The Acton Free Press.

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

CAR LOAD OF— Baby Carriages

FROM $6.00 TO $25.00

Bought for Spot Cash. Will be Sold at Panic Prices.

Come and see them at

DAY'S BOOK STORE. GUELPH.

Day Sells Cheap.

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• • Miss White • •

has her Millinery Show Rooms now open to the public, and extends a cordial invitation to the ladies of Acton and vicinity to favor her with a call at any time.

THE NEWEST STYLES OF MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS

are being shown, and Miss White, with her experienced assistants, feels confident she will be able to ensure satisfaction to every customer.

MISS WHITE, Acton

SEASON-- 1895 - -

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 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

Cheaper than heretofore. Also supply Stitzer wood or iron pumps put up, dip All work guaranteed satisfactory.

Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.

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Main Street PLANING MILLS. ACTON, ONT.

John Cameron, Architect and Contractor.

Manufacturer of Sash Doors Frames Mouldings in all styles

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Band Moulding to order on short notice and stock on hand at prices to suit the times

JOHN CAMERON, Proprietor.

EVERTON MILLS.

Highest price paid for 10 bushels or over ground at Everton Mills on Roller process for 10 cents per bushel

FLOUR, BRAN SHORTS

Chopping done

Gaelic Wheat

Highest price paid for Gaelic Wheat at Everton Mills

HENRY HORTOP.

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.

Grain 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 of you to decide as to the quality of the goods we manufacture.

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Now is the time to come to GUELPH for special low PRICES

PICTURES, FRAMES, ARTISTS' SUPPLIES.

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Capital Paid up 687,400
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The collection of sales notes a specialty.

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Sampson

Was a liberal Advertiser.

He took two solid columns to demonstrate his strength and several thousand people tumbled to the scheme at once, in fact he brought down the house. But that doesn't compare to the tumble in prices of

LAMPS AT BOND & CO'S.

Hardware. -Guelph.

Snaps 2nd EDITION

We are prepared to offer some great attractions 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 I can suit lengths of the choicest fine 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 other clothing you want to us, will be completed first class in every particular.

All prices quoted above are for cash only.

Yours respectfully,

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Merchant Tailors and Furnishing Dealers. GUELPH

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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

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Machine Finished Book Papers AND HIGH GRADE WEDDING PAPERS

The paper used in this journal is of the above mills

WM BARBER & BROS

SELLING OFF BOOKS STATIONERY FANCY GOODS, ETC

Being the above will be sold at a discount of retiring from business at a large and varied stock of the above goods at a large reduction from current rates during the month of March. Storekeepers and others who buy in larger quantities will have special inducements offered them and to all material reductions will be made

SCHOOL BOOKS COPY BOOKS DRAWING BOOKS

will be sold at 10, 15 to 20 per cent off according to amount of purchase made

Foolscap at $1.00 per ream. Note Paper 8 cents and upwards per ream. 24 sheets ruled notepaper and 24 envelopes in a neat box for 5 cents, and better qualities in proportion

School Maps 3 ft 6 in by 4 ft, for $1.00

JOHN SMITH.

Guelph 4th Feb, 1895

Wellington Mutual Fire Insurance Company ESTABLISHED 1840.

INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 726, or telephone 66, 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 and on horseback. Apply or address

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Office:—Town Hall, Acton.

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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS

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Money to loan at lowest rates

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Land Surveyor and Civil Engineer

Office, adjoining J. A. Mowat's Macdonnell street, Guelph.

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LICENSED AUCTIONEER

For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.

Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards

FRANCIS NUNAN

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Wyndham St., Guelph

(Over Williams Store)

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

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REV J E HOWELL, M A Pastor
Parsonage, Bower Avenue.

Public Services 10.30 a. m. and 6.30 p. m. Sunday school 2.30. Bible Class conducted by the pastor. All cordially invited

Strangers and visitors always welcome, and live ushers at the door

Epworth League of Christian Endeavor meets every Tuesday evening. All Young People invited

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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 Bunias 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.

Hamilton's Marble Works.

HAMILTON'S Block (formerly Hatch's Block) the store, corner of Woolwich and Norfolk streets, Guelph, Ont.

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

Poetry.

ONE WOMAN.

