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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,
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 MONEY 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: Kanawin's Block Acton upstairs

R. J. McNABB,
CONVEYANCER, COLLECTOR, &c
Rents and accounts collected. Agent Life and Fire 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. K. 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. I. CHARLES
Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Office Charles & Co's Grocery
Mill Street.

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

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS
HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA
Twenty Years Practice. No Patent No Pay

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

JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT,
OFFICE Wyndham Street

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER
Wyndham St. Guelph
Over Williamson Stone's
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description expeditiously bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP
MILL STREET ACTON
An easy shave, a stylish hair cut. Agent for an exhilirating champagne always given. Baths heated and put in first class condition. Ladies and children's hair tastily cut.
J. & H. WORDEN Immediate Venders

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications for wanted to my address Box 28 or telephone to will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR Agent
Guelph.

Hamilton's Marble Works
HAMILTON'S Block formerly Hatch's Block the gore corner of Woolwich and Norfolk streets Guelph, Ont.
JOHN H. HAMILTON,
Proprietor.
The only direct importer in Guelph of Scotch 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 S. CORRY

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,
90 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 BRO

Guelph Business College
Stands head and shoulders above its rivals. It is not only a fine commercial 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 under the direct personal supervision of the principal, is doing the work for which it was designed. No other Business College in Canada can so secure to its patrons such a combination of advantages. The institution will be open during the entire year, and a student will attend no other College in Canada with such favorable terms. The institution wide awake. Ignorant student will attend no other.
For a copy of the catalogue address
PRINCIPAL McCORMICK
Guelph, Ont
SEASON 1894

Sash, Doors, Etc.
and will also supply any special sizes on short notice at lowest prices
Frames of All Kinds
made to order. We also keep in stock a line of Base Window and Door Casing, Cornice Blocks &c.
Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait
Price $1 50 per M
PUMPS
Pumps of every description, including all wood or iron pumps, supplied. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. ERBAGE 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 want to get best value for their money should make an early inspection of this stock.
The Public and Separate School Readers all the time sold at 20 per cent. discount
PANSY 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 7,000

GUELPH BRANCH
4 per cent paid on sums of $5 and upwards deposited in the Savings Bank department and paid or compounded every six months.
Deposit Receipts issued
Payments notes discounted
The collection of sales notes a specialty
A general Banking business transacted
A. 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
CHAS HENDRY, President
GEORGE RANDALL, Vice-President
C M TAYLOR, Secretary
JOHN KILLER, Inspector
A. C. BICGS, Agent,
BURLINGTON P O

People Say "Times are hard We Are Making "Hard Pan Prices" To suit The times We Think hard wars People should do Big snaps in many Lines at
BOND'S
Hardware, GUELPH

ill pay you to go to Guelph to attend the Clearing Sale of Winter
Shoes Rubbers and Overshoes
AT
The Leading St
WM McLARE
GUELPH.

Music for the Holidays
My store will be open every week day for a month until nine o'clock to give an opportunity, if you cannot call during the day, to call and select a
PIANO ORGAN MUSIC BOX GUITAR BANJO FLUTE or ANY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT
wish to have for Xmas
I have them all and will sell cheap for cash.
Pianos $25 to $600 each, new $90 upwards
Organs $10 and up. Sewing machines, second hand Melodeons and organs, $10 up to $50 on easy terms.
If you want Music for Xmas it will pay you to call at
C. W. Kelly's
MUSIC STORE
93 Upper Wyndham street Guelph. Next door to G. H. Ryan & Co

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 workmanlike manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gumming and filing done.
AGENTS FOR
FLEURY'S IMPLEMENTS AND REPAIRS
GOWDY'S CELEBRATED LAWN MOWER high wheel high speed
Grindell & Wright.

Acton Saw Mills,
COAL AND WOOD YARDS!
JAMES BROWN
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Coal and Wood.
Coal and Wood always in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices.
Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always on hand.
Telephone communication.

Poetry.

THE LITTLE OLD WHITE GROCERY STORE.

That little old white grocery store,
Down by the bridge some rods or more
From where the roads divided,
One went straight on through Bristol Town,
And one ran zigzag up and down,
As though quite undecided.

