The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

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MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Ice Cream at Xmas.

Is not a more rare sight than a consignment of 10,000 rolls of

Wall Paper

this time of the year. It's the old story. An American manufacturer needed money. We didn't need the paper, but at the wonderfully low price we could not resist and bought

Fancy 35c. Gold for 15c.
20c. and 15c Papers for 9c
10c Papers for 7½c
7c papers for 5c

DAY'S BOOK STORE.

GUELPH.

Day Sells Cheap.

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA.

Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid up 607,000
Rest 75,000

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4 per cent paid on sums of $1 and upwards deposited in the savings bank department and paid or compounded every six months.

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The collection of sales notes a specialty.

A General Banking business transacted.

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Business Directory.

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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
Ope every day from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST,
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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:—Kaufman'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:—Crossman's Block, Georgetown, and Traders' Bank Chambers, 53 Yonge st., Toronto.
J. SHILTON, B.A. W. H. WALLBRIDGE. H. B. STONE.

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Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Office Charles & Co's Grocery,
Mill Street. Acton

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

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

E. W. LEE,
TEACHER OF PIANO AND ORGAN
MILTON
Will visit Acton on Wednesday of each week
For terms address Mr Lee, at Acton, P. O

HENRY GRIST,
TAWA, 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, Ontario
(Over Williams Store)
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Rulling neatly and promptly done.

THE PALACE BARBER SHOP
MILL STREET ACTON
R. H. WORDEN, Proprietor
An easy shave, a stylish haircut and an excellent foam 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 my address, Box 726, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent
Guelph

THE METHODIST CHURCH
ACTON.
REV J E HOWELL, M A Pastor
Parsonage, Bower Avenue
Public Services 10.30 a m and 6.30 p m. Sunday school 2.30. Bible Class conducted by the pastor. Affectionately invited
Strangers and visitors always welcome. Attentive ushers at the door

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 institute, while awake, business student will attend no other.

For a copy of the Illustrated Circular, mailed free, address,

PRINCIPAL McCORMICK,
Guelph, Ont.

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.
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C. M. TAYLOR, Secretary.
JOHN KILLER, Inspector.

A. C. BIGGS, Agent,
BURLINGTON P O

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

Order Now

REGULAR PRICE
$25 and $26.

Black Worsted Suits made to order, first class in every respect for

$20

For the next 60 Days only

R. E. NELSON
Merchant Tailor, and Gents Furnisher
90 Upper Wyndham St Guelph

SEASON---1894

We, returning thanks to our many patrons for their liberal support in the past, 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 full line of Base Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, &c.

Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait
Price $1.50 per M

PUMPS

Cheaper and better than ever. Supply other wood or iron pumps. Pumps to suit all wells 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.

EVERTON MILLS.

Wheat grists of 10 bushels or over ground at Everton Mills on Roller process for 10 cents per bushel

FLOUR,
BRAN,
SHORTS,
CHOP FEED,
ETC

Chopping every day at 7 cents per bag

Cash for Wheat.

Everton Mills Flour for sale at JOHN SMITH'S Flour and Feed store, ACTON

HENRY HORTOP

They Have "Everything ... in ... Hardware"
AT
BOND'S
Hardware Store,
GUELPH.

Prove it.

You, no doubt, have read the 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 of the shoe stores, commence with Oxfords at 75 cents, and examine carefully up to $3.00. We claim that we can give a nicer and better fitting Oxford, for the money than any other store in the city.

Oh yes!

This great Family Shoe Store keeps the lead and intends keeping it

The Leading Shoe Store

W. McLaren & Co.
GUELPH.

YOU MAY BE
Interested.

GENTLEMEN

We respectfully bring 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 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 Respectfully

SHAW & TURNER
Tailors
and
Clothing 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 goods 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 [illegible]
2 Sideboard [illegible]
3 Dining Chairs [illegible]
4 Parlor Suites [illegible]
5 Parlor Suites [illegible]
6 Baby Carriages at cost
7 Bicycles at cost
8 Bedroom Suites from [illegible]

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.

CANADA.

The grand old woods of Canada,
How cool and dim below
The shade of their sweet rustling leaves!
Swift changing web the sunlight weaves
Where ferns and mosses grow.

