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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
Money to Loan
OFFICE DAYS—Tuesday and Saturday
OFFICE:—Kennedy's Block Acton, up stairs

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CONVEYANCER COLLECTOR ETC
Rents and accounts collected. Agent Fire and Life Assurance. Property bought and sold. Money to loan on the most favorable terms.
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FOR INVENTIONS
HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA
Twenty Years Practice. No Patent No Pay

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

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BOOKBINDER
Wyndham St. Guelph
(Over Williams Store)
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done

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

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ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications for wards to my address Box 726 or telephone 66, will be promptly attended to.
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JOHN H. HAMILTON,
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The only direct importer in Guelph of Scotch Beotch, American and other superior Granites Limestone and Marble. A large stock to select from, and none but 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 E. CURRY

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,
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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,
99 Upper Wyndham St., Guelph

IT WILL PAY YOU
TO GO TO
WATERS BROS.,
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, GUELPH
FOR
New Years Goods
NEW PICTURES
NEW STYLES OF FRAMES
GOODS SUITABLE for PRESENTS
IN INDESCRIBABLE VARIETY.
WATERS BROS.

Guelph Business College.
Stands head and shoulders above all its rivals. It is not only a Canadian Business College, the range of its patronage extending from Great Britain on the East to British Columbia and California on the West, but it has also developed into a great
College of Language.
Being at present the strong practical institution it is, no other Business College in Canada can do so much for its patrons nor offer such favorable terms. The ambitious, wide awake business student will attend no other.
For a copy of the illustrated Catalogue mailed free address,
PRINCIPAL McCORMICK,
Guelph, Ont.

SEASON 1894
Returning thanks to our 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
We are now able than heretofore to supply either wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. EBBAGE Manager
Acton

101
Packages
OF
Books, Stationery and Inks
Were delivered by the C. P. Railway to me last week, and I am now opening out the same and marking them off at prices hitherto unheard of in this city of cheap goods
Merchants
Buyers of Books
Dealers
School Trustees
Sunday School Managers
and all who wish to get best value for their money should make an early inspection of this stock.
The Public and Separate School Teachers all the time sold at 20 per cent. discount.
FANSY BOOKS ONLY 5 CENTS.
JOHN SMITH,
20 Wyndham St.

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA
Capital Authorized . . . $1,000,000
Capital Paid up . . . 707,000
Rest . . . 75,000
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. F. H. JONES,
Manager.

THE WATERLOO MUTUAL
Fire Insurance Company.
ESTABLISHED IN 1863
HEAD OFFICE . WATERLOO, ONT.
Cash assets over $360,000.00.
The aggregate amount insured in Western Ontario is over $17,000,000.00.
Ample assets for all liabilities.
All honest losses honorably adjusted and promptly paid.
OFFICERS
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BURLINGTON P. O.

Music for The Holidays.
My store will be open every week night this month until nine o'clock, to give you an opportunity, if you cannot call through the day, to call and select a
PIANO, ORGAN, MUSIC BOX, GUITAR, BANJO, FLUTE, or ANY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT
You wish to have for Xmas.
I have them all and will sell cheap for Cash.
Pianos $25 to $50 cash and $10 per month.
Organs $10 cash and $5 per month.
Second hand Melodeons and organs for $10 up to $85 on easy terms.
If you want Music for Xmas it will pay you to call at
C. W. Kelly's
MUSIC STORE.
92 Upper Wyndham street Guelph. Next to G. B. Ryan & Co.

BUY YOUR
RUBBERS AND OVERSHOES
At McLaren's XMAS GIFT SALE
Commencing on Dec. 16th and continuing till 30th, we will give a present with every purchase of shoes over $1.00
See our large stock of Fancy Slippers for Christmas Boxes
The Leading Shoe Store
WM. McLAREN & CO.
GUELPH

We Wish All The Free Press Readers A Very Happy New Year
And we Hope they Will call And see Us many times during 1894
BOND'S
Hardware, GUELPH

ACTON
MACHINE AND REPAIR SHOP
GRINDELL & WRIGHT
Are well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to
MACHINERY
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
And to do all kinds of
STEAM FITTING
HORSE SHOEING and
GENERAL BLACKSMITHING
And woodwork repairs performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Gunsmithing and filing done.
AGENTS FOR
FLEURY'S IMPLEMENTS AND REPAIRS
GOWDY'S CELEBRATED LAWN MOWER, high wheel, high speed
Grindell & Wright.

