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The Acton Free Press

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H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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Office and residence Corner Mill & Frederick streets, Acton.

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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.

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Money to Loan.
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An easy shave, a stylish hair cut, a good sock lunch an exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies and children's hair tastily cut.
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ESTABLISHED 1840
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 78, or telephone 66, will be promptly attended to.
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The only direct importer in Guelph of Swedish Scotch, American and other superior Granites, Limestone and Marble. A large stock to select from, and none but superior workmen employed.

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Type Writer
$20 WILL buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, warranted to do better work than any machine made.
It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink ribbon to bother the operator. It is neat, ornamental, nickel-plated, perfect, and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become an operator in a few 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 prices, epithets, Inducements, etc., address
ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
Room 36, Canada Life Building, Toronto
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NO MONOPOLY 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.

Education
For Profit.
The Illustrated curriculum of the
Guelph Business College
For the TENTH SCHOLASTIC YEAR has been issued. By a competent critic it has been pronounced the finest educational calendar yet issued in Canada. Every young man or woman who contemplates attending College—either now or in the future—should send forth. It contains valuable information in a beautiful work of art, and both in its appearance and quality is thoroughly representative of the genuine work of the Guelph Business College.
A copy will be sent free to any address, on application to
Malcolm MacMormick,
Principal.

W. BARBER & BROS.
PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
AND
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS
The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.
WM BARBER & BROS

SEASON---1893
WHILE returning thanks to our many patrons for their liberal support in the past we wish to inform you that we have entered into an arrangement with R. Stewart, Guelph, to keep constantly on hand a full stock of the ordinary sizes of
Sash, Doors, Etc.
and will also supply any special sizes on short notice at Guelph prices.
Frames of All Kinds
made to order. We also keep in stock a line of Base, Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, &c.
Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait.
Price $1 50 per M
PUMPS
Being better 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.
Fine Line Engravings, Colored Pictures, Room and Picture Mouldings.
IVORY OAK **FRAMES** SILVER GILT
ARTISTS' MATERIALS.
A full stock of Winsor & Newton's Fine Goods.
Double Tubes Rowney's, 10c
8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete 20c.
Best Common Pole Brass Fittings, 25c.
Our Wall papers
are not to be the best selected in the trade.
WATERS BROS.,
ESTABLISHED 1877
ST GEORGE'S SQUARE GUELPH

ACTON
LIVERY
AND
BUS LINE.
Respectfully solicits the patronage of the public and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can at ways be Secured
At the stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 7 a.m. and 8.15 p.m.
Careful attention given to any order.
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met
JOHN WILLIAMS.

Wedding Invitations.
Skilled workmen, the best machinery and the finest materials are employed by us in the production of Wedding Stationery. Our long experience and correct knowledge of the prevailing customs make it to your interest to entrust work of this description to us, "good form" being imperitive in the etiquette of weddings.
FREE PRESS, Acton.

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Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid up 767,300
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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.
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The collection of drafts notes a specialty.
A general Banking business transacted.
A. E. M. JONES,
Manager

We want this Advertisement to so Shine That when in Guelph you will not miss seeing our Beautiful Display of
Hall, Banquet, Piano, Stand, Library, and Bracket LAMPS
BOND'S
Hardware, GUELPH.

HAVE YOU SEEN THEM?
If not
You ought to!
NEW SUITINGS, TROWSERINGS, SERGES, WORSTEDS
Direct importations. Pronounced the choicest stock in the trade. First-class style, fit and workmanship.
R. E. NELSON,
Merchant Tailor and Gents' Furnisher
99 Upper Wyndham St., Guelph

Boots & Shoes
NEW SHOES
BEST QUALITY
SMALL PROFITS
We are receiving daily our stock of Fall and Winter Shoes. You can depend on getting extra value from us this season. We have had exceptional advantages in purchasing
Good Shoes at Low Prices
and our customers will get the benefit.
Keep in mind that we keep only first class shoes which we will sell at as low prices as you pay for inferior ones.
We claim to have the best $2.00 Ladies Buff. Boot in Canada.
See our stock of men's long boots, prices from $1.50 up.
The Leading Boot and Shoe Store
WM. McLAREN & CO.
GUELPH
IT . . .
WAS . . .
EVER . . .
THUS . . .
Sprague is Guelph
Furniture cheaper than
It has the largest and
stock west of Toronto
freight on all purchases
he handles the
Lumber, Whitworth, Belsize, Fleet, Spartan, Remington, Comet, New Rapid, Premier, Regina and Excelsior.
Buggies as good because we sell cheap
P. SPRAGGE.
Guelph

KELLY'S
Music Store
Removed to 95 Upper Wyndham St.
Where I will be pleased to meet all my 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.
C. W. Kelly's
MUSIC STORE,
95 Upper Wyndham street, Guelph. Next to G. B. Ryan & Co.