Her eyes are not "cerulean blue,"
Her silken tresses do not fall
In rippling waves of amber hue.
She has no special gift at all
To write woman, great and good,
Who sprang not from a royal race,
Yet wears her crown of womanhood
With more than queenly grace.

She does not seem to "float on air,
Like thistledown, amidst the dance,"
Nor would her modest spirit care
To hold men spell bound with a glance.
But she is gracious to the poor;
The sick and sorrowing aver
That when she enters at their door
The sunshine follows her.

She has not soared to learning's heights,
Or annoyed wisdom's depths profound;
She only claims her woman's rights
When tasks for tender hands abound.
Yet though she shrinks from themes abstruse
Nor studies ethics overmuch,
The common things in daily use
Grow fairer at her touch.

Enjoying most where most she loves,
She has no great desire to roam,
But by her pure example proves
How love may sanctify the home.
And thus she rules with kindly hand
The realm she understands the best,
While all her happy household band
Arise, and call her blest.

Select Family Reading.

How Bessie Braved the Blizzard

BY KATE M CLEARY

"The bravest are the tenderest
The loving are the daring!"
—BAYARD TAYLOR.

"Oh, dear! I wished Bessie, 'how dreary it all looks!'"

And indeed the view seen from the window of the big, white, Western farm house was anything but cheerful. Bare, brown, treeless prairie all around; a sullen wintry sky overhead, and not a living creature in sight, except a distant speck of scarlet down in the "draw"—Baby Willie at play.

Indoors it was pleasant enough. Bessie was a brisk and tidy little housekeeper. When, immediately after dinner, her father had brought round the team, and he and her mother had driven off to town to do their regular weekly shopping, or "trading" as they called it, Bessie had hustled about at a wonderful rate. She had washed the dishes and put them in a shining row on the yellow pine dresser; she had polished the stove, and brought in water; she had swept the room, and straightened the rocker cushions; she had set "sponge" for the bread that was to be worked at night, and baked early in the morning; she had shaken the gray strip of rag carpet, and dusted the clock shelf, and ranged the chairs by the wall with mathematical precision. Then she had washed her face and hands in the bright tin pan kept for that purpose on a backless chair near the door, and brushed and braided her soft, brown hair. She took off her apron of blue checked gingham, put on one of snowy unbleached linen, hung a clean roller towel on the rack, and put a kettle of water on the fire. Then she had taken up her one dear story book, and sat down to read.

It was a tremendously attractive book to the girl who had been brought up in the listlessness and monotony of prairie life; it was all about great, good and brave women, about Florence Nightingale, and Joan of Arc and Grace Darling and Ida Lewis, and heroines of every time and place. A beautiful book! But Bessie laid it down with the consciousness that she had been intruding that the company to the brilliance of whose deeds she had been basking was altogether too lofty and magnanimous for her.

So she went over to the window and leaned her head against the pane, and thought how hard it was to be a heroine in Nebraska. There was no war here, no plague, not even any Indians now. And nothing ever happened.

And pondering over this had caused her to give a long sigh, and voice her discontent over the dreariness of all creation.

It was no wonder her life was so lonely. The nearest neighbors lived a mile away. Willie was too young to be company for her. What did he care about her vague delightful dreams about her heroines? And her parents had decided she was not strong enough to go to school that winter. Indeed, were she permitted to do so the girl would find it a recreation, merely that. For she knew quite as much as her rather inefficient young teacher could attempt to teach her.

She was a slender, delicately formed girl of sixteen. Her hair of a crispy silkiness, was parted over her forehead in old fashioned style. Her eyes large, hazel, dreamy, had a certain quiet, direct way of regarding one. Her rather clumsily made gown had a frill of home made crochet at the neck and wrists. How the windmill was creaking. And how the bare snow ball branches in the front yard were rattling! and what a brisk tattoo the skeleton sunflower by the back door was playing on its panels.

But Baby Willie was enjoying himself. She could see him running up and down the "draw," dragging his little wagon after him.

