The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XIX.---NO. 8. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1893. PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

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

ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements, 8 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

CONTRACT RATES—The following table shows our rates for the insertion of advertisements for specified periods:

SPACE.	1 Yr.	6 Mo.	3 Mo.	1 Mo
30 inches	$60.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
40 inches	55.00	30.00	12.00	3.00
8 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

Advertisements, without specific directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. For changes oftener than once a month the composition must be paid for at regular rates.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon of Tuesdays.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

J. F. OHRN, M. D. C. M.,

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

J. E. WILKINSON, D. D. S., L. D. S.,

RUN GONE, 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:—Kennawin's Block, Acton, up stairs

R. J. M. NABB,

CONVEYANCER, COLLECTOR, ETC.
Debts 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: Crosbman's Block, Georgetown and Traders' Bank Chambers, 63 Yonge st., Toronto
J. SHILTON, B.A. W. H. 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 Ont

JAMES HUTCHEON

Land-Surveyor and Civil Engineer
Office, adjoining J. A. Mowat's, Macdonell street, Guelph

PATENTS SECURED

FOR INVENTIONS
HENRY GRIST, Ottawa Canada
Twenty Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

WM. HEMSTREET,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards

JOHN DAY,

ARCHITECT,
OFFICE.—Wyndham Street GUELPH, ONT.

FRANCIS NUNAN

BOOKBINDER
Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario
(Over Williams' Store)
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Particulars of every description carefully bound. Music neatly and promptly done

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP.

MILL STREET, ACTON.
An easy shave, a stylish hair cut, a good shampoo, an exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut
J. & H. WORDEN Temorial Artists

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
Established 1840
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 78, or telephone 66, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR Agent
Guelph

MONEY TO LOAN.

FARM or village property at reasonable rates. Apply to
McLEAN & McLEAN
Town Hall Acton

Hamilton's Marble Works.

HAMILTON's Block (formerly Hatch's Block) this space, corner of Woodwright and Norfolk streets, Guelph, Ont

JOHN H. HAMILTON,
Proprietor.

Wholesale and retail dealer and direct importer and manufacturer of all kinds of Granite and Marble Monuments, Tombstones, etc. Having had an extensive experience for the last 16 years the public may rely on getting all superior articles at a cheaper rate than any other dealer in the West
N.B. 15 per cent off on a direct order received for the good Xmas

THE ODELL

Type Writer

$20 WILL buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, ranked to do better work than any machine made.
It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of typewriting. 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. Base its independents to Dealers.
For pamphlets, Independents, etc address
ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.
Room 30, 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, all At $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 greenhouse. You can therefore rely on getting the genuine true Dwarf Essex Rape Seed from me. Price
10c. per lb or 11 lbs. for $1.00.
MANGLES, 30c lb.
CARROTS, 40 & 50c. lb.
SWEDE TURNIPS, 18c. lb.
SEED CORN, Yellow Horse Tooth 70c
" " Mam. Southern White 75c. per bushel.
RED COB COMPTON'S EARLY THOROBRED, FLINT LEAMING, etc.
HUNGARIAN, MILLET, TARES, BUCKWHEAT, etc.
GEO. J. THORP,
Direct Seed Importer.
Masonic Block, GUELPH.

A Business Education

Is a Source of Wealth.

Every young person will find a thorough business training the greatest aid in getting a good start in business life. This age calls for active, intelligent, well trained help in all departments of trade. Those who make their services valuable have no difficulty in securing desirable positions, where advancement is assured. The demand for capable, reliable assistants is constantly increasing. A practical business education not only fits one for a successful start, but with energy, perseverance and hard work leads to prosperity and wealth. This is within the reach of every ambitious young(h who attends the

Guelph Business College,

Located at Nos. 101 and 103 Wyndham street, Guelph, Ont. Call or write for particulars.

M. MacCORMICK, Principal.

W. BARBER & BROS.

PAPER MAKERS,

GEORGETOWN, ONT.

MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

Machine Finished Book Papers

AND

HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS

The paper used in this journal is from the above mills

WM BARBER & BROS

SEASON---1893

We will, returning thanks for our many favors in the past, wish to inform you that we have entered into an arrangement with H. Stevens, 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 trade prices.

Frames of All Kinds

made to order. We also keep in stock a line of Base Window and Door Casing, Cornice Blocks, &c.
Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait
Price: $1.50 per M

PUMPS

In this line we are able than heretofore, we will supply either wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.

THOS. EBBAGE, Manager
Acton

STEEL ENGRAVINGS,

Proof Etchings, Colored Pictures, Rose and Picture Mouldings

IVORY OAK **FRAMES** SILVER GILT

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

A full stock of Winsor & Newton's Fluke Water.
Double Tubes Rowney's, 10c.
8x10 Deep Photo Frames complete 25c
5 Foot Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 25c

Our Wall papers
Are said to be the best selected in the city

WATERS BROS.,
ESTABLISHED 1877
ST GEORGE'S SQUARE, GUELPH

—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 meet all trains between 9 a.m. and 8 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA.

Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid up 687,100
Rest 64,000

GUELPH BRANCH

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

Deposit Receipts issued.

Farmers Notes discounted.

The collection of sales notes a specialty.

A general Banking business transacted.

A. E. H. JONES,
Manager.

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.

WM McLAREN & CO
GUELPH

IT WAS EVER THUS

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

Humber, Whitworth, Quinn, Fleet, Spartan, Remington, Comet, New Rapid Premier, Keglan and Excelsior.

Business is good because we sell cheap

R. SPRAGGE,
Cuelph.

KELLY'S

Music Store

Removed to 95 Upper Wyndham St

When I will be pleased to meet my customers and as many new ones as will visit me with a call.

Having disposed of nearly all my stock during the Clearing Sale I have purchased a very large stock of

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

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

C. W. Kelly's
MUSIC STORE,
95 Upper Wyndham street Guelph. Next to G. B. Ryan & Co.

FASHIONABLE WEST END
99 Upper Wyndham Street

Headquarters for Best Values and Choicest Range of

Summer Ties, Shirts, Collars and Cuffs, Sox and Summer Underwear.

Fine Range Fancy Vests

One of the largest stocks in the city to choose your Hat from.

Try our Unlaundried Shirt, at 50c.

Specialty $4 Pants to order.

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

JOB PRINTING,

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

Poetry.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO-DAY.

I saw a farmer when the day was done,
The setting sun half sought its crimson bed,
And the mild stars came forward one by one
I saw the sturdy farmer and I said:
"What have you done to day?
O Farmer, say?"

He turned to me the sweat in render form
And pointed my orchard to increase the yield
And turned the furrow for a patch of corn
This have I done since early morn.

I saw the blacksmith in his smithy door,
When the day had vanished and the west grew red,
And all the weary pipe and strife were over,
I saw the kindly blacksmith and I said,
"What have you done to day?
Oh blacksmith say?"

"Oh, I have made two ploughshares all complete
And nailed the shoes on many a horse's foot,
And, oh, my friend, I cannot tell you half,
The man of muscle responded, with a laugh.

I saw a miller when the day was gone
And all the sunlight from the hills had fled,
And tender shadows had crept across the lawn.
I saw the dusty miller, and I said:
"What have you done to day?
Oh miller, say?"

"Oh, I have watched my mill from morn till night,
Did you ever see flour so snowy and white?
And many are the mouths to-day I've fed,"
The merry miller laughed as this he said.

I saw another when the night drew nigh,
And counted each daily toilet from his task
When gold and crimson cloudlets decked the sky,
A drink seller and of him I asked,
"What have you done to day?
Drink seller, say?"

But the drink seller turned with drooping head,
And not a single word in answer said
What had he done? His work, he knew full well,
Was plunging souls in deepest hell!

Exchange

Select Family Reading.

