The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XIX.---NO. 34. | ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1894. | PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

AT THE

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION One dollar per year strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

ADVERTISING RATES - Transient advertisements, 8 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

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

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO.
20 inches	$60.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
10 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	3.00
5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

Advertisements, without specific directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. For changes oftener than once a month the composition must be paid for at regular rates.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

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

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:—Kahnawin's Block, Acton, up stairs

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

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

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

MARRIAGE LICENSES
J. L. CHARLES,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office: Charles & Cox Grocery, Mill Street

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, Ont. 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 given. 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 28, or telephone 66, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

Hamilton's Marble Works
HAMILTON'S Block, formerly Hatch's, Doubt 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
[illegible]
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 L. CORRY

BEFORE BUYING
Baby Carriages,
Boxing gloves,
Bicycles,
Bound Books,
Blackboards,
Bibles, Hymn
Books, see DAY'S
Big stock at his
Book store.
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
All 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 [illegible] high speed
Grindell & Wright

Guelph Business College
College of Language.
[illegible]
PRINCIPAL McCORMICK,
Guelph, Ont
SEASON 1894
W[illegible] for their liberal support in the past we wish to inform you that we have entered into co-partnership with R. Stewart, Guelph, [illegible] constantly on hand a full stock of the [illegible]
Sash, Doors, Etc
[illegible] supply any special sizes on short notice at lowest prices.
Frames of All Kinds
[illegible] We also keep in stock a [illegible] Base, Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, &c.
Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait
Price $1.50 per M
PUMPS
[illegible] wood or iron pumps [illegible] All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager
Acton

101
Packages
of
Books, Stationery, and Inks
[illegible] by the C. P. Railway [illegible] and I am now opening out the [illegible] them off at prices [illegible] 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.
FANCY 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 Traders' Bank
OF CANADA
Capital Authorized [illegible]
Capital Paid up [illegible]
Rest [illegible]
GUELPH BRANCH
4 per cent. paid on sums of $1 and upwards deposited in the Savings Bank department and paid or compounded every six months
Deposit Receipts issued.
Farmers notes discounted.
The collection of sales notes a specialty
A general Banking business transacted.
A. F. H. JONES,
Manager

The
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

WE
MEAN
IT
Twenty
Per cent
Discount
Off
Lamps
[illegible] worth
Considering?
BOND'S
Hardware, GUELPH

Years Ago
We could [illegible] 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 $[illegible] Best value in the World
Call and see it
[illegible]
Upper Wyndham St
SPRAGGE,
Guelph
Cut this add out and bring with you

[illegible] will pay you to go to Guelph to attend the Clearing Sale of Winter
Shoes
Rubbers
and
Overshoes
[illegible]
[illegible] McLAREN,
GUELPH

[illegible]
1894
Semi-Centennial [illegible]
The
New York Ledger
For fifty years the leading [illegible] National Family Weekly Paper of America
Contributors for the Year
The following gives only a partial [list of the] distinguished writers who will contribute to the Ledger during 1894
[illegible]
Features of the Ledger
Some of the features which will make the Ledger interesting to young and old are here enumerated:
[illegible]
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 DUDE.

A little cane,
A high crowned hat,
A fixed expression
Rather flat.

A pointed shoe,
A scanty coat,
A stand up collar
Round his throat.

A gorgeous necktie,
Spreading wide,
A small moustache,
Nine on a side.

Arms at right angles,
Curved with ease;
A stilted walk
And shaky knees

A languid drawl,
The "English" swing,
An air of knowing
Everything.

A vacant stare
Extremely rude
And there you have
The perfect dude.

P. H. R.

Select Family Reading.

The Cruel Crisis.

ASHLEY BARRACKS.

MY DEAR WIFE The strike at Ardley Moor shows no sign of ending, indeed it seems likely to go on forever. I don't know which are to blame, the masters or the men. I wish one or the other would give in. All the regiment except my company is away riot quelling in other parts of the country, so we are always under arms night and day. Charlie is quite well, but I haven't seen him since lunch. Mary, the new housemaid, came up this afternoon asking for him. She says he went out about 2.30 and had not returned at 4.30. I suppose the young rascal is off on one his rambles. Hope you are enjoying yourself, dearie. Charlie and I both send our best love.