She turned away. She sat in the big wooden rocker. She curled herself up like a comfort loving kitten. And rocking, and thinking, somehow or other, she rocked and thought the cosy kitchen away. She didn't live in Nebraska, within five miles of the town of Bubble. She was not Bessie Linard at all. She was a brave woman in a frail boat, out on a stormy sea. She was a helmeted heroine leading hosts to battle. She was—

What a deafening noise! Was it the clang of a coming army? Was it the beat of drums, the clamour and clash of swords, the tread of marching feet?

No, not any of these. Only the creaking of the fan of the windmill, which was whirling at an astonishing rate. Only the noise of the shaking window frames. Only the clatter of milk pails piled outside the door.

Slam! Bang!

Bessie sprang from the rocker. Erect she stood, dazed, bewildered, still half asleep. A shutter had been blown violently against the window. Had a storm begun while she slept? She rushed to the casement, looked out—rather, she strove to look out. Ten feet beyond the pane she could see absolutely nothing. The whole world was white, wild, whirling.

"A snow storm!" gasped Bessie.

But it was no ordinary snow-storm that had blown up. It was the terrific, the memorable visit of March 12, 1888.

Suddenly she cried out, such a frightened, quivering cry:

"Willie! Baby Willie!"

Quick as a flash she flung a heavy old shawl of her mother's over her head, and unlatched the kitchen door. The furious wind tore it from her hold, and dashed it fiercely back against the wall. Vainly she strove to close it behind her. The snow was driving in, swirling over the floor. She loosened the storm door. That, the wind dashed into place just after she had made a frantic plunge into the storm. Oh, such a storm! Bessie had lived on the prairie since she was a baby, and had seen the elements in their many moods and caprices. But she had never seen nor imagined anything like this. From the four quarters of the earth the wind seemed blowing. The snow had not the softness one associates with snow. It was a dense, enveloping, impenetrable cloud, filled with particles, icy, stinging, sharp as needle points. The cold was intense. Objects ten feet away were absolutely indistinguishable. Ten? Nay, they were mere shapes at five—at three.

From the rear of the house a narrow wooden sidewalk ran down past the barn, past the paddock, towards the "draw."

In that direction fled Bessie. The shawl was torn from her head. She held it in her fingers as she ran. She would need it when she found Willie. But soon she was off the walk, and floundering along through rifts and drifts of blinding snow.

Where was the barn? She strained her eyes to make out the familiar structure. It was blotted out. All the world was blotted out. She could feel nothing, see nothing but snow, nothing. Where was the paddock? She was answered by running into a barrier. She flung out her hands as the shock sent her reeling. Her palms were cruelly lacerated with the barb wire which formed the pasture fence. She knew now where she stood. About two yards to the left began the descent of the bluff, in the ravine in which she had last seen the child she sought. Her shawl wound itself around her body in a manner which impeded her progress, as she stumbled on. She could feel she was going down the "draw;" feel, for sight was useless in such a storm.

The dear little lad! If she could only find him! She imagined him crouching down, trembling, sobbing, frightened, and growing stark and helpless with cold.

She tried to accelerate her speed to rush down the incline. She tripped, fell, but she was up again in a second, battling on.

Down at last. Here, in the hollow between the prairie slopes, the blizzard raged less fiercely than above.

"Willie!" she called.

She could hardly hear her own voice.

"Willie!" she shrieked.

But the wind swept the word from her lips, and the sound was cut as a sigh.

If she could only see. She put up her hand and rubbed her eyes. The lashes were wet with freezing sleet. Her hair was one stiff, matted mass. Her feet ached with the sharp, biting cold. She tried to pray. "Dear God, Baby Willie! Oh, dear God, Baby Willie!" That was all she uttered.

All at once she stumbled over something scarlet in the snow. Eagerly she grasped it. She dragged it up to her breast. She wrapped, as best her cold hands could, the shawl around it. Dead? Oh, no, no! She could feel the shivering pressure of the little limbs as she cuddled them to her.

Oh, for strength to reach home! Or would they both freeze, and lie down here and be buried in the snow?

A heavy burden for her staggering arms for her freezing hands, the sturdy baby she carried, a burden made still heavier by his present semi stupor. She gripped her numb fingers around him. She bent her head. Beaten, swayed, buffeted, she made her way up the hill. She reached the level. She could not go much farther. Her hold of Willie was relaxing. He was slipping from her, or so she fancied. The bitter, bitter cold! her very heart was paining with it. Her whole slender unprotected body was racked with its agony.

