The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XIX.—NO. 41. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1894. PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

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

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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., SURGEON DENTIST
Graduate University of Toronto, Member of the royal College of Dental Surgeons
None but first-class operations performed
OFFICE—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.
Offices:—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:—Kennawin's Block, Acton, up stairs.

R. J. McNABB,
Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Insurance 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. S. JACKSON,
Conveyancer, Notary Public, Real Estate, Loan and Insurance Agent.
Money to loan at lowest rates
Office Day's Block, Guelph and

MARRIAGE LICENSES
J. L. CHARLES,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Office: Charles & Cox's 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 Ruling neatly and promptly done

THE PALACE BARBER SHOP,
MILL STREET, ACTON
H. B. WORDEN, Proprietor
An easy shave, a stylish hair cut a good shampoo a exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications for wanted to my address, Box 726, or telephone 66, 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 Swedish, Scotch, American and other superior Granites, Limestone and Marble. A large stock to select from, and none but superior workmen employed

Guelph Business College.
Stands head and shoulders above all its rivals. It is not only a famous 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 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 in other
For a copy of the illustrated Curriculum, mailed free, address,
PRINCIPAL McCORMICK,
Guelph, Ont.

SAVE
All you can when you're young. The time will come when you'll need your
MONEY.
Day by day is you money when you buy your Wall Paper from him, as he escaped the duty. We admit you
LOSE
A lot of valuable time when getting your goods from Day. He has such a large stock and such nice artistic effects you want to see them all, and forget all about
TIME.
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 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.

NEW
SPRING HATS.
EXCLUSIVE STYLES
ALL THE NEWEST
COLORINGS
REALLY CHOICE
GOODS.
CLOSE PRICES
FOR CASH
R. E. NELLES
Hatter and Furrier to the
99 Upper Wyndham St.

SEASON—1894
Returning thanks to our friends for their liberal support during the past season, we beg to inform you that we have now in connection with our business an arrangement with R. Stewart (late of Acton) to constantly on hand a full stock of the above named lines 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
are a better style than heretofore, we will supply them cheaper than pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. EBBAGE Manager
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

Valuable Property in Acton
FOR SALE OR TO RENT.
THE undersigned offers the whole of his property in Acton for sale, as follows:
The splendid and commodious brick dwelling on lot 8, block 21, eight rooms, hard and soft water, verandah, paling, orchard, etc.
The brick house and stable adjoining, on lot 10 in the same block. This is also a comfortable house and has orchard and water.
A number of the finest building lots in Acton, Corner lot No 9, on Church and Guelph Streets and lots 9 and 7 on Guelph Street, also lots 14, 15 and 16 on corner Mill and Young Streets in Young's Survey.
The store and dwelling on Mill Street, at present occupied. A first-class stand.
For particulars as to terms, etc., apply to John J. Kelly, Acton, or to
PATRICK KELLY,
91 West Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA
Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid-up 877,600
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. E. H. JONES,
Manager

When
You
Want
Hardware
at
Hard-pan prices
it is not
Hard for you to get
but it is
Hard for us to keep
so much
Come in and see us
and we will try
Hard to please you
at
BOND'S
Hardware Store,
GUELPH.

New Arrivals
OF SPRING SHOES.
See the Newest in Footwear, at
THE
LEADING
SHOE
STORE
W. McLaren & Co.
GUELPH.

OUR PRICES TALK
We don't spread out over a 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
W. BARBER & BROS
PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
MAKERS 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

—ACTON—
LIVERY
AND
BUS LINE.
The undersigned respectfully asks 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 p.m. Careful attention given to any order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS

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.

Poetry.

THE DEAR LITTLE GIRL AT HOME.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

I've sailed my ship o'er many a sea,
I've cast my anchor in many a bay,
But still, no matter wherever I be,
In what strange lands my feet may stray,
On what far seas my ship may roam,
My heart is true,
Eileen to you,
The dear little girl at home.

I have been to many a famous place,
Seen wonderful cities and lands,
But my own village is best of all,
And your little cot on the sands
Is my Heart's rest, wherever I roam;
For I am true,
Eileen to you,
The dear little girl at home.

