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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick sts., Acton.

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Graduate University of Toronto, Member of the royal College of Dental Surgeons
None but first-class operations performed
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WM. A. McLEAN. JNO. A. McLEAN.

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

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

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REV. J. E. HOWELL, M. A. Pastor.
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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. Ushers at the door
Epworth League of Christian Endeavor meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock. J. S. GOLDMAN, President.
Meets every Tuesday evening. All young people invited

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To patronize the
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There is always room and remuneration at the top, and that is
Young Men and Women
trained at Guelph Business College are getting there is amply proven by the evidence
The present is a good time to enter the College and ladies are admitted to the same advantages as gentlemen. Full information sent to any address
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Manufacturer of Sash Doors, Frames, Mouldings in all styles
DRESSING, MATCHING, and MOULDING
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Well assorted stock on hand at prices to suit the times.
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Proprietor.

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Buy Me a
Baby Carriage
is what all the youngsters in Acton would be asking for if "they could only talk," and the chorus would be
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DAY'S."
A Car Load
Newest Styles
Panic Prices
A Pleasure to show these Goods.
DAY'S BOOK STORE.
GUELPH.
Day Sells Cheap.

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SPRING OPENING
1895
MISS WHITE
has now a full display of
French Patterns,
Hats and Bonnets,
AND ALL THE LATEST NOVELTIES OF THE SEASON
All are cordially invited.
Ladies do not Forget the
EASTER BONNETS AND HATS
Miss White with her experienced assistants feels confident she will be able to insure satisfaction to every customer
Please Remember the Place
MISS. Secord's Block, Acton

Dresss and Mantle Making
Miss Armstrong
LATE OF TORONTO.
Has opened Dress and Mantle Making rooms in Mrs. Secord's Block, next door to Miss White's millinery rooms, Acton, and invites the patronage of the ladies of Acton and vicinity
Having had experience with the best classes of work I feel that I can confidently assure all who favor me with their orders the best of satisfaction
Good Smart Apprentices Wanted at Once.
MISS ARMSTRONG

SEASON 1895
Wish returning thanks to the ladies for their liberal support in the past, and beg 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 full line of Base, Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, &c.
Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait
Price $1 50 per M
PUMPS
Cheaper than ever. Call and see them. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. EBBAGE Manager
Acton

EVERTON MILLS.
Highest price paid for 30 bushels or over ground at Everton Mills on Roller process for 40 cents per bushel
FLOUR
BRAN
SHORTS
CHOP
Wheat
Acton Flour Mill.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE,
Proprietors.
Roller mill now in complete working 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.
All orders will receive prompt attention and be delivered to any part of the town.
Our terms are cash and one price for all.
Don't forget to patronize home industry. Give us a fair trial and we will leave the matter for you to decide as to the quality of the goods we manufacture.
Orders taken at the Mill or at J. A. Kennedy's Grocery 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 substitution in orders. 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 ... $2,000,000
Capital Paid up ... 650,000
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 sales notes a specialty
A general Banking business transacted
A. E. H. JONES,
Manager

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.

Snaps 2nd EDITION
We are prepared to offer some great inductions 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, two 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 order you may entrust to us, will be completed first class in every particular
All prices quoted above are for cash only.
Yours respectfully,
SHAW & TURNER
Tailors and Furnishing Dealers, GUELPH

SELLING OFF
BOOKS, STATIONERY,
FANCY GOODS, Etc.
A portion of the stock will be sold at cost, owing to the desirous of retiring from business. We 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
are sold at 10 to 30 per cent. off second hand. Clearance of purchase made.
Foolscap at $1.00 per ream. Note Paper 40 cents and upwards per ream. 24 sheets ruled note paper and 24 envelopes in a neat box for 5 cents, and better qualities in proportion
School Maps 5 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft., for $1.00
JOHN SMITH
Guelph, 20th Feb. 1895

W. BARBER & BROS.
PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
AND
HIGH GRADE WEDDING WOVE
The paper used in this journal is one of the above lines
WM. PARKER & SONS
Acton Saw Mills,
COAL AND WOOD YARDS
JAMES · BRWON
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
Wellington Mutual
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ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 730, or telephone 96, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
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JOB PRINTING,
including Books, Pamphlets, Posters, Programmes, 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
J. H. HAMILTON
Granite and Marble Dealer,
GUELH, ONT.
Purchased while in Europe one of the best stocks of
Norway, Swede, Russian, Irish and Scotch
GRANITE
Ever imported and is selling at present 30 per cent. below others. Superior work guaranteed. Marble at half others' prices. Call early for bargains
J. H. HAMILTON.

