The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

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

H. F. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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

J. E. WILKINSON, D. D. S., L. D. S.,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Graduate University of Toronto, Member of the royal College of Dental Surgeons
Office open every day except 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:—Kaunawin'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, 53 Yonge st., Toronto
J. SHILTON, B.A. W. H. WALLBRIDGE, M. B. STONE.

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

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

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

JOHN DAY,
ARCHITECT,
GUELPH, ONT
OFFICE.—Wyndham Street.

HENRY GRIST,
OTTAWA, CANADA.
Solicitor of Patents, for Invention, etc
Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American, and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks. Send for pamphlet. Thirty-two years experience

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.

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER,
Wyndham St., Guelph
(Over Williams store)
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Binding neatly and promptly done

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

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 729, or telephone 68, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph

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

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

Main Street
PLANING MILLS,
ACTON, ONT.
John Cameron,
Architect and Contractor.
Manufacturer of Sash, Doors, Frames, Mouldings in all styles
DRESSING,
MATCHING,
and MOULDING
to order on short notice.
Well assorted stock on hand at prices to suit the times.
JOHN CAMERON,
Proprietor.

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. BICGS, Agent,
BURLINGTON P. O.

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

NEW
SPRING
HATS.
EXCLUSIVE
STYLE
ALL THE
NEWEST
COLORINGS
REALLY
CHOICE
GOODS.
CLOSE
PRICES
FOR CASH
R. E. NEL[illegible]
Hat Tailor and Hatter,
99 Upper Wyndham St.

Guelph Business College.
Stands head and shoulders above its rivals. It is not only a Business College, the range of its patronage extending from Great Britain in 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 practical institution it is, no 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
WHILE returning 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, Corner 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

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA.
Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid-up 675,000
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.
Farmers notes discounted.
The collection of sales notes a specialty
A general Banking business transacted.
A. F. 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.

OUR
PRICES
TALK
We don't spread our advertising over a whole page, but our prices talk loud enough for the whole paper.
P. SPRAGGE,
The People's Popular Furniture Store
Upper Wyndham St
Guelph

30 First-class Bicycles To Choose from
BOOTS and SHOES
W. WILLIAMS
ACTON.
Dealer in
Boots & Shoes, Slippers
Rubbers Trunks & Valises
Repairing promptly executed.

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

It is Money
We want.
$20 00 Per Cent. Discount for cash for a few days off
Pictures, Frames, Fancy Goods, Cornice Poles, Artists Materials, Wall Papers.
WATERS BROS.
The Picture Gallery
St. George's Square, Guelph.

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 every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met. tfp
JOHN WILLIAMS

Poetry.

HE IS RISEN.

"Your Lord is Risen. He is not here"

An angel, with a face like flame,
Spake these strange word of solemn cheer
Words whose majestic meaning thrill
The worn but trustful centuries still,
Singing like birds of Eden strain,
Above the storm clouds and the rain
Of mortal woe and mortal pain!

"Our Lord is risen! He is not here!"

'Tis echoed on the quivering air,
The wave like air, that sinks and swells
With triumph of these Easter bells;
Till to earth's bright horizon bound,
All space is arbowed with silvery sound.
Through which there breathes an under key
Tones twixt desire and prophecy.
"Oh, fettered heart! there comes release!
Oh, passionate soul! your strife's shall cease.
Spent billows on the isles of peace."

"Your Lord is risen! He is not here!"

But Faith, sublimed and winged with prayer
May lift us, ere our courage faints,
To deathless glory of the saints,
To feel, beyond Urshlan stars,
The clasp of hands once scored with scars,
Or, rest in languor, heavenly sweet,
By what were once His tortured feet;
'Mid most the calms no storms has riven,
Starred galaxies of souls forgiven.
I see but Christ ... His smile is ... heaven.

With reverent thoughts and kindling eyes,
We view this marvellous morning rise
Made lovelier by the sun-warm kiss
Of April's palingenesis,
Each new born flower uplifts a face
Of rapturous resurrection grace,
And yonder strong, brightness waves seem
Voices of one transcendent dream
Sing Easter memories, sing and shine!
To make this spring-flush hour divine
As that far dawn in Palestine!

