time you will look back on this folly and thank her for the pain you now think there is no cure for."

"It is easy to talk, Ralph. You do not know. I love that girl. Love her? Yes, worship her! You may say my mother would be displeased. Well, perhaps she would be, at first, but she cares too much for me to keep offended long. Though what's the use of talking this way? As you say, I've had the mitten. But if I thought that Margaret Ellersby cared for me, if only a little, cards could not drag me away from here. It is easy to see that love does not exist beneath that cold, calm exterior."

Not long after the above conversation Lady Olyphant welcomed back her son whom she had not expected for several months.

After he had gone, the waves of bitterness overflowed Margaret's soul, as she realized how deeply she loved the suitor whom from her strong sense of duty she had refused; and to add to her troubles, Miss Mount, incensed at her "silly scruples" in rejecting the brilliant alliance offered to her, intimated that her services were no longer needed.

So, a few months after, Margaret found herself out in the world, friendless and almost penniless. But providence takes care of the worthy, and after a while Margaret found a home as governess to the small offshoots of a wealthy family, and there for the present we leave her.

There are many quiet retreats in old England, whither come year after year, people in search of health and retirement, and at one of these Lady Olyphant and her son had just arrived, so stated the village *Journal*.

It was a relief to the old lady to leave for a while each year, his state of Olyphant Hall, and repair to this secluded little place, where, with only a few servants, she was used to spend the warm months.

Lord Lionel had accompanied his mother to her summer home, and then, having urgent business to attend to, had taken himself back into the city again. Ever since his return from America four years before, Lady Olyphant had noticed a change in her son, and her eyes had often rested with anxiety upon his face. But though her instinct told her all was not right with him, she failed to guess the true cause; for, thinking his love unreturned, he had never told his mother of his proposal to and rejection by a poor American girl.

The saying, "There is a divinity which shapes our ends, is verified every day; and when her patrons, the parents of the children whom she had grown to love dearly, asked her to accompany them on their trip abroad, Margaret had gladly consented. They had travelled for a time, and then, renting a charming country residence, had settled down for the season.

Margaret little knew who the old, gray-haired lady was who occupied the place just next their own, and whom she frequently noticed leaning back among the cushions of her carriage.

Two months passed, and the long, sultry days had come. Then a terrifying report began to creep about.

The doctors had discovered a few cases of that dreadful disease, small pox, among some of the poor inhabitants. The rumor grew quickly to large proportions, and, far and wide, all who could, fled for safety.

As hurriedly as possible Mr Rayner, Margaret's employer, prepared to go, too. The day of their departure had arrived. The trunks were all corded in the hall, and the carriage was at the door, when an old servant came in, exclaiming, in excited tones,

"Oh, master, we are not going a bit too soon! The trouble has reached next door. The old lady has the disease, and all her servants have left her."

Mr. Rayner drew a sigh of relief as he looked around upon his healthy family circle.

"Thank God that we have been as quick as we have! By to-night we will be out of all danger."

A sudden thought sprang into Margaret's mind as she listened to her employer. Was it right to think only of one's safety when just at next door a fellow being lay sick and alone?

Then, in a few hurried words she told her wondering listeners that she would not accompany them, but should go to their neighbor's and see if she could be of any use.

"You are crazy, Miss Ellersby!" exclaimed Mr. Raynor, while with a chorus of tearful entreaties her little charges hung about her.

But Margaret was firm.

"I am very strong, and I am not afraid. It is my duty to stay in this plague stricken place, and do all that I can. I will come to you again, if my life is spared, when all is over."

So Margaret entered the elegant residence which the frightened servants had deserted and made her way to the room where the old lady whose sweet, kind face she had often admired, lay in the first stages of the disease which that season had been so fatal alike to rich and poor. A physician rose as Margaret entered, and an expression of intense surprise sprang into his face as his eyes rested upon the young and beautiful girl girl before him.

"My young friend, do you know what you are doing?"

"Yes, sir," fearlessly replied Margaret. "I heard of this lady's sickness, and I knew that nurses were very scarce, so I thought I might be able to be of some use."