The giant trees of Canada
Dark pine and birch drooped low
The stately elm, the maple tall,
The sturdy beech, I love them all,
And well their forms I know.

The forest wealth of Canada
The choppers' blows resound
Through the crisp air, while cold and still
The snow a deep cloak o'er vale and hill
Lies white upon the ground.

The sparkling streams of Canada,
That neath cool shadows pass,
Then wind, where sleek fat cattle sleep,
Through verdant meadow ankle deep
In clover blooms and grass.

The crystal streams of Canada,
Deep in whose murmuring tide,
From pebbly caverns dimly seen
'Neath leafy shade of living green,
Gray trout and salmon glide

The beauteous lakes of Canada,
With loving eyes I see
Their waters stretched in endless chain
By fair St. Lawrence to the main,
As ocean wild and free.

Where white sails gleam o'er Huron's wake
Or fade with dying day,
Fond memories in my heart awake,
Of home's dear dwelling by the lake,
Lake sunshine passed away.

The prairies vast of Canada,
Where sun sinks to the earth,
In solitude, whispering warm good night,
To myriad flowers, whose blushes bright
Will hail the morrow's birth

The robust life of Canada
In cheery homes I see,
Though gold nor jewels fill the hand,
'Tis Nature's self has blessed the land,
Abundant, fair and free.

DR. DEWART

Select Family Reading.

Tomorrow

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

Daisy Gordon was fond of procrastination, and her aunt Ellen in order to cure her of it, told her how she herself had received a bitter lesson with regard to the same bad habit in her girlhood. She said

"I was eighteen then, Daisy, as happy and as careless as you are to-day, as apt to procrastinate or to find pleasure more attractive than duty. But during that year there came to Easton a new clergyman Ray Halford a second cousin of my mother's, who naturally visited frequently and upon the most cordial terms at our house.

"He was a young man twenty six or seven and very handsome, a thorough Christian gentleman, whose heart was in his work. Little by little, by gentle counsel and mild exhortations, he aroused me from girlish frivolities to take a more active interest in the duties of life, the duties that I the daughter of a man of wealth, with ample means of leisure at my disposal, owed to the poor around me, and to the neighbors on all sides.

"After trying various self-imposing plans for doing some good in the world, I finally concentrated my energies upon the hospital and became quite skilled in the preparation of strengthening broths and appetizing custards, jellies and other dainties.

"I thought, dear, that my heart was in my work not realizing how much of my devotion was caused by the desire to win my cousin Ray Halford's smile of approbation, or word of gentle encouragement. Praise he seldom gave, regarding all self denial as a positive duty.

"One of my favorite contributions to the hospital was a basket of choice fruit, for at that time we had the only hot house, as well as the largest orchard, in Easton, and I was allowed perfect freedom in selecting and plucking what I wanted for my favorite patients.

"For I made that mistake from the first, Daisy. I had favorites who had the choice of my contribution, while I forgot that suffering gave to each and all an equal right.

"One of those who did not hold a special place in my favor was Marianne Doyle, who had been injured in the machinery of one of the factories and lay in a crowded ward, growing slowly but surely worse every day. Her injuries had disfigured her shockingly and I, in my heartless love of beauty, avoided the sight of her face as something loathsome, and was in the habit of hurrying past Marianne's cot, though I often saw her sad, patient eyes follow my basket longingly.

"One day, in the early fall I was carrying the first ripe grapes from the hot house to the hospital when I met Ray Halford, who turned to join me.

"I was going this afternoon, he said, pleasantly, "but I can as well go now."

"He admired my grapes, arranged in a shallow basket upon fresh green leaves, but would not be persuaded to touch one. "They will refresh so many fevered lips, he said, "that I should hate to take even one, but I will call to-morrow, if nothing prevents, and gather some for myself."

"I think he knew I was glad to hear this for we were something more than friends at that time, although there was no spoken word of love between us.

"At the hospital my basket was soon emptied, and I lingered by the cots, reading to one, chatting to another, putting down wants to be supplied, busy and happy, though full of sympathy, when Ray, who had graver and more painful duties to perform, joined me.

