The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT

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ADVERTISING RATES. Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

CONTRACT RATES. The following table shows our rates for the insertion of advertisements for specified periods

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO.
20 inches	$60.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
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5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

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Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. For changes oftener than once a month the composition must be paid for at regular rates.

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

R. P. SMOKE,
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

J. F. URBN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence Corner MILL & Frederick roads, Acton.

J. E. WILKINSON, D. D. S., L. D. S.
St. Louis Dentist
Graduate University of Toronto, Member of the royal College of Dental Surgeons
None but first class operations performed
OFFICE: Over the Drug store ACTON
Open every day from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST.
GEORGETOWN ONTARIO

McLEAN & McLEAN
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan.
Office: Town Hall, Acton.
WM. A. McLEAN. JNO. A. McLEAN

DOUGLAS & MURRAY
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES ETC
OFFICES—1270 Queen St., Parkdale
Victoria Chambers 9½ Victoria St
Toronto
Telephone 296
JOHN DOUGLAS A. G. MURRAY

E. W. BOYD,
Barrister, Solicitor Notary Conveyancer
MONEY to LOAN
Office: Booth's Block Main St. Milton
Office at Streetsville each Wednesday afternoon
Palmer Bakery Block Queen Street

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

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
J. D. CHARLES,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Office: Charles & Cox's Grocery
Mill Street, Acton

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

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

HENRY GRIST,
OTTAWA CANADA
Solicitor of Patents, for Inventions 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 $200 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. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

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

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 Scotch, 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
Parsonage Bower Avenue
Public Services 10.30 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Sunday school 2 p.m. Bible Class conducted by the pastor. All cordially invited.
Strangers and visitors always welcome to entire visitors at the door.

Epworth League of Christian Endeavor
J. S. CLEVELAND, President
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, as soon 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 various 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.

Diaries
FOR 1895

Office Stationery, Blank Books, Etc. Etc.

TO BEGIN THE YEAR ON

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

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA

Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid up 497,000
Rest 85,000

GUELPH BRANCH

Current rate of interest 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. T. JOHNSTONE,
Manager

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
GEORGE RANDALL, President.
JOHN SHUH, Vice-President.
C. M. TAYLOR, Secretary.
JOHN KILLER, Inspector.

A. C. BIGGS, Agent,
BURLINGTON P. O.

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

We are the all go Furniture Dealers and Undertakers. Parlor Goods at cost for the remainder of the year.

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

Main Street
PLANING MILLS,
ACTON, ONT.

John Cameron,
Architect and Contractor.
Manufacturer of Sash Doors Frames Mouldings in all styles.

DRESSING, MATCHING, and MOULDING
Lumber on short notice.
A full stock on hand at prices to suit the times.
JOHN CAMERON,
Proprietor.

EVERTON MILLS.
We are getting off 10 bushels per pound at Everton Mills on bolted process for 30 cents per bushel.
FLOUR
BRAN
SHORTS
CHOP FEED
&c.
Cash for Wheat
Call at the Everton Store, or at the Mills.
HENRY HORTOP

Acton Flour Mill.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE,
Proprietors.
The above mill now in complete order, and under the new proprietors is in a position to supply the trade of the public with
FLOUR, BRAN, SHORTS
and all kinds of Feed
AT RIGHT PRICES.
Orders will receive prompt attention, and 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 taken at the Mill or at J. A. Hannawin's Drug Store.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE.

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 the lowest prices.

Frames of All Kinds

made to order. We also keep in stock a line of Base, Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, &c.

Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait.
Price—$1.50 per M

PUMPS

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 the town at reasonable prices.
Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always on hand.
Telephone communication.

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.

Pianos.

There is such a difference in First Class Bell Pianos that I have on hand a large stock of Second Hand Pianos, of different makes, both upright and square, taken in exchange, ranging in price from $25 to $200, which will be sold reasonable and on easy terms.

Any person wishing to purchase such will do well to call early and examine them at

C. W. Kelly's
MUSIC STORE
80 Upper Wyndham Street.
Telephone 178.

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 earliest case 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 well worth your while to deal with us.

