The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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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.

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

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

J. A. MOWAT,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC.
Money to Loan.
Office Days—Tuesday and Saturday.
OFFICE—Kennawin's Block, Acton, up stairs

R. J. 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 Masonic Block, Brampton, Peel Co., Ontario.
J. SHILTON, B.A. W. H. WALLBRIDGE. H. R. 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 & Cox Grocery
Mill Street, Acton

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

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,
GUELPH, ONT
OFFICE—Wyndham Street

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

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
MILL STREET, ACTON
An easy shave, a stylish hair cut, a good as boss an uplifting shampoo, all say is given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut
J. A. H. WORDEN Tonsorial Artist

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications for wards to my at Acton, Box 78, or telephone 56, 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 Swedish Scotch, American and other superior Granites, Limestone and Marble. A large stock to select from, and none but superior workmen employed

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

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. CORBY

Holiday Goods
AT DAY'S.
Albums, Bibles, Poets, Dressing Cases, Pocket Books, Wallets, Opera glasses Bronze Goods.
Magnificent 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.

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. BIGGS, Agent,
BURLINGTON P. O

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,
Hat and Cap and Gents Furnisher
90 Upper Wyndham St., Guelph

Guelph Business College.
Stands head and shoulders above all its rivals. It is not only a famous "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 engaged in giving practical instruction in six languages. 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 Circular containing full address,
PRINCIPAL McCORMICK,
Guelph, Ont.
SEASON 1894
WE are returning thanks to our numerous friends for their liberal support in the past and 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
Pumps cheaper than heretofore we will supply either wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. EBBAGE Manager
Acton

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 Readers at the time sold at 20 per cent discount.
FANSY BOOKS ONLY 5 CENTS
JOHN SMITH,
20 Wyndham St.,

The
WELLINGTON MUTUAL
Fire Insurance Co.
THE General Annual Meeting of the Wellington Mutual Fire Insurance Company will be held in the Company's Office, on Tuesday the 6th day of February next at two o'clock p.m. to receive the Directors' Report with the Financial Statement for the year, and other business relevant to the Meeting.
By order
Signed CHAS DAVIDSON, Secretary

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA
Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid-up 707,400
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 speciality.
A general Banking business transacted.
A. F. H. JONES,
Manager

Linoleum.
We
Have
It
In
12 Feet Wide Roll.
Imported
Direct
From
Scotland.
BOND'S
Hardware, GUELPH.

Years Ago
We could get good prices for our furniture but those times are past and gone as you see when we tell you we have a handsome solid oak Bedroom Suite for $20.00. Best value in the World
Call and see it.
People's Popular Furniture Store
Upper Wyndham St
P. SPRAGGE,
Guelph
Cut this ad. out and turn with you
It will pay you to go to Guelph to attend the Clearing Sale of Winter
Shoes
Rubbers
and
Overshoes
AT
THE LEADING SH
AND MCLARE
GUELPH
A Wholesome Educator
1894
Semi-Centennial V
The
New York Ledger
For fifty years the leading Illustrated National Family Weekly Paper of America
Contributors to the "Ledger."
The following gives only a partial list of the distinguished writers who will contribute to the *Ledger* during 1894.
Edward Everett Hale, Mrs. Ballington Booth, George Kennan, Mary Lowe Dickinson, Josiah Allen's Wife, Charles F. Holder, Hjalmar H. Boyesen, Helen Campbell, John Habberton, S. P. Cadman, Mrs. M. A. Kidder, Ellen E. Redford, Elizabeth Olmis, L. A. Robinson, Ron James, Bryce, Oliver Thorne Miller, Mary Kyle Dallas, Mrs. N. S. Stowell, Amelia E. Barr, Anna Katharine Green, Theodore Roosevelt, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Washington Gladden, D. D., Hon. Thomas Dunn English, K. Walter, Hubert A. Sawyer, Dr. Charles C. Abbott, Prof. Felix L. Oswald.
Features of the "Ledger."
Some of the features which will make the "Ledger" interesting to young and old are hereunderstated
Novels of American Life, Novels of Foreign Travel, Novels of Southern Society, Novels of Adventure, Novels of Metropolitan Life, Biographical Sketches, Popular Sketches, Principles of Etiquette, Stories of Adventure, Popular Information, Humorous Anecdotes, The Women's World, Short Stories, Short Articles, Explorations, Household Advice, Poems and Ballads, Home Culture, Health Suggestions, Articles of Travel, Historical Sketches, Popular Miscellany.
A Four Dollar Paper for only Two Dollars.
Our Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter and Fourth of July Numbers, with beautiful illuminated covers, will be sent without extra charge to all our subscribers.
Subscription, $2.00 a Year
Free Sample Copies on Application. Address
ROBERT BONNER'S SONS, Publishers, Cor. William and Spruce Sts., New York.