"I am sorry your grapes are all gone, he said, as he glanced at an empty basket. "I wanted one bunch for a patient whose needs will be very few in this life she is fast leaving."

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Marianne Doyle, the most patient of sufferers, whose lips make no complaint over the greatest agony.

"I was ashamed to linger as he moved toward the bed, evidently expecting me to follow him. The poor girl looked surprised to see me voluntarily coming towards her, but I spoke gently.

"I am sorry that my grapes are all gone, I said, but I can bring you some, if you would like them this afternoon."

"Her poor, patient eyes brightened with feverish longing.

"You are so kind," she said, "I should like some so much, so much."

"You shall have them this afternoon," I said, and after a few more words I left her.

"Ray walked home with me, and never had he been so gentle and tender, never had I seen the love of his heart in his eyes so clearly as I saw it that day, for the last time. We parted at the door, and I had just time to lay aside my hat when I was summoned to dinner.

"It was an oppressively warm day, and I had been twice over the half mile lying between the hospital and my home. So after dinner I took a nap, waking refreshed and cool, more ready for a fresh dress, and some trifle of sewing than a second long hot walk to the hospital.

"I dressed slowly, debating the point with myself, for my promise weighed upon my conscience, though I tried to think of it lightly. I was tired, I argued with myself, and the grapes would do just as well the next day: so I spent my afternoon in embroidering a dress, and the evening in receiving some callers.

"My broken promise troubled me but little, yet in the morning I did resolve to make amends to Marianne Doyle.

"I took a small basket into the garden, and made a beautiful border of leaves and late flowers, filling the center with both purple and white grapes, with one large, yellow pear in the middle. It was tasteful and tempting, and I was well pleased with my work as it stood upon my bureau, while I dressed for my long, hot walk over the dusty roads. I could have had the carriage at any time, but I liked to fancy my offerings were more acceptable charities if they involved some personal sacrifice and inconvenience.

"It was quite late in the forenoon when I took up my dainty basket and started upon my walk. As it was not my regular visiting day, I had only Marianne Doyle's grapes to carry. I walked along very leisurely, thinking far more of my unfinished embroidery than of the suffering girl I was going to visit. In the vestibule of the hospital I met the matron, who detained me to ask for some old linen for two new cases in the accident ward, and then hurried on to prepare the operating room for the doctors.

"I went to the long ward with my basket and at the door I met Ray Halford. There was no smile upon his lips as he saw me; no pleasure in his eyes as he glanced at my basket. Never had I seen his face so stern, never had I heard his voice so cold as he said.

"You are too late. Marianne Doyle died half an hour ago. She expected you yesterday."

"I think then that he pitied me, for I grew dizzy and faint with the sudden shock, and would have fallen but for his arm. He led, or, rather, half carried me to the waiting room and fanned me until I felt my strength coming back.

"I had no idea she was so ill," I said.

"No, I understand she was not one of your favorites," he answered, with a stern emphasis upon the last word, but she was a gentle, sweet girl, purified by suffering, and has gone, I hope and believe, to a happier world than this one has been to her."

"He left me then, to attend to more pressing duties than my comfort and I went home saddened and crushed, knowing I had lost the respect of the man I loved, and who had loved me. It was part of my punishment the next time I visited the hospital to hear from the matron how the dying girl had watched for me, the grapes seeming like life giving refreshment to her fevered longing. And even when it was dark and the gates closed for the night, she made the matron promise to give orders for my admission, saying

"She has been detained but she will be sure to come, because she promised.

"But my worst punishment lay in Ray's utter withdrawal of all confidence. He was always gentle and kind, but never loving again. He left us before another spring for the West, where he died some ten years later. When he knew that his hold upon life was loosening fast, he wrote to me a tender loving letter, begging I would for give him if he judged me too harshly.

"I left Easton," he wrote, "because it was torture to me to be near you and not to tell you how I loved you. For I did love you, my darling, and I love you still, only I dared not ask you to share my sacred duties after you had broken a positive promise to a dying woman. I might have been too harsh, and I ask you to forgive me now, but I was afraid to trust the many cares of a conscientious minister's wife into careless or thoughtless keeping."