Select Family Reading.

Erica's Love Story

"If you please lady, do you want a girl?"

"Do I want a girl?"

Miss Barbara Bickford looked down first at the hands she had just drawn out of the dough and then at her flour-besprinkled bib-apron in a sort of tragic despair. Erica Bjornsen, standing in the cool shade of the green vine leaves, with the stray sunbeams piercing her coronal of dead gold hair like jewelled arrows, looked innocently up into the strange lady's face, and wondered why she knit her brows together with those three little wrinkles. While the short blue checked dress that she wore and the funny little hobnailed shoes and the bundle slung not ungracefully over one shoulder, gave her a strange foreign look that was yet not unpleasant.

"Do I want a girl?" ironically repeated Miss Barbara. "That's the third time I've been called away from my bread within half an hour. First, 'Do you want a sewing machine?' Second, 'Do you want anything?' Third and last, 'Do you want a girl?' I said no to the first two. I'll say no to the third."

Erica Bjornsen looked puzzled.

"Won't you try me?" said she. "I can wash hard, and I am willing. Oh, do not fear that I will ask high wages. My board and what you please to give me!"

Miss Barbara shook her head.

"I'm tired of keeping girls," said she. "They cost more than they come to. The best help I know of is help yourself."

And with a chuckle at her own wit, Miss Barbara Bickford turned away and shut the door.

"Though," she muttered to herself, "if I was going to engage anyone, it would be a girl like that, with skirts up above her ankles instead of dangling petticoats like Helen Tubbs or Mary Ann Riley, and hair put up neatly without a frizz or a curl to it."

She had hardly resumed her work at the bread tray, when an odd sound, like thumping or drumming, sounded overhead, a noise repeated with energy and iteration.

"Bless me!" said Miss Barbara. "It's the colonel!"

And she hurried upstairs to a pretty, maroon hung room, with a north window to it, where a lame gentleman, in a quilted, blue silk dressing gown, was limping about on a crutch, and an easel, with an untouched canvas, occupied the middle of the floor.

"What is it, colonel?" said Miss Barbara, looking rather scared.

"What did you send her away for? demanded the colonel, pulling at a red brown mustache that overhung his upper lip like a point house.

"Send whom away?"

"My model."

He jerked one elbow in the direction of the open window, where a blue figure pided steadily on under the bending willows that fringed the quiet country road.

"The very face and figure I want for 'Little Nell in the Church Porch,'" said the colonel, breathlessly. "Hair like corn silk and head set on the shoulders like Diana's self! My ideal! The one I've been waiting for these ten years!"

"Shall I call her back?" said Miss Barbara in trepidation.

"Of course!" said the colonel brusquely.

So that, in the course of another fifteen minutes, Erica Bjornsen was sitting in the cool kitchen, where hop vines curled around the casements and a great gray cat purred on the hearthstone.

"Don't be frightened, my dear," said Miss Barbara. "He speaks gruffly, but he's the best hearted person alive, is the colonel. Go right up."

And, guided by the chattering old lady, Erica Bjornsen entered the presence of the lame gentleman in the red mustaches and blue silk wrapper. He looked keenly at her.

"Just turn around a little," said he. "Now stand still. There! Don't lay down the bundle. You'll do."

"Shall I take her down stairs again?" questioned Miss Bickford.

"Yes."

"Now Erica, if that's your name," said Miss Bickford, when they were safe in the kitchen, "just look here. The colonel wants to paint you."

"To paint me?" repeated Erica with a startled look.

"On canvas. To make a study of you," said Miss Bickford. "Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Erica, not understanding at all.

"And the colonel must be humored," went on Miss Bickford. "We always humor him. He's a great artist and a genius. But he can't be painting all the time. So I'll engage you at the terms you mentioned this morning; and when you're not wanted in the studio, you can be helping me with the house work. How shall you like that?"

"Oh, ma'am I shall be so glad!" said Erica Bjornsen, clasping her slender, sunburned hands.

"Any references?" asked Miss Barbara.