Which way to go, or where to end,
Much like a family poet's pen
When Wisdom most is wanted,
Or like the ghost that memory brings
On wind that through the casements sings;
Or sleep with visions haunted."

Here twas the country wisdom met;
Long winter nights or when 'twas wet
Outside to mind their farming,
Here men waxed wrath in warm debate
On church affairs or those of state,
With freedom quite alarming

The village oracle would come,
Quite glib of speech and nimble tongue,
With tattle, tale and gossip
He'd all the news for miles around,
Some light as chaff and some profound,
From death to Jones' cosset

Here, too, on pleasant days thered be,
To barter eggs for hyson tea,
Some maidens antiquated,
Of doleful voice and shadowy cast
Green relics of a distant past,
Matchless but yet unmated

Here Dr Bolus wise in saws,
And Turnes Aloe, learned in laws,
Would social chat together,
Along with brawny Blacksmith Moak,
Whose ready wit and quip and joke
Were good against the weather

Here too, would come good Deacon Smart,
Of homely speech but kindly heart,
And Farmer Jones his neighbor
They'd talk of horses, cows and sheep
Not heed the price they'd get for oats
And ponder'd of their labor

And oft times here would be seen
The refined form of Elder Green
With his high standing collar
He'd talk of souls to save in town
Then seize the pair of groceries
To save himself a dollar

Here too would come the country spot
Whose homely pate was smooth and hate,
And polished as a glutinous,
Whose misconstructions of the law
Were worse than Blackstone ever saw
That made all laugh who listened

And Browning too that ran the store
Whose nasal twang was like a snore
Or like an engine a whistle
With attempts beard a dingy red
And deep set eyes far fetch his head
But blue and clear as crystal

A cheery word he had for each
And practised what the parsons p
His creed was "Man's a brother
If we would mind this precept they
Would only tell the good and say
Less evil of each other

The store was strangest yet of all
From antiques down to bouncing calf
"From counsel up to laces
With time crackers, wax and tea
And powders that would kill a flea
To powders for the faces

That little old time country store
Still stands alas but white no more
The years therein are keeping
On shattered doors and window pane
On clap boards loosed by wind and rain
And roof decayed and leaking

And Browning too among the graves
Where rugged up the cross road weeds
Among his old time neighbors
Beneath a plain and simple stone
On which the cross has thrived and at
Last resting from his labors

Home and Country, Marpin

Select Family Reading

Masquerading

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED.)

"Well Edith I am glad you have made up your mind to speak at last. Certainly fifteen minutes you have been weighing a subject over in your mind. I have been watching you with great interest. I do not remember ever knowing you silent so long."

"Come dear I am not such a chatterbox as that. I do stop to think sometimes and this is one of them. The truth is, I never like to say unpleasant things, and I fear very much now I may hurt you but I must out with it. I do not like George Armistead."

"Indeed! Well now little cousin I am sorry, very sorry. I thought you would be delighted to hear you say so because I do. And I am sure I should feel so flattered if a friend as you might prove to be."

"I do not doubt it. I also I feel with truth, truly and I wish you fear none. But, dear, aside with pitying, do you really care much for this young man? More than those who visit you? Tell me truly Louise. Open your heart to my dear."

"Why, how very serious my little one has grown. I sincerely trust you is this mood, Edith. But I will answer you as well I can. I am certainly very fond of George Armistead's society. He is just charming."

"The most punctilious gentleman I ever knew. And I feel sure he cares much more for me. He seems to divine my thoughts, and my wishes are oft times fulfilled before expressed. I scarcely know how I should do without him."

"And how about Everton Mason?"

"Oh dear! I have asked myself that very same question over and over again a great many times the past few weeks."

"And the answer, Louise?"

"Oh indeed I cannot tell. Only this that were I in danger, I should fly to Everton Mason for protection rather than to George. In truth Edith at times there flits across me a dread or vague fear of what I cannot tell, only it is connected with George. But when he turns and smiles or says something pleasant it is all gone."