Poetry.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

How plainly I can see it, the shop of Silas Dean!
On the big open square where the children used to play.
With its grey wooden shutters and its door of faded green,
Which I used to bat and fasten at the close of the day.
There's the long wooden counter and its ledger for the day,
And the floor newly sprinkled and swept in grooves and tongue;
On the shelves, in the windows, from the ceiling in array,
Gleam the kitchen's bright utensils for housewives old and young.
To no one branch restricted was the tinner bright of old,
A man of truest genius, he gloried in his craft;
For he could pipe a furnace or make a candle mould,
Set up a pump, relief and "spout it," or figure from a draft
There's the group of weekly peddlers getting ready for their trip,
With carts on Monday morning, all drawn up to refill,
With dull kettles, tea kettles, bread pans and drip,
Dippers, cups and muffin rings, to fill out the bill.
What odds and ends those peddlers brought, in barter for our wares,
Bibles, books and pamphlets, songs of every tone and kind,
Pewter mugs and candlesticks, iron tongs in pairs,
Metals, brass and copper, in their waggons strapped behind.
But times have changed since then, boys, and business methods too,
And all that you can hear is nothing but machine! machine,
It has spoiled the tinners handicraft, their label and true blue,
That the workmen used to wear in the days of Silas Dean.

M. K. SULLIVAN

Select Family Reading.

Two Women.—Golden Days.

"Brass, copper, iron, but never gold. Life, like the age, returns not to golden innocence. It were better, I think sometimes, that we had not been born," said Mrs. Wilton.

"I have never thought so."

She who answered this was a pale, thin woman, who sat by a table sewing. Forty summers and winters had not passed without leaving the marks of scorching suns and traces of frost. But neither summer heats nor winter's cold, nor any storm that swept down upon her life, had really marred the beauty of her face, but sad signs of their having touched her, but every sign was in the process of obliteration. Like tempest and drought marks upon the earth, the dews of peace, the gently falling rains, the mild sunshine, were covering them with verdure.

The dress and air of the visitor who had had just spoken showed her to be a woman in easy circumstances. The two had been close friends in early life, but it so happened that their ways in the world had been along diverging paths. Mrs. Wilton had married a "rising man," who soon lifted her into a sphere of fashionable elegance where for a long period she held a kind of queenly sway. Mrs. Grover had been less fortunate in the world's eye. Her husband lacked those qualities by which men rise into high places. But apart from this, he was a true man in all the better meanings of the phrase, and, so far as happiness was concerned, his wife had a larger share than fell to the lot of her friend. Mrs. Wilton. Ease, idleness, luxury, was the lot of one, care, labor, and self-denial as to many external things, the lot of the other. After twenty years of divergence their ways had touched again. The old regard had been quickened into life. Mrs. Wilton found more real satisfaction in an hour's talk with the friend of her youth than in days of intercourse with her fashionable acquaintance, and so came often to the humble residence of Mrs. Grover, now a widow.

On this occasion she had referred gloomily to the progression of her life, and spoke with bitterness of her disappointment. Her husband was so absorbed in his business, now grown to a magnitude that taxed every power of his mind, that she said of him: "I have no husband." Children neglected in earlier years by the pleasure loving mother and the business loving father, had grown up without that moral culture so essential in the formation of character. Nay, worse: had been left to the care of coarse, and often impure minded servants, for so large a part of their time that perversions and vitiations had occurred of such a nature as visibly affected their whole after lives. Now the disappointed mother had little pleasure in them, now, when turning aside from the world to cisterns where love should have gathered its precious waters, she found them broken into fragments.

"Brass, copper, iron, but never gold. Life, like the age, returns not to golden innocence."

