The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick streets, Acton.

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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 8 p.m.

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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, upstairs

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Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc
OFFICE—Matthews Block,
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SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & STONE,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,
TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN.
Offices.—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and Traders' Bank Chambers, 63 Yonge st., Toronto.
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JAMES HUTCHEON,
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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,
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For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

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Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

THE PALACE BARBER SHOP,
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H. H. WORDEN, Proprietor.
No easy shave a stylish hair cut or a bath at exhilarating shampoo always given. Razors honed and put in first class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.

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PAMPHLETS, Posters, Pamphlets, Price Lists, Bonds, Circulars, &c., &c., executed in the best style of the art, at moderate prices and on short notice. Apply or address
H. P. MOORE,
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Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 79, or telephone 66, will be promptly attended to.
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REV. J. E. HOWELL, M. A. Pastor.
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Public Services 10:30 a.m., and 6:30 p.m. Sunday school at 2:30. Bible Class conducted by the pastor. All cordially invited.
Strangers and visitors always welcome. An entire usher at the door.

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Stands head and shoulders above all its rivals. It is not only a famous Shorthand 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

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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 Curriculum, mailed free, address,

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Make a remark as to the advisability of keeping cool during the present warm spell.

He was a wise Man

For he dropped into Day's, and from their elegant large stock of new

....HAMMOCKS....

selected a beauty at a remarkably low price.

All Sizes, Qualities and Designs.

DAY'S BOOK STORE.

GUELPH.

Day Sells Cheap.

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CAPITAL - $12,000,000
REST - 6,000,000

A SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
Has been opened in connection with this Branch.
Interest Allowed at Current Rates.

JAS. H. FINLAY,
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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.

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Proprietor.

The only direct importer in Guelph, of Scotch, Scotch American and other superior granites, Limestone and Marble. A large stock to select from and none but superior workmen employed.

Novelties.

IN GENTLEMEN'S WEAR

New Suitings,
New Spring Overcoatings.
Fine New Trouserings

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,
merchant Tailor and Gents' Furnisher.
99 Upper Wyndham St., Guelph

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

We are now selling those first class pumps I put up all were guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.

THOS. EBBAGE, Manager
Acton

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.

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.

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA

Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid up 600,000
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. H. JONES,
Manager.

IT DOES NOT PAY

To buy inferior twine when you can get old standard brands at these prices.

Sterling	6½c.
Red Cap	7c.
Blue Ribbon	8c.

Don't give these old reliable brands the "go by." Remember the grand results in the past.

Terms Cash.

For sale at

BOND'S
Hardware Store,
GUELPH

Prove it.

You, no doubt, have read above advertisements. You have noticed what is said about Low Prices. Prove for yourself who is telling the truth about shoes.

Test it.

Go into any or all the shoe stores commence with Oxfords at 75 cents, and examine carefully up to $4.00. We claim that we can give a better fitting Oxford for the money than any other store in the city.

Oh yes!

This great Family Shoe House keeps the lead and intends keeping it.

The Leading Shoe Store.

W. McLaren & Co.
GUELPH.

YOU MAY BE

Interested.

GENTLEMEN

We respectfully invite your attention to our assortment of Tweeds and Cloths 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 sell a cheap job competitors to your patronage to outdo us in any creditable particulars.

We have done and are doing as good work as any in Canada and court comparison.

Yours truly,

SHAW & TURNER
Tailors and Fashion Dealers,
GUELPH.

EXCURSION

every Saturday
ACTON to SPRAGGE'S Popular Furniture Store GUELPH

Every Saturday is our

BIG BARGAIN DAY

And on a purchase of good that would cost you $5.00 at any other store you will save your railway fare if you buy from us, and I will give you a few examples:

1 Extension Table	4 ft.	former price $5.00
1 Sideboard		9.00
4 Dining Chairs		6.00
1 Parlor Suites		40.00
1 Parlor Suites		45.00
6 Baby Carriages at cost		
7 Bicycles at cost		
8 Bedroom Suites from		

Try us once and you will never leave us.

P. SPRAGGE,
The People's Popular Furniture Store
Upper Wyndham St.
Guelph.

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.

WORDS.

