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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
Open every day from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.

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.—Kennawin'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.—Crosbman'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, Ont

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
J. L. CHARLES,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Office Charles & Co's. Grocery,
Mill Street.

JAMES HUTCHEON
Land Surveyor and Civil Engineer
Office, adjoining J. A. Mowat's Macdonell 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 or ruled. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done

THE PALACE BARBER SHOP.
MILL STREET ACTON
H. H. WORDEN, Proprietor
An easy shave a stylish hair cut or a refreshing bath an 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 forwarded to any ad ress, Box 726, or telephone 66, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR Agent
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Hamilton's Marble Works.
HAMILTON's Block (formerly Batch'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 no other.
For a copy of the illustrated Circular, 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 saves your 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 $260,000 00.
The aggregate amount insured in West and Ontario is over $17,000,000 00.
Ample assets for all liabilities.
All honest losses honorably adjusted and promptly paid.
OFFICERS
CHAS. HENDRY, President.
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ACTON
MACHINE AND REPAIR SHOP.
GRINDELL & WRIGHT.
Are well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to
MACHINERY,
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
And to do all kinds of
STEAM-FITTING
HORSE-SHOEING and
GENERAL BLACKSMITHING
And woodwork repairs performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gumming and filing done
AGENTS FOR
FLEURY'S IMPLEMENTS AND REPAIRS.
GOWDY'S CELEBRATED LAWN MOWER, high wheel, high speed.
Grindell & Wright.

Novelties
IN GENTLEMEN'S WEAR
New Suitings,
New Spring Overcoatings.
Fine New Trowserings
Correct Styles, First-class Workmanship, Perfect Fit and reasonable Prices
Upon these features we solicit your patronage
You will find the very latest styles in Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishings at lowest prices at
R. E. NELSON,
Hat, Cap and Gents' Furnisher,
90 Upper Wyndham St., Guelph.

SEASON---1894.
We are returning thanks to our many patrons for their liberal support in the past and beg to inform you that we have entered into an arrangement with R. Stewart, Guelph, whereby we constantly on hand a full stock of the ordinary sizes of
Sash, Doors, Etc,
and will also supply any special sizes on short notice at lowest prices.
Frames of All Kinds
made to order. We also keep in stock a line of Base, Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, &c.
Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait
Price $1 50 per M
PUMPS
Are a matter able than heretofore we can supply Wind mills, wood or iron 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 alway 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, splendid young orchard.
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 5 and 6 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,
81 West Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA.
Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid up 677,400
Rest 73,000
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

YOU MAY BE
Interested.
GENTLEMEN
We respectfully invite your attention to our assortment of Tweeds and Clothing for this Season's trade, that it will compare favorably with any in the city we feel quite confident.
Although we do not advertise ourselves (in print) as the "only first class tailors in Guelph," we think that our record justifies us in claiming to be tailors whose goods and work are eminently satisfactory.
We do not allow any of our competitors for your patronage to outdo us in any creditable particular.
We have done and are doing as good work as any in Canada and court comparison.
YOURS, ETC.,
SHAW & TURNER
Merchant Tailors and Clothing Dealers
GUELPH

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

OUR PRICES TALK
We don't spread our ever using 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

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

Poetry.

MR. PETERS OF SCHOHARIE MORALIZES.

You'd like to be a boy again? I wouldn't, ye can bet.
I'm satisfied just as I am, age brings me no regret.
I'm havin' finer things these days than when I was a lad,
An' wishin' I was back again's a wish I never had.
I wouldn't have to go to school for all the cash there be,
A larnin' how to read and write and studying geography
Wish that red headed teacher, with his frownin' fashionable way,
To spank me 'cause I'd mix Malinda up with Pennsylvanay.
Ay' drivin' cows to pasture every day at six a.m.,
An' gettin' thrashed for fightin' stead o' keepin' track o' them,
'Ain't got no sentiment for me. I never did enjoy
The trials that I allers got for bein' jest a boy.
An' furthermore, I'd rather have the misery of life
I went through when it came to choosin' Marthy for my wife
To look back on an' shiver 'bout, jest as I now kin do,
Than havin' it a thing to come to be looked forward to.
An' for chums, I wouldn't swap those little sons o' mine
For twenty thousand of the chums I had when I was nine.
An' when it comes to eatin', why, it sort o' suits my eye
To know that if I want it I can eat a whole mince pie
You fellers kin be boys again if so it pleases ye, But where I stand just now's the age of ages all for me.
I'm satisfied with what I am, old, gray, and ton without.
It's sort o' pleasant to be old and know ye know it all.