Yours respectfully,
SHAW & TURNER
Tailors and Clothing Dealers
GUELPH

ACTON
LIVERY
AND
BUS LINE

The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that

Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured

At his stables. A comfortable bus leaves Acton for trains between 9 a.m. and 8.30 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840.

INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications for wardell to my address, Box 726, or telephone 56, 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.

Poetry.

RUNDOWN'S BOARD OF TRADE.

The little town of Rundown lay sprawling on the plain,
A dust cloud in the sunshine a mud lake in the rain.
The little town of Rundown was a town of no renown,
For the little town of Rundown was a very run down town.

But Rundown was content as are all rundown places be
"What was good enough for grandsire," said each soap, "is good for me
Good for grandsir, and his grandsir, and his great great-great grandad,
What upstart sacrilege for me to say that it is bad."

There is a worthy kind of man, with cobwebs in his head,
Who lives in a state of communion with the ages that are dead.

Another says, "How happy my contemporaries be
That they happen to be living simultaneously with me."

A bold blight of this latter class, whom naught could make afraid,
Once disinterestedly suggested they should start a board of trade.
So that Rundown not no longer in its somnolent decay,
Finally anchored to the graveyard, waiting for the Judgment Day.

Long and bitter waged the battle, epithets flew fast and free
The dead past and the living present grappling for the mastery.
But when to-day fights yesterday, it always wins the field,
And Rundown organized its board of trade.

Then the Rip Van Winkle grandeur first began to stretch and yawn,
And above the dowdy inhabitants see the rosy steps of dawn.
For the cemetery dawdlers were compelled to drop the reins
Which were seized by modern live men with new eras in their brains.

Days beckoned for the railroad with the smoke of smoke and flame
One railroad thirty miles away they mentioned and it came.
And when the road came into town. With all its rush and roar
The Medieval deadness of the place returned no more.

For twenty men of purpose a town can recreate.
A hundred men in earnest can organize a state.
And empires of wide renown have, like a seed, lain curled,
Within a single strong man's skull then burst and filled the world.

So on banks the fluid arteries the blood of wealth flows through
New papers wise evangels of the modern and the new.
New halls new schools new lore indeed a new and second birth
The Rundown board of trade brought down a new heaven and earth.

And to-day the long-prophesied advent did occur
A woman is to-day mayor.
Thus Rundown it was rescued from its slow decaying doom
And in its place a city sprung, the glorious town of Boom.

Sam Walter Foss in YANKEE BLADE.

Select Family Reading.

A Young Wife's Trial

CHAPTER I.

It was just lighting the lamps as I stepped down the side streets that bitter March night when I came home, orange dots of flame against a gray and frozen twilight. But the keen wind might have been a May zephyr, the specks of gas might have been yellow banks of daffodils as far as the thermometer of my own heart went. I could have danced and sung, out of that fullness of my joy. For I had got a place at last.

Miles knew nothing of it. Miles, dear fellow, had gone soberly and steadily along his way, never dreaming of the project in my head. His salary had been reduced, he had been obliged to sacrifice all his savings to pay the debts of that scamp-ish elder brother who ran away to Japan, after having betrayed his employer's confidence, and I had secretly made up my mind to help him if I possibly could.

We can board cheaper than we can keep house," thought I. "I will sell my piano and all that foolish glittering tribe of bric-a-brac that came to me as wedding presents, and I'll get a mattress to do. A woman's brains and fingers are worth something in this age of the world.

But it was not so easy to get something to do as I soon discovered. Nevertheless after much searching and many weary days I found a book publisher, who wanted some translations done at his place of business. He was willing to pay a fair price, but of course I could not be a housekeeper and a daily worker at the same time.

"We'll give up housekeeping," I thought. I am sure Miles will never object to that. And I can add so much to our income. Oh, I'm glad I worked so hard on German when I was a girl at boarding school."

I could hardly wait for Miles to come home that night, so anxious was I to impart my precious secret to his sympathetic ears. Of all nights in the year why should he be late on this particular one?

At last he came. I could hear his step upon the stairs, halting slightly as he sometimes did, when he was very tired.

"Poor Miles!" I thought. "Oh poor boy! But he shall learn, at last, what it is to have a wife who is a real helpmeet."

When he came in, to my surprise he carried a little wicker rocking chair in one hand.