Words are lighter than the cloud foam
Of the restless ocean spray
Vainer than the trembling shadow
That the next hour steals away.
By the fall of summer raindrops
Is the air as deeply stirred;
And the rose leaf that we tread on
Will outlive a word.

Yet, on the dull silence breaking
With a lightning flash, a word,
Bearing endless desolation
On its blighting wing, I heard;
Earth can forge no keener weapon,
Dealing surer death and pain,
And the cruel echo answered
Through long years again.

I have known one word hang starlike
O'er a dreary waste, of years,
And it only shone the brighter
Looked at through a mist of tears,
While a weary wanderer gathered
Hope and heart on life's dark way,
By its faithful promise shining
Clearer day by day.

I have known a spirit calmer
Than the calmest lake, and clear
As the heavens that gazed upon it,
With no wave of hope or fear,
But a storm had swept across it,
And its deepest depths were stirred
Never, never more to slumber,
Only by a word.

I have known a word more gentle
Than the breath of summer air,
In a listening heart it nestled,
And it lived forever there,
Not the panting of its prison
Stirred it ever, night or day,
Only with the heart's last throbbing
Could it fade away.

Words are mights, words are living,
Serpents with their venomous stings,
Or bright angels crowding round us,
With heaven's light upon their wings.
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies.
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in God's skies.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

Select Family Reading.

My Reward.

"Max," said I, testily to my nephew, "your father is a fool!"

Max tapped my dragon head inkstand with his pencil and made no answer. But he evidently agreed with me.

"Tell me about it," I added, sitting down, after having made a hurried circuit of the room. "I'll help you if I can."

"Thank you, sir," said Max, gratefully, then he sighed, and the momentary bright ness went out of his face.

"I'll not be promoted for a year, and even then my regular salary does not begin for six months," he said; "Father utterly refuses to help me, and on what I get now I would not think of marrying, unless I had a home to take my wife to."

"So!" I exclaimed, with a sudden idea. "Well, what then?"

"Then? Nothing! That's the end. I haven't the home, nor can I get it. I might marry on what I have now, and take Jean into one or two rooms in a cross street, have her to do her own work, and live from hand to mouth generally, but I won't do it."

"Then you want to begin in style, do you?" I asked, disapprovingly.

"No, but nicely. Jean is not afraid of work, and would gladly begin at the lowest round with me, but she is refined and cultivated, and I would be unhappy to deny her enjoyments."

"She teaches music now, I believe," said I.

"Yes, but has a cozy comfortable home with her mother. Mrs. Delmar is a lovely woman, and has given Jean most of her education. She has seen much better days, I am sure. They rent together, play and study, and I could not take Jean from such a life and make a household drudge of her."

Max sighed disconsolately, and, as I was deep in thought, we were silent for some time. I was sorry for him. My young life had been blasted by a rich father stepping between me and the girl I loved, who was poor, and now here was my brother in law doing the same thing with his son. So deeply had my disappointment affected my life that I had never married; the one love had been all my heart had ever known, and to night I can see her blue eyes as they looked into mine twenty five years ago, and hear her voice, but, pshaw, it's Max's love you want to hear, not mine.

"What would you like?" I asked abruptly.

Like," repeated Max, startled from his reflections.

"Yes, what would I settle you to marry at once?"

A home, for my wife, we must live entirely on my salary as I have that but board bills would leave nothing."

I went into reflection again, and stood over in my own mind the misery poor Max was now in. Oh, how I would have appreciated some help when I had been there, and now it lay in my power to extend that help to another, worthy, and similarly situated.

"Max," said I, suddenly, with an unconscious shake in my voice, "my dear boy, give me your hand. I know how you feel, and I intend to help you. I had this same experience when I was your age, and it has made my life the lonely one that it is, some time I will tell you all about it. Go right to your little sweetheart and tell her to set the day at once, and when you are married you will have a home to take her to."

"I Bole Boy," cried Max, starting to his feet and wringing my hand painfully, "I don't know what to say to you."

"Don't say anything, I don't want you to," said I, rather crustily, to hide my feelings. "Take your hat and go, I've got some business that I must attend to at once."

