The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XIX.---NO. 37. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 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, 10 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	2.00
1 inch	5.00	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

J. E. WILKINSON, D. D. S., L. D. S., STRONG DENTIST
Graduate University of Toronto, Member of the royal College of Dental Surgeons
Office open every day expect Wednesday and Saturday, and the first Thursday of each month. Over the Drug Store, ACTON

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

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

J. A. MOWAT,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC
Money to Loan.
OFFICE DAYS—Tuesday and Saturday
OFFICE:—Kennedy's Block Acton, up stairs

R. J. McNABB,
Clerk, Fourth Division Court, County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc
OFFICE—Matthews' Block,
ACTON ONT

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. J. CHARLES,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Office: Charles & Cox Grocery, Acton
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 Ontario
(Over Williams store)
Account Books of all kinds made or ruled. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Rulingneatly and promptly done

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP
MILL STREET, ACTON
An easy shave, a stylish hair cut a good one, an exhilirating shampoo, all say 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 726, or telephone us, will be promptly attended to
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent
Guelph

Hamilton's Marble Works.
HAMILTON'S Block (formerly Hatch's Block) the place, 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

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

W. BARBER & BROS.
PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
AND ALSO
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.
The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.
WM. BARBER & BROS.

Rushing the Season

Some people think we are rather early with our baby carriages, but they are always in season. We have nice new goods, a splendid assortment and right prices. And if we don't do the trade of the town in BABY CARRIAGES it won't be our fault, we intend to do it cheap enough anyway. Call and see them at
DAY'S BOOK STORE,
GUELPH.

Bank of Montreal
CAPITAL - $12,000,000
REST - 6,000,000
A SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
Has been opened in connection with this Branch.
Interest Allowed at Current Rates.
JAS. H. FINLAY,
Manager GUELPH BRANCH.

THE WATERLOO MUTUAL
Fire Insurance Company.
ESTABLISHED IN 1863
HEAD OFFICE, WATERLOO ONT
Cash assets over $360,000 00
The aggregate amount insured in Western Ontario is over $17,000,000 00.
Ample assets for all liabilities.
All honest losses honorably adjusted and promptly paid.
OFFICERS:
CHAS HENDRY, President.
GEORGE RANDALL, Vice-President
C. M. TAYLOR, Secretary.
JOHN KILLER, Inspector.
A. C. BIGGS, Agent,
BURLINGTON P. O.

ACTON
MACHINE AND REPAIR SHOP.
GRINDELL & WRIGHT
Are well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to
MACHINERY,
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
And to do all kinds of
STEAM FITTING
HORSE SHOEING and
GENERAL BLACKSMITHING
And woodwork repaired in a workmanlike manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gumming and filing done.
AGENTS FOR
FLEURY'S IMPLEMENTS AND REPAIRS
GOWDY'S CELEBRATED LAWN MOWER, high wheel, high speed
Grindell & Wright.

Guelph Business College.
Stands head and shoulders above its rivals. It is not only a leader in Business College, the range of its patronage extending from Great Britain on the East to British Columbia and California on the West, but it has also developed into a great
College of Language.
Being at present the only institution in Canada where practical instruction in six languages is given, 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, mailed free address,
PRINCIPAL McCORMICK,
Guelph, Ont

SEASON 1894
WITH pleasure thanks to our many patrons for their liberal support in the past we wish to inform you that we have entered into an arrangement with R. Stewart, Guelph, to keep constantly on hand a full stock of the ordinary sizes of
Sash, Doors, Etc.
and will also supply any special sizes on short notice at Guelph prices.
Frames of All Kinds
made to order. We also keep in stock a line of Base Window and Door Casing, Cornice Blocks, &c.
Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait
Price $1.50 per M
PUMPS
Being better able than heretofore we will supply either wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. EBBAGE Manager
Acton

101
Packages
OF
Books, Stationery and Inks
Were delivered by the C. P. Railway to me last week, and I am now opening out the same and marking them off at prices hitherto unheard of in this city of cheap goods.
Merchants
Buyers of Books
Dealers
School Trustees
Sunday School Managers
and all who wish to get best value for their money should make an early inspection of this stock.
The Public and Separate School Readers all the time sold at 20 per cent. discount.
PANSY BOOKS ONLY 5 CENTS.
JOHN SMITH,
20 Wyndham St.,

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 F. CORRY

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA
Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid-up 707,400
Rest 75,000
GUELPH BRANCH
4 per cent paid on sums of $1 and upwards deposited in the Savings Bank department and paid or compounded every six months.
Deposit Receipts issued
Farmers notes discounted
The collection of sales notes a specialty.
A general Banking business transacted.
A. H. JONES,
Manager

COMET
CYCLES
FOR '94.
Take another step
In advanced construction.
Their
New
Catalogue
Tells you all about it
Get it from
BOND'S
Hardware, GUELPH

Years Ago
We could get no at 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 specimen 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 $4.50.