And then Erica told her simple story: How she had come over in an emigrant ship to meet her plighted lover, one Rolf Christenson, who had got work in New York; how Rolf had failed to be at the ship, "as no doubt he never received my letter," said trusting Erica; how a lady had come down to Castle Garden and engaged her for general housework; and how, when she reached the house, an indescribable something about the place frightened her.

"So I made up my bundle again," said Erica, coloring scarlet at the bare remembrance, "and ran away when no one was looking. And I walked, and walked, and begged my way and slept in barns of nights, until I reached this part of the country. And I mean to work until I have saved up a little money to go back to find Rolf!"

There was no doubt but that Erica Bjornsen spoke the truth; and Miss Barbara Bickford, no mean judge of human nature, believed her thoroughly.

"Hush!" said Miss Barbara, suddenly, as Erica pushed away her bowl of bread and milk, there's the colonel's stick on the floor! That's the way he calls! Run child, run!"

"Is he your master?" asked Erica, starting up.

"No," said Miss Barbara, he's my brother, but we always call him 'the colonel'."

So Erica Bjornsen sat day by day to have her coronal of dead gold hair and blue flower like eyes painted in the quaint dress of Dickens' Little Nell, and Miss Bickford was never tired of lauding the neatness and trim, house keeping like ways of the young Swede.

"I declare," said Miss Barbara, she is a real comfort to me!"

"Let me see," said the colonel, who was by this time sufficiently recovered of his sprained ankle to get all around the house, and even venture out as far as the door yard gate, how long have you had her?"

"Well I ain't certain about three months, I should think."

"How long would you like to keep her?"

"Always!" briskly responded Miss Barbara.

The colonel smiled grimly behind the red mustache.

"Well," said he, "I mean to give you the chance. I shall ask her to morrow to be my wife."

"What!" cried Miss Bickford.

"Doesn't it suit you?" said the colonel.

"Anything that suits you suits me, colonel," responded Miss Barbara, hastily. For the colonel was well to do and whimsical, and Miss Barbara had always entertained a proper deference to all his opinions.

"She's pretty girl, and I believe a good one."

Though Miss Barbara's opinions was not of much weight in this instance; for if the colonel had announced his intention of marrying the broomstick, Miss Barbara would have observed that it had a fine straight figure, and would probably make itself useful about the house.

When the colonel signified his sovereign will and pleasure to Erica, however he was amazed to encounter obstacles. She dropped a pretty little courtesy, and thanked him in the sweetest way conceivable.

"You are all kind to the poor exile," said she, "but I am not free Mr. Colonel. I was betrothed in our own land to Rolf. I must go and seek him."

"You had better think twice of it," said the colonel, gravely.

"I must go and seek Rolf," repeated the Swedish maiden.

And she packed her little bundle again, kissed the outside of the colonel's studio door, cried in Miss Barbara's arms, and went away into the golden haze of an October evening.

How lone and strange the house seemed without her! How the echoes resounded through the empty room, as if seeking in vain for Erica's elastic step and the monotonous little Swedish chants that Erica used to sing at her work. As for the colonel, he strolled up and down with bent brows.

"I can't stand this," said the colonel at last. "I shall burn my 'Little Nell' and go to Kamtchatka!"

But the third morning Erica Bjornsen came back, looking very pale and tired.

"Will you take me back?" said she, wistfully. "Will you keep me here? I I went to the pastor of our little church in New York. He answered me where Rolph lived. I saw Rolf's wife at the window, and Rolf's child in her arms. Rolf had forgotten me! And now I will put Rolf out of my heart!"

"Erica!" The colonel advanced with a half doubtful look and voice, while a great trembling shook him all over like a leaf.

"Yes," said Erica, putting both hands into his, while a great tear or two coursed down her cheeks. "Forever! You love me! You would never forsake even a little ten that you had loved long."

"God do so unto me and more," solemnly spoke the rugged, middle aged man, "if I be not true to you all my life long, little Erica!"

That was all. They were married quietly, and Erica makes a good and loving wife to the colonel, who cherishes her with a deep tenderness that never flags or fails. She is happy, and Miss Barbara is happy, and so, no doubt, is also Rolf, the recreant.

