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5 inches	20.00	12 00	7.00	2 50
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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

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

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 HOURS—Tuesday and Saturday
OFFICE Kauhawin's Block, Acton, up stairs

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

SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & STONE,
Barristers, Solicitors &c.
TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN.
Offices: Crookham's Block, Georgetown, and Traders Bank Chambers, 63 Yonge st., Toronto
SHILTON, QC. W. M. WALLBRIDGE, H. S. 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. E. CHARLES,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Office Charles & Co's Grocery,
Mill Street

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Office, adjoining J. A. Mowat's Macdonnell street, Guelph

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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

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GUELPH, ONT.
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BOOKBINDER
Wyndham St. Guelph
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Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done

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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 for warded to my address Box 729 or telephone 66, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR Agent
Guelph.

Hamilton's Marble Works
HAMILTON a Block (formerly Hatch's Block) the gore, corner of Woodstock and Norfolk streets, Guelph, Ont
JOHN H. HAMILTON,
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The only direct importer in Guelph of Scotch Scotch American and other superior Granites Limestone and Marble. A large stock to select from and none but superior workmen employed

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

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

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Men to work for us who desire to make money this fall and winter during slack times. Excellent chance. Liberal pay. If you have spare time, out of work, or looking for a paying business, write me at once.
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Baby Carriages,
Boxing gloves,
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Books, see DAY'S
Big stock at his
Book store.
DAY SELLS CHEAP.

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CAPITAL $12,000,000
REST 6,000,000
A SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
Has been opened in connection with this Branch.
Interest Allowed at Current Rates.
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Manager GUELPH BRANCH.

THE WATERLOO MUTUAL
Fire Insurance Company.
ESTABLISHED IN 1863
HEAD OFFICE WATERLOO, ONT
Cash assets over $660,000 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
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A. C. BIGGS, Agent,
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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. It is not only, I feel sure, at most College, the range of its patronage extending from Great Britain on the East to British Columbia and California on the West, but it has also developed into a great
College of Language.
Being at present engaged in giving practical instruction in six languages. No other Business College in Canada can do so much for its patrons nor offer such favorable terms. The ambitious, wide awake, business student will attend no other.
For a copy of the illustrated Circular containing full prospectus, address,
PRINCIPAL McCORMICK,
Guelph, Ont

SEASON---1894.
WE return sincere thanks to our many patrons for their liberal support in the past and wish to inform you that we have entered into an arrangement with R. Stewart, Guelph, to keep constantly on hand a full stock of the ordinary sizes of
Sash, Doors, Etc.
and will also supply any special sizes on short notice at lowest 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
We are still able than heretofore to supply other wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere
THOS. EBBAGE Manager
Acton

101 Packages
OF
Books, Stationery and Inks
Were delivered by the C. P. Railway to the 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 Traders' Bank
OF CANADA
Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid up 487,000
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
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The collection of sales notes a specialty
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C. P. H. JONES,
Manager

WE
MEAN
IT
Twenty
Per cent.
Discount
Off
Lamps
Isn't that worth
Considering?
BOND'S
Hardware, GUELPH

Years Ago
We could get good prices for our furniture but those times are past and gone as you see when we tell you we have a handsome solid oak Bedroom Suite for $20.00. Best value in the World.
Call and see it.
The People's Popular Furniture Store
Upper Wyndham St
P. SPRAGGE,
Guelph.
Cut this ad. out and bring with you

FREE!
A Handsome
THREE QUARTER LIFE SIZE
STEEL POINT
Crayon Portrait, FREE!
As a compliment to our many patrons and the public generally, for a short time we are going to give to every cash purchaser of Ten Dollars' worth of goods a
Three-Quarter Life-Size Portrait
There is not a family but possesses some picture of Father, Mother, Brother or Sister which they would like to have reproduced in a life like and durable manner. Call at once and see specimens at our store.
What more suitable for a present? And as our liberal offer will insure immediate orders in large numbers, your early visit is desired.
To secure one of these portraits you first trade Ten Dollars worth with us, and then give us any picture of yourself or friends that you wish to have enlarged. The frame (sample of which you will see in our store) together with the glass and mounting, will only cost $3 50

BOOTS and SHOES
W. WILLIAMS
Dealer in
Boots & Shoes, Slippers
Rubbers Trunks & Valises
Repairing promptly executed
ACTON

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

ACTON
LIVERY
AND
BUS LINE.
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets trains between 9 a.m. and 8.15 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS

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

Poetry.