Harper's Magazine

Select Family Reading.

"Our Girls."

BY ERNESTINE MCMULLEN

"A fine place you've got here, Desmond," said Major Clippett, looking around with approving eyes upon the lovely lawn, spotted with leafy walnut trees. Up on the hill sides the hay makers were at work; down in the valley one could just catch a glimpse of the river that wound in and out among green copses and level pasture lands.

"Yes," said Mr. Desmond, who stretched out upon a bamboo reclining chair, was smoking an eastern chibouque. "It is rather pretty for a man who can't afford a villa on Lake Como!"

"I saw two young gypsies as I came up the hill," added the major, cheerily. "They were good enough to direct me, or I might have taken the wrong path. One of them was riding a bare backed colt in the pasture, the other was doing battle with a blackberry hedge and had a very pretty mouth all besmeared with stains."

Mr. Desmond shrugged his shoulders.

"Our girls," said he. "You needn't go on to describe them any further, Clippett. Everybody around here knows our girls!"

"The poor girls," said Mrs. Desmond, who sat by, in pale blue muslin, and eyes to match. "They are a great disappointment to my husband."

"Indeed?" uttered Major Clippett, sympathetically. "They seem to be nice young things!"

"Nice enough, said Mr Desmond apathetically. "But girls! And I've always so longed for a boy. Some one for whom you can chalk out a career; some one who can make a name in the world. Girls!"

Mrs. Desmond, who believed implicitly in her husband, drew a funereal sigh, Major Clippett laughed. And Ella and Essie, who had heard it all in the shades of the drawing room curtains, looked sorrowfully at each other. Essie, the youngest and rostest, had washed the blackberry stains away from her cherry lips; Ella, the tall girl, who was a very Rosa Bonheur in respect to colts, and cows and all the barn yard animals, had put on her white dress and pink ribbons to do fitting honor to her father's guest. And here they stood looking sadly into each other's eyes. Side by side "our girls" went noiselessly up into the old nursery, where they had played as children.

"I always knew that papa wasn't quite suited with us," said Essie.

"But I never guessed the reason why," said Ella.

"What shall we do?" said Essie.

"What can we do?" pleaded Ella. "We are only girls!"

"Yes, I know," said brave little Essie, who from the threshold of her 'teen seventh year was beginning to take shy peeps out into the world. "But things are not as they used to be, Ella! If we could only make papa see! I am proud of you! If we could only induce him to look at us as if we weren't superfluities in the world!"

"Do you think it is possible?" said Ella, with brightening eyes and carmine spots glowing on each cheek.

"We can try," said Essie. "Let us go down by the river, and talk about it!"

"What?" said Mr Desmond, lifting his head wearily from the pillow of the sofa, where he was composing himself for his afternoon siesta. "Our girls again? Can they never be contented?" Aren't they getting along well enough with their governess?"

"Yes, I know, dear," said little Mrs Desmond, meekly. "But they want wider advantages than Mrs Millson can give them. They want music lessons from Salvini, and a course of French and German, at the Conservatoire," and Major Clippett says that his sister will be delighted to receive them if you don't object?"

"Object!" repeated Mr Desmond, drowsily. "Oh, I don't object!" Let them do as they please!"

And Mrs Desmond carried this verdict to the girls.

"Didn't he say he should miss us?" said Essie, wistfully.

"Was he glad that we had some ambition?" asked Ella, whose hungry little soul yearned for sympathy as a desert wanderer sighs for a cooling fountain in the arid sands.

"No, children," said Mrs Desmond, pityingly. "You know papa never can be very enthusiastic about girls! But I dare say he will miss you when you are gone."

So the two girls left Desmond Court, dismissed by their father with cold kisses, like the touch of a fish.

