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

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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 5 p m

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GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

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Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan.
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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, &c.
OFFICES.—1206 Queen St., Parkdale
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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.

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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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An easy shave, a stylish hair cut a refreshing shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut

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JOHN H. HAMILTON,
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The only direct importer in Guelph, of Swedish, American and other superior Granites Limestone and Marble. A large stock to select from, and none but superior workmen employed

THE METHODIST CHURCH ACTON.
REV. J. E. HOWELL, M. A Pastor
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Public Services 10.30 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Sunday school 9.30 Bible Class conducted by the pastor All cordially invited
Strangers and visitors always welcome An active ushers at the door
Epworth League of Christian Endeavor
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Meets every Tuesday evening All young people invited

Young Men
Get a thorough business education at the Guelph Business College and if you would be wise and prudent get it now, so as to be qualified for the positions that are sure to offer with the revival of business activity during the coming spring. Don't neglect the present opportunity. The most fruitful cause of failure in life is the neglect of opportunity. Write for a copy of the December number of the
"Guelph Business College Journal."
It will certainly interest you, both in the nature of its contents and in the evidence it affords of the grand work being done for young men by the Guelph Business College. Among its varied contents you will find an article on the faculty of "Memory", another on "Government in Canada", and a third on "The Montreal Clearing House", by one of our own Graduates. The translation of Dumas' thrilling "Drama of the Sea" is continued, and the first instalment of a metrical translation of Book I. of Virgil's Aeneid is also given in this number
For the "College Curriculum" and "Journal", mailed free, address
PRINCIPAL McCORMICK,
Guelph, Ont.

Those People that Think We're Crazy

To sell a dollars worth of Music for 10c. must take into consideration the fact that we are after the music trade of the city. Cost is no object provided we get it.

These are the kind of prices that we're going to have. Suppose you come in and see what we can do

No trouble to show goods. Mail orders will be promptly attended to.

DAY'S BOOK STORE.
GUELPH.
Day Sells Cheap.

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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BURLINGTON P O

I CO,
Thou goest,
He goes,
We go,
You go,

Why go they all go to Spragge's for their Furniture Parlor Goods at cost for the remainder of the year.

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

Xmas Goods
New Ties Knots
Dress Bows Flowing End Ties
Derbys and all New Shapes
New Cashmere, and silk Mufflers (Big Choice). Gloves, Collars Cuffs, Umbrellas, Silk Handkerchiefs
A GREAT SNAP.
Beautiful White Initialed Silk Handkerchiefs, Regular Prices, 75c and 90c, I am selling them at 50 cents.
Big drive in Ordered Clothing for the Holidays. Secure a pair of the Special $4 Pants I am selling
R. E. NELSON
Merchant Tailor and Gents Furnisher
90 Upper Wyndham St Gu

Acton Flour Mill.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE,
Proprietors.
have put roller mill now in complete and satisfactory running order and are in a position to supply the wants of the public with
FLOUR, BRAN, SHORTS
and all kinds of Feed
AT RIGHT PRICES.
Every order will receive prompt attention and will be delivered to any part of the town
Our terms are cash and one price for all
Don't forget to patronize home industry Give us a fair trial and we will leave the matter for you to decide as to the quality of the goods we manufacture
Orders left at the Mill or at J. Y. Kennedy's Drug Store
CHEYNE & CHEYNE

- - SEASON 1894 - -
WILL, 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 line of Base, Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, &c
Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait
Price $1 50 per M
PUMPS
Being better able than heretofore we will supply either wood or iron pumps promptly All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere
THOS. EBBAGE Manager
Acton

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 Acton at reasonable prices.
Hardwood and slabs cut above length always on hand.
Telephone communication.

The Traders' Bank OF CANADA
Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid up 687,400
Rest 80,000
GUELPH BRANCH
4 per cent paid on sums of $1 and upwards deposited in the savings Bank department and paid or compounded every six months.
Deposit Receipts issued
Farmers notes discounted
The collection of sales notes a specialty
A general Banking business transacted
A. F. H. JONES,
Manager

A WILD CAT
hides in a tree and jumps on people taking them by surprise—that's not our way of doing business. We cordially invite you to call and see us. You will receive courteous treatment and good value for your money—the surprise is in the bargains we are offering in
LAMPS CUTLERY
PLATED WARE.
and lots of lovely things specially suitable for Christmas presents.
BOND & CO.
"Everything in Hardware,"
GUELPH.