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

BY CLARA MAY, COLLYER.

"Be thine a brighter, sweeter life,"
He said' and clasped her hand,
"If thou wilt be my little wife
I'll give thee gold and land."

The maiden bowed her shining hair,
And thus to him replied
"For gold or lands I do not care,
The world is bright and wide;

"And nature's beauties when I roam,
I freely can admire,
A true, true heart, and humble home,
Are all that I desire."

"True hearts," quoth he, "I am afraid,
With poverty grow cold.
I'll give thee love, my gentle maid
And with it give thee gold."

"Not so," she said, "far more I prize
Than gold or gilded hall
A shepherd lad, with honest eyes,
Whose love is me is all."

"And we shall soon be side by side,
My own true lad and I,
And I shall be his happy bride,
Our love will never die."

"A simple cottage will be ours,
And dearer far than wealth
With be our garden flowers,
Our happiness and health."

He pleaded long, but all in vain,
Then sadly went his way
She wedded with her shepherd swain,
And who so glad as they?

Select Family Reading.

The Fifth Girl.

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BARDES

"Another girl! The lord forgive me for saying it, but what on earth can be the use of another girl! The fifth wheel of the coach! Yes, just the same thing. Now, Mary, like her mother, may prove a famous dairy maid, and give her mother a rest; and Susie, a needle-woman of much account in a family like this. Then, Nellie like my dear old mother, may turn out to be a wonderful hand at brewing and baking, a famous cook, and Annie! well, she is to be the intelligent one of the family. She can teach the children their books, and likely enough write books herself, after a bit. But this one the fifth girl what can she do? Nothing! There is nothing for her to do.

And thus Farmer Carson greeted the coming of the little new baby, only a few hours old, that was sleeping sweetly beside the pale mother, who, with a gently reproving look, said:

"Tease, John don't talk so. We can't tell how soon babies understand words, and looks, too. Try not to feel so. God sent this little for his own good purpose. She can love us dearly, and perhaps prove the comfort of our old age.

"Well, I'm glad you can feel so. Now, if it had only been a boy! Well, I suppose a man can get used to anything, hanging or even the coming of a girl every time when he is waiting with open arms for a boy. Ah, dear! Well, what are you going to call her? There is no name for her, either, that I know of. There's your name given to one, and your mother's name, and my mother's name and your sister's. Now if it had only been different a boy you know there would have been no trouble.

"There will be no trouble about her name, John. I shall call her Theodora, gift of God. My gift from the Father who doeth all things well."

With a deep drawn sigh of attempted resignation Farmer Carson passed out of the room.

Years rolled on, each of the four girls filling the position allotted to them each proving a blessing, as their father hoped they would be.

Theodora was now eight years old, a gentle, sensitive girl, showing no particular talent for anything, neither so bright nor strong as the others, yet the most loving and thoughtful of all, the one ready to help all, to think for all, before herself, the one who watched with loving eyes the countenance of father and mother, who caught the weary look and hastened to offer relief, or comfort, as best she could.

Although the loving mother had sought to keep from little Theodora the knowledge of being an unwelcomed child, somehow she gained it, and often the gentle spirit was saddened by some thoughtless remark of her father about his having 'girls to spare.'

"Mother to-day our teacher told us to pray for the wish dearest to our hearts, and if it was good for us God would surely give it. So I have prayed to our Father to send my father home a son. I shall pray and pray every day and night, mother, until my brother comes, and then, oh! then I shall be willing to die to prove how thankful I am," said the child, on her return one day from Sabbath School.

"Theodora, you speak of this as a certain thing."

"Oh, yes mother, don't you know where we read this? 'Ask and it shall be given.'"