"Old Dr Grey bent his keen eyes admiringly upon the noble girl, then after a moment of thought, he said

"Well, it is too late to prevent you now. I sent for a nurse when I first heard of Lady Olyphant's condition, but you can, indeed, be of great help. Only I fear you underrate the danger you are in. Have you over had the disease?"

"No, sir, but I am not afraid," answered Margaret. "I have no parents or relatives. If I die no one will mourn me. I am only doing my duty."

For a long time the nurse and doctor ably assisted by the young girl who had so nobly volunteered her services, fought the fearful sickness. At last the sufferer began to rally, and finally the danger was pronounced over.

At the first tidings of his mother's illness Lionel had flown to the spot. But to no avail were his entreaties, for Lady Olyphant's commands (conveyed by her old friend, Dr Grey) were peremptory that her only son should not risk his young life by remaining in the stricken vicinity, as he was obliged to be content with the little grams which were sent to him day after day.

Margaret's time and mind had been so occupied that she had little opportunity to think of the strange fatality which had placed her in attendance upon Lord Lionel's mother, but as Lady Olyphant began to grow well again, she wrote to Mrs Raynor that, as soon as all danger from infection was over, she would return to her duties as her children's governess. She felt that it would not be wise for her to meet Lionel again.

But Lady Olyphant, who had never known a daughter's love, had conceived a strong attachment for the sweet girl who had risked his life for her, and when Margaret signified her intention of returning to America, she met with an unexpected resistance.

"I know who and what you are," she said. "I know that your parents are dead, and that you have always had to earn your living by your own exertions; but, my dear, stay with me, and your future shall be as brilliant and happy as your past has been neglected and unloved."

Margaret did stay. Your she could not have helped herself had she wished otherwise, for the very next day the deadly poison which all unsuspected had been working in her system, suddenly broke out and the brave girl was prostrated with the disease which every one thought, through her perfect health, she had escaped. But it was not meant that she who had risked her life so unselfishly for others should perish herself, and after an anxious time, to the joy of all, Margaret began to convalesce. Then Lady Olyphant wrote all that had happened to her impatient son, who was still detained from her side. The old lady little knew what a startling revelation her letter would be to Lionel.

"Be patient, my dear son," she wrote. "We shall meet again. And when she is strong once more, I will bring my dear little adopted daughter to Olyphant Hall, and there present her to the brother who I know will welcome her cordially for his mother's sake."

Through the care which was taken of her, Margaret came through her illness without disfigurement, save that her wealth of soft hair was gone, and only short brown locks waved about her transparent brow.

Just before they were to start for Olyphant Hall, Margaret summoned up her courage.

For a long time she had meant, yet dreaded, to tell her kind friend of what had happened between herself and Lord Lionel, and now she felt that she must delay no longer.

Lady Olyphant listened silently; then stooping, she kissed the gentle speaker.

"My dear, why did not you tell me this before? You surely did not think that it could make any difference in my affection for you?"

Lionel met them in the carriage at the station. At his first glimpse of Margaret all the love which time had not been able to extinguish struggled up afresh in his heart, but he restrained himself. And Margaret, as she saw his tender affection for his mother, and his respected deference to herself, could not help but acknowledge that the passing years had only rendered him even more noble and worthy of love. So it was that, when Lionel again took his fate in his hands, he was not called upon to suffer the pain of a second refusal; and before a great, white the ancestral hall was graced by a young Lady Olyphant, who, though not of titled birth, was well fitted by her beauty and goodness to adorn the high position to which Destiny had called her.

WIFE'S COMMANDMENTS.

Though shalt have no other woman but me.

Thou shalt not have a picture or likeness of any other woman but me, for, I only, am thy wife, and a jealous wife.

Remember thy wife's commandments to keep them sacred.

Love and cherish thy wife, and no other woman; that she may live lovingly with thee in the home thou gavest unto her.

Thou shalt not find fault when thy wife goes out to spend money, buying fashionable shawls and dresses, for I am thy wife. Thou shalt not scold. Thou shalt not suffer thy wife to wear a thread bare dress, but shall keep her decently clad and in good repair. Thou also shalt furnish buttons and thread to keep thine and thy children's shirts in order. Fail not.