Xmas Boxes
given away with boxes of Shoes
Great inducements to Buyers of Shoes beginning 15th December
Valuable Presents
GIVEN WITH ALL PURCHASES OF $1.00 AND UP
The Leading Shoe Store
W McLaren & Co
GUELPH.

OUR STOCK
of
Fine Hats and Furnishings is exceptionally large and choice this season, and at the prices we are quoting they are remarkably good value
The casual way of judging as to the truthfulness of the above is to compare the quality and prices of our goods with those of our competitors.
We want your trade and will make it worth your while to deal with us
Yours respectfully,
SHAW & TURNER
Leading Tailors and Clothing Dealers
GUELPH

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Mutual plan Applications forwarded to my address, Box 726, or telephone 68 will be promptly attended to
JOHN TAYLOR Agent
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.

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

Poetry.

A WINTER RESORT

"Aren't you going south?" said the bluebird to the sparrow,
"Winter's almost here and we're clearing up to go
Not a seed is left on the goldenrod or yarrow,
And I heard the farmer say, 'It looks like snow.'
I can recommend it, the place to which we're going,
There's a balmy season, to be sure, but What of that?
Not a bit of icy and it never thinks of snowing,
And the fruit so plentiful one can't help getting fat."

"Yes, I've heard about it," to the bluebird said the sparrow
"And it's quite the fashion to go travelling, I know;
People who don't do it are looked upon as hollow
Bless you! I don't care! And I'm not afraid of snow
When it comes the first time, I so enjoy my feathers;
After that I am used to it, and do not mind at all
One can fly about and keep warm in all weathers,
I've a snuggery too, in the ivy on the wall

When the seeds are gone—and they're not before December
I can still find spiders and flies on sunny days,
And I've all the lovely summer to remember,
My old friends are here, and they know my little ways
Just as soon as ever the ground is frozen tightly
And those nice kind creatures in the houses throw in crumbs
One forgets its winter when the sun is shining brightly,
I'm content to stay here and take it as it comes."

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT IN ST. NICHOLAS.

Select Family Reading.

Snubbed Retaliation.

BY ANNA SHELDON

"I think he was very impertinent and I thought to be snubbed," and Miss Nattie Archer, aged nineteen, drew her graceful figure up to a straight line, and lifted her head an inch higher.

"My dear Nettie," said Miss Helen Archer, aged fifty-six, in a tone of remonstrance, "what a very vulgar expression!"

"Snubbed! Oh, no; everybody under stands it, and it expresses just what I mean. The next time we meet Mr Sidney Barclay, I shall most certainly snub him," with a strong emphasis upon the objection able word.

"I thought he was very polite," said Miss Helen. "What should we have done without his help, stuck in a horrid hole, and the ponies just prancing and rearing, and not really pulling at all. We might have been there till now."

"Oh, someone else would have passed, auntie! I don't deny that he was very useful, and very polite, as you say. But he had no business to" and here Miss Nettie paused abruptly in her walk to the other end of the sitting room and struck up an animated conversation with the canary.

Mr Barclay had certainly asked permission to call, after giving his card to Miss Helen, but he need not have been in such a hurry, Nettie thought, as a glimpse of his tall figure coming up the garden walk interrupted her remarks.

Yet she considered, what was she going to say? She could not tell her aunt that her indignation was caused by a look of devotion and admiration, perfectly respectful, yet certainly startling after an acquaintance of less than half an hour.

She was still absorbed in contemplation of the canary when Mr Barclay entered the room and spoke to her aunt. If he saw her, he took no notice of her, making courteous inquiries as to Miss Helen's state of health after the annoying interruption to her drive the previous day, commenting upon the weather, admiring the display of roses in front of the cottage, and seemingly oblivious of everything but the lady in the arm chair at the front window.

The room was not a very large one, but Nettie stood in a bow window at the other end, lace curtains veiling her, without really concealing her. She had not spoken since Mr Barclay entered, but gradually an amazed wrath rose in her bosom. She was not accustomed to be ignored entirely. Miss Helen, placidly working beads devices upon crazy patchwork, caught a glimpse of the rising color and indignant eyes, and had a mischievous enjoyment of them. Mr Barclay was a fine-looking man of five or six and twenty, a gentleman in every word and movement, and it must be admitted that, as a rule, Miss Helen was not when her niece was present, usually the recipient of all the attention of such a visitor.