New Planing Mill
AND
Sash and Door Factory
John Cameron, Contractor,
Has fitted up the building on Main Street, lately occupied as a trunk factory, with new machinery and is prepared to furnish plans, specifications and estimates for all classes of buildings, and execute all kinds of
DRESSING,
MATCHING, and MOULDING.
MAKE ALL STYLES OF
Sashes, Doors and Windows and Door Frames and Dressed Lumber,
And keep a stock on hand. All orders promptly attended to.
JOHN CAMERON

Poetry.

OLD, TRIED, AND TRUE.

A song I sing to all that's old—
Old, tried, and true! Ah, I would fain
The bitter with the sweetest hold,
Could all old hands clasp mine again
The face of Change I meet with fear,
Though good the New, the Old is dear.

A song I sing to olden cheer
For frosts of autumn gild the leaf,
They crown the seasons, test the year,
They mist the grape and bind the sheaf,
Their tender touch is longest lent
To earth and air and firmament.

A song I sing to olden ways,
Old scenes, old homes, old ingle nooks;
Old faiths of blessed olden days;
Old myths, old rhymes, and dear old books,
And, if with faults, old friends, and calm
Loves flowing like some stately psalm

O Angel Bread of Untried Lands,
Move slow the pendulum of Change!
Hold kindly with thy faithful hands
Its longest reach in southward range;
For sweet as is the new hour's cheer,
The olden hours are dear, more dear

—*Edgar L. Wakeman.*

Select Family Reading.

Twice Saved.

BY CARL BRICKETT

The cliffs rose high and black above the long stretch of yellow sands beneath, and the sunset glow tinged with a weird, lurid light the distant sails. Standing erect, the brisk wind tossing the long curls away from her bright face, was a very young girl, while by her side was a boy two or three years her senior. It was easy to see that there was a wide difference between their stations in life, for the maiden was clad in rich fabrics, while the lad's garb was rough and threadbare.

They were watching the gray tints which the sun was casting upon the waves, when suddenly the girl started eagerly forward.

"Look Davie! See what a lovely bunch of flowers! I can get it without any trouble."

The reckless feet had advanced only a few steps when the boy's hand arrested her progress.

"It is dangerous Miss Emily. You must not."

"Must not?" The girl drew her slight form haughtily up. "I am no coward, Davie Dean. I will go."

Wrenching herself from his detaining clasp, before he could prevent her she had rested her foot upon a narrow projecting shelf of rock, then clinging with her left hand to a small shrub which grew near, she descended a little farther and grasped the longed for blossoms. Then looking up, with her eyes flashing with childish glee, she exclaimed

"Oh, Davie Dean, what have you to say now against a girl's courage?"

But even as she spoke the treacherous stone beneath her feet, too thin to bear her weight, crumbled away and fell, and she hung suspended by one slender hand from the frail shrub which was all that kept her from certain death upon the jagged rocks below.

With a pallid face David threw himself upon the ground, and putting one firm hand on her wrist to steady it, reached his full length over as far as he dared

"Hold up your other hand as high as you can," he said.

Then, with a terrible effort, under which all the strong young muscles were strained to their utmost tension, he drew the light figure upward.

After the agitation caused by their fright and exertions had worn away from both, Emily essayed with trembling limbs to walk homeward

"Davie," she said, "I shall tell mamma of this, and I know she will give you something."

The hot blood sprang to David's face

Emily noticed and though young in years, comprehended the pride which for the moment raised the poor fisherman's son to the level of a daughter of the proud Grandison race

"Forgive me, she said, softly, I did not mean to hurt your feelings."

They were only boy and girl, yet for the last few years each morning had brought to David the glad thought—"Before long I shall see Emily," and unconsciously in his young heart already had been planted the seeds of that which should rather be the curse of the blessing of his life

Miss Emily, he said as they parted at the Hall gate, "you will me that next week you are going to Germany to school. To-day I have saved your life, will you give me the ribbon that ties your hair as a keep sake?