"Louise that sense of fear, I firmly believe is a warning sent to you. George Armistead is not a good man and I am sure, would make his wife no matter who she may be, a miserable woman. I know it."

"Edith! I am astonished that you should speak so of one you know so little of whom you have only seen once."

"Twice, Louise, although only once when he knew it, and it is of this time I am going to tell you, and leave you to judge if I have not good reason to speak of him as I do."

"This very afternoon, when he called with his sister. I was sitting, reading, in the bay window, the curtain quite screened me from sight. His sister, poor girl! her face was not only pale, but its expression full of pain. You remember it was ten minutes or more before you came down? I suppose he noticed her look, for he said, in a low voice, but full of temper, 'Why in thunder are you looking so? as if you had come to a funeral!' In a low, quivering voice she answered: 'George, if you wished me to look pleasant for this occasion, you should not have treated me so cruelly before we came.'

"With compressed lips, and screw spitting with rage, he said 'Confound you! if you do not change your look when Miss Templeton comes in, you'd be sorry for it!' Just then you came in, and you know with what grace and affect on he presented his little offer."

"Oh, Edith, I am shocked; terribly so! And truly, I know only good brothers and sons can make good husbands. Dear, dear, after this whom can I trust? Everton may be just the same. Perhaps something very trying might have occurred to day to make George act so. And perhaps it is a very, very rare thing, which may never have happened before and will never again."

"Not likely, Louise. At any rate, of one thing I am sure, there is very little love in that sister's heart for her brother."

"If I was sure of this, I would end this affair immediately. He has asked me to be his wife. I have promised to give him an answer in one week. Half that time has passed. Oh, if I was only sure! I do not love him, but I was thinking I would try to. What can I do?"

Both girls were silent a few moments. Then Edith said:

"I've an idea. Let us see. Both these young men in their homes."

"How is that possible? And if we did, they would both be on their best behavior, of course."

"How blind you are not to see at once what I mean. Just this, we must go masquerading. Now listen. They both dine at five o'clock. At half past five we shall find them at home, and will be in just that gray, dim light that we need for our plan. I can make myself into an old woman by powdering my hair and a few lines here and there. You know neither of them has seen me but once and that as I came in with my traveling dress and hat. There is a black bonnet of your grandma's up stairs that will be just the thing."

"Oh! I would hardly dare. They would know me."

"No, my dear. Your raven locks I shall hide away and in their place you shall have that wag of golden tresses that I got to wear next week to Mrs. Trevor's party. Then I'll make you very pale and with the addition of a pair of smoked glasses, your grandfolks won't know you. Only you must keep your eyes on the carpet all the time. Now we shall go to morrow afternoon. But first we shall visit some people here and if either grandpa grandma, or your housekeeper does, over us I will give it up. Now will that assure you?"

"Yes, if you do that I will agree, although my heart ever at the thought is battling against it. Can't you hear it?"

"No, indeed. I can only hear my own urging me on."

The next afternoon the effect was tried, and proved a perfect success. The dear old grandmother with tears in her eyes gave five dollars to the poor woman with her blind child, and the housekeeper two more.

"Oh, Edith how often you say I was kind. I am fortunate, I suppose I should be."

"Louise, you are very, very, little in earnest. You are being to strong. Instead of a week's work. And when I said I wanted you to be taught something I tried a truth if ever I did. I want to teach you the vice of the one man and the virtue of the other."

"Well, well, where shall we go first."

"To Armistead's. It is the nearer, and as the most dreaded get it over first."

They arrived at the destined place. A smart looking lad answered the door. After hearing their business to see Mr or Mrs. Armistead he went back to report.

The daring to go was at the first shock in sight and hearing.

In a hasty disappointed tone Mrs. Armistead said:

"No, she is not in, and I expect a canvasser."

Then a pleading voice was heard and another harsh reply. Which, however, the lad returned to say:

"You can come in."

The same story was told to the blind girl and the mother's waiting to have her taught. Scarcely letting the old woman finish, George said rudely:

"Women know too much nowadays. At any rate I have no money to waste in such way."

"Oh George, an act may not give a dollar. Just one dollar," asked his poor mother.

"I cannot. I have more expenses now than I can defray."

