The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XIX.—NO. 23. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 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, 6 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.
20 inches	$60 00	$35 00	$20 00	$7 00
10 inches	35 00	20 00	12 00	4 00
5 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 on Tuesdays.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence: Corner Mill & Frederick streets, Acton

J. E. WILKINSON, D. D. S., L. D. S.,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Graduate University of Toronto, Member of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons.
Office: open every day except Wednesday and Saturday, and the first Thursday of each month.
Over the Drug Store, ACTON

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST,
GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

McLEAN & McLEAN
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan.
Office:—Town Hall, Acton.
WM. A. McLEAN. JNO. A. McLEAN

J. A. MOWAT,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC &c.
Money to Loan.
OFFICE DAYS: Tuesday and Saturday.
OFFICE:—Ransom's Block, Acton up-stairs.

R. J. McNABB,
CONVEYANCER, COLLECTOR, ETC.
Rents and accounts collected. Agent Fire and Life Assurance. Property bought and sold. Money to loan on the most favorable terms.
J. A. MOWAT'S Office, Acton

SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & STONE,
Barristers Solicitors &c.
TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN
Offices: Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and Traders Bank Chambers, 63 Yonge st., Toronto.
J. SHILTON, B.A. W. H. WALLBRIDGE, H. E. STONE

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

MARRIAGE LICENSES
J. L. CHARLES
Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Office: Charles' Auction Rooms
Mill Street

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

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS
HENRY GRANT, OTTAWA, CANADA
Twenty Years Practice. No Patent, No Fee.

WM. HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Peel. 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

FRANCIS NUSSS
BOOKBINDER
Wyndham St., Guelph
Over Stone & Williams' Store

Account Books of all kinds, magazines, periodicals of every description, ruled and bound to any pattern, and promptly done.

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP
MAIN STREET, ACTON
An easy shave, satisfying hair cut and shampoo, an exhilarating shampoo always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies and children a specialty. Hair tastefully cut.
J. & R. WORDEN, Proprietors

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 536, or telephone 68, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent
Guelph

Hamilton's Marble Works.

HAMILTON'S Block, formerly Hatch's Block, the corner of Wyndham and Norfolk streets, Guelph, Ont.

JOHN H. HAMILTON,
Proprietor.

The only direct importer in Guelph. Dealer in all kinds of American and other superior quarries. Limestone and Marble. A large stock to select from, and manufactured superior workmen employed.

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.

GRAIN WANTED.

THE undersigned is prepared to pay the highest cash price for all kinds of grain delivered at his warehouse at G. T. R. station, Acton.

JOHN F. COBBY

Holiday Goods

AT DAY'S.

Albums, Bibles, Poets, Dressing Cases, Pocket Books, Wallets, Opera glasses Bronze Goods.

Those Mexican Onyx Tables from the World's Fair are lovely.

All the new Xmas numbers of the illustrated Papers on hand 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.

We brush
Profits to
The Winds

AND CAP ALL BARGAINS

Commencing to day, every purchaser of goods to the value of $1 and upwards, presented with a first-class Clothes or Hat Brush. You have the choice.

Every man or boy purchasing either a hat or cap to value of $1 more has choice of

NEAT CAP FREE.

Prices Reduced In Every Department Terms Cash

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

IT WILL PAY YOU
TO GO TO
WATERS BROS.,
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, GUELPH
FOR
Christmas Goods

NEW PICTURES
NEW STYLES OF FRAMES
GOODS SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS
IN INDESCRIBABLE VARIETY

WATERS BROS.

Education
For Profit

The old-established institute of the

Guelph Business College

For the 11th CHRISTMAS YEAR has been opened. Its competent staff, it has ever predominated the finest educational succeeded in Canada. Every young man or woman who contemplates attending College, either now or in the future should send for it. Its handsome calendar-information is 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 MacCormick,
Principal.

ESTABLISHED 1855

THE ODELL
Type Writer

$20 WILL buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, not counted in, to do the work done on any machine made.