"Five years had passed away, and "our girls" had not returned to the parent nest. Mrs. Desmond grieved for them, but her husband scarcely seemed to miss the sound of their laughter in the dim old garden alleys, or the echo of their light footsteps in the halls.

"If they had been boys, now!" said he, "it would have been very different."

Until at length he went up to town to visit his friend Major Clippett."

"The girls aren't here, eh?" said he. "Well," with a yawn, "I thought you'd got tired of them."

"Not in the least," said the major, briskly. "But in the prosecution of their life studies they have been obliged to leave us. You shall see them in a day or two."

"Plenty of time; plenty of time," said Mr. Desmond.

"Well," said the major, "how shall we amuse ourselves? Shall we go to the theatre to night, and see the beautiful young 'Ophelia,' over whom the whole world is raving?"

Mr Desmond brightened up at once.

"Yes," said he; "let us go. I do like good acting. I think I should have made an actor myself if I had ever had a chance to 'train' properly."

"An I in the meantime," said the major, with great gravity, "we will visit the studio of a pretty artist friend of mine, who is winning herself a great name in the world."

"I'm a little rusty about art," said Mr. Desmond, "but I know a good picture when I see it."

It was a large octagonal room, lighted by a dome of ground glass from above, and hung with folds of claret colored cloth; a room filled with glowing landscapes, fair, serious heads, and studies of the antique. Visitors moved quietly about, speaking in whispers and glancing now and then at a tall, slight girl in a brown holland dress belted at the waist, who was working at an easel at the end of the room.

"Let me introduce you to my friend the artist," said Major Clippett. Mr Desmond bowed low.

"I reverence Art in all its shapes, said he. "And if I had been fortune to have a son."

"Papa!" cried the girl, passionately, flinging aside her palette, "don't you know me?"

"Essie!" he cried. "No: it is not possible!"

"But it is, papa," cried she, "your little Essie!"

His eyes filled with tears, and for the first time in her life Esther Desmond saw, shining in them, the light of true affection.

"My girl," said he huskily. "I am proud of you. I honor you for making a career for yourself. And Ella?"

"Oh," said Essie, busy with her colors, "you shall see her, by and by."

"She is not at home, then?"

"She is not here, papa."

Mr. Desmond accompanied his wife and daughter, and Major Clippett to the theatre that night. It was crowded from pit to dome, for the "Ophelia" of the season had been a brilliant success; and when she glided on the stage in her pure white dress and girdle of dead gold, the house rang with applause. Her face and figure were exquisite; her acting such as Shakespeare himself might have dreamed of, and when at last the curtain fell, and "Ophelia" was called out again and again to receive the enthusiastic laudations of the crowd, the tears were raining down Mr Desmond's face.

"I call that acting, said he. "Clippett, did you say you knew that girl?"

"Certainly I know her," said Major Clippett, with difficulty keeping the corners of his mouth in order. "She is coming to my house to night, to supper. Shall I introduce you?"

"I shall esteem it an honor to know a woman of such genius!" said Mr Desmond.

"Oh, George!" cried his wife, "didn't you recognize her? Our Ella!"

"Not Ella!" cried Mr Desmond starting up. "My daughter, Ella?"

"And no other," said the major. "Well, I don't wonder that you didn't know her. She has changed wonderfully. She's a genius, you know, is Ella!"

And when the beautiful young Ophelia was folded in her father's arms that night his heart throbbed high with pride, while Essie stood smilingly by, and Major Clippett took infinite credit to himself for all that had transpired.

"They live here with me and my sister," said he. "They are my adopted daughters. But we wanted to surprise you so they are staying temporarily with a friend. They are both artists, Desmond, they have conquered their own destiny. God bless them and achieved success."

"Our girls!" said Mrs Desmond softly, and the familiar words which he had so often spoken, in a sort of contemptuous toleration, grated harshly on her husband's ear.

"Our girls!" he repeated. "Our treasures, wife! I have been sighing all my life for a son, but I shall never sigh any more. My girls are all sufficient to me, now."

And of all the triumphs which Ella and Essie Desmond have won, this hour was the sweetest to them.