The Two Noblemen.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Hetty Spratt stood at Mrs. Parkinson's area gate watching the bad boys who were lying in ambush to overset the ash-kettle. The dirt-man was slowly coming up the street, banging the barrels and cans about, and taking his time with his fragrant load, and Hetty, with one eye on the boys, was reading the third chapter of a very much soiled cheap novel that she held in her hands.

"Bless me!" she said, contemplatively, as she paused to turn a page, "Adeliza is going to marry a duke! And there's an other lady as beautiful as the rest of them, with golden hair to her heels, and Lord William is in love with her, and her father has given her a necklace of diamonds, each as big as a grape."

The novel was evidently one calculated to awaken envy in the heart of a plain young woman whose mission seemed to be kitchen work, and after awhile Hetty burst out again

"I wish a lord would fall in love with me. You wouldn't catch me doing no more washing and ironing, I can tell you. I'd never touch to do a thing. Don't you wish one would offer to you, Sarah?"

She addressed this remark to another girl who sat hemming a new set of dish towels near the dining room window.

"No such good luck, Hetty," said Sarah, biting off her thread, "but I read a story the other day about a girl that lived out just as it might be you or me, and a lord from England fell in love with her, and went right down onto his knees and proposed, and as you may guess, she wasn't fool enough to say no, and they were married, and after that she had nothing to do but to go about carriage riding and eat ice cream."

"Well, some is born with silver spoons in their mouths, and some with pewter," said Hetty. "There's the cash man at last I've not dared to go from the railings for those boys," and Hetty seized the empty can and hurried back to her wash tubs, and a man who had been leaning against a lamp post near by looked bad rat the number on the door, and sauntered away with his hands in his pockets.

If the lady of the house Mrs Parkinson had been a very notable person, and had been in the habit of watching her kitchen, she might have known that the work dragged wearily that day. The ragged novel was propped up against the tubs, and bits of its most interesting chapters made texts for long discourses on the probabilities of a rise in life and the delights of being rich and idle.

"For my part," said Sarah, "if a rich gentleman was to ask me, I'd have him if he was as old and ugly as a dragon."

"Well," said Hetty, who was more romantic, "I should a little rather be had a fine figger and moustaches. I shouldn't want to give my hand where my heart wouldn't go. I'm like the lady Adeliza in this book to that."

That same afternoon Sarah said:

"Mistress is mad 'cause lunch was late, and she's going to a five o'clock tea to Mrs Pennypacker's, and she says she and he won't be home to dinner, so the mutton bone will do. She's locked up that saucer of preserves, too. She's going to punish us well. I don't care. There'll be no dishes to wash and I put away a lot of that chicken salad after the party. I guess we'll do. If you'll read the rest of the novel loud I'll trim your new bonnet. Do you want to know whether Adeliza marries the prince?"

Accordingly, as soon as the door closed after their mistress, Hetty shut the covers of the stationary tubs down over the yet unfinished washes, and having prepared a meal, which was hastily finished, drew down the blinds lit all the gas in the kitchen and took up her novel. Sarah brought the bundle near the range, and the two girls prepared to enjoy a pleasant evening.

Chapter after chapter was read aloud, for Hetty skipped the biggest words, and what she called the moralizing; and Adeliza's woes were approaching a climax, when the up stairs bell rang furiously and brought the reading to a sudden close.

"It can't be him," said Hetty, "for he's got a latch key."

"And it can't be her, for she went in a carriage," said Sarah.

"Well, I suppose it isn't fire or the police, for all they ring like it, and it don't take long to say there's nobody at home. I'll run up and do it and hurry back."

Up she went accordingly and opened the door. Instantly two young men, well dressed and smiling, pushed their way in. One was tall and slender, one short and stout, and as they took out their handkerchiefs they fairly perfumed the house with attar of roses.

"Mrs Parkinson and Mr Parkinson, are they at home?" asked the shortest, with an air.

"No, sir," and Sarah, quite transfixed with admiration of the other gentleman, who was staring at her with all his might. "They've both gone out."

"Give them our regrets" and have you a card, my lord? No? We have forgotten our card cases but say that Lord Edward Montague and Lord Adolphus Harold called, and were sorry not to find them out. We've just arrived from England."

