The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XIX.---NO. 35. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 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.

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The

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By order
(Signed) CHAS. DAVIDSON
Secretary

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All honest losses honorably adjusted and promptly paid

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SEASON 1891

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and can also supply any special sizes on notice as to size and pattern.

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Capital Paid-up ... 687,400
Rest ... 75,000

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—A. E. H. JONES,
Manager

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IT ...

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Per cent.
Discount
Off
Lamps

Isn't that worth
Considering?

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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.

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Upper Wyndham St

P. SPRAGGE,
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Call that old coat and trade it in with you

It will pay you to call at the Clearing Sale of Winter

Shoes

Rubbers

and

Overshoes

At
The Leading Shoe
And Rubber Store
GUELPH

1894
Semi-Centennial Year

The New York Ledger

For fifty years the leading literary National Family Weekly Paper of America

Contributors for 1894.

The following given only a partial list of the distinguished writers who will contribute to the *Ledger* during 1894.

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Some of the features which will make the "Ledger" interesting to young and old are been eliminated

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

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Telephone communication

Poetry.

A PLACE IN THE WORLD.

BY MATHEW POLLARD

For a place in the world
Every mortal is striving,
With ceaseless endeavor,
With mighty unrest,
With caution and care
Ever slowly contriving
To win a position
By others possessed.

To the tropics and poles
Some will wander and wonder,
Pursuing a phantom
That ever eludes,
While others the star-lighted
Spaces will ponder,
Intent upon learning
Their tenor and moods.

For a place in the world
As a scholar or teacher,
The heart's leading impulse
We fain must obey,
For the chapter of fame,
As a poet or preacher,
We painfully wrestle
By night and by day.

A place in the world
May be ours if we make it,
In haunts of dishonor,
In regions sublime,
And success or defeat
Will depend—as I take it
On whether we fancy
To grovel or climb.

A place in the world,
Be it lofty or lowly,
Will never content us
If love dwell apart
So grieve not if fame
Has deserted you wholly
Since your place in the world dear
Is born in my heart

Select Family Reading.

The Judge's Story

"Long ago!" said the late eminent Judge M——, at a fashionable party where wine flowed in abundance. "Young man, put down that glass! There is death in it!"

Henry Graham dropped the cut glass goblet upon the table, started by the abrupt exclamation of the judge, and the wine flowed in a ruby stream over the velvet carpet.

"Sir! what mean you?" he asked, his face flushing and his eye brilliant with excitement.

"I mean," said the judge, impressively, "to discountenance always, in every place, at every time, and in every available manner the use of intoxicating drinks. My young friend you are about to place to your lips an infernal poison! You were doing it gayly, thoughtlessly, recklessly. Would you dare, if you stood within the gate of death's domain, in the face of God and the angels, would you dare to quaff the draught which but a moment ago filled yonder shattered glass? When you remembered the Divine edict that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of Heaven, would you run the risk of falling under the terrible ban?

The young man grew pale, he shrank a little before the penetrating gaze of his interlocutor, and his voice was slightly unsteady, as he said:

"I do not think I quite understand you, sir.

"Sit down, my friend," said the judge to the gay company had been smitten to stillness by the unusual earnestness with which he had spoken and many of them had risen to their feet, "and I will relate to you a little story which will, perhaps, have a double interest when I tell you that the incidents are strictly true. And to you, Henry Graham, as one in whom I feel a degree of interest, I wish particularly to address myself."

Young Graham took a seat near the judge and gave him his attention.

"Thirty-five years ago," said the judge, "there resided in the township of Milan a happy family. It consisted of a father, a mother and three children—two boys and a girl. The father, whom I will call John Deane, was a lawyer of high repute, a man of brilliant intellect and solid education. His wife was a beautiful woman richly gifted by nature, and she had received all the cultivation which wealth can give to its daughter. I said they were a happy family. I think I have never known a happier. Peace sat all day with folded wings by their hearthstone and contentment had there a constant abiding place.