Poetry.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

My grandfather's farm! yet how well I remember
Its cattle and its pleasures, forgetting each sitting
The winds whistling round the old house in December,
The perfume of lilacs and roses in spring
When long, busy days brought hard work without pleasuring,
Nature renewed;
And now lapped in ease, I cannot help confessing,
Sweet rest my soft pillow doth often refuse,
Through long months 'twas plowing and planting and reaping,
When I was a lad growing up on the farm,
In winter, chores, chopping and all things near keeping,
Made hands much too busy for trifling and harm.
But evenings, when round the bright fire we were sitting,
How sweet were our homely and innocent joys;
Grandpa telling stories, Grandma with her knitting,
Nice books, too, of apples and nuts for us boys,
Then "Grandpa" would call for the wee Bible oblon,
And dear "Grandma's" needles would stop their click, click,
While there fell on the ear the Scripture's words olden,
With best of our hearts and the clock's solemn tick
Then followed the prayer that we might be defended
All through the long night, from aught of alarm.
Petitions with praise and thanksgiving so blended,
Brought sweet slumber and peace to the Old Homestead Farm

Select Family Reading.

The Head Young Lady.

"Young ladies," said old Mrs. Petherly, "can you tell me of a nice, cheap store where I can buy a bonnet at a reasonable price? I've come in from the country this morning, and I've driven around considerable, and the prices are so high that I'm most discouraged!"

The old horse, hitched to a mud splashed wagon, stood in front of Miss Aigrette's "Fashionable Millinery," his head hanging down, his mane dropping to correspond. Miss Petherly, leaning her elbows on the counter, looked tired, and out of spirits. Miss Falcon, the Head Young Lady, giggled audibly, and whispered something about "the style of hat that Mrs Noah must have worn when she came out of the Ark."

Miss Harrison just glanced up from the rolls of ribbon that she was labeling and took no more notice of this unusual variety of customer. But Fanny Frost, who had been a country girl not so long ago herself, came forward with an interested face.

"What sort of a bonnet did you want?" asked she.

"Well, I don't just know," said Mrs Petherly. "Tastes differ out our way. Mrs Duncan Powell, she's got a black straw, with red poppies on to it, and Caroline Felter wears a black shirred silk, with cock's feathers. But I'm an old woman and I don't want anything so showy."

"I've got something that will suit the lady exactly," said Miss Falcon, starting from her seat. "Rich and yet tasteful. Deep maroon trimed with dwarf dahlias, and knots of lemon colored ribbon. Allow me to show it to you."

She reached down a bandbox from one of the shelves behind her, and took out a most astounding bonnet, all a bristle with yellow ribbon, scarlet dahlias and jet wheat ears.

"La!" said Mrs. Petherly. "Aint that pretty hot looking for this time o' year?"

"Oh, they are wearing velvet clear into August now," declared Miss Falcon.

"And pretty gay colored, too," hesitated the old lady.

"Not at all," said the Head Young Lady. "I sell just those colors to clergymen's wives. I assure you, every day in the week."

"Fashion is a strange thing," said Mrs Petherly, contemplating the maroon bonnet with and uncertain glance.

"It's a great bargain," said Miss Falcon. "I recommend it most decidedly."

"How much is it?" said Mrs Petherly, her uncultivated eyes resting lovingly on the scarlet dahlias and the bows of yellow ribbon.

"Ten dollars."

"Ain't that an awful price?" said Mrs Petherly, her jaws dropping apart.

"Marked down from fifteen," impressively added Miss Falcon. "By all odds the most stylish hat in the place."

"It seems odd none of the rich New York ladies hain't bought it afore," said Mrs Petherly.

Miss Falcon looked sharply at her to detect any hidden satire, but the old lady was evidently speaking in all good faith.