Your affectionate fond old hubby,
CHARLES VANE.

P. S. You know Barrington Thwaite, the fellow who tried to cut me out with you? He has just been appointed a local J. P. I don't envy him his duties these times though he did threaten me with horrid punishment when I carried you off. Good night, darling!

The above letter finished, Captain Vane of the Third regiment sealed it and addressed it to Mrs. Charles Vane, Hotel Metropole, Sandport.

"There," he said, "that's done. Can't beat writing, but that will give the little woman and her mother something to talk about for a week. "Well, Reilly," as the sergeant of that name entered the room, "what now?"

"Av ye plaze, sor," replied Reilly saluting, "the man from the polis offus is outside an' he wants to see yerse'f. Thim colliers has shwore to fire the pit to-night, and there'll be the plague and all if the sojers don't be there."

"Very well, send the man in."

"Yis, sorr," and with another salute, Sergeant Reilly retired, sending a private to show "the polisman to the capt'n's room." Like his superior officer, Sergeant Reilly had a lively hatred for police work and all that concerned it. As he would often say at mess, "Shootin' furriners an' thim haythens of darcint sport, but fourin' on yer own flesh and blood was a horse of another color entirely." And his sentiments were invariably received with acclamation.

The upshot of Inspector Arkwright's interview with Captain Vane was a command to the men to turn out fully armed. The order was instantly obeyed, and in a few minutes the captain and his men were marching through the gathered gloom across Ardly Moor to the seat of the trouble. As they neared the pit and passed through the rows of miners' cottages, the few women and children left at home came to their doors and reviled them for the part they were about to play in the struggle between master and men. But the soldiers took no notice of the abuse nor of the missiles thrown. Firing on their fellow men was bad enough but they could not war on the women and children. Climbing the brow of the last hill Captain Vane saw that if he was to save any of the pit buildings he and his company would arrive none too soon.

A red glare glowed against the clouds ahead and lit their path. Nearer and nearer they advanced and they saw long fiery tongues of flame leaping high from the bank of coal round the pit's mouth. Angry men rushed hither and thither in wild rage, looking like demons in the awful glare, their mad screaming rising above the hissing and crackling of the burning fuel, deepening into a sullen roar of defiant hatred as the military approached within sight. With a common impulse, the rioters seized stakes and brands and rushed within the walls surrounding Abel Holroyd's house, built not far from the mouth of the pit he owned and from which all his wealth had been wrested by the men whose blind passion was the cause of the present tumult.

In the [illegible] [s]treaking it was the mob gates in their mad haste and swearing loudly [illegible] fire to the building.

The soldiers came to a halt opposite the retreat. As they did so old Abel Holroyd and Barrington Thwaite, who had been sent for to read the riot act if necessary, came up to the spot. Their appearance was the signal for a fresh outburst of fury.

"Burn 'e, please, down!" Teach th' owld sweater manners!" cried the mob.

"Wull you pay us a fair wage?" shouted one taller than the rest and who seemed to be a leader.

"No. I wunnot if tha' calls 25 per cent advance a fair wage!" shouted back Holroyd. "I made my money th' same road as yo've had a chance to, an' I'll no gi' it away for nowt!"

"Excuse me, Mr. Holroyd," said Vane, with difficulty making himself heard, "but that sort of talk will only incite them to further violence. I have just been conferring with Mr. Thwaite. Promise them arbitration or something, anything to quiet them and make them disperse."

"Arbitration!" echoed the angry old man. "I'll promise 'em nowt o' th' sort. I'll ha' no meddlers interferin' wi' my business. If they don't like to work for th' wage I can afford to pay 'em they can clem!"

He shook his fist at the crowd, who screamed and shouted, renewing their threats. And even the hiss and crackle of the burning coal added to the din.

"Now, then, Thwaite," cried Holroyd, "do summat! Am I to stand here and see my house an' bakes an' things burnt to th' ground as well as all th' coal at th' bank? What's these redcoats standin' still like toy sojers for? Wean't their guns shool, or what?"

