The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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CONTRACT RATES—The following table shows our rates for the insertion of advertisements for specified periods:—

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO
20 inches	$60.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
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5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

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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—Kennedy'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: Crossland's Block, Georgetown, and Traders' Bank Chambers, 63 Yonge st., Toronto
J. SHILTON, B.A. W. H. WALLBRIDGE, H. E. STONE

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

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
J. I. CHARLES,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Office—Charles & Co's. Grocery
Mill Street, Acton

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

WM. HERSTREET,
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. Ruling neatly and promptly done

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

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 749, 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 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. Away 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. 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.

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.

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. Saw gumming and filing done
AGENTS FOR
FLEURY'S IMPLEMENTS AND REPAIRS
GOWDY'S CELEBRATED LAWN MOWER, high wheel, high speed
Grindell & Wright.

Guelph Business College
Stands head and shoulders above all rivals. It is not only the "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 sole aim 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 Curriculum, mailed free, address,
PRINCIPAL McCORMICK,
Guelph, Ont

SEASON 1894
WE take pleasure in thanking our patrons for their liberal support in the past, and beg 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 full line of Base Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, &c.
Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait
Price $1.50 per M
PUMPS
Is now better able than heretofore to supply either wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. EBBACE, 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 all the time sold at 20 per cent. discount.
PANSY BOOKS ONLY 5 CENTS
JOHN SMITH,
20 Wyndham St.,

JOB PRINTING,
INCLUDING Books, Pamphlets, Posters, Bill Heads, Circulars, &c., &c., executed in the best style of the art, at moderate prices and on short notice. Apply or address
H. P. MOORE,
FREE PRESS Office, Acton

The
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 13th 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 . . . 607,400
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 specialty
A general Banking business transacted
A. E. H. JONES,
Manager

Linoleum?
We
Have
It
In
12 Feet wide
Imported
Direct
From
Scotland
BOND'S
Hardware, GUELPH

Years Ago
We would 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,
Upper Wyndham St
T. SPRAGGE,
Guelph.

Cut this add out and bring with you
It will pay you to go to Guelph to attend the Clearing Sale of Winter
Shoes
Rubbers
and
Overshoes
At
The Leading 5¢
M. McLAREN,
GUELPH
New Home Sewing Machine
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, Rheu F. Bedford, Elizabeth Olints, E. S. Robinson, Hon. James Bryce, Oliver Thorne Miller, Mary Kyle Dallas, Mrs. N. S. Blowell, Amelia E. Barr, Anna Katharine Green, Theodore Roosevelt, Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth, Washington Gladden, D. D., Hon. Thomas Dunn English, E. Werner, Helen V. Cimyson, Dr. Charles C. Abbott, Prof. Fol. I. Oswald.
Features of the "Ledger."
Some of the features which will make the "Ledger" interesting to young and old are here enumerated:
1. Serials 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.

THE OLD HORSE.

Ay, sell the old horse if you will,
For he is broken down
And weak with years—why care for that?
There's plenty in the town
To take his place, to do his work,
To go the pace he went
By day or night, in rain or shine,
Until his strength was spent.

He never stopped to reason why,
To ask that this be done,
Or that, he knew his duty
And did it on the run.
He served his master as he best
Knew how to serve—and now
Go sell him; he is loyal and
Will ask not, why or how.

A horse is not a sentiment,
He cannot think or speak
Or vote, then why protect him when
He's worthless, old, and weak?
For him no starry banner floats
On every breeze that blows;
For him no pension comforts come
When years his labors close.

Ay, sell the old horse if you will,
He will not ask you why,
Nor make complaint, when he is turned
Adrift to starve or die,
But faithful in his labor still,
As when they were begun,
He will not care, he is content
With duty bravely done.

Select Family Reading.

A Valentine Romance.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

"I just like to know who in the land of the living ever sent me that thing! I just would like to know!"

Lucinda Dyke sat in her big rocking chair, with her bonnet and shawl still on, although she was one of the most methodical of spinsters and made it a rule to put her gloves, bonnet and shawl away, neatly and carefully, the moment she entered her house. But on this occasion she had sunk hastily into the rocking chair with her gloves on.