"John Deane stood very high in the opinion of his townsmen, as well as with the people of the whole district, and by and by his name was mentioned in connection with the nomination for Congress from the Milan district. He made no effort to obtain this nomination, but it was given him, and at the final election he received the hearty support of his party, and was the successful candidate. It would have been strange if he had been otherwise than pleased with this testimonial of esteem, and his father's quiet house was thrown open for the reception of political friends. It was fashionable then, as it is in some circles at the present day, to set forth wine for the entertainment of company, and it would have required a great deal of moral courage on the part of Mr. Deane to make the first innovation, and refuse to treat the friends who had raised him to a position of so much honor. He was what is called a temperance man, that is he never drank himself, he had a horror of drunkenness, and could make an eloquent speech at the monthly meeting of the Cold Water Society. At first he had a struggle with conscience in regard to placing wine on his table, but could familiar friends ridicule his scruples, and at last he grew to think that dinner was very insipid which lacked the crowning charm of wine.

"Time passed on, and having discharged his duties at Washington to the satisfaction of his party, he was elected for the second term. His talents well fitted him for the highest rank in society, and at the busy, intriguing Capital no party was deemed complete without the presence of the witty and accomplished Representative from the Milan district. At these convivial parties he drank the highly flavored liquors set before him, because it would not do to seem odd, so he excused himself to conscience, but after awhile he did not make any pretense—he drank from pure love of doing so.

"Wine became almost necessary to his existence; luxurious living had vitiated his tastes and engrossed both mind and body, and to prevent reaction and consequent remorse, he endeavored to cure the disease with the very poison which had engendered it. Thus many others have done the same, until the intellect given of God has been quenched in mere animal, and the star of hope has forever set in the black shadows of the drunkard's grave!"

"John Deane, at the expiration of his second term in office, came home to his family a confirmed inebriate. Promises after promise he made to reform, but appetite always triumphed. Friends entreated him, temperance votaries did all in their power to save him, but all they produced at best, was a momentary feeling of self reproach in the breast of the miserable man.

"Once in his course he was stayed for a brief space by a terrible discovery—a discovery which made even his benotted soul shrink with horror. His wife—his beautiful and accomplished Anne—had yielded to the facinations of the wine cup, and following the example of her husband, she drank daily, and was fast becoming that thing of which all men speak with loathing—a female drunkard.

"For a time, John Deane retreated in affright from the yawning abyss which intemperance had opened at his feet; he shunned the bar-room of the hotel where he was wont to meet his wine loving friends; he abstained from the daily glasses at home and for a little while it seemed as if his feet were turning from the slippery places and taking hold of the path of Truth—but alas! it was only a little while. His wife might have influenced him to cling to the hope which might have saved him, had she only been stronger than the temptations which beset her, but she only lent her example to the temptations of the wine demon.

"They drank together, and together they were intoxicated. Their youngest child—a sweet little angel but three summers old—was quieted when ill or fretful with wine, and one day when the child had suffered from illness until she could no longer refrain her cries, the mother—herself under the influence of the fatal stimulant—gave little May a draught of brandy. She was thrown into convulsions, from which nothing could save her, and before morning she was taken to a world where all children have the constant care of a wise Father.

"The two boys, Arthur and William, for awhile stood aloof from this bane of their parents' life, but at last the younger, William, fell into the habit of tasting the contents of the glass, 'out of curiosity,' he said, when remonstrated with by his brother. But once started on the fatal road, and there was no halting place. He went downward rapidly. After a ten months' career at the gaming table, he was shot by a comrade in a drunken brawl. To the deadened faculties of the father and mother this terrible occurrence was not an affliction they grieved over it as anything for which they should grieve, and when they stood together over the silent coffin of that dead boy, the cup was there to comfort them. They went to that beverage which had been, not impotently, termed 'the drink of hell,' for the comfort which only comes down from God!

"Their handsome property was long since squandered—their beautiful house and furniture passed under the hammer of the auctioneer, and a lowly hovel received the drunken couple and their wretched son.

"Oh the scene of horror which the eyes of that son were forced to witness! A father his noble manhood prostituted to a vile appetite, his intellect ruined, his soul wandering in infidelity, shunned by respectable people, and condemned to the society of those as low as himself. A mother—her gentle love turned to stolid indifference—her whole life was but a series of petty bickering with the man she had sworn to love and honor. Her child was no longer regarded with that holiest of all human sentiments, a mother's love, and when he would have sought the grateful sympathy in his pursuits which all true mothers are so happy in giving, he was met by drunken jeers, and sent to the ale house for rum. 'Worse than orphaned' The child of shame and contempt! Pointed at by boys of his own age, shunned by pure faced little girls, who whispered among themselves that he was a drunkard's child! Judge what there was in life for him!