"Gracious me!" thought Sarah. "Two Lords!"

"Come, my lord," said the spokesman, turning away; "we must go. What are you thinking of so intently?"

"Pardon," replied the other. "I am not myself. I—I—Ah! this is too much!" and still he stared at Sarah.

"I know what troubles you, my dear friend" said the other. "Summon up your courage. Come, come."

"I cannot," replied Lord Edward.

"Is the gentleman poorly?" asked Sarah, trembling.

"Ah! it is a deeper woe than illness," said the short gentleman. "There is such a thing as love at first sight, fair maiden. He has met you, his heart is no longer his own, and he does not know your mind. Speak comfort to him."

The experiences of Adeliza were still too strong in Sarah's memory to allow her to feel any surprise at this announcement. It seemed to be what she was expecting all along; but she thought it proper to feel faint, and dropped into a hall chair in a lump and homeless attitude, and closed her eyes.

At this, Lord Edward rushed toward her.

"Angel! she is overcome. Help! Water! he cried.

"Help! Water!" repeated Lord Harold at the top of the kitchen stairs.

At this, Hetty, who thought naturally enough that the house was on fire, bounced up into the hall, and almost transfixed with astonishment at the sight before her.

"What's the matter, Sarah?" she asked. "Is it fire?"

"Oh, dear, dear! You are so common place, Hetty," sighed Sarah. "It's a English lord, and he's fall in love with me, and I'm so took aback, I'm that faint I can't stand. Oh!"

But now Lord Harold, goes up into Hetty's round, red face, uttered an awful groan that made her jump.

"Lord Edward," he said, solemnly. "I told you I felt that my fate was near. I have met her. Like you, I love at first sight. Fair lady, what is your name?"

"I'm Hetty Spratt, sir," said Hetty, trembling in her number five boots.

"And yours, beloved?" asked Lord Edward.

"Sarah Spruce," replied that damsel.

"Oh!" groaned Lord Edward.

"Ah!" sighed Lord Harold.

"Let us all be happy," said Lord Edward. "Let us defy our fathers, the two old carls, any marry those we love, sa! not our cousins, the Countesses Claribel and Amelia."

"Yes," said Lord Harold. "We will Maidens, will you be our brides?"

"Oh, dear me," said Hetty, "are we dreaming?"

"No, we are all awake," said Lord Harold in a tremendous hurry. "This, this is real. Will you be our brides, maidens?"

"Silence gives consent," and each implanted a kiss on the substantial hand of his adored one.

"We are nobles," he went on in gallop time. "Our fathers will disapprove the match, but the estates are entailed, we can not be disinherited. We will stay and on the return of Mr and Mrs Tomlinson, tell them that our intentions are honorable, and ask their blessing or, if I am confused by my emotions. And now, dearest ones, retire to the sphere so much beneath you. Once our brides, you will live in luxury, and command instead of serve, but lest there should be a misunderstanding, go now. We are all impatient. Will you marry us next Saturday? Saturday it is. When will our friends the Tomkinson return?"

"Mrs Parkinson won't be home till twelve, I don't think and he'll be with her," said Sarah. "I think they were going to a theater party."

"Four hours for us," said Lord Harold, "to wait, you know. Now, angels, farewell until we have explained to Mrs Parkinson I mean Parkson and her excellent husband."

Then those noblemen offered their arms to the blushing young women and handed them down the kitchen stairs, and returned to the parlor floor.

"Is it true?" asked Sarah of Hetty.

"I'm, I don't feel as if I could be aware," said Hetty. "What will missus say?"

"Oh, she'll be as mad as hops, but I don't care," said Sarah. "I'll be a titled lady, a lord's wife. Won't I take airs! I'll turn up my nose at everybody."

"I won't," said Hetty. "I'll be affectionate and condescending, and I'll dye my hair yellow."

So they talked as they sat waiting for the roll of the carriage wheels, as they sounded, Sarah bounced up the kitchen stairs, and opened the door. It was half past eleven o'clock.

