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Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

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Office and residence Corner Mill & Frederick roads, Acton.

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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC
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Telephone 756. TORONTO
JOHN DOUGLAS A. G. MURRAY

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Money to loan at lowest rates

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

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Public Services 10:30 a.m. and 6:30 p.m. Sunday, school 2:30. Bible Classes conducted by the pastor. All cordially invited
Strangers and visitors always welcome. Active ushers at the door
Epworth League of Christian Endeavor
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Meets every Tuesday evening. All Young People invited

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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 good 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 installment 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 "SPOT"
FOR
Fine Ordered Clothing
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Men's Furnishing Goods
CHEAP
IS
R. E. Nelson's

Special Clearing Sale on for balance of the month. Cash and one Price Only

R. E. NELSON,
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PLANING MILLS,
ACTON, ONT.
John Cameron,
Architect and Contractor.
Manufacturer of Sash Doors Frames Mouldings in all styles
DRESSING MATCHING And MOULDING
to order on short notice
Well assorted stock on hand at prices to suit the times
JOHN CAMERON,
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EVERTON MILLS.
Highest prices in barley in cash or exchange for Everton Mills on Rollet process flour 10 cents per bushel
FLOUR
BRAN,
SHORTS
CHOP FEED
&c.
Cash for Wheat
HENRY HORTOP

Acton Flour Mill.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE,
Proprietors.
We have our 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.
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. V. Kennedy's Drug Store.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE.

SEASON 1895
Returning thanks to our friends for their liberal support in the past we wish to inform you that we have entered into an arrangement with R. Stewart, Guelph to keep constantly on hand a full stock of the ordinary sizes of
Sash, Doors, Etc.
and will also supply any special sizes on short notice at Guelph prices.
Frames of All Kinds
made to order. We also keep in stock a line of Base Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks &c.
Yard: 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. EDBAGE Manager
Acton

Now is the time
to come to
GUELPH
for special low
PRICES
PICTURES, FRAMES,
ARTISTS' SUPPLIES
WATERS BROS.
The Picture Gallery.
St. George's Sq. GUELPH
Our new season Wall Papers are beginning to arrive

WANTED.

LOCAL and Travelling Salesmen, to handle our Hardy Canadian Grown Nursery Stock. We guarantee satisfaction to representatives and customers. Our Nurseries are the largest in the Dominion, over 700 acres. No salaries to others. Exclusive territory and liberal terms to whole or part time Agents. Write us.
STONE & WELLINGTON,
(Head Office) Toronto, Ont.
The only Nursery in Canada having testing orchards.

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA

Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid up 687,400
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GUELPH BRANCH.
3½ PER CENT INTEREST paid on sums of $1 and upwards from date of deposit to date of withdrawal, or compounded half yearly on 31st May and 30th November.
Deposit Receipts issued.
Farmers notes discounted
The collection of sales notes a specialty.
A general Banking business transacted.
A. E. H. JONES,
Manager

This is J. M. Bond and Co's Space Guelph's Leading HARDWARE STORE
"Everything in Hardware"

Snaps 2nd EDITION.

We are prepared to offer some great reductions in all lines of Winter Goods and beg to draw your attention to the following prices. Three thirty three dollar Overcoats for twenty five dollars each; nine twenty five and twenty six dollar overcoats for twenty dollars, and seven twenty two dollar Overcoats for sixteen dollars.

Thirty or thirty five suit lengths of Heavy Scotch Tweeds, worth from twenty three to thirty dollars, for from sixteen to twenty dollars.

Also and this is a special offer four suit lengths of the choicest full dress suitings ever brought into Guelph, at thirty dollars per suit, we can make a good dress suit for twenty five dollars.

Remember this any order you may entrust to us, will be completed first class in every particular.

All prices quoted above are in cash only.

Yours respectfully,
SHAW & TURNER.
Merchant Tailors and Furnishing Dealers. GUELPH

Acton Saw Mills,
COAL AND WOOD YARDS
JAMES BRWOT
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

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

ACTON
LIVERY
AND
BUS LINE
Has commenced. Respectfully solicits a share of the public and informs their friends
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets trains between 8 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 wardsl to my address, Box 796, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph

The Star Bakery.
M. C. HARRIS,
Has opened his new bakery and will deliver Bread, Cakes, Buns, etc to all customers in Acton and surrounding country.
I have a first class baker of long experience and can confidently assure the public every satisfaction.
Bread, etc. on sale at Matthews' Grocery.
M. C. HARRIS

JOB PRINTING,
INCLUDING Books, Pamphlets, Posters, Bill Heads, Circulars, &c., &c., executed in the best style of the art, at moderate prices. Send on your notice. Apply or address
H. P. MOORE,
Free Press Office, Acton

Poetry.

