The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XX.---NO. 38. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1895. PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

LL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 5 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
10 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	3.00
5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	5.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

Advertisements, without specific directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

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.

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.

The Traders' Bank OF CANADA.

Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid-up 677,400
Rest 85,000

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 skins notes a speciality.

A general Banking business transacted.

A. E. H. JONES, Manager.

NEW MILLINERY SHOW ROOMS

Mill Street, Acton.

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

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

MISS WHITE, Acton.

We Don't Want the Earth.

But if you intend to build this Spring, we want you to write us for prices on

"BUILDERS' HARDWARE"

We know it will pay you to deal with us.

BOND & CO'S Hardware. Guelph.

Poetry.

A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE FREE PRESS.

"A little talk with Jesus,"
A quiet hour with Him
Will calm the rising billows,
Adown life's troubled stream.

Even though the surges threaten
Your bark to overwhelm,
Just speak a word to Jesus,
And He will take the helm.

When cares are pressing round you,
And doubts and fears pursue;
"A little talk with Jesus"
Your courage will renew.

Though all around be darkness,
With scarce a gleam of light
To shine upon your pathway,
Or pierce the gloom of night.

An earnest prayer offered,
"A little talk with Him,"
Will light anew the beacon
That late had shone so dim.

The danger signal shining
So brightly from afar,
Will bring your bark in safety
Within the harbor bar.

And then your voyage ended,
You'll tread the golden way,
Where nought of darkness enters,
Where night is always day.

Within the holy city
Where many mansions be,
The king in all his beauty
Your wondering eyes shall see.

His voice so soft and tender
In glad amaze you'll hear,
While words of wondrous sweetness
Fall on the listening ear.

And there amid the splendour
That opens to your view,
You will enraptured listen,
While Jesus talks with you.

HEATHER DELL.

Select Family Reading.

Daisy's Farm.

BY ANNA BELL.

Daisy was engaged, and her betrothed was receiving the merry congratulations of the family, consisting of her uncle, her aunt, and nearly a round dozen of her cousins.

Wharton Hill, a young lawyer, slowly winning name and fame in his profession, was being vigorously hand-shaken and noisily welcomed by the Truemans, when Ned cried:

"Perhaps you didn't know Daisy was an heiress, Wharton."

"Ned, don't!" said Daisy reproachfully.

"A landed proprietress," cried Tom. "I do not refer to the paltry six hundred a year she draws from her father's estate, but to her own property."

"Her farm, in fact!" said Sue.

"Yes, her farm," echoed Ned, coming to the front once more. "When you are tired of law you can start gentleman farming upon your country seat."

After they were all gone, having jested a long time on this subject, Wharton was surprised to see tears in Daisy's soft, brown eyes.

"What is it, darling?" he asked.

"They don't mean to hurt my feelings," Daisy said, gently, "but they will jest about my farm, and—and I don't like it."

"But do you really own a farm?"

"It is not a valuable possession, as you will see when I tell you about it. When I was a baby, soon after mamma died, I was very ill, and the doctors advised my father to send me to the country for change of air. There was an old servant of father's family, who had married a farmer and was left a widow with a small farm. Such a farm, Wharton! The house has only three rooms, and looks as if a high wind would utterly demolish it; the land is so poor that it was slow starvation to cultivate it. But it was all the home Margaret had. You may judge that she was very glad to receive the liberal price father paid for me, and my own mother could not have given me more loving care. Every year father came to take me away, and every year was persuaded to leave me, until I was eight years old and a marvel of rugged health and perfect ignorance. Then I was put in a boarding school, but I still spent my summer vacations with old Margaret, and my trunk was always half filled with comforts for her. Having no one in the world who claimed kindred with her, no one else but me to love, Margaret loved me with her whole heart. Six years ago, after father died, and I came here to live with Uncle Tom, Margaret died and left me her farm. It has been a joke in the family ever since. The place is so utterly valueless that we can neither sell it nor rent it, and it represents only the love of an old woman for her nursling."

Some time we will visit it. You have not told me its locality."

"It is in Pennsylvania—nine miles from anywhere, father used to say, because it is nine miles off the railroad. But you can always hire a waggon or carriage at G— to go over to Corn's Mill, and my farm is very near Corn's Mill."

After this explanation Wharton bore the jeating about Daisy's real estate with perfect good nature, and declared his intention of erecting a palatial country seat upon the place, when he became a millionaire and Judge of the Supreme Court.