MODERN PROVERBS

Character is capital
Real faith is fire proof
Sins never travel alone
Small evils hatch quick
God employs no hired boy
A half truth is a whole lie
Actions are ideas in motion
Every man is some boy's hero
Small sins cause great sorrows
An oath is a prayer to the devil
Little bibles are read the most
Darkness is the star's best friend
There are no turn tables in eternity
Every lie has a truth on its track
The eye of faith can see in the dark
Bad habits are thistles in the heart
If men had to be judged by one another nobody would reach heaven
Some ministers spoil the bread of life with butter of their own make
The diamond has more sparkle but window glass does the most good
A cook stove in the basement seldom gives spiritual warmth to a church

Want Teachers for Pitcairn

A San Francisco despatch says: "President McCoy, ruler of the famous little community on Pitcairn island, has arrived here on the missionary brig Pitcairn. Mr. McCoy is a descendant of Fletcher Christian, who settled on Pitcairn island many years ago. The community comprises 128 people. McCoy's errand is to engage two school teachers to educate the children on the island. He says the community is in a prosperous condition and has recently adopted a new form of government, over which he presides as president. He is assisted by a council of six men."

INCOMPETENT WIVES.

There is no greater injustice that can be inflicted upon a girl than for a mother to allow a daughter to enter womanhood or wifehood without a practical knowledge of a household and its requirements.

I care not how easy her beginning may be made for her, how everything may be provided her by generous parents when she begins her new career, nor how many servants she may have at her call, a woman is cruelly handicapped who comes to her own home without an intelligent conception of its management.

It is a popular thing in certain "smart acts" to scoff at the utility of housekeeping, but nothing more surely stamps the intellectual calibre of a girl than an indulgence in such feather-brained commonplaces. The girl who believes she becomes fashionable by being untrue to the best instincts of her sex is the girl who sometimes wakes up to wonder why other women are so happily married and she still retains her single blessedness?

Wealth does not lessen the necessity of a knowledge of home-making and home-keeping on the part of a girl. The largest retinue of servants require a head, and an intelligent one, just as the largest business requires a master, and servants whether in a home or in an office are quick to discover incapacity and take advantage of it.

The woman who comes closest to the solution of the servant girl problem is the woman whom her servants know is as capable of doing their work as they are themselves. Servants of any kind work best and only under direction, and proper direction requires knowledge. No study is more vital to a girl than this.

Many a girl, after marriage, has wished that she knew less of music sections and more about cooking. The strongest love of a husband for a wife is not a safeguard for the discontent which is sure to enter a home where the wife betrays constant domestic incapacity. If the husband be the master of his business he expects the wife to be the master of her home.

Writers and speakers have done much harm in referring to cooking as a homely art; on the contrary no practical art exists which is more graceful. A woman who fills her home in every sense of the word elicits more true applause, worthy at all of the living, than the woman gifted of any other quality. This fact cannot be too strongly impressed upon our girls.—EDWARD W. BOK, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

FIVE MINUTES FOR MATRIMONY

I had to wait at the depot after the other passengers had scattered in order to see the agent, and when our business had been concluded I noticed a young colored woman hanging about. She seemed to want information, and I mentioned the matter to the colored porter. He walked up to her and brusquely demanded,

"Now, den, what yo' reckon yo' want to find out?"

"Gwine to find out 'bout Abner Jones," she replied.

"Did yo' spect him to meet yo' here?"

"Yes."

"An den yo was gwine to git married to him?"

"Yes."

"Shoo! Wasn't Abner Jones he won't dun be around yere to-day. He married my sister last week, an de happy couple hev gone to Opelika fur de honeymoon. Was yo' all ready to marry him?"

"Yes."

"Shoo! Jest wait a minit. Say yo Jim out dar!"

Jim was a young colored man who was unloading cotton from a dray on the platform. He came up to where we stood, and the porter said,

"Jim, dis yere puson oam down to marry Abner Jones, but Abner he dun got married to my sister. If she wants a husband, den she orter hev one. I'm gwine to leave yo' alone wid her jest five minits!"

We walked down to the end of the platform and back, and Jim and the woman came out of the waiting room hand in hand.