Again, as five times before, in years gone by, Farmer Carson walked the floor in great anxiety, waiting the coming of a great joy or bitter disappointment. At length a feeble cry reached his ear. He started towards the door to end the suspense.

"Oh! bad news comes fast enough," he said retracing his steps.

The moments seemed hours of endless duration ere he heard the coming steps. They. "Only one of the children's," he said.

No, it was not the firm, responsible tread of the nurse, whose every step seemed to proclaim her position. One of the children it was. The door opened and Theodora came in, her little face radiant with joy, as she said:

"He has come, father! God has sent you a son!"

John Carson's heart was too full for words. He caught his little fifth daughter up to his heart, and for the first time in her remembrance gave her a loving embrace, and with her head in his entered his wife's room.

"What shall we call him?"

"Father, next to Yourself, even more than myself. I think Theodora rejoices in the coming of our son. Let her choose his name," answered the happy mother.

And then she told of the talk with the child, nearly a year gone by, and of her continued prayers for a son to be sent her father. So it was decided Theodora should give the name.

"Call him John, father. It is your name and it was your father's, and our Saviour's best beloved's, so it is a good name for a boy, father," said the little saint-like girl.

And so they called him John; and he grew in strength and beauty, this household idol, and filled his father's heart with so much joy that earth seemed a place of greater beauty than ever before.

The girls were all the same to him now, one as dear as the other, and none to spare.

Indeed, if it had pleased heaven to have given him as many more, they would have been welcome, so long as his boy was with him. But no more children came.

When little John grew old enough to show a preference for either of his sisters, it was plainly in favor of Theodora. She could always soothe his infant sorrows.

In the hours of midnight, when even the mother slept, this devoted sister would steal from her bed and sit for hours beside his cradle watching his slumbers.

She never wearied of caring for him. To comfort little John seemed the greatest pleasure of her life.

So the years passed on, until John was eight, as noble and handsome a boy as ever blessed a parent's heart. His father wanted to show his treasure to his friends in a distant city. And so for the first time he left his home to be absent no longer than two weeks, he promised.

Almost daily came letters telling of their pleasure and well doing. Only one week had passed when a letter came which filled their heart with great anxiety.

They were coming home. John had been ailing the two days past, and his father was very uneasy, fearing a terrible disease prevailing in the city.

"Perhaps it might be as well to have our doctor to meet us in case of need. At any rate, it would do no harm," the father wrote.

Oh! what a fearful change those few days had wrought! Such a pale, little, suffering face now in place of the rosy, laughing one.

Gravely the doctor shook his head as he felt the feverish brow. A few hours more, and the fearful disease was plainly recognized.

"Scarlet fever of the most malignant form," the doctor said, adding, "And now friend Carson, we must clear the house. Send the girls away. They can do no possible good by remaining, only adding to the care and anxiety."

There was no trouble in getting the four oldest girls away, but with Theodora it was very different.

Wildly and piteously she pleaded to remain, and it was only by the most determined efforts she was sent away.

Nothing was spared that could promise the faintest hope of relief.

Physicians of celebrated skill were brought from the city, but all of no avail. Little John had already passed beyond the aid of human skill.

"Dora! Dora!" was his continual moan as he watched with eager eyes the door.

At the sound of coming steps the light of hope would brighten the little face. Then, when the opening door brought not the watched for one, with a feeble moan he would murmur:

"Dora not come."

The precious boy was sleeping his last on earth, it was said, the sleep from which his spirit would pass away.

In a distant room, his head bowed in agony, sat John Carson. He could not bear to behold the suffering of his dearest child.

Seated beside his little bed, her head bowed close beside her boy's, the mother sat, her ear strained to catch the slightest sound or change of breathing. Yet she heard not the opening door nor fairy like step which crossed the room. At length a feeble moan from the sleeper aroused her, and then the lips that for many hours had uttered no sound save that of pain, whispered:

"Water, Dora."

And before the mother could spring for word to answer the call, another form was bending over and holding the water to his lips.