Thus, in the bitterness of her disappointment, had she spoken.

"Both the ages and the life may return," answered Mrs. Grover, a light breaking through her pale, translucent face. "The age will return. Iron, copper, brass, silver, gold. The reverse action long ago commenced. History has marked its progress for eighteen hundred years. If our lives return not, the fault is not with us. As for me, I am looking forward to golden days. Already the sky is lifting in the east, and I see faint gleams along the dim horizon."

How strongly were these two women contrasted! The one in plain, poor garments, with the wasting marks of a long over tasked physical life everywhere to be seen stamped on her person; the other dressed in costly raiment, with hands delicate as an infant's, and no evidence of bodily exhaustion visible. Still stronger was the mental contrast as it stood written in their faces. Years of disappointment had with one been making their silent, almost imperceptible record, while years of patient love and duty, of Christian faith and hope, had left their signs upon the other.

For a little while Mrs. Wilton looked at her old friend with a surprise she did not attempt to conceal. That she was in earnest the tender thrill in her low voice, and the sweet peace that pervaded her countenance were testimonials.

"Golden days in your future! Forgive me, Helen, that I express surprise," said Mrs. Wilton. "But what can one in your situation look forward to in the time to come?"

"As to worldly good?"

"Yes."

"I have children."

A cloud fell over Mrs. Wilton's face.

"Children! She leans on a broken reed who leans on them. I have never had pleasure in children. It has been disappointment from the beginning."

"It has been different with me," replied Mrs. Grover. "I have always had pleasure in my children. The sweetest days of life were those spent with my babes in my arms. They were very close to heaven. In the golden years of their infantile innocence, angels were near them, and my soul had a blessed perception of the presence. I had care, and work, and self-denial; but the compensation was above all. Home was my garden, and these children were my flowers. With what untiring solicitude did I watch over them. Every weed that pinched its leaves above the soil I plucked out by the roots.

"Every idle worm, or destructive insect, that fastened on leaf or stem, I removed. I kept the ground loose, that dew, sunshine and air might go down to the roots and give them an ever increasing vitality; and I trained the branches into such beauty of form as my skill and their peculiarities would admit. There was little time for ease, for pleasure, for self-indulgence. I could not eat the bread of idleness. I often got weary over my never ending tasks. But this assurance was in my heart. 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' My faith was unquestioning. I had peace and hope here my friend."

And Mrs. Grover laid her hand upon her breast.

"And what of your children now?" asked Mrs. Wilton.

"Two are with their father in heaven safe, happy. My youngest, whom you have seen a dear loving, thoughtful little girl is at school. And here is a letter from my oldest son, now in a Western city, whither he went two years ago, at the solicitation of a merchant who had taken a fancy to him."

Mrs. Grover took from a drawer in her work table a letter and read:

"DEAREST MOTHER: Everything is going right with me. Mr. L. is one of the best of men, and I am doing all in my power to give him satisfaction. I could not deny myself the pleasure of reading to him a few sentences from your last letter, where you speak so beautifully on the subject of doing right under any circumstances for the sake of right, and not for the sake of pleasing or getting worldly gain. He did not say anything, but I could see by the expression of his face that he was pleased. On the day after he said to me, 'Frank, has your mother an income?' I could only tell him the truth. He looked serious for a little while. Then he asked how much of my salary I remitted you, and when I answered that I sent all except one hundred dollars, on which I clothed myself, he took my hand and said, 'Frank, that is the best thing I have heard of you. You are a good boy, and will never be the loser by anything done for your mother. I felt very proud, mother. Praise is good sometimes.

"Well, on the next day Mr. L. said to me, 'Frank, has your mother any particular reason for remaining at the East?' And when I answered, 'None that I know of,' he said, 'Write to her, and convey my earnest solicitation to remove to this place. Tell her that I have two or three pleasant little houses, of which she can make her choice, and that on the day that she arrives I will double your salary, so that there can remain no question as to the ways and means of living in comfort. Wasn't that good? Wasn't that noble? I don't you wonder how I could keep this good news back from the first sentence of my letter? It was hard work. But I wanted to lead you on, dear mother, and not make the surprise too sudden.