For recreants do not always get their deserts in this sublunary sphere.

WASHING SMOKE

The inventor of a new method of banishing the smoke nuisance from cities using soft coal seems to have hit on a profitable way of evolving the raw material of two or three industries. He simply washes the smoke. First, the smoke is drawn from the stack by a powerful fan and then forced through a revolving cylinder into a tank filled with water. Perforated beaters are affixed to the back of the cylinder, and these drop into the water and scrub or wash the smoke, which is conducted back into the chimney in the form of a perfectly pure vapor. The solid carbon which is washed from the smoke appears at the bottom of the tank as a black, foaming froth. The arrangement of the apparatus allows an inspection of the washing process and of the vapor, which after being cleansed is perfectly white and odorless, and is thrown through the chimney into the air as steam. It is an interesting fact that the black extract is admirably adapted for use in the composition of paint and printing ink, while the ammoniated, water remaining after the process of washing, possesses the properties of a powerful disinfectant.—St. Louis *Globe Democrat*.

The gypsum beds that were discovered in Central Kansas a few years ago have made several men rich.

HOW BIG CANADA IS.

The Dominion Compared with Other Nations of the Earth.

A Swedish journalist, Mr. A. Ealing, has travelled a good deal in America, and is evidently greatly impressed with the greatness of Canada and its resources and climate. In quaint language he makes comparison of Canada and other countries in his paper, the Linkoping *Dagblad*, from which the following is taken:—

I have travelled for two months in Canada and United States. During this journey I have four times gone over the New World between the great seas and the Pacific ocean. Several times I have travelled from north to south over big parts of America. I have been reading hundreds of pamphlets about several states, and I been comparing their statements with actual circumstances. I have gone over plains and through woods, big as empires in Europe; over mountains with eternal snow and through valleys of eternal summer. I have been in inhabited like the paradise and in uninhabited like the desert. I have heard the discussions of the Parliament in one place and talked with the Prime Minister in another state. I have talked to leaders of political parties, to many of the highest authorities in the States and to hundreds of citizens.

In the United States there is more than 500,000,000 of acres of free land, that is a truth; but the most of it is like a desert. So it is with Dakota, Montana, Idaho and the eastern part of Washington, and many states south from there are of the same character. You can travel in half a day without seeing a house. The grass is thin and dry, in many places you cannot find any grass at all, only steep angular piles of earth and sand. Not even close to the streams can you find any growth.

Taking a train going north we come to Canada. It is a beautiful canoe and a beautiful land. The bad parts of the west in the United States are brown, Canada is green. The first part we see of this land is a meadow, level as a floor, infinite as the ocean, and weaving a billowing dress of grass and flowers.

After this we pass other mammoth meadows, and if the grass there is not as high and green, the land anyway is much better than the deserts in the neighboring republic.

These mammoth meadows are the prairies. The real prairies you will find in Canada. Innumerable paths, treaded by the buffalo, extend over these plains.

Fine is the prairie and green and very often cultivatable, but more beautiful and more suitable for cultivation are the small meadows, aerated from each other by streams and groves. These small prairies occupy an even bigger part of Canada than the great prairies. But if the reader shall be able to understand anything about Canada, he first must know how great Canada is.

We first take our own country, with its land and water, its mountains and woods. Very extensive is our country, but against Canada it is nothing. Then we take the whole Scandinavia, Norway, Denmark, Finland and Iceland, but our balance is yet in the air. We add England, Ireland and Scotland, but without result. The English islands could swim in the waters of Canada, and it should yet have water left around them.

We take three more kingdoms and one republic, viz., Holland, Belgium, Greece and Schweia. Yet we lack much. We add the Balkan states, Servia, Bulgaria and Roumania, and with these we join Turkey, but though we now have a dozen states on the European side, Canada is still more.

We have to enlarge our side with the great powers on the continent of Europe. We take all the kingdoms in the Empire of Germany, we take the Kingdom Italia, the Empire Austria Hungary, and the Republic of France, and yet Canada is more than all the other countries together. And now perhaps the reader might begin to suspect how big Canada really is.