Being people of modest desires, and having an income of about six hundred dollars apiece, Wharton and Daisy saw no reason to delay their wedding, and were married with a large assemblage of true friends around them. They went to housekeeping in a little house modestly furnished and were fair specimens of "love in a cottage."

But Wharton Hill was ambitious. Having studied his profession under great difficulties, often going hungry to buy needful books, often losing his night's rest to pore over knotty points, he was both fond and proud of his life work, and strove to win a good position therein. His love for Daisy, true, honest love, was never allowed to interfere with his pursuit of fame in his profession, and after he was married he attached his duties with fresh ardor, spending his time in his office, when not actually engaged in the court-room.

Little Daisy whose life was affection, found time often hanging heavily upon her hands, as Wharton became more and more popular and the number of his clients increased. But she was always ready with loving welcome when he did come to his home, and she knew that much of his ambition and ardor was for her sake.

The third year of her married life was nearly over, and her only child, Tom Trueman Hill, was eighteen months old, when Wharton, ever busy and full of energy, began to complain of racking pain in his head, and loss of memory. Often in the midst of an argument the thread of his speech slipped from his mind, and cost a great mental struggle to be resumed.

He fought the symptoms bravely, but Daisy was full of terror at the change in him. He grew haggard and restless, oppressed with vague fears of loss of reason, and really suffering great physical pain.

At last, much against his will, he allowed Daisy to call in the family physician, whose advice was simple, but strongly urged, consisting of two words only: "Perfect rest."

"The brain is overworked," he explained, "and no medicine will avail while he persists in study and practice. Get him away if you can. If'm this is May, a good time for a country trip. Take him to the country, Mrs. Hill."

Wharton rebelled. It was ruin to leave his office, where cases of importance were in his hands. He must work, or they might all starve. He would decline some of the practice offered him; would take little trips during the summer; would, in short, temporize.

And then Daisy little, brown-eyed Daisie, whose voice was soft as a flute, who was scarcely larger than a well grown child of twelve, "put her foot down." Such a mite of a foot! It was absurd to imagine it had any weight in the world's machinery; but it was down, and Daisy kept it there. Tom was a lawyer, and Tom could take Wharton's cases for the summer months. There was her farm, a place to be sure, but at least a house, and with some furniture in it, and surrounded by beautiful scenery, possessing the purest of air and water. With six hundred a year they would not starve, and there was a neat egg in bank in case of emergency.

Wharton pshawed. Wharton fumed, in vain. Resolute little Daisy packed trunks, arranged her household, engaged her own half grown girl to accompany the party as child's nurse, and enlisted the entire Trueman family on her side.

And Wharton, finding those queer feelings in his head increasing, the dizzy spells becoming more frequent, finally submitted to fate, in the person of Daisy, explained to the various points at issue to Tom True man, and, accompanied by his wife, child and nurse, took up his journey to Corn's Mill. It was early morning when a rickety old waggon containing the party and baggage entered an inclosure that had once been a fence, and the family at once took possession of Daisy's farm.

The prospect was not encouraging. The house had not been improved in years of emptiness and neglect, and even Daisy's heart sank at the broken roof, the tumble down doors, the shaky windows. But, as she said, covering her face with a brave smile, "there they were, and they must make the best of it!"

Jennie, the nurse, proved a treasure and the women were soon busy "putting to rights," while Wharton took Tom on an exploring expedition over the estate.

There was a queer glance in his eyes as he came back in time for dinner, but he only said:

"I can't quite trust my own head, Daisy, but is there a post office at Corn's Mill?"

"Yes, the mail goes out twice a week."

"Give me a sheet of paper and an envelope, that's a dear."

"Now, Wharton, that is cruelty."

"I'll only write a dozen lines, dear."

The dozen lines being written and posted, Wharton seemed to find an unfailing source of amusement roving about the farm, poking holes in the ground with a short cane, often kneeling down to examine the earth, so turned over. Daisy hinted at planting some vegetables, though she said despondently:

"I don't suppose they will grow if we do."

"Never mind beans and peas now, love. Wait till we have an answer to my letter."

A week later, when June was young, the answer came in the person of two men, one white haired and absent minded, the other young and emphatically business like. Wharton gave them a cordial welcome and after partaking of a substantial luncheon the three started out upon the farm.