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

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 8.30 p.m.
Careful attention given to livery orders.
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS

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.

Poetry.

PLUCK AND PRAYER.

There wasn't any use o' fretting,
An' I told Obadiah so,
For if we couldn't hold on to things,
We'd just got to let 'em go.
There were lots of folks that'd suffer
Along with the rest of us,
An' it didn't seem to be worth our while
To make such a dreffle fuss.

To be sure, the farm was most empty,
An' corn an' potatoes sco'ce,
An not much of anything plenty an' cheap
But water an' apple sass.
But then as I told Obadiah—
It wasn't any use to growl,
For flesh and blood couldn't stan' it, an' he
Was nothing but skin and bone.

But, lass' of you'd only heard him,
At any hour of the night,
Prayin' out in that closet there
'T would have set you crazy, quite
I patched the knees of those trousers
With cloth that was noways thin,
But it seemed as of the pieces wore out
As fast as I set 'em in.

To me he said mighty little
Of the thorny way we trod,
But at least a dozen times a day
He talked it over with God.
Down on his knees in that closet
The most of his time was passed,
For Obadiah knew how to pray
Much better than how to fast.

But I am in that way contrary
That of things don't go just right
I feel like rollin my sleeves up high
An gittin' ready to fight
An' the plants I saw this winter
I ain't goin' to talk about,
An I didn't even complain to God,
Though I think that He found it out

With the point of a camforic needle
I drew the wolf from the door,
For I knew that we needn't starve to death
Or be lazy, because we were poor
An Obadiah, he wondered,
An kept me patchin' his knees,
An thought it strange how the meal took out,
An strange we didn't freeze

But I said to myself in whispers
(God knows where his gift descend)
An' then I always that faith sets down
As far as the finger ends.
An' I wouldn't have no one reckon
My Obadiah a skirk,
For some, you know, have the gift to pray,
An' others the gift to work.

Select Family Reading.

The Two Cowards

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

"Less a coward!" We were both cowards! So spake our old law tutor, Moses Drake. And thus he continued:

We had graduated from Harvard Law as Adams and myself and he had commenced the practice of law. We were neither of us married, though we both were anticipating that event. We had a case in court a case of trespass. Adams was for the plaintiff, and I for the defendant. It was a weak, foolish complaint, and Adams should not have taken it up. It was clearly a case of extortion. The plaintiff held a rod over the back of the defendant in the shape of a bit of knowledge concerning the private mis-step of a former time, and the present complaint was only a seeming legal way in which the other power was to be used for the purpose of opening the poor-man's purse. At the trial I exposed the trick, and obtained a ruling out, by the court, of a lot of scandal which Adams had planned to introduce as testimony. Of course I was severe, and as my opponent had entered upon a very bad case, my strictures cut home. I gained the verdict for my client, and people laughed at the foiled plaintiff, and spoke lightly of his lawyer.

Thus it commenced. Adams could not forgive me for the chagrin I had caused him. He laid it up against me, and talked openly about being revenged. This was on the first of August. A month afterwards we met at a party where the gentlemen drank wine. Late in the evening Adams and I met, and a third person made some remark upon the old trial, whereupon a fourth person laughed, and said that I had done a great thing. At this Adams flushed and made an impudent reply. The reply was addressed to me, and I answered it. The two outsiders laughed at the hit I made, and Adams said something more severe than before. I replied to him. He deliberately told me I was a liar!