We have forgotten Portugal and Spain, but it makes no difference. How much more do we really need? Just as much as we already have. Just as many kingdoms and empires and republics. But Russia is left and is great enough to fill up the rest. Canada is, in short, as big as our whole world, Europe.

Then we have another question in reality of more importance, viz. How big a part of Canada could people live in?

Nobody can give an exact answer. A large part of Canada is yet unexplored, but you can be sure that the cultivate part of Canada is just as big as the before named European states together, except Russia, just as big as the European homes for 225,000,000 of men.

And How many people are now in Canada? Canada is still nearly unpeopled as the whole of Europe would be if only the Swedes lived on their peninsula and the rest of Europe had no people at all, because now the whole of Canada has not more people than Sweden.

But, you ask, how do people live there? Is it not true what some papers said recently, that Canada is a bad country and nothing else?

Canada can produce bread for the whole of Europe, that is what the Premier of Manitoba, Mr. Greenway, told me. The secretary of the state of Minnesota said to me: "I will not deny that it is just as good land in Canada as it is here." Another authority (either the president of the Northern Pacific Railroad company or the United States consul in Winnipeg) has said, according to a pamphlet, that three quarters of the fertile American wheat belt is within the boundaries of Canada."

The premier of Manitoba might be right. Nobody can think of how immense and rich the cultivable land in Canada is. There you can get a field of grain big as half a hundred such kingdoms as Denmark.

Every foot of this land can be cultivated. Its fertility is incredible. During thousands of years the remains of plants and animals and prairie fires are here buried together, and the result is a black mould from one to twenty feet deep. You can take harvests for twenty years without fertilizing. You can plough this soil immediately. Not a stone, a stump stands an obstacle in the way of the plough.

The soil is rich and the same immense riches is in the woods, in the mountains, in the waters, in the mountains, in the waters, in the coal fields. But how is it with the climate?

I travelled in Canada during the weeks of August and September, and I was in a permanent enthusiasm about the air. The days were warm, but not hot. During many nights I slept in a half open tent. The summer in Canada is fine, the winter is cold but pleasant. People from Sweden said they did not feel the cold more than at home, even though the thermometer showed more degrees. The reason is the dryness of the air.

AN HONEST LIFE.

It is strange how reluctant young men are to accept, as the most vital truth in life, that the most absolute honesty is the only kind of honesty that succeeds in business. It isn't a question of religion or of religious beliefs. Honesty does not depend upon any religious belief or dogma that was ever conceived. It is a question of a young man's own conscience. He knows what is right and what is wrong. And yet, simple as the matter is, it is astonishing how difficult it is of understanding. An honest course in business seems too slow to the average young man. "I can't afford to plod along. I must strike, and strike quickly," is the sentiment. "Ah, yes, my friend, but not dishonestly. No young man can afford to even think of dishonesty. Success on honorable lines may sometimes seem slower in coming, but when it does come it outrivals in permanency all the so-called successes gained by other methods. To look at the methods of others is always a mistake. The successes of to-day are not given to the imitator, but to the originator. It makes no difference how other men may succeed; their success is theirs and not yours. You cannot partake of it. Every man is a law unto himself. The most absolute integrity is the one and the only sure foundation of success. Such a success is lasting. Other kinds of success may seem so, but it is all in the seeming and not in the reality. Let a young man swerve from the path of honesty, and it will surprise him how quickly every avenue of a lasting success is closed against him. Making money dishonestly is the most difficult thing to accomplish in the world, just as lying is the practice most wearing to the mind. It is the young man of an unquestioned integrity who is selected for the important position. No business man ever places his business in the hands of a young man whom he feels he cannot absolutely trust. And to be trusted means to be honest. Honesty, and that alone, commands confidence. An honest life, well directed, is the only life for a young man to lead. It is the one life that is compatible with the largest and surest business success.