She had been to the village post office, and, to her amazement, had received a valentine.

She had not even remembered that it was St. Valentine's Day until she had passed one of the village shop windows, hanging full of valentines, and she had said to herself when she saw them:

"Dear me! I thought that silly and ridiculous custom of sending valentines had about died out. Such nonsence as it is! But I guess only children and fools do it."

Five minutes later, Mr. Moses Moss, the village post master handed Miss Dyke a square, highly embossed white envelope through the little post office window.

"I guess somebody's sent you a valentine Miss 'Cindy," he said.

"I don't think anybody's been so silly," she replied a little tartly.

She was rarely given to joking, and she always detested jokes having even remote reference to the affairs of the heart. She acknowledged herself to be 'touchy' on this point, and she felt offended when she knew that it was really a valentine that she held in her hands.

She dropped it quickly into the black cloth hand bag she carried, her face flushing crimson with indignation. She was so disconcerted by receiving the valentine that she forgot to ask for the postage stamps and envelope she had come to the office for, but she marched out very primly and stiffly, giving the door of the post office a sharp little bang behind her.

She felt quite sure that Moses Moss was watching her through the one little front window of the post office, and she held her head very high and swung her back alpaca skirts scornfully as she walked away.

"I wish to the land I could turn the thing into a thousand pieces right before him!" she said, as she turned the corner. "He likely knows who sent it, as he's the postmaster and familiar with everybody's writin'. An Moses is such an old gossip he'd be sure to tell the person who sent it if he'd seen me tear it up. Wish I had."

Her brown eyes were none the less beautiful because of the angry sparkle in them, and the flush of crimson on either cheek was very becoming to Miss Lucinda.

She found her scissors, the moment she entered her house, and cut off an end of the envelope with a snap. Then she drew out a dainty little creation in pink and blue and gold on a foundation of white, satiny paper, with an edge of paper lace. She held it out at arm's length, in her gloved hands. Her eyes fairly glittered now, and the crimson flush on her cheeks deepened.

"Who ever sent me that thing is a fool," she said.

Then she held the valentine a little nearer, and said, scornfully:

"Humph! Hearts with arrows run through 'em, an' nasty little Cupids an wedding bells—the idea of it! It's a perfect insult! When a woman gets to be forty-three years old, as I am, the less she thinks of Cupids an' weddin' bells an' such nonsense, the better off she is. I've a good mind to put the thing into the fire, and what's this? Poetry, as I'm a sinner!"

The valentine had suddenly opened in her hands, and, in gilt letters, with a gold heart above and below it, was this verse:

Oh, lonely, lonely is my heart,
So lonely love, for thee,
I'm happiest when I'm where thou art,
Oh, will thou come to me?
Oh, will though come to me for aye
And be forever mine,
To gladden all the future years?
Say, 'Yes,' say, 'Yes!' My sweetest Mercies!" cried Miss Dyke, as she let the valentine fall into her lap, while her arms fell limply to her sides and she almost gasped for breath. "Presently she said slowly, nodding her bonneted head and frowning: "I just wonder who did send me that silly thing."

Some mischievous school boy, likely. But, no—he'd sent me one of them nasty comics with a picture of an old maid on it with a nose a yard long and a sassy verse printed on it. I never saw that writing before, that I know of."

She took up the envelope and scrutinized the address carefully.

"No," she said, "I never saw that writing before. Now, if I knew who sent me that thing, I'd send it back with a note, telling 'em just what I thought of 'em. I vow I would!"

She put the valentine back into the envelope and gave it a spiteful little toss over to a small stand near her. Then she rose briskly, took off her hat and shawl, exchanged her black alpaca for a grey mohair house dress and a crisp white apron with wide crocheted lace on it, and sat down by the little stand with a piece of half finished sewing in her hands.