"Oh, Miles!" I cried, "what is that?"

"A rocking chair, Hannah, don't you see?"

"Where did you get it?"

"I bought it, to be sure."

"But, Miles! we didn't need it," I urged, somewhat ungraciously. "We have plenty of rockers already."

"None just like this."

"No, perhaps not, but, Miles, oh, Miles, I have so much to tell you. I have such a plan!"

And I poured out my whole story into his astonished ears. He heard me, without a word of interruption, then whistled low and long.

"But our home, Hannah, what is to become of that?"

"I can earn fifteen dollars a week, Miles, and we can get comfortable board on that, and all your salary to go towards debts, and the interest on the life insurance, and—"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I had enough of boarding houses before we were married," said he. "Why, Puss, I wouldn't give up this bright, cozy little dwelling place of ours for anything."

My lip quivered; a choking sensation filled my throat. Was Miles like all other men? Did he want to bind me down to this everlasting wheel of domestic drudgery?

"And besides," he added, nodding at the little wicker rocking chair, "I brought that home especially for Aunt Vashti. She is coming to live with us."

"Aunt Vashti!"

At the same moment there was a knocking at the outside door. Miles sprang up to open it. There, on the very threshold, was a neat little horse hair trunk, with the initials "V. V." in brass-headed nails, at one end. Close behind it stood a small woman, in a Quaker gown and bonnet, and the neatest of sewing silk shawls.

"Thee is Hannah, I presume?" said she. "I am thy husband's Aunt Vashti Voorhees."

And in five minutes she was rocking in the wicker chair, with the cat in her lap, while I, with tear-bedimmed eyes, bestowed myself to get some tea for her.

Aunt Vashti Voorhees, indeed! Here was another of these family vampires, who, between them, had nearly ruined poor Miles. Here she was, resolutely settling down, like a human wet blanket, on my poor little cradles to help him out of the Slough of Despond into which he was gradually settling. What was I to do about it? Was it thy duty to submit tamely to such usurpation as this?

"Miles!" I cried, when the good old lady was safely tucked up in bed in our tiny guest chamber, "has she come to stay?"

"Why, my dear," said my husband apologetically, "she has nowhere else to go. My sister Corisande won't have her in Chicago, and my brother Tom quarrelled with her long ago. But she is a very good woman. She brought us all up."

"Oh yes, I know, but what is to become of my German translations? my fifteen dollars a week?"

"I rather think you'll have to give up that idea, Hannah," said Miles.

"And settle down into a mere cook and drudge—a housekeeper?"

"A home maker, dear, for Aunt Vashti and me," said Miles, fondly taking my hand. But I jerked it from him and ran away to hide my tears in the secrecy of the little three cornered cupboard behind the stairs.

I cried all night long. I thought the problem over and towards daylight I made up my mind. Of what use was my promise at the altar to love, honor and obey, if I could not reconcile myself to such a question as this? Yes, I must accept Aunt Vashti Voorhees and make the best of her. I must give up my dreams of independence and work on the old tread mill of housekeeping duties.

It would be difficult to put into words the pangs which this sacrifice cost me. Perhaps some reader who has passed through the same heart ordeal may comprehend them. At all events, I rose early the next morning, and prepared the daintiest breakfast I knew how to cook.

"Thee is a good housekeeper, Hannah," said Aunt Vashti with an approving nod as she took her seat at the table, and glanced around the sunshiny little room, where the canary sang and the window glass shone like diamond sheets.

I ran after my husband when he started for his office and overtook him on the stairs.

"Miles," said I, "I've been wrestling with the evil spirit within me."

"I saw that something troubled you, Puss," he answered kindly, stroking my hair.

"But I've conquered. I've agreed—I'll give up the German translations, and I vote myself to make you happy. And I'll be very, very good to Aunt Vashti."

He stooped over and kissed me. "My own good little girl," said he.

That was reward enough for me. Miles was not a very great talker, but every word he uttered carried weight with it.

I trimmed the wicker chair with ribbons and bought some chintz in pretty shades of olive and maroon to make curtains for Aunt Vashti's room. As I was hemming them the old woman herself came in.

"Thee is making my room very pretty, Hannah," said she.