I had been drinking wine, and my blood was heated. As that harsh, hard word fell upon my ear, my passion overcame me. I struck Laban Adams in the face, and knocked him back against the wall. It was a cowardly thing for me to strike him there, in that company, but I was too much excited to reflect. I expected that Adams would strike back, but he did not. I was stronger than he, though this consideration may not have influenced him. His friends drew him away, and I went out into the open air. As soon as the cool breeze fanned my brow, and cooled the heated blood away from my brain, I was sorry for what I had done, but it was too late to help the matter. I might have gone to Adams, and asked him to overlook the wrong I had done, but I had not the courage for that.

On the following morning, a friend, named Watkins, called upon me, and presented a note from Laban Adams. I opened it, and found it to be a challenge. I was requested to give satisfaction for the blow I had struck. If I was a gentleman I would do so. If I was willing, I might designate the time and place, and select the weapons.

What should I do?

What I ought to do was very plain. The lessons of life which my fond mother had taught me did not leave me in doubt. I ought to have gone to Adams and made such offer of conciliation as one gentleman may honorably make to another, and if he had rejected that, I could have simply turned from, and refused to do a further wrong to right the wrong already done. But I had not the courage to do that. I was a coward. I feared that my friends would laugh at me, and that the especial friends of Adams would point at me the finger of scorn.

So, in the cowardice of my heart, I thought I would be brave before the world, and I accepted the challenge.

"The sooner it is over the better," remarked, Watkins. And with this sentiment I agreed.

"Certainly," I responded. "Let it be on this very day, at sunset, upon the river's bank, directly beneath the White Heart Ledge. I will send a friend to you to make further arrangements."

"And the weapons?"

"Pistols."

"And so it was fixed.

An hour afterwards I found John Price a young physician, who agreed to act as my second. He did not urge me to abandon the idea, nor did he enter upon the work as though he loved it, but he did it because he fancied that I was determined; and in case of accident his professional services might be of value.

I knew that Adams was a good shot; and he knew that I was the same, for we had practiced much together; so there was no advantage to either party in the weapons.

After dinner Price came to me, and told me that all was arranged. Everything had been fixed as I had planned, and Adams and his second would be on the appointed ground at the appointed time.

After Price had gone I sat down and wrote two letters. What a coward I was to write them! One was to my mother, and the other to the gentle being who had promised to be my wife. As I sit now and think of that hour, I shudder with horror—the hour when I wrote to my mother, and to my betrothed. What was I about to do? To rob them of all earthly joy forever! And for what? Aye—for what? Because I had not the courage to be a bold frank man; to obey my God and the laws of my country! It was to bow before a wicked spirit—to offer my blood in folly, and my hand to murder!

White Heart Ledge was a high perpendicular wall of granite rising above the river, the top crowned with dark spruce trees. It received its name from a peculiar mark where a mass of white quartz appeared, half way up the ledge, in the form of a heart.

Late in the afternoon I was upon the sandy shore beneath the ledge, and almost at the same time Laban Adams appeared. We were both anxious to be thought brave men. He did not speak to me, nor did I speak to him. Our seconds conferred a while together, and then Price came to my side.

"Must this thing go on?" he asked.

I told him I did not know how it could be stopped. I had, for I did know.

He informed me that if I would make the least overture of peace, he felt sure that Adams would except it.

"I think," he said, "that Adams is sorry for what has happened. You struck him and he cannot retract."

"And he called me a liar!"

"I know he did, and I know that he did wrong. In fact, there was wrong upon both sides. Offer him your hand, and I think he will take it without a word of explanation."

"No. I would not do it."

"And why not? I wanted to do it. My heart urged me to do it. The spirit of my dear mother, speaking in those old lessons of love and blessing, urged me to do it. And another spirit, clothed in younger, starry love, urged me to do it. The law of the land urged me to do it.

"And yet I would not. I was afraid that men would say I was a coward! O, what a precious coward I was!

"You are both good shots," added Price, "and if you fire together you may both fall."

But I dared not offer the hand of conciliation. I told him I was ready.

He went to Watkins, and pretty soon they measured off the ground twelve paces. We were to stand back to back those twelve paces apart. We were to turn at the word One, we were to raise our pistols at the word Two, and at the word Three we were to fire. I caught the eye of Laban Adams as I took my position, and I was sure that no angry passion dwelt therein. For an instant the impulse was with me to throw down the pistol, and offer him my hand. I was sure he would not refuse me. But I had not the courage to do it. I would rather do the deed, damning wrong than do that simple Christian act of love!