MY VALENTINE.

When twilight shadows softly fall
On land and sea,
That God's dear care may guard and guide,
I pray for thee.

When slumber weighs my eyelids down,
There comes to me
A vision dear as hopes of heaven;
I dream of thee.

My daily task is made so light
When given to me,
That it but seems a pleasure sweet,
To work for thee.

If danger o'er beset thy way,
And friends should be
Like broken reeds, on which to lean,
I'd die for thee.

But if thy life be dark or lonely,
O, grant to me
That I may spend it by thy side,
And live for thee.

FLORENCE A. JONES.

Select Family Reading.

Two Valentines.

Everybody knew that Hepsy Jones and Silas Biggin ought to get married. Indeed, they had almost been persuaded of it themselves for twenty years. Where was the sense in two honest folks living alone, with two rich farms adjoining, and old age coming on and no one to comfort or care for them? Silas had had it in mind ever since the next year after "Car'line" died; but then, his sister 'Mandy was a good cook and a nice housekeeper, and he kept putting it off, he was pretty comfortable as he was. And Hepsy had lived with her old mother and younger brother a contented spinster life, being blessed with a sufficiency of this world's goods, a cheerful disposition and a very comfortable advoirdupois. So she "took life easy" and didn't worry till her brother went West and her aged mother died, leaving her all alone and fifty-two years old. About the same time Silas' sister took it into her head to marry a widower with eight children, so he was left to keep a bachelor's hall in earnest.

He didn't enjoy it all. He didn't relish his own cooking, he couldn't make his bed so it would be smooth and soft; everything was out of order and covered with dust, there was no one to think of putting a hot brick at his feet cold nights, and the coal fire went out every time he forgot to replenish the feeder. Then he thought of Hepsy. Probably she felt about as he did.

"I'll war'nt she has a hard time this winter with her cow and horse and pig," said he, "not to mention gittin' wood an' water, an then wimmin folks are sech nervous creeters, 'fraid of ghosts an' their own shadders. Why, we're jest two old fools not to git married. I'll jest slip down to the village an' git the purtiest valentine I can find, all covered with angels an' things an' po'try 'bout,

Bound to the ring that use to end
So is my love for you my friend.

That'll kinder open the subject so she knows my writin' an' it'll sort o' let her know how I feel afore I come to the point in so many words. B George it's been so long sence I said anything soft to a womern, I guess it'll be kinder hard work to let 'er know what I mean, enyway. Let's see. To morrow's Valentine day. I'll git it this afternoon, an' d'rect it an' slip over after dark to Hepsy's house an' jes' tie it to the door knob an' knock an' run, way they used to with the May baskets way down east when I was a boy."

This plan was successfully carried out. There was just one valentine left which suited Silas' idea of the proper thing to express his heart's desires.

"Only one nice one left," said the man, "cheap at sixty cents. Had only two of 'em. A woman bought t'other one yester day."

But Silas was so filled with his own glorious thoughts that he didn't think of what the man said, but hurried home chuckling to address his own valentine, for it was now almost dark. Then, like a school boy, guilty of some inexcusable prank, he fixed a string around it and hurried over to tie it to Hepsy's door nob. With a heart beating like a sledge hammer, he gave a resounding knock that put the good woman in a panic, and then took to his heels with an agility he had not known for years. When he got home he had to make a cup of tea to calm his nerves, and then he sat chuckling by his fireplace till the clock struck twelve.

"Reckon that'll fetch her," he said with a broad smile as he took up his candle, and went to bed.

When Hepsy got courage to go to the door and ask, "Who's there?" she got no answer. After repeating the enquiry and waiting several minutes, she at last ventured to open the door a little and peer out. Seeing no one, she opened it wider and then the packet caught her attention. She quickly broke the string womanlike, she couldn't wait to untie it, locked her door and hastened back to her easy chair and lamp. At the first glance, the package dropped in her lap, and she leaned back in her chair with an expression of deep chagrin on her usually round, pleasant face.