God bless the women of every land!
They are beautiful, sweet and good,
Both far and near, I have found them so,
And I speak as a true man should,
But still wherever my ship may roam,
My heart is true,
Eileen, to you,
The dear little girl at home.

A sailor must seek his fortune for;
He must seek it on every strand,
But, if God will, I shall set my sail
And turn to my native land,
For I've made some gold, and need not roam
Too far away,
Or too long stay
From the dear little girl at home.

Oh, love of my heart, will you watch for me?
Will you watch for my sails so white?
Perhaps I may come at the sunset hour,
And perhaps at the dawning light.
My heart is home, though my ship may roam,
But, oh, how sweet
Again to meet
The dear little girl at home!

Select Family Reading.

Maisie's Extravagance.

BY AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR.

"Couldn't you possibly find something good to say about somebody?"

The voice was masculine and came from a curtained alcove in Mrs. Montaine's boudoir, being presently followed by the appearance of Mr Montaine, yawning visibly.

"I've been listening to you two (by the way, how d'ye do, Clara?) for over an hour," he continued, "in the intervals of a nap, and the way in which you use every body is absolutely appalling; and now that dear little Mrs Blaire comes under the harrow?"

"Dear little Mrs Blaire!" said Mrs Montaine, lifting her nose in the air.

"Well, she is! I have known her ever since she was in pinafores, and she is the sweetest, best of women, present company always excepted," and he made a sweeping bow to his wife and sister. "I know how she grieved for Dick one of the best fellows that ever lived and only married six months when he met the horrible accident that killed him. But that is six years ago, and Tassie is only twenty-five now. Why shouldn't she take off the mourning and go into society? Do you expect her to mourn till she is ninety?"

"Now, Fred," his wife said, "you are a good champion, and you know I love Tassie Blaire as well as you do, but there is reason in all things, and if a woman will expose herself to censure, you cannot tie up the tongues of other people."

"So it appears," said Fred dryly.

"But," said Clara, taking up the thread, "Tassie's extravagance is perfectly horrible! That blue cashmere just sent from New York, is a perfect mass of silk embroidery. Nobody could keep their eyes off her in church yesterday. It must have cost a small fortune."

"Perhaps she does it herself," said Fred.

"Nonsense! Somebody would see her. Besides everybody at Munson's knew when the boxes came by express."

"I'll bet they did!" muttered Fred.

"And her room!" said Mrs. Montaine. "You never saw such extravagance. Embroidered pillow shams, toilet mats, rugs, every sort of nonsense. And painted fans and parasols, panels and plaques, and I could not tell you what else. Everything new that comes out. She does not do them herself."

"And thus she is a Mill hunter," cried Clara.

"Where did you get that word, and what do you mean?" questioned her brother.

"I mean that she is always running up to New York to visit her wealthy friends, and only makes the most formal calls here in Clarksville. Nobody is quite good enough for her ladyship but a resident of a brown stone front on Fifth Avenue."

Fred Montaine shrugged his shoulders and went out, leaving Tassie Blaire to the mercy of the two ladies.

Turning a corner he stopped, raised his hat and said:

"Tassie! and the blue cashmere!"

A merry, musical laugh answered him.

"Don't tell me the gentlemen are attacking my good blue cashmere," said Mrs Blaire. "I am well aware that all the ladies in Clarksville think I should be hanged and burned in it. But isn't it pretty?"

Fred looked critically at the dark blue dress, the velvet hat, of precisely the same shade, the soft white lace at throat and wrists, the dainty gloves and neat boots, and at last, at the beautiful blonde face raised inquiringly to his own.

"Lovely!" he answered. "I'll get Mollie one exactly like it!"

"You can't!" I hold a copyright patent whatever it is. Besides," and the blue eyes danced with mirth, the rosebud mouth puckered up primly, "such awful extravagance!"

"But, Tassie," Fred said, suddenly grave, "you mustn't mind."

"Bless you," she interrupted, frankly, "I don't. If those Clarksville angels called me a liar, or a cheat, and I swindled tradesmen or didn't pay my debts, they should prove their assertions or retract them. But so long as I hear nothing worse than that I spend my own income as best pleases myself, and visit friends who do not backbite their associates, their tongues may wag until they tire. Going up to the city? No. Good-bye then. I want to catch the 11:30."