"Of course you will come? There is nothing to keep you in P. When shall I expect you and dear Fanny? I am fearfully afraid lest you say she has grown so much. Oh won't we be all so happy together? You shall live an easier life here than you have ever lived. With my salary doubled, there will be no more hard work for you. The golden days are coming, mother! Write immediately. I shall be all impatience until I get your letter. Your loving son, FRANK."

Mrs. Grover's voice had faltered several times as she read this letter, and as she lifted her eyes on closing it, to the face of her friend, they were full of tears, glad tears in which love's sunshine made rainbows.

"So you see that my golden days are coming," she laid.

Mrs. Wilton dropped her gaze to the floor and sighed heavily. For her no golden days like these were coming. While idle neglectful, and safety, an enemy had sown tares in her field, and now she was in the harvest time of bitter regrets and disappointments. In the pure mirror of her friends life she saw reflected the errors, the criminal neglect, the poor self seeking and vanity of her own, and she went away in sadness and self condemnation. But the truth which had come to her came too late. The evil had been done. For her, as she had well said, there were no golden days in store, infinitely beautiful the last period of her life on earth. As she had sown so must she reap. To each comes his own harvest. *N. Y. Ledger.*

YOUNG MAN IN BUSINESS

Devote yourself to it.
Be honest in everything.
Avoid liquors of all kinds.
Get into a business you like.
Sleep eight hours every night.
If you must smoke, smoke [illegible]
Do everything that means keeping a good health.
Shun discussion on two points, religion and politics.
School yourself not to worry, worry kills, work doesn't.
Employ caution, think out a thing before you enter upon it.
And lastly, but not least, Marry a true woman, and have your own home.

YOUTHFUL PRECOCITY

A bright child, restless and full of little devices of her own, was arranging chairs in lines with spaces at regular distances. She placed blocks to mark the squares that seemed to form a part of her plan. Suddenly turning to me she asked me to buy one of her houses.

"It is very cheap and has a lovely garden and I—I must raise some money," she said in a very minute business way.

"Do you sell houses on Sunday, my dear?" I asked.

"No ma'am, but I'm playing it isn't Sunday," she answered very sweetly.

NOT TO BE TRUSTED.

A few of my readers, I ween, will not fail to remember old Parson Bumpus, of Brakeville, N. H., a small parish, but spread over a great amount of territory. And those of you who have ever spent a season of rest and recreation with mine host, Cottrell, of the Winston House, will surely call to mind the parson's old sexton and general parish factotum, Amos N——. I feel this assurance, because Amos did much choring for Cottrell; and being far from retiring in his habits, he usually contrived to make the acquaintance of every guest, learning as much of family history as his art could win from those whom he interviewed. And, we will remark here: Parson Bumpus was as modest and retiring as Amos was—was insinuating and obtrusive.

Another quality we must present, both of the parish magnates were fond of the good things of life, but, while the parson never suffered his appetite to betray him into any unseemly situation, Amos was often—alas! far too often,—to be seen under the influence of strong drink. Several times had the good preacher chided his factotum in private, but without effect. Amos would promise; but he would not keep the faith.

At length the good man resolved to give his erring helper a lesson in public, hoping that thus his pride might be affected and move him to better things.

So, on a certain evening when the large office or bar room of the old tavern was well filled with town's people, and with travellers, the parson, meeting Amos there and finding him with spirit enough on board to plainly show itself, seized the opportunity. Quietly approaching the backsliber he touched him on the arm, with:

"Amos, I am sorry oh! very, very sorry to find you thus palpably under the influence of strong drink! Considering that I have spoken to you so many times why will you persist?"

"Eh! (hic) Ho! zoy ah ask me (hic) drink!" Here Amos leaned against the bar, and straightened himself, and then went on more freely:

"Think how I hav'r visit everybody, parson; 'nd they all ask me to take sumth'n. I'm p-p popular! I'm a fav'rit, parson. I can't help it."

"Amos!" returned the good clergyman sternly, "I have to visit more than you do. The bottle is not set out to me at every house I enter."

"(Hic) Er—zat's because your ain't so p-p-pop-ular as I am, parson."

"Yes, I am as popular as you are, and you know it. Don't try to crawl out of such a hole, Amos!"