"Conservative minds may cry out against the use of strong language in speaking of this demon, Intemperance, which yearly lays in the grave its thousands. But think you the child of those miserable parents would call any expression too strong? Language is weak and inadequate to convey to you any idea of the loathing and hatred which Arthur Deane felt in his heart for intoxicating drink. Would that every man, woman and child throughout the length and breadth of the land felt the same.

"But to return. The years passed on, and during which poverty in all its grim gaunt ness was established in the house of John Deane. Starvation often threatened the door and want was an every day guest. Domestic strife began at sunrise and ceased not at the going down of day. Oh! that time is full of bitter memories for Arthur Deane! But I am making a long story, and must hurry on to the close.

"One day in a fit of drunken fury John Deane struck his wife a blow upon the head with a fragment of a chair which had previously fallen a sacrifice to his rage. She fell to the floor and the man who refed in anguish at the sight. She lay at his feet still and white—beautiful in spite of the ravages her sin had made—the blood gushing in a dark stream from her temple and clotting the long dark hair which fell in a neglected mass over her shoulders.

"She was dead! murdered by her own husband!

"Strong hands raised the frenzied man from the cold pallor of death setting on her features. John Deane paid the penalty of the crime he had committed in a moment! by beating his dead wife! There was a brief struggle of the forces of life and death—a faint call for 'mercy' and he had come to his account!

"And Arthur Deane over the bodies of his parents, took a solemn oath—never as long as the spark of life burned in his breast to swallow one drop of intoxicating liquor! And he has never broken the vow! And now, Henry Graham, I have loved you as my own son—you are soon to stand in that near and dear relation toward me—and I wish to warn you against an enemy which walks the land alike at midnight and at noon day—an enemy which is found domesticated in the homes of the rich and the poor! Will you be admonished? Will you heed my counsel? Will you shun more as a thousand times more than you would death—the wine cup? Hell itself lurks in its depths, and eternal torment burns in its crystal brightness! Henry Graham will you be warn?"

There was a pause during which no one spoke, and the face of young Graham alternately paled and flushed. Helen M——, the judge's fair daughter, watched him in breathless suspense, for in two weeks she was to become Henry Graham's wife.

"If anything more is needed" said the judge, "know all of you that John Deane was my father, and the wife he murdered was the mother who bore me."

Graham stepped forward, and took the hand of the judge in both of his.

"It is enough!" he said solemnly, the light of a new purpose shining in his eyes; "henceforth I will shun everything that can intoxicate, and may God deal with me as I keep the vow!"

It was even so.

Wine never entered the home of Henry Graham, and water, pure, beautiful water, fresh from the sweet fountain of the earth was his daily drink.

The sweet face of Helen Graham never had cause to blush for the conduct of her husband, and when in after years the people made him Governor of his native State, and his house was the stronghold of hospitality, wine was never seen upon his table, but he offered to his guests instead the drink that God himself provided free on every hillside—clear, cold water.

CHILDREN AS REFORMERS.

BY W. A. MARTIN.

I do not think the churches and Sunday schools are now doing as much as they might do, or even as much as they used to do, in the direction of temperance work among children.

Such work—any kind of work having a reformatory character, among any class of persons—is exactly in line with the great mission of the church to rescue men from evil and set their feet in the way of righteousness.

It is generally admitted by those who have practical experience in temperance work that, in a large and general way, there is hope only for the young. Middle aged and elderly drunkards are saved here and there, but the great majority of them go from bad to worse, and even if reformed for a time, they too often fall back again. This is, in short, a verification of the truism that "prevention is better than cure", indeed, in the matter of intoxicants, as a rule, there is no cure.

And this being so, can one speak too strongly in favor of earnest preventive work among the young? Range the children on the side of total abstinence. It will in all likelihood save them, and if it does that, it will to a large degree save their posterity.

There isn't in the whole range of cause and effect anything more clearly proved than that children may be born drunkards. A hard saying; who can hear it? The love of liquor is entailed from parent to child to an extent that few "moderate" drinkers apprehend, and for this reason no great reform in the matter can be made successful that does not begin with the children. Defective buds will develop defective flowers and fruit.