Max was evidently as glad to go as I was to have him. What queer notions men have about holding their feelings! I saw that his eyes were shining like diamonds through a mist of tears as he wrung my hand again, and said in a voice, trembling with several emotions, "God bless you, Uncle Ben;" then he rushed away, and I sat down to think a little, and wipe away my own tears.

New York was a mean place for a young couple to begin, and begin small. Nothing but flats, and to my notion a flat is no home. But in the far end of Brooklyn was as sweet and cosy a little home as any one, rich or poor could want. A sweet, sunny little house, surrounded with trees and flowers, and just the place for any little woman with a happy heart and busy hands to make a bower like home of.

The owner wanted to sell, so the sooner I saw him the better; and, with that decision, I jumped up, put on my wrappings, and was soon trundling off in an uptown car. I don't like new fangled notions, and the elevateds make me nervous.

It was a cold, blustery night, and I had a long ride before me. So I settled in my corner, and for a long while noticed no one, and then a young girl came in and sat down opposite me, and I couldn't help but watch her. The lamp light fell squarely on her face, and she could not see me looking at her, so I did so unreservedly, and thought I had never seen one sweeter or more refined. She was cold, and tired; that I saw, for she shivered a little once or twice, and her face was pale and sad, with a weary droop about the mouth, and shadows under the large eyes, blue as alexanite, with fringing lashes. The dim light showed her plainly but neatly dressed, and the more I looked the more I became interested, until I suddenly became aware that another man was similarly engaged, and not politely, either. He sat next to her, and deliberately turned and faced her, a movement that caused the color to hurriedly come and leave her face, though she tried to appear unconscious of the impudence. I struggled with a sudden desire to choke him, and very probably would have made a move of some kind had he not turned away. But at the next crossing she left the car, he did likewise, and without a second thought I arose and followed them. Would the scoundrel speak to her? My blood danced wildly through my veins as I thought of it, and watched him gaining on her rapid, nervous walk. We were all close together, she a trifle in advance, he close behind, and I almost to his steps, when he suddenly gained her side and I distinctly heard his words.

"Miss, I hope you will pardon me, but I would like to know you. You are a beautiful and"

He got no further, for one blow from my clenched fist sent him staggering against a near railing, after which I turned quickly to her.

"Don't be frightened child. I will see you safely home."

She was shrinking and trembling like a leaf, but my fatherly tone seemed to reassure her, for she gave one quick, appealing glance into my face, over which the gaslight flickered, then drew nearer to me with a frightened shudder.

"Thank you, kindly, sir, it is only on the block below."

What a charming, bird like voice! Just as refined and ladylike as she looked. I drew the trembling hand under my arm, noticing that she carried a roll of music in the other, and then we started ahead. She did not speak again and I felt her still trembling, but on the block below she paused at the doorway, and withdrawing her hand, said:

"Won't you please come in, mother would like to thank you, and I would be pleased to have you." She threw the door open as she spoke, and I was just on the point of declining with thanks, when the parlor door was thrown open and without a glance at me, Max rushed out!

"Jean, why are you so late? I was terribly worried, and" Then he looked beyond at me. "Heaven and earth! Uncle Ben!"

"Max Jessup!" I responded, with a gasp, and then for one full minute the air fairly quivered with exclamation points.

"I don't understand. I didn't know" began Max, in utter bewilderment, which could not be wondered at.

"You didn't expect me to get here as soon as you did you?" I managed to say, with a laugh, as the facts in the case slowly began to dawn upon me. "Well, Max I'm as astonished as you are. And is this Miss Delmar?" I added, turning to Jean, who advanced, perfectly silent with astonishment.

"Yes, sir," she said, holding out her hand with a charming smile; "and if I correctly understand, it is Max's uncle to whom I am so indebted. I am so delighted to find it so. Let us go in."

I followed her, still smiling at Max's bewildered face, and when she went away to lay off her things I explained the case to Max.

"And you were out in our behalf!" he exclaimed, after having indulged in a vain rage at Jean's encounter. "Oh, Uncle Ben! you are good! You will be rewarded some way."

"My reward will be in seeing you spared the unhappiness I suffered, and still suffer," I answered much touched by his emotion and gratitude. "She is a dear, sweet little girl, Max, a true, lovely little woman. Make her your wife as soon as she is willing, and remember what I said this evening."