"Please, ma am," Sarah said standing before her lady, "a event has happened Lord Harold and Lord Edward are in the parlor waiting to say something particular concerning what you little guess."

"What on earth do you mean? Lord what? Is the girl mad?" asked Mrs Parkinson.

"You'll know and you will learn," said Sarah, exiting away kitchen-ward.

A moment upon the lady was heard to shriek, the gentleman to utter fierce words.

"I told you so!" said Hetty.

"Who cares?" said Sarah.

Then their names were called.

"Sarah! Hetty! Who have been here? Come quick! We've been robbed!"

Sarah and Hetty hurried up stairs together. Mrs Parkinson sat in an arm chair, wringing her hands.

"All the silver is gone out of the safe!" she sobbed, "and my jewellery and the brie a brac!"

"And my clothes and Heaven knows how much money! Who have been here?" shouted Mr Parkinson. "What nonsense was that you told us as we came in?"

"Lord Harold and Lord Edward were here," began Sarah.

"Lord Harold and Lord Edward were here," repeated her.

"We've been back in Sarah," she said, "and made fools of ourselves. Them two were thieves. I wish I had 'em here, and a nice kettle of b'ilin' soap suds handy the wretches!"

The police were sent for, but the two men had made good use of their time. They were never found, nor was the stolen property ever recovered.

Hetty and Sarah carried their handles away soon after, and sent an expressman for their trunks, which had been searched for stolen property. The detectives had tried to prove them accomplices instead of dupes, and they were very miserable.

It is needless to say that they both have given up all expectation of marrying noblemen, and are anxiously awaiting the advent of two honest mechanics, or, in fact, any other young men, who shall offer their hearts, hands and fortunes, however limited the latter.

"GIVING ONE'S SELF AWAY."

BY REV. JOHN HALL, D. D., N. Y.

Some years ago there was a fine carpet in the Central Park of this city, on which, on certain conditions, a ride could be enjoyed, under the care of a good-looking, muscular Oriental, in the garb of the carpet's native land. He really looked picturesque on a fine spring afternoon, when the present writer was showing the attractions of the place to a youthful friend. We desired some information regarding the carpet, and approached the attendant.

"Can you speak English, please?"

"Yes."

"Where did the carpet come from?"

"The nare a wan o' me knows, Miss."

The language was of that rich tone and accent characteristic of the Englishman of Tipperary; for that famous Irish county—so savage against the Saxon—is inhabited by Englishmen now more Irish than the natives. His garb was Asiatic, his speech was European.

Sometime ago I was waited upon by a man who desired some trifling favor. He intimated a little unnecessarily, that he was one of my people, which led me to say:

"Now, I know most of my people, and I do not remember you."

"Well, I am, yer riverence; I can't always get away in the morning, but I'm at vespers every time."

I had to conclude that, however devout a man he might be, he had not learned the nomenclature of that class who are always able to stand the test of the first question in the Shorter Catechism, "What is the chief end of man?"

Cases like these, suggest two reflections, only one of which we can recommend as a rule of action. The first is that when one is trying to deceive he requires to be very observant and to have a good memory. "Observant, because he may otherwise disclose by trifles what he is laboring to conceal. Imagine a Georgian trying to appear as a New England man a very unlikely thing, for Southrons are commonly proud of their home. "Do you know the Jones family?" you ask. "Yes I do, and right nice people they are." His "right nice" points to the South as truly as a Boston man's final letter in "law," when he means the "law," shows that he brought into New England the tendency still lingering in old England, and very strong when he quitted it, which appears there when good "Queen Victoria" is mentioned. So the Scotch Irishman suggests his origin in the most ingenious way. "Do you like the brown or the white, Mr. McCullough?" "Please a little of the white just." He means that he is not particular, his habits are simple, it will be enough that you give him such white as is in the way. Just with him does duty for "mineed," "simply," only this and nothing more.