The importance of enrolling children in reformatory work has just received a splendid illustration in this city. Dr Jane E. Robbins has conceived the idea of cleansing and keeping the city clean through efforts aided by the children of the poorest citizens. Dr Robbins' plan looks to the organization of an auxiliary army of health inspectors so to speak, of no less than 200,000 children. The mayor and the health commissioner have called upon the adult citizens to see to it individually that the city is kept clean during the summer, when the cholera is expected to knock at our doors. Dr Robbins proposes to enlist the children of the tenements, the children of the schools, in the effort.

The experience of Dr Robbins has taught her that the most effective way in which to gain the parents in any reformatory work is through the children. With the parents directly she finds that little or nothing can be done, with the children almost anything can be effected. To put it plainly, "it is possible to form character, while to reform it is almost hopeless."

There is no enemy to health and cleanliness as powerful as liquor. Let, then, the churches and Sunday schools work earnestly to induce children to become total abstainers. A total abstinence child is a powerful protest in the family against the beer jug and the whiskey bottle. One could not but have hope for a family in which a child, or better still, in which the children, were abstainers, talking intemperance and singing temperance melodies.

Let there be total abstinence societies, Bands of Hope etc. instituted in connection with every church and Sunday school. Arouse enthusiasm by offering prizes of banners, books etc. for the best essays and recitations by the children. Earnest work of this kind if kept up, would in a few years change for the better the habits of the people. For the influence of the Sunday schools is much more far reaching than is generally realized.

And I suggest agitation for one day in the year to be set apart for parades of our total abstainers in every State in the Union. Such a gigantic national parade would be the origin of more blessing for our country than any other parade I can imagine.

"MARCH"

March, with its lions, but I would bring no lamb. The year as the herald of spring. He is a blustering month, who though he may come times commence his career in disguise to cure to reveal his true character before we have done with him. Hence the proverb that if March comes in like a lamb it will go out like a lion. A writer represents January and February in the character of a venerable couple who snow white hair and speaks of March as "some chap of a most following up the end jingle with a tremendous clatter of brooms and great clouds of dust." The following lines are from the pen of Wm. Cullen Bryant:

The storm March is come at last
With wind and cloud and changing skies
I hear the rustling of the blast
That through the valley flies

Ah passing few are they who speak
Wild stormy month in praise of thee
Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak
Thou art a welcome month to me

Thou bringest the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers
When the wide bloom on earth that lies
Seems of a brighter world than ours

CHECKED.

The man who tries to take advantage of the ignorance of another occasionally gets a Roland for his Oliver. A Boston man, once in England, seeing a laborer digging thistles out of chalk, pompously asked him if the thought they grew.

"Sure," was the reply. "I know they do."

"Then put some thistles on a table, and see how much it grows in a year."

"And you, sir," said the laborer, "put a potato on the table, and see how much it grows in a year."—*Harper's Magazine.*

TEMPERANCE TALK.

The New York *Christian at Work*, one of the ablest of all the American religious papers writes: "In the sphere of temperance reform the result of the vote in Ontario, Canada, is the most notable and encouraging event of years. So here and there the light is breaking all around the horizon, and the truth and righteousness are prevailing in spite of all the devices of selfish and evil men."

In Michigan a very wholesome provision has been made to the license law which ought to be enacted in Canada also. It empowers magistrates to compel persons found drunk to state under oath where they obtained their liquor.

A leading American journal has just been saying: "Milwaukee with all her breweries is suffering an epidemic of poverty that is startling. 'Personal liberty' has full sway up there on the lake, but man cannot live by bier alone."

A good deal is being said about the total failure of prohibition in Iowa, and yet, as one result, 45 of its 99 jails are empty. There was no such proportion before, nor would there be again, if the prohibition law should be repealed.

The late noble Dean Stanley, of Westminster Abbey, was one of those men of whom the Church in England will long be proud. He had not so much doubt about the temperance question as some of the lesser lights seem to have. He once said in Westminster Abbey: in regard to the prodigious evil of drunkenness, that for many there is only one remedy, namely, total abstinence. The one thing needful, in the present distress, is to remove the alcoholic temptations by all the means which lie in our power. That is just what those favoring prohibition in Canada are now trying to do.