The gentleman himself was not so unconscious of that veiled figure in the bow window as he appeared to be. Mossdale, the little cluster of cottages two miles from the small village of Avon, was not a fashionable resort. New Yorkers and Brooklynites had not discovered it, summer boarders had not invaded it. The cottages were owned by women, as a rule farmer's widows who had left farms to sons or sons in law and lived in modest comfort in these tiny homes. Sidney Barclay had drifted there to rest after a winter of hard, conscientious work in the law courts of New York, where he acted as junior partner to his father, a well known lawyer. He was beginning to weary of the utter stagnation and seclusion of Mossdale, not being an enthusiast about nature's beauties, and he was startled into wondering amusing by the vision of the low pony phaeton, with two ladies therein seated, whose costumes spoke plainly of New York and bonnets at Paris. The first pleasing shock of surprise was followed by one of vivid admiration for a face and figure far above the average of merely pretty girls, and beauty succeeded when the ponies suddenly became freakish, drew the phaeton into a deep rut, and refused to draw it out again. Quick, courteous service could not be refused, and each recognizing the other as a member of that educated class that constitutes American aristocracy, the three were soon in animated conversation, the ponies trotting meekly along under masculine persuasion, and the gentleman walking beside the phaeton, "to be sure they reached home safely."

The mean little cottage was another surprise, having been furnished by Archer pere for his sister's use during the summer, and the visitor was so carried away by delight and amusement that he forgot the brevity of the acquaintance until that one look that rankled in Nettie's mind called forth such a quick, indignant flush, such a haughty uplifting of the small, dainty head, as recalled his scattered senses.

He was on his guard again, when Miss Helen, by an appeal to Nettie's memory, forced her to leave her temporary shelter, and advanced to greet the now cool, self-possessed young lawyer. Perfect courtesy, cold as ice, was in his exchange of greeting; and once more Nettie's quick, impulsive nature was stung by the absence of any sign of the admiration too manifest the the day before.

Piqued, she allowed herself to thaw, then to try to awaken fresh interest; never descending to any coquetry, but letting her natural vivacity, her quick intellect, have full play. The power of conversing, drawing out the best of her companions, answering with quick comprehension, yet never absorbing the talk, that is so often an art acquired by long study and practice, was Nettie's natural gift. Without insincerity she could take deep interest in all passing events, all chance acquaintances. For the hour, each one was the centre of her thoughts, and there was such a delicate flattery in her frank betrayal of this interest that Nettie Archer was unanimously voted as charming as she was beautiful.

Sidney Barclay felt that all his defences were giving away. He once more forgot that two days ago he had never even heard of Miss Archer, and his big, dark eyes became again quite too eloquent.

When he took his leave, pathetically implored by Aunt Helen to take pity on their loneliness whenever he had a leisure hour, that lady's eyes twinkled maliciously.

"I owe you an apology for misunderstanding you this morning, dear," she said demurely. "I did not quite comprehend what you meant by the word snub."

And Nettie, her already brilliant roses deepened in hue, made a rapid exit.

"H'm!" Miss Helen murmured, "the son of my old friend Margaret Barclay; his father's partner. h'm! I don't see that Julius can object to an acquaintance."

Julius being Nettie's father, was very particular about the individuals introduced to his only child, the most precious of his many possessions.

"Next time I will snub him," thought Nettie, rebelliously. "Aunt Helen must have seen that he was snubbing me. That could not be endured."

For two days Mr. Sidney Barclay forced himself to keep away from the pretty cottage. On the third he found it in dire confusion. In the narrow hallways packing boxes, trunks, bales of carpets all the signs of a breaking up. In the dismantled parlor, Miss Helen, weeping profusely.

"My brother," she sobbed, in answer to his sympathetic inquiry, "thrown from his carriage yesterday," and badly injured. Nettie went up on the last train yesterday, but I had to arrange for leaving here.

"Will you make me useful?" Sidney said, with such evident sincerity that Miss Helen accepted the offer at once.

Useful he certainly was. Baggage was put on carts summoned by him, and sent to the station where the servants had failed to secure any conveyance. The house hold obeyed his prompt orders, system sprang out of confused hurrying here and there, and Miss Helen found herself with half an hour's time left to quiet, before her young assistant came from a hurried run to his own boarding house to insist upon escorting her to the city.