The valentine fell to the floor at her feet, when she took up her sewing. She let it lay where it had fallen for several minutes, while she stitched away in silence, drawing the thread through the cloth with quick, short jerks. Suddenly she stopped and picked up the valentine and took it from its envelope. "Such stuff as it is anyhow!"

She read it again and again, heedless of the fact that the cat was snarling up dreadfully the contents of her work-basket.

"I know what I'm going to do," she said suddenly. "I'm going back to the post-office and make Moses Moss tell me whose handwriting that is on the envelope. He'll know and he'll tell me, too. Mose always was a good natured fellow, and he'll tell me if he knows. I've just the faintest picion that old Jasper Hoyt may have sent me this. They say he's half cracked to marry again, and his first wife not six months in her grave. La! I want it flying back to him with as sassy a letter as he ever got, if I find Jasper Hoyt did send it.

"Or it may be that it came from Silas Lawson. Some think he wants to marry 'cause he's painted and fixed up his place so, and got himself some decent duds. He'll never marry me. It may have come from Judson Sparks, and there ain't no one I'd sooner send it flying back to than him. He worried his first wife into her grave, and he'd never get the chance to worry me there, not if he'd get down on his bended knees and begged me to have him. John Gleason may have sent it for—but I'll just go and find out of the postmaster who did send it. I'm just curious to know."

But there was something more than mere curiosity in Miss Lucinda's lonely heart as she walked back to the post office. Not for the world would she have admitted it even to herself, but there was a feeling of pleasure as well as of curiosity in her breast now. She could not dismiss the doggerel lines of that verse from her mind.

"Say, 'Yes!' Say, 'Yes!' My valentine," she repeated, reproaching, and scorning herself for her weakness in doing so, "and saying it softly to herself."

"The man don't live that I'd say 'Yes' to, no, he don't. What a big goose I am anyhow."

She reached the post office. The postmaster was alone in the neatly kept little room.

He was a short, stout, kindly looking man of about fifty years. He had childish blue eyes and a round, honest face, a little inclined toward effeminacy in some of its outlines.

The softness and sweetness of his voice were surprising when one looked at his swelling chest and broad shoulders. Every body knew and everybody liked Moses Moss.

Lucinda Dyke had known him all of her life, and she had never called him anything but "Moses" or "Mose." Now she said quickly, eager to do her errand before any one came in:

"See here, Moses, I want to ask a favor of you."

"All right, Cindy. Ask away. You know that some great goose had no more sense than to send me a valentine?"

Moses's smooth round cheeks crimsoned.

"I know you got one a while ago," he said.

"Think of it! The idea! Well, now, Moses, I want you to tell me whose hand writin' that is."

She laid the envelope before him. He looked at it and then at her the crimson blush deepening in her cheeks.

"You know, don't you?" asked Miss Lucinda. "I felt sure you would, you being postmaster and seein' ev'rybody's hand writing so much. You know that, don't you?"

"What you want to know for, Cindy?"

"Well, because I do," she said, quite sharply. "If it come from the person I s'pect it come from, he'll get back in short order."

"Whom do you suspect, 'Cindy?"

"I ain't going to say."

"It may be against the government post office laws for me to tell without a written order from the post office gen'ral."

"Stuff, Moses! Moses, how's he going to know anything about it? And do you suppose the post office gen'ral and the President and his cabinet is going to hang you if you should happen to tell an old maid who sent her a silly valentine? You know better than that! Did Jas. Hoyt send it?"

"No, he didn't."

"It ain't Silas Lawson?"

"No."

"Not Judson Sparks?"

"No."

"Did John Gleason send it?"

"It ain't his writing."

"Well, who in creation I do—"

"You'll get mad if I tell you."

"Well, I won't get mad at you, Moses."

"Sure and cross?"

He was leaning over the counter now looking up into her face with a kind, searching look.

"You sure not, 'Cindy?" he asked again.

"No, of course not," she said. "Why should I? I—I—why, Moses Moss!"

She stopped back with a wild frightened look. Something in his face and manner startled her.

"Cindy," he said.

"Why, I—well?"

"I sent it, Cindy."