She went rapidly forward, her perfect health making the crisp winter air a delight to her. Steam and horse cars brought her to a wide, fashionable street in New York, and she was ushered into a cosy sitting room, in one of the brown stone fronts of which Clara Montaine spoke so scornfully.

Greetings, kisses and gushing over, she stood before her friend, who was busily lounging in a deep arm chair, before an open grate fire.

"Admire my dress, Elsie!" she cried.

"I am already sick with envy," was the reply. "My bottle green sinks into the shades, and it cost—"

"That's just it! You want one, just like this, at the price of your bottle green!"

"Another pauper," said Elsie, pathetically. "You will bring me to the alms house, Tassie."

"Well, all the old women, and the young ones, too, for that matter, in Clarksville, will tell you you will find me there already!" said Tassie, taking off her hat and sacque, and sinking into another arm chair; "but this dress, Elsie, is really a walking advertisement. When you order one, I am going to Mrs. Nichol's and Mrs. Emerson's to try my luck there."

"Who is it this time?" sighed Elsie.

"One of my old schoolmates. Why, I forgot; you must remember Alice Preston!"

"Certainly! You don't mean to say she is one of your portegees?"

"I met her, quite by accident, coming out of a dry goods store, with such a bundle, and so shabby. She was actually ready to cry because I spoke to her! Oh, Elsie, her father is dead, and they have nothing but what she and her mother earn by embroidery. Mrs. Preston is dying of cancer, but she can still sew. I went home with Alice; such a home! Do you remember their lovely house?"

"Yes! yes! And she embroidered your dress?"

"You see it is one of those cases where actual charity would cut like a knife. I do not dare to carry Mrs. Preston anything but such delicacies as I might offer for you if you were ill. But they embroider for some of the large stores at price that would make you shudder. You know, dear, my income must be divided to a penny, and I cannot pay for a dress like this, what it is worth, but I bought the material and paid exactly three times what they receive at the stores for the same work that they sell for imported at a fancy price. Now you will order one at the price of your bottle green like a darling, won't you?"

"Oh, certainly," with a mock air of resignation. "Any more paupers?"

"Don't call hard working people paupers!"

"But don't you get sick of it all, Tassie?"

"No. You know better than anyone living, Elsie, how hard it was for me to come back to every day life, after my dear husband died. I was not called upon to work, but I was not rich enough for any great charity. I was sickening for some object to live for when my little crippled boy met me in the street, to offer his lovely fans for a price that was almost starvation. I bought two, and took his address, sold them all for their full value, and took him the money. You should have seen his face. That led to original work, and so little by little my list of protegees, if you wish to call them so, has grown. I do not work in Clarksville, because it is a place where the ladies do much of their own work, and are very keen for a bargain. Let them seek their bargains themselves. But I have so many friends, as you know, Elsie, who do not care for the price of what they like, that I can help the ladies who have seen better days, and who shrink from going about themselves. Your wrappers will give Mamie Shaw an easy mind all winter, and perhaps a week in the country, and I have two more orders for her for infant's embroidery. So I can enjoy my own wrapper, for which I paid double what the sisters paid, and yet about half its value. Then there is that Italian who broke his leg two winters ago. He has more than he can do in scroll saw work, all private orders, at good prices, and his wife has her hands full of lace work. You should see the boarders at Munson's roll up their eyes over my lace."

"Going? You have hardly come!"

"I want to sell some more cashmeres."

"Good-bye, then, if you must go; you blessed little missionary."

"Good-bye! I wonder what Clarksville would say to your last pet name."

But Clarksville never heard it, and having no clew to the secrets of Mrs. Blaire's wardrobe, still shakes its head and predicts dire misfortune to follow Tassie's wicked extravagance.

THE KING'S CROWN

Few persons can suffer silently. They seek to relieve their feelings to murmur and complain.

A story is told that once an invalid, who had been suffering for more than twenty years, began to ask herself why she was thus afflicted.

Suddenly her room was illuminated by a heavenly light and a beautiful form bent over her saying:

"Daughter of sorrow art thou too impatient?"