It combines SPEED AND ACCURACY with PERFECT EASE OF OPERATION. Work is as clean cut and regular as print. Any intelligent person can learn to operate it on Sunday. Weighs only 8 lbs. and is portable. Will be sent on trial to any operator who can equal the work of the ODELL.

$1,000 Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Sole and interchangeable Dealers.

For pamphlets giving information etc. address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
Room 64, Canada Life Building, Toronto.

J. W. Rutherford, Mgr. for Dominion.

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

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA

Capital Authorized . . $2,000,000
Capital Paid up . . . 1,800,000
Rest 750,000

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 notes is a specialty.

A general Banking business transacted.

A. T. H. JONES,
Manager.

We have
Many
Delightfully
Pretty
Things
In
Plated Ware

Which we would like you to see. Don't forget this when in town.

BOND'S
Hardware, GUELPH.

No place like
A Jewelry Store

For making selections for Christmas. Some people imagine it's an expensive place to get into; that is a mistake. Some things do come high of course, but we always have desirable lines of the useful and ornamental from one to $10 each. For instance, in Ladies' Belts, Purses, Card Cases, Manicure Sets, Fruit Knives, Calendars and dozens of other articles for man, woman and child.

SAVAGE & CO.,
Jewellers, Guelph.

DECEMBER
Clearing Sale
OF
Rubbers, Overshoes,
Felt and Warm Lined
BOOTS AND SLIPPERS.

Largest Assortment, Low est prices. Every Pair Warranted.

THE LONG SHOE STORE

W. M. METHERELL

GUELPH

KELLY'S
Music Store
Removed to 95 Upper Wyndham St.

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

Agent for Wm. Rome Piano Co.
Agent for Bell Organ & Co.

1893 THE CULTIVATOR 1894
AND
Country Gentleman

The best of the
AGRICULTURAL WEEKLIES

Devoted to
Farm Crops and Processes
Horticulture & Fruit Growing,
Live Stock and Dairying.

While it also includes all minor departments of Rural interest such as the Poultry Yard, Entomology, Bee-keeping, Greenhouse and Grape Culture, Saturday Reading, Domestic Economy, and the News of the week. Its market reports are unusually complete and much attention is paid to the Prospects of the Crops, as throwing light upon one of the most important of all questions. When to buy and when to sell. It is liberally illustrated, and by recent enlargement contains more reading matter than ever before. The subscription Price is $2.50 per year, but we offer a special reduction to our

CLUB RATES FOR 1894

Two Subscriptions, in one remittance . . $ 4
Six Subscriptions, ... 10
Ten Subscriptions, ... 15

To all new subscribers for 1894, paying in advance now, we will send the paper weekly from the receipt of the remittance, to January 1st, 1894, without charge.

Specimen Copies free. Address

LUTHER TUCKER & SON,
Albany, N.Y.

Poetry.

THE DODGING CHRISTIAN'S VOTER

As JESSIE SAYING

I'm a temperance man, I will do what I can,
I will earnestly talk and pray,
I will labour with might for the cause of right,
But I cannot vote that way.

With eloquence warm I will urge reform,
Let all the world take note,
I never shrink from temperance work
Excepting when I vote.

I will labour so that the world may know
I am a zealous temperance man,
I will talk of laws that will aid the cause,
But I cannot vote the ban.

My tongue will delight to talk of right,
I will speak its praise each day,
I will urge it strong on the listening throngs
But I cannot vote that way.

A vote for the right is lost from sight,
For the cause is weak to-day,
It might grow strong if helped along
But I cannot vote that way.

With the party strong though the cause be wrong
My vote will still be cast,
Though want and woe in streams may flow
And whiskey rule at last.

The widow's groan and the orphan's moan
Shall not affect my will,
I will pity them, though, and tell them so,
But vote for whiskey still.

Select Family Reading.

A Wife's Duty.