Trouble will hasten friendship far more rapidly than prosperity, and by imperceptible degrees Nettie found herself leaning upon Sidney Barclay with a comforting sense of his perfectly reliable judgement and sympathy. The lovelist watched for him after the first day when he offered service, and was thankfully made most useful. Day after day of the long vacation he had intended to pass in the country, found him in the sick room, chatting with the injured man, gently lifting him, bringing him the gossip of the hour, and followed by Nettie's grateful eyes in every movement.

To each of the four the oddity of the situation often recurred, with a wonder that so recent an acquaintance had so quickly become one of themselves, but the fact remained that out of their large circle of friends not one was on the same intimate footing. Most of their relatives and close friends were away for summer pleasuring, and there was no one like Sidney Barclay.

On this Nettie assured herself again and again as her idolized father crept slowly back to health and strength, and never wearied of singing the praises of his patient companion. For while these two, so strangely thrown together, were realizing that separation would mean weary pain, that the hours spent in close intercourse rolled by on rosy clouds, they were apparently absorbed only in their duties to the invalid. But when the opening of the law courts called Sidney Barclay back to his professional duties Julius Archer was not the only one who mourned for his less frequent visits, missed his voice, hungered for the hours of leisure that would bring him back. Not until the doctor's imperative orders for Mr Archer threatened a long separation did Sidney Barclay speak the hope that had become strongest in his heart.

"Florida, before the first frost," the physician said, and Nettie's heart grew cold and heavy. Florida! And for the whole long winter! A separation of months from one who had won his way to the warm, girlish heart, and would not be driven out!

She had been out to attend to some shopping connected with the contemplated journey, and being detained was hurrying to her father's room on her return when Miss Helen met her on the stairs.

"Don't go up just this minute, dear," she said. "Mr Barclay asked for a private conversation with your father. Now, Nettie, you will have a glorious opportunity to fulfill the threat you made last summer and snub this presumptuous young man."

But an hour later she said:

"I suppose, then, dear, you are postponing this snubbing until after the wedding."

And Nettie could only blush, laugh, and amidst many caresses, whisper:

"Never tell him, that's a darling!"

And Aunt Helen promised she never would.

A Bargain Store Problem.

"Good marnin', Mistress McCluskey, the top o' the marnin' till yez, and phat's on your mind, I dinno?"

"Wooray, wooray! Mrs. O'Hooligan, Oh am in a span dairy, that Oh am. Oh do be wantin' to buy a quartlhet of a pound o' tay, an' Oh want a glass butther dish, an' by this an' by that, Oh don't know whether to buy the tay an' get the butther dish for a present, or to buy the butthur dish an' get the tay love in." —*Herald of Commerce.*

Dyspepsia seldom causes death, but permits its victim to live on in misery. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures dyspepsia and all stomach troubles.

ON THE WAY TO THE GUTTER.

An intoxicated woman is, I think, the most hideous sight in the world. She is so repulsive that it is almost impossible to be charitable and pitiful to the degraded object.

Yet it would do some women good, I think, to stand and look at this sight—women who do not dream of the depths toward which they wander. You, for instance, Bridget, who, good cook as you are, keep a bottle in your pocket, and now and then find yourself with an unsteady and a bad head in consequence.

You, Mrs. A., who only just once in a way mix a bowl of hot toddy to strengthen your overtasked nerves and muscles, and do not remember that when you have had a glass, or perhaps two, you should drink no more. The two glasses leave you as you were, the third makes you dozed, the fourth makes you sick.

And is this all for poor women? some one may ask. Indeed, no. Women, high and low, rich and poor, have need to guard themselves well. There are beautiful young wives whose butlers know how much champagne they have sent to their rooms—whose maids guess the cause of their sick headaches, whose doctors understand, and smile in their sleeves, as they speak of nervous prostration, and delicate constitutions; and these beautiful young wives are on their way to the gutter also, for woman needs all her senses about her to guard the talisman of purity—the precious pearl of honor without which she is as naught.

In drink she forgets her dignity, and all memory of social laws or marriage vows, or of God's commandments.

The wine cup has cast many a woman from the throne of home where she reigned a happy wife and mother, for oftener than evil propensities or a treacherous heart.

Woman simply knows not what she does when the fumes of liquor rise to her brain, and so starts on her way to the gutter. M. A. C.

BEAUTY CULTURE.