Thou shalt not gad about from saloon to saloon, after sunset, neglecting thy wife and children.

Thou shalt not dress thyself in the fashion, unless thou dress thy wife also.

Thou shalt not go to spiritual or other slight of hand meetings, neither to speak thyself, nor hear others speak: thus saith thy wife.

Thou shalt not find fault if thy wife should fail in getting the meals in due time. For knowest thou, O man! better late than never.

Thou shalt not drink beer nor spirits, nor smoke, for knowest thou, it consumeth money. Verily, verily I say unto thee, I am Mistress of the house thou gavest unto me.

A WITTY ANSWER.

Those whose mission in life it is to entertain the public are always pestered by friends and acquaintances for free seats at their entertainments. There probably never was a singer of actor or a pianist who was not bored nearly to death by these people, many of whom had not the slightest claim to ask the courtesy they demanded.

A pianist who was pre eminently successful in his day and that day was not so far back either, was Rubinstein, who travelled nearly the wide world over delighting people with his genius. He, like all others, was very much annoyed by requests for complimentary tickets, but most of the time he maintained his composure even though justly irritated. It is told of him that just before one of his recitals in London he accosted by an old lady in the entrance hall, and thus addressed:

"Oh, Mr Rubinstein, I am so glad to see you! I have tried in vain to purchase a ticket. Have you a seat you could let me have?"

"Madam, said the great pianist, "there is but one seat at my disposal, and that you are welcome to, if you think fit to take it."

"Oh, yes, and a thousand thanks! Where is it?" was the excited reply.

"At the piano, smilingly replied Rubinstein.

HIS WANTS ARE FEW

Tramp. Please, mum, would yo be so kind as to let me have a needle and thread?

Mrs Suburb.—Well, yes, I can let you have that.

"Thankee, mum. Now you'd oblige me very much if you'll let me have a bit of cloth for a patch."

"Well, here is some."

"Thankee, mum, but its a different color to my travellin' 'suit.' Perhaps, mum, you could spare the same of your husband's old clothes that this patch will match?"

"Well, I declare! I'll give you an old suit however. Here 'tis."

"Thankee, mum. I see it's a little large mum; but if you'll kindly furnish me with a square meal mebby I can fill it out."

You don't know how much better you will feel if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It will drive off that tired feeling and make you strong.

THE JOKE OF THE SEASON.

The drummer always trudges the latest trick. Here it is, says the Lewiston, Me., *Journal*:

Take a spool of white basting cotton. Drop it into your inside coat pocket, and, threading a needle with it, pass it through the shoulder of your coat. Leave the end an inch or so long on the outside of your coat and take off the needle. Four men out of five will try to pick that white thread off your shoulder, and will pull on the spool until it actually does seem as though your clothes had all hastings, and that they were unravelling, not only your clothes, but yourself.

"I was in to see Wilson Barrett in Claudian in Boston last week," said the travelling man. "It was the most interesting and pathetic portion of the play. Everybody was rapt. I was sitting bolt upright, and didn't know or care to know a soul around me. When suddenly I felt some one tugging at that basting cotton that I myself had clean forgotten. I didn't say a word and did not move. Foot by foot it unrolled. Half glancing around, I saw a man—a total stranger—yanking at that thread. His face was scarlet. He had pulled out about ten yards and was now hauling it hand over hand. He didn't dare to stop because he had decorated my back and the whole aisle was basting cotton. He hardly dared to go ahead, for he didn't know what part of my domestic interior economy he was trifling with. Rip! Rip! went the thread. Hand over hand he yanked it in. The aisle was full of it. 'For Heaven's sake! will it ever end?' said he above his breath. I sat perfectly still and ran the spool while he pulled. How I wanted to yell. I never saw anything in my life half so funny. The whole section of the house got onto it. They didn't know whether to laugh at me or him, and some looked on amazed at the spectacle. At last the stranger behind me gave one frantic rip and yanked about 11 yards in one bunch, and as the cotton got twisted around his watch chain, over his eyeglasses, in his very hair and filled his lap, I turned around and producing the spool from my pocket, said: 'I am very much obliged for your interest and very sorry that I misled you. You see I have about 121 yards left, but I presume that you don't care for any more to-night. I am honestly sorry, but I can't help smiting.'