"And so Daisy, through bitter remorse through years of loneliness and unavailing regret, I have had stamped upon my heart for life the proverb "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

"And I," said Daisy, quickly, "will learn it from your experience and your lips and hold it precious in my memory, too."

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION

If you want a good evening's entertainment, take all the guests into the dining room and turn out the gas. Make them all sit around the table in the middle of which place a soup plate. In the soup plate put some common salt and a little alcohol. Light the alcohol and then look at each other's faces. They will look natural at first but as the alcohol burns out and the salt becomes ignited the flame changes from yellow to blue and the changes in the faces are very startling. They all take on a ghastly look. Eyes stick out and the skin looks as though drawn tight by parchment. Then the faces become almost black and when the flame dies out and you go out into a lighted room you unconsciously try and wipe the black off. But it won't come. It's all the light from the salt. *Hartford Post.*

VERY PROFESSIONAL

A well known attorney in this city has a bright clerk. He is so brilliant that some day he'll be a lawyer. One day the attorney entered the office and the clerk said:

"Mr B—was here to retain you, sir."

"Did he say he would come again?"

"No, but I took a retainer."

"Bright boy! What was the retainer?"

"Fifty dollars, sir."

"Fifty dollars! My retainer fee, you know, is a hundred. You have been very unprofessional."

"But he said fifty was all he had."

"Hum! And you took it! Good! Very professional, my boy, very professional!" *Detroit Free Press.*

NO RAW MATERIAL.

There is no raw material
If looked at aright
For everything that comes to hand
Both foul and bright
Fine coal and iron, linen pure gray,
The miner's skimmer spurning
And I note Sam don't get sworn
To keep his pot a boiling.

JAMES BARKER WILLIAMS in the SANSER BLADE

OVER A GLASS OF WINE.

They had been introduced, of course, but he spoke to her first at dinner.

"May I pour you a little wine?" he asked.

"Thank you," she said, simply, "a little. I drink only claret."

"You don't care for the sweet wines?"

"I don't think I really care for any wine but this is what we drink at home. You did not pour any for yourself," she added a moment after.

He smiled.

"It would be for the first time in my life if I had."

"How strange!" She looked at him point blank with a pair of clear and very kind blue eyes. "Have you scruples? Do you think it wrong?"

"Well," he drew a long breath, "hardly. Yet for me it would be wrong."

The color deepened on her cheek a little. He saw her cheek back a word from her lips, and the shadow that swept over her face was sweeter than any brightness. But he could not appropriate her unmerited sympathy.

"No, no," he replied laughing slightly. "It is not at all a temptation to me. I have never known the taste of any sort of liquor. I think I have a great advantage against late in this, and I mean to keep it."

"Then you are afraid, after all."

"Sometimes we recognize danger though we may not fear it."

"If it be danger you must fear it. You do, or you would not take precautions."

He looked down and met her earnest glance. She was forgetting her dinner.

"If you were not afraid," she went on, impulsively, "wine would seem to you as harmless as water. It is because you have a fear that you will not touch it."

He was at a loss just here. It was difficult to match her candor without a touch of seeming discourtesy.

"Suppose I drink to your better courage," she said. A roguish dimple showed itself. "The deadly cup has no terror for me."

He raised his crystal goblet and drank to her in sparkling water, saying gently:

"But of my cup no one need be afraid."

There was a pause. She had not lifted the wine to her lips. A servant came to remove the course and some spoke to her across the table. When he could claim her attention again he was ready with a bright remark about the beauty of some roses in a vase near them.

"Yes, so pretty—pretty," she said vaguely, and then with a purpose in her tone, "We had not exhausted our topic, I think. May I ask is it your conviction that liquor should not be used in any form?"

"You are unmerciful, he deprecated. "Think how ungracious it would seem to object to anything amid such surroundings."

"Never mind about being complimentary," she replied gravely. "I am trying to reflect to decide. I have never before given one serious thought to this question of temperance. The people I live among and they are all upright, intelligent and refined regard a moderate use of liquor as almost indispensible. Surely you must admit that there are thousands and thousands who are not in anyway injured by its use?"

"I know, he said quickly, "but there are millions and millions the pale will tell you the hospitals."

He stopped abruptly.