"Dora my darling, oh! why are you here? You must go." Quick! quick! my precious one, ere it is too late." the agonized mother cried.

"Mother! I cannot leave him. Do not bid me. I seen mother! Your boy will live! Indeed it is so, I know it. The crisis is past. For an hour I have been here with my face pressed close to his, praying God to strengthen his feeble breath, and He has, mother. Can you not hear? Ah, yes! Place your hand over his dear little heart. See! it beats feebly but regularly, mother, and growing stronger, too."

"Water, Dora," again the cry, now perceptibly stronger.

"Oh, don't you hear, don't you see? Mother you must believe, I do. And I have prayed to God to take my father's fifth daughter and spare his only son. Mother, God has always answered my prayer when it was good for me, and surely now 'tis well that this should be."

Again the feeble lips opened. A faint smile stole about them as slowly and very low they whispered:

"Dora so glad Dora's come!"

"Hush, my darling, Dora will stay by you."

"Oh, had there been leagues, as many as miles between us, I would have reached you to-night. Mother, now while he is sleeping again, I will fly with this blessed news to father."

A gentle touch fell on the bowed head. John Carson raised his eyes with a cry of surprise and pain as he recognized by the dim light Theodora. He asked:

"Why are you here?"

"To bring the blessed news, father. Your boy will live! Come and see."

In his great joy the father forgot everything else, forgot to shield his other child from danger, until as the hall she entered. The light fell full on her face, so fearfully pale, as she said:

"Wait one moment, father. Something might prevent my speaking to you again. So tell me, father, oh, tell me, has your fifth daughter ever given you pain? And has she not been of some use? If not her self a blessing, she has brought you twice the blessed tidings of God's love. Father, have I been of use?"

There was something, not of earth, about the frail girl that caused the father to tremble as he clasped her closely to his heart.

"My child, my good little daughter, you have never given me one moment's pain, unless 'tis now, at the terrible risk you are running. Go back, you must not breathe the fatal air, my precious child! my blessed little daughter."

"Father in heaven! I thank Thee!" she said, bowing her head in a fervent prayer.

Then, still clasping her father's hand, she walked on, saying:

"Father I must go back to our boy. I promised him. And, father, you must trust your daughter to our Father's care. He knows what is best for her."

Morning proved the truth of Theodora's announcement. The terrible crisis was past, and there was scarce a doubt of little John's recovery.

Slowly, but steadily, he gained in health and strength.

The golden days of sunset had just faded. The gray hue of twilight stole softly over the earth, and into the chamber of a dying girl.

"Dying!" she whispered, her ear having caught the sound forced of grief, from some aching heart. "Oh, no, not dying! Only passing away to a brighter shore.

And then the sweet lips closed, the white lips drooped, and they thought she had gone from them. But a faint sigh came again, and again the lips parted to whisper, faintly, slowly:

"Keep the only son. Take me!"

And so, with a smile, a slight shivering of the delicate form, and the faintest sigh, she winged her flight and passed from them, back to the Father who gave her.

A STORY WITH TWO SIDES.

A woman stood at the bar of justice, and by her side two stalwart policemen. Her name was called and she answered. Then the judge asked the clerk to read the charge against her.

"Disorderly conduct on the street and disturbing the peace," read the clerk.

"Who are the witnesses against the woman?" asked the judge, and the two policemen stepped forward to be sworn.

"Now tell the story," said the judge, and one of them began:

"I arrested the woman in front of a saloon on Broadway on Saturday night. She had raised a great disturbance, was fighting and brawling with men in the saloon, and the saloon keeper put her out. She used the foulest language, and with an awful threat struck at the keeper with all her force. I then arrested her and took her to the detention house and locked her up."

"The next witness will take the stand," said the jhdge, and the other policeman stepped up.

"I saw the arrest, and I know it to be just as stated. I saw the woman fighting as the saloon keeper put her out on the street. I heard the vile language she used in the presence of the crowd that gathered in the street."

"Call the saloon keeper. What do you know of the case?"

"I know dis vomans vas making disturbance by my saloon. She comes and she makes troubles and she fights mit me, and I put her the door out. I know her all along. She vas bad vomans."