Max was about to answer, but Jean returned smiling and sweet as a flower, with pretty tears as blue as her eyes fastened in her sunny hair, and the smiles rippling over her face as she talked to us.

"Mamma is late, too," she said, glancing at the clock. "We are neither of us ladies of leisure," she added, with a merry laugh to me. "Mamma is a visiting governess, and I am a poor music teacher. Don't you think Max made a very singular choice?"

"A very happy one," I answered, but at that moment the outside door opened and Jean jumped up.

"This is mamma, excuse me a moment, please."

I looked around the room while she was gone, and still further formed my opinion of these two. It was small and cosy, with odd bits of brie a brac, a few fine pictures, many books tasteful, home made knick nacks, a well worn piano and a harp. It spoke of better days, some sudden adversity, and good care of what had been left from the wreck. There was refinement exquisite taste and

"This is the gentleman, mamma," I suddenly heard Jean's voice saying. "Mr. Danton, let me introduce my mother."

I hastily turned and arose with my very best bow, held out my hand, and then a strange mist came before my eyes, and the next I knew, Max's voice, sounding far off, was saying:

"Uncle! Uncle Ben, are you ill?"

Then sight came back to me slowly, and I saw two astonished, half frightened young faces on either side and before me a tall, sweet faced woman, with bands of nut brown hair just slightly tinged with gray, and the blue eyes I had never forgotten.

"Louise! Louise!" I cried, throwing out my arms in a sort of frenzied fear that it was a dream. "Louise, is it you?"

"Yes, Ben," answered the voice I had not heard for twenty five years. Then she was sobbing in my arms like a girl, and I oh, well, considering that I've turned fifty-five, I'm ashamed to speak of myself.

Both of the young people seemed to comprehend matters by this time. I had said enough to Max, and Louise had probably told her daughter, for neither asked any questions, but fell to rejoicing with us at once.

"I can't say anything, Uncle Ben! My heart is too full!" exclaimed Max, seizing the first opportunity to shake both my hands, while Jean went into a rapture over her mother. "I knew you would be rewarded. Such kindness as yours is never in vain. And now to think how happy we all are!"

"But thank God, my boy, that your happiness has not come to you after draining for years the very dregs of the bitter cup that I have. Your happiness love are in their spring time; ours come to us as a golden harvest, and only the winter of life will be ours together."

"Don't say that!" cried Max, gayly. "You've both of you fifty years to live yet; and we'll dance at your wedding—won't we, Jeanie?"

"Yes, if they will at ours," laughed Jean.

But I might write on and on, and I never could describe the rest of that glorious evening, or how happy we all were. I won't try, because you all know how buoyant Max was; and, as I said before, considering that I've turned fifty-five, I'm ashamed to speak of myself.

FANNIE BELLE IRVING.

HIS BACKSHEESH.

One day, says a writer of English military experiences, a heavy gun stuck in the muddy bottom of a stream, and the tandem elephant was unhooked to shove behind, or lift the muzzle of the gun with his trunk. But he would not; he only bellowed and swayed uneasily, shifting from one foot to the other in the sticky mud. At last, with a piteous shrill trumpeting, he touched the sharp point of the iron right on the muzzle.

"He says he is afraid of hurting himself, sahib," explained the mahout.

"Well," answered the officer in jest, "tell him to spoke the wheel."

"Promise him backsheesh, sahib, and he will."

"Very well?"

The elephant carefully found a securer footing, curled his trunk round a lower spoke, and made the wheel revolve, then the shaft elephant put in his ponderous weight, and the gun slowly rose out of the mud, and rolled up the opposite bank.

The triumphant mahout demanded backsheesh for his Hooshiar Hatti (wise elephant).

"You scamp! You want the backsheesh for yourself!"

"No, sahib! I dare not cheat him, and if you don't give him backsheesh, he will remember you are no gentleman, and will never work for you again."

"All right," said the officer, tossing the man a couple of rupees in succession. "How shall I know you didn't cheat him?"

"Come and see him feed this evening, sahib!"