"What a funny keepsake! Of course I will!"

The next week Miss Emily, the only child of the wealthy Mrs Grandison, left her childhood's home for a boarding school, while the fisherman's son remained behind to mourn the loss of his playmate, and with only a tiny piece of azure ribbon to bring back to his mind the merry, beautiful companion

Mrs Grandison had always liked David Dean's ingenuous, intelligent face, and even though she saw her daughter spring gladly to meet him each day, it never entered her mind to think of any danger. It was rather a relief to her than otherwise, for Emily was passionately fond of the sea, and her mother felt satisfied of her safety when the stalwart young fisher boy was with her

So unchecked the children had played together from day to day, until in her thirteenth year it was decided that Emily should go to school.

When Mrs Grandison had heard of her daughter's peril and rescue, she had tried to urge upon David a "munificent reward," but in vain, and after a while she ceased to think of, scarcely remember him

In the meantime great changes had come to David. His father returned one day from a fishing voyage seriously ill. The village doctor shook his head at his symptoms, and the old man saw and knew that his end was near. He called his son to his side

"David you have always been a good boy and now when I am gone there'll be naught to keep you here. Bring the wooden box yonder."

With wondering eyes the boy watched the trembling fingers unfasten the lid, and disclose to his gaze the neat piles of silver within.

"It is all yours, lad. I have saved it for your schooling. Take it, and make good use of it."

Seven years passed

David Dean, after his father's death had entered a preparatory school. Four years only were necessary to fit him for a college career, and for the remaining three he had been a hard worker at old Oxford, spurring onward swiftly and surely to the goal of his desire

Emily, too, had not been idle, and she was now a beautiful, accomplished young lady.

Great festivities welcomed the heiress on her return from boarding school, and her mother's eyes glistened with proud tears as they rested upon her daughter's lovely face. At the same time David Dean came to his boyhood's home to spend his vacation. His heart still clung to the seaside village which had nurtured his youth.

Grandison Hall was filled with guests, and one mild, moonlight evening gay groups strayed down to the cliffs, which were only a short distance from the house. There was one spot of which Emily alone knew a little nook, sheltered by jutting rocks, save on the side which looked out over the sea. With a smile, as she remembered this favorite retreat of her childhood, she turned to seek it. Once there, the charm of the scene and the hour stole over her senses, and drawing her fleecy wrap close about her graceful shoulders Emily seated herself upon a mossy seat and resigned herself to quiet reflection.

Suddenly the aperture by which she had entered was darkened.

With a start Emily saw that the intruder was not one of her friends, but a stranger.

Rising she turned to leave the spot, when a low exclamation arrested her steps

"Am I entirely forgotten?"

With surprise she recognized the voice, but surely this could not be David?

He interpreted her expression rightly, and with the old bright smile illumining his face, he said

"I am David Dean—your old playmate. Oh, Miss Emily, I have longed so to see you all these years."

Something in his tone and the familiar address evidently jarred upon her ear, for she bowed rather coldly as she answered

"I am glad to meet you once more, Mr. Dean. But excuse me—my friends will be alarmed at my absence."

The young man was left alone and a gloomy frown contracted his brow as he exclaimed

"Fool that I was to dream that even though I rose in riches and attainments to the height of a king I would ever be able to aspire to her hand, or to be deemed by her proud mother worthy of doing so!"

His holiday over David took up his studies again earnestly and more than one of his learned teachers prognosticated a brilliant future for the young student, who though of humble origin himself, ranked in his classes far above many an heir to a lordship or a dukedom

Time glided away and fame and fortune had come to David Dean. After his graduation he studied in Paris, and soon after he proved himself so skillful in his profession as to be offered the appointment of head physician to one of the largest hospitals of the New World

Hither he had come and his wonderful cures soon became known and so famed that from far and wide patients applied to him for relief

It is seldom fortune smiles so willingly upon one as young but David's years of patient study had not been for naught and in America the land of brothers the fisherman's son was second to none

But at least his arduous duties began to wear upon him and his friends advised a trip to the old country