Edward W. Bok

BRIGHTER THAN HE THOUGHT

Woe betide the man who tries to get ahead of a lawyer. Such a one is likely to be himself outwitted. Vide a case in point. A young lawyer, just starting in his profession, hung out his sign in a Connecticut town where there was only one other lawyer, an aged judge. A close fisted fellow, thinking to get legal advice for nothing, called upon the young man, told him he was very glad he had come into the town, as the old judge was getting superannuated, and then contrived in a sort of neighborly talk to get some legal questions answered. Then, thanking the young man, he put on his hat and was about to leave, when the young man asked him if he should charge the advice, for which the fee was five dollars. The old fellow went into a violent passion, and swore he never would pay. The young lawyer told him he would sue him if he didn't. So the old fellow went down to see the judge, found him hoeing in his garden, and said:

'That young scamp that's just come into town! I dropped in to make a neighborly call on him, and he charges me five dollars for legal advice.'

'Served you right,' said the judge, 'you had no business to have gone to him.'

'But have I got to pay it, judge?'

'Of course, you have.'

'Well, then,' said the man, 'I suppose I must,' and he started off.

'Hold on said the judge, aren't you going to pay me?'

'Pay you? What for?'

'For legal advice.'

'What do you charge?'

'Ten dollars.'

The result was that the [illegible] pay five dollars to the young lawyer and ten dollars to the old one.—*Golden Rule*.

A WORD TO THE BRIDES

I want to ask the young women who [illegible] seem to take up the blissful task of a home maker if she has ever wasted sixty minutes in a real good think? The individual whom she is about to make the happiest of man has humbled her up in a perfect potpourri of delightful fancies. His sweet heart room to be his wife is the dearest of girls. She has the temper of an angel. Her tresses the sunniest, her skin the fairest, her eyes the liveliest, so thinks the enamored one, and he considers himself the luckiest of men to have won such a prize. Don't disappoint the poor fellow, and you will if you cannot successfully answer the following queries.

What will you do when you cannot dodge into mother's every day for advice?

What will you do if the maid of all work inconsiderately concludes to leave you in the lurch?

What will you do if your better half proves a financial failure and your gowns and hats must be made at home?

What will you do if your bread is a mock, be supplied from your kitchen and not from the bake shop?

It is all very nice, very fascinating, very kissable to be cute, girlish and kittenish so long as mother's roof shelters you and the serious responsibilities of life are not yours to bear, but the man doesn't live who is going to put up for any length of time with the trials and miseries resulting from feminine inexperience. You can play "know nothing" tricks off on the lover, but they generally prove utter and dismal failures when it comes to the husband.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

Here is the way a prominent American puts it: "Here is a harness shop. One man in the shop is always busy through the day, always industrious. In the evening he's courting some nice girl. There are five other men in the shop that don't do this thing. They spend half of their working evenings in dissipation. The first young man by and by cuts out these others, and gets a harness store of his own. Then he marries the girl. Soon he is able to take his wife out riding of an evening. The five laborers, his former companions, who are him indulging in this luxury, retire to the neighboring saloon and pass resolutions that there is an eternal struggle between capital and labor."

Malaria is one of the most insidious of health destroyers. Hood's Sarsaparilla counteracts its deadly poison and builds up the system.

GIVING AS THE WORLD GIVES.

"Out on the wayside a little flower pined,
Boiled with the dust and parched by the heat,
Over the sky came a cloud on the wind
Fresh from the ocean's kiss, cool and fleet
'Give me one drop,' prayed the pale, fainting flower
'Only one drop of the dew in Day's breast'
'Nay,' said the cloudlet, 'I like I'm the lower
Where the rose and the lily are watch of the west
'One waits for my coming to brighten her bloom,
The other new roses to add to her breath,'
'With them,' cried the flower, 'its but tint and perfume,
With me 'tis a matter of life or of death'
They dwell where the sweet singing brooklet
[illegible] flows by,
And o'er the hot air with its most little feet,
Thick screen work of oak leaves above them
hangs high,
And shuts that fair face from their sight
retreat
'But I, on the edge of the dust powdered way
Stand off in the fierce blazing eye of the moon,
Ah, give but one drop of thy fullness I pray,
Lest I should sink in unwaking swoon'
But the cloud went its way, and in the Pale lifeless
ed the rose,
And the lily, her daintier odor flung wide
Nor came back the cloud at the daylight's still
close,
To one where the flower had fallen and died

Philadelphia Ledger.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

Satisfactory gas pipes are now made of manilla paper coated with asphalt.