"I want to make it seem like home, Aunt Vashti," I said smilingly.

"Thee is kinder to me than my nephew Thomas's wife or even my own niece Corisande in the city of Chicago. I might almost fancy thee was my daughter. But listen, Hannah. I am but a pilgrim and a stranger here in this great wicked Babel of New York. I am on my way to settle in Vermont where there is a little colony of Friends, well known to me. And I have not been altogether truthful with thee and Miles, my child, though I love them, for I have enlisted my sympathies with a falsehood."

"Not truthful, Aunt Vashti!" I uttered.

"Not altogether my child. I said it has pleased Thomas Corisande and Miles all three of them to imagine why. I know not, that I was very poor. I do not deny that in my days I have suffered poverty, but of late the little garden that I owned in the suburbs of St. Louis has been cut up into city lots and purchased of me at a price that seems little short of marvellous in my eyes. When I unite with the colony of Friends of which I spoke to thee, a few hundred dollars will be all that I shall require. Here, in this bank book, is the residue of my little fortune. Thee is welcome to it, Hannah; thee and Miles, for thee was ready to welcome me, as thee believed in my poverty, and to share thy crust and thy crust cheerfully with me."

But Aunt Vashti I can't take it."

"Thee will have to, Hannah." Thee can not help thyself. As for me I shall rejoice to be rid of the dross," said Aunt Vashti, calmly.

In the bank book there was an account of a little over five thousand dollars. In vain was Miles's protest, in vain my remonstrances. Left quiet obstinacy. I do believe a Quaker excels the world. She went to her "Colony of Friends," like a nun disappearing into a convent, but she left her gold behind, greatly to the disgust of Corisande, and of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas.

Neither did we break up housekeeping. The next day after Aunt Vashti's departure I received a letter from the publisher, suggesting that I should take the literary work home to do. It was contrary to his usual practice he said, but he approved my methods, and was willing to make an exception. So I got the chance to earn a little money of my own, after all.

And I did a good deal of solid work, between the intervals of pudding making and mince meat manufacture. And Miles contrived to tide over the season of financial calamity, and we have a snug little sum laid away against a rainy day, and all because—

Miles says it is because I am such a good little wife. But I think it is because I made up my mind to accept the duty nearest to my hand—as represented by Aunt Vashti—instead of having my own way in the exact shape that I wanted it.

And when we once make up our minds to leave things to the Lord, it is surprising what good care He takes of us.

SOME AMUSING BULLS.

A prize of one guinea recently offered for the most amusing bull, has been awarded for the following specimen:

A certain politician, lately condemning the Government for their recent policy, concerning the income tax, is reported to have said: "They'll keep cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden egg until they pump it dry."

Below are some of the best compositions sent in.

Extract from a speech made at a meeting to promote total abstinence. "The glorious work will never be accomplished until the good ship Temperance shall sail from one end of the land to the other, and with a cry of "Victory!" at each step she takes shall plant her banner in every city, town and village in the United Kingdom."

An Irishman, in the midst of a tirade against landlords and capitalists, declared that if there men were landed on an uninhabited island they wouldn't be there half an hour before they would have their hands in the pockets of the naked savages.

"Only a few weeks ago, a lecturer at a big meeting gave utterance to the following: "All along the untrodden paths of the future we can see the hidden footprints of an unseen hand."

We picture the shadow, the bubble bursts, and leaves the ashes in our hands!

One of the regulations of the West Boston Bridge Company reads:

"And the said proprietors shall meet annually on the first Tuesday in June, provided the same does not fall on a Sunday."

An orator at one of the university towns bore off the palm of merit when he declared that "the British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns nor retire into its cell."