"Well! I'll tell you why," said Miss Falcon, confidentially. "Of course you won't repeat it, but we can't sell it because Mrs Scratchel Fordington wears one like it, and she don't like her friends to pattern after her. But of course if you take it out in the country, that's quite a different matter. Under those circumstances, I think Miss Aigrette would be willing to sell it for eight dollars."

Miss Petherly looked at it with a puzzled air. She could not remember seeing any other hats like it in Sleepy Glen. Nor was it at all like the style they wore in Iron Creek, the next village, where her sister was the Baptist minister's wife. But it was certainly very brilliant colored, and the velvet seemed to be a very good quality, and of course, if the imposing young woman declared it to be the fashion, that settled the matter.

"Allow me to try it on," said the Head Young Lady, and Mrs. Petherly could but comply.

"It makes me look awful queer," said she. "Them nodding top knots and the fiery red dahlias. Do you think—"

"The most becoming thing I ever saw in my life," said Miss Falcon, ecstatically clasping her hands. "Look, Fanny! Look Cecilia!" (to the other girls) "Did you ever see anything like it in your lives?"

"Never!" said Miss Harrison, truthfully enough, as she turned away her face to conceal a titter.

Fanny Frost, however, was silent.

"Better take it at once," said Miss Falcon. "You won't secure such a bargain every day in the year."

And overpersuaded by the eloquence of Miss Falcon, Mrs. Petherly bought the bonnet, paid for it, packed the bandbox safely into the muddy-splashed wagon, headed the basket that had held her eggs and the stone pot that had come down closely packed with butter.

"And now," said she, "perhaps you can recommend me to a place where I can get a cracker and a cup of tea, without paying their weight in gold. I'll tought down a basket of cheese and some crullers, and a turnover apple pie, but somehow the top of my mind was bargaining off my ducks' eggs at Jagger's grocery store!"

"Just round the first corner," said Miss Falcon, smoothly, "with stained glass windows and statues on each side of the door, where it says 'Oysters and Refreshments' on the sign overhead."

"Much obliged to you, I am sure," said Mrs. Petherly, shaking the discolored leather reins over the hollow back of the old horse and chirruping to start him up. Dobbin placidly responded with a shambling trot.

"Why, Julia Falcon," cried Fanny Frost "you're not going to send her to that billiard saloon?"

Miss Falcon burst out laughing.

"It's the best joke I ever knew," said she. "But, of course, she won't be fool enough to go in."

"And you've told her that dreadful bonnet that Miss Aigrette made up for Clara Coulette to wear to the masquerade ball as 'Widow Bedott,'—only old Judge Coulette died on that very day, and the thing was left on our hands!" said Fanny.

Once more Miss Falcon went off into hysterical peals of laughter.

"Of course I've sold it," said she. "Did'nt Miss Aigrette say she'd give twenty five cent. of the price to any one who would get it off her hands?"

"How could you, impose on the old lady so?" said Fanny, with reproachful accents.

"I'd run after her and tell her it."

"Nonsense; it's too late now, and if it were not, I wouldn't have you meddling," said Miss Falcon, angrily. "If people will be such fools, it's their own fault, not ours."

Mrs. Petherly was considerably amazed when the clerk behind the counter of the gorgeous restaurant explained to her, respectfully enough, that this was an establishment patronized exclusively by gentleman. One or two men, drinking beer at marble-topped tables, and a stout, elderly person smoking a cigar over a news paper, looked curiously at her, but made no comment as she shuffled hurriedly out.

"I must be I didn't understand what the young woman said, thought she. "I'm gettin' dreadful hard of hearin' in my old age. It's true, what Elihu says. I hadn't ought to come to the city without Ann Amelia comes with me. And I won't ag'n."

The next day was Saturday and the Head Young Lady left the store early. Miss Harrison sighed.

"I wish I had a beau," she murmured.

"Is that what it means?" said Fanny Frost, who was trimming a white chip hat with half blown rosebuds.

"Didn't you know?" said Miss Harrison. "She's engaged to Mr Ulrick, the foreman of the Vulcan Zinc Works, and he's to take her down to spend Sunday with his people. She's got the prettiest pink lawn dress you ever saw, and a black lace scarf fit for Miss Aigrette herself to wear."