"Will you leave those grounds and return to your homes?" shouted Thwaite, thus urged. But there was no sincerity in his tone, indeed he longed to force the soldiers to extreme measures, since he was how distasteful such a course would be to his old rival, Captain Vane.

But the answer came back, sharp and distinct.

"No, we wean't! We're here, an' here we'll stay, and if owld Holroyd wean't gi' uz th' advance we'll burn th' place down. We'll gi' him two minutes to think it ower!"

An the shouting of the mob and the roaring of the flames continued.

Holroyd, Thwaite and Vane consulted. To all suggestions and concession or arbitration Holroyd returned an obstinate refusal, urging employment of force for the protection of his property. Vane asked if the police could not gain an entrance at the back of the house, and so eject the rioters, but Holroyd explained that it would be impossible for them to scale the high surrounding wall. The only way in was through the gateway, which the mob was already roughly barricading. Would Captain Vane advance at the point of the bayonet and force an entrance?

Vane replied that he certainly would, but not until he had seen the police make the attempt themselves.

"Hey!" shouted Sam Bradley, the rioters' spokesman, "time's up! What's goin' for t' do?"

For answer, Thwaite read the riot act. No one could hear it, and few would have heeded it had it been heard. Then the police rushed at the gateway with drawn truncheons. But the storm of stones, firebrands and other missiles with which they were met caused them to beat a hasty retreat amid the hoots and jeers of the strikers now flushed with success.

Then Thwaite formally desired Captain Vane to do his duty. The men were drawn up in double line, and the action decided upon was two volleys and a charge at the bayonets point. Standing well without the range of the rioters' storm of stones, the soldiers were yet able to take a good aim, for the banks of coal adjacent were still fiercely burning. There was a sharp clicking as the men loaded with ball cartridge and the colliers' [j]eering that [illegible] was evidently meant, wavering for a moment but instantly rallied madly [illegible] cheering, certain destruction [illegible].

Obedient to Vane's command up went the rifles at the "ready" with mechanical precision and every finger touched the trigger, every ear listened for the word to fire.

But it did not come. As the word formed itself on Captain Vane's tightened lips, a big collier forced himself into the front ranks of the strikers bearing in his arms a fair haired boy, the captain's little son, Charlie.

"Now fire if ye dare!" cried the man. We reckoned on th' redcoats, me an Sam, an' I thowt we'd find summat as 'ud stop thee pea shootin'. Capt'n will nean fire on his own child, I reckon." And with a wild hoarse laugh the fellow held little Charlie high in the air. Vane was pale as death. He knew now why his boy had been missing. What was he to do? To fire was to kill his only child, to refuse to do so would be a neglect of duty. He looked toward Thwaite for advice. What was it he saw in the magistrate's eyes, cruel satisfaction? Clearly not indignation or pity.

Well, why don't you fire your popguns?" screamed Holroyd. "Ye'll be too late directly. They're up i' th' top rooms with torches now."

"Shure," cried Sergeant Reilly, forgetting discipline in his anger, "shure he don't fire, ye owld coal heaver, because the bhoy there's his own flesh and blood."

"Men," cried Vane to the colliers, "if you are men give me back my child. Would you make a father murder his own son?"

"Hast a thought o' that afore?" answered Sam Bradley. "They're clemmin' at whom, an' for what 'cause? Thinkest? [illegible] leave alone now!" Call off your men an' go back to the barracks an' I'll promise you to bring the child over to yo' rect away."

Before Vane could reply Thwaite broke in.

"This, of course, settles it," he said. "It's unfortunate for you, Captain Vane, that those blackguards should have the boy, but you cannot allow that fact to interfere with your duty. In the name of the Queen you have sworn to serve I call upon you to fire upon and disperse the mob."

But Thwaite [illegible] Vane [illegible] that before he could [illegible] a stentorian voice Charlie cried out to his father. His childish treble could be clearly heard for the truly terrible situation had compelled a general silence.

"Father," cried the boy, "don't be afraid to fire. I'm not afraid to die. I'm not a coward, if these men are cowards. Say goodby to mamma."