Turning to the trembling woman the judge said:

"This is a pretty clear case, madam; have you anything to say in your defence?"

"Yes, judge," she answered, in a strangely calm though trembling voice.

"I am not guilty of the charge, and those men standing before you have perjured their souls to prevent me from telling the truth. I was they, not I, who violated the law. It was in the saloon last Saturday night, but I'll tell you how it happened.

"My husband did not come home from work that evening, and I feared he had gone to the saloon. I knew he must have drawn his week's wages, and we needed it all so badly. I put the little ones to bed and then waited all along through the weary hours until after the city clock struck twelve. Then, I thought, the saloons will be closed, and he will be put out on the street. Probably he will not be able to get home, and the police will arrest him and lock him up. I must go and find him and bring him home. I wrapped a shawl around me and started out, leaving the little ones asleep in bed, and, judge, I have not seen them since."

Here the tears came to her eyes, and she almost broke down, but, restraining herself, she went on:

"I went to the saloon where I thought most likely he would be. It was about twenty minutes after twelve, but the saloon keeper, that man a saloon," pointing to the saloon keeper, who seemed to want to crouch out of sight. "It was still open, and my husband and these two policemen," pointing to those who had so lately sworn against her, "were standing at the bar with their lips still wet with the drink, and the flecks of foam not yet settled in the empty glasses before them. I stepped up to my husband and asked him to go home with me, but the men laughed at him, and the saloon keeper ordered me out. I said, 'No I want my husband to go with me.' Then I tried to tell him how badly we needed the money he was spending, and again the keeper cursed me and told me to leave. Then I confess I could stand no more and I said: 'You ought to be prosecuted for violating the midnight closing law.'

"At this the saloon keeper and police men rushed upon me and put me out into the street, and one of the policemen, grasping my arm like a vise, hissed in my ear: 'I'll get you a thirty day sentence in the workhouse, and then see what you think about suing people.' He called a patrol wagon, pushed me in, and drove me to the house of detention, and, judge, you know the rest. All day yesterday I was locked up, my children at home alone, with no fire, no food, no mother."

It was well the story was finished, for a great sob choked her utterance, and she could say no more.

"Dismissed!" said the judge, in a husky voice, and the poor woman who had so disturbed the peace passed out of the court room.

But what of the saloon keeper who violated the law by keeping open after twelve o'clock at night? And what of the policemen who violated their obligation by drinking while on duty, and who threatened an honest woman with a sentence in the work house if she dared to tell the truth? O, nothing at all. They were too guilty to be prosecuted.

The facts of the story will be found on record in Judge Emerson's court.

Hicks: "Snyder says he hates a humbug."

Wicks: "Well, there's nothing egotistical about Snyder, is there?"

"You say you were buried alive once?"

"That's what I said."

"You must have felt queer."

"Oh, no, I was used to it."

"Used to it?"

"Yes, I was salesman for a year in a store that never advertised."

People who give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial realize its great merit and are glad to say a good word for it. Have you tried it?

WIT AND HUMOR.

Mother: "How did you hurt your nose?" Small son (who disobeyed, and climbed trees): "I caught cold coming home from school, and sneezed so hard that I hit my nose against my knee."

Sunday school teacher: "You should not fight, Tommy. If thine enemy smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other." Tommy Smithers: "He gimme a jab on both cheeks, and I didn't have no more to turn him."

He—"You don't mean to tell me that you are going to marry that old, bald-headed professor?"

She—"He is rather bald, but think how many young men are bald on the inside of their heads."

"Hi! where did you get them trousers?" asked an Irishman of a man who happened to be passing with a remarkably short pair of trousers on.

"I got them where they grew," was the indignant reply.

"Then, be me conscience," said Paddy, "you've pulled them a year too soon."

A.—"So you have got married? I am told you have made an excellent match."

B.—"Yes, my wife is a very accomplished person. She is at home in everything. She is at home in literature, at home in music, at home in art. Only in one thing she is not at home."

A.—"What is that?"