So Julia Falcon went down into the country with Elihu Ulrick who took her straight to the pretty, old, maple shaded farm house where his mother lived the kindly old mother, whose second husband had been the same as a father to him all these years. And on the way Miss Falcon told him the joke about the enthusiastic old "Remains" who had bought the hideous Widow Bedott bonnet, believing it to be a triumph of the milliner's art, and of how she had sent her to the billiard saloon to get a cup of tea. Mr Ulrick did not seem to regard it quite as she did, however.

"I don't see any very great joke in deceiving a poor old country woman, he said.

"Oh, but you can't imagine how intensely funny it was," said Julia giggling.

"Suppose it had been my mother's on your own?" observed he.

"That would have been quite a different matter," said Miss Falcon, tossing her head, and speaking with proper decision.

It was dark when they reached the old farm. The windows shone pleasantly with welcome lights, fire flies glanced through the purple air, and there hung a scent of roses over everything.

Ulrick jumped from the wagon and assisted Miss Falcon to descend.

"Here she is, mother," said he.

And, to her ineffable dismay, the Head Young Lady found herself face to face with the very old woman to whom she had sold the Widow Bedott bonnett. Astonishment was no name for her mental sensation.

A cutious expression flitted across the bold, old face as she recognized her visitor.

"You are welcome, Miss, she said, "for Elihu's sake. Walk in. You may be very sure that while you are here no one will attempt to play off any practical jokes on you."

And with gentle dignity she withdrew leaving her daughter, Ann Amelia to escort the part of hostess.

Miss Falcon did not enjoy her visit at all. Mrs. Petherly did not appear again. Ann Amelia was silent and constrained, and there was an indescribable change in Elihu Ulrick's manner.

"I wish the old bonnet had been in Jericho before I tried to get it off on any hands," thought she, bursting into tears, that night. "They've told her what a guy it is, and it puts me in a pretty position."

She was to have remained until Tuesday, but she changed her mind and returned to town on Monday instead.

"What has become of your engagement ring," asked Miss Harrison when the Head Young Lady resumed Monday morning her place behind the counter at Miss Aigrette's.

"It's gone," said Miss Falcon, sharply. "I've broken my engagement."

"Goodness me! What for?"

"Oh! I've changed my mind," said the Head Young Lady.

But the truth was that Elihu Ulrick had changed his mind.

"No woman can be wife of mine," he had said, frankly, "who could insult and deceive my gray-haired mother!"

And he had decided wisely.

The Head Young Lady remains the Head Young Lady, and since that memorable morning when she tricked old Mrs. Petherly she never tried to palm off a poor bonnet on a rural customer. Indeed, whisper some, the Head Young Lady gives gratifying evidence of forsaking most of the ways of foolish virgins.

Goes without saying. The cypher de snatch.

THE LAST EXPEDIENT.

How lonely it was in my little seven by nine room, hemmed in, as it were, by the roar and tumult of the noisy hotel, to the gray gloom of the October evening!

All alone in the world: and there was Jones in the next apartment cooing to his fat baby, and I knew, just as well as if the partition had been plate glass, instead of lath and mortar, just how Mrs. Jones was leaning over the wretch's shoulder, her plump cheek close to his.

I caught myself wondering, in a sort of outside state, how it would seem if I were a married man, and there was a little work-basket on my table, and a pair of small slippers alongside my boots, and if Isabel Snow's fair curls were glistening in the light of the gas-burner! I couldn't stand it another minute. Up I jumped, determined to go to Isabel's, then and there and ask her if she wouldn't take the most miserable of lonely swamps for her husband!

The cheerful parlors were in a cosy glow of gas-light and fire-shine; old Mr. Snow was dozing as usual, with a red silk pocket handkerchief over his bald head: and Mrs. Snow, with two or three other dragons in spectacles and "false fronts," was deep in the contents of a mammoth "Dorcas basket," each female apparently trying to out talk the rest. Blow them! I was thankful to Dorcas basket, for once in my life! Isabel sat by a shaded light, in the back parlor, stitching away at a green worsted parrot in a wilderness of canvas, upon a little sofa that just held two. I took the other seat, and we discoursed in mysterious whispers about the weather. At length the conversation grew to a close, and we were both silent.

"Miss Isabel!" I began nervously fingering her tiny ivory bodkin, and resolving in my mind to put an end to suspense.

Isabel lifted the long fringes of her eye lashes, the soft beam of her blue eyes made a pelterous of me at once.