"The man was a model sort of gentleman in appearance. His face was red as fire even to his ears. He looked at me then at the spool. He changed color once or twice, and then as the crowd caught on a big laugh went up right in one of the painful passages of 'Claudian,' and the gentleman who had intended to pull that thread off joined in the laugh and said: 'I will square up on my wife when I get home, but, my friend I declare to Heaven that I did at one time think that I was going to undress you where you sat.'

"It catches every time, and my own wife has been fooled twice on it."

THE NATIONAL BANKS.

From Harper's Weekly.

It is worth noting, particularly by those who think that the government is the sole and sovereign power for the prevention of all sorts of evil, that there are at the present time in the city of New York some threescore national banks, that these banks are required by law to keep constantly on hand a reserve in cash equal to one fourth of their deposits, that a considerable number of them have been unable to keep this reserve, so that for some weeks the average holding of cash by all the banks has been below the legal requirement, and yet that no one in New York or in the United States doubts for a moment that every dollar of the deposits in these banks is as safe as if it were in the pockets of the depositors. This remarkable state of things excites no remark, because it has come about in the natural course of events, and in pursuance of the laws of mutual and common interest, far more potent than any laws that Congress can pass or the courts enforce. Practically the solvency of every bank in the Clearing-house is guaranteed by all the others, and this guaranty is absolute and accepted as such. It is agreed upon and applied by the voluntary action of the bank officers through a simple representative system, which, though requiring a very high degree of intelligence and perfect fidelity, works without friction or defect. Not only are the solvency of the banks and the interests of the depositors and shareholders thus safeguarded, but there has been created and kept in use for weeks a species of negotiable security, automatically redeemable and redeemed, of perfect safety, the issue of which has reached the sum of over $22,000,000, and which has taken the place and done the work of legal tender currency. In this way many millions of commercial credits have been made possible and many tens of millions of loans have been avoided without the authority of law or any intervention of the government. We earnestly commend these facts to the patient reflection of those who think that the government is the only sufficient care taker for free American citizens.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer to the sun,
A mere nothing will wound self love but nothing on earth will kill it.

Let it be our aim to think well, for here is the starting point of morals.

Remember this. They that will not be counselled cannot be helped.

Measure not men by Sundays, without regarding what they do all the week after.

It makes a great difference in the force of a sentence whether a man is behind it or no.

A worker who fails to keep his appointments makes untold trouble for his associates.

Conceit is like nature, what paints its beauty, it is not needless, but impairs what it would improve.

There lies no nobility, no dignity in evil, resort of any kind, evil is evil when returned as much as when given.

The best equipment for well-doing is the experience gained from having done well before. The reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another.

There is difference between happiness and wisdom, he that thinks himself the happiest man really is so, but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.

As one learns to be pained with the pains of others, one learns to be happy in their happiness and comforted by their sympathy, and then no man's life can be empty of pleasure.

COURTSHIP AT THE CHURN.

By S. K. Bourne

He—"I have that hateful churning
For your company I'm yearning;
How reluctantly I'm turning
To the woods and fields away.

She—Pray do not stand and tease, sir,
Go as quickly as you please, sir!
Do not wait at all for me, sir.
—"I must stay and churn to-day.
Hark! I have begun already,
And the cream says "Flap a tap,"
And my arm is strong and steady,
"Flap a tap, a tap, a tap!"

He—Will it take you all to-day, dear?
Can I help you if I stay, dear?
Come and welcome back the May, dear,
Welcome back the lovely spring!

She—Oh, I fear he'll be too late, sir,
And too long for you to wait, sir,
Better seek some other mate, sir
I've no time to laugh and sing!
See! how rapidly I'm turning!
And the cream says "Flap a tap,"
Oh, I love the work I'm turning!
"Flap a tap, a tap, a tap!"