Is she not lovely, Rutherford?"

A lover's enthusiasm spoke in the earnest tones alone in the handsome eyes, of the young man who asked the question in such manner as though he deemed answer unnecessary, yet his quick ears detected a something in the reply, "Very lovely," which caused him to start and turn to look in his companion's face.

The two friends were separated by almost of years, and as they were slowly saunter ing up the carefully ordered lawn of Mr Howard's country seat it was of his daughter and the betrothed of the younger man, of whom they spoke. She stood awaiting their approach, a smile of welcome lighting her eyes, vision of youth and happiness, yet Percy Rutherford had betrayed, even in answer to Clarence Somer's eager question that he felt his choice might not have been a wise one.

She is a mere child, Clarence, who it seems to me, he continued "as as yet scarcely fit to battle with the realities of life. It seems hard she should not yet be left amid her birds and flowers.

Ah, but shall I not give her birds of brighter plumage, flowers of brighter hue? No shadow shall cross my darling's path, no chill winds pierce through the cloak of protecting love in which I shall enwrap her."

But a merry laugh and musical tones interrupted him, as the young girl came for ward to greet them and playfully chide them with their slow approach. Only seventeen summers have left their faint impress upon Fay Howard's brow and that the new life on whose threshold she stands is to bring responsibilities and cares upon her young shoulders is a thought she never harbored. In one more week she is to be the bride of the man on whose arm she leans.

So the week passed. Its last each of the old life, and she strove to fast clad in white robes with the sunbeams crowning the fair young head and playing hide and seek in the old church, by Clarence sung, a castle and attired with scarce a thought of their solemn meaning the words which bind them together for aye. Into the home which Clarence has prepared for her she enters with happy feet, seeing only on every side evidences of her husband's indulgent love in the appointments, taste and wealth have combined to give her.

So a year passes, a bright happy year, and she notes not that on her husband's brow are lines which a few months ago were not there that he often avoids gay scenes, pleading some excuse but never letting her share the solitary vigil, at which she sometimes dimly wonders but ere her wonderment finds words it is forgotten. Then comes the crash the knowledge, sudden and overwhelming that her husband is a bankrupt. Paying friends gather round his wife, and to their consoling promises that still her father's home is open to receive her, where she shall not miss the comforts which have grown necessities, she yields with nothinking as said

But once at least that all should be explained, and with sympathy only at her heart Clarence resigns her until he can again win health and fortune. A short time had been offered him to a Western town with promise of ultimate partnership. Could he ask Fay to share such a life? No he goes alone, never shrinking from the daily trials which he meets and treasuring with reverent care the short notes which Fay sends, filled with the hopes that he soon may give her back her home, while he glances round the one meagrely furnished room which he dignifies by that sacred title, and thanks how incongruous would be her radiant presence there, yet, ah, how sweet to the heart which sometimes shrinks disheartened at its own loneliness. It is like a gleam of sunshine when one day he finds himself discovered by Percy Rutherford and his greeting of his old friend is frank and cordial.

Full cheerfully did fellow he over with a half sigh. I can only give you half welcome since Fay cannot share it I could not of course ask her to go into my exile.

Did she not wish it?

Poor little girl! I think she scarcely knew what she wished. The crash was so sudden and overwhelming, everybody advised that she should stay and I too could not be so selfish as to wish her with me.

What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Solemn words, Clarence solemnly spoken. They and you and she are wrong. Where is a woman's place if not by her husband's side? You said truly on that day you may remember, that birds of a brighter plumage and flow ers of fairer hue should be her lot, and so when the flowers faded, and the birds shed their radiant covering, you put her from you and went forth alone. She is selfish only in her thoughtlessness. Show her that you miss and need her, and you will find the true woman heart spring into life."