"Wal," she muttered with a very red spot on either cheek, "guess 'nough for me, playin' the simpleton at my age! But it's awful lonesome livin' alone, an' I s'pose I thought Silas felt as I did about it, only he needed some encouragin', an' I thought to send 'im a valentine would be a modest an' delicate way of givin' it to 'im. They must have been unusually lively in the post office, for I only put it in this afternoon, so he'd git it to morrow. But here he's got it a'ready and come and flung it in my face, too! Land o'mercy, like's not he's been a peekin' in the winder, too, to see how cut up I'd be about it." And Hepsy hastily rose and drew the curtain closely, and deposited the obnoxious valentine on a shelf, muttering, "Wall, I be an old silly, that's certin, but he needn't hev tried so hard to hurt my feelin's. He might a been decent an' pretended he thought 'twas from some body else."

Then she sat down and leaned her elbows on the table and thought how she had always liked Silas ever since she was a girl, and how pretty Caroline Rogers had won his heart in the long ago, and how they had always been good friends with no sentimental notions up to this valentine foolishness which had ended in the absurdity she might have expected. And when she found her fire had burned low and the room was chilly she went to bed a little sadder and, as she thought a little wiser than before.

The next morning, Silas had little appetite for breakfast: he swallowed it rapidly, did his morning "chores," and then prepared for toilet operations of a very elaborate kind. He shaved and brushed and polished and put on his best, well preserved broadcloth and a very flashing cravat of a somewhat ancient pattern, whistling and humming and chuckling like a rollicking boy meantime.

"Guess I'll go over and see Hepsy this mornin'," ran on to himself, by way of company. "I'm valentine must a sort o' prepared 'er for what's coming, and I guess she'll ask me to stay to dinner; b' George, I hain't had nothin' fit t' eat since 'Mandy married that pesky fool an' went to Texas."

"Hullo," he said, when opening the door, "there's little Tim Smith been to the post office and brought me a letter as he's goin' by. Guess I'll wait an' read it; may be from 'Mandy."

But it wasn't from 'Mandy. He shut the door and sat down very suddenly, staring, open-mouthed, at the valentine, which it proved to be.

"B' George," said he, "good thing this come afore I got over there. Guess she wouldn't a been very glad to see me. She must a hustled herself to send it back by mail so quick. Wal, I'm a blamed old ijit that's what I be; to think that Hepsy Jones 'ud marry a humbly old critter like me. But she might a boo a leetle easier on an old chap like me and not a thrown my offer t'cause she must a knowed I meant it so right back on my foolish old head. Might as well take off these fixin's," he continued, carefully depositing the valentine on the mantel. "Guess I'll have to cook my own dinner to day and for a good many to cum."

So he mournfully laid aside his fine clothes, and sadly peeled his potatoes and put on his pork to fry and measured out his "drawing" of tea.

While these preparations were going on, he took down the valentine again, from sheer melancholy, and sat down by the fireplace to read over its tender rhymes once more and to gaze ruefully at the golden hearts pierced by quivering arrows, and the little angels flying all around.

"B' George," cried he, starting up and dropping his pipe, "of I hain't the confoundest old ninny ever seen! That's her writin' on the cover, an' she haint sent mine back but sent me one like it! We both tried to get purty ones, and got 'em just alike. Ha, ha!"

Then with trembling hands and eager gestures, he replaced his great coat and cap and muffler and mittens and rushed off through the snow to Hepsy's cottage, leaving his dinner to burn up.

Hepsy was so absorbed in her own sad reflections that she didn't hear his timid, eager knock. After waiting a few moments he pushed open the door just as she was wiping one solitary tear from her fat but wrinkled cheek. This unbosomed his bashful utterance.

"Why, Hepsy," he said tenderly, "what in the world be you cryin' bout?"

"I aint cryin', Silas Biggin, what'd you come over here for?"

"What did I cum over here for?"

"You've come to insult me agin, I s'pose."

"To insult you, Hepsy? What on earth do ye mean? I cum over to tell ye how kinder happy yer valentine made me, an'—"

"Must a made you happy when you took pains to send it back."