"Good Lor!" Moses at—

"I did, Cindy—I—was—Cindy!"

She would have fled from the post office but he reached across the counter and caught both her hands in his, saying eagerly:

"I did, Cindy—I did! I—Cindy—"

"Let me go, Moses Moss!"

"You won't send it back, Cindy?"

"I—I, why, Moses Moss!"

"You won't, dear?"

"Oh, mercy!"

"Say you won't!"

"Well, I—I won't—there!"

"Oh, Cindy, I've wanted for months and months to say what that poetry verse said, but I ain't dared to say it—myself. I am lonely, and you must be, too, Cindy. You'll say 'yes' to that verse, won't you, Cindy?"

"I—I—let me think. Oh, there comes old Mrs. Duke into the office. Let go my hands. She'd tell it all over town before sunset, if she saw you holding my hands. I must go! I must go!"

She jerked her hands away—and Moses called out after her:

"If it's 'yes,' Cindy, when I go by to supper, you be sittin' by your front window, with that red-ribbon bow in your hair, that you had on to the church social last night. Please, 'Cindy.'"

She made no reply, but hurried out with crimson cheeks and shining eyes.

At five o'clock that evening, Miss Dyke's nearest neighbor, Mrs. Price, came home from a walk to the village store, and said to her daughter Martha:

"'Cindy Dyke seems mighty happy tonight. She was screechin' out a silly love song when I came by her house a minute ago, and she came to the door as I passed, and she had on her brown silk dress and best white apron and a red-ribbon bow in her hair."

"Maybe somebody sent her a valentine," said Martha, with a little tittering laugh, never dreaming that she had guessed aright.

VARIETIES.

In severe paroxysms of coughing from whatever cause, a teaspoonful of glycerine in hot milk or cream will give speedy relief.

Few razor strops are better than those made from a remnant of old leather belting that has revolved long beneath the dripping of oil from machinery. A razor first stropped on such a strip of leather and then upon a piece of calf-skin is easily kept in good order.

It is predicted that within fifty years a utilitarian age will make the present waste of sewage in nearly all the large cities of the country seem as criminal as the application of the torch to valuable property would now seem. Where there are millions of acres of starving land in this country within reach of markets that could be made as productive as can the virgin soil of the prairies if the enormous sewage wastes were but saved and applied to them to suffer this waste to continue when it is a constant menace to human life, dependent upon running streams for a water supply, the waste even now is reckless and deplorable. All along the Schuylkill river, the source of Philadelphia's water supply, sewers are emptied, and a dozen or more cities on the Ohio above Cincinnati train their sewers into the Ohio, where poison is not transformed into something wholesome by the movement of water, some alleged scientists to the contrary notwithstanding. Sewage should not be suffered to contaminate running streams, any more than it is allowed to contaminate wells and springs. By the continuance of the present system of disposing of sewage the starving land is deprived of food and urban humanity robbed of health.

WHY GOOD TEA IS DEAR.

H. Shimamura, Consul General of Japan at New York, is at Weicker's. He is one of the most accomplished men in the Japanese foreign service, and was secretary of the Legation at London and Paris before coming to America. He has just returned from a trip to the World's Fair. Speaking of the Japanese tea crop, he explained why certain teas are high priced.

"The early leaves," he said, "are very small and delicate. These are hand picked and cured with great care, and as the labor of picking and handling is many times greater than that of the later and larger leaves, the price is necessarily much higher. The flavor, too, is much more delicate.

"It takes an educated palate to appreciate the fine distinctions between the high grades of tea, and the average American never tasted tea properly made. The tea should be kept in a close vessel, and steeped for not over two minutes in water brought to a boil and allowed to cool a few degrees before being poured on the tea. Such tea, if made of leaves of firm quality, is of a delicate amber color, and milk and sugar seem to ruin it. It should be drank without either, but as a compromise a lump of sugar may be nibbled while the tea is being drunk. The Consul General thinks the plan of the Central Tea Association of Japan, for introducing a better quality of tea into this country, will be successful. Pennsylvania *Dutchman*.