Man is not handsome. If we were to take 500 horses, 500 cattle or even 500 well fed, clean looking pigs, it is likely that they would present a more uniformly agreeable appearance than 500 human beings selected just as they come. The array of stooping, backboneless forms, tawny, wrinkled skins, scrawny and dried up or monstrously fat, bloated individuals in the 500 would be enough to give a sensitive person a nightmare.

Worst of all, these unsightly members of the human family do not care anything about it. They are so conceited apparently that they fancy they are well enough as they are even when they are ugly enough to stop a watch. Teeth, complexions, figures, skin and hair are so neglected that it is hard to believe we really are civilized.

It is time the race was taking up the matter of beauty culture in earnest. Men need it as much as women. Developing the muscles, feeding like rational human beings, keeping the skin and teeth clean, are some of the ways in which the average person can make himself agreeable looking. Round shoulders are a disgrace. Above all, he needs to keep his soul clean and healthy by honesty, good temper and purity of life.

SHOWING HIS SYMPATHY

A fourteen year old boy went into a another's presence with one eye black his lips swollen, and a ragged scratch across his cheek, the blood from which he had wiped off on his shirt sleeve.

"Nicodemus," cried the parent as he sneaked in, "have you been fighting again."

"No," he sullenly grunted.

"Then what on earth ails your face?"

"Jim Green's ma's dead," he replied.

"Well, suppose she is, what's that got to do with your face?"

"I seed Jim jest now," answered the boy, "an' he looked awful solemn and sad."

"Well?"

"I didn't know what to do to make him bright and cheerful like an feelin' so sorry for him, I just went up an let him hit me a few kicks."

"Did it help him?" asked the mother.

"Help him!" echoed the boy, in a surprised tone. "Course it did! Don'cha you think it'd make you feel good fer licks a fellow that way what had licked you every week for a year?"

THIS IS A SCOTCH JOKE

A farmer's wife, not a hundred miles from Dingwall, has a great deal of trouble with her servants. The other day one of them came to her to say:

"Madam, I fear I shall not be able to work much longer. I think I am going blind."

"Why, how is that? You seem to get along pretty well with your work."

"Yes, but I can no longer see any meat on my plate at dinner."

The farmer's wife understood, and the next day the servants were served with very large and very thin pieces of meat.

"How nice!" the girl exclaimed, "my sight has come back. I can see better than ever."

"How is that, Bella?"

"Why is that, Bella?"

"Why at this moment I can see the plate through the meat."—*Dundee News.*

AN EMBRYO SOLOMAN

Little Clarence "Pa!"

Mr Callipers "That will do, my son. I do not know how much of a success I shall be, and how much is fair, or why Wednesday does not come on Saturday, nor anything of the kind. You will save us both considerable trouble if you go to bed at once."

Clarence "I wasn't going to ask any more questions, pa. I was only wondering why almost everything worth having in this world is either unattainable, indigestible, unfashionable or too expensive."

Time is Money.

It was near five o'clock, and the man was on his way home from work when he met a wanderer who had no home.

"Excuse me," said the wanderer, "do you think time is money?"

"That's what they say," responded the man.

"And what time is it now?"

"About five o'clock."

"Well, give me about five cents, and be thankful I did not strike you at ten o'clock."

He got the nickel.

ECHO MEN.

There is no greater bore than a human echo that repeats assentingly whatever one suggests or asserts. It is a nuisance to be always coincided with. A man of sense likes to argue his points and prove his positions. The whetstone of opposition sharpens his wits; but if met with a continual affirmative iteration of his own words, his game is blocked, and he is, so to speak dumbfounded. On the contrary, a sententious, "No, I don't think so," puts a man on his mettle. If wrong, he has a chance of being set right; if right, of enjoying an honest triumph. To be in company with one who has no opinion but your opinion is as bad as being caged with a macaw.

If you ask an individual in the habit of agreeing with everybody the reason of his complaisance, he may tell you, perhaps, that he hates controversy. Hates controversy! He might as well say he hates truth, for disputation is the crucible in which the gold of truth is separated from the alloy of error. How many things were taken for granted in former ages that modern argument has shown to be mere fallacies.

The grand object of a man of mind is to acquire knowledge, but he can learn nothing from those who are always ready to pin their faith on his sleeve without taking the trouble to think for themselves. We detest the suavity that is too polite to doubt, and the indifference that is too phlegmatic to argue.