"Send it back? No I didn't Hepsy. Why there's my valentine up there now. Didn't you know my writin'? An' here's the one you sent me. See, they're exctly alike. Ha, ha! Good joke on both of us old geese. I thought just as you did at first, but I discovered it in time."

Hepsy was so overcome that she sat down in her chair, "all of a heap," as she afterwards expressed it, and Silas, manlike, saw his advantage and followed it up, before Hepsy had time to recover herself.

"But where shall we live?" said Hepsy at last. "I'm so used to this little cottage, I don't believe I could give it up nohow."

"Wal, I'll come over here and live, an' may be after a while you'll feel diff'rent, Hepsy."

"No, I don't b'lieve I'll let you do that, Silas Biggin. I haint used to havin' a man roun' to please, an' mebbe we can't git along at all. I'll tell ye, I'll go over to your house and live a spell an see whether I can git along with you, an' if I find I can't you can jest stay there an' I'll come home again an' live alone as I do now. I'm used to havin' my own way, Silas Biggin, an I couldn't stan' no man's doun'ncein'."

A bright thought came to Silas, and with one of his characteristic chuckles he said, "All right, Hepsy, try me till spring, an' if we get along all right, I'll move my house up to the line of our farms, an' you can move yourn up on your side an' we'll jine 'em. Mine is jest a good upright an' needs a wing, an' your little house'll make a good wing and needs an upright. So the houses'll be united too, an we needn't neither of us git way from the home we're used to."

Hepsy assented, and after a dinner that made Silas young again, they went down to the parson's and were married that very day. That evening as they sat contentedly before Silas' open fire place, the two valentines, which had brought so much heart burning and so much satisfaction, reposed lovingly on the mantle piece side by side.

REMEDY FOR SLEEPLESSNESS.

I venture to suggest a new but simple remedy for want of sleep. Opiates in any form, even the liquor opii sedat and chloroform, will leave traces of their influence the next morning. I therefore prescribe for myself and have frequently done so for others, onions, simply common onions raw, but Spanish onions, stewed, will do. Everybody knows the taste of onions, this is due to a peculiar essential oil contained in this most valuable and healthy root. This oil has, I am sure, highly soporific powers. In my own case they never fail. If I am much pressed with work and feel I shall not sleep, I eat two or three small onions, and the effect is magical. Onions are also excellent things to eat when much exposed to intense cold. Finally, if a person cannot sleep, it is because the blood is in the brain, not in the stomach. The remedy, therefore, is obvious. Call the blood down from the brain to the stomach. This is to be done by eating a biscuit, a hard boiled egg, a bit of bread and cheese, or something. Follow this up with a glass of milk, or even water, and you will fall asleep, and will, I trust, bless the name of the writer.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

A CHRISTIAN FESTIVAL. FEB. 14

Good Old St. Valentine Was Not Appreciated Until He Died.

St. Valentine was a good man, who lived in a bad city—in cruel old Rome. He was accordingly persecuted, and in the reign of the Emperor Aurelian the head which had thought so many noble thoughts for God and humanity was severed by men who were not worthy to unloose the latchet of their victim's shoes.

As soon as Valentine was once dead he began to be appreciated. All of us will amount to more in the eyes of our fellows the day after we breathe our last than at any time in life. It was only a short time before he was made a full fledged saint and given a place in the calendar. This was not far from 1,600 years ago.

Now, the Romans, centuries and centuries before the Christian era, had feasts in the month of February known as the feasts of the Lupercalia. One of the customs peculiar to these was the putting of the names of the young women into a box from which they were drawn by the young men as chance directed.

It is supposed that this custom originated from the habit of the birds in choosing their mates at that season of the year, and that it was a relic of the nature worship common to the primeval races of Europe.

There is nothing more tenacious than the customs of a people, nothing more defiant of time, and even after the foul mists of paganism had begun to scatter before the morning sun of Christianity this old custom of drawing names was still dear to the Roman people, and they ardently clung to it.

But the early Christian fathers were as diplomatic as they were devoted, and they had the good sense to bend to their uses what they could not extirpate. Finding it was all out of the question to induce their converts to relinquish this favorite custom, they just simply Christianized it, as they did the heathenish rites of yuletide into Christmas. They made it into a festival of the church and hit upon St. Valentine as the proper person whom the custom should honor and the day celebrate.