But other things than words may give one's self away. A man once presented a strong recommendation to the present writer, quite sufficient to warrant the holder in aspiring to the Secretaryship of any modest Company like the "New York Central" or the "Delaware and Lackawanna." Looking at it for want of something else to do while the gentleman was volubly stating his merits, the eye rested on the date of the letter, or making of the paper, in slightly raised figures in the corner at the top, according to the way of some European paper makers, and curiously enough it was several years later than the date of the letter written upon it.

A remarkable case of this defective observation known to the present writer illustrates the same point. A gentleman, but young, wished to win the hand of a young girl, with means, and of a family well known to be serious. He stood on such terms with her father that he was a guest at the lady's house when he visited the city of her residence. He stood well socially, and with the family. Apprehending that a display of seriousness and good training would aid his suit, he made a little display of a Bible which he treasured, etc, etc. It was inscribed with his name and with the usual affectionate aspirations from his mother, long since gone to her rest. It was accordingly looked at, but the inscription by the departed parent was many years earlier than the imprint at the foot of the title page, as the girl's father noted. He was too much of a gentleman to comment on it, but the lady did not accept him. We allege therefore, that very great caution is needed when deception is to be practiced.

I remember, on occasion where this defect made itself apparent with an odd mixture of the ridiculous and the genial. A man came in urgent haste. He had only arrived in the city, did not know a creature in it, was eager to work, &c. &c., according to the usual approved form. Meditating in half soliloquy as to how he could be helped, I alluded to the "Bowery Branch" of a certain humane society, but could not remember the number. In ringing and momentary forgetfulness of the statement he had just made he gave me the number, and the name of the manager, and had at length to confess that he had often spent nights on that "Branch." Whether or not he should have got the "quarter" for another night's shelter I leave to the casuists to settle.

It is not an original, but it is a sad reflection, that the ingenuity spent on making up a false, would sometimes go far to make an honorable history. Think of the ability of poor Chatterton, who, under wiser guidance, could have won the public ear for his own words as such, and who lost it by trying to palm them off as those of men of three hundred years before. He who could present to the historian of the city, an old parchment made by himself, the record of the churches of Bristol "written" by "the gode priste Thomas Rowley," or the "Romaunt of the Cnyghte" of four hundred years back, to his wealthy descendant, and a pedigree for Borgum, a pewterer, which linked him with the noble family of De Berghum, and who could carry conviction to the mind of Horace Walpole, might have done better than die of starvation at the age of eighteen—a unique case of error, pride and genius.

So subtle a thing is error that even in exposing it one may take such positions as "give himself away," and by the obviously unsustained charge strengthen the case assailed. "Ossian's" poems, for example, when given out and widely received as genuine early compositions, were as fiercely assailed by some as they were wildly praised by others. Dr Johnson committed himself to the statement that they were MacPherson's own composition and that there were no manuscripts in Gaelic more than a hundred years old. The production of Gaelic manuscripts in the Advocates' Library in Edinburg five hundred years old, not only put down Dr. Johnson, then a dictatorial critic, but raised a fair presumption in MacPherson's favor.

To any thoughtful reader it will occur concerning the issue, say of the New Testament by early Christians, or indeed, that of the old by Jews, had there been fraud in the case it would have been exposed long ago; for never, surely, did books undergo such long, varied and hostile scrutiny. But the writers never give themselves away.

Now our second reflection is that it is wiser and better to be true, simple and genuine, and to dispense with a system of deceptions, than to be on the watch all the time lest you should "give yourself away." Let the color on your cheek be your own, and you will not fear detection or fracture of the enamel. If you must wear a wig let it be avowed; if your teeth come from the dentist do not deny it. It was very embarrassing to a polite man, whom his wife persuaded to put "a little lace afe bought in Paris" into his hat till they got off the steamer, when instinctively raising the said hat to his friends awaiting him on the shore, he found himself detected, decorated and caught by the custom house officer, with the lace hanging from his head.

THE "BUSINESS FACULTY" BOYS THAT HAVE IT.