An old Chinese proverb says: "Do not stop in a cucumber field to tie the shoe." The meaning is very plain. Some one will be likely to fancy that you are stealing fruit. Always remember the injunction: "Abstain from all appearance of evil." Do not stop under the saloon porch to rest yourself, however shady the trees may be, or however inviting the shade. Some one may fancy you are a common lounger there and so your good name be tarnished. Don't go to a liquor saloon to get a glass of lemonade, however refreshing it may seem to you. Rather buy your your lemons and prepare the cooling beverage at home where others may share it with you, probably at no greater expense than your single glass would cost you. Somebody seeing you drinking at the bar will be sure to tell the story, and will not be particular to state that you were drinking lemonade. They too, if you are careless about the appearances of evil, you will soon grow careless about the evil itself.

REWARD THE DESERVING EMPLOYE

A clerk complained that he found his willingness to work always rewarded with a double dose. Now there is more truth in this than the average groser is willing to admit. Usually a clerk's rewards and favors come in an adverse ratio to his independence when this is not obnoxious.

There is not enough of the large minded generosity among our merchants to reward faithfulness, to promote an ambition to rise out of present conditions, in their clerks and helpers, especially when this would rob them of a valuable and willing drudger in a menial and undesirable position. The merchant cannot be counted upon to sacrifice any more for the general good of humanity, and for the individual good of his helpers than the average run of men, of course, but a little plea for the clerks once in a while may serve to arouse his better nature, and cause him to deal more justly and generously with them, which after all would only give an impetus to his business.

Do not keep a man down just because he has made himself indispensible in his lowly position. He would soon become just as indispensible in a higher. Do not allow your independent clerk a vacation of an outing day just because you are afraid he will be angry with you and get even with you if you do not. Give it to the one who has earned it. Do not take a mile because your faithful servant gives you an inch. Such an employer has the qualities of a sneak. He belongs to that class of sociologists who do not believe that "all men are created evil," but who perpetuate the worst forms of the caste system. Such a man would make a good slave driver.

It is to the business man of the town or our young men look for their business education. They are to be our business men of the future. They have a right to ask of their employers that they be promoted to more useful and responsible positions as fast as they deserve. Others as good will fill their old positions. Which of them do learn the whole business and become competitors? Give the clerks a chance. *Ottawa Mail.*

WIT AND HUMOR

How are sandwiches quoted now? said one railway passenger to another who was coming from a lunch counter with a couple in his hand.

Fame to bread, and meat for the reply.

Lady: Has that exhibition been a span's of plenty of couples?

Agent: Dozens ma'am. All the guest chambers will be furnished. It was built for a summer hotel.

Mr. Jackson: See that man? Fancying. Let's play a game with it. Bet which he will pick up first.

"All right, Mr. Brown, there, boy! What are you running for?"

"So I can get longer when I have a minute," said the boy.

A financier: Say mister, said he, confidentially as he overtook the predestrian, "have ye noticed that India has gone back on free coinage of silver?"

"Yes."

"This country's goin' ter repeal the Sherman law jest as quick as it can be done."

"Certainly."

"Silver is giltin' it in the neck all around ain't it?"

"It appears so."

"Gittin' to be a regular no count metal?"

"Perhaps."

"Well, say, mister, don't ye want a chance ter git rid of what ye have on hand before ye have ter pay an ashman ter come round and an haul it away fur ye?"

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

Man was made to be active, and he never is so happy as when he is employed; it is the idle man that is the most miserable.

BUSINESS WILL BE BETTER.

Some of these days all the skies will be brighter
Some of these days all the burdens be lighter,
Hearts will be happier—smiles will be whiter—
SOME OF THESE DAYS.
Some of these days, let the hearts upspringing,
Fountains shal flash while the joy bells are ringing,
And the world with its sweetness of birds shall be singing;
SOME OF THESE DAYS.
Some of these days! Let us bear with our sorrow,
Faith in the future—its light we may borrow,
There will be joy in the golden to-morrow
SOME OF THESE DAYS!

—Atlanta *Constitution.*

IF I WERE A GROCER.