"Don't, don't it take you a long time to finish these elaborate pieces of worsted work?" I stuttered.

She made some laughing reply what it was I don't remember, for I was mentally cudgeling myself as a cowardly, sneaking villian, and goading myself on a second charge.

"Miss Isabels, I have been wishing to tell you this long time, but I never was able before to screw up my courage, that—"

Why didn't I go on what demon possessed me to stop and fidget there, and finish the auspicious beginning with, "that I've decided to get a Panama hat next summer just like that you thought so pretty?"

Miserable pettifogger that I was! I had not even resolution to resume the conversation until Isabel herself commenced talking about her lack of occupation.

"I do get so *tawnger*," sighed she, just for want of some object to absorb my attention, besides Dorcas baskets and embroidery?"

Why didn't I ask if a husband would'nt do, and propose myself for the vacant post? Because I was a blockhead isn't that reason enough?

"I am thinking seriously," began Isabel, after she had put three spark black beads for the parrot's eyes, "of adopting some sweet little child to love and take care of. Do you suppose you could inquire round at the institutions and find one for me—a little boy?"

"Perhaps so. At all events I'll try," quoth I, a sudden inspiration breaking through the thick fog that surrounded my brain. "Suppose I look round and call again to morrow evening?"

"O, I should be so delighted," said Isabel.

When I took leave she laid her little hand in mine, it was soft and warm, like a lily steeped in sunshine. Any other man with a particle of pluck about him would have squeezed it. I didn't dare to.

The next evening, after two long hours spent at my dressing glass, I went bravely to old Mr. Snow's hospitable domicile, determined, not exactly to do or die, but to woo or die. I was desperate, and a desperate man is equal to most emergencies. The room into which I was shown was empty, but Isabel's work basket lay on the table, and close beside it was a small china vase, with a spray of scarlet autumn leaves and a bunch of wild blue asters placed in water. Had some other miscreant of a lover presented them? The bare possibility set my heart to throbbing, and inspired me with a fierce desire to thrash somebody.

A light footfall on the carpet. Isabel was beside me.

"Well, Mr. Anderson, have you brought the dear little fellow whom I am to adopt?"

"Yes, Miss Isabels."

"Of course it is a boy."

"Well, it was a boy when I—I—saw—it last."

"O, charming," interrupted Isabel clapping her hands together. "What colored eyes?"

"Black."

"Is he bright and intelligent?"

"Tolerably so, but most terribly bashful."

"Oh, I shall soon cure him of that."

"I've no doubt you will, Miss Isabel."

"Dear little fellow where is he?" she asked.

"Don't say little, Miss Isabel, he is pretty well grown for age!" I remarked, demurely, beginning to enjoy the scene intensely.

"Oh, don't keep me in suspense!" she exclaimed. "I want to throw my arms round him and kiss him."

"Indeed, Miss Isabel," I modestly answered, "I don't think you could do a better thing—don't let me stand in your way."

"But where is he?"

"Here!"

She opened her blue eyes wide.

"I don't understand you, Mr. Anderson."

"Miss Isabel, I am the person that wants to be adopted? Will you take me, not as an orphan, but as a husband?"

There it was out, and I was not a bit the worse for it! On the contrary, I had boldly put my arm around Isabel's waist, and drawn her so close to me that her only way of avoiding my eager gaze into her eyes was to hide them on my shoulder. Which she did!

"Darling Isabel! only say that you'll adopt me for life, and I will take care that you shall have plenty of occupation," I protested, half laughing. Still there was no answer. I suddenly changed my tactics.

"Isabel my first and only love you will not break my heart?"

"No," she whispered under her breath.

"Then promise you will be mine!"

Isabel promised. She has since told me that it was because she was so surprised to see the fability with which a hitherto "bashful man" pleaded his cause, that she didn't know what else to do!"

Be that as it may, the kettle is singing on the fire, this bright evening, the parrot hangs in a gold frame over my writing table, and my lovely wife sits just opposite with a black eyed boy on her lap, scarce three months old, who entirely precludes the necessity of "adopting" any one else into the family.

I don't envy Jones now; his baby isn't half as pretty as mine. As for his wife, she's "nowhere" by the side of Isabel!

SHY CHILDREN.

One of the most difficult tasks for a mother to perform is to judiciously manage a shy child without making it morbid in disposition. Children of this peculiar temperment are very sensitive, and usually of nervous organization, and need to be stimulated so as to have courage and confidence in themselves.