"No," she replied, "but I am full of pain and disease, and I see no end to my afflictions, nor do I know why I have to suffer so much."

"Come with me, daughter, and I will show thee," was the reply.

"But I cannot walk," said she, sadly.

"True, true," he replied, as he took her up tenderly in his arms and bore her tenderly to another land, and sat her down in a large workshop in a far off city.

The room was full of windows, and the workmen were placed near the windows, in order to be near the light. They were hard at work grinding and shaping and polishing what appeared to be small pebbles.

The sick lady's guide pointed to one workman who was so intent upon his work that he might have been alone in the workshop. He neither noticed nor spoke to anyone in the room.

In his hand he held, in a pair of strong punchers, a half polished diamond. He grasped the little thing as if he would crush it, and held it against the rough stone without mercy.

The grindstone whirled around, the dust flew, and the jewel became lighter and smaller. From time to time the workman stopped, and holding it up to the light, he examined it very carefully.

"Workman," said the sufferer, "why do you press so heavily on the jewel, and grind it so hard?"

"I want to grind off every crack and flaw in it."

"But don't you waste it?"

"Yes," he replied, "but that which is left is worth so much more. Should this precious stone bear the wheel long enough, it is to occupy an important place in the crown of our king."

Gently the guide bore the sufferer back again to her bed of pain. She had learned the reason of her suffering. She understood now that she was being prepared for that time when she would be able to run without weariness, walk without faintness, and sing with the redeemed who have come out of a great tribulation.

Minards Liniment relieves Neuralgia

AN ERAMOSA POET

Produces a Volume of Merit, Entitled: "Milestone Moods and Memories."

A former resident of the neighboring township of Erafino has blossomed into a poet. It has been known among the intimate friends of Mr. D. McCaig that the mantle of poetry had fallen on him but no volume had been issued until the one lately from the press of Hunter, Rose & Co. Many of the pieces in the volume have lain in the author's desk for over forty years. His motive for publication we give in his own words. "All I have ever hoped for in my most sanguine moments has been, that when Canada has outgrown her novitiate, when she has a literature of her own, and a standing among the nations of the earth, I might be recognized as one who had in her then, long ago, seen some beauty in nature, some grandeure in country and home, some greatness in God, and something of heaven in the face of woman, and had, in some sort worth remembering, recorded my convictions."

The volume bears the musical title of "Milestone Moods and Memories," which very aptly suggests the reflective tendency of the writer. The pieces cover a wide range of feeling; patriotic, domestic, philosophic and pathetic.

"In Memoriam" is suffused with a warm glow of feeling for country and is an excellent example of noble thought wedded to sweet verse. It is colored with the pioneer experiences of the early settler.

"Like echoes come the songs of long ago,
At early morn that through the forest rung.
The little clearing waking in the glow
Of life's brave struggle, when the heart was young
In soft low murmurs steal across the vale
The notes of labor lasting, as the fires
Of mad, bright summer, ending, sink and pale
And the last songster from the grove retires
With ling'ring note, that on the air expires."

The mother-in-law as well as Canada has a place in the author's affections. Two or three of the pieces are in Scottish dialect: "Moods o' Burns" will perhaps be remembered as the prize poem in the Toronto Caledonian Society's contest of 1895.

In a poem entitled "Waiting" we see the yearning of a human soul to escape from worldly circumstances and conditions. It is a piece of close philosophic insight. "A Grandsire's Christmas" is the theme of a retrospect of the varying aims and aspirations in the progress from youth to age. "Wayfarers" in a similar tone, has a strong domestic feature.

"Hither up from love's bright morn
We have travelled hand in hand.
One alone must cross the bourn
And weeping on the strand."

Space will not permit of detailed mention of the many gems. We may be excused however from calling attention to "The Tramp." If the measure of a poet's power is his capacity to see more deeply into things than others see and to give fitting expression to such insight, then Mr. McCaig is a poet of high order.

The picture of the tramp

"The boy whom a mother had kissed" is drawn by one having a deep sense of the sacredness of human sufferings and joys. The stanza below will indicate the poet's treatment.