If I were a grocer, says a writer in *American Grocer*, I would have the approach to my place of business so attractive that passers by would be forced to stop and look at a glittering front and an attractive display of goods. I would have the store floor, counters, scales and fixtures as bright and clean as elbow grease could make them. I would buy the best goods in the market and pay particular attention to offering wage earners the very best possible value for their money. I would have neat, competent and gentlemanly clerks, noted for their courtesy, fidelity, honesty and efficiency. I would try never to be out of goods in every day demand. I would have a systematic and high grade service. I would grant credit to every deserving applicant, and, in order to guard against loss, I would have a first class credit department, where the record and standing of every customer was scrutinized and watched. I would render all bills and accounts regularly and pay strict attention to collections. I would buy for net cash, even though I had to buy frequently and in small lots. I would catch every possible discount. I would be up bright early and late, and set an example to all helpers of devotion to business. I would not skulk out to see a ball game in the middle of an afternoon, nor be found playing pool or billiards in the room around the corner. I would give no attention to politics out of business hours and try to make my every day life conform to my religious profession. I would not have an open door for liquors, forbid smoking in the store and provide no conveniences for tobacco chewers, lounger or sitters. I would try to win all helpers enthusiastic with their taking a personal interest in the success of the business, in some way making them share in the results, after they had by faithful service won the right to such recognition. I would ever hope in mind that I was after the almighty dollar, and by economy, thrift and persevering strengthen my credit. I would not loan an outside investment, no have any person are interest in any venture which demands my time. I would take a little journey if the best offer. I would keep posted about the goods I handled. I would advertise, but keeping in mind that a pleased customer is a steady advertiser.

GOOD ADVICE

Pay no attention to slanders and gossip mongers. Keep straight along and let their backbiting die the death of neglect. What is the use of lying awake nights brooding over the remark of some false friend, that runs through your brain like lightning? What is the use fretting over gossip that has been set afloat to your disadvantage by some meddlesome busybody who has more time than character. These things cannot possibly injure you, unless indeed you take notice of them, and in combating them give color to their truth. If what is said about you is true, set yourself right, if it is false, let it go for what it will fetch. If a bee sting you, would you go to the hive to destroy it? Would not a thousand come upon you? It is wisdom to say little regarding the injuries you have received. We are generally losers in the end if we stop to refute all backbiting and gossiping we may hear by the way. It is certainly annoying, but not dangerous so long as we do not stop to expostulate. Our characters are formed and are sustained by ourselves by our own actions and purposes, and not by others. Let us always bear in mind that calumniators may usually be trusted to time and the slow but steady justice of public opinion.

USE OF CATS WHISKERS

[illegible] that the whiskers [illegible] to be important. [illegible] of them are fitted [illegible] organs of hearing. They are attached to a field of [illegible] glands under the skin and [illegible] of these long and stiff hairs [illegible] with the nerves of the lip. The delicacy and contact of the cat's whiskers set any sounding object in motion that fell near the cat's face. In the animal although [illegible] accomplished most valuable purposes. They stand out on each side in the form as well as in the [illegible] so that from to point there is equal to the width of the animal's body. If we imagine that [illegible] a rover of a [illegible] opening [illegible] we shall at once see the [illegible] of the whiskers. They [illegible] the [illegible] of feeling [illegible] the passage [illegible] to prevent the much delicate skin and eyes. They would [illegible] if they were to at tempt pass through [illegible] hole, and the [illegible] to warn the animal [illegible] of danger. [illegible] never [illegible] they [illegible] Hurt to move [illegible] the victim with a stiffness [illegible] and the slow but steady justice of public opinion.

MIRACLES MADE EASY

In a certain church in Ireland a young priest was detailed to preach. The occasion was his first appearance and he took for his text: "The feeding of the multitude." He said: "And there fed 10 people with 10,000 loaves of bread and 10,000 fishes." An old member of the congregation said, "That's no miracle Begorra, I could do that myself, which the priest overheard. The next Sunday the priest announced the same text but he had it quarter right this time. He said, "And they fed 10,000 people on 10 loaves of bread and 10 fishes. He waited upon the close of the previous occasion, and said, "And could you do that, Mr. Murphy?" Murphy replied, "And sure, your reverence, I could." "And how could you do it?" said the priest. "And sure, your reverence, I could do it with what was left over from last Sunday."—*Tit Bits.*