But Clarence shook his head, and Percy felt he could say no more. But when a month later he stood in Mr Howard's brilliantly lighted parlors, everywhere round him evidences of luxurious wealth and saw the fair daughter of the house with her smile as free, her laughter as joyous as though her heart had never known a care, he wondered if there were aught beneath that smiling surface which could turn from the altar of worldliness at which it seemed to offer itself a living sacrifice.

If there was no one else to do it, he would make one happy to the wife and the woman. A half hour later he rose to find her and carry out his new born "resolution." He had not long to seek. Approaching him, her graceful form and beauty everywhere conspicuous, he soon descried her and when he asked a few moments of her time, she gave them willingly. The witchery of her loveliness conquered even his sterner thoughts, and pity for her youth and the counsels she had, perhaps, unwittingly followed, made his voice low and tender as he addressed her.

"Did you know I had seen Clarence lately, Mrs. Somers?"

A flush of eagerness passed over her face at mention of his name.

"I could but picture the contrast," he continued, "between the happiness on your face and the sad loneliness written upon his."

"I am here by my husband's wish, Mr. Rutherford," she interrupted, "and I could hardly be so ungrateful to the kind friends who try to brighten my life, as to repay them with sorrowing looks or frowns. As soon as Clarence desires it I will re join him."

"Will you let me tell you a little story, Mrs. Somers; a story of a man young and full of hope as Clarence was but little over a year ago, and whose footsteps misfortune too quickly followed and overtook him, and had her cruel mark upon his brow who had stood, even as you have stood, before God's altar, with one who promised to cherish him until death, but who contrived that phrase, as you have done, and when the smiles of the world were converted into frowns, when the sunshine was obscured by clouds, when his heart, sore and bruised, needed the tender touch of a woman's hand, he who had not from the darkness and gloom which threatened to overshadow her, and he was too brave, too generous to call her back, but little by little life closed. Almost without his knowledge his old faith in woman's love and constancy failed him, he grew cynical his frank nature reserved until in deeper ation, he sought scenes and associates from which once he would have shrunk.

"Tell me no more. Fay interrupted "I can catch the meaning of the story you have told. Oh! Mr. Rutherford have I indeed been so cruel and so heartless! If Clarence would but let me I would rather share his life than all else on earth!"

"Do you mean that?"

"Indeed indeed I do! Only persuade my father to give his consent and I will go to him."

"Show him you are earnest in your desire and he will not withhold it, and as for Clarence, he will not ask his love shall go to him unsought and see if his arms are not wide open to receive you."

A week later and Fay Somers sat in the room which her husband called home. She had not expected elegance but her heart shrank as she gazed round her. It seemed strange and new to the dainty fingers to have themselves in the task of bringing a look of comfort to the cheerless place to place fresh flowers here and there to re arrange and restore order, but when it was over and she surveyed her work she felt a thrill of pride and pleasure new and keen and sat down with a flush of expectation to await his coming, who little knew what fairy sat by his hearthstone. At last she heard a key in the door below, but surely those steps slow and half lifeless were not his, and she rush back in the chair from which she had half risen chilled and disappointed. But at the door they pause, it opens, and Clarence stands upon the threshold with wide staring eyes at the apparition confronting him.

"Clarence," she exclaims to glad ring tones and springs into his arms, which open wonderingly to receive her, and into which she flies as a bird to its nest.

"Thank God! Thank God!" as the sentence fall from his white lips while her little hand brushes back the hair from the brow, now so full of lines and ever and anon the young lips set their seal upon it. She bends again to kiss his mouth, but he holds her back as he says:

I cannot take your kind Fay until I tell you from what you have saved me. I had grown hard and desperate. It seemed useless battling against Fate. He said that you were gay and happy that you were admired by others and who I thought to put an end to this misery this wretchedness of living, no longer to hamper your young life with mine. I had there was a God and I—I fear I am going back to him waiting and watching for me. Fay darling can you forgive me. Can you kiss lips who have sinned?

Ah, Clarence, your sin—if it can stake on a heart with its—can only cause Never, never again will we wrong our marriage vow, and whatever Fate has in store for us, we will meet and brave it hand in hand.