Many boys have the natural aptitude for business. They like to be in the world and of the world, to sharpen their wits against the wits of others, to combat circumstances and prove superior to them. They are fond of saying that they are "up to the times," that they "know a good thing when they see it." They take nothing for granted. Like charity, they prove all things. They are active, vigilant, ingenious and self confident. They are fluent in conversation, and they endeavor to please. They have naturally an alert manner, and are quick but careful in making decisions. They are apt to discover quickly the more prominent traits of a man's character.

Such qualities come naturally to many boys. They go to make up what is called "the business faculty." This term means those five things: integrity, industry, good judgment, push, and capacity for observation. Those who naturally possess these have every reason to congratulate themselves, for with the addition of one other requisite practical knowledge of details, to be obtained when the choice of occupation is made, they have the ammunition for the battles of commercial life. It makes no great difference how humble the start is. Many of the most successful business men, men who have made their names known to half the mercantile world—began their commercial career as cash boys, or at the cross roads store, or on the farm.

Those who do not naturally possess the five qualities mentioned, need not be discouraged. The business faculty may be acquired to a large degree, and it may also be cultivated and sharpened. Youth is the time for molding character, and nature is so kind to an ambitious, determined boy that there is no telling to what degree of success he may attain.

THE BEGINNING OF STEAM

Hero of Alexandre, B.C. 260, described machines for utilizing steam power.

The Aeolopile, a steam engine, invented B.C. 211 by Hero.

Pliny, A.D. 60, describes a boat run by a "pot of hot water and wheels."

Roger Bacon, about 1280, anticipated application of steam power to navigation.

Roger Bacon, invented a steam engine 1296, imprisoned for sorcery.

Blasco de Garay built a steamship at Barcelona in 1542.

Giambattista, 1601, made a steam pump for mining use.

De Caus, 1615, patented an account of a machine to run by steam.

Giovanna Branca, 1629, described how propulsion by steam could be accomplished.

Marquis of Worcester constructed a spherical copper boiler in 1663.

Marquis of Worcester, 1663, built an engine to run by steam.

A working steam engine was invented by Papin in 1681.

Morland in 1683 built an engine to run a boat. Destroyed by boatmen.

Newcomb, Dartmouth, built, 1712, the first self acting steam engine.

Potter, a boy, in 1713, made the valve gear automatic.

Beighton, in 1719, substituted ping rod for cords to valves.

Jonathan Hulls, 1736, issued proposals for boat driven by steam.

In 1759 Robinson suggested to Watt the road engine.

Smeaton in 1764 built a 72 inch cylinder engine.

Watt, 1765, invented condenser separate from cylinder.

Smeaton, 1766, attached a separate condenser to his engines.

Watt, 1766, first used oil and tallow to keep piston from leaking.

Watt's first patents taken out 1769, engines set up in factories.

In 1769 Cugnot, French, made an excellent road engine.

Comte d'Auxiron built steamboat on Loire in 1774.

Watt's patents renewed by special act of Parliament in 1775.

Watt's expansion engine brought to perfection in 1778.

Watt, in 1778, solved the problem of rotary motion engines.

Thomas Payne, in 1728, proposed a scheme for a steamboat in America.

Falck, 1709, proposed a scheme for double action engine.

Hornblower, in 1781, solved the problem of double action.

Watt, 1781 built the first complete double action engine.

Comet de Jouffry built a steamboat on Saone in 1783.

Watt's patent for road engine was issued in 1784.

THE OLD FARM.

"The dear old farm" Memory red
Is fraught with memories sweet to me;
Each spot recalls song long gone to me
Of joyous childhood gay and free.

Here memories seemed to speak to me!
In hill and stream and sunny field,
In them I find companionship
The intellect can never yield.

What is the value of gold, pray tell,
Be compared upon its worldly wealth,
Given in exchange for memories pure and
For boundless freedom and rugged health

Let him who loves the world, shall
Behind the mountains escape and flee
To me it seems a better thing
To feel the sunlight on my brow

And to the one who falsely sends
The sunlight, to pierce a distant hill,
Regarding denies the work God gains,
A blessing from the generous soil?