"All dun settled?" asked the porter.

"Yes," replied the pair in chorus.

"Don go up town and git hitched by de preacher, and may de Lawd hev mercy on yo' soals!"

"It was pretty sudden, wasn't it?" I queried of the porter as we watched the happy pair going up the street.

"Shoo! What's de use in fussin' around about gittin married?" he replied. "I'se bin dar about seben times myself, an de werry worst one of de lot was a woman dat purtended to be shy and kept me waiting forty minits befo' she said yes."

"BUT WHO IS MY BROTHER"

A few years ago a vessel was wrecked off the northwest coast of Ireland. Crowds gathered on the beach to witness the scene. A few brave men came forward and put out to the sinking vessel. After a struggle they came back through the surf and the watchers cried, "Have you got them? Are they all saved?" They answered, "Yes, all but one; if we had stayed for him, all would have been lost." Instantly a stalwart fellow stepped out from the crowd and called for volunteers to go for that one. But the young man's mother clung to him told him how his father had been lost at sea and how his brother, William, had sailed away and never been heard of more. "And now," she added, "if you go, my all will be lost." But he broke away from her quietly and he and his brave companions put out to the sinking ship. As they pulled back toward the shore the crowd shouted, "Have you got the man?" "Yes," came back the glad answer "and tell mother it is Brother William."

ONLY PARTLY TRUE.

She had been at the seaside and in the country all the summer and autumn, and her industrious fance had been working and waiting for her during the long, long days.

Now she had returned, and he had been hearing many things of her, and was sore displeased.

"They tell me," he said painfully, "that you flirted desperately with no less than six men this summer."

Her cheeks blushed and her eyes blazed.

"Who told you that?" she asked angrily.

"Several people. It has been the talk of the town." Her anger gave way to sobs.

"O George," she pleaded, as she hung herself on his neck, "it isn't true."

A great load was lifted from his heart.

"No, George," she went on, "it isn't true; there were only four."

War! on scrofula and every form of impure blood is boldly declared by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great conqueror of blood diseases.

CARLO CARRIED IT.

Harry was a nice little boy, and he had a great yellow mastiff many sizes too large for him, but it was a Love-Me-Love-My-Dog combination, and his kind parents kept the mastiff at a sacrifice. Harry was too lazy to do anything but play football, and go fishing. One day his mother sent him to the butcher's shop for three pounds of beef.

"Must I carry all that home?" whined Harry.

"Let Carlo help you carry it," said his parent with keen sarcasm. "He is almost as lazy and as good for nothing as you are."

In three hours and thirty minutes Harry returned, the butcher's shop being about a quarter of a mile away.

"Where is the beef?" asked his mother.

"Carlo's carrying it," whispered Harry, fearing the result.

"But I don't see it," exclaimed the boy's mother.

"That's 'cause it's on the inside of him," explained the boy, much to his mother's chagrin and disappointment.

SHORT SERMONS.

It is not necessary to belittle one man, even by implication, to present another in his just proportions.

One reason why some people find it so hard to lead a Christian life is because they devote so little time to it.

A holy life has a voice; it speaks when the tongue is silent, and is either a constant attraction or a perpetual reproof.

The world may not understand God's rebukes, or may put an unkind construction upon them. His children cannot, for they know "God is love."

Every single action of our life carries in its train either a reward or a punishment, however little disposed we are to admit that such is the case.

Do to day's duty, fight to day's temptation. Do not weaken and distract yourself looking forward to things you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw.

God gave man the power to choose between good and evil, and intended him to choose. He might of made a man without the power to do evil, but that would have struck good from the calendar of the universe.

Retiring From Business.

If there is anything for which a veteran merchant is peculiarly unfit, it is retirement. So long as his mind and body retain their vigor, let him continue to mingle in the business world. It is his element, and nothing else can supply its place. He may be more than rich enough—a millionaire—but no amount of money can make idleness a blessing to a busy-minded man. He may say to himself, "I have made enough." He may think that to persevere in adding to his already superabundant wealth will look like greed, or he may fancy that he has done his part in the toil and labor of the world, that he requires rest and quiet; that it would be pleasant to enjoy exemption from care and responsibility, and to have his time at his disposal. But the chances are that he could not be happy without labor and excitement, and that the leisure he covets would hang heavily on his hands.