A mighty cheer from the soldiers' throats broke the painful [silence]. Old Holroyd seemed struggling to say something, and despite his pain Captain Vane felt prouder than he felt when his Queen had placed upon his breast the Victoria Cross. He turned to Thwaite [illegible].

"You have executed your [illegible] gentlemen, Mr. Thwaite, and you and I will settle this elsewhere. You could have made an arrangement with these men, I dare say. But you shall not say that I am a worse father than husband, a worse brother. Hang it, man!" as Holroyd touched his arm and stammered something, "hang it! I'll fire, though your obstinacy costs me my boy's life."

The line of bayoneted men broke once more grinned at the strikers and captain Vane called "Fi—"

"Stop!" shouted Holroyd, rushing in front of the soldiers. "Stop! I'm a rum un and a rough un, but," shaking his fist at the rioters, "afore I'll see a mon shoot down his only son for my sake, it can burn down every shed I own! Now lads away and be damned! Capt'n, yo' con feet about lesson."

"What say lads?"

"Here he is!" shouted Sam Bradley, snatching the child from his comrade and setting him down free. "Run to thy feyther, lad. We'll mayn't be beat by owd Abel Holroyd in doing th' reet thing! An' Abel I'll gi' yo my word at not another stick or stone shall be hurt. Run, lad, run!"

The boy flew to his friends, and as he was caught in his father's arms a great cheer that ended in a stifled sob went up from every man.

THE GREAT LIQUOR BUSINESS.

"Yes, I tell you it is a big business, and it cannot be trifled with!" and Uncle Ephraim squared himself in his arm chair and looked impressively at his nephew Herbert.

"Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" echoed that young man.

"You must consider that more than 500,000 men get a living for themselves and their families by this great industry."

"Yes, that is what Demetrius the silver smith said, 'Ye know that by this business we have our wealth.'"

"But what would all these people do for a living in case liquor drinking were done away?"

"Make honest supplies for the drunkards wives and families, and if the 600,000 drunkards and the 1,500,000 tipplers should stop drinking and go to work, they could easily earn $300,000,000 more than they are now earning, and that would pay for all these necessary supplies and some luxuries."

"And what would become of the grain? This big business uses up more than 25,000,000 bushels every year. Where could we find a market for that?"

"Give it to the drunkard's wife and children. They have gone hungry long enough."

"Do you take into account the many millions of property this business has invested in breweries, distilleries and apparatus? What would become of all that?"

"Turn the buildings into mills and factories for producing all the much needed supplies."

"Well, yes, but much of it would be wasted in the transfer. Now, what right have you to interfere with the course of trade and transfer men's fortunes to other owners?"

"We wish to have the rightful owners keep their own property. The workingmen earned honestly, and should not be cheated out of it by the rumsellers."

"No, not cheated. The workingmen want the drink."

"We are trying to change their desires so that they will not wish for it. The process must be gradual, and all the liquor dealers who wish to change their business can do so, just as other men get rid of a business that is unprofitable. And the sooner they do retire and stop taking other people's money, the better for themselves and everyone else."

A SHOT THAT HIT

An American paper tells us that Elph D. Brown, of Liberty, Indiana, was the inventor of what is known as "the patent inside" of newspapers. He had made a large fortune, but becoming tired of the exacting nature of the business, and having some ambition in the direction of more purely literary effort he sold out, went to Indiana and bought a large farm, which he intended developing into a model home. He built a magnificent house and arranged for an old time house warming. It was was announced that no minister should be invited. A deacon, a neighbor of Mr. Brown, besought him to invite his pastor, but pointing to a portrait of Ingersoll in the main hall he said, "That's my pastor," and declined to extend an invitation.

When Moody was holding evangelistic services in Chicago, it occurred to Mr. Brown to attend one and report the proceedings in a fashion worthy of a disciple of Ingersoll. He began by a would be witty description of Moody as a fat man with a short neck, etc. Meantime the evangelist began an impressive sermon on the Prodigal Son. Describing with great pathos the father's welcome, Moody suddenly pointed straight at Mr. Brown in the gallery and exclaimed with impassioned earnestness:

"Sinner, that Father is your God!"