Many bright eyes smiled their farewell and rosy lips murmured hopes of his safe return, for in the gay society of New York the talented young physician was an acknowledged favorite

The days rolled around until one afternoon Dr. Dean found himself on the deck of an ocean steamer bound for Liverpool

The same vessel bore a party of aristocratic English ladies and gentlemen who had been "doing" the beauties of America, and were on their return home. The next day many of the passengers gathered on the deck to enjoy all invigorating sea breeze. Among them, absorbed in watching the everchanging effects of the light upon the water was Dr. Dean

Suddenly a familiar voice fell upon his ear as he glanced up he saw Emily Grandison coming toward him, leaning upon a tall foreign looking gentleman's arm

Her youth had not prophesied falsely, as the wondrous loveliness of her woman hood. Dave thought as he noted the full lithe figure, with the beautiful head adorned with that crest haughty poise he remembered so well

The gentleman to her side, as she evidently fully aware of his companion's charm as he bent and whispered soft sentences in her ear

Notwithstanding, he had at last obeyed his love for one imbued with all the stubborn aristocratic prejudices of her class as was Emily Grandison, yet as David now saw that grandeur compliesance he would have died to win accorded to another a keen pang had its contracting hand upon his heart

Emily looked up and met his intent gaze

She recognized him, paused and as David rose and bowed, a faint waxed color came to her face

She inclined her head courteously and passed on and her graceful figure was soon lost to his sight

David heard many comments upon the exceeding grace of the fair English girl and among others he learned of her mother's death and of her subsequent betrothal to the Italian nobleman who was her constant companion

He did not believe the latter report as he noticed how indifferent she appeared at all times to her dark cavalier's attentions but he did not intrude himself upon her and until events occurred over which he had no control, they did not again meet

The voyage was almost over when as the steamer was nearing a dangerous shore a fierce storm arose. After hours of anxious suspense and futile effort, all knew that the vessel was doomed

The life boats were launched, and one after another filled with terrified women and children

At the last alarm David placed himself near the girl whom ever since his first recollections he had loved. She, clinging to her foreign lover's hand, bore up with brave fortitude

As the last boat awaited its load, her companion urged her forward,

"Now Miss, Emily!"

But Emily drew resolutely back.

"Signor Montrini, there is a lady with two children see first to her, then I will go."

The Italian turned to her in astonishment.

"There is not time—they are hurrying us—in another moment it will be too late!"

But Emily had sprung from him towards the weeping, unnerved woman's side.

With a departing glance towards her, Signor Montrini left her to her fate, and sprang into the boat just as it pushed off.

The captain came to Emily's side.

"Why did you not go?" he said; "your sacrifice was unnecessary, for this poor woman is too much unnerved to do aught for herself."

But Emily was on her knees. She did not heed his words, and with her beautiful eyes uplifted to the skies she seemed to the lookers on like an angel sent from God to comfort them

The ship lurched, there was a dull plunge, a shriek of agony; then all that remained upon the sinking vessel were struggling in the waves

Emily Grandison opened her eyes in a rude bed in a humble cottage to dimly remember the dire peril through which she had passed, and then to relapse again into unconsciousness. But when she grew stronger, kind voices told her of the way she had been rescued, and she then learned that she owed her own safety to her old friend, David Dean. He had just waited long enough to be assured that she would recover, and then had gone

"Ah! lassie," the motherly speaker said, "he's a brave lad. When the boat picked you both up he was well nigh insensible; but he had you clasped tight."

When Emily was well again she once more rejoined the friends who for some time had mourned her as one dead

A month passed, and Emily was at Grandison Hall again

Even though she had so nearly lost her life in its cruel embrace, the sea still held a strong fascination for her, and thither one afternoon she wended her steps. In her hand she had a letter, which, when she reached the cliff, she opened. As she read, an expression of scorn curled her lips, and an indignant flash sprang into her eyes

"My Aisonie Emily," it began and went on to express the writer's unbounded joy at the news of her safety, and ended by by saying

"Only a few more days and I shall fly to place myself at the feet of my betrothed wife."

Some one approached her as she stood thus alone. It was David Dean. He had come to bid a last farewell to his childhood's home

"At last we meet again," he said; "my deliverer! Once more I have to thank you for my life! What, oh, what can I do for you in return?"