In the bright waking morn by the light of the way,
On the crisp frozen leaves shod around
The knife and the crust and the casket of clay
Which the tramp left behind him were found,
And bound round his neck as he lay there alone,
Was the image, both youthful and fair
Of a sweet laughing girl, with a blue ribbon zone
And a single white rose in her hair.

We foresee for the volume a warm Canadian welcome.

NEVER RUN IN DEBT

It was to no uncertain manner that Horace Greeley once said, "I would rather be a convict, a slave, than to pass through life under the harrow of debt. Let no young man misjudge himself unfortunate, or truly poor so long as he has the full use of his limbs and faculties, and is substantially free from debt. Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach are disagreeable, but debt, is infinitely worse than all. And, if it had pleased God to spare either or all of my sons to be the support and solace of my declining years, the lesson which I should have most carefully sought to impress upon them is 'Never run in debt.' Avoid pecuniary obligations as you would pestilence or famine. If you have but a pittance, and can get no more for a week, buy some corn, parch it and live on it, rather than owe any man money."

OUR GRATITUDE

Many, many, many all the time, somebody who thinks that the proprietors and others who are trying to avoid deficits in the various schemes of the church and its enterprises are too zealous. Well, that is scarcely so. No preacher nor any other church worker that we know of is trying money all the time. But supposing they were. Is there any day on which we do not receive innumerable blessings? Any day on which we do not enjoy inestimable privileges? If there is any such day let that be a day on which nothing is said about giving. We receive every day, and therefore, there is no impropriety in talking every day about giving. As a matter of fact, many days of each year pass without seeing anything done in the way of giving to show our gratitude to Him who gives us so much.

A Hope.

George—Aunt Alice, didn't you say the other day that I had a sweet tooth?

Aunt Alice—Yes, George.

George—And how did you know it?

Aunt Alice—Because you are so fond of candy.

George—Does my sweet tooth make me fond of candy?

Aunt Alice—Yes, George. Why?

George—Why, because if my sweet tooth makes me fond of Candy, I just hope the dentist won't go and pull it out by mistake when I go next week.

In silence the family are sitting,
Each keeping as still as a mouse,
As they ponder the annual question,
"Is it better to move or clean house?"
Jingle, jingle, jingle!
So the poets go.
Not a cent of money
Only rhymes, you know.

"Yes, I have bought a piano for my daughter. She will give lessons to keep the wolf from the door." "If the wolf is at all musical in his tastes.

If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any substitute article. Take Hood's and only Hood's.

OTHELLO REVISED.

"During my senior year at Brown," writes a Drawer reader, "Booth and Barrett played a week's engagement in Providence, and secured among our students such amateur aid as they needed. Among these amateur supernumeraries was one Attleboro, who was given the part of Othello's lieutenant, Cassio. He practised constantly the scene where he was to interpose between Brabantio and the Moor. He had but three words to say, but it was astonishing what varieties of inflections, gestures, and expressions so short a speech admitted. Our hall constantly resounded as he heavily paced his room, and frowning angrily at a lamp-sconce, swept his arm towards those unoffending objects, shouting, 'Hold your hands!'

"On the evening of the performance the military strides with which he entered the scene and the haughty and martial air with which he grasped the hilt of his sword did honor to his interpretation of the part. We noticed, however, as the noise of the approach of the irate father and his followers was heard, our College Cassio became nervous, and when the two parties of angry men met he was completely held by that form of temporary aberration of the intellect known as stage fright.

"The momentous instant arrived when blood would be shed unless he intervened. Booth glanced at him impatiently. He stepped forward, waved his arm, and attempted to utter the words of meditation so necessary to preserve the public peace, but to the now quiet house no sound was audible. Othello glared at him, Iago scowled. Again he waved his arm, again moved his lips, but no words came. This pantomime was repeated several times, and the painful silence had become almost unendurable, when, with a supreme effort, Cassio found his tongue. Again stepping forward, and looking desperately at Booth, he shouted, 'Cheese it!'

"At this unexpected and far from classic sally Booth and the other actors lost their self-control, and the remainder of the scene lacked much of its accustomed dignity."

Harper's Magazine.