"But George, if you will just give up having a banquet for this evening that would do it," she said in a low pleading voice.

"It is such cant, you know I do not care one farm and old mine. Besides you have heard me say over and over again that was a fixed investment that every penny spent was sure to double its weight in gold. No, madam, we have nothing to give, so I will not not keep you waiting."

"Excuse me, sir. A lady who said she was a friend sent me here. I have feed said. No! cannot feed it."

"No, I do not think you can, I am sure will was the rude reply."

"Yes sir I can and will as well as I can as soon as I do. You will say it gave it and then you will know the truth," the old woman said.

"Well Louise, what do you make of it? I am sick. Oh how dreadfully he spoke to his poor mother."

"No my dear you must prove the other. It is only just. Come! it is but a little way further and may be a pleasanter call."

In answer to the ring at Mrs. Mason's door, they heard a pleasant voice say:

"Finish your dinner, Bridget. I will go. And Everton Mason opened the door."

"Can I see Mrs. Mason or her son?" Edith asked.

"Certainly, walk in madam he said. I am the son, and mother is here."

They were ushered into the sitting room or parlor, they scarce knew which. It was very plainly furnished, but as neat as possible. Two or three fine pictures, oil paintings and portraits told of better days. A fresh care, filled with standard works, and a small cabinet organ were the most noticeable articles of the room.

A beautiful, gentle looking old lady sat in an arm chair. The girls' hearts went out to her at once. She was all mother, they saw directly.

Again their story was told. This time to ears full of sympathy.

"Mother, what can we do? Something, of course."

"Yes, certainly, Everton, dear. You know best. Whatever you say is right always," the mother answered, fondly.

He drew from his pocket book a two-dollar bill, and, handing it to the supposed old lady, said:

"I regret, accordingly, that I cannot do more at present. But, after awhile, next month, if you will give me your address, I will again help you," said the young man.

An audible sob escaped the blind girl's lips.

"What is the trouble? Is she suffering?" Everton asked, gently.

"No, sir. She is amused to such kindness; that is it. The last place she was so cruelly treated. Thank you, sir, for this, and your sympathy. I trust we shall not need to tax you more. Good evening."

At the door Louise spoke in a low tone, and Edith stepped back to say:

"My dear girl wants me to tell you 'God will surely bless you,' and say she feels the dearest wish of your heart will be given you. That, also, you will hear something to gladden your heart ere the night has waned. You will find, sir, although you shake your head now, that she sees ahead of you and me."

"Well, well, thank you for your good wishes," Everton said, smiling, as they moved away.

"Well Louise?"

"Oh, Edith, truly you are right. How blind I have been. How noble he is. Happy is the heart that owns his."

"Well then be happy, dear girl. For I am perfectly sure he loves you truly. Now to business again. This evening I will get some boy to have your card at Mr. Armistead's door."

"Oh will you do that? Well, wait until after he comes, as usual when I shall have Thomas say I am engaged, and extend be seen, at the same time hand him a note that I shall write, declining henceforth his society."

"Very well, that is better."

Everton Mason sat beside Louise. Every few minutes he would seem to be listening for the coming of some one. At length he said:

"I wonder where Armistead is? I thought I heard his step half an hour ago."

"I think you did. Mr Armistead did and come in, not will he ever again, Louise answered quietly."

Everton Mason was surprised so calmly to that he exclaimed:

"Coming no more! Is it possible that you do not wish it? I feared you loved him."

Thomas handed him a note from the repeating him not to call again. But why did you fear?"

Louise stopped her beautiful face, blushing as the thought came that she was rather forcing a declaration.

"Why did I fear? Can you ask? Do not tempt me to expose my own weakness presumption you might think or my reward may be such as poor Armistead's."

"Your reward could never be that of a wicked man."

Louise answered her voice sinking for as she did her beautiful eyes to his. They gave him hope and he said:

"A few hours ago a poor fool I did told me that God would grant the dearest wish of my heart, and that before the night waned my heart would be gladdened."

He said the blind girl into the future and always speak the truth. Louise said smiling upon him.

"Louise, dear girl! your eyes are full of truth. You would not tempt me."