Was *that* the house? Directly before her something dark had loomed up. She tottered against it. A haystack. As its base she sank exhausted. One step farther would be simply a physical impossibility. Tighter she wrapped Willie in the shawl and held him to her. Then with her back against the hay stack her head bowed forward, her face hidden, she crouched there in torture which drifted into drowsiness—drowsiness that was deadly as delicious!

"Willie!"

That was the first word she said outside of to say, when the long, wretched delirium of fever, was over at last. Where was she? Not out on the prairie! Not in that awful white whirlwind! Not at the foot of the hay stack! Surely this was her mother's bed. The brilliant patchwork quilt, she knew that. The fire of corncobs in the tiny stove smelled familiar. And the voice was her mother's. She could not dream a voice.

"He is well, darling, safe and well. Hush! you must not talk yet."

When she woke again, Dr Henderson was standing by the bed, and just behind him was Willie's wee, rosy, roguish face.

"You will be better soon now," the doctor said, "though it is a wonder you lived. You were unconscious when your father found you on his return from town."

Just then her father came in. He said very little but he stroked tenderly the thin hand on the gay calico counterpane.

"And and Willie?"

"He was not much the worse, thanks to you. You had him well protected. Come here, Willie."

He lifted the little chap on the bed. She smiled as she felt the clasp of the small, strong arms.

"Is it snowing still?"

The doctor laughed.

"Dear child, it is May," he said.

She looked bewildered.

"It was an awful blizzard," the doctor went on, "the worst ever known out West. The papers were full of it. Many perished. Some people were very brave and unselfish and saved the lives of others. Their deeds, at least those that came to public knowledge, were praised all throughout the country. Yours was as grand as any. You are a heroine, Bessie."

"He was a young man, a good looking man. "A powerful smart doctor," averred the Western people, among whom he had elected to practice. It had taken the exercise of all his skill to save Bessie Linard's life, and now he felt correspondingly elated.

"Oh, no!" said Bessie very slowly and seriously; "I—thought I could be a heroine in Nebraska."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Dr Henderson, and he looked gravely at the wan, sweet face on the pillow.

"Besides," she went on, meeting his glance with that quiet, direct, convincing gaze she had, and with just a flicker of rose-bloom coming into her cheeks, "heroines do something very wonderful, and I—I only did my best!"

That was two years ago. Bessie is eighteen now, and taller, healthier and prettier than ever. She and her mother are busy sewing; for this year there is to be a wedding in the old farm-house. When it is over, Bessie Linard will not be Bessie Linard any more, but Mrs. Dr. Henderson. If they were fashionable people Willie would be pressed into service as a page. But as they are not anything of the sort, he will figure in the important ceremony merely as a boy, in a new corduroy suit and a blue silk necktie; a boy who possesses a fond pride in his sister, and a tremendous appreciation of wedding cake.

WHERE IT STOPPED.

He Was a Fool only to a Limited Extent.

The young man in the blue necktie and seven freckles on the nose yanked the hotel register around and wrote: "R. L. Nubbins and wife" on the page with a good deal of flourish. Then the clerk wheeled it back again, and after taking in the inscription he looked at the new arrival.

"I presume," he said, with a sly smile, "that you want the bridal chamber?"

"I do if don't cost any more than any other," replied Mr. Nubbins, not at all disturbed by the discovery of his secret.

"But it does cost more," said the clerk, somewhat astonished.

"What's the price?"

"Fifteen dollars a day."

"What price is the others?"

"We can give you a very good room for $3 a day each."

"Does that include feed?"

"Certainly; this hotel is run on the American plan."

"Well, give me one of them," said Mr. Nubbins.

The clerk hesitated. He didn't want to lose a customer for the bridal chamber.

"Are you sure that you prefer one of the other rooms? he said cautiously.

Mr. Nubbins was a bit nettled.

"Say, young feller," he asked, "what do you take me for, anyhow?"

"Um—er," stammered the clerk. "Well I took you for a newly married man, and they always select the bridal chamber. It is much finer, you know."