Little Daisy intensely happy in the knowledge that Wharton had not had one dizzy turn since their arrival on the farm, that he had the appetite of a plow boy, and was cheerful and full of animation, was busy baking a batch of pies, when the three gentlemen returned to the house. She could see them from the kitchen window as they came over the neglected path and saw that Wharton's eyes were full of exultation, his face flushed, his carriage erect. He looked like some one newly laden with good tidings, and all three were talking eagerly and earnestly.

Daisy wondered a little, and scorched one of her pies. While she carefully pared the burnt edge of crust, the kitchen door opened, and Wharton, heedless of her big calico apron and bare arms, ushered in the strangers.

"Mrs. Hill," he said, bowing with great deference, "accept my congratulation upon your great good fortune."

"In scorching my pies?" laughed Daisy.

"In owning fifteen acres of coal land."

"I don't understand," Daisy faltered.

"The farm, my dear, your legacy from your old nurse, is one solid bed of coal, and there is no mine within nine miles of it. Nobody knows how much it is beyond your fences in the vacant land about us, but in my mind's eye I see this a colony of miners."

"Are you sure, Wharton?"

"I suspected it the first day we came, but having no experience, I wrote to one of my clients in Pottsville to send me an experienced man to test my suspicions. These gentlemen confirm my opinion."

"There is no doubt about the coal, ma'am," said the old gentleman, "nor any about its lying so near the surface that it can soon be available."

"The question is," said the younger stranger, "whether you will sell out, or open the mine yourselves. I am authorized to make you an offer if you wish to dispose of the property."

"Time enough for that," said Wharton. "I will return with you to Pottsville."

"Wharton—no business!"

"Don't fear, Daisy; this kind of business will not injure me. You will let me decide in the matter?"

"Certainly!"

And the drowsy town of Wharton had spent a month in Pottsville, was to sell out to a company who were already buying up the vacant land surrounding the farm.

The young lawyer knew nothing of mining, and had no desire to learn, but he was no fool, and he made satisfactory terms for the sale of the "estate," and Daisy returned home a wealthy woman.

A European trip restored the health of the young lawyer, and he resumed practice a year afterwards, with every hope of one day realizing his vision of fame, while little Daisy, still rather amazed at her new fortune, entered upon domestic duties in a grand house, with servants, carriage, horses, plate and jewels.

"It is like a fairy tale, Wharton," she said, "to think of that miserable place being so valuable. Poor Margaret little realized the fortune she was bestowing upon me when she left me all she owned—her farm."

The Trueman cousins, sharing in all generous Daisy's gifts and entertainments, no longer jest derisively, but speak in the most respectful terms of that precious legacy, Daisy's farm.

A BOOMERANG.

A tailor who had banked up a large number of desperate accounts told a lawyer friend of his troubles, and the lawyer said to him:

"Why don't you get after these fellows?"

"Well," said the tailor, "if I put the accounts into the hands of an agency the expenses would eat up whatever small portion of the accounts they could collect."

"Don't give them to an agency. I have in my office two young men who are reading law. They are anxious to make some money on the side and will collect for you on a percentage. It won't cost you anything, and they have the time to hunt these fellows up and keep after them."

"You send them around and I'll give them plenty to do."

On the day following this conversation the two students of law called on the tailor and were given a big bundle of old accounts.

They returned to the office and one of them went in to tell the lawyer of their good fortune.

"If you boys get right after these fellows and keep after them you can collect a great many of those bills and make some money," said the lawyer, who was always generous with fatherly advice.

"We'll do our best," said the young man.

"Most of them can't be collected by law, but you can worry a deadbeat until he pays you. Stick to 'em."

"Yes, sir. By the way, when could you attend to this?"

The young man laid before his superior a statement showing that he (the superior) was indebted to the tailor in the sum of $12 for a pair of trousers purchased September 20, 1888.

"Great Scott!" said the lawyer. "I believe I do owe that."

"Do you want me to keep after it?"

"No, I'll pay it right away."

"Thanks. I'll get $5 out of it."—*Chicago Record.*

HOW TO DO BUSINESS.