OUR MEN OF THE FUTURE.

Boys should not consider it manly to use profane language.

They ought not to hold others up to ridicule anywhere.

They should not indulge their propensity of playing tricks.

They ought not to read dangerous books and papers.

They ought not to interrupt others in their conversation.

Neither ought they to disrespect their teachers or their parents.

Boys ought not to smoke for it injures their nervous system.

Boys should not be slovenly out of fashion, it is meant to do so.

Boys should have the courage to resist the offer of intoxicating drink.

Boys should shun evil companions as they would demons from hell.

Boys should ever bear in mind that God's eye is upon them always.

Boys should continually struggle to overcome their special bad habits.

Boys, cultivate self respect; you are men of the future. *Orphan's Banner*.

WIT AND HUMOR.

CONFUSING OF THE BOYS.

"I wish boys I should like to know which one of you by your right name. Don't say Sam when a boy's name is Samuel or Lem for Lemuel, or Dan for Daniel."

A small boy just then edged his hand and when asked what he wanted said: "Please, sir, may I sit with Jimuel?"

A FRIEND IN NEED.

"Good night! Good night!" he whispered low
Full twenty times, beyond a doubt,
And as it seemed he could not go,
Her papa came and helped him out.

IN SOCIETY CIRCLES.

"Did your son take a degree in college?" said a gentleman to a lady who was enthusiastically praising the ability of her offspring.

"No, indeed, he didn't," she replied, with pride. "He didn't take anything. He is the healthiest boy you ever saw."

If thou wouldst be borne with, then bear with others.

The truly sublime is always easy and always natural.

He that will watch providences shall never want providences to watch.

The usual fortune of complaint is to excite contempt more than pity.

Observe the effects of rage on those who deliver themselves up to the passion.

The worst cases of scrofula, salt rheum and other diseases of the blood, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

RESPONSIBILITY.

"I am afraid to undertake it—the responsibility is too great!" "I never incur a responsibility that can be avoided!" Such was the hesitating reply of one whom the popular voice pronounced kind of heart and blameless of life, when a friend suggested to her a charitable action now easy of accomplishment. The deed was one which, necessarily would have entailed some trouble—demanded some exertion—and have been attended with some annoyance if its result proved unfortunate. But if a happy fruition crowned her efforts, her whole existence must have been pervaded with a sense of internal and lasting satisfaction as the chosen instrument for such a noble work—one record would have written upon her book of life which could have conjured up consoling thoughts in her hour of bitterest sorrow; one memory would have been hers that might have shed celestial light even upon her death bed! And yet the dread of responsibility could make her shrink and turn aside and try to forget that she might have lifted the burdened bowed and aching heart—yet did not touch it with a finger!

Never incur a responsibility that can be avoided! What a selfish, heartless declaration! What a shallow resolution! Co'd and narrow and of fossil hardness is the life of those who keep their palms clean, not of evil and its consequences, but of responsibility and its risks. Such beings take but the one talent from the hand of their Lord which is bountiously opened to bestow ten, because forsooth, the ten would involve greater responsibility. Nay, they hide even that one in the earth, to escape the poor responsibility of putting it out to usury.

Truly, with what measure we mete it shall be measured to us, good measure, shaken together, pressed down and running over, if such we give, but we have no power to bestow without incurring responsibility. The bountiful measure of good gifts, present and future, is for those who, nothing doubting, assume great and holy responsibilities, and discharge them with steadfast confidence. True, the more responsibilities we are content to accept the larger the number that will flow in upon us, as though they were endowed with a self increasing principle, but each one faithfully discharged brings its compensating joy, and if the responsibilities sometimes seem endless, the happiness they purchase will also prove inexhaustible.

Blessed are those hands to whom much is confided, and who receive the charge undismayed. Has we blessed? for their work is a daily laying up of treasure above. The prudent man, the timid skeptic, the thoughtless worldling, will accuse them of rashness, perchance will utter lamentations over their insanity, what matter? Conviction and experience quickly teach those large hearted, fearless laborers that new power is imparted with every fresh burden trustingly accepted, for there is a mysterious strength born of perfect trust, incomprehensible to those who never trusted unreservedly.