"Well, that's all right," said Mr. Nubbins, tapping the counter with his finger. "I may be fool enough to get married, but you can bet your jay's wages that it stops right there. You can give me one of them $3 rooms." And for two or three days Mr. Nubbins and his wife were just as bright and happy and laughing as if they had bought the entire hotel. *Detroit Free Press*

WHY SCOTCHMEN DO NOT GO

A Scotch friend of a contemporary in overhauling his papers recently, found the annexed scrap, which he sends to that paper for publication.

Long years ago, in times so remote that history does not fix the epoch, a dreadful war was waged by the King of Scotland, the King elated by his success, sent for his Prime Minister, Lord Alexander.

"Weel, Sandy," said he, "is there ane a thing we canna conquer noo?"

"Ay! it please your majesty I know of a thing that your majesty canna conquer."

"And who is he, Sandy?"

Lord Alexander, reverently looking up said, "The King o' Heaven."

"The King of whaur, Sandy?"

"The King of Heaven."

The Scottish King did not understand but was exceedingly unwilling to exhibit any ignorance.

"Just gang your ways Sandy and tell the King o' Heaven to gi'e oop his dominions or I'll come mysel' and ding him oot of them, an' mind, Sandy, ye dinna coom back tae us until ye has done oor biddin'."

Lord Alexander retired much perplexed, but met a priest, and, reassured, returned and presented himself.

"Weel, Sandy," said the King, "has ye seen the King o' Heaven, an' whaur, an' the tae oor biddin?"

"Ay, it please your majesty, I have seen one of his accredited ministers."

"Weel, an' what saw he?"

"He says your majesty may—if—the—the Kingdom for the asking o' it."

"Was He soo civil?" said the king, warming to magnanimity. "Joost gang your ways back, Sandy an' tell the King o' Heaven that for His civility the de'il a Scotchman shall set foot on His Kingdom."

FASHIONABLE

We understand that clothes will be worn at season.

We have not received the latest advice as to footwear, but we feel safe in saying that either boots or shoes will be worn.

In regard to hosiery, married men will wear darned effects, but perforated styles still prevail for bachelors.

We are glad to say that a unique device has been patented to hold up the long tails of the new fanged coats. It is really shameful the amount of money men waste in cigars and superfluous coat tails.

Information as to the newest style of neckwear has not reached us, though they do say that dainty arms have been seen around the necks of some of the society beaux. Of course this is merely hearsay, but they say that those who affect this style of neckwear prefer it to any other.

Much attention has been given by the benedicks to the exquisite house coats, and really, dear boy, nothing will please your wife more than to see you becomingly attired in dainty garments, looking calm and sweet, when she comes in late after a hard day at the club.

A LONG WAIT.

An aged couple in the east end of Berlin recently celebrated their "silver betrothal." The two lovers pledged their troth in the early part of December of the year 1869. The young lady's aunt, however, threatened to cut her off with a shilling" if she dared to get married. Consequently, the loving couple had to forego their most ardent wish, namely the prospect of a speedy marriage. Still they remained true to their pledge during this interminable courtship. Not long ago the obdurate aunt departed this life, but by desire of the intended husband, the wedding was postponed to enable the couple to celebrate the twenty fifth anniversary of their betrothal.

THIRTY REASONS FOR PROHIBITION.

1. Strong drinks deprive men of their reason for the time being.
2. They destroy men of the greatest intellectual strength.
3. They foster and encourage every species of immorality.
4. They bar the progress of civilization and religion.
5. They destroy the peace and happiness of ten thousands of families.
6. They reduce virtuous wives and children to beggary.
7. They cause many thousands of murders.
8. They prevent all reformation of character.
9. They render abortive the strongest resolutions.
10. Millions of property expended in them are lost.
11. They cause the majority of cases of insanity.
12. They destroy both the body and the soul.
13. They burden sober people with millions for the support of paupers.
14. They cause immense expenditures to prevent crime.
15. They cost sober people immense sums in charity.
16. They burden the country with enormous taxes.
17. Because moderate drinkers want the temptation removed.
18. Drunkards want the opportunity removed.
19. Sober people want the nuisance removed.
20. Tax payers want the burden removed.
21. The prohibition of them would save thousands now falling.
22. The sale exposes our families to destruction.
23. The sale exposes our persons to insult.
24. The sale upholds the vicious and idle at the expense of the industrious and virtuous.
25. The sale subjects the sober to great oppression.
26. It takes the sober man's earnings to support the drunkard.
27. It subjects numberless wives to untold sufferings.
28. It is contrary to the Bible.
29. It is contrary to common sense.
30. We have a right to rid ourselves of the burden.