I'd point him to some famous names,
Our country's pride and glory now
Of men whose youth did feel disdain
To which the new no more the plow

But let the farmer know his work,
Lofty and bold his mien should be
He will fall strong and clear his mind
His duty and opinions free.

Thus careful thought and industry
Work wonders with the humble soil
His talents high spread all over
From man, from nature and from God

Anna Taylor

ONLY A LITTLE LESSON

It was just a little lesson, that was all, but it went right to the spot. He stopped a moment on his way home to look in a florist's window, and florist who saw him, asked him needs to see something extra fine.

"You don't buy any more flowers now" said the florist.

"No," was the response given quite natural, though it was brief.

"And it used to be, a year or more, that roses and violets and carnations and all sorts of flowers were a great attraction to you?"

"Yes; I had a sweetheart then," and the man blushed and smiled.

"You used to take her a flower every time you went to see her, didn't you?" pursued the inquisitive, kindly old florist.

"Yes."

"And they didn't cost you very much, as a rule did they?"

"But that did not make any difference to her. If I brought them fresh and fragrant, that was enough."

"Why don't you take them to her, now? Did she choose another in your stead?" asked the florist's voice was sympathetic.

"Oh, no, I married her a year ago."

The florist waited a moment as if thinking.

"And don't you love her now?" he asked cautiously, as if treading on thin ice.

"Of course. We are very happy. But you know the flower business doesn't go any more."

"Did she ever say she missed the flowers?"

"Well, now, of course, I don't say that she ever did."

"Have you ever asked her about it?"

"No. I never happened to think of it. Busy, you know, with all sorts of things as much more practical."

The florist didn't answer. He went to a pot of roses and violets and taken a handful he handed them over to the late customer.

"There is, said I give this to you in remembrance of old times. We might take them to your wife, and if it doesn't like them, you can bring them back to me."

But they never came back.

FRANCE AND SIAM

The trouble between France and Siam had been brewing for months, and the active hostilities date back to the early part of the present year.

They grew out of the disputes over the border line between Siam and Anam, over which latter country France has a protectorate. At one of the border posts in the spring a force of Anamese and Frenchmen was attacked and routed by Siamese troops. For this France demanded reparation, as well as a settlement of the boundary difficulties, and sent a gunboat to Bangkok.

The Siamese government immediately began to act on the defensive and sunk a number of scows in the Menam river to prevent the near approach of French vessels. Bangkok the capital of Siam.

The Laos, Siam's population of about 1,000,000, which is home Siam is interested about the rivers and canals. The Portuguese were the first Europeans to establish an intercourse with Siam, the year 1511. English traders were in Siam early in the seventeenth century. The treaty of 1826 with England practically gave Britain free admittance to Siam, and the English owing to the nearness of their Indian dependencies have had a strong diplomatic influence in the affairs of the country. So strong has this been that many believe that a war with France will almost inevitably result in an English protectorate.

FUTILITY ILLUSTRATED

Many a time a point can be quickly made by the use of an object lesson, when without it words of explanation would need to be almost endlessly multiplied. A good instance is given in *Harper's Bazar*.

They were talking about futility and for some reason known only to each asked.

"Well now, suppose you give me an example of what you call futility."

"All right," said he. "Multiply 365 by 721."

She took her little note-book out, and seized a piece of paper, and after a few minutes of diligent figuring announced the result.

"Two million eight hundred and forty five thousand and sixty six," said she.

"Divide that by two," he continued.

"One million four hundred and twenty two thousand five hundred and thirty three," she said.

"Very well, said he. "Now add seven to that, and then subtract 1,440,000, and tell me what you get."

"The result is zero," said she after figuring a little more.

"Well, that's what I call futility," said he, with a laugh. "You've covered a sheet of paper with figures to arrive at nothing."

Whereupon she became so angry that she refused to argue further on the subject.

"I'm so nervous" before taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. "I'm so well" after taking Hood's. Moral—Be sure to get Hood's.