David stood as one in a dream. Could those earnest, impassioned tones belong to the proud Emily Grandison?

She had taken his hand and was looking up into his face with her lustrous, speaking eyes

His strong frame trembled, a wild hope sprang up into his heart

"Emily!" he exclaimed, "you must have known that I have loved you ever since I was a boy. As my reward give me the permission to try and win your sweet love for the crown of my life."

The queenly head drooped, then laying her hand on the upper part of the open letter which she still held, Emily motioned him to read the last sentence

"Then it was true that you were betrothed? Oh, would that I had known it sooner, that I might have spared this last suffering!"

He covered his eyes with his hands, but soft fingers drew them away, as, with her cheeks warmly blushing, Emily said

"It is true that I was betrothed to Signor Montrini; but this day dissolves that bond. I shall write at once and tell him that though I engaged myself to him at my dying mother's wish, my heart can never give itself to a coward."

Thus David gained the reward he sought, and whether Emily had always in secret loved him, and had tried to crush the feeling back through pride, or whether it was not in any girl's heart to long resist David Dean it was not a great while before she gave into her lover's keeping the life which he had twice saved and which now was his forever

TWO KINDS OF RELIGION

I have met some often cheap religion as a mixture of cayenne and pepper and some warm religion resembling sugar and milk. The former are severe on the faults of others and indulgent to their own; the latter reverse the practice. Query. Which of them make the best neighbors, not to say the best Christians?

I have known many a man who was a very devil abroad, but stabbing his character when he was gone. My father had a dog of this stamp. He was a cowardly cur that fled at the approach of man but bit the heels of children. A powerful mastiff paid his respects to his throat one day with great celerity, and nobody wept over the fate of the brute.

Moral: Backbiters are gladly forgotten. Noble minds slitin the serpent's trail. He who would live in the memory of the good must himself be virtuous. This is the policy of insurance for a bonus at death, and righteous survivors never fail to pay it.

PREACHING ON TIP TOE

One of the religious journals tells an amusing story of the Rev. Dr. Macgregor of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburg. Entering one of the Scottish pulpits, "the wee minister, as he is popularly called, found that, owing to his short stature, he could not see over the edge. However, he proved himself equal to the occasion. Standing on tip toe he gave out the psalm beginning, "Lord, from the depths to Thee I cry," and then sat down to consider the case. But consideration gave no relief; he had to stand on tip toe all through the sermon. London *Tit Bits*.

SUSPECTING THE PARSON.

There are many tales told, most of them apocryphal, of queer incidents at weddings. I can vouch for the following. A working man was being united in the lady of his choice at a certain church, and just before the moment for the production of the ring arrived, the officiating clergyman leaned over toward the bride and whispered, "Please take off your glove." To his intense dismay the bridegroom resented the action and cried, "Here, mister, no whispering to my gal!" *London Figaro.*

A DOMESTIC FAILURE.

She was a young wife just married from boarding school, one of the lovey-dovey order, and although educated in Boston, didn't know beans from any other vegetable. Hence this dialogue with the cook.

"Now, Biddy, dear, what are we to have for dinner?"

"There's two chickens to dress, mum."

"I'll dress them the first thing. Where are their clothes?"

"Holy Moses, mum, they're in their feathers yet."

"Oh, then serve them that way." The ancient Romans always cooked their peacocks with the feathers on. It will be a surprise to Bubby."

"It will be that, mum. Sure if you want to help, you could be parin' the turnips."

"Oh, how sweet! I'll pare them two and two in no time. Why, I had no idea cooking was so picturesque."

"I think, mum, that washing the celery do be more in your line."

"All right, Biddy. I'll take it up to the bathroom, and I've some lovely Paris soap that will take off every speck."

"Thank you, mum. Would you mind telling me the name of the asylum where you were educated? I think I'll have to take some lessons there myself if we be goin' to work together."

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

One may live as a conqueror, a king, or a magistrate, but he must die as a man.

Actions speak louder than words. The fragrance of a flower outlasts its beauty.

To do their work well is said to be the central passion of all men of true ability.

The more judgment a man has the slower and the more careful he will be to condemn.