ANECDOTE OF NELSON

A very pretty anecdote is told of Lord Nelson, the hero of the battle of Trafalgar. Besides being a great commander and a brave man, Nelson was one of the truest of friends, and while he was as fond as all other remarkable men of the praise which good and heroic deeds merit, he knew so little of jealousy that he always wished others to have their need of praise as well as himself.

Presented to King George III of England at one of the royal levees, his Majesty congratulated the Admiral upon his tremendous victories, closing with a few sympathic remarks about the Admiral's loss of his arm.

Nelson bowed his acknowledgements, and then, turning about, presented his friend and companion in many hot fights, Captain Berry.

"The loss of my arm, your Majesty," he said, "is not so great as you imagine for here is my right hand."

SETTING THE RIVER ON FIRE

"Setting the Thames on fire" is an old saying, but probably few people know its origin, concerning which the following explanation has been given. In the time of our forefathers corn was ground in a rough instrument called a "temse." This was merely a stone hollowed out to receive the corn, with a piece of wood passed through it, which being rapidly turned, ground the corn to flour. If the wooden handle was turned with sufficient force, the friction of the wood against the stone would cause the wood to catch fire, but as it required considerable energy to produce this effect the person who could accomplish it was thought smart, and he who "set the temse on fire" was pretty sure to be a good worker in other ways. After a time the "temse" was superseded by better machinery.

HOW TO SECURE "PERFUMED BUTTER"

"Perfumed butter" may be easily and cheaply made by leaving four or five big lumps in an uncovered tub in close proximity to the kerosene tank, a cut of Limburger cheese, some strong codfish, a barrel of onions, or exposing them to a combination of the above odors. Indeed, a good deal of "perfumed butter" is unintentionally secured in this way by dealers who are not aware of the fact that pure, sweet butter will absorb the delicate breath of a rose, the overpowering perfume of wasted lamp oil, or the unutterable incense of a dozen smoking loafers, as a sponge will absorb water. *Maritime Grocer*

JAPAN IS RICH.

There is a general belief that Japan is a poor country that a long war would exhaust her more than many other countries.

China, for example. Probably the idea originated in the extreme lowness of prices in Japan, but that is no criterion. Living is cheaper in London than in Hong Kong, but nobody calls London a poorer place on that account. As a matter of fact Japan is now rapidly becoming self supplying, and therefore need have little fear of exhaustion. She has money enough for all her requirements. Her taxation is very light, yet her revenue leaves a surplus over expenditure every year, her imports about balance her exports, and both are increasing yearly, and are not suffering in the least from the war. When the accumulated surplus (above 40,000,000 yen) had all been voted away in war expenses a war loan of 30,000,000 yen, and now another of 150,000,000, have been readily raised without causing any appreciable dislocation. Government bonds were about six per cent premium in the beginning of the year, when there was a distinct boom in the market; now when the war has gone on three months, the surplus been spent, and the loans been raised, they are still at 2 per cent premium, with an upward tendency. The country is not poor in any sense of the word. The land, though of hardly larger extent than England, and in some parts too mountainous for cultivation, supports a population of 40,000,000, and produces a rice crop which is usually larger than the whole grain crop of Russia.

THE FINNON TWANG.

I've heard a Frenchman wag his tongue
Wi' uncouth and rattle,
An', faith my vera lugs hae rung
Wi' listening tae his prattle
But French is no the worst of a',
In point of noise an' clang, man;
There's one that beats it far awa,
And it's a the Finnon twang, man.

Ye wadna think, within this land,
That folks would talk sae queerly,
But, sure as death, tae understand
The callants beats mer fairly
An' faith, its little gude their schules
Can teach them, as ye'll see, man,
For—wad ye credit it?—the fules
Can scarcely follow me, man.

An' yet, tae gie the dolts their due,
(An' little praise they're worth, man)
They seem to ken, I kenna how,
That I'm come frae the Nor'rth, man!
They mann be clever, for ye ken
They'e a naught tae tell the chiels, man—
I'm just like a' the ither men
That hail frae Galasheels, man.