So courage and hope came back to Clarence Somer's heart and fortune was not long in following. But in years which follow when children's voices fill their happy home one bright summ faced boy the eldest of the three seems somewhat dearer to the parent's Earth. They call him Percy and with every utterance of the name is wafted the tender benediction of the man who by his brave, out spoken confession had restored happiness to two hearts.

Home Words.

A BIT OF NEWS WORTH TELLING.

It was a hot day and dusty. Some people were cross. The horse car rattled along over the dusty village road and the passengers grumbled noisily and waved their fans. Suddenly the car stopped. Nobody to get out. Nobody in sight, oh yes! A small, dusty child in the road, standing still watching the horse car with a seared, drooping face. Something on the track! The driver jumped down and tossed it to the child. You should have seen the thing! a big, black, limp rag dolly, with scarlet eyes! Then the car went on. But the driver laughed and the cross people smiled, and one said to another, nodding, "He stopped the car on purpose not to run over that child a dolly."

A good bit of news! Tell it again.

Happiness is a roadside flower growing on the highway of usefulness.

"I am convinced of the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, after having taken but a few doses" this is what many people say.

ANSWERING CHILDREN.

Many older people forget that the things which are perfectly simple to them are a puzzle to children, and that the inquiring little mind is attracted to every strange object, and that it seeks to settle in its own mind the philosophy of the object which excites its curiosity. Not able to account for the strangeness of the objects it sees or how they became so, it falls to asking questions. To the mature mind many of these questions are absurd; but should be carefully and thoughtfully answered, and, if briefly explained how the object came into its present condition, it will add zest to the little opening mind. Do not necessitate the child to unlearn through your carelessness or want of interest in its inquiries. The quickest way to stop the mouth of a child, of that is what you are after) is to satisfy its curiosity by a rational answer. The child may not be able to gainsay an absurd answer, yet there is every reason to believe it is not satisfied.

The following conversation overheard between a child and its aunt illustrates the thought.

One day, says the writer, I sat in a car seat on the Saugus branch of the Eastern Road behind a pale careworn lady who was talking to a little boy from Boston to Malden. As the little boy was of a very inquiring mind and everything seemed to attract his attention, I could not help listening to some of the questions."

"What is that, auntie?" the little boy commenced, pointing to a stack of hay on the marsh.

"Oh, that's hay, dear," answered the careworn lady.

"What is hay, auntie?"

"Why, hay is hay, dear."

"But what is it made of?"

"Why, hay is made of dirt, and water and air."

"Who makes it?"

"God makes it, dear."

"Does he make it in the day-time or in the night?"

"In both, dear."

"And Sundays?"

"Yes, all the time."

"Ain't it wicked to make hay on Sunday, auntie?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'd keep still, Willie, that's a dear. Auntie is tired."

After remaining quiet a moment little Willie broke out:

"Where do stars come from, auntie?"

"I don't know, nobody knows."

"Did the moon lay 'em?"

"Yes, I guess so," replied the wicked lady.

"Can the moon lay eggs, too?"

"I suppose so. Do be still, Willie."

Another short silence, when Willie broke out:

"Bennie says cotton is an awful sanitie, is they?"

"Oh, perhaps so."

"I think a whale could lay eggs, don't you, auntie?"

"Oh yes I guess so, said the shameless woman.

"Did you ever see a whale on his nest?"

"Oh, I guess so."

"Where?"

"I mean no. Willie you must keep quiet. I'm getting crazy."

"What makes you crazy, auntie?"

"Oh dear! you ask so many questions. Did you ever see a little fly eat sugar?"

"Yes dear."

"Where?"

"Why, on I see on the cars and on ill on I'll shake you. Now not another word."

And the lady pointed her finger sharply at the little boy, as if he were going to stick it through him. There are eight million little boys like Willie in the United States.