Landor says: "We should bring out of every man and every creature as much utility as we may." Happy are they who apply the injunction to themselves, and, seeking to develop their own utmost utility never evade a responsibility.

Shrink not from responsibility, oh! young maiden, just entering, with faltering feet and unworn heart upon the slippery paths of life! Tread firmly and stretch out thine arms to receive it with loving embrace! The very willingness to accept the burden will prevent its weight bowing you earthward. But, with that willingness be not infirm of purpose, a gleaner only in the fields of imagination. Let your resolves go forth into positive acts. Heed the poet's warning, not to make of good intentions a Jacob's ladder, upon which your wishes mount to the skies, whilst you lie slumbering beneath

"Alas! we make
A ladder of our thoughts where angels step
But sleep ourselves at the foot, our sight to
Look down upon upon our slumbering state."

The responsibilities assumed will oppress and grieve you sometimes, that is inevitable, they will not less surely gladden your heart in the hour of heaviness by the remembrance that you have gladdened others, that you have achieved something in your day, that you have fulfilled your part in the great scheme Divine, which allots to every created being a separate share of labor, of responsibility of rest, of reward.

FRENCH REVENUES AND EXPENDITURES.

In France the bulk of the revenue, as in England and the United States from indirect taxes, but the French have a much greater range and variety of imports. In round figures the total annual revenue of France for the past two or three years has averaged about 3,000,000,000 francs or $600,000,000 (five francs equalling a dollar). Of this amount 2,000,000,000 francs accrue from indirect taxes, of which 500,000,000 come from customs duties on imports and the rest from a great variety of internal taxes, including a registration tax which yields more than the custom houses, a sugar tax that gives nearly 200,000,000 francs of revenue, a lucrative group of stamp taxes on legal papers and transactions, and various imposts on liquor, etc. The direct taxes are upon land and buildings, personal property, doors and windows, trade licenses, etc., and amount alogether to nearly 500,000,000 of revenue. The State monopolies of tobacco and gunpowder and the postal and telegraphic services yield a large revenue, exceeding 600,000,000 francs. The public forests and various minor sources make up the rest of the sum total.

To meet charges on the public debt the great sum of about 1,300,000,000 francs is required. The army requires an outlay of about 600,000,000. The maintenance of the navy costs about 225,000,000.

UNDOING AN INSULT.

Colonel Gilbert Pierce, the late Minister to Portugal, once picked up in his arms a young lady who stood hesitating at the corner of the street in an Indiana village, unable to cross it, because a shower had filled it with a rushing torrent of water. The young lady submitted without protest while the Colonel strode gallantly through the torrent until he deposited his fair charge on the opposite sidewalk, with dry feet. "Sir!" she then said, indignantly, "are you aware that you have insulted me?"

"I was not aware of it," replied the colonel, "but seeing that you are right, I beg to make amends." So saying, he picked up the protesting damsel and restored her to the point where he had first made her acquaintance.

SPINNING, THEN AND NOW.

"Oh, yes, its very nice indeed,
Dear Grandma, good to see
"The way you children rip and tear
A very pretty way."

"But, my dear, when I was young,
We had our different ways
Of getting through our home and tasks
Then in these later days.

"You, in the daintiest of frocks,
With ribbons on your wheel,
Spin you a little thread for lace,
But, pray, how would you feel

"If neither time nor thread to waste
The trimming was to spare,
Till you could reel and spin and weave
The down itself, my dear?"

"In petticoat of home spun cloth,
With short gown over it,
For many a weary hour we sat
Beside our wheel must sit.

"And in the winter evening,
When company dropt in,
It made no difference to us,
While chatting we must spin.

"Ah! very different it was,
My dear, in many different ways,
When I was young, to what it is
In these fine later days."

POWER OF "I WILL."