Our seconds hesitated, as though they saw what was passing in our thoughts, but we offered no word, and they proceeded. The word One was given. I cannot tell all the feelings that came crowding upon me at that moment. I stood face to face with my brother, in a moment we were to offer our hands to the infernal stain. I thought of my mother in her distant home. I thought of the scenes of my childhood, bright and promising. I thought of my college days, when Laban Adams had been my friend and chum. I thought of the holy love which had beamed upon me since I had grown to man's estate, and I thought that, in one short moment more, the black pall might cover it all!

Watkins was a long time in pronouncing the word Two. He evidently hoped that one of us would relent. But he hoped in vain.

Only a breath held back the last fatal word, but that word was never spoken. As we raised our pistols, a sharp, agonized cry, as from a breaking heart, burst upon the air, and in another moment two slight shadows flitted upon the scene. I was a prisoner, Laban Adams was a prisoner. Our pistols lay undischarged upon the sand.

Two gentle maidens, who loved us better than we loved ourselves, and whose love had led them to deep anxiety in our behalf, had guessed our secret. Love has sharp eyes. Clara Wolcott knew Laban's hot temper when under strong excitement, and she had feared something of this kind from the first. She had only to whisper her suspicions to Mary, and two sleepless sentinels were upon us.

Those two warm spirits with their love and their tears, melted the icy cruel, and our hearts found the surface.

"O, in God's name, be enemies no more!" implored Clara.

"By the love you bear us, by the memory of all you hold dear on earth, and all you hope to meet in heaven, cast forth the demon from your breast!" prayed Mary.

In an instant I resolved to be a man. With the arms of my beloved still circling me, I stretched forth my hand, but I was not in advance of Laban. As though one spirit had moved us, our hands met mid way.

"I have been a fool," said Laban.

"And I have been a fool and a coward," said I. "I was a coward because I dared not do right."

"Aye," cried Laban, "we have both been cowards!"

"And," I added, "had it not been for these blessed angels, we might have been something worse."

We returned from the dark ground just as the day was softening into twilight, and from that hour Laban Adams and myself were fast friends, and they who had saved us from the great crime entered upon the life path with us, and have blessed us ever since.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

"Who said Hood's Sarsaparilla? Thousands of people, who know it to be the best blood purifier and tonic medicine.

TEMPERANCE JOTTINGS.

Blackstone, the great expounder of British law, laid down this principle: "No man has a right to use his property in such a manner as shall injure the life or the property of another, and the consent of the party injured is no mitigation of the offence." Now that is just what those engaged in the liquor business are doing, and every license law legally sanctions a business that does injure the life and property, of others, sometimes with their consent and often without any such consent.

We live not in a savage but in a civilized community, and in such a state every man's liberty is limited by the good of society. The whiskey seller has no right to interfere with the rights of others. Wives have rights, children have rights; quiet, peaceable members of society, who wish to live in security of life and property have rights, and these rights must be preserved even at the expense of denying to some others the right to sell whiskey and get drunk.

We well remember hearing John B. Gough one time describe, in his inimitable way, the class of men who were always behind the great procession in the temperance movement. When the teetotal societies began to be established they said: "We believe in temperance as much as any people but why do you carry it into such absurd extremes as to cut off even wine and beer? When the prohibition stage was reached they were saying: "We believe in total abstinence as much as anybody, but why do you want to compel the people to abstain?" And so it has been all along, and so it will be until the end of the chapter. The real earnest reformers, by whose efforts so much has been, and is being, accomplished, must needs take the upward steps, first, and those who lag behind are almost sure soon to be found on the next step below, always asking why such good efforts should be marred by "such extreme measures."

ONIONS FOR BEAUTY.

If the ugly girls would eat onions they wouldn't be ugly.

Ugliness is another term for sickness. Well people feel good and look good. Health is beautiful and beautifying, and onions are health giving.

The onions contain sulphur, albumen, sugar, starch, phosphoric acid, lime and acetic acid. It is a stimulant whether used as a medicine or a food, it is a valuable expectorant having the power to remove inflammation from the lungs, it is diuretic, promoting the action of the kidneys, and it is rubefacient, that is, product ive of color and heat.