A child whose questions are not answered by its parents will turn to others who are willing to gratify its desire for knowledge, but who perhaps are unable to distinguish between what is good for a child to know and what is not, or else it will lose its fine natural susceptibility, and to learn to look upon life in a dull, spiritless way, without interest or curiosity. Worse, however, than not answering a child's questions is to ridicule them. Nothing wounds a child so deeply as finding its inexperience abused and its earnestly meant questions made the subject of mockery. How common a thing it is to hear a child's question immediately and even contemptuously condemned as "silly." Yet in most cases of the kind the silliness is not with the child but with the older person who fails to understand how the child's mind works.

In early years the perceptive faculties are keenest. The child hears, sees and his soul is filled with delight, but soon he asks "Why" and "How."

Everything in nature answers him, and in asking who is the maker and lover he invariably receives one answer. Thus the hearts of the little ones are filled with reverence for the being whom with natural eyes they cannot see but whom works are all about them in the form of manifold beauty and blessings.

Some children seem naturally spiritually minded. They live in a high atmosphere and often surprise their friends by remarkable depth of thought. We once heard of a tiny girl who astonished her friends, by saying: Why! I thought I was going straight to heaven! The life of that child has been a monument in itself. For more than thirty years she has been engaged in missionary work in Turkey.

The faith of childhood is simple yet strong. Small and great desires are presented to the Heavenly Father with a trust and simplicity which older people would do well to imitate.

Every child has involuntarily a feeling of distrust for grown people, which is only expelled through trust in the love of its parents. This trust once thoughtlessly abused and shaken may perhaps never be restored to its original purity and strength and who could have the heart deliberately to impair such sweet confidence?

SAMBO'S PHILOSOPHY OF MARRIAGE.

"If you mus' marry, let common sense have a show in the transackshun. Don't go off your feet bekase you meet a girl that can sing like a robin, smile like a rose, and jump off a street kyar without bodorin' de driver to stop. A wife will have much to do besides singin' and cultivatin' dimples. Befo' you fall in love wid a girl who looks too sweet for anythin' in a red plushjacquo, kinder figger on how many shirts dat young incomm would afford her. Befo' you let a pa'r o' flashing eyes and a cunning dimple captivate ye, look aroun' a little an' see if de owner has a temper like a wild cat. Marriage am a failure simply bekase people take each oddor straight and pussun."

THE IMMORALITY OF POOR WORK.

"The compilation of all good morals," said a wise woman one day, "is try do the work of every moment just as well as you possibly can, or as the bible has it, 'with all your might.'"

"What does she mean?" said a flippant listener. "What possible connection can there be between morals and work?" And the questioner, representing a multitude whom no man can number, convicted herself of loose thinking and lack of judgment, spoke evidently to do poor work when one knows how to do the same well is distinctively immoral. But the host of the careless and irresponsible seldom consider that.

Nor do they reflect upon the meaning of the current fine phrases about "truth," "ideals and "happiness." In fact, it does us all good now and then to reduce these "glittering generalities" to their lowest terms, and to get at the plain, practical sense of them.

"There is one road to Peace, and that is Truth, which follow ye," sings one poet.

"Be true to the dream of thy youth," sings another.

"Hear what the morning says and believe that," echoes another.

We all repeat these fair sounding messages, and say, "How beautiful!" without thinking that in these vague words lies a whole sermon about the conduct of life. For how we can be 'true,' without adhering throughout every moment of every day to the best ways of doing that we know? Any piece of business half done, when we know how it should be done, and have the strength to do it, is a distinct lie. When this half performed work affects another person, and almost everything that one attempts does affect another more or less directly, we not only lie, but we steal. We have deprived somebody else of that which rightfully was his: a well made piece of carpentering or a well swept room. The child who fails to do or only partially does the work his parents have set for him, breaks the fifth commandment. As undone or half done work is the origin of most of the poverty in the world, the way is opened thereby to covetness, envy, and a hundred other vices.