Louise interrupted him by saying:

"Yes I would, just thus to come here every evening and take care of me yourself and not give George Armistead or anybody else a chance to employ my time."

"But oh Louise great as this joy would be dare I accept it? How will it end?"

"What did the blind girl tell you. Everton?" she asked in a low sweet tone. It was the first time she ever called him thus.

"Oh, my darling! can this be to mine? Dare I speak of the love that although hopeless has been growing more and more for months past? Yet what have I to offer to you?"

"The wealth of your noble heart, Everton, more to me than all the gold that earth can give. I am ready as she placed her hand in his to follow him to his heart as his promised wife."

When George Armistead left Louise home his surprise was only excited by his terrible rage. Cursing to his back and still wondering at the cause of it he reached his own home.

An envelope was on the table to his was some bearing this inscription:

"Sent by the woman who called this afternoon."

He opened it and read it. It needed but a glance to tell all. The variety was a mystery no longer. He thought Louise, the woman had to send to Louise and told of his treatment. The malediction uttered for the woman and her blind girl may be imagined.

Louise, after her marriage, told Everton all about the day her heart was won and added:

"Every day since I have blessed the one we went masquerading."

ORIGIN OF A HYMN

Dr Fawcett the author of the hymn "Blest Be the Tie That Binds" was the pastor of a small Baptist Church in Yorkshire from which he received only a meagre salary. Being invited to London to succeed the distinguished Dr Gill, he accepted preached his farewell sermon, and began to load his furniture on waggons for transportation. When the time for departure arrived his Yorkshire parishioners and neighbors clung to him and his family with an affection that was beyond expression. The agony of separation was almost heartbreaking. The pastor and his wife, completely overcome, sat down to weep.

Looking into his face white tears flowed like rain down the cheeks of both, Mrs Fawcett exclaimed:

"Oh, John, I can't bear this! I know not how to go!"

"Nor I either," said he, "nor will we go. Unload the waggons, and put everything in the place where it was before."

He wrote to the London congregation that his coming was impossible, and so he buckled on his armour for renewed toils in Yorkshire on a salary less by $200 a year than that which he declined. To commemorate this incident Doctor Fawcett wrote that hymn.

The best way to know the real merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla is to try it yourself. Be sure to get Hood's.

LOVE OF HOME.

"Inhabitativeness" is the name given by the phrenologists to a protuberance on the head supposed to be the outward and visable sign of an inward and earnest desire for a permanent home. Bedouin Arabs and Yankee peddlers are hard to be deficient in this bump, and it may be assumed that if the Wandering Jew could be caught and phrenologized, a considerable hollow would be found where the organ of Inhabitativeness ought to be located.

Not being a fingerer of skulls, we are not prepared to assert that the magic pea, Inhabitativeness, lies exactly under the thimble designated as the habitat by the conjurers who profess to read character as the blind read books, with their fingers and thumbs. It is quite certain, however, that the faculty exists in more or less intensity in the minds of a large majority of the human family. Were it otherwise we should all be as erratic as itinerant tinmen of Connecticut, or the nomads of Arabia.

Heaven be thanked that most of us appreciate the value of a home, and that we live in a land where every industrious man can acquire one. The sentiment of Inhabitativeness is a grand sentiment. It settles new countries, builds cities, forms governments, erects mighty states. It is the basis of all patriotism. We love the country of our birth, of our adoption, because it is our home. We defend its government and institutions, because in their permance we see the only guaranty for home security.

It would be well, perhaps, if this instinct of Inhabitativeness this longing for, and love for a permanent home this desire to dwell under one's own roof and on one's own land, and to make them a family heritage were stronger in every man than it is. If we were more domestic we should be more patriotic. Surely that man has reached the climax of human misery who exclaims in the bitterness of his soul:

A home and a country remain not for me.

RETURN POSTAGE.

Many men who are punctilious in conforming to business usages often in writing letters to which they expect answers, fail to enclose stamps to prepay postage on the reply, says an exchange. It would be better still to enclose stamped envelope with a written address.