New England people are often accused, by those with whom they trade, because they inquire beforehand what will be the charge for a piece of work undertaken. To our way of thinking, this is a legitimate and proper inquiry, even when made by persons with full purses. Why should they, or anyone else, offer a premium for extortion, by pursuing the opposite course or open the door for endless petty disputes, on points differently understood by the same parties? It has a very suspicious look when a person is unwilling to come to plain terms in a business matter. The common jesuitical way of replying, "Oh, it will be all right," and "We shall do the fair thing," may do for those who have never been fleeced utterly nine times out of a hundred. Of course all rules have exceptions, and a person of sense and judgment generally understands when and where to find them, but, as a rule, the "goodness of human nature" is rather a shaky foundation upon which to conduct business affairs. One has only to read the lawyers' signs about the streets to know that. However, everybody must knock his own head just so many times against hard facts, before he will believe what he is told by those who have got the headache that way before him.—FANNY FERN.

THE CUTE JAPS.

The Japanese played a pretty trick at the expense of the Chinese fleet that was so knocked around by the Japs at the naval battle of the Yalu river. The Chinese fleet was anchored at Wei Hai Wei. The Japanese war ship Yoshina Kahn was repainted and then hoisted the Chinese colors and started for Wei Hai Wei, pursued by a Japanese man of war. The pursuing vessel fired several shells at the disguised steamer and the people in Wei Hai Wei, deceived by the strategy signaled the flying steamer to enter the port. She avail ed herself of the invitation long enough to ascertain that the Chen, Yuen, Ping Yuen, Tsing Yuen, Chi Yuen, Kwan Pink, Chen Tung, Chen Pin, Chen Nan, and Chen Pop were lying at anchor within, and then she fled. The ruse was discovered as she was leaving the harbor and several shots were sent after her, but not one struck her.

ELECTRICITY IN JAPAN.

The progress of electricity in Japan is said to have been very rapid. Since the introduction of the electric telegraph, in 1870, the length of the lines has increased to about 30,000 miles, including several submarine cables, of which the most important is that uniting Niphon, the principal island of the group, with Tsoumina an island midway between Japan and Corea. Several vessels of the Japanese fleet are lighted by electricity, and the recent naval battles have given evidence of the skill of the Japanese in manipulating large search lights. The telephone also has been adopted with enthusiasm, and at Tokio the Police and Fire Department possess complete and perfectly-organized telephone systems. As to general electric lightening, it has made such advances in the country that it even boasts of several manufactories devoted entirely to the fabrication of supplies for this purpose, such as carbons, lamps, transformers, etc.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you want ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

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 at short notice at Guelph prices.

Frames of All Kinds

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

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

PUMPS

Pumps better able than heretofore to supply either wood or iron pumps. All work guaranteed satisfactory.

Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.

THOS. EBBAGE, Manager. Acton.

Main Street PLANING MILLS, ACTON, ONT.

John Cameron, Architect and Contractor,

Manufacturer of Sash Doors Frames Moulding in all styles

DRESSING, MATCHING And MOULDING to order on short notice.

Well assorted stock on hand at prices to suit the times.

JOHN CAMERON, Proprietor.

EVERTON MILLS.

Highest grade of 10 bushels or over ground at Everton Mills on Roller process for 10 cents per bushel.

FLOUR, BRAN, SHORTS, CHOP FEED

Cash for Wheat

HENRY HORTOP

Acton Flour Mill.

CHEYNE & CHEYNE, Proprietors.

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. Kannawin's Drug Store.

CHEYNE & CHEYNE.

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 agents. 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.)

SETTING OFF BOOKS, STATIONERY FANCY GOODS, ETC.

As my lease of the store will expire in April, and I am desirous of retiring from business, I offer 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 and 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 6 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, 28th Feb., 1895.

Wellington Mutual Fire Insurance Company

ESTABLISHED 1840.

INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 726, or telephone 68, 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. Will cut cutcakes 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 short notice. Apply or address

H. P. MOORE, Free Press Office, Acton.

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 facility of "Memory", another on "the argument 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.

THE TWO BILLS.

Two bills were waiting in the bank for their turn to go out into the world. One was a little bill, only one dollar; the other was a big bill, a thousand dollar bill.

While lying there side by side, they fell a-talking about their usefulness. The dollar bill murmured out, "Ah, if I were as big as you, what good I would do! I could move in such high places, and people would be so careful of me wherever I should go! Everbody would admire me, and want to take me home with them; but small as I am, what good can I do. Nobody cares much for me. I am too little to be of any use."

"Ah, yes! that is so," said the thousand dollar bill, and it haughtily gathered up its well trimmed edges that were lying next the little bill in contemptuous superiority. "That is so", it repeated. "If you were as great as I am, a thousand times bigger than you are, then you might hope to do some good in the world," and its face smiled a wrinkle of contempt for the little dollar bill.