DOES ADVERTISING PAY

A book entitled "How to Get Money," published way back in the fifties, contains the following on advertising:

"Whatever your calling or occupation may be, it needs support from the public. Advertise it thoroughly and efficiently in some shape or other that will attract public attention. I freely confess that what success I have had in life may be attributed more to the public press than to all other sources combined. There may possibly be occupations that do not require advertising, but I cannot well conceive what they are. Men in business will sometimes tell you they have tried advertising and it did not pay. This is only when advertising is done sparingly and grudgingly. Homeopathic doses of advertising will not pay, perhaps, it is like a potion of physic, making the patient sick but effecting nothing. Administer liberally and the cure will be permanent. Some say they cannot afford to advertise. They mistake, they cannot afford not to advertise. In this country where everybody reads the newspapers, it will be seen that these are the cheapest and best medium through which persons can speak to the public, where they are to find their customers. Put on the appearance of business and generally the reality will follow. The farmer plants his seed, and while he is sleeping his corn and potatoes are growing. So with advertising. While you are sleeping or eating or conversing with one of your customers your advertisement is being read by hundreds and thousands of persons who never saw you or heard of your business, and never would, had it not been for your advertisement appearing in the newspapers."

PHONOGRAPHS IN WATCHES

A curious application of the phonograph to watches has been made recently by a watchmaker at Geneva, Switzerland, in whose repeating watches the bell is replaced by a circular disk of vulcanized rubber less than two inches in diameter, upon which phonographic lines corresponding to a certain series of spoken words are spirally engraved. The passage of a vibrating point over these lines causes the watch literally to tell the hours and even when desired sound an alarm to awaken the sleeper. It has been demonstrated that the points may pass many thousand times over the lines of the disk without wearing them away appreciably. When the watch speaks the hours its voice is clear and distinct twenty feet away, with a closed door between.

THE STAR EXERCISE

Among all round exercises wall exercise stands first. No other single exercise can be made to render so much benefit as an exercise. But in order to get it, one must learn to go right, to keep well poised and erect, to wear well fitting but not uncomfortable boots, to walk not with the elbows, the chin, the shoulders, or the nerves but with the members of the body given to us for that purpose.

Never walk as if you were at the same time making an insane attempt to spring towards the clouds, or if you would rather upon the whole, crawl upon all fours. Remember that you are neither an angel nor a reptile.

LITTLE BY LITTLE

Live silently and earnestly. Keep constantly before your minds that you are not here merely to eat and drudge and amuse yourself and sleep. Let each day record in your experience some thought worth thinking, some deed worth doing. Resolutely persevere in this course and little by little your whole nature will expand and develop into higher quality and power.

GROWTH OF CIVILIZATION.

Another incontestible proof of the rapid advance of the Japanese in the civilization of the west, is the following advertisement which appeared in a Tokio paper recently:

"A young lady wishes to get married. She is very beautiful, has a rosy face, which is surrounded by dark curly hair. Her eyebrows show the form of the half moon, and the mouth is small and pretty. She is also very rich, well read enough to admire the flowers in the daytime at the side of a companion, or at night to sing to the stars of heaven. The man whom she will choose must be young, handsome and well educated, and be ready to share the same grave with her."

A VERY ABSENT-MINDED MAN.

The late Dr. Philip Schaff came to this country from Germany to take the position of Professor of Theology in the theological seminary of the Reformed Church at Mercersburg, Penn. The older inhabitants of that quaint old town relate many interesting stories concerning him during his labors there from 1850 to 1860. Even at that early age Dr. Schaff was a noted scholar and thinker. He was always absorbed in thought, but seemed to have no judgment concerning small matters.

Once he bought two small pigs, and put them in a small pen. He fed them well. It was not long before the pigs had grown too large for the pen. He solved the difficulty by trading "even up," his two big fat hogs for two smaller ones that would fit the pen.

At another time he had a big hog and a little pig in a pen together. He built an addition to this pen, and desired to arrange the partition so that the hog and the pig could pass from one to the other. Instead of making one hole, he made a big hole for the big hog and a little hole for the little pig.

Dr. Schaff's residence was near the college. One day the cotton clothesline had been left stretched across the path leading to the college. As he was going to the college, walking leisurely, absorbed in thought, he did not notice the clothesline, which gracefully took off his hat. He did not get angry. He stood for a moment and looked at the offending line as if trying to decide how he might get by. It seemed not to enter his mind that by stooping a little he could pass under it. He deliberately took out his knife and cut the line in two, then picked up his hat and walked to the college as serenely as if he had done the only thing possible, except to walk around the line or to jump over it.

There is a small river near the town which caused Dr. Schaff to do many ridiculous things. He was fond of riding horseback, and nearly always crossed this river in his recreations. There was no bridge, so that the horse must ford the river, whether the water was high or low.