An inquiry will receive earlier attention and perhaps more careful attention if it involves but little trouble and no expense to the person addressed than if the latter is expected to do considerable work and foot the bill besides. This may seem a small matter, only 2 cents involved, but the principle of the transaction is apt to govern the person who is expected to reply. He is very apt to say to himself, "Well if this man expects an answer he should at least have enclosed a stamp. There is very little danger of any one taking offence at such an enclosure. The enquirer who hesitates to enclose a stamp to concern transacting a million dollars worth of business a year because it costs such a trifle, may find upon reflection that the existence of the house depends upon an aggregation of twopenny profits.

There are salesmen who at this time of the year are endeavoring to secure positions with other houses, and yet omit the enclosure of return postage on the reply which they unhesitatingly look for to their letter of application. If they receive answers to such unbusiness-like letters they are in luck and they may be sure that something else has recommended them than their correct observance of business civilities. The amount involved is of no consequence. Even if letter postage should be reduced to a penny, a stamp should still be enclosed to insure reply.

TEACH YOUR BOYS TO ASPIRE

Much pony advice is bestowed on boys and young men that never get beyond the drams of their sats. One of the usual useful ideas you can introduce in a young head is that its owner can and is bound to make his mark in the world if he chooses to try. Teach him that it depends solely upon himself whether he soars above dead level of mediocrity or not whether he crawls or flies. Give him as far as possible credit for his own inherent capabilities. Argue that he has the same faculties by which others have risen to distinction and that he has only to cultivate them and apply in their exercise that mighty propulsive agent a determined will in order to rise. But him shoot his arrows not at the horizon but the zenith. A boy who sets out in life with the Presidency in his eye although he may fall short of the mark will be pretty sure to reach a higher position than if his ambition had been limited to the office of town constable or a tide waiter's berth in the custom house.

This is not a land where poverty is a serious impediment to advancement. Very few of our millionaires were born with gold spoons in their mouths and several of the most distinguished statesmen earned their bread in early life by the sweat of their brows. Fortune's gifts are wrong from beginning in this country by heads and heartes that know no such word as fail and Fame has no special favors for the silk stocking class. Aiton says Aristotle, is the essence of oratory but it is more true that energetic will is the soul of success. The best temporal legacy a father can give a son is aspire.

Bet is the eagle flight of genius to shine
Dreams and aspirations can rise to the sun

WHAT HOME MAY MEAN

We sometimes think that it is only a careless who can understand in its full meaning the word "Home." Think what it must mean to those whose desolate hearts no smile cheers, who daily pass thousands of their fellow creatures, intent on their own errands of business or pleasure, to whom their life or death is a matter of no moment, who look into the pleasant windows as they pass, and see groups of happy faces round the well filled table, while they hunger and thirst, but often more eagerly for companionship and sympathy than for food. Think what it must mean when sickness and death come, and life ebbs slowly away, and the ear aches, listening vainly for a friendly footfall, and the soul faints with longing for the pressure of a kindly hand, as the "dark valley" appears in sight.

Ah! well for such when this poor life is over, and the brightness dawns upon the soul.

Nothing is more common than mutual dislike where mutual approbation is particularly expected.

Good manners include not merely pleasant things said and done, but unpleasant ones left undone.

THE COQUETTE'S WARNING.

(TO THE MAN LOVED.)

I would teach the maiden how to
I was one day of old, Mill
Lady love begins, oh never,
The pronouns name of evil

I had an at first hope
Ah let me add too soon shed
One who was I am yet fa school
Lady love begins, oh never

He "Tell me, O tell me, fair one,
My eyes were pleasure blind,
An I that he loved them a sarkly
Because they were certain

Ah! then he seemed so happy
So full of perfect bliss
Ah! I have never forgotten
From that day to the
Yet though I loved him fond I
And fondly now I love
In boldness I at first
The part of the coquette

One sad and night we met I
After the wine and
And then in his dear face upon I
If I had planned him false

With eyes cast down and blushing
Burning my cheek to fire
With quivering lips that trembled
I firmly answered "no."