"Well, Parson—if I must tell ye—why I must—(hic) that's all. Zey don't put the bottle out when zey see you coming, just because d—ye see (hic) zey dare'n't trust ye with it as zey do me!" He straightened himself, put on an extraordinary knowing look, touched the minister on the breast with a finger's end, and added with a most comical wink: "Zey know ye, parson!"

That ended the lesson, as it ended the good parson's hope of reforming his sexton.

TEMPERANCE

If a king men could only see the [illegible] that whiskey has on the stomach they would never drink another drop.

If one would form an idea of what the saloons are doing, let him visit the police court, in almost every case liquor is the cause of arrest.

High license is the rumseller's big gun. Plenty of "temperance" people man and shoot it for him. It may "kick" the politicians yet.

There will be no peace in the politics of this country while some fathers and mothers are watching and waiting for the return of their boys at night from the saloons.

Archbishop Spaulding declares: "The great question that is going to be forced into politics is the question of prohibition. The saloon in America has become a nuisance. The liquor traffic, by meddling with politics and corrupting politics, has become a menace and a danger."

Look at a map and you will see imaginary lines running from one side of the United States to the other, lines of latitude, but there is one line which the geographers have forgotten to put in, and it runs from the Atlantic to the Pacific, clear across the continent. What is it? A line of reeling, staggering, maudlin humanity. 2,500,000 drunkards by a close estimate robbed of almost everything but life.

A traveller says: "Coming down from Chicago recently, I was amused and pleased at an announcement by the Pullman porter. It was night and we were in Illinois. He went through the coach and cried with a loud voice: 'Gentlemen, all you who wants beer or anything to drink, must buy it to-night. In de morning we'll be in Mississippi, and you can't get nothing down dare. I felt but didn't say, 'Hurray for Mississippi!'"

A boy who once went with his father on a voyage to South America was anxious to see the equatorial line and said to an old sailor: "Jack, will you show me the line when we cross it?"

"Yes, my boy."

After a few days the boy asked whether they had crossed the line. The old tar said: "Yes, my lad."

"Why didn't you tell me, and show it to me?"

The sailor said, "O my lad, we always cross the line in the dark."

So the moderate drinker always crosses the line between the moderate and immoderate in the dark. Mental and moral night settles down on him as he crosses the line between moderate drinking and inebriety, blinding him to the awful facts of ruin and death only a little way on the road he is travelling.

A NEW IDEA.

A Baltimore Christian Endeavor society has organized a "Surprise Committee," whose duty it is to play what might be termed Christian practical jokes. They do the little things that nobody would think of, but that please and astonish everybody when they are done. They make pleasant surprise calls on old ladies. They unexpectedly get out an edition of their pastor's last sermon. They astonish the church prayer meeting with a sudden flood of young faces, and are surely an agreeable and ingenious committee.

Chapter 1: Weak, tired, no appetite.
Chapter 2: Take Hood's Sarsaparilla.
Chapter 3: Strong, cheerful, hungry.

A CORRESPONDENCE PLAN.

From Harper's Young People.

Here is a good suggestion for the girls. It relates to an ingenious scheme devised by a class of young ladies at school a few years ago. One of them an English girl, thus explains it:

"There were nine of us in the class, and we were all promising to write to each other continually, but in our hearts we knew that such a correspondence could never be kept up. Finally one of the girls suggested a circulating letter, and the idea pleased us all.

"At the expiration of one month from the time we parted, the first girl wrote a letter, telling what she had been doing and everything about herself which would be likely to interest the others. This letter was sent to the second girl, who after reading it, wrote her own letter, and sent the two to the third.

"The third, fourth, fifth, and all the rest in turn added their letters, until the ninth on the list sent them all to the first. Then the circuit was complete, and we had the circulating letters fairly under way.

"Now, of course, the envelope always contains nine letters, and each girl, when it comes to her, takes out her own letter, writes a new one telling what she has been doing in the mean time, and starts it on its travels again.

"You can have no idea how interesting it is to receive the letters, and how anxiously we all await their arrival when our turn comes. We have it kept it up for nearly four years, and each time the letters come round the pleasure of reading what all the girls have to say seems to increase.

LITTLE FOLK.

Johnny's toes were seen to be getting out of his shoes, and was asked what ailed his toes, he said he guessed not much of any thing, they was so well as to be out.