PLEASANT GAMES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

The Rhyme Game.—This may be played by many people who think it impossible for no one knows what he can do until, for one and another reason, he has to try. Place your guests in a circle; the hostess takes the centre, and starts the game by asking some one to lead by giving an expression of thought in rhyme, and then at once gives the second line herself, the one to the right of the starter is the third line and the hostess the fourth. The host ess gives every other line until each one in the circle has spoken. It is not always necessary it should have perfection of sense or have correct measure.

Above all things do not drag or be stupid. Say something and say it quickly. Example:

Guest.—What a house this is for fun.
Hostess.—Thank you. You do not mean to pun.
Guest.—No, we one and all agree.
Hostess.—You have to rhyme with Mrs P.

The Roast apple Party.—Every one invited is given an apple to roast. An open fire for this game must be in readiness for the evening. The apples are all put to roast at the same time, and the guests form a semicircle around the fire. The one to the extreme left starts a story talking for three minutes, when the next one continues, also talking for the same length of time, and so on until each one in the semi circle has contributed his or her part and then the story is brought to a close, at which time the apples are generally ready to eat. This game affords large scope for the imagination. *Harper's Bazar.*

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS

England has no silver mines.

Maine makes wooden bottles.

Alexander had four kinds of artillery.

Portugal's royal crown is worth $6,560,000.

A teaspoonful of bathing soda, dry, will cure heartburn.

The assessed valuation of the States in 1890 was $24,038,514,501.

A Philadelphia hat dealer says there is least profit in selling silk hats.

Germany prohibits the employment of women in government works.

The most extensive mirrors are those of reindeer. The galleries have 17 miles of length.

Emigration from Europe to Canada for September is on the increase and free of pestilence.

More than $2,000,000 is to be realized by the horse and duck shooting facilities along the Chesapeake Bay.

The observatory of Mont Blanc annually reports proof that there is no change in the atmosphere of the sun.

The largest private home the British kingdom is Wentworth Woodhouse which belongs to Earl Fitzwilliam.

Salmon fishing is prohibited in the State of Washington between six p.m. on Saturday and the same hour on Sunday.

In manufacturing occupations the average life of sawgrinders is the highest, and that of grind stone makers the lowest.

A GREAT INVENTION

I have here began the excited young lawyer as he handled into the young lawyer's office the greatest invention of the age.

It was cases that the lawyer wanted, not inventions, and he said something rather rude, but the energetic man proved to be a philosopher and merely smiled.

"I call it," pursued the visitor, "The Eternal Kisser, because there is simply no end to the kisses it bestows. It is this." He hauled out a spray of mistletoe covered with white berries. This interested the young lawyer who raised his eyebrows in queringly.

"Mistletoe, proclaimed the agent, "is very scarce this year, and a bunch containing a score of berries would bankrupt a poor man. Now this great invention brings happiness within reach of all. Tradition permits you a kiss for each and every berry. You know. You hold this spray above your beloved's head so. You bend so and kiss her. Then you grab a berry so and pull it—presto, it flies back again in place. The leaves and berries are India rubber, sir, and Two, did you say? Fifty cents. Thank you, sir. Good day." *Harper's Magazine* for December.

The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living.

SHE CAN COOK.

"She's dreadful pretty, pretty,
You may say,
You see a dozen fair
Every day.
Will she, may be, a part
As time took
But one thing I will warrant
She can cook.

Her hands are trim and little
And not rough,
And her lips soft and her pinky
She is very young and pretty
If you go by,
And one thing I will warrant
She can cook.

Her dress may be fashionable
In the style
But it's neat and tasty, and pretty
And her smile
Makes all the sunshine brighter
At Glook
And one thing I will warrant
She can cook.

Dainty ballets may play the harp
Or violin
Sweeter music to her ear
Has never been
Than the song my darling sings
How sweet she looks
As I watch her in the kitchen
While she cooks.