Taken at intervals, raw or cooked, the vegetable increases the appetite of the invalid or convalescent, aids digestion, brightens the complexion, and, besides nourishing the body, dislodges so many impurities by stimulating the secretions, that it has been called the "scavenger of the stomach." Onion juice prepared with honey is frequently given to children for croup and catarrh, onion poultice is a familiar cure for sore throat and baked onions split and applied to tumors is one of the best of emollients.

Boiling removes the essential oil from the vegetable. The value of fried and raw onions as a food and medicine is well known to soldiers of all nations.

Onions are good any time in any style but they are best in the morning.

MARRIED WITHOUT THEIR KNOWING IT

Father Tiben, of Wichita, tells the following story.

"You never heard of the time I married a couple before they knew it? Well, soon after I was made a priest, I was engaged to perform a marriage ceremony. It was to be a swell wedding. I arrived at the house, rather early, according to request, and was taken up stairs at once. Then I laid aside my hat and overcoat, and then the bride's mother knocked at the door and said her daughter wished to see me. Of course, I obeyed the summons, but was surprised to learn that the couple wanted the marriage ceremony performed in an up stairs room immediately. I thought it was very queer, but went through the ceremony, and married them fast and sure right there. When the ceremony was over, the bride said, 'Now, we will go down into the parlor and be married.'

"'But you are married already,' I exclaimed. 'I can't go through the ceremony again.'

"And then I learned that all they wanted was 'to practice' the ceremony so as to go through it properly in the midst of their friends. But there was no help for it. Married they were, and I couldn't repeat the ceremony which with us is a sacrament.

TO POLISH A STOVE

Women generally work twice as hard as necessary over blacking a stove, said a lady whom we found one day in that unromantic occupation. She had on a pair of stout leathern gloves and was applying the blacking with the round part of a shoe brush, which, she said, was lighter and therefore much more easily wielded than the usual stove brush. The other side of the brush she used in polishing with light, even strokes, like that of an expert boot black.

"I always keep soft paper bags tucked in this box nailed up near the stove, and every day I slip two or three over my gloved hand and give it a rub, the consequence is that I need only apply polish once a week."

Another little thing worth remembering in regard to stove cleaning is to wipe the dust from the stove thoroughly before you apply any polish. There is always a right and wrong way to do a thing, and the wrong way doubles the task. *Farm and Fireside.*

A WEAK BELL.

The following anecdote of Dr. Lyman Beecher was told by a former student of Lane seminary, present at the time. Even now he cannot refer to it without laughter.

There had been an unusual number of cases of tardiness in chapel attendance, and the blame was laid upon the chapel bell. Dr. Beecher waxed sarcastic over the frequent recurrence of this excuse, until one morning the students assembled as usual, found the service unaccountably delayed. At last Dr. Beecher, in dressing gown and slippers, with hair like the quills upon a "fretful porcupine," came jerkily down the aisle, mounted the platform and delivered himself of the following explanation:

"Didn't hear the old bell. Makes no more noise than a lamb's tail hung in a fur cap. Let us pray."—*Youth's Companion.*

A BOY TO BE TRUSTED.

"I want a boy I can trust."

That was what a grocer said not long ago, and a number of boys applied for the situation. One after another was refused, but a boy being greatly needed, at last one was engaged. At the close of the first week he was discharged. Nothing seemed safe when the grocer's back was turned. The boy feasted on crackers and cheese at every opportunity. He slyly helped himself from the candy boxes and from the sugar. But he was discovered and turned adrift.

The second boy was discharged after two days' trial; he was too fond of reading sensational stories to attend to his duties. The third boy chewed tobacco.

Finally the grocer said he would do without a boy, but just as he had come to that conclusion a manly looking little fellow applied for work. He was poorly dressed in clothes neat though old and patched, but he had a sunshiny frank face. So the grocer gave him a trial. It is not a year since he entered the grocer's employ, but he has made himself so beloved and trusted that the grocer says, "Robert is worth his weight in gold."

He does not wear the old patched clothes any longer, a neat serviceable suit makes him "look like another boy."

"He has never failed me," the grocer said a day or two ago. "I can trust him anywhere."

And away up another street, in a pleasant room, an invalid sits in the sunshine coming in through a large window. She is a widow and the grocer's boy is her only child.

"Don't you get weary of life?" a visitor asked her the other day.

"Weary!" said she, looking up in surprise. "No, I could not get weary of life with such a son as my Robert. He has never failed me. He has been the man of the house ever since his father died."