Minister "So you don't believe the story about the loaves and fishes, Bobby?" Bobby "No, sir." Minister "My little boy believes it." Bobby—Yes, your boy has been going to Sunday-school longer than I. He's had more practice of those things than I have.

A little girl in Manchester, England, attended a Band of Hope meeting, and when the speaker said that the drink had stripped home of furniture, and women and children of clothes, she exclaimed: "That's what it does at my home." The next time she was sent to the public house for drink she asked for three pennyworth of stripped home.

"God ought to be thanked for the grandma, and this is the way it was brought about. Thus grandma had just given them a nice dinner, and the children, feeling grateful, were discussing the question of thanks.

"How nice it was of grandma to buy all those things for Thanksgiving dinner. We ought to thank God for the dinner."

"No," said another little tot, "we must thank grandma for the dinner and thank God for grandma."

"Let us do all the thanking at once, and thank God for grandma and the dinner."

"No," said the first, "we must thank grandma for the dinner and God for grandma, 'cus there's plenty of dinners, but we have only one grandma."

SOME BUSINESS ADVICE.

What a life saper business is to do what perturbation of mind! What struggling and scratching and sniffing and lying, cheating and haggling, are practiced every day by the many in the struggle to make money! What constant comparison is being made between the successful and the unsuccessful! Of the thousands who embark in business how few succeed! And why? Because says *Grocer's Bulletin* but few know any of the secrets of success or knowing them do them. Many try some supposed short cut to wealth and step into quicksand at once. Most think success a matter of chance or good fortune, but after a short business life have a sad awakening to their mistake. If men would stop pining for wealth and clear their minds sufficiently to absorb the following advice, and would be guided by it, there would be little doubt of their realizing their hopes.

Let the business of everybody else alone and attend earnestly to your own. Don't buy what you don't need or feel certain you can create a demand for. Use every hour to advantage, and study to make even leisure hours useful. Think twice before foolishly spending a shilling, remember you will have another use for it and should you spend as fast as you make, you need only hope for a treadmill existence. Look after your business largely in the spirit of light hearted cheer, buy judiciously, sell fairly, and keep a close eye to profits. Look after accounts closely and regularly if you find an error trace it out and keep strong also accounts. Should a stroke of misfortune come upon you, extremely work harder but never fly the track. Confront difficulties with an flinching perseverance and good humor, and they will disappear like fog before sunshine.

WHY THEY HATE EACH OTHER

A porter in a big up town hotel escorted through Central Park yesterday a stalwart sailor friend whose hat proclaimed him a member of Monatonomoh's crew. As they gazed at the scraggy horned rhinoceros the landsman said to his companion:

"Billy, that lubbering beast has more sense than you.

"How so?

"Because he never indulges to more than two horns daily."

When they visited the elephant house the sailor was in a thoughtful mood. Finally he said:

"Tom, why do all hotel porters hate elephants?"

"Wasn't aware they did," replied Tom, "What are you driving at?"

"Because you are the elephant always carries his own trunk." New York *Times.*

TWO PROHIBITIONISTS.

First Boy: I'm a little temperance boy, I mean to plan and work for the temperance cause. Will you?

Second Boy: So will I.

First Boy: All right. Give me your hand. (They shake hands.)

Second Boy: We are two temperance boys. We'll soon be temperance men, and then we'll vote for the temperance cause.

First Boy: Let's shake hands on it again. (They shake hands heartily.) And remember.

Every generation of man is a laborer for that which succeeds it.

FREEDOM'S FIGHT

BY J. C. CARLER, GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.

Dedicated to the W. C. T. U.

Each coming year will bring more near,
The time when Ruin might cease,
Then we'd not pray without delay,
For peace and pleasant peace;
The day is near, we need not fear,
We in this great cause must end
For right is might in God's own sight,
And He will victory send.

Our fortress is the ballot box
Our tent the Church of God,
Our camping ground the solid rock,
Our sword the rod of God.

The time has come when people shun
The "grog place" by the way,
With gel-bed light through out the night,
To lure young men for prey.
The people's might will soon alight
This traffic in our land,
To Satan, ruin, an end must come,
It stands on sinking sand.