Started as if addressed by name, Brown dropped pencil and tablet and turning to a man sitting beside him:

"Is that so?"

"Yes, it is all true," was the reply, and the convicted unbeliever was persuaded upon to enter the enquiry room, where he yielded his heart and life as a returning prodigal to the Father of spirits.

Mr. Brown felt impelled at first to evangelistic service, but the journalistic instinct was strong and he became persuaded that this was the field in which he could best serve the Master. As a result he is now editor of the well known Ram's Horn.

SETTLED BY A CHECK

At a saloon in Paris some years ago, [illegible] d'Aumerie was one of a group to whom he was imparting an account of his pedigree, which he claimed was derived from the Pharaohs of Egypt. Just then the late Baron de Rothschild approached the group and one of its members called out:

"Baron, [illegible] me make you acquainted with the Sieur d'Aumerie. He comes of Pharaonic stock, and you ought to know each other."

"Yes," said the Baron, bowing gravely, and addressing D'Aumerie, "I believe our families had some transactions in time past."

"Yes," rejoined d'Aumerie, "we have a record that your people when leaving the country borrowed a considerable amount of jewelry of my people, for which I would now like to be repaid with interest."

"I remember the transaction," said the Baron, "but the account was settled at the date. Your father received a check on the Bank of the Red Sea."

It is a curious fact that even in the poorest parts of New York spectacles are more common than shabby garments among school children. Some folks cry out against putting tots in spectacles, but before the practice was so common many school children underwent tortures unsuspected by their elders. A supposed dull and stubborn boy on being taken to an oculist was found to be in such condition that the oculist wondered how the child had managed to make the pretence of learning his lessons. His eyes had been from infancy unable to do the work that grown folks tried to exact from them.

At Home and Abroad

An old gentleman, crossing the road with his wife, saw a lady slip and fall. He went to her assistance, and helped her up. When he went back to his wife she shook her fist at him.

"It's all right, my dear, it's all right," he said.

"Oh yes! of course it's all right. When you see a strange woman tumble down you can go and help her, but the other day when I tumbled down stairs you could only laugh and ask me if I was practising for a circus."

SHARP DISCIPLINE.

In the Biography of Professor Isaac Sams, the author says that the professor loved to encourage his pupils and to imbue them with a proper self respect, but that he quickly perceived the fact whenever any of them became self conceited, and no one could better take down any superabundance of egotism than he. As illustrating his method of checking this propensity, the writer gives an interview between Mr. Sams and himself:

"After having enjoyed the advantages of the academy for several years, it was thought best by my friends to send me to college. I had an idea that going to college was rather a great thing, and felt somewhat self important at the prospect.

On Friday of the week before I expected to leave, I thought I ought to bid the professor good bye, and at the same time felt not a little proud of the announcement I was about to make to him. I thought that it would perhaps raise me in his estimation and that he would prophesy scholastic honors for me, flattering to my soul.

Doubtless I showed something of this in my manner as I approached him just before the close of school, and holding out my hand informed him that as that was probably the last day I would be under his charge, I wished to say farewell.

"Ah, last day? Where are you going?"

"To college," I rather pompously replied.

"To college? What are you going to do at college?"

This puzzled me a little but I answered hesitatingly, "To learn, I suppose."

He burst out, "Ha! ha! Going to learn! Glad to hear it, time to commence boy. Ha! ha! ha! he's going to learn. My dear child, you rejoice my heart. Here you have been for years, surrounded by all the appliances to a liberal education, but you have been light minded, mercurial, frivolous, but now I am happy to know"—here he whispered as if to himself—"he's going to learn."

I left him after a few very kind words, which allayed my mortification somewhat, an humbler if not a wiser boy. Youth's Companion.