Writers and Their Ways.

Milton was extremely anxious to have his poems properly punctuated.

Roscommon died repeating the lines of his own translation of the "Dies Irae."

Dr. Warton says that most of the English poets were notably handsome men.

Pascal often copied a composition six or eight times before allowing it to be printed.

Dryden always trembled violently for some time after concluding an interesting poem.

Cervantes wrote a new dedication to one of his works after he had received extreme unction.

Hardy, the great French dramatist, wrote 800 dramatic pieces between the years 1600 and 1637.

Cicero was a notable plagiarist. A collection, not now extant, of his puns was made by Julius Cæsar.

Sterne and Churchill were always in a quarrel with some reviewer of their works. Both hated critics.

Montesquieu was so much affected by the criticisms of his works that the annoyance hastened his death.

Virgil devoted 11 years to his Æneid and then deemed it so imperfect at his death he ordered it to be burned.

Churchill hated to correct his own poems. He said that the erasure of a line was like cutting away one's own flesh.

Cornelle died in the most bitter poverty unrelieved by many whom during his days of prosperity he had benefitted.

The Emperor Hadrian, when dying, composed that beautiful address to his soul which Pope translated into English.

Etienne Jodelle was the father of the French theatre. His first play was "Cleopatra" presented on the stage in 1852.

Might Be Worse.

"Is it sick yez are, Dennis?" asked Mrs. Finnegan as her husband entered the shanty. "Or ilse drunk?"

"Naither, bad luck ter yez."

"Or hev yer lost the job?"

"No."

"Thin what are yez doin' home in the middle av the day?"

"It's laid off Oi am."

"For how long?"

"For a wake, for rejoice rejoice."

"Sure that won't rejoice our cup," exclaimed Mrs. Finnegan sharply.

"What! You must grin and bear it."

"Oh, you'll be grinnin, and laughin' too. Oi make no doubt, down at Casey's saloon all day, but thot won't pay the rent. Sure Oi'd like ter know how thim oor poor bons think a man that's gittin only $1.50 a day kin afford ter lose a wake's pay."

"It's tough luck entirely," assented her husband, as he sat down on the tube and lit his pipe, "but it isn't as bad as if Oi was gittin' heigher wages."

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Finnegan.

"Sure, don't you see?" answered Dennis. "If Oi was makin $3 a day Oi'd be goin' double the money."—*Harper's Magazine.*

WORTH READING.

Many a man who would like to reform the world, has a front gate that won't stay shut.

Many a church member sponges his preaching and pays full price for his cigars and tobacco.

If angels had to live with some men there would probably be more fallen ones.

The richest man is the one who can give away the most without regretting it.

No man can love his neighbor as himself until he first loves God with his whole heart.

Give a loose rein to passion, and there is more danger of a runaway and a wreck than there is in riding behind a wild horse.

Many a man will tell you that the church he belongs to is full of hypocrites the moment he finds out that he can't run it.

The devil would probably be willing to stop throwing stones at a missionary, for a chance to sit down and watch a preacher smoke. *Ram's Horn.*

Funny.

Did you ever notice when a man drops a piece of meat on the floor, no difference how clean the floor may be, he will either give it a kick or pick it up and lay it to one side. He will never eat it. But let him drop his plug of tobacco on the street, and no difference how dirty the streets may be, he will pick it up give it a careless rub on his coat sleeve or on the bottom of his pants, then take a big chew from it with a bigger relish than ever. That's the kind of a vestified brute a man is.

Rheumatism racks the system, like a thumbscrew. It retreats before the power of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood.

THE WONDERFUL WEAVER.

There's a wonderful weaver
High up in the air,
And he weaves a white mantle
For cold earth to wear
With the wind for his shuttle,
The cloud for his loom,
How he weaves, how he weaves
In the light of the gloom!

Oh! with the finest of laces
He decks hill and tree
On the bare, flinty meadows
A cover lays he,
Then a quaint cap he places
On pillar and post,
And he changes the pump
To a spirit, silent ghost.

But this wonderful weaver
Grows weary at last,
And the shuttle he slides
That once flew so fast
Then the sun peeps abroad
On the work that is done,
And he smiles, "I'll unravel
It all, just for fun."

A YOUNG MAN'S "WILD OATS."