"Yes," she said, thoughtfully, "you but why not take the good and avoid the evil? We need not become drunkards because we use liquor?"

He met the appeal of her earnest eyes with a look as earnest.

"Since you desire it," he answered, steadily, "let me say one word, and then, I think, I will say no more. If you never touch liquor, you not only need not, you cannot become a drunkard. But, if once it cross your lips the first step is made."

There was a long silence between them. The rest of the guests went on talking gaily. Presently she spoke, but so low that he had to bend his ear to listen.

"You have given me a wonderful message," she said. She laid aside her glass of wine, and in the simple act he knew there was consecration. *Ladies' Home Journal.*

POTATO BLIGHT IN CANADA

In Bulletin No 2, the Central Experimental Farm just out Prof James Fletcher deals with potato blights. He says: "There are few diseases of field crops which are the cause of more direct loss to the farmers of Canada than are the two blights which have been aptly named, the early blight and the late blight of potato." These are usually confounded under the various names, 'Potato rot' 'Potato blight,' and Potato rust, but as a matter of fact, although somewhat similar in general appearance they are very distinct and are due to the attacks of two different vegetable parasites. Careful experiments have shown that by spraying the potato tops five or six times at intervals of about two weeks, beginning early in July, for the early blight, and at the time the first rust appears, for the potato rot, with the mixture of sulphite of copper and lime, known as the 'Bordeaux mixture,' both of those injurious diseases can in a large manner be controlled. The late blight, or potato rot, seldom shows itself until August. In looking at this bulletin yesterday, Mr Connolly, late Canadian immigration agent in Dublin, remarked to the deputy minister of agriculture, that if the contents of it had been known at the time, the potato famine in Ireland, of 1846, would never have occurred.

"THAT BEASTLY DRINK"

Dean Stanley once said, "In travelling in France, I usually take the third class, that I may have some talk with the laboring people." The Bishop of Newcastle on Tyne has done the same thing in the north. The Bishop, who is a staunch advocate of total abstinence, was travelling third class *incognito*, dressed in a worn-out clerical suit, and during a part of his journey had a grimy pitman for companion. The collier broke the ice in this fashion. "Spect you're one o' they poor curates, too, travelling along o' the likes o' us?" "Well, I was a curate once," said the bishop, and the miner interpreted the rest as follows: "Oo, ay, I see, that beastly drink again! Well, lad, thee mount swear off, and win oop again. It's never too late to give't oop."

What do you take medicine for? Because you are sick and want to get well, of course. Then remember, Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

QUITE THE REVERSE.

The Chinese are as much our antipodes metaphorically as they are geographically. It seems impossible for them to do anything or think of anything as we do.

One would fancy that the points of the compass must be the same anywhere, but even this is not so with Chinamen. They tell you that the wind is "west-north" and "east-south," and in explaining their coin pass to you they say that the needle always points south.

We all know that they write from right to left, and turn sheets of paper over at the doubled edge. And we understand that they mount a horse on what seems to us the wrong side. They consider it polite to tell you that you look much older than your age; and among them kite-flying is a pastime for aged grandfathers in big green goggles, while young lads sit seriously by and admire the sport. The great point in their music is to avoid anything like melody or harmony.

If a Chinaman is insulted, he does not challenge the man who has insulted him, or shoot him down. He goes away and kills himself, reciting verses to the effect that a wretch who has been insulted ought not to remain on earth. And instead of being supposed to become angelic when you die, you are presumed to be demoniac. And a baby in China is not thought to be born full of original sin, but to come into this world without any sin at all, and to acquire it as he goes on.

But the Chinaman differs from the snobbish American in particularly one thing. The snobbish American admires anything that is English, and strives to imitate that nation in all their fashions, from walking shoes to five-o'clock teas, while every little Chinese boy is taught that the English are deceitful and wicked, and that everything they do is wrong, and that the way to be right in all things is to them in exactly the opposite way to which an Englishman does them. M. S. D.

COMES UNAWARES.

Bert Harte's miner dug for gold could not find any. He burrowed for it until he was tired and sick, and gave it up. But the camp needed water, so he sunk for water and found gold. I myself have hunted for bear but the only bear I ever saw was when I was going a fishing.