He looked at me a moment
I saw my with pitying
Then said with voice quite tender
"My lost, lost love, good bye

For he had heard the story
Told him by one rather
He lost his faith in woman
And yet he holds my heart

POOR BOYS AND GREAT MEN

(TO THE EDITOR.)

To me history and biography have ever been books of God and some of the most touching lessons of hope and courage are recalled to the mind as we ponder the memorials and stand upon the graves of the illustrious dead. "I have been young," said Montezuma, "but I saw no man in most need." "I am a man," said Lord Chatham, "and therefore heir to misfortune." But I will appeal to posterity the constancy of a man. I will breast the storm." "Human courage," said Gen Robert E. Lee, "should rise to the height of human calamity." Many strange and terrible were the calamities which afflicted the great men whose bodies are now laid in peace under those ancient roofs. But they wrestled with them and they conquered. The lesson is not lost upon the minds of the young. One day, more than a hundred years ago, a poor bookseller's boy came into Westminster Abbey, groaning under the weight of a load of books which he had to carry to the house of his master's customer. The boy, the poor boy came in at the great door to rest and sat down to rest. And as he sat down he burst into involuntary tears. The thought came into his mind. I am only a poor bookseller's boy and I had to carry nothing to do and my life long I had to bridge the streets of London under these heavy burdens. And then lifting up his eyes he caught sight of the statues of the great and good everywhere around him and he thought "These men have one great many of them from positions of poverty and obscurity why should not I?" The boy dried his tears, he shouldered his burden, the sacred fire of a noble purpose was kindled in his heart. He grew up to be the eminent and saintly Dr William Marshman, the first who translated the Holy Scriptures into the dialects of Hindostan one of the earliest of our great missionaries to that new empire and the father-in-law of the stalwart Sir Henry Havelock who saved India in the critical months and died like Wolfe in the hour of victory.

DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE

There is nothing which we contemplate with greater pleasure than the dignity of human nature which often shows itself in all conditions of human life. For notwithstanding the deteriorating influences that have crept into it there are at thousand occasions in which it breaks through its original corruption and shows what it once was and what it will be hereafter. We consider the soul merely as the seat of a glorious job of training where mind the great heap of rubbish can meet with noble fragment. Conceptions crumbling and ruin and glory in confusion. Author and asylum are continually emperdeum clearing the ruins removing these decaying heaps, carting the noble pieces that lie buried under them and adjusting them as we may possible according to their ancient symmetry and beauty. A happy choice of conversation with the best parts of nature and observations upon mankind are the chief materials we are at present with. But even among those who have never had the happiness of any of these advantages there are sometimes such instances of the greatness that is natural to the mind of man as show capacities and aspirations which fly want these accidental helps to fetch them out, and how those are perfected. A peasant is seen in the cottage, the glorious edifice, though yet unfinished, is at the foundation.

ONLY A PRINTER

He is only a printer. Such was the sneering remark of the leader on a circle of aristocrats the coffee house. Who was the Earl of Stanhope? He was only a printer. What was Frederick William an the Prince Napoleon? Proud to call them selves printers. The present Czar of Russia the Crown Prince of Prussia and the Duke of Battenberg are printers and the Emperor of China work in a private printing office almost every day. Wm Caxton the father of English literature was a practical printer. Who were Benj F Morris N P Willis Colonel Charles Richardson Joe Lewis Horace Greeley Charles Dickens James Buchanan Simon Cameron and Schuyler Colfax? Printers, all and practical ones. Mark Twain, Amos Cummings, Bret Harte and Opie Read are prime practical printers, as were Artemus Ward, Petroleum V. Nasby and Sut Lovingood. Senator Plumb of Kansas has S. Hogg of Texas are both printers, and the leader of science and philosophy to his day made it his boast that he was a journeyman printer. In fact, thousands of the most brilliant minds in this country are to be found behind the publishing houses of large cities and towns. It is not everyone that can be a printer. Brains are absolutely necessary.

Exchange

HIS FIRST LOVE-LETTER.

No matter how much time and pounds labor a young man may devote to his first love letter, the sum of 2c00 should not be sufficient to induce him to listen to it being read by the counsel on the other side in a courtroom full of people that is, if he could avoid the terrible ordeal.