B.—"She is never at home."

"I think our teacher of composition is charming, don't you, Emily."

"Fie, Bertha, that heartless monster? Captivated by his blue eyes the other day I slipped a little affectionate note into my copybook!"

"And what did he do?"

"He gave it back to me with all the spelling mistakes corrected in red ink!"

"Boys," said the teacher, "we must all work in this world. Did any of you ever get something for nothing?"

"Yes," replied every boy in the room.

"What?" asked the teacher, in surprise.

"A lickin'."

"I can tell you something that you haven't got," said a German to an American. "We have a church so long that it takes half an hour to walk from the porch to the pulpit."

"That is nothing!" replied the Yankee. "We have a church where a little boy is carried to his baptism through the east porch and at the west porch he walks out as a minister with his second wife."

WHEN TO STOP ADVERTISING.

An English trade journal once requested a number of its largest advertisers to give their opinions concerning the best time to stop advertising, and the following replies were received:

When the population ceases to multiply and the generations that crowd on after you and never hear of you, stop coming on.

When you have convinced everybody whose life will touch yours that you have better goods and lower prices than they can get anywhere else.

When you perceive it to be the rule that men who never advertise are outstripping their neighbors in the same line of business.

When men stop making fortunes right in your sight solely through the discreet use of the mighty agent.

When you can forget the words of the shrewdest and most successful business men concerning the main cause of their prosperity.

When every man has become by thoroughly a creature of habit that he will certainly buy this year where he bought last year.

When younger and fresher houses in your line cease starting up and using the newspapers in telling the people how much better they can do for them than you can.

When you would rather have your own way and fail than take advice and win.

When nobody else thinks it pays to advertise.

A LOVER'S MISCALCULATION.

"I'll take this 75 cent bottle of perfume if you will take off this cost mark and put on one with $1.50 on it," said a young man to the clerk in a drug store.

"All right."

It was done.

"Great head, sir. Minnie's all motion this. See mark and love me for spending my substance so liberally for her. It never hurts a young man's chances for the object of his adoration to think he regards her worth getting the very best for."

The bottle of perfume was sent and an evening or two later the donor called in person and casually proposed marriage.

"James," said the girl.

"What is it Minnie, dear?"

"You sent me a bottle of perfume."

"Yes. Did you like it?"

"It was good perfume, James, but it wasn't worth any dollar and a half. Seventy five cents is the regular price for that perfume, and I can't say that I have much use for a young man who is so careless of his money as to pay for an article twice what it is worth."

"But, Minnie"

James was going to explain, but on second thought he refrained. It occurred to him that a girl might like him less for deceiving her than for extravagance. So he put on his hat and departed resolving to try different tactics when he found another girl. *Harper's Bazar.*

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 deceive their teachers or their parents.

Boys should not backbite others. It is mean to do so.

Boys should have the greatest possible horror of intoxicating drinks.

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

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

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

Doctor—"By my treatment I have given you a new lease of life." Patient—"Yes; but you'll admit that you charged high rent."

THE LITTLE ARM CHAIR.

Nobody sits in the little arm chair
It stands in a corner dim;
But a white clothed mother gazes there,
And yearningly thinking of him,
Sees through the dusk of the long ago
The bloom of her boy's sweet face,
As he rocks so merrily to and fro,
With a laugh that chases the place

Sometimes he holds a book in his hand,
Sometimes a pencil and slate,
The lesson is hard to understand
And the figures I add to make
But she sees it and of his father's head,
So proud of the little son,
And she hears the word a fond father said,
"No fear for our little one."

They were wonderful days, the dear sweet days,
When a child with sunny hair
Was here to smile, to kiss and to praise
At her knee in the little chair.
She had him back in the long years,
When the great world caught the man
And he strides away past hopes and fears
To his place in the battle van.

But now and then in a sweetness's sun,
Like a picture out of date,
She sees a head with a golden gleam
Bent over a pencil and slate
And she lives again the happy day,
The day of her young life's prime,
When the small arm chair was not put in the way,
The centre of everything.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER, in Harper's.