Danish lighthouses are supplied with oil to pump on the waves in case of a storm.

The comptometer, a new calculating machine, is operated by keys like the newest typewriter.

It is estimated that one of the largest stones in the pyramids weighs fully eighty eight tons.

A proposition for a great shipcanal through France, between the English channel and the Mediterranean, meets with much approval abroad.

Historic old Castle Crai has been converted into a magnificently appointed aquarium. The work on the building has been completed, and but little remains to be done in the interior.

A building permit has been granted in New York for a business edifice four feet nine inches by fifteen feet eight inches. It is to be used as an Italian fruit store and the plans were drawn by a regular architect.

Ready sensitized postal cards are now being placed upon the German market, so that the photographic tourist can very easily dispatch prints of the pictures he is making in his travels to his friends and relatives at home.

A French engineer has built an electric locomotive which carries a 500 horse power stationary steam engine. This runs a dynamo, which generates the current applied to the electric motor mounted on driving axles.

NOT PROOF POSITIVE

A well known eastern bishop of the Episcopal Church once visited a western thriving city, and walking along the principal street with the rector the latter directed his attention to an approaching citizen with the remark: "Here comes one of the pillars of our church, bishop."

"A very shaky pillar apparently," replied the bishop who observed in the citizen a gait unmistakable evidence that he was under the influence of unrighteous spirits.

"True," said the rector, "he has his weakness, but he is a very staunch churchman. Here, bishop, let me introduce Mr. R."

"Bishop eh," said Mr. R., endeavoring to preserve his dignity. "I'm glad to see you, bishop. I'm principal myself, principal to the backbone. Baptized by a bishop, confirmed by a bishop, and when I see a bishop, why I take my hat off to a bishop."

The bishop evidently did not regard Mr. R. as a very good sample of what a church man should be, so he said: "Mr. R., how am I to know that you are an Episcopalian?"

"Cause bishop, 'cause I do the things I should not have done and I leave undone the things I should have done, and there is no health in me."

"You'll do," said the bishop.

NOT AVAILABLE

The Philadelphia *Times* has a account of a certain funny man who, wishing to furnish a chuckle, shortened the work of one of the day. He was making a deposit of some cheques at his bank when the receiving teller remarked:

"Well, sir, Mr. B., I suppose the hard times don't affect men of your profession. People must have poetry, I take it."

"Yes," said Mr. B., cheerfully. "We poets thrive in hard times of every sort."

"I presume so," continued the teller. "Must be a pretty good business. I imagine that a poem of yours ought be good for a hundred dollars anywhere, if you please to offer it."

"Yes," said Mr. B., thoughtfully. "Of course, of course, he added.

Two days later he went into the bank again, and handed a deposit slip to the teller. It read thus:

Cash	[illegible]
Cheques	[illegible]
Four poems	[illegible]
	[illegible]

But Mr. B. [illegible] a check to his shocked [illegible] out of only [illegible]. *Lotta Comparison*.

HOW TO MASTER YOUR TEMPER

Resolve it, give it nothing to feed on. When something tempts you to grow angry do not yield to the temptation. It may be for a minute or two be difficult to control yourself, but try it. Force yourself to do nothing, to say nothing, and the rising temper will be obliged to go down because it has nothing to hold it up. What is gained by yielding to temper? For a moment there is a feeling of relief but soon comes a sense of sorrow and shame, with a wish that the temper had been controlled. Friends are separated by a bad temper, trouble is caused by it, and pain is given to others as well as to self. The pain to often lasts for days, even years, sometimes for life. An outburst of temper is like the bursting of a steam boiler, it is impossible to tell beforehand what will be the result. The evil done may never be remedied. Starve your temper. It is not worth keeping alive. Let it die. *United Presbyterian*.

The people of 1894 may have ships made of who knows what? and propelled by forces that even Edison or Tesla does not know anything about. We don't know what kind of ocean or air ships they will have. Nobody knows. But we all know that each generation smiles or laughs at the things of previous generations, without ever thinking that unborn generations will smile at all things.

Newspapers are the second hands of history.