He—Dear, you know how I adore you,
How my heart is longing for you
Since the time when I first saw you
Full of girlish life and joy!

She—Do not speak of trifles now, sir,
Say good-bye, and make your bow, sir,
Sentiment I can't allow, sir,
Work must all my mind employ
Hark! do believe I hear it?
For the cream says "Plump a tump,"
And the butter sure is near it?
"Plump a tump, a tump a tump!"

He—Your indifference is killing!
And your answers hard and chilling
Show too well a heart unwilling
I will leave you to your churn!

She—Really now I see all it can do, dear
See, my work is almost done dear
And my heart is fairly won, dear,
Take it for your own!
Yes, my heart is in a flutter
For the cream says "Swish-a-wish!"
And "Hurra" there comes the butter
"Swish a wish, a swish a wish!"

TO HAVE A PLEASANT VISIT.

Points and Sensible Suggestions to Guest and Hostess.

Avoid controversy and argument.

Do not monopolize any good thing.

Do not overdo the matter of entertainment.

Do not make a hobby of personal inform-ation.

Go directly when the call or visit is end ed.

Do not forget bathing facilities for the traveller.

"Make yourself at home," but not too much so.

In ministering to the guest do not neglect the family.

Conform to the ex tome of the house especially as to meals.

Let no member of the family intrude in the guest chamber.

Do not make unnecessary work for others, even servants.

Be courteous, but not to the extent of surrounding principles.

Do not gossip, there are better things in life to talk about.

When several guests were present, give a share of attention to all.

Introduce games and amusements but only such as will be agreeable.

Better simple food with pleasure than luxuries with annoyance and worry.

Have a comfortable room in readiness 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 inquisitive catechism.

Good Housekeeping.

A SHORT WEIGHT STORY

There is a little story going the rounds, says an exchange, which does not help to raise one's estimate of human nature. A certain baker, in business in a small town obtained his supply of butter from a farmer in the neighborhood. One day he discovered that the rolls, which were supposed to weigh four pounds each, were not up to the standard, and further examination revealed a steady diminution. At last the baker lodged a formal complaint against the farmer, and the alleged was brought before the court. "Have you any scales?" enquired the magistrate. "Yes," was the reply. "And have you any weights?" continued the judge. An answer this time in the negative was given. "But how did you manage to weigh your butter?" asked the magistrate. Then the farmer related that ever since the baker had taken his butter he had returned the compliment by buying his bread. The baker supplied him with four pound loaves, and he used them as weights for his butter. "It is his fault, not mine, if the weight is not correct" added the farmer, who was speedily acquitted and left the court in triumph with an escort of friends.

THE LAKES RISING.

The lake levels are rising again. During the period of highest water in the seventies when the St. Clair was up to the string pieces of the wharves along the river, and when a gust of north wind sent the water to the basement doors of the stores on the river side of Front st., the water levels of the great lakes has fallen year by year, until it really looked as if the St. Lawrence system was going up. The winter of 1891 brought the water up to a lowest level yet recorded. The very lowest reading was on the 4th of December of that year, when, according to the register kept by Mr Turner at the Sarnia Waterworks, the water of the St. Clair stood four feet eight and a half inches below high water mark. During last winter it fell somewhat but this spring it took an upward turn again, and has of late been advancing. There was a considerable rise in May and again in June, and a measurement made by Mr. Turner last week shows that the rise during July was four and a half inches, the greatest gain in one month on record. The rise of the water level has been much more rapid than its fall. It has risen two feet nine inches from the low water mark of December, 1891, and is now within one foot ten inches of mean high water mark, and within two feet six inches of the highest stage of water ever recorded.

HOW TO MAKE A MAN KITE.

Cross two straight sticks four feet long at an angle of about sixty degrees as the framework for the legs and body. Fasten to the ends of the shorter arms of the cross another stick three and a half feet long for the arms, and add still another piece two and a half feet long for the spine. This makes a kite about four feet high. Cover with paper as you would any other kite, and decorate to suit your taste.