Just then the cashier comes, takes the little murmuring bill and kindly gives it to a poor widow.

"God bless you!" she cries, as with a smiling face she receives it. "My dear, hungry children can now have something to eat."

A thrill of joy ran through the little bill as it was folded up in the widow's hand, and it whispered, "I am doing some good if I am small." And when it saw the bright faces of her fatherless children, it was very glad that it could do a little good.

Then the little dollar bill began its journey of usefulness. It went first to the baker's for bread, then to the miller's, then to the farmer's, then to laborer's, then to the doctor's, then to the minister's, and wherever it went, it gave pleasure, adding something to their comfort and joy.

At last, after a long, long pilgrimage of usefulness among every sort of people, it came back to the bank again, crumpled defaced, ragged, softened, by its daily use. Seeing the thousand dollar bill lying there, with scarcely a wrinkle or a finger mark upon it, it exclaims, "Pray, sir, and what has been your mission of usefulness?"

The big bill sadly replied, "I have been from safe to safe among the rich, where few could see me, and they were afraid to let me go out, lest I should be lost. Few indeed are they whom I have made happy by my mission."

The little dollar bill said, "It is better to be small, and going among the multitudes doing good, than be so great as to be imprisoned in the safes of the few, and it rested satisfied with its lot.

Moral. The doing well of our every day duties makes one the most useful and happy.

A LADY'S REASONS FOR NOT DANCING.

1. Dancing would lead me into crowded rooms and late hours, which are injurious to health and usefulness.

2. Dancing would lead me into very close contact with very pernicious company, and evil communications corrupt good manners.

3. Dancing would require me to use and permit freedoms with the other sex of which I would be heartily ashamed, and which I believe to be wrong.

4. Ministers and good people in general disapprove of dancing, and I think it is not safe to set myself against them, if a thing be even doubtful, I wish to be on the safe side.

5. Dancing has a bad name, and I want to study things that are pure and loyal and of good report.

6. Dancing is often accompanied by drinking, and drinking produces a great deal of evil.

7. I am told dancing is a great temptation and snare to young men, and I do not wish to have anything to do with leading them astray.

8. There are plenty of graceful exercises and cheerful amusements which have none of the objections connected with them that lie against dancing.

HIGHER CRITICISM IN NEW ENGLAND.

A little girl six years old was visiting her grandfather, who was a New England divine celebrated for his logical powers.

"Only think, grandpa, what Uncle Rob cut says!"

"What does he say, my dear?"

"Why, he says the moon is made of green cheese. It isn't at all, is it?"

"Well, child, suppose you find out for yourself."

"How can I, grandpa?"

"Get your Bible and see."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Begin at the beginning."

The child sat down to read. Long before she got more than half into the second chapter of Genesis, and he had read about the creation of the stars and the animals, she came back to her grandfather her eyes all bright with the excitement of discovery. "I've found it, grandpa. It is not true, for God made the moon before he made any cows."—*N. Y. Mercury.*

A WITTY REPLY.

The young Prince of Greenacre, only about twelve years old, has a very ready wit and a queer way of saying things. He sees the funny side of a situation at once.

One day, while visiting Philadelphia, the little Prince was amusing himself by trying to make a donkey draw a cart. But the donkey was stubborn and would not go.

"Your donkey has a great deal of will power," called out the Emperor, who had been watching the struggle between his little son and the stubborn beast.

"Oh, no, papa," replied the little Prince quickly, "it isn't his will power that troubles me. It is his won't power. He won't go."—*The Amusing Journal.*

NOT A LONG COURTSHIP.

"Was yours a long courtship, old fellow?"

"Gracious no! My wife had nine little brothers and sisters."

"Really. But what difference did that make?"

"What difference? Well, if you had to bribe a crowd like that to keep out of the drawing-room every time you went to see your girl you'd soon want to cut short the expense."

Hood's Sarsaparilla, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the system, and in this way positively cures catarrh.