"I will," when said in down right good faith, says an exchange, is the most emphatic and declarative sentence in all the world of language. You can tie to "I will" feeling absolutely sure that at no time are you likely "to be given away." A modified promise or assent amounts to but little, for in the very nature of its expression, it may mean something or nothing, so you are kept in a state of constant, anxious doubt. A positive "no" is a better way of putting the fact than a half "yes." To know the worst and then provide for it, is always an economy of one's individual resources.

"I will" goes forth to conquer. It burns the bridges all along its line of march, for it recognizes no retreat. "Succeed or die" almost invariably brings success. It is your faint heart which never wins the fair lady. To be up and doing with the assurance of the victor is to win the field, how over obstinate the foe. "I will" is the scriptural faith in objective form, which removes the mountain and casts it into the depths of the sea. What this world most needs is a positive, aggressive declaration, to be followed by positive, aggressive action. To fight it out on this line if it takes all summer has in it nothing of surrender. "I will" is the trump card that takes the trick, so that he who holds it may know that he can play alone, and make a march every time. "I will" not only appropriates to a personal way the present, but it lays its outstretching hand upon the future and secures it with all that it has in store. "I will" is the fulfillment of the promise for it carries with it the rightful claim to the promise.

PAPER BELTING.

Paper belting for the purpose of transmitting power is the next thing which is going to astonish the manufacturing fraternity. The inventor was five years assistant to the superintendent of power of one of the great factories in Lowell, Mass. It was while in this position in which he had much to do with lacing and tightening belts, that he conceived the idea that belts made of paper could be make to do better work than either leather, rubber or cotton. He argued that as a thick piece of pasteboard can be made to take on a firm, smooth and durable surface by holding the same against another moving surface for several minutes, a large piece of paper made in the form of a belt and permitted to run upon the surface of a pully day after day would soon create upon its surface a firm hard, shining coating that would last a long time. In making the belt, links made from paper pulp are used. As soon as a belt is put in working order a hard, shining coating appears upon the surface near the pulleys, and this becomes harder and harder as the months slip by. It becomes so hard finally that only the cold chisel can cut into it. Such a surface works well on the pulleys.

NEWSPAPERS AND THE PUBLIC.

The Canadian Press Association met in Toronto last week and a variety of subjects of keen interest to newspaper men and indirectly to the public were discussed. The publication of a newspaper while in one sense a business enterprise is in another sense a public enterprise as no other business enterprise is or can be. The public makes the newspapers what they are. Whatever influence they may have in moulding or directing public thought they get from the people for it is obvious that without an army of readers at their back newspapers would be about as much use as a vermicum appendix.

The more readers a paper has the more it is for the paper and for the readers. They circulate it, cause it to pay, they improve it they enable it to expose wrong and fraud, to champion the cause of the weak and oppressed and help along the progress of the race. An honest newspaper is a blessing to a community and a terror to evil doers, and it is seldom indeed, that a newspaper which keeps faith with its readers does not find its readers keeping faith with it. The doings of an association which has for its object the betterment of the newspapers of Ontario will be followed with intelligent interest by the people of the province. Hamilton *Herald*.

IT PAYS TO HAVE A TOOL SHED.

Every farmer ought to have a shed in which to store machinery over winter but not every farmer has one and often we see the plows and harrows, the wagon and the mower, exposed to the weather all through the winter. If farmers could only be made to understand that the neglect of machinery is more destructive to it than all the use they give it, it really seems as if they would build a shelter for it as soon as possible. A cheap shed can be built in a day, and any farmer who knows how to use a saw and hammer can build one. The knowledge that tools can be found when wanted to use, is worth more in a year than the cost of the shed, leaving out all other considerations. A good share of the profits of the ordinary farm is wasted in making good the loss which comes to machinery from gross neglect in taking care of it, and this can be cut down in a surprising degree with little expense and labor. If you have no storehouse provide a shed for farm machinery, and when you have built the shed, see that all the machines are put under it at once, and make an inventory of all the tools in it.

Music makes the people milder and gentler, more moral and more reasonable.

The British school of water color painting is deemed the best in the world.