Poetry.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

The following lines were written by Mrs. Ellen M. H. Gates, author of "Your Mission."

Sure beautiful, beautiful hands,
Thin re neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue,
A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet are these aged wrinkled hands
More beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands
Though heart were weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on,
That the children might be glad
I almost weep, as looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not
When mine were at their play

Such beautiful, beautiful hands,
They're growing feeble now,
For time and pain have left their mark
On hand and heart and brow.
Alas! Alas! the nearing time,
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the hillside, out of sight,
These hands will folded be.

But oh! beyond this shadow land,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear
Where crystal streams, through endless years,
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands

Select Family Reading.

A Dozen Boys.

[illegible] Story of April Fool's Day.

[illegible] fellow, mother, [illegible] any of the other [illegible] I'm glad you've found a friend [illegible] well, dear.

"Friend, that's just it. I think he's one of the sort to make a real friend of. He's not a bit, you know, because his father's the owner of the big mill and he lives in a fine, large house."

"No."

"I like all his gentlemanly ways. But I like them better because he doesn't put them on to make a show of them. They just seem to come natural to him. The other day, James went on with a rough, old Mr. Carter was sitting outside his store as we went by, with his legs sprawling out over the walk. One would have supposed he would draw them in as we came along, but he's half blind, you know, and he didn't, and Walter stumbled all over them. Old Carter was in a rage, of course, and got up and began fuming and sputtering. And then you ought to have seen Walt off with his hat and bowing to the old man as he begged all sorts of pardons. And I could hardly believe my eyes to see Carter—actually bowing back and saying it wasn't any matter. You'd suppose he'd a little rather Walt had done it than not."

"A very good showing of the power of good manners, said his mother. "I hope they will prove to be catch ng."

"Some of us need that pretty badly," said James, with a sober little shake of his head.

"And I hope his good manners won't wear off as he becomes better acquainted here," said his mother.

"I don't believe he's that kind. I'm sure, at least I hope not."

Walter Vale proved that his politeness was not merely a surface polish. The charm of his good manners was felt among the rather rude boys of the school, and many a rough word or uncouth gesture was suppressed because of his being near. Few boys, perhaps, think of the influence of their behavior on those about them.

James was proud of being looked upon as Walter's friend and became so jealous in the praise-worthy of what he esteemed an honor as to be in danger of "pinning his idea of right and wrong to some one else always a mistake for a boy to make.

"We're having a lot of fun with old Miss Gage we boys," said James, "& his mother he being one of those who are so wise as to make her his confidential friend and adviser.

"How is that?" she asked.

"Oh, she's one of the sort that seems to keep in her natural enemy. That every boy living is watching for a chance to do her some harm. "Poor old soul!" Very likely she has known what it is to be teased by mischievous boys."

"May be so. But we don't want that fun. Only she makes such a fuss that its fun to let her think we do. All through the fruit season last year she'd sit in her door way as we went by and glare and glower on us as if she thought we were a pack of thieves ready to steal her stuff."

"Some of the boys did, I hear," said his mother.

"Yes, there's one of two just that sort. But that's no reason for her thinking us all so. Well, she's got a new idea this spring. She had a little corner fenced into her garden that we boys all used to cross. Folks say it belongs to the town and she has no right to it—but nobody's going to make a fuss about it. We boys don't care a jot, but the day the fence was finished she stood in her doorway looking like such a thunder cloud as we came near that Clem Wells climbed over the fence and walked through. We all followed him, walking straight ahead and climbing out again."

Mother could not help joining in the laugh with which James went on.

"Then she got a dog to keep us off. And we've fed and petted him so he wags his tail when he sees us coming."

"I hope you will take that as a lesson on the wisdom of subduing an enemy by gentle means."

"But we haven't subdued Mrs. Gage yet, and that's what we're going to do next."

"How are you going to manage that?"

"Well," James hesitated. "I suppose I'll have to tell you as I tell you every thing, though I don't know exactly what you'll think of it. She's just got her peas and lettuce planted, a little ahead of the season, I'm thinking."

"Yes," agreed his mother. "If a frost should come the poor old lady will have had her trouble for nothing."

"Since her seeds are in she's crosser than ever, and we're getting tired of it. We think we'd like to give her something to glower at. So James lowered his voice although there was no one near who could possibly have heard, "we're going to play a little 'April fool' joke on her."

"A joke on an old lady?"