MAY'S SCRAP-BOOK

For a long time May's mother saved all the pretty pictures that came in her way, and put them in a big box all by themselves. They were fancy chromos, advertising cards and such magazines as were not preserved to be bound. At last there got to be a large collection, and May got old enough to take an intelligent interest in the arrangement of the pictures, and to help in pasting them into the book.

In the long summer days she and her mother devoted themselves, when at leisure to selecting and classifying the pictures and pasting them into the scrap book which was large enough for the largest picture in the box. The scrap book was divided into departments. There was the story department, and into this went all the pictures with stories in them. There pages devoted to domestic animals, to birds, to wild animals, and to insects and fishes. In the centre of one page, for example, was an ocean scene, and around this were placed various fishes. Another had to the middle a pretty woodland view, and birds in various attitudes were pasted around this. There was a dining room department, and the advertisers of silver and glass and china were large contributors. Also a kitchen department, containing things useful in that domain. The nursery contained quantities of baby faces and cribs and baby carriages.

May learned to make her own paste, with flour and water and a little sugar, all mixed smoothly together, and boiling water added till it was just thick enough. She had a little paste brush, and learned to cut the pictures out nicely and paste them in without soiling the space around them.

When the book was done, there was some material left over to begin another book with. Not only May enjoyed looking over her scrap book, but it was a great pleasure to her grown friends as well, and a great many resembling it were made by little girl friends, with the help of their mothers or older sisters.

GREAT WORKERS.

Lay friends, newspaper men, were in an uproar. While on a railway train they were moved to mischief by the comical appearance of a country looking fellow who sat near.

"How long did it take you to write Paradise Lost?" one of the friends asked addressing his companion.

"Oh, about two weeks but I was busy on the 'Course of Time' a good bit of the while. You worked quite a while on the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' didn't you?"

"Well yes, quite a while. Oh I could have done it sooner if I hadn't worked so hard on 'Rasselas' during the time. But when it comes to work, let me tell you that I caught it on 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' I had to have it done by a certain time, and hanged if I didn't write write a volume a week for six weeks. After that I took it easy and didn't write more than a volume in two weeks."

They glanced occasionally at the country man and tittered gleefully. Pretty soon the fellow got up, approached them and said:

"I have taken a lay off merely to look for you fellows. I wanted to have some fun with you. And before they knew what he was about he seized them in a strong and mysterious way and bumped their heads together, and then, as the train had reached a station he bowed politely and got off.

REDUCING VIBRATION IN RAILWAY CARS.

A new invention embodies a principle which will commend itself to all railway travellers. It is sought to lessen the discomfort and annoyance of travel on many lines on which there is excessive vibration by the construction of a pneumatic car which embraces the application of an elastic fluid as an absorbent for vibration and oscillation." An air cushion is arranged on the cellular principle between the car body and the truck frame, and as there is an equal distribution of air under varying pressures all oscillation is prevented. This elastic medium is said to completely absorb all vibration resulting from rough tracks, jointing of rails, excessive speed or any other cause, and the car is carried smoothly and steadily along. This pneumatic system can be equally well applied to street cars, and instances are not hard to find in which it unquestionably should be.

More accidents occur to the right leg than to any other limb.

IN MOTHER'S PLACE.

"In mother's place"—so father said
His kind hand resting on my head
While all the burdens of the day,
The care and trouble fell away.
New purpose seemed to grow in me
To struggle for the victory,
And be the true elder happy light
I breathed a silent prayer to night.

I never guessed in times gone by
How much there was to feel and try
The sweetest tongue all day long,
Was it to day when things went wrong
I clinched the hasty angry word,
Hearing the tones by child-lips heard,
Seeing in memory the while
The vision of a vanished smile.

The children crowding at my side
Need me, and will not be denied
The more her presence made so bright
Needs me, and I must be its light
The boys and girls too soon will go
From sheltering arms of love, I know
May the sweet influence of home
Be then a shelter they may roam.

Yes! it is little I can do
Yet faith in God will bear me through
And give me wisdom to fulfill
My duty since it is His will
That these who need a mother's care,
Should find in me her self of her
And longing for her loving face
A guide and friend in mother's place.