In the provinces of Lorraine and Maine, in France, and in portions of England and Scotland, within less than a century, on St. Valentine's eve a number of young people would get together and write on bits of paper the names of various young ladies and gentlemen. These bits would be thoroughly shaken, and then each would draw his or her valentine. A bachelor was bound to the service of his valentine, like a medieval knight to his lady love, for a whole year. At one time it was customary for both sexes to make their valentines appropriate presents. Oftentimes the outcome of these amorous suffrages was the connubial knot.

NO JOKE.

The day had been fixed, and the pair of turtle doves were talking over the arrangements for their married life.

"Fred dear," she said.

"Yes, love."

"From my reading I have inferred the idea that young husbands are prone to critise their wives' cookery, and to make invidious comparisons between that and the cooking they were accustomed to at home."

"Oh, I think that's all a joke, my own."

"I'm afraid not, Fred. Besides, I am free to admit I don't know much about cooking."

"Oh, you'll learn, never fear."

"Now, I know your mother is a good cook."

"That is true."

"So is mine."

"She is."

"When you have dined with us, Fred, you have sometimes praised mother's cooking, and occasionally intimated that it was better than your own mother was capable of in some particular lines."

"Yes, her pies, for instance."

"Exactly. Well, Fred, my point is this. To prevent any disappointment on your part about the cooking in our happy little family, I have decided that mother dear shall make her home with us and superintend the culinary arrangements. Don't you think that is a good idea?"

And Fred replied feebly that he thought it was. Then he went home earlier than usual to think it over in the seclusion of his own chamber.

COURTSHIP AND COMMON SENSE

Courtship is not for the minister. His time is past for the encouragement of marriage between mere children, and we have to recognize the fact that it is men and women, without experience, yet men and women, that we are called upon to aid, enhearten and bid godspeed down the way of love.

Every word spoken to them regarding courtship and matrimony should be rich with the essence of practical common sense. Romance and sentimentality are well enough in poetry and fiction. It is reality, a composite of joy, sorrow, success, disappointment, serenity, vexation. It is the average sum of human experience.

Courtship is an effort to choose a mate for life. Two homemakers are considered a copartnership. The fate of unnumbered future generations is being settled. If we look straight into the countenance of nature and at the same time keep fully aware of what civilization expects, we shall feel the immense importance of what is going on yonder where the young man and his sweetheart sit apart from the crowd. A sacred contract is being negotiated, and upon the outcome of a few million contracts like that depends the whole future of the human race. *Christiansen.*

THE GENERAL'S COW

Some years ago the commanding officer of a military station, desiring the grass around the quarters to be protected while it was growing gave strict orders to the sentries that none except the cow should be allowed to step over it.

The next day the general's wife called upon some ladies, and wishing to make a short cut, went across the grass from one path to another.

"No one may pass here, madam," said the sentry.

The lady drew herself up.

"Do you know who I am?" she demanded of the sentry.

"No, madam," responded the impassive soldier, "I do not know who you are, but I know you are not the general's cow, and nobody else is permitted to walk on this grass."

HOW TWO BOYS BECAME GREAT.

The death of A. M. Smith, Toronto, brings to mind a little bit of history. Two lads joined the 93rd Highlanders, and came to Canada with that regiment to quell the rebellion of 1837. They were bosom companions, always together when off duty. They were excellent soldiers; never grumbling; it was duty first all the time, and their commanding officer was heard to remark that they would be officers some day.

One of them took his discharge just as the regiment was leaving Canada. He was fond of soldiering, but fonder of a Scotch girl whom he had met in Canada. He married to her, and went into the grocery business, in which he made a great success.

As time went on his assistance and counsel were much sought after by financial corporations, and he became president or director of several banks, loan companies, insurance corporations, and many other interests, and an extensive steamship owner. He became one of the wealthiest men in Canada. He went into the militia and for a time during the Fenian raid commanded a garrison brigade. Going into politics, he became an alderman, Mayor of Toronto, and member of Parliament, and, had he so desired, could have been a Senator, for he sank his politics when he considered it in the interest of his country that he should do so.