"That's what I said," said James, dogedly.

"By boys—a number of them!"

"It isn't going to do her any harm," said James, with a shade of impatience. "We're going to take the big sticks of her woodpile and pile them up before her window so she can't glare out at us."

"How many of you will take part in this?"

"Oh, about a dozen of us. Those of us that come home this way."

"A dozen boys against one old woman!"

But James was half way out of the room.

"If it wasn't for Walter Vale I'd back out of it."

James said to himself early on the evening of the first of April. He was on his way to meet the boys who were to participate in the playing of an April joke on Mrs. Gage.

In truth he felt ashamed of the whole business. His mother's gentle suggestion, heard often enough before, had led him fully to realize the cowardice of doing anything to annoy a poor lonely old woman.

"And mother has a cutting way of putting things," he went on. "'A dozen boys against one old woman.' How it sounds! But what'll Walt think if I go back on the fun. And when I had the starting of it. Whew! it's a cold night. Going to freeze sure."

Under the glow of the moonlight one boy after another appeared in the little clump of trees near the schoolhouse, which had been appointed a place of rendezvous.

"It's a splendid night," said one.

"Yes, we can see to fix the old lady up finely, and without a speck of noise."

Walter Vale was slow in coming.

"Perhaps he won't come at all," said James to himself with a gleam of hope in his heart. "I wish something would keep him at home. I wouldn't mind a bit telling the other boys I wouldn't go on with it."

But Walter came last of all, not with the enthusiasm which James had expected, but looking rather subdued.

The moon shone down upon the faint tinges of tender green foliage upon the trees as if looking upon scenes of peace and deeds of loving kindness. James did not like to look up at her calm, cold face.

"Come along now—it's time for the business. We've got one or two more tricks to play to night."

One or two started to lead the way. James followed for a few steps then came to a stop.

"Say, he began. I'm sick of this already before it's begun. I'm going to stop it."

"Ho! sneered one. "It was you were one of the liveliest in beginning it."

"I know I was, but I've changed my mind. I'm not going to have any more hand in it."

A small chorus of indignant exclamations. James had not gleaned towards Walter Vale but it need that his voice was not among them.

"Isn't fair for you to have us two."

"May be that's and I'm sorry," said James. "But here we are, and two of us boys against an old woman. It's that that doesn't seem fair to me."

There was a silence. It was very plain that this was a new way of putting it.

"It does look so," said a new voice.

"It is so," said Walter Vale. "I'm with you, Jim. I'm glad enough to be out of it myself."

"Are you?" said James, turning a bright gaze upon him. "I'm glad." The two boys clasped hands with an earnest look into each other's faces. They were by this time walking along the brilliantly lighted road approaching Mrs. Gages house.

"Awfully ill," said one, scraping his arms. "I, for one, am with you to go home and get warm."

"So am I. And I want to know my host bad. We're going to have a ripping feast."

"I don't there."

They were passing Mrs. Gages garden, the spot over which they had so often trodden with a delight in the poor old lady's irritation growing far less out of evil intent than boyish love of fun.

Row upon row of delicate green shoots were there, seeming to smile up in the bright light as peaceful as if no dest uction awaited them under tender growth.

"That's too bad," said Walter. "They'll all be spoiled by morning."

"Couldn't we cover em a little?" suggested James. "I laid brush and stuff all about ours before I came out."

"That's a tip top idea," exclaimed Walter.

"Quiet—[illegible] said."

Many be [illegible] half an hour the [illegible] which had [illegible] prepared to bring [illegible] Mr. Gage had left her garden protected against the threatening damage.

"I'm so glad we [illegible] said Walter, fervently, as the two took their way home together. "I was wanting to do what you did all the time, only I couldn't some how, be the one to lead off."

"You were!" exclaimed James in surprise. "Why, it was the hardest thing I ever did, just because I was afraid you'd laugh at it."

"Look here," said Walter, after they had walked for a few minutes in silence, "I wish you and I could join hands never to do a mean cowardly thing as long as we live."

"I'll do it," said James.

Only," said Walter, regretfully, "we don't start quite even on it."

"How a that?" asked James.

"You've got it in you to start a thing all by yourself. I'm not a bit sure as that I had to wait for you to begin. You've a long way ahead."

What a glow was at James's heart as he said good night to his friend and went alone towards his home.

The moon no longer looked cold and forbidding as he gazed up at its beaming face.

There was many a brig t smile among the boys the next morning as they talked of the April fool trick played on Mrs. Gage.