The desire of knowledge, like the thirst of riches, increases ever with the acquisition of it.

We cannot control the tongues of others, but a good life enables us to despise calumnies.

The earliest education to the most important, and it has belonged unquestionably to women.

The art of exalting lowliness and giving greatness to little things is one of the noblest functions of genius.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

If the rollers of a wringer are so worn, covered with lint pass a cloth dampened with kerosene between them.

Flat irons should be kept as far removed from the steam of cooking as possible, as this is what causes them to rust.

Let cold water from a tap run onto hard boiled eggs, which enables you to shell them quickly and preserves the color of the whites.

Dark red or black Turkish waters need a little vermilion and burnt sienna in the cements ordinarily used to prevent unsightly white streaks or joints.

A towel rack made with several arms fastened to a half circular centre, which in turn fastens to the wall, is a convenient place for drying dish towels.

If you wish to clean your spice mill, grind a handful of raw rice in it. The particles of spice and pepper or of coffee will not adhere to it after the rice has passed through.

PAT IN THE ELEVATOR

"Boys I'm Mother Smith to sit."

"Says the man and the sojer cap man you'd step in?"

"So I steps intil the closit, and, all of a sudden he pulls at a rope, and it's the truth I'm tellin ye the walls of the house begin runnin' down to the cellar."

"Och, murther, says I, what'll become of Bridget and the childer which was left below there?"

"Says the sojer cap man, Be easy, sir, they'll be all right when yez come down."

"Come down in it? says I. And is it no closet at all, but a haythenish balloon that yez got me in?"

"And with that the walls stopped stock still and he opened the door, and there I was wid the roof just over my head." And that's what saved me from goin up to the livin entirely.

What part of speech is Miss? Verbal—teacher at vassar college.

"A conjunction replied one of the smart girls.

"Wrong" said the teacher severely; next girl.

"A noun" put in a Junior freshie.

"What kind of a noun?" continued the exceptress.

"Well er it's a verb sometimes and I'll go" answered the shy girl and she was promoted to the head of the class.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL

One of the most tender strains ever in Scotland is Lady Nairne's "Land o' the Leal." The author was a lovely Scotch woman, who married William Murray Nairne, a military man of good position. She loved music and poetry and did much to sweeten and purify the ministrelsy of Scotland. She was most anxious to preserve her anonymity, and to day she is known and loved for only this one sweet strain. These verses were written to console a friend of hers, a lady who lost her only and dearly loved child.

I'm wearin' awa', John
Like snow wreaths in thaw, John
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John
There's neither cold nor care, John
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John
She was baith good and fair, John
And oh! we grudge her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow sae weary fare us,
And pain's coming fast to us,
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear that joy was bought, John
Sae fine the battle fought, John
That ainly maist wi' thought
To the land o' the leal.
Oh, my soul longs to be free, John,
My soul longs to be free, John
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

Oh, hand ye leal and true, John
Your day it's wearin' through, John
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my sair John,
The world's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

He who will not pardon others must not himself expect pardon. Seneca.

In parts of Ethiopia it is a mark of politeness to appear without clothes.

Constipation, and all troubles with the digestive organs and the liver, are cured by Hood's Pills. Unequalled as a dinner pill.

ROBIN LOVES ME WELL.

Some lassies have mickle to say,
But I have half a score,
An' scorn to say they're young an' bonny
An' cry to the loom
Yet what's the gold to sae a throne
An' ready on the reel,
To smile on a' it and be wrang
For Robin loves me weel

There's Tam, he's ridden a carriage-load
An' drives a through the loom
An' he has a farm an' kine
An' rich agains' room
Then Willie, he can dance like—
An' time at fun an' feel
He'll wait to mak' my heart
But Robin loves me weel

Think I'll go there's a' their leave
An' keep by Robin true
It's no just right to mak' believe
An' cheat them when it's—thinking
My heart has my room for one—
Life's no a' milk an' meal
True love will live when good is gone,
An' Robin loves me weel

Wm. Lyle

CHILDREN'S JOYS AND SORROWS

I can endure a melancholy man, but not a melancholy child; the former, in what ever slough he may sink, can raise his eyes either to the kingdom of reason or of hope; but the little child is entirely absorbed and weighed down by one black poisonous drop of the present.