And this darling, gentle, little
Wife of mine,
Though learning the fashionable
She'll not shine,
In heaven happier, soon
Household maids,
She's the treasure of my life
And she can cook.

Ariel Rivers.

A $15,000 GRAVEL WALK

Made of Brazilian Pebbles Paid for at the Price of Coffee.

The gorgeous tales of Oriental splendor tell of pathways strewn with gold dust, to be trodden by the sacred feet of royalty, and diamonds are the conventional paving material for the promenade of the princes in the fairy tale. It had been left to a St. Louis business man to construct a gravel walk in other stone, not artificially beautiful, that is a modern if comparatively humble rival of these glistening high ways of fiction and fable, for it represents $15,000 hard cash.

Mr Edward P. Ingalls, Vice President of the Hanley Ingalls Coffee Company, is the proud possessor of the unique walk. It is composed of several tons of Brazilian pebbles that came to him in an ordinary business way during the past few years.

This firm are mean importers of Brazilian coffee. Before the berries are ready to be roasted for the market the sacks are opened and the contents carefully examined for twigs, leaves and other impurities, the latter generally taking the shape of small pebbles about the size of a coffee berry. These came with each regularity and in such quantities that long ago the idea that they were accidentally in the sacks was abandoned and the conclusion reluctantly reached that they were purposely placed in the bags to increase weight. The daily clearance of these will fill an ordinary water bucket. The importer pays for coffee.

Two years ago Mr. Ingalls concluded to utilize this apparent evidence of the dishonesty of the Brazilian coffee planter and had the accumulation of pebbles carted over to his handsome residence on the West Pine street boulevard, where they were used to make a handsome garden walk. The pebbles represented a wealth that no coffee would be worth $15,000. The gravel path is seven miles in length and it is but a question of time when Mr. Ingalls will have the most expensive piece of garden path known in the world. St. Louis Globe Democrat.

HATS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

The item though that strikes the visitor to the House of Commons is that here alone it is exceptional among the legislatures of the world. The House of Commons permits its members to retain their hats during the sitting. Indeed it is the rule to wear and the exception not to wear the hat. Mr Gladstone never wears his hat there have been exceptions to the rule of which I will allude presently, and did Mr. Smith the late respected leader in the House of Commons on the Conservative side, and did Disraeli, nor does Mr. Balfour, but Sir Charles Russell. Another however can keep his hat on only when he gets to his seat he has but of the room to leave his seat and go out of the House he has to take off his hat as long as he remains standing to any part of the House he has to keep off his hat. There are some of the old gentlemen who are when their knees can't scarce will a member in the house to keep covered all the time, but it is usual for when a member participates in a discussion or on the floor to keep it off. It was also the present rule to have a member was refused to take it should rain. In fact but the present rule is to keep on doors inside. *Home Journal.*

A BURGLAR ALARM

In the night people were awakened by cries of "Murder! Thieves! Burglars!" in a female voice. The bold men hurried on their clothes and rushed out into the night. There on a tin roof stood the figure of a woman clad in a light wrapper and in tremulous tones she declared that there were burglars down stairs. As she would not venture down to unlock the door the men secured a ladder and armed themselves with clubs went up on the roof and in through the window and down stairs. But the burglars did not show up even the slightest trace of one.

Down in the cellar however they found a lighted lamp which the fair one had left there herself in the early evening and forgotten about. A grown daughter who was the only other occupant of the house, has looked out of her window in the night and discovering a stream of light out across the lawn, called her mother who took it to be light from a burglar's dark lantern and so gave the alarm. Springfield *Homestead.*

HIS MIND MADE UP

We were all at dinner in a country house and the host had informed us with a gravity worthy of the subject that his small son and heir was coming down for dessert. When the time came for his appearance a hush of expectation all around the table, and we were wondering why the distinguished child did not appear when, through the open door a shrill little voice was heard exclaiming: "I don't care, mummy or no mummy, I'm not going to have my face washed wiv soap."

There must be love back of the hand that is reached out to save another.