It took some time for the poor old lady to believe that it was the dreadful boys who had saved her garden from destruction. But it proved the beginning of friendships in which many a boy grew to realize the sweetness and blessedness of the bestowal of kindly deeds instead of small annoyances. *Medford, Ills.*

Suppress the harsh word that you are about to speak, else you may inflict a wound that no subsequent effort can cure.

Acting through the blood, Hood's Sarsaparilla not only cures scrofula, salt rheum, etc., but gives health and vigor to the whole body.

PAYING CASH.

"I remember very well when I was a young girl how rigidly I was brought up in regard to bills and accounts," said a woman whose career has been a series of successes in every way. "I was given an allowance and required to make it do certain things. There were purchases that had to be made out of it, and if I needed such articles and my allowance was gone there was no use in asking. I had to go without until next pay day came around. I recall distinctly some very distressing experiences I had on this account. Unjust and cruel they seemed to me then, but no one can tell how I have blessed the firm hand and the clear head that kept me up to the mark in financial matters. On one occasion there was an entertainment in which I was to take part. All of the family were greatly interested in the success of it, and it was for a worthy object. It was necessary for me to have new gloves, one of the items, by the way, that I was compelled to purchase from the sum allotted me; but something happened that appeared to me to demand a portion of my little reserve of cash, and I resolved to use it. I knew that the festivity was to be near future, but said to myself: "Surely I will not be stint out of it; if I do not have the money for my gloves it will be forthcoming from some source. I am confident." So the cash went, and in due course of time, when all other preparations were made, I was told to go and get my gloves. With no little trepidation I was forced to confess that I had used the money and therefore had none left for that purpose.

"Oh, very well," said mamma, "if you don't care about going, you needn't."

"Oh, but I do care," I replied.

"Well," was the response, "you know the regulations, and I shall insist on your living up to them."

"This seemed to me very hard, and as I like many other girls, had a pet aversion to whom I confided many of my girlish sorrows, I went to her in tears and told her of the situation.

She at once took me out with her and bought me a beautiful pair of gloves, with which I went home highly elated.

There was an expression on mamma's face that I did not exactly like, but I said nothing further, nor did she.

The next morning immediately after breakfast, she called me to her room, and told me I was not to go to the entertainment. Argument was useless. Even auntie importuned and scolded, but this had no effect, and I moped at home all through that long anticipated, much thought of evening, the unhappiest girl, I felt then that ever lived. It seemed to me so unjust and unkind that it took me a long time to get over it. Indeed, I have never, until late years, fully realized what an important service that evening at home did for me, for, having my cup full of one bitter experience, I took special care not to have another.

Everything about the house was conducted on that same basis. If we did not have the money to buy a thing we suffered the penalty, regardless of the fact whether it was our fault or that of somebody else. The simple fact existed that we had squandered our substance, and no one was permitted to make it up to us. We were admonished that in after life no one would stand by to fill gaps for us and that we must learn to so order our doings that those gaps would not occur. If every child was brought up in this way the credit business with its needless perplexities, aggravations and bankruptcies, would speedily come to an end. Thoughtless persons buy to-day and promise to pay to-morrow, but when to-morrow comes they are no better off than they were the day before, and the account runs on indefinitely. If merchants could only be induced to do away with the credit system altogether, and to sell for cash, even though they sold less, business would be greatly simplified, and the dealer and the consumer would alike receive lasting benefits."—*New York Ledger.*

FACTS ABOUT CHILD LABOR IN ONTARIO.

Any person sending children begging, may be sent to gaol for three months or fined $100.

Any saloon keeper who gives or sells liquor to a boy under eighteen years of age, is liable on conviction, to a penalty of $20.

Any person found guilty by a justice of the peace of giving or selling tobacco to a boy under eighteen years, must be fined $10 and the sum may be increased to $50.

The keeper of a licensed pool or billiard room who allows boys under sixteen years to frequent his premises may be fined $10 by any justice of the peace, half the fine to go to the informant.

Every child between the ages of eight and fourteen must attend school, unless excused for some good reason.

No boy under twelve years and no girl under fourteen years can be employed in any factory.

Any municipal council may pass a by-law prohibiting boys and girls loitering in the streets after nine p. m.

Any person found guilty by two justices of the peace of committing any indecent act, may be fined $50 and sent to gaol for six months.

Any person who leads a girl from the paths of virtue is liable on conviction, to two years' imprisonment.

Any person who criminally assaults a girl under fourteen years of age is liable to imprisonment for life and to be whipped.