HOW PRINCESS LOUISE DID THE IRONING

In the Woman at Home Mrs. Katherine Lee gives a gossiping sketch of Princess Louise as daughter and bride, sculptor and painter as well as royal personage. She tells an incident of the princess' sojourn in Canada for which she is unable to cite the authority, but which she thinks is worth repeating as an instance of that total absence of "Bohemianism" which is, in its bad sense, so noticeably absent among our royal ladies. It seems that one day the Princess was walking without any attendants near her, when she came to a cottage. The only person visible was an old woman busily ironing one of her husband's shirts. The Princess was thirsty after her walk, and stopping at the cottage door asked the old woman if she would kindly get her a glass of water. The busy old woman somewhat shortly refused to do so. The spring was a little distance, she said, and she was busy ironing her old man's shirt, for he was going with her to see the Queen's child on the morrow.

The princess, no [illegible] with a secret thrill of amusement, said that she would iron the shirt if the old lady would fetch her the water. The compromise was quickly agreed on. The old woman went to the spring and the Princess did the ironing. When the old woman returned the shirt was handed over to her. Needless to say it was ironed nicely. "In exchange for the glass of water the recent laundry woman informed the astonished old woman that she was the Queen's child. The startled old woman took the shirt, declaring that her old man should never wear it, but that she would keep it forever as a memento of the Queen's child.

A SNAKE STORY

A [porter] to one of the chemists [illegible], Glasgow found a snake the other day in a cargo of horns and hides from South America. He killed the reptile by placing it in spirits and put it into a bottle for the purpose of presenting it to the Kelvingrove Museum. Travelling by rail to Glasgow with his capture he found himself in a compartment with two Hamilton farmers who became very much interested in the snake and the history of its arrival in Scotland. "Ay, man," said one of them, "an' hoo did ye kill't?" "Oh," said the manager, "I drowned it in whiskey." "Ay, man," said the other farmer, in a tone that seemed to imply regret that he himself was not a South American snake shipped to Glasgow by mistake, "a glorious death."

PUT A PREMIUM ON SOBRIETY

We once heard a good missionary worker say, "We must look after the children even if we leave the old topers alone and allow them to die off." The suggestion startled us. We believe the drunkard should be the object of sought for and if possible saved. Many drunkards are saved, the Rev. Dr. Rainsford to the contrary notwithstanding, but in this matter prevention is better far than cure. We need to multiply our agencies for the salvation of the youth of our land. [illegible] to these [illegible] each agency there be added a determination on the part of large employers of labor to put a premium on sobriety, and to do away with the services of men addicted to drinking habits great gain to the temperance cause will result. Something can be done, and what can be done ought to be done, even though it is not the ultimate goal of our heart's desire. New York Observer.

SURROUNDINGS

The choice of surroundings, either for ourselves or for others, is one of the most important means of developing and improving character. It is no longer a mere matter of preference where we live, with whom we spend our time, what books we read, what recreations we pursue, what sights we gaze upon, or what sounds we hear. We should choose, as far as possible not only or always the most congenial, but the most improving, and such as will tend to develop the very points in which our special natures happen to be lacking. The habits of mind, of thought, and of action that are thus insensibly but steadily formed are the materials out of which character is built, and upon which the value and the permanent happiness of each individual depend.

"It is not theory but fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the weak strong. A fair trial will convince you of its merit.

WHEN THE WHISTLE BLOWS

You won't find no sound [illegible]
O. music sweet than me;
The hummin' of the butterfl[y],
An' of the humble bee
The laughter of young children,
The sound of [illegible],
Is music sweet [illegible]
The bluest [illegible]
But there ain't no kind of music
Quicker can my ear no one
Than the music of the whistle
When it blows at six o'clock

I love to hear the music of
The organ in the church
An' the robin singing sweetly
Oh [illegible] hazel perch
An' the babble of the brooklet
As it ripples along the trees;
The sweet angelic whispers
Of the evenin' scented breeze
But, by gosh, there ain't no music
Gives my ear a sweeter story
Than the music of the whistle
When it blows at six o'clock

Oh, I tell you, when a man is
Nigh [illegible] three score years and ten,
An' he's kept his [illegible]
All the [illegible] younger men
When his poor old back is breaking,
An' his [illegible] a [illegible]
An' he feels his heart a goin'
Downward, downward [illegible]
There's no sweeter kind of music
In all Mother Nature's stock
Than the music of the whistle
When it blows at six o'clock

PARAGRAPHS FOR THE YOUNG.