Once he rode several miles from home. While he was away it rained very hard, causing the water in the river to rise as high as the side of the horse. When he returned he rode through the river as usual, not noticing the high water nor thinking to hold up his legs. He rode on through town to his home. As he got off his horse he noticed that he was wet, and said to his wife: "I wonder what made my pants so wet."

Once more. He was driving in a buggy. Coming to the river, he borrowed a bucket drove into the river, got a bucketful of water, drove on across, got out of the buggy and gave the water to the horse.

But here is the best of all. He fell in love with a young lady near Hagerstown, Md. He would go to see her on Sunday afternoons. He rode on horseback a distance of sixteen miles. One hot Sunday afternoon, when most people were trying to keep cool in the shade, Dr. Schaff went as usual to see his girl. Unmindful of the heat, he rode very rapidly. When he reached Hagerstown his horse was white with foam and almost overcome with heat. Some kind hearted citizens stopped him in the street, emphatically demanded that he alight, put the horse away, and let it rest. Dr. Schaff, very much excited, exclaimed, "Go way! go way! I'm on the verge of love." This so amused the citizens that, after cautioning him, they let him go. The young lady became his wife. A few years ago, at a wedding anniversary in their honor, this story was related in the presence of Dr. Schaff and his wife. She had never heard it before. Dr. Schaff did not deny it, and both laughed heartily.

LINES OF INFORMATION

There are 61 metals.
Geneva has 250 Americans.
Russia has 450,000 paupers.
Syracuse may tax bicycles.
Steers do Mexican ploughing.
Whalebone is counterfeited.
Europe has 3,477 lighthouses.
Breslau has a paper chimney.
Trees are felled by electricity.
England has a lady bill poster.
Uncle Sam has 872 lighthouses.
The Czar owns 100,000,000 acres.
To London gas is 50 cents a ton.
Butlers are cleaned by electricity.
England boasts electrical bicycles.
A railroad mile contains 2,500 ties.
A co-operative railroad is projected.
Onions sell by the quart at Bonsa, London will have a 1,000 foot tower.
Waterproof paper has been invented.
Greek fire are the principal sponges.
A Paris clock pendulum is 47 feet.
Our telegraph lines stretch 210,000 miles.
A New York girl has a $20,000 mine.
Chicago is to have a hotel with 1,000 rooms.
English leather gloves are sold all over Europe in 1217.

TRUTH IN A NUTSHELL.

A soft answer will kill where a shoe will not.

Into the hands of sin and it will cut its own throat.

Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.

A loafer in a church is as much a success anywhere else.

A man is generally lying when he tells you he is too poor to give.

The devil will run from the man who is not afraid of the truth.

If we keep prayer alive there will be no lack of joy in the heart.

Some men are more apt to be controlled by prejudice than by principle.

The sin that will keep you out of the Bible will keep you out of Heaven.

No Christian man can think of failing until he has stopped counting upon God for help.

It is better to have grace enough to stand the thorn than to have the thorn taken away.

Obscurity on earth will not keep you from owning a mansion near the throne in Heaven.

There are people who want religion, but they don't want enough to spoil them for anything else.

English leather gloves were sold all over Europe in 1217.

Voice from the doorway: "Mary, what are you doing out there?" Mary: "I'm looking at the moon." Voice from the doorway: "Well, tell the moon to go home and you come into the house. It's half past 11."

MY BOYS.

The oldest has not finished yet
The third of life a young years.
His eyes are blue as violets,
And bright as evening's tears.
His hair is golden as the beams
That usher in the dawn,
And softer than the tassels are
That plume the growing corn.
His voice is sweeter to my ear
Than lutes or woodland streams
It rings amid my cares by day,
And echoes in my dreams.
He has a hundred pretty ways,
Which I delight to see.
I love him next to Heaven and her
Who gave the child to me.
And when he nestles to my heart,
And calls me by my name
The only name he knows for me—
I sigh no more for fame,
But think that having such a gem
To wear upon my bridal,
Contented should I be to leave
The chaplets for the rest.