Any person who sells or gives a pistol or air gun or sells ammunition therefor, to a boy under fifteen years of age, is liable on conviction to a penalty of $20.

Charitable institutions or societies wishing to place children in good family homes will be assisted on application to Mr. J. J. Kelso, Supt. of Neglected Children, Toronto.

Christian men and women willing to give a home to a homeless child, are urgently requested to send in their names.

PAT'S WAY OF CATCHING FISH.

An Irishman was seen one day industriously pumping away on a small bellows with the nozzle stuck into a stream of water. Upon being asked why he was blowing air into the water he exclaimed:

"Faith, ol'd noticed that fish can't live in the air, so oi thought oi'd give them some air to the water, and while they live and comes to the top of can ketch them. Yes sor, the 'much slayer than fishing.'"—*Harper's Young People.*

LET DOWN THE NET.

"Labor is the most potent alchemy to turn lead into gold." Thus wrote Charles Sumner years ago.

The later years of the nineteenth century have not disclosed any means of rapid transit to the high summit of any worthy achievement. For the rarest genius there is still the drudgery of preparation, the toil-worn path.

When Robert Browning entered upon the poet's career, his first step was to qualify himself by studying and digesting the whole of Johnson's dictionary. Thus he prepared for his wonderful skill in the use of words.

After his graduation from Harvard College, Charles Sumner spent a whole year in the study of certain branches of mathematics in which he knew his work had been superficial. He studied by himself, and with no more favorable surroundings than were to be had in the family parlor in the midst of the noise and mirth of the younger children. Drudgery, indeed, it was for him, for his aversion for the study was most unconquerable.

Louis Agassiz, forbidden by his father to devote himself to the pursuit of natural sciences until, at least, he had earned and received his medical diploma, because "he had his living to make," was so greatly in need of funds that he copied many books, some of which he could have bought for a dollar cash. But the dollar he had not, the books or their contents he must have. Agassiz had never "time to make money," but his lasting fame and loyal memory would not have been won without his life of drudgery, or self sacrificing work.

When the electrician, Professor Bell was in the course of his studies and experiments he was visited by Professor Henry, then of the Smithsonian Institution. Instead of being elated at the approval of the distinguished man, Mr. Bell said, "I have not the knowledge necessary to perfect this work and to bring about the practical results that I know are possible."

What said the great man? Not, "It is too bad, poor fellow." Not, "That brilliant intellect will do it." This was his word. "Bell, get it."

The moment of discouragement often just precedes the hour of victory. Though foil worn and weary, stay not thy hand the Master's word is still, "Let down the net." In obedient effort lies the path of success.

A KINDLY ACT

It was a small service to render [illegible] unusual on the great thoroughfare traversed by street car lines that it will be long remembered by the grateful recipient, for it showed that touch of kindliness for a suffering brother which makes us believe that Christ's saying, "Ye are all brethern," is a beautiful reality.

It was a bitterly cold day in a northern city. The mercury had been below zero for many hours. The driver of a horse car had stood at his post until he was near frozen. Benumbed and blue with the terrible cold, his hands and feet stiff, it seemed to him as he faced the icy blasts that swept down the narrow streets that he should perish before he reached the end of his route.

The passengers shivered in the partially heated car. The conductor was busy collecting fares and attending to other duties. Just then a large man, with his face full of that sort of fellowship that requires no label, went out on the front platform, took the reins from the nearly frozen driver and said, "Go inside and thaw out. I live out at the other end of the line, and I'll drive till you get warmed up."

Thankfully the driver handed over the reins, saying as he did so, "I've driven on this line fifteen years, and you're the first man that ever offered to take my line. God bless you sir. I was just near frozing that I thought I'm not get to the barns."

[illegible] Benjamin James was a [illegible] a clever man and he was a clever solicitor. When he had a case in hand he either lost it or else won it.

Sometimes it was one way and sometimes the other.

But it was usually the former.

As there were two possibilities [illegible] conclusion of any action, he had at his forms of announcing the returns to his clients.

If he was successful [illegible]

Mr. J. B. Barnes (Re Brown's Case).

Sir, I am pleased to inform you that I have to day won this action. Yours faithfully, BENJAMIN JAMES.

If he was unsuccessful [illegible]

Sir, I regret to inform you that I have to day lost this action. Yours faithfully, BENJAMIN JAMES.

Judy.