ONE WAY OF TAKING UP A COLLECTION.

"We have a certain parson," Dosh Hart of Denver writes, giving his name, "whom we keep on the frontier. He is a rough diamond, and has a knack with the miners. Not long ago he went to a camp called Rico, borrowed the dance hall over the saloon for his service, rounded up his boys and the hall was filled. After the sermon came the collection, a very important feature. The preacher ran his eye over his audience, and seeing a certain gambler known as 'Bill the Kid,' Billy, he said, 'take up the collection.' Very much honored, Billy took his big sombrero hat, and with an important and dignified air, as was fitting for the occasion, he made his way to the front and held his hat for a young man on the foremost chair to 'donate.'

"The young miner dropped in a quarter. Billy looked at it, then putting his hand under his coat tails drew his revolver and said, with the utmost gravity, 'Young man, take that back, this here's a dollar show.' Then, with his hat and revolver, moving around the hall, he got as many dollars as there were people."

SIX REASONS

Contrasting the loans made by Canada and the United States, and the favorable position in the money market which the former occupies, the New York *Commercial Advertiser* says that the reasons for this are:

"First Because the Canadian government followed the action of Great Britain in adopting a single standard of exchange or measure of values.

"Second Because the leaders of neither political party in Canada have ever pandered to the populistic demand for the free coinage of silver.

"Third Because the leaders of both political parties have steadfastly opposed the issue and circulation of coin or paper currency of doubtful value.

"Fourth Because the bank currency of Canada is payable in gold coin on demand.

"Fifth Because the monetary system of Canada has never been made a political issue.

"Sixth Because the electors of Canada have persistently demanded honest money irrespective of their party affiliations."

A LUCKY NUMBER

There was to be a foot race at the Blackburg Fair, and Sambo, who was to be one of the contestants, felt that he must have a pair of running shoes. So he began to look around and finally went into a store.

"Has you got any running shoes here boss?" he asked.

"Plenty of them. What number?" and the clerk threw out a lot on the counter.

This was a power to Sambo for the shoes he had been wearing had been second hands without a number.

"Deed, boss," he replied as he rubbed his woolly head and grinned, "I dunno. Dat fer greatest sum in dis yer race at the fair, an' as I wants ter win, I spec you better gimme number fo' ribbon fawty fo'."

MISTAKES OF FOREIGNERS

A French lady, on her arrival in this country, would only eat such dishes as she was acquainted with, and being on one occasion pressed to partake of a dish new to her, she politely replied, thinking she was expressing herself in admirable English

"No, I thank you, I eat only my acquaintances."

When General Grant was in Japan the Japanese Premier Prince Kung, desiring to compliment the general by telling him he was born to command, tried it in English with the result "Sire, brave general, you was made to order."

A VALUABLE TIP

Sheriff (on scent of a prize fight) "Perhaps you can give me some idea of where the mill is going to be to night"

Farmer Rowen "Wa al rather."

Sheriff (eagerly) "Anything definite?"

Farmer Rowen "Wa al I should say ya as I."

Sheriff "Here's a dollar. Kindly give me a pointer. I'd like to take it in."

Farmer Rowen (accepting dollar) "Wa al, I wouldn't swear ez I' your takin it in, but it's goin' t' be right in the' same place w'far it's stood nigh onto twenty years jes' below th' dam."

NOT A GOOD SAMARITAN

There is generally a person in every community who attends closely to every one's business except his own. His wife earns the children's bread and his she procures the water, while he, with his hands in his pockets, is busy watching the building of a neighbor's house, or advising another how to train and train his vines, or he has heard of sickness in a friend's family, and is there to suggest a hundred cures, and to do everything but to help.

He never stops minding other people's business till the jail or poor house puts him off from his sphere of usefulness.

THE INDIAN MAIDEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE FREE PRESS

O saw ye the Indian maiden,
And heard ye her wondrous songs,
As with gestures wild and graceful
She carried the crowd along

O'er the plains of the frozen north land
To the dreamy "drowsy west,
As she paddled down the river
Or rode with a wild un rest?

O heard ye the Indian maiden,
As with accents swift and strong
She told the woes of her people,
She told of their cruel wrongs

How the white man stole their country;
How he stole their game as well,
How the gaunt, and starving Indian
By the white man's bullets fell?