The other boy, much grieved at the parting, remained with his regiment, won distinction and promotion for his bravery in the Crimea, and afterwards in the Indian Mutiny and in lesser campaigns. He led his men to victory in many a storming party in many a battle. He was at Alma, Inkerman, Balaclava, at Cawnpore and Lucknow. He was one of the famous "thin red line" that withstood the desperate Russian cavalry charge. He won a Victoria Cross, the highest award a soldier can get. When there was hard and dangerous work to do, he was elected to lead, for his regiment would follow him anywhere. As one of his man enthusiastically said: "With him in command, we could take Hell itself." He never thought of himself; his duty was his first consideration. He became a major general, and, if I mistake not was knighted.

They are both gone now. The first boy was A. M. Smith and the other Major General MacBean.

This is a story for clerks. It shows that hard work and strict attention to duty will always tell in the long run. The boy or young man who considers his personal comfort and engagements before those of his employers never make a success. - *Canadian Grocer.*

FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

Ants can be driven away by the use of pulverized borax.

Charcoal in the soil has a tendency to sweeten it and keep it pure.

"Jacqueminot" is pronounced "Shackmo no," with accent on first syllable.

You cannot grow violets satisfactorily in the house. The air is too dry and warm for them.

Chrysanthemum lice can be got rid of by dusting the plants with tobacco dust while they are damp.

The Duchman's Pipe Vine Aristolochia of the catalogues is of very easy cultivation. In order to secure a strong growth all you have to do is to give it rich soil. It is a rapid grower and soon covers a trellis with large luxuriant foliage. It is quite hardy.

If there are webs on the leaves of your rubber plant you will doubtless find red spiders at work on examination. Clear water is the best remedy. Wash the leaves thoroughly and after that keep them show red. Cannas would do well about your fountain, also caladiums.

Mildew roses come from too much dampness or from a low degree of vitality and in the house frequently from low temperature or sudden chill. It shows itself in a white powder on the leaf. The best remedy, after removing conditions which cause it, is flour of sulphur dusted over the plants. *Ladies' Home Journal.*

WHY MEN REMAIN BACHELORS

Quite recently at a well known club the subject "Why men remain bachelors" came up for discussion.

The majority of those present came to the conclusion that our extravagant style of living, as compared with that of former times is one of the effective influences.

The cost of supporting a wife and raising a family is much larger than it used to be, and this feature of the matter often causes hesitation on both sides.

The young people are disinclined to start in a humble way, and gradually improve their situation.

They want all that their parents had without waiting and striving for it.

Many proposals are unquestionably delayed or rejected on this account.

Then it is well known that the new evanes of employment open to women have made them more independent, and probably also more exacting as to the qualifications of husbands.

It is not nearly so common as it once was for girls to marry simply in order to secure a home and a living.

They are able now to earn good wages and to take their time about assuming the duties of wives and mothers.

PROVERBS.

Empty threats make lying children.

The serpent of the still wears no rattles.

Don't go to the wrong shop to get shaved.

There is many a knock out in a whiskey punch.

A stinted wife can find a vest pocket in the dark.

If we had eternal sunshine we would have no crops.

The dangerous end of a rattlesnake makes no noise.

The aggressive man can always find the hornet at home.

There is a Lazarus for every crumb from the party table.

God never mistakes a kneeling hypocrite for an upright man.

TWO NEW DECREES.

We said, some time since, "Let every Christian woman be able to write D. D. after her name that is, Don't Dance." The Excelsior *Pioneer* well adds: "Let every Christian man be able to write D.D. after his name—that is, Don't Drink." These two D.D's. would probably be worth all the rest.—*Christian Index.*

THEN AND NOW.

Strong, tender hands, fond hands!
Such willing hands they never rest,
So patient, ever on the quest
For loving service. Hands that know
Soft ways of soothing pain and woe,
True, loving, faithful hands!

Old, feeble hands, dear hands!
Soft folded they await the call
That soon shall bid them lie more still.
Frail hands just strong enough to bless,
Pure hands that slip from our caress
To knock at heaven—dear hands!

—*Harper's Bazar.*

COMPARATIVE AREAS.

Costa Rica and West Virginia are about the same size, 24,000 square miles.

Ancient Attica, the land of the muses, was about the size of Connecticut.

Guatemala and Louisiana have nearly the same area, 46,000 square miles.

The Marquesas Islands are about the area of St. Louis County, 550 miles.