That evening by moonlight the officer was summoned to see Hooshair Hatti eat his supper. The elephant was swaying to and fro, fanning himself with a branch, and round the fire stood huge chupatties—flat cakes of flour, butter and sugar—purchased with the backsheesh for the Hooshair's supper. The mahout took up one of these cakes, and offered it to the "wise one," who weighed it carefully in his trunk, and then deposited it, with a satisfied smack, in his raw looking mouth.

"Now, sahib, this second chupattie is light weight. See him find it out!"

The elephants are accustomed to a certain ration weight, and when the Hooshiar took this cake by the edge, an angry twinkle came into his wicked little eye, and quick as lightning he snapped the mahout in the face with the leathery mass.

"See, sahib!" cried the man in glee, "I dare not cheat him." And he picked himself up and offered a large chupattie. "Here, you foolish one!" Did I ever cheat you? This one is overweight."

The elephant understood, and ate in forgiving tranquility.

REPARTEE OF THE BICYCLE.

A bicycle had collided with a coal cart and lay a tangled mass of tubes upon the pavement. The various parts of the machine soon began an animated discussion as to what particular part was to blame for the disaster.

"You lost your bearings," grumbled the handle bar to the wheel.

"And you are not fit to be pedaled," retorted the wheel.

"I'm sorry that I spoke," was the courteous reply.

"You are a d——d——p——t," chimed in the chain.

"Well, the inside has a cycle, to saddle the affair onto me," remarked the wheel, with a tattle of resignation in its tone.

"Be quiet you rubberneck," chipped in the handle bar.

"Was your headlight?" responded the wheel viciously.

"It may have been but there are no wheels in it."

"May I axle a little question?" meekly inquired the chain.

"I'll decline state upon the matter," replied the handle bar and the stillness of the night was broken only by the wind as it whistled through the pneumatic tube.

THE ART OF MUSIC.

The Shah of Persia, when visiting the late Emperor of Germany, some years ago, was taken to the performance, was asked how he liked music. He confessed that the majority of it was pretty crude, but that one piece that the orchestra had just been playing was simply superb. The Emperor at once gave orders for the repetition of the piece.

"No," said the Shah, "that's not it."

Another one was played. "No," returned the royal visitor, "it's not that, either."

Presently the orchestra began to tune their instruments.

"That's it!" cried the Shah, enthusiastically. "That's the piece I was trying to tell you about."

So for the edification of this barbaric ruler, and the anguish of the rest of the audience, the orchestra tuned, and untuned and retuned their instruments in the most heartrending fashion, and the Shah leaned back in his chair, while his face wore a look of unspeakable enjoyment.

It is important to keep the liver and kidneys in good condition. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy for invigorating these organs.

THE TESTS.

Of Dignity—Never to forget yourself.

Of Unselfishness—Never to remember yourself.

Of a Clerk—Not what he earns, but what he spends.

Of Happiness—The art of forgetting unhappiness.

Of a Millionaire—Not what he spends, but what he earns.

Of a Good Comrade—How much you enjoy talking to him.

Of Unhappiness—The habit of forgetting actual happiness.

Of Beauty—Not that it is perfect but that it always attracts.

Of Virtue—Not what it does not do, but what it does not want to do.

Of Purity—Not what it has not seen, but what it has not touched.

Of Charm—Not how deeply you feel it but how keenly you remember it.

Of a Student—Not how much he knows, but how much he wants to know.

Of a Realist—Not that he ever depicts ideally, but that he never depicts falsely.

Of a Fine Man—Not the harm that he does not do, but the good that he does do.

Of Fascination—Not how keenly you remember it, but how much else you forget.

Of the Worst Pessimism—Leading a poor life and then preaching what you practice.

Of a Woman's Power—Not how exclusively you think of her when she is there, but how often you think of her when she is not there.

FAREWELL.

It is said to be an old story, this of a man named Doherty, who was drilling with his squad of recruits in London. Doherty was nearly six feet two in height, and at that time the sergeant major was a man whose height was only five feet four. On this day he approached the squad looking sharply about him for some fault to find.

All the men squared up except Doherty, and the sergeant major at once accosted him.

"Head up there, man!" called he. Doherty raised his head slightly.

"Up higher, sir!"