The Quiver.

BEFORE HOUSECLEANING, RESOLVE

That is, if you are a housewife, wife and mother.

To have a well digested, but elastic plan of operations.

To not only do the work more thoroughly than ever before, but to do it with less haste and more system and order.

Not to commence, except around the edges, until the winter is half enough hot not to endanger the health of yourself or of your family.

Not to stint yourself, saying, I will finish this work by such a date." If you do, you will either overwork to accomplish it, or it will be a thorn in the flesh, goading you to the finish.

Not to commit the senseless, perhaps sinful, extravagance of doing heavy, hard work that you can hire others to do equally as well and then flatter yourself that it is wise economy.

Not to expend a dollar to the parlor or other full dress rooms if these or daily use by the family are not in perfect sanitary condition and well supplied with comforts. In other words do not sacrifice healthfulness, convenience and comfort to vanity or the cowardly fear of Mrs. Grundy's censure.

To re-paper the walls of living and sleeping rooms, if the old decorations were put on too recently to have absorbed impurities, even though they may not seem soiled badly. Beautiful wall paper in soft tones and artistic designs can be purchased for fifteen cents a roll, and the hanging is no harder or more difficult than many another task that you do not hesitate to undertake.

To stain or paint an outside border around the floors of all sleeping and living apartments, and not allow a carpet to reach within eight inches of the base board. Five minutes daily use of a sweeper in such a room will effectually prevent an unhealthy accumulation of dust.

Not to relay a carpet until it has been thoroughly cleaned and repaired, and not then without placing carpet papers or two layers of newspaper underneath. Lay matting or linoleum in the same way.

Not to decorate the windows with such a profusion of draperies that sunshine, the greatest of beautifiers, cannot find entrance.

To neglect nothing pertaining to the sanitary condition of either the home or premises, and especially of the cellar, kitchen, sink and all drainage.

That absolutely perfect housekeeping is not essential to the most beautiful home making, indeed is often fatal to it, while a little judicious slurking and charming disorderliness is the highest wisdom.

KATHARINE B. JONES.

QUEER DIVORCE CAUSES

A Kansas wife recently secured a divorce from her husband because, as she solemnly set forth in her petition, "the defendant pinched the nose of this plaintiff, causing the plaintiff great pain and anguish of mind."

An Ohio man has secured a divorce because as he declared under oath "the defendant pulled this plaintiff out of bed by his whiskers."

A lady picked a bachelor out of a jury in a Pennsylvania court because, in the language of his affidavit, "the aforesaid struck this plaintiff a violent blow with her bustle."

A Missouri divorce was granted to cause the defendant kept quarreling and leaving this plaintiff supperless, or if he gets any he has to cook it himself.

Out in Illinois a wife secured a decree because her husband threw the baby at her when she hit him with a coal bucket for spitting on the stove.

A Connecticut man got a divorce on the ground that "the defendant would not get up in the morning, nor call this plaintiff in time to do anything she was told."

A decree was granted to a Massachusetts court because the defendant keeps the plaintiff awake most of the night quarrelling.

A Wisconsin man got a divorce because his wife kept a servant girl who spit on the frying pan to see if it was hot enough."

A Jersey wife secured a decision because the defendant, the husband sleeps with a razor under his pillow to frighten the plaintiff.

A Virginia woman was set free because "the defendant does not come home till 1 p.m. and then keeps the plaintiff awake talking."

A Tennessee court liberated a wife because "the defendant does not wash himself thereby causing the plaintiff great mental anguish."

In Illinois a decree was obtained because a long suffering husband complained that "during the past year the defendant struck this plaintiff repeatedly with pokers, flat irons, and other hard substances."

In Minnesota a decree was given to a wife because the defendant never cuts his toe nails, and being restless in his sleep, scratches this plaintiff severely.

Finger prints as a means of identification has been adopted in the Indian army.

Gentlemen's tie an every day garment. It is always suitable for a journey and is never out of style at home. It is the best oil to prevent friction, the best salve to heal all to prevent bruises, the best preventer for a long journey, the best testimonial to a good character. It never plants a thorn in your pillow or a palm in your heart.