There are five states of the German Empire each smaller than Rhode Island.

Greece has 25,000 square miles, being almost twice the size of Maryland.

Italian Africa has 60,000 square miles, or about equal to Alaska and California.

The Orange Free State has 41,000 square miles, and is exactly the size of Ohio.

The Persian Empire, in its palmiest days, comprised about 1,700,000 square miles.

New Zealand has 104,000 square miles, or about the area of Missouri and Indiana.

The United States of Columbia and Alaska are about the same size, 500,000 square miles.

Iceland, 39,000 square miles, lacks only a thousand of being as large as Kentucky.

Hawaii has 6,000 square miles, the combined size of Connecticut and Delaware.

India has 1,800,000 square miles, or nearly two thirds the size of the United States.

The Solomon Islands have 9,000 square miles, a little larger than Massachusetts.

The Cape Verde Islands have a combined area about equal to that of Rhode Island.

France has 204,000 square miles, a little smaller than the Colorado combined.

The territory of the Spartans comprised a district about the size of Delaware.

Ohio and Kentucky are nearly equal in area, each having about 40,000 square miles.

CUPID IN CHURCH CHOIRS

A man who sings tenor in a church on Michigan avenue said the other day he knew of at least a half dozen serious affairs of the heart in progress in as many choirs on the South Side.

"I believe," he added, "that if statistics were obtainable on the subject it would be found that of single people who join church choirs a larger number get married within a year than among an equal number of young people that might be selected anywhere else. A possible exception might be made of the operatic stage. Singing, even if it is about things celestial, sets the deepest of all earthly emotions going, and the hearts chord with each other just as the voices do.

If the singer doesn't discover an affinity in a fellow singer, it is pretty apt to be found in the congregation. If a woman has a sweet voice, a face to match, and a figure to go with the other two attractions, she has the best possible opportunity for displaying them. The same principle applies to a handsome man.

Sometimes there are sharp rivalries of course, which result in musical duels between, say, the tenor and the basso, both of whom are smitten by the charms of some lady member of the choir. I don't know, however, that there has ever in real life come a tragedy out of such a set of conditions as we are told happened in the case of 'Lovely Anna, the soprano,' who 'all the singers' hearts inspired.' The tenor, you know, went so high that he blew the top of his head off, and the basso sang so low he split the soles of both his feet. Anna mourned awhile for both these fellows.

"Then she saw the
Man who fed the
Wind into the
Organ bellows."

Chicago Times.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

Valentine who for so many years has been presiding over a very cold shrine is about to be brought back heartily into fashion this month, and sniff the sweet savor of maidens' prayers and sacrifices on his altar. There are to be dances in his honor, and rites observed appropriate to the day. Red roses are to be worn by enthusiastic girls for the full twenty four hours over which he has dominion, and those who confidently expect the kind saint to give them a glimpse of their future husbands (but, according to *Demorest's Monthly*, follow these curious processes. They must bite them to bed one hour before midnight, carrying a taper only as a light, and never casting a glance to left or right, but looking straight before, put out the taper on entering their bedrooms. On the threshold they must unbind their hair, wash their hands in rosewater, and standing before a narrow slowly eat a crisp seed cake baked in the shape of a heart. This done all in the dark and making sure never to retrace a step, they get to bed and to sleep with all dispatch, for if they can dream before midnight the vision will present the form and features of the future husband. There are cotillions set for St. Valentine's eve, when all the favors will be emblems suitable to the season, and a blind folded debutante, personifying love, will distribute to each man a little red silk heart. On one side is to show, in small gilt lettering, the name of the young woman with whom he must dance the figures, when he presents it she will stick through the silk leaf a narrow pin of gilt and fasten the heart to the left side of her bodice.

ST. VALENTINE'S MORN.

Apollo has peeped through the shutters
And wakened the witty and fair,
The boarding school belle's in a flutter,
The twopenny post's in despair.
The breath of the morning is dinging
A magic on blossom and spray
And cockneys and sparrows are singing
In chorus on Valentine's day.

A person who was noted for telling marvellous stories, said to a friend, after an unusually incredible narrative, "Did you ever hear that before?" "No, sir," replied the friend, "nor you either!"

Salt rheum with its intense itching, dry, hot skin is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it purifies the blood.