There are, I suppose a million or so of men at this time seeking office. Few there will be that will find what they seek. Even in politics there are many surprises. The nomination of Abraham Lincoln was not, I think, a deliberate plan of a party. It was a deliberate providence of God. In common years there are plenty of men who will make fair presidents. But in 1860 there was only one man that would do.

The notable men of the Bible are attending to their own business when the word comes that calls them into the light. Gideon is threshing, and David is keeping sheep, the great apostles are fishing, and the greatest apostle is persecuting Christians when the word comes. Joan of Arc had no ambition but to spin and take care of her sheep when she heard the beautiful voice.

CLEVER PLEADING

A gentleman dying, left all his estate to a monastery on condition that on the return of his only son, who was then abroad, the worthy fathers should give him "whatever they should choose." When the son came home he went to the monastery, and received but a small share, the monks choosing to keep the greater part for themselves. A barrister to whom he applied, on hearing the case, advised him to sue the monastery, and promised to gain his case for him. In arguing before the court the ingenious lawyer said, "The testator has left his son that share of the estate which the monks should choose, these are the express words of his will. Now, it is plain what part they have chosen by what they keep for themselves. My client, then stands upon the words of the will. 'Let me have,' says he, 'that part they have chosen, and I am satisfied.'" This plea gained the suit.

IMPROVING AN OPPORTUNITY

A man who was so newlast the worse for frequent libations boarded a Market street car the other day, and while he rode he kept the other passengers convulsed. After he had comfortably seated himself two young ladies got in. There was no room for them to sit down so the inebriated man remarked to two young men next him "Why don't you fellows gosh up and give's ladies a seat?"

Seeing that they did not move the man addressed himself to the two young ladies in about this style, "Girlish, if I could stand, you could have my seat."

Here the conductor thought it time to interfere and admonished the well meaning fellow to be quiet under pain of being put off. This seemed to have the desired effect, for he kept still after he had said "Conductor, I'm married man. Have to talk now, for after I get home my wife won't give me a chance."

LIFE'S UNWRITTEN MELODIES.

A writer in *Womanhood* says: "I would rather leave my children the remembrance of hours spent together around the library table, of books we have read, of walks we have taken and of drives we've enjoyed than I would leave to them simply the legacy of beruffled petticoats and elaborately worked dollies. Life is full of unwritten melodies, and we women are so yet learning only its nursery rhymes, yet in their jingle there is a rhythm which dances between the sober lines of everyday prose. They soften many a stubborn fact and brim with sweetness many a disappointment."

SAVING ONE FARE.

Getting into a third class carriage at a suburban station, a gentleman found the only other occupant was a travelling minstrel with a large harp in a green baize covering. Presently the station where the tickets were taken was reached, and as the train journeyed on the gentleman was startled at hearing a sort of muffled whisper issue apparently from the harp. Seeing him look rather curiously at it the man in charge of it remarked: "I'm sure you are a gentleman who won't cause trouble. The fact is, when I haven't made much money it comes cheaper for my little girl to travel with the harp;" and, hastily undoing the baize covering, out stepped a business-like young damsel of about ten. *London Answers.*

HOLIDAYS

BY EMMA ALICE BROWN.

When all the purple thrill of June
And gold of July, these glowing days,
The tangles of the furze take fire
The bracken burn, the gorses blaze
Along the sunny country ways

Where o'er the hot noons acrithe and scorch
The ardent heather flames, and in
Boldly as Cores kindling torch,
The gorgeous sumbering sumacs glow
The ground oaks glorious scarlet strew

The pungent balsams of the pine,
Sweeten the warm whole, and the spice
And musk of laden bough and vine
Fill the great golden hush with Corsey
Distilled aromas of paradise

Sweet? Oh, unfeasted sure, up I will go,
With ripeness to the luscious core!
Those sunny days we look in mellow
The honeyed wine of life, we pour
From cups rare colored days of yore

For now, her gracious toiling done
Her blue moats a smooth to hills as I stretch
Her fair green weds of grasses upon
The summer sits with golden hands
And dreams amid her fruitful lands

So turn we from the beaten ways
By cordial aims and cares oppress'd,
To sun ourselves in perfect days
And drink at Mother Nature's breast,
Nepenthe of content and rest.