O saw ye the Indian maiden,
And heard ye her sweet and strains,
As she told "the old old story"
In "the twilight of the plains"?

O saw ye the Indian maiden,
And heard ye the words that fell
From her lips in charming measure,
And sweet as a chiming bell?

HEATHER-BELL.

FOR ANY BOY OF FOURTEEN.

If you can, always play a game in preference to simply going through a lot of mechanical movements. A game exercises your head, rests your mind, and helps you immensely. Whereas, while pulley weights help you, they only help you to about half the extent that a game does. If, finally, you happen to be near a gymnasium, and cannot get any exercise out of doors, then go to the gymnasium. Now to particularize a little on the special work of boys in special employments. Suppose you are not very strong, and you are so employed during the day that you have to sit down all the time. Of course you need exercise of the kind that will keep your body moving. I should advise you, then, to take ten minutes off just at nightfall. Put on light garments, say a pair of low shoes, a pair of drawers cut off at the knee, and an undershirt, nothing more. Then go into quiet streets, or into the country roads, and beginning slowly, run half a mile. Come in at once, run to a bath, and every soul on earth in civilized countries can have a bath if he really wants one. Then rub yourself down hard with a towel and dress yourself. I say half a mile. Do that first. Soon you will be able to do five miles if you have time, but a good half mile run each night of your life will save many a pain and ache, many a dollar in doctor's bills, and many a bad fit of the blues. Don't be afraid of going out in such light clothes unless you're afraid of the police man for I have seen many a sickly boy run in just such clothes on cold midwinter nights, with six inches of snow on the ground and a bad snowstorm raging. You can see the steam come out of your body when you come in. If you sat down out doors five minutes you would very likely never go out again, but you will not do that, you will run all the time you are out, and as soon as you have had a bath and are dressed you are less likely to take cold than you were before you went out to exercise. *Harper's Young People.*

HOW MUCH SHOULD A PERSON EAT?

Doctors disagree, and always have disagreed, as to the quantity of food a day required by nature for the support of the human system. A French physiologist says six pounds of solid and liquid food is the golden mean between excess and improper abstinence, and another who agrees with him thinks the proportion of solids should be about two pounds. An eminent American authority puts the total at five and a half pounds, of which two and a half pounds should be solids. They all state the kind and qualities of food which they consider most nutritious.

It should be born in mind, however, that these learned professors experimented upon themselves, and therefore, if it be true that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison," neither their quantitative nor their qualitative directions are of universal application. It is our own opinion that every stomach, like every heart, best "knows its own burden," and that the burden it can carry without inconvenience is the true guage of its healthy requirements.

There can be little doubt that a monotonous diet, whatever the kind of nutriment used may, is injurious. It is only necessary to look into the mouth of a human being to see that he is by nature both carnivorous and herbivorous. His teeth show it, and if in spite of his teeth he confines himself either to bran bread and squashes, or beefsteak he outrages the laws of health and will assuredly suffer for it in some way or other.

The quantity of food that may be beneficially taken into the stomach cannot be regulated by fixed rules. It depends upon the size and vigor of the organ, the occupation and habits of the individual, and other conditions, and can only be ascertained by individual experiment.

POLITENESS OF THE HEART

Good manners, says Dean Swift, is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse, whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred man in the company. Perfect good breeding, remarks the ponderous Dr Johnson, consists in having no particular mark of profession, but a general elegance of manners.

Neither Swift nor Johnson was blessed with that natural suavity which renders all rules of behavior unnecessary. The cynical Dean might well think pleasing an art, since his natural inclination led him to turn his best friends into ridicule and the dictatorial Doctor, who was one of the most overbearing colloquists that ever lived, no doubt had a great relish for that acquired elegance of manners which prompted Boswell and others among his sycophantic friends to take his brutal jokes in good part.

Artificial good manners is, no doubt, a desirable accomplishment for those who have not the gift in the natural way, but politeness of the heart is the thing, after all. It is easy enough for anyone with a particle of discernment to distinguish between the two. The tone of cordial hospitality cannot be entirely counterfeited, the beaming welcome of the man who is really glad to see you cannot be simulated by him who wishes you in his heart a thousand miles away. Whoever has a good heart, a good temper, a fair education and a proper amount of self respect, needs no hints on the subject of etiquette. He is presentable anywhere. He may transgress mere forms, but he will never overstep the bounds of true courtesy.

A bird is known by its note, a man by his talk.