My other darling's little life
In months is counted yet,
His eye is lustrous as a star,
And black as burnished jet.
His hair is brown like forest leaves,
When autumn frosts begin.
Four teeth have blossomed in his mouth,
A dimple dents his chin.
His smile is like a smile that plays
Upon a cherub's face—
He is a cherub, though he makes
My home his dwelling place.

So fast that we shall entertain
An angel unaware
That heavenly look upon his face
That glory on his hair.
Reminds us whence the darling came,
And bids us not forget,
That he who lent the child to us
Will come to claim him yet.

ODD LETTER.

A writer in Cornhill tells a good story illustrating the important part played sometimes by banknotes in the ordinary affairs of life. About sixty years ago, the cashier of a Liverpool merchant had received, in tender for a business payment a Bank of England note, which he held up to the scrutiny of the light, in order to make sure of its genuineness.

He observed some partially indistinct words traced in red on the margin. Curiosity tempted him to deciphering them. They were so faintly written and so nearly obliterated that he found great difficulty in doing so, but finally he was able to combine them into this sentence:

"If this note should fall into the hands of John Dean, of Longhill, near Carlisle, he will learn hereby that his brother is languishing a prisoner in Algiers."

Mr. Dean was shown the note, and he lost no time in asking the government of the day to make intercession for his brother's freedom. It appeared then that during eleven years, while his friends and family had believed him to be dead, the latter had been a slave to the Dey of Algiers. With a piece of wood, he had traced in his own blood, on the banknote, the message which was eventually to secure his release.

The government exerted itself to the utmost in the matter, and he was set free, on the payment of a ransom to the Dey.

Youth's Companion.

EARLY VISITOR

The story of Sir Edwin Landseer's model for the famous picture of the 'Deserter' is amusingly told in 'Records of an All Round Man.' One morning before Sir Edwin was out of bed there came a knock at his door. Sir Edwin, rather surprised, called out, "Who's there?"

"Please, sir, have you ordered a lion?" was the reply.

"Ordered a what?"

"A lion, sir; one there is come to the back door, but he doesn't know whether you ordered it or not."

"Oh, very well, take him in," said the artist, who pitchforked on his clothes and hurried down, greatly puzzled as to what he should find.

A splendid lion at the Zoological gardens had just died and at the request of some friend was sent to Sir Edwin.

The grisly monarch, stretched at full length as he was upon the stoops of the court, furnished the subject of Landseer's famous picture of the "Desert," exhibited in 1849.

OVER PARTICULAR.

Cleanliness is a virtue, no doubt, but like other virtues it may be carried to a vicious excess. So it happened with an old fisherman to North Devon, who made it one of the chief ends of his life to keep his boat immaculate.

On one occasion a gentleman had hired him to take himself and a young lady out for an afternoon's fishing. The boat could not be brought near enough to the shore for them to step in, so the bold sailor removed his shoes and stockings, and taking the young lady in his arms, was about to deposit her on board when he caught sight of some mud on her pretty pair of shoes.

Instantly he stooped and dipped both her feet up to the ankles in the sea, paddling them backward and forward in spite of the protests of the owner. His only remark as he finally put her on board was:

"Bless you miss, salt water won't give yer the snuffles."

THE PASS ON SOCIETY

Did you ever hear of the "Pass On Society?" We do not know that it has any formal organization, nor is any needed. To belong to it, it is only necessary to "pass on" any good thing which comes to yourself and is capable of transference a leaflet cutting from a newspaper, a magazine, an unbound book, a ticket to a concert or exhibition that you cannot use, etc. Try to think of some one who has not the same opportunities for enjoying these things that you have and pass them on. Do not let them be wasted because you are too lazy or too selfish to take the trouble to think about and send them.

THE RESULT.

Teacher (illustrating angles): "The original inhabitants of New York lived along the rivers, and laid out the first streets at right angles to the water fronts. Do you understand that?" Pupil: "Yes." Teacher: "But the water fronts were not parallel. They met at a point, forming an acute angle. Do you understand that?" Pupil: "Yes'm." Teacher: "Now what was the result when all these streets finally met?" Pupil: "New York."

Shoes were not made "rights and lefts" earlier than 1472.

Pure blood is absolutely necessary in order to enjoy perfect health. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives the blood vitality and richness.