[illegible]

Of all the influences brought to bear upon your character and life one of the most vital and potent is the subtle influence of reading. Dr. Franklin traced his entire career to Cotton Mather's "Essays to Do Good," which fell into his hands when he was a boy.

The genius of Faraday was fired by the volumes which he perused while serving as an apprentice to an English bookseller.

"If the riches of both Indies," said Fenelon, "if the crowns of the kingdoms of Europe, were laid at my feet in exchange for my love of reading, I would spurn them all."

A book is a voiceless teacher, and a literary taste is the most efficient means of self education. It brings its possessor in touch with all that is noblest and best in the thought of the past. It is the key that unlocks the winnowed and garnered wisdom of the ages, yet books, like every other blessing, may be abused, and if we read those books which give us improper views of life, blunt our sensibilities of right and wrong, corrupt our moral natures or weaken our mental faculties, we sin against ourselves. Indiscriminate reading is a sin frequently indulged. Time thus spent is wasted; negligent habits are formed; the powers of the mind are weakened by the very exercise which should give strength, only a very superficial understanding is obtained of what is read, and no impressions are made or lasting influences exerted. This habit is the natural result of a profusion of books and periodicals leading the reader to rush through volume after volume of literature hastily, not stopping long enough to get the thoughts of the author and to weigh them and to lay them to heart.

Better chew [illegible] a very little thoroughly [illegible] other, [illegible] number of books, though they [illegible] of retaining the thoughts of the writer.

The library of the [illegible] is said to have fort[y] miles of book shelves, and yet it contains but a small fraction of the books now extant. The most [illegible] times cannot hope to [illegible] but he cannot grasp the best of an ordinary life time even an elementary knowledge of book lore. But the greatest amount of profitable reading may be accomplished by planning a course of reading and then adhering closely to that plan. Indiscriminate reading defeats this object as the reader peruses whatever happens to present itself to his notice, the result is a confused jumble of ideas, a very little wheat in a vast amount of chaff. The indiscriminate reader forgets that instead of mind storing and broadening his mind he but takes the most effectual course to stultify it. He has crammed his head with facts, but has not assimilated his heterogeneous acquisitions. It is not in the number of facts one has read that his intellectual power lies, but in the number he can bring to bear on a given subject.

Reading newspapers [illegible] the memory, as the average reader skims over his paper and never thinks again of three fourths of what he has read. He does not tax his memory with the matter perused and the exercise, instead of developing, enfeebles his memory. In the modern newspaper all the [illegible] crimes are [illegible] with such shamelessness and [illegible] that there is safety only in refraining from reading a large part of the average secular paper.

Perhaps the greatest [illegible] to the novel reader, whose chief danger is in becoming so infatuated with that class of reading that he can enjoy no other. The appetite for fictitious reading, like that for sweetmeats, if indulged in too long, enfeebles the appetite for nutritious food. The slave was [illegible] himself of this habit becomes [illegible] and voluptuary, suffering the pain of [illegible] having a vague memory and an increased craving for something new to read. [illegible] bound with fetters of steel the [illegible] are [illegible] the [illegible] of the spider's web. The testimony of elder people who in youth have been enslaved and in after years have striven in vain to liberate themselves from the bondage ought to be a warning to every young person.

Besides weakening the intellect, the class of literature [illegible] principles and degrades the moral [character]. It leads the reader to believe that he can be rich without toil and saving, that he can be amiable and benevolent and yet be intemperate, hypocritical and selfish, that he can have exquisite moral sensibilities and a refined spiritual nature and yet be debased by appetite and passion.

Beware of those cheap novels that are flooding the country. Much of the lawlessness and crime with which the secular papers are filled may be traced to dime novels. Would to God that all this pernicious literature was relegated to the bottomless pit whence it originated!

Every man is a hero and an oracle to somebody, and to that person whatever he says has enhanced value.

Reason! how many eyes hast thou to see evils, and how dim, nay blind, thou art in preventing them.

There is a courtesy of the heart, it is allied to love. From it springs the purest courtesy in the outward behavior.