WHERE THE KILT CAME FROM.

The first reference to Highland costume occurs in the Saga of Magnus Barefoot, king of Norway, 1093-1103, written by Snorro Sturleson, who was reared with the children of that monarch's daughter. Here it is stated that Magnus and his men on their return from a marauding expedition to the west of Scotland "brought with them a great deal of the habits and fashions of clothing of those western parts. They went about the streets with bare legs and had short kirtles and overclouks, and therefore his men called him Magnus Barefoot or Bareleg."

In the thirteenth century we seem to have something like a first reference to actual tartans in the statutes of the church of Aberdeen, which provide that all ecclesiastics are to be suitably apparelled, avoiding red, green and striped clothing, and their garments shall not be shorter than the middle of the leg. But it should be noticed that the word "tartar," which occurs in the fifteen century, in the accounts of the lord high treasurer of Scotland, and which was regarded by both Borthwick and Pinkerton as meaning tartan, really indicates, as pointed out by Dr Dickson, a fabric of eastern origin, frequently variant or shot, the warp and woof being of contrasting colors. We find, however, a true reference to tartan in the same accounts in the following century, for in August, 1538, there appears an entry for "iij ellnis of Heland tartane to be hoiss to the Kingis grace," these hoiss or trews being evidently intended to be worn with "ane schort Heland coit," accounted for under the same date. *Scottish Review.*

BRIGHT, PRETTY AND BRAVE

Jennie Crock is only ten, but bright, pretty and brave. She lives with Samuel Personett, her adopted father, at Millerview a small station on the Pankingdale Railroad five miles east of Hartford City. One day last September, the railroad bridge crossing the stream which runs through Mr. Personett's farm caught fire and was destroyed. Little Jennie was the only one at home at the time, and the only one who saw the fire. The west bound passenger train was due, and the girl knew that if it was not stopped a terrible catastrophe would result. So she ran to the railroad track, and when she reached it she heard the roar of the approaching train. Thoroughly frightened at the threatened danger to the passengers, the little girl yet had the presence of mind to snatch off her red petticoat and run up the track waving the garment aloft, as she had seen brakemen do with their flags. The engineer saw her and at once reversed his engine. The train rushed by Jennie, but stopped within one hundred feet of the edge of the stream. The passengers swarmed out of the cars to find how narrow their escape had been, and when they found that they owed their deliverance to the timid little girl, who yet clung to her little petticoat, they almost overpowered her with caresses. They made up a handsome purse for her on the spot, and the Pankingdale Company a few days later sent her a check which enabled her and the Personett family to visit the World's Fair free of expense. Most of the passengers on the train were bound for Chicago and it is supposed that among them were some Frenchmen connected with the Society of Humanity in Paris. This society has recently notified her of its intention to present her with a medal for her bravery. *Epworth Herald.*

A NEW STYLE OF FAMILY

In the States east of the Mississippi there are more women than men, and therefore many women must live and die unmarried. They need not however, live or die unmated. Many women nowadays have formed a connection with friends of their own sex, which brings with it some of the comforts and advantages of marriage. A lady describes a home in a New England manufacturing town, which has interested us very much. Eight young women, all workers in straw, hired a widowed sister of one of them as housekeeper, furnished it as best they could, and set up a family life, all sharing the expense equally. The experiment has proved very successful. Occasionally they give a modest party, and the house is regarded in the town as part of its social attractions. There is something very pleasant about this departure from the regulation boarding house. Its success would demand rare qualities of mind and heart in the inmates, a union of good temper and good principle not always found in eight individuals of the same household. *N. Y. Ledger.*

THE UNIVERSAL ANSWER

What Dyes are always guaranteed,
And in our Country take the lead?
The Diamond Dyes

What Dyes are strong, and bright, and fast,
And always dye to live and last?
The Diamond Dyes

What Dyes give grand results each time
Whenever used in any clime?
The Diamond Dyes

What Dyes bring profit, pleasure, peace
And by their work a great increase?
The Diamond Dyes

What Dyes should all Canadians try?
Hark! listen to that mighty cry
The Diamond Dyes

Why is the man like a good housekeeper? Because it is very tidy.