Many mothers, in their desire to cure this fault, are unthinkingly cruel by using severity as a means of correction, thus increasing the natural distrust, and fear of the unfortunate little ones, while others are quite as thoughtless in ridiculing their weakness, thus seeking to awaken a feeling of shame in the timid natures. That both of these methods, or any other calculated to intimidate or destroy sentiments of trust in others are a great mistake is without saying. Mothers should feel the deepest sympathy for this infirmity in their children for it really is nothing else and let their hearts guide them in their efforts to overcome it. To do this, the source of the error should be shown to the child, and if the management of shy children goes correctly they should be taught that the extreme distrust is ill founded, and gently led out of the manifold miseries attending bashfulness, step by step, until it can see for itself the folly of timidity.

The impressions of childhood are lasting, parents should be careful that the first given in infancy to their sensitive, shrinking babes should be hopeful and true, always giving self confidence and strength where needed. Unfeeling nurses often take advantage of the weakness of shy children, using their easily awakened fears to frighten them into submission to their many times unreasonable demands of obedience. It is much less trouble to keep a restless, nervous child quiet by filling its little mind with fears of hobgoblins, ghosts and other monsters than to patiently put it to sleep or amuse it for hours. To permit such cruelty is an outrage on the part of any mother, and to plead ignorance of its being in her nursery is no excuse, for it is the duty of every woman who is blessed with the title of motherhood to know how every hour of her child's life is spent as long as it is wholly dependent on her care. While the little body is daintily clothed, and in every way cared for, it should be borne in mind that the heart's sufferings and feelings should be considered and that that the rights of such should be respected in every child.

Let mothers then cherish their shy sensitive children very tenderly, teaching them, first of all to trust in God and then confidence in themselves and their fellow beings. *Ladies' Home Companion.*

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

We forgive just as long as we love.

Happiness does not consist in things but in thoughts.

It is but the littleness of man that exalts no greatness to trifles.

Time flies, flowers fade, the body dies, character alone is immortal.

One is not sufficiently fortified against a doctrine when only acquainted with its weak sides.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us.

Human nature is so constituted that all see and judge better in the affairs of other own.

Mark the man or woman who seeks and sees something good in everybody, there by goes a magnificent soul.

The firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.

Sorrows are often like clouds, which though black when they are passing over us when they are past become as if they were the garments of God, thrown of in purple and gold along the sky.

The best way to live is to cast away troubles and contentions which cannot be cured by fretting. In justice to the requirements of the present, you should not look back and make yourself wretched over things that cannot be undone.

Misfortune is never mournful to the soul that accepts it, for such do always see that every cloud is an angel's face. Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all afflictions for him to bear, but they are so simply because they are the very ones he most needs.

The modest department of those who are truly wise, when contrasted with the assuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearance of wheat, which, while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly.

SHORT FURROWS.

Honest toil is essential to restful slumber.

The man who impoverishes his farm steals from his own pocket.

That man is seldom happy who holds a grudge against the earth.

I count him a rascal who tries to get full work out of a half fed horse.

Many people ride over the hills to the poor house in the do nothing sled.

The road to fortune is well travelled, but too many are headed in the wrong direction.

Some men have sense enough, but are too indifferent to go to the trouble of using it.

Those whose experience has been the most valuable are usually the slowest to give advice.

The man who loves his farm too well to neglect her, will win her smiling favor in laughing harvests.

He is to be pitied who is the slave of his work. He is not a free man who is not the master of his own work.

A storied urn. The patent water filter.

A steam heater. The locomotive fireman.

To gain strength—Hood's Sarsaparilla. For steady nerves Hood's Sarsaparilla. For pure blood Hood's Sarsaparilla.

LOVE MANIFEST.

Love your father and your mother,
Let your actions show it;
Love your sister and your brother,
Try to let them know it.
A heart of brightest gold concealed,
Is but a worthless treasure;
But calm that does good service yield
Is valued beyond measure.

If you love your neighbor,
Whose cattle eat your grain,
Who in you see him at his labor,
Don't curl your lip with scorn.
Perchance he did his very best,
But failing with regret,
His spirit finds his little rest
Till knowing you forget.

Add if you love the God above
Who loved you all along,
Whose tender care each day you share,
With all his motley throng;
Then do not wait until too late,
A kindness to express
For no one knows how long it is
That earthly moments "last."