So far as a young man "sowing his wild oats" is concerned, writes Edward W. Bok in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, it has always seemed a pity to me that the man who framed that sentence didn't do before he constructed it. From the way some people talk one would imagine that every man had instilled into him at his birth a certain amount of quality which he must get rid of before he can become a man of honor. Now, what is called sowing wild oats is nothing more or less than self degradation to a young man. It doesn't make a man a particle more a man because he has passed through a stage of riotous living and indiscretion when he was nineteen or twenty; it makes him just so much less of a man. It dwarfs his views of life much more than it broadens them. And he realizes this afterward. And he doesn't know one iota more of life, except a certain phase of it which, if it has glitter for him in youth become a repellant remembrance to him when he is matured. There is no such thing as an investigating period in a man's life, at one period it is as important to him to be honorable and true to the teachings of his mother as at another.

No young man need seek the darker side of life. The Lord knows that it forces itself upon our attention soon enough. It does not want to be sought. A young man need not be afraid that he will fail to see plenty of it, and without any seeking on his part either. And even if he does fail he is the gainer. There are a great many things which we can accept by inference as existing in this world. It is not a liberal education to see them. Too many young men have a burning itch to see wickedness, not to indulge in it, as they are quick to explain, but simply to see it. But the thousands of men who have never seen it have never felt themselves the losers. If anything, they are glad of it. It does not raise a man's ideal to come into contact with certain types of manhood or womanhood which are only removed from the lowest types of the animal kingdom by virtue of the fact that the Creator chose to have them get through the world on two legs instead of four. The loftiest ideal of womanhood that a young man can form in his impressionable days will prove none too high for him in his years of maturity. To be true to the best that is within a man means, above all, to be an earnest believer in the best qualities of womanhood.

Value of Newspaper Files

The value which newspaper files may have in the course of years was shown in a recent auction sale at Bangs in New York. An irregular lot of numbers of the New York *Weekly Journal*, printed and sold by Peter John Zenger, of various dates, between 1733 and 1741, brought $130. A volume of the New York Weekly *Post Boy* and New York *Gazette*, 1746-52, printed by James Parker, also an irregular lot, sold for $340. Another volume of the same papers, Nos. 631-837 with thirteen numbers missing, dated 1750-59, brought $360. Three volumes of the New York *Gazette*, no volume complete, and dated between February, 1759 and December, 1770, sold for $140, $70 and $410 respectively. Three volumes of the New York *Gazette* and New York *Mercury*, of irregular dates between 1763 and 1770 went for $210, $100 and $200 respectively. A volume which included Nos. 1100-1311 of the New York *Journal*, dated 1770-71, and the first numbers of the *Constitutional Courant* and the *Hatchman* sold for $100.

The Stamp Collection Craze.

I know a stamp collecting fiend, Carl Becker, who never tires of disputing the correctness of the oft repeated statement that used stamps have no value, and that the million stamp charity story is a myth. He carries with him a written offer of $100 for 1,000,000 stamps and shows it with great glee. Any man who wants to get rich should avoid filling an order of this kind, if he gets one, because to collect 1,000,000 stamps it is necessary to secure more than three hundred a day for ten years, without even resting on Sunday. To get this number daily would take at least half a man's time, unless he happened to have access to the waste basket of a very large firm, and for his reward he would get just $10 a year, waiting however ten years for pay day. Under these circumstances it seems pretty safe to offer $100 for 1,000,000 stamps, for no one acquainted with principles of arithmetic would be very likely to seriously consider the proposition.—St. Louis *Globe Democrat.*

BALANCING ACCOUNTS

We were once in a bank, as a visitor, and observed that at night, when the business of the day was at its close, and before the money was put away in the vaults, it was counted and a balance taken, that is, every item of business, every transaction was accounted for. As the funds were put into the vaults, and the doors closed, this text suggested itself to our mind "So then every one of us shall give an account of himself to God." The thought conveyed to our minds was, that of accounting to God every day of our lives, so that our accounts were settled daily, and for us, judgment was passed, as we lay down upon our pillow every night.

This is surely the true way to live. It is the secret of great peace, and it will be a delightful comfort when life is closing, or the Master coming, to know that our account is settled, and our judgment over and that for us there is only waiting the glad "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Host (in agony about his polished inlaid floor) "Hadn't you better come on the carpet, old fellow? I'm afraid you will slip, you know."