A CHINESE GROCERY FIRM.

Our Chinese fellow citizens have discovered a new field for their restless enterprise. Their success in the laundry business has encouraged them to enter upon fresh lines, and the result is that the great firm of Quong Hing & Co., grocers, has been formed. In order to meet the opposition which the advent of such a formidable competitor might be expected to arouse in the ranks of the established trade large capital was required, therefore it became necessary to form a partnership. This has been done, and the new firm is composed of Sang Kee, Sang Wah, Wong Sing, Lee Sing, Chin Wah, Fong Hang, Chin Let, Wong Yon, Chin Man, Wong Sam, Wong Hing, Chin Tait For, Wong Gem, Chin Hing, Chin Wong. A fall in the price of groceries is expected to compensate the rise in laundry rates, so that necessaries will be cheapened at the expense of one of the luxuries of life.—*Star*, Montreal.

MARRIED ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

A wonderful anniversary, the 100th, of the marriage of Mr and Mrs Jean Szath mary is reported from Hungary. This appears to be a circumstance which is entirely impossible. But the marriage of this pair is duly and officially recorded as having taken place in May, 1793, at which time according to the record, they were of marriageable age. As in Hungary at that time a bridegroom must have reached the age of twenty and a bride that of fifteen the pair must now be at least 120 and 115 years old. The 100th anniversary was celebrated at the town of Zsombolya, in the Banat, which has for a long time allowed the venerable couple a pension in recognition of their great age and fidelity to each other.

Even a Brass Monkey Couldn't Stand It.

A minister recently preaching on the importance of caring for the body, which is the temple of the Holy Ghost, spoke of those who defile this temple by saturating it with tobacco smoke. He mentioned how he had seen a brass monkey in his town set up in a store with a cigar in his mouth. The cigar was lighted, and by machinery the monkey could draw the smoke from the cigar and puff it out again. The works stopped on one occasion and the monkey was taken apart to discover the cause, when the works were found clogged and in a filthy condition. The minister added: "If tobacco smoke will stop the works of a brass monkey, what will it do to you?"—*Dio Lewis.*

An Engineering Triumph.

A triumph in engineering is reported from the mountains of Peru, where a twin screw steamer of 540 tons, 170 feet long and 30 feet wide, has been successfully launched on Lake Titacaca, the highest navigable waters in the world, more than 13,000 feet above the level of the sea. The steamer, which belongs to the Peruvian government and is used for freight and passenger traffic was built on the Clyde, then taken apart in more than a thousand pieces and shipped to Mollendo by sea. It was carried to Puno by railway and transported over the mountains on the backs of llamas and mules and put together by Mr. John Wilson, a Scotch engineer, with great skill and success.—*Chicago Record.*

It is said that the human hair will turn white during violent emotions if the hand is laid upon it.

SETH SANDERS'S RELIGION.

ANON IN BOYS.

Seth Sanders kept a grocery store
At Squashburg, state of Maine,
Wherein the thousand things were sold
That country stores contain
Molasses, codfish, cotton cloth,
Grindstones, lung balsam, shoes,
Ink, tapes, mosquitoes, sewing silk
Mixed paints in reds and blues,
Hoe handles, bonnets, pocket knives,
Salt Mackerel, hats and caps,
Tinware, hair dye, wooden pails,
Wheel grease and ladies' wraps
An absent-minded chap was he,
And sometimes goods got low
Or ran completely out of stock
Ere he the fact did know.
Folks would ask for this and that
And Seth would say, for squeak
"Just absent all about;
Have some in next week."

So oft he had to use this phrase
It got to be a joke,
And everybody used to laugh
Whenever the words he spoke
But "Methody camp meeting" came
And to it people flocked
In numbers such that half the roads
With teams were fairly blocked
The joke was quite forgot and all
The towns stood away
To sing and shout and cry "Amen"
And one warm, sleepy day
While Seth dozed idly in his store,
A solemn man passed through
The village and stopped stiffly in
And slowly said, "Have you
Religion got?" Seth, half awake
Replied, with same old squeak
"Just absent all about
Have some in next week."