A tender act, a loving fact
More precious far would be
Than floods of tears, in after years
Though all were shed for me.
While living here sweet words of cheer,
Our happiness increase;
But when we leave, let no one grieve
For we shall rest in peace.

W. H. Feasey.

THE BEDOUIN'S SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT HORSES.

The Bedouin is full of horse superstitions. His horse lore is much like, but less than, that of our old fashioned forerunner of a past generation. He knows a horse's habits and diseases by observation solely; he has no idea of anatomy. Every species of wind trouble to which the horse is subject he merely describes as "having something wrong inside him." But he treats a horse on a system of old saws. For lameness he has but one remedy, the hot iron. His horse will work for twenty or even twenty five years old, but he thinks that he "grows weaker" after twelve. In buying, he looks more at marks than points.

In feeding and watering the horses the Bedouins seem to us to be equally unreasoning, unless it be agreed that a horse can stand anything he is used to, and that it is well to get him used to irregular habits. The fact that the Arabian has often to go an indefinite time without food or drink makes him hardy and less apt to suffer than our regularly treated animals. He goes all day in the hot sun, and does not ask for water impatiently, at least even in crossing a brook. He is fed and watered apparently regardless of the fact that he is hot or tired. He is given his pail of water and his troughful of dry or green food, or whatever else is available, as soon as he stops on a journey, or is ridden off immediately after. Quite as often he gets nothing at all. I have seen horses ridden all day, and have camped at noon with them to eat by a stream without any one trying to water them because they had no bucket and the banks were high. It would never occur to a Bedouin to carry a skin pail with him. But the horses seem used to such neglect, and never even whimper for the water gurgling past them.

From "Riders of Syria" by Col. T. A. Dodge, U. S. A. in *Harper's Magazine*.

HINTS TO CLERKS.

The following "pointers" according to the *American Grocer* were prepared for the employees of a firm in Mississippi.

"It is necessary that you work in cooperation with your employers having their interest at heart.

"Strive to perform your duties in a pleasant and agreeable manner so as to obtain and hold the good will and friendship of all customers.

"Give the same courtesy and attention to the poorest customer that you would to the richest. It never lowers a person's dignity to be polite. Very often the person with the most unpretentious outward appearance, and apparently with but money has the intention to buy, and the money to pay for, a nice bill, but on account of the manner in which they are met on coming into the store they say they do not want anything, and leave in search of a place where the clerks approach them in a more cordial manner.

"It is well to find out the name of your customer, impress it on your mind and remember it, people like to be remembered, and if you cannot call those whose names are requested aside to the store, they will think you are indifferent to their business, and will seek other places where their trade is better appreciated.

"Some employees think they are hired to sell goods only, and shy to shirk all other work. In this they mistake their best interest. It is a pleasure to the proprietor to find the clerks not only striving to excel in salesmanship but also exerting their best effort to keep the goods well arranged and to make the store attractive generally. It is very necessary that this work be done and to have it done properly you must take part, and not be afraid of exceeding your share.

"Exercise a good deal of tact. Keep up the small details of the business as well as to watch some big customer. We like to see your sales large but it is well to bear in mind that the stock must be kept in order, and it is necessary and expected that each clerk work to that end.

Don't Forget It.

One way to make times hard is to depress, and make people panicky, as for those who are abundantly able to pay their debts to withhold the same due to injure but her baker and professional men. Money locked up and out of circulation is of no benefit to any one. A hundred dollars paid to laborers may settle a hundred claims with in a week. Keep the money moving. Pay your little bills, and thus help it keep the "circulation up. Locking the money up is like taking the blood from the human body it weakens the man and causes him to totter. Besides, people always have a good word for a man who pays promptly.

ROASTING.

Three tailors were once boasting which could make the best suit for a man, one of the tailors being an Englishman, one a Scotchman, and the other an Irishman. The Englishman said, "I could make a suit for a man if I only just looked at him as he was going round a corner." The Scotchman said, "And I could make a suit for a man if I only saw his coat tails as he was going round the corner." "Faith, said Pat, "and I could make a suit for a man if I only saw the corner he went round."

A Cynical Spouse.

A May I hope to see your wife this afternoon.

B—Hardly. She is showing a few lines to a friend just now, and that will keep her busy for several hours.