Think of a child led to the scaffold, think of Cupid in a coffin, or watch a butterfly, after its four wings have been torn off, creeping like a worm, and you will feel what I mean.

The child, like a beast, only knows present, though shortest sorrow, save which has no past and no future; one such as the sick man receives from without the dreams from himself into his asthmic breath, finally one with the consciousness not of guilt, but of innocence.

Certainly all the sorrows of children are but shortest nights as their joys are but hottest days, and indeed both so much so, that in the latter, often cloudless and starless time of life, the mature I man only lovingly remembers his old childhood's pleasures, while he seems altogether to have forgotten his childhood's grief. This weak remembrance is strangely contrasted with the opposing one in dreams and fevers in this respect that in the two last it always the cruel sorrows of childhood which return, the dream this mock sun of childhood, and the fever its destroyer, alone both draw forth from dark corners the fears of defenceless childhood, which press and cut with iron fangs into the prostrate soul.

The fair scenes of dreams mostly play on an after stage whereas the frightful ones choose for theirs the nursery and the cradle. Moreover in fever, the ice hounds of the fear of ghosts, the starving wolf the teachers and parents and every claw with which fate has pressed the young heart stretch themselves out to catch the wandering man. Parents consider then that every child is a Rupert, the name given in Germany to the fiendish being employed to frighten children into obedience even though it has lain chained for years yet breaks loose and calm frustrates over the map as soon as it finds him on a sick bed. The first fright is more dangerous the sooner it happens, as the man grows older he is less and less easily frightened, the little cradle of the child is more easily quite darkened than the starry heaven of the man.

A CUTE OLD BACHELOR

And How He Managed to Live by Fourscore and Seven.

An old bachelor who died in Paris in a house in the Boulevard Richard Lenoir, at the age of 87 years, hit upon an original idea for insuring proper attention from his servants in his declining years. Twelve years ago, says the London *Daily News*, he went to his lawyer and made a will, under which he left his two women servants an annuity of $120 each to be increased by $20 for every year that he should continue to live. He will has just been proved, and the heiresses have been allowed at the rate of $240 a year each. The old man was in the habit of making great fun out of the motherly care with which he was looked after. "You may be quite sure," he would say, "that the will not for me the moment they can keep me." He seemed to have on the keel the fact that it was nearly not to the interest of the women that he should survive them.

DISTANCE IN COLORADO

[illegible] miles from [illegible] at Leadville but the strangest call need believe it. It has a population of [illegible] and more than a mile and a half above the level of the sea. The visitor is to take a walk to the [illegible]. The [illegible] that a newcomer stacked [illegible] that the city was night at dark and not walking thought he would visit the [illegible] with his wife should go to bed at [illegible]. He turned off briskly but the moment he appeared to skip away as he [illegible]. It took all his coolness to keep on but the [illegible] would come no nearer. He kept on coming more and more [illegible] at every footstep that distance [illegible] depending. At length he came to a little brook two or three feet across. He paused for a moment and then proceeded to decide. A stranger was stationed there with. "Why are you undressing friend?" "Why replied the astonished man, I am going to swim the water." "Sacred cat of the street! Why don't you prospective. It is only a brook." "You can't fool me" replied the man. I thought that moment were only a few rods off but they are miles away. "This luck is very well all it may be a lake and I propose to be ready for it."

INFORMATION AS TO GARMENTS

Hairpins are made by automatic and very complicated machines. The coiled wire is put upon drums and becomes straightened as it feeds itself to the machine. It passes along until it reaches the cutter, which to point the end at the same time they cut it the length required. The piece of wire then slips along an iron plate until it reaches a slot through which it is pressed into regular shapes. The hairpins are then put into a pan and planned, after which they are heated in an oven with a temperature of from 300 to 400 degrees. There are but four American factories. The largest are in Birmingham and Waterbury, Mass., the others in Philadelphia and Brooklyn. Five hundred thousand dollars worth of hairpins are annually imported from England, France and Germany.

It makes envy sore to see intellect soar. There are some kinds of men who cannot pass their time alone, they are the fools of occupied people.