J. Augustus Jones.

The strangest man I ever met was J. Augustus Jones,
To hear him talk you'd think he slept upon a bed of stones.
His luck was always bad, he said, and every blessed Fate
Had some grudge laid against him, and would pay it, soon or late.
The world owed Jones a living, or so J. Augustus said,
He didn't ask to come here, but was forced to come instead;
Which being so he didn't see why he should buckle down
To labor in a village, on a farm or in the town.
So, growling all his days, this Jones went through his span of life,
And not a minute did he live that was not full of strife.
He never knew where he should dine, should breakfast, or should sup,
But sat around and waited for whatever should turn up.
For in the hope of something turning up, this grumpy wight
Found happiness that, he said, was just simply out of sight.
And he has faith that sometime all the bitters in his cup
Would surely turn to sweetness through the thing that surely would turn up.
And something did turn up at last, as Jones had prophesied,
But it, alas! was not the sort he dreamed of in his pride,
For though it ended troubles, all his trials and his woes,
The thing that turned up finally was poor old Jones's toes.

Harper's Bazar.

THE CONCEITED MOUSE.

Once upon a time there was a very small mouse with a very large opinion of himself. What he didn't know his grandmother couldn't tell him.

"You'd better keep a bright eye in your head these days," said she one chilly afternoon. "Your grandfather has smelled a trap."

"Scat!" answered the small mouse. "As if I don't know a trap when I see it!" And that was all the thanks she got for her good advice.

"Go your own way, for you will go no other," the wise old mouse said to herself, and she scratched her nose slowly and sadly as she watched her grandson scamper up the cellar stairs.

"Oh," sniffed he, poking his whiskers into a crack in the dining room cupboard, "cheese, as I am alive! Scuttle, scuttle. "I'll be squizzled if it isn't in that cunning little house! I know what that is a cheesehouse, of course! What a nice snug hall! That's the way with cheese houses. I know because I've heard the dairymaid talk about them. It must be rather inconvenient though to carry milk up that step and through an iron door. I know why it's so open to let in fresh air. I tell you that cheese is good! Kind of a reception room in there. I guess I know a reception room from a hole in the wall. No trouble at all about getting in either. Wouldn't grandmother open her eyes to see me here! Guess I'll take another nibble and go out. What's that noise? What in squeaks is the matter with the door? This is a cheese house, I know it is, but what if it should turn out to be a O-o-o-cese! And that's just what it did turn out to be.

PRAISE THAT CAME TOO LATE.

A sermon in itself was preached lately in a story told by a well known Bishop. It seems that a number of clergymen were present to bear testimony to the life and influence of a departed colleague. One after another rose in their places to tell what they owed to his genius, his high spirit, unswerving loyalty to duty, splendid courage, rare scholarship, and philosophic insight. The testimony was done. At the door, all the time, there stood a slender woman, who had been during his life nearest to him of whom they spoke. "I never shall forget her face—the passion of it and the pathos of it—not the power, tender but reproachful, with which she spoke when at length we were still. 'Oh if you loved Edward so why didn't you tell him of it while he lived?'"

CONSCIENTIOUS JOHN.

A lady had in her employment a young man from the country. On certain occasions he was instructed to inform any company who might ring at the door that "Mrs. Blank was not at home." One day John made this reply to a lady who shortly went away, leaving a card and a promise to call again. As the card was handed to his mistress, she said:

"John, what did you say to the lady?"

"I told her you were not at home."

"Well, I hope you did not laugh."

"Oh, no, ma'am," said John. "I—I—ough when I tell a lie."

HIS FEAR.

Mike had just [illegible] up to a large black flask which he affected to be with its proprietor in being full.

Pete, said he to his partner, "I'm ago he jes' one terror for me."

"What's dat?"

"I'm afraid dat when I gets tor my second childhood I won't get hold up o' de bottle."

VILLAGE AMENITIES.

Mr. Greenthread, who keeps a country store in a New Jersey village, greeted his rival across the street the other day with much courtesy, and said, "Won't you loan me your spiritual level a moment?"

Quick as a flash the rival called back to his boy in his store, "John, take Mr. Greenhead that old copy of the Bible under the counter."—*Harper's Magazine.*

CONTRITION.

Mistress (angrily) "Bridget! I understand you wore one of my decollete ball gowns to the Hack Drivers' ball last evening. It's the worst piece of impudence I ever heard of. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Bridget (meekly) "Oi was, mum. Oi wuz! and me young man said, as if Oi'd ivir wore sich an indecent dress in public again, he'd break our engagement."

Persons who practice deceit and artifice always deceive themselves more than they deceive others. They may feel great complacency in view of the success of their doings, but they are in reality casting a mist before their own eyes. Such persons not only make a false estimate of their own character, but they estimate falsely the opinions and conduct of others. No person is obliged to tell all he thinks; but both duty and self interest forbid him even to make false pretences.