The head was raised again. Then the sergeant major managed, by standing on his toes, to reach Doherty's chin, and he poked it higher, with the remark:

"That's better. Don't let me see you with your head down again."

By this time everybody was interested at seeing Doherty staring away above the sergeant-major's head, when a voice from above said, in a rich brogue:

"Am I to be always like this, sergeant major?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Then I'll say good by to ye, sergeant major, for I'll never see ye again!"

FASHIONABLE THINKING.

Miss Elizabeth C. Yates, of Maine, gave her interesting lecture upon "Fashionable Thinking." James Parton has said that there is a fashion in thinking as in garments. We are prone to adopt the newest fad, whether it is blue glass, flags over schoolhouses, or souvenir spoons. Many of the past fashions in thought have been buried in oblivion. It was once fashionable to think of a woman as a toy, or a doll as a saint, or an angel. Once woman was property. At the marriage altar every thing she possessed became the husband's. Her legal existence was suspended. All this is passing away, and women are becoming financially independent. Women used to be considered great talkers, but there has been a change of fashion since the extra session of Congress, when men talked five, ten, and fifteen hours without stopping. Since then it can well be said: "Silence, thy name is woman." Women have been thought excitable and sensitive, but the scenes in the House of Commons and in the Kansas, New Jersey, and New York Assemblies prove that men are more excitable than women. Women who advocate equal suffrage have been supposed peculiar in dress, but this, too, is proving ridiculous. There is a great awakening upon woman's enfranchisement in many parts of the country, notably so in New York and Philadelphia. Rhode Island has made a step in advance.

EDITORS ALL KNOW HIM

It doesn't subscribe for your paper, because

He has three papers now that he has not read.

He has more than he can read now and has no time to look at them.

He can't afford it, all of them are for large type.

He doesn't think much of your paper anyhow. It never has no news, nor nothing else much.

He can get a city weekly, four times as big as yours for the same price and it's got lots of reading in it too.

He doesn't like the politics of the paper.

His neighbor takes it, and he takes the other one, so they kinder change off, you know.

He got mad at the editor seven or eight years ago, and wouldn't take the paper, if it was the last one on earth.

He likes to see a paper that has sand enough to be on one side or the other, and not on the fence all the time. Et I was running a paper, by Hockey, I'd I'd.

HOW SHE GETS RID OF THEM.

"Do you know," said a dearly pretty little girl, "I go about alone a great deal, and I never have any of the trouble that the other girls tell me about, and I do believe it is because I am so sociable." It seemed an odd reason and I asked explanation.

"Well, you see I hardly ever go anywhere without having the usual masher approach me and say: 'Excuse me, miss, but I think I have met you before.' You know that is the regular phrase. Well, I always look up frankly and study his face a minute in perfect good faith. He is sure to turn red and get wabbly. Then I say with careful courtesy, as if desirous to save him embarrassment, 'I am sure you are mistaken, I know I have never seen you before.' I have never known an instant apology to fail, nor a fellow of this kind to act any other way than desirous to appear the gentleman for which I seem to have mistaken him. I always smile frankly, bow, and pass on, and more than once I have noticed that the man has followed me respectively at a distance, and I have known it was to prevent anyone else from trying the same thing he failed at.

IT WAS ONLY A KISS.

I kissed her, I kissed her; she didn't refuse,
And who was there present or black?
Her lips were so ripe that I couldn't but choose
With one little kiss to surprise her.
And the stars they looked on in a wondering way,
For they're wiser, much wiser, and older
Than when Adam kissed Eve in the garden they say,
Haigho! but they're older and colder.

I kissed her, I kissed her, the moon in the moon
Winked once and returned to his dreaming,
For he knows 'tis the way of earth's children to spoon
When the stars through the tree tops are gleaming.
Her lips were so luscious, so ripe, and so red,
That I had been loss than a mortal
Had I failed to partake of the feast for me spread,
Or to halt at that beautiful portal.

I kissed her, I kissed her, her cheeks were aflame
With her lips two pomegranates ripe trembling,
Ah, the bright god of love such a trophy might claim
And to deem in his ultimate blessing.
Oh, to kiss and to tell, it is treason, they say,
And I wouldn't have told had I missed her.
But what is there wrong in a man growing gray,
If he kisses his sister, his sister?