THE ART OF LIVING SIMPLY.

Some two or three years ago a pretty writer resolved to give up the temptations of a big city, and betake herself to the upper part of the State, and build there a home. By the savings of a few hundreds of dollars and the assistance of a brother, a plot of ground was secured, and a comfortable house of five rooms was built, all on the same flat. As you approached the house a large tree seemed to lean for support against the roof of the piazza, and gave to that out of door place its ample shade. By way of a small square hall the parlor was reached, while opposite was the breakfast room, with its minature butler's pantry, quite large enough for a single mate.

The bedrooms, although small, were charmingly furnished in old mahogany, and the smaller of the two was the author's sanctum. Three steps down from the dining room was the kitchen, which had for its contents numerous saucepans, pails, broilers, all the paraphernalia by which a good meal could be served, while the broad windows allowed the sun's rays to flood the floor at all seasons of the year. Stairs and halls were ignominiously discarded, but the windows of the house lent a picturesque charm on all sides. The house itself was quite a distance from the village, and was in a lonely out of the way spot, yet reached by the trade people in regular rotation each morning.

Miss C—, being the daughter of an army officer, inherited the bravery of her good father, and the loneliness of the situation impressed her not, the only defence of the little castle being two dirks, which hung in close proximity near the bed on which she slept. The weapons the owner declared, could be effectually used in case of an intruder.

On a table in the breakfast room a book of debit and credit could be shown to the visitor or friend, if one cared to see this methodical system of housekeeping by which one person could live in a simple and comfortable way for one hundred and fifty dollars a year, the proof positive lying in the items which she showed with pride in her daily ledger. In this haven of rest she pursued her literary labors, and reaped the benefit of that quiet and repose which shone as a bright color from her sweet face.

Harper's Weekly.

TWICE DEFEATED.

The urchin was communicative, and his tale ran in this wise: "It's been dandy sliding lately, and Jimmie an me an' Tom was agoin' sliddin after school Thursday afternoon. Jimmie he had hooked his big brother a double runner, and we was going to have a bully time. But along towards night the teacher sir caught us a whisperin' and says she: 'You three boys can stay with me after school to night,' and bully glee! she kept us more'n an hour, and it was plumb dark when we got out and then we couldn't go sliddin' cause Charlie that's Jimmie's big brother wanted his double runner to take his girl to slide.

"That was tough," interrupted his hearer.

"Yes, said the urchin, but that wasn't all. Next forenoon we heard the teacher and her young man a planning to go sliddin' right after school that night, so we put up a job. We behaved fire rate till long in the afternoon an then we commenced to act up like the dickens, an she caught us and made

"Yes," broke in his hearer again, "pretty good scheme, by jove." "And so the teacher kept you after school, and didn't keep her engagement with the young man and that made em quarrel and now they don't speak any more? Great scheme for revenge!"

"No, not by a long chalk," said the youth as a pained expression of recollection swept across his face. "That's what we thought'd happen, but it didn't. No, sir! she caught us carrying on so she just yanked us into the floor an gave us the all firedest licking we ever had. No, sir, dat scheme didn't work. Give us a nickel won't you? we want to buy some snap matches to put under her desk."

HOW HE MADE IT.

"I made $500 once," said the man in the mackintosh, "by merely keeping my mouth shut."

"Was it at an auction," asked the man in the slouch hat.

"No."

"High-priced doctor asked you to show your tongue and you didn't do it?" ventured the man who had his feet on the table.

"No. It was—

"Found it on the street and didn't say a word about it to anybody?" suggested the man behind the green goggles.

"Do it on a bet?" inquired the man in the shaggy ulster.

"Burglar asked you where your money was hid and you wore struck speechless and you couldn't tell him? hazarded the man with the big spot of gray in his moustache.

"You think you're pretty smart," said the man in the mackintosh, speaking to the crowd generally, "but you're not. None of you would ever guess it. I made that $500 in the simplest way in the world. A rich old uncle who was visiting us told a long story we'd heard him tell a hundred times before. I was the only one in the family who didn't yawn, and he remembered me in his will."