But oh! I'm fain tae see again
The bonny hills an' heather!
Twa days, and no'er a drap o' rain
Sic awfu' droughty weather!
But sh! I doot the Gaels boys
Will laugh when hame I gang, man,
For oo! I'm awfu' feared my voice
Has tae us the Finnon twang, man!

Punch.

THE END SEAT IN THE PEW.

"It is common enough," said Mr. Gratebar, "to see a man sitting in the aisle end of a pew in church get up on the arrival of some other member of the family, step out into the aisle to let the late comer in, and then resume his seat at the end of the pew. It seems to me that I have read somewhere that this custom originated in the early days, when the men all sat by the aisle so that they could seize their guns and get out promptly in case of attack by Indians. We don't have much to fear from Indians nowadays, but the seat by the aisle is still occupied by the head of the family. He stands in the aisle while the others pass in and then calmly takes his place in the end seat, at the head of the line, as a sort of general protector.

"Sometimes in these days (we are so very free from Indians now), the head of the family thinks it is safe for him to stay at home when he has a headache, and then the young son takes his place. I imagine that he talks it over with his mother on the way to church, so that it is all understood. When they get to the pew he stands in the aisle while his sisters and his mother pass in. I fancy that his sisters are rather glad when they are all seated and no longer conspicuous, but upon his mother's face as she brushes past him into the pew there is a smile of affectionate pride; and then he takes his seat in his father's place and sits there with fine boyish dignity."

THE SMALLEST INHABITED ISLAND

The smallest inhabited island in the known world is that upon which the famous Eddystone lighthouse is situated. At time of low water this island is but thirty feet in diameter. At high tide the base of the lighthouse completely covers it. It lies nine miles off the Cornish coast and exactly fourteen miles from the celebrated Plymouth breakwater.

It is inhabited throughout the year by three persons. Fatholme Island, in the English channel is another minature inhabited island. It is only one half mile in diameter, but is so rich in pasturage that it supports a large family of farmers, an old man and his grown sons. They have a fine farmhouse and the necessary out buildings, and also care for the light, which is a revolving one in a lighthouse 156 feet above the level of the sea.

There are about 100,000 islands, great and small, scattered over the oceans, North America owning 5,500.

TWO TEAMS

Here is a really funny story which will cause all who are interested in football. On the occasion of a great match in one of the English counties, between a number of military officers and a team of barristers, the former had prepared a splendid lunch for the visitors before the game. Both teams did thorough justice to the lunch, legal gentlemen going in strong for the indigestables, the officers anticipated an easy victory. On looking towards the football ground however, after lunch the officers espied a remarkably fresh looking lot of giants kicking the ball about, and, in amazement, asked their guests who the strangers were.

"Oh," replied one of them, put finishing his last mouthful, "that's our playing team; we are only the lunching team, you know."

FATHER WAS SAFE

"There was quite a fight in front of me to day," said a Rooklanu man at the supper table. "Two men got into a row, one struck the other, and then the crowd gathered. The man who was struck ran and grabbed a cart snake and rushed back, his eyes blazing. I thought sure he'd knock the other man's brains out and I stepped right in between them."

The young heir had given over eating his tart as the narrative proceeded and his eyes leaned right out of his head. He was proud of his father's valor and he cried:

"He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he, father?"

The old man looked long and earnestly at the heir, but the lad's countenance was frank and innocent and open. When it closed with the tart on the inside the father gasped slightly and resumed his supper.

MODIFIED BY LATE RETURNS

Little Jack prays every night for all the different members of the family. His father had been away at one time for a short journey, and that night Jack was praying for him as usual. "Bless papa and take care of him," he was beginning as usual, when suddenly he raised his head and listened. "Never mind about it now, Lord," ended the little fellow, "I hear him down in the hall."

FIRST LESSON IN WALTZING.

She "So you do not waltz, Mr. Smythe? I should think you would learn."

He "Yes, but (suddenly struck by a brilliant idea) I say, Miss Jones, why couldn't I—er—sit by you and put my arm around your waist? Sort of first lesson, you know."

Pure blood is absolutely necessary in order to enjoy perfect health. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and renews the system.