Roger Mc.

IN THE HAREM, DAMASCUS.

There is a certain amount of mystery connected with a harem, therefore we were greatly pleased when its occupants sent to ask the ladies of our party to pay them a visit. We were shown into a smaller reception room, and they came to us. Their appearance was disappointing, for they were neither beautiful nor well dressed; their costumes were of flowered muslin, and their head dresses were quite devoid of ornament.

We heard afterward that in the heat of summer the Damascus ladies lay aside their richer dresses of cloth and silk and their jewelled turbans for thin lighter and more commonplace attire. Conversation between us was impossible, for they knew no English, and we were equally ignorant of Arabic, and the only interpreter, at hand was our local dragoman, who, of course, might not be admitted to their presence.

In another house that we visited, also through the good will of the Vice Consul, the Oriental charm was somewhat broken by our hosts appearing in European dress instead of their national flowing robes, but none the less did they receive us with true Eastern courtesy. They showed us, with evident pride, a quantity of priceless old Persian china, which, being a valued heirloom, rarely saw the light, but which had been brought out for a banquet on the preceding day. Equally splendid was a third palace, but it was splendor in decay, for the owner was bankrupt and the house deserted. Grass was growing between the slabs of marble pavement, the water was stagnant in the fountain, mosaics had fallen from their setting in the walls, and the whole building was pervaded by an air of desolation. That this had been a home of wealth was manifest from there being within its precincts a Turkish bath; and this also the soul of time was set, and the series of rooms, each for its special purpose of heating, douching, cooling, or resting, were in a state of dilapidation.

SPIDERS' THREADS.

Some interesting experiments were made last summer on spiders threads. A thread having been obtained, one end was carefully fixed with gum to a support, and to the other end small weights were attached till it broke. In order to compare from these tests, the strength of the thread with any steel thread of the same thickness, it was necessary to determine its diameter. This was done by means of a powerful microscope, and it was found that it would require 25,000 threads to make a sheet one inch broad.

When it is remembered that each of these threads is composed of some 1,000 strands, the tenuity is seen to be almost inconceivable, as it would require 10,000,000 to make one inch. As a result of these tests it was found, incredible as it may seem, that spider's thread is, thickness for thickness, actually stronger than cast iron, nearly as strong as copper, gold, platinum, silver, and about one half as strong as steel. It may not be generally known that spiders threads are used to support small weights in several delicate scientific instruments and for this purpose they are much more suitable than any other material. *Chambers Journal.*

MARRIAGE ODDITIES.

At a mass marriage the wedding ring is placed on the thumb.

In Spain water in which a dead man has been dipped is good for a sore eye.

In Java as a part of the marriage ceremony the bride washes the feet of the groom.

In Servia and Bulgaria the priest gives the bride a tap with the back of her own shoe.

The Greek church employs two rings in the marriage ceremony, one of gold, the other of silver.

The wedding ring has at one time or another been worn on the thumb and every finger.

Four rings were used in the marriage ceremony of Mary Stuart to the unfortunate Darnley.

The use of the wedding ring is first noted in Egypt, when the ring was the emblem of eternity.

Among the New Zealand natives the most important part of the ceremony is a terrific mock scuffle.

In Samoa the bride wears a wreath of flowers, a dress of cocoa matting, and has her face colored with turmeric.

Among the Tartars a marriage is always attended by a sham fight between friends of the groom and bride.

CLEANLINESS.

Cleanliness covers the whole field of sanitary labor. Cleanliness, that is purity of air, cleanliness in and around the house, cleanliness of person, cleanliness of food and feeding, cleanliness of dress, cleanliness in work, cleanliness in habits of the individual man and woman: cleanliness of life and conversation, purity in life, temperance, all these are in man's power.

"Ten cents it costs," sweet Mary cries
"My dress is just a treasure.
I dyed it with the Diamond Dyes
One day when had leisure."

If you mail this verse and notice and 20 cents in stamps or money to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, you will receive *Our Home*, Canada's new monthly family paper, for one year, also illustrated book on "How to Make Mats and Rugs," and one package of Ink Powder, for making 16 ounces of best black ink. Mention this paper.