HOW THE FRENCH MAKE A LIVING.

According to recent statistics about half the population of France lives by agriculture; a tenth by trade, a twenty fifth by the liberal professions, and three fifths on private incomes. Of the agriculturists 9,176,000 are owners who farm their own land. The others are tenant-farmers, graziers, labourers, or small proprietors, who in their spare time work for others. The mines, quarries, and manufactures employ 1,300,000 persons, while 6,003,000 are engaged in various petty industries. Among traders there are 700,000 bankers, commission agents, and wholesale merchants, 1,895,000 shopkeepers, and 1,164,000 keepers of hotels and cafes, and public houses. Railways and other transport agencies by sea or land employ 600,000 persons. There are 805,000 State servants in the various departments and parishes of France. With regard to professions there are 112,000 preachers of various denominations, and 115,000 members of different religious orders, 156,000 members of the legal profession, 130,000 medical men, 110,000 teachers in schools other than those of the State, 121,000 artists and artisans of every description, while 42,000 are recognized as servants, men of letters, journalists, etc. The number of persons living entirely on income derived from land or other investments reaches 1,819,000 while there are 272,000 pensioners, public and private.

REMINISCENCES OF DELHI

Lord Roberts, in a recent lecture at Newcastle, gave a graphic description of Delhi and of its great siege in 1857, and paid an eloquent tribute to the gallantry of British troops. He said the troops were successful in thirty different combats, always against long odds, often opposed to an enemy ten times their numbers, and who had all the advantages of ground and superior artillery. At last, when it became evident that our numbers were daily decreasing, that no hope of further reinforcements could be entertained, and that if Delhi were to be taken at all it must be taken at once, batteries were thrown up in open ground, within grape range of the walls. The establishment of Major Reid's battery within 180 yards of the walls, to arm which heavy guns had to be brought from the rear under a constant fire of musketry, was characterized by the lecturer as an operation that has rarely been equalled in war. Finally, these warriors, worn out with disease, incessant work and exposure and greatly reduced in number, stormed in the face of day a strong fortress defended by 30,000 desperate men, who were provided with everything necessary to defy assault. Our effective force at Delhi, as Lord Roberts reminded his audience, never amounted to 10,000 men, of whom 992 were killed and 2815 wounded, while hundreds died from disease and exposure.

Babies as They Are

The advent of a baby is at first greeted with its cradle. It may be a little to a young hopeful to keep it, and for every inch given it will exact an ell. Wake about with one for ten minutes in the middle of the night just to quiet the poor little thing, and in a week you will be in good training to walk a thousand hours. Trot one knee or three on your knee, and the animal stiffness will disappear after be in request during the day until at last between the equestrian exercise by daylight and the pedestrian late by gaslight, you will be fit for the position of high private in a marching regiment of either infantry or dragoons. Cunning as malicious as cunning there is nothing so gratifying to your baby as to travel at other people's expense, and no full grown Jeremy Diddler ever practiced the art more successfully. There is but one way of escaping the infliction and that way is never to begin. It were rashness to shake off ten Old Men of the Sea than one infant that has acquired a taste for midnight excursions and diurnal trots. Babies are the most persistent young jockeys that ever rode a free horse to death.

How to Cook an Old Hen.

When so eminent a scientist as Prof. W. Mattieu Williams thought it worth his while to experiment with this somewhat tough subject for gastronomic contemplation, it may not be amiss to profit by the result of his experiment. He took a hen six years old but otherwise in good condition and cooked it slowly in water for four hours, then let it stand in the water until the next day, when it was roasted for about an hour, basting frequently with some of the broth in which it was simmered. It was then pronounced as tender and fine flavoured as a young chicken roasted in the ordinary way, notwithstanding the good broth obtained by stewing.

A little boy once defined "salt" as the "stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put any of it on!" This delightful definition suggests that what not to do is as important a question in developing a success as the question of what to do, and suggests also that the negative qualities in a merchant's equipment may be as necessary to consider as his positive requirements, says the Keystone.