The crimson flood of mother's blood
Their slayers cannot stay!
Then let it roll from pole to pole
And wash this curse away.
Then let us fight for freedom's right
For God—for home—for all,
Whatever may stand in the way,
Will surely have to fall.

TABLE-TALK.

From Harper's Bazar.

Our manners at the table are quite as important as the food provided for our guests. A lady, the word being used advisedly, is known by her gentle bearing and her consideration of the feelings of others. She is always a good listener, and never bores her neighbor with long tales of her own domestic troubles and vexations. It is clearly the duty of a guest to make herself as agreeable as she can when she is dining with friends, and she lapses into silence, and gives up to the mood of the moment, she is likely to become very stupid. One should be at one's best, and try to draw out the best in one's neighbors. Sometimes it is a very hard to make conversation, but there is no individual in the world who cannot talk on some one subject, and by a little effort one may be able to hit that subject. Men as a rule, like to be listened to, and a clever woman can easily draw a man out, so that he thanks his hostess in his heart for a quiet delight evening. There isn't a man in the world who would get the slightest atom of amusement or pleasure from hearing Mrs. A tell of how Charlie had the whooping cough, and what a dreadful time she has with her cook. He would neither be a model, nor would he try to conceal his boredom. On the other hand, a woman snubbing and sympathetically listens to her neighbor, who talks for an hour about horses, of which she knows nothing. He, however, is subtlously unconscious that she is not more interested in horseflesh than in anything else in the world. And so we women would do well to post ourselves in these various subjects which men are prone to discuss, so that at least we may know what they are talking about and be able to respond with some degree of intelligence, if we wish to make ourselves agreeable in their society.

HOW TO HELP THE POOR.

Few men have given a more careful and thorough investigation to the subject of the poor relief than President John H. Finley, of Knox College. For a number of years secretary of the New York State Board of Charities and at present editor of the *Charities Review*, he is well qualified to discuss in a practical manner the problems involved in this article. How Not to Help the Poor, which appears in the February number of *The Chautauquan*. He says:

"The most valuable gift a man can give his neighbor is a conception of his relation to God and to man and an inspiration to live true to those relationships. A gift which makes him insensible to that is worse than useless, it is baleful. The parable of Dives and Lazarus is pictures the translation of Lazarus the arms of angels to the bosom of Abraham, while Dives groaned in the torments of hell. But I do not believe that the Master meant to assure beggary or poverty or misery here on earth of such a reward hereafter. Lazarus was used as a foil for the hard hearted rich man who on earth was clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day.

"Pauperism, the state of dependency upon others, is as effective a bar to heaven as riches. The rich man's soul is tied to wealth and the gate is not wide enough for both. The wings of the pauper's soul are stripped by his parasitic existence so that he cannot leave earth. And so I repeat the thought, the question of, How not and How to Help the poor is as important as the destiny of a soul.

NOT TO INJURE OUR NEIGHBOR.

It is a principle recognized by society that no citizen has a right to do that which is injurious to his neighbor, and to the general welfare of the community in which he resides. The use of intoxicating liquor is of no benefit, but on the contrary very injurious to the person using the same and to all other persons who are dependent upon it, or in any way allied to, or connected with such persons. It is injurious to the public inasmuch as it increases taxation by increasing the number of paupers which are supported at the public charge. It is also injurious to the public because it diminishes the energy and productive power of the persons who indulge therein. It is an infringement of the rights of private persons to enact a law prohibiting them from doing that which is injurious to their neighbors and to the state, and which is in no way beneficial to themselves.

AWKWARD COMPLIMENTS.

There is such a thing as being too persistently complimentary. A candid and well meaning professor who had witnessed the performance of a little play in a private house, in which his hostess had taken the leading part, met the lady as she came from behind the curtain. "Madam," he said, rushing up to her, "you played excellently, the part fits you to perfection." "Oh, go, professor!" said the lady modestly. "A young and pretty woman is needed for the part." "But, madam," persisted the professor, "you have positively proved the contrary."

MAKE TIMES GOOD.

The times are rather hard, we know, but the way to mend them is to press harder every good cause. Preach better, pray more, get more persons converted, stop the vices and sins of men, dry up the streams of intemperance, usher in prohibition and piety, and times will always be good. So do not stop your church work nor go without your Free Press.