HAVE A HOBBY

[illegible] who undertakes to [illegible] and like the growing of plants the raising of fish, photography, atomology, boating, bicycle riding, athletic sports, microscopy, painting, drawing, music, fishing, hunting, and a thousand and one other things which may come under the head of personal recreation, has always something within his reach which makes him independent of the outside world. The boating man is forever losing his canoe or yacht with paint or varnish and fittings of his own invention. The mineralogist has an endless pleasure in arranging his specimens and in obtaining those which are new. The sportsman fights his battle over again, and the fisherman attends to his tackle and invents 'facts' to illustrate his next year's exploits. All harmless amusements, but more valuable than gold, because they take a man away from himself.—*Business.*

SUCCESSFUL BUT SERIOUS.

Paddy Kelly walked into the sick room of Mickey Bolan. Mickey lay there pale, with his eyes closed, and heard Pat explaining: "Mickey, it's ill ye're looking. Fwat's the matter wid ye?" "Do ye know that spalpeen av widdy O'Brien's second husband?" asked Mickey. "That I do." "He bet me a pound to a pint I couldn't schwaller an egg widout breakin' the shell av it." "Did ye do it?" "I did." "Then fwat's ailin' ye?" "It's down there," laying his hand on his stomach. "If I jump I'll break it an' out me stummick will the shell. If I kape quiet the thing'll hatch out an' I'll have a shanghai rooster crowin' me insides."

AN APPEAL FOR THE BIRDS.

O say, O say, can you hear them,
In forest an field and lane,
The starving nestlings crying
While the parent birds are slain?
Can you see the nests deserted,
And the pretty eggs chilled o'er,
And hear all nature's mourning
For the birds that sing no more?

O say, O say, can you see them,
The songbirds we love to hear
Dying by hundreds and thousands,
Perishing year by year?
To the ghastly haunts of fashion
We may trace their plumage gay,
But their hearts that throbbed with music
Have ceased to beat for aye.

O songsters, beautiful songsters,
Ye come and sing no more
Spring waits in vain for the carol
That welcomed her coming of yore.
But beware! There is One who marks them
Our birds with their voices sweet,
And the cries of His dying songsters
Ascend to His mercy seat.

MARIANNE FRANCES MASON.

TOWARD THE GOAL.

Maarten Maartens relates that there was once a man, a satirist, who kept up such an incessant criticism that his friends grew weary of it, and at last killed him. As they gathered around the supposed dead man, one said indignantly, "This man treated the whole round world as a football and kicked it at every opportunity."

The man opened his eyes. "But always toward the goal," he said.

Criticism, whether friendly or otherwise, is often a lash which is applied to good purpose, because it spurs people on to better effort. The reforms of the world have mostly been brought about by severe and incessant criticism.

To the individual it acts as a sort of moral tonic, bitter and helpful. To the community, it is a whip that scourges all offenders against public morality.

The task of the critic is neither a pleasant nor an easy one, because no one likes to be reminded of their shortcomings. Our folly, our conceit, our pride, all rise up in rebellion against even the kindest and most friendly criticism.

We should realize that only to be able to hold our own, without making any improvement, is in reality going backwards; that not to go forward with the world is soon to fall behind it, that of us is demanded a constant improvement in character, in culture, and in effort of whatever kind.

A few words of well directed and just criticism often spur us to make the needed effort for improvement.

So let us welcome even the sharpest criticism if it opens our eyes to our faults or shames us out of our wrong doing, and impels us to higher aims. The idea which we should seek to attain is perfection. Falling short of that as we do, and must because of our limitations, we should strive to realize in our own lives and attainments the higher possibilities of which we are capable, reaching out and up toward the divine life for our greatest help.

The "Social" Phase of the Whiskey Drinking in its True Light.

Mr. Perry was a Southern gentleman exceeding polite and a very temperate man. One day he met an acquaintance who called out "Hallo Perry! I was just going to get a drink. Come in and take some thing."

"Thank you," said Perry, "I don't care for anything."

"But perhaps I can [illegible] and take something just for auld lang's sake."

"I want to be sociable," answered Perry. "I am anxious to be sociable, but I can't drink with you."

"All right," growled the friend. "If you don't want to be sociable, I'll go without drinking."

The two men walked [illegible] for a minute or two the sociable man in a state of great irritation, until Perry suddenly halted in front of a drug store.

"I'm not feeling well to-day," said he with a pleasant smile, "and I think I'll go in here and get a dose of castor oil. Will you join me?"

"What!" exclaimed the other, "in a dose of castor oil?"

"Yes I'll pay for it."

"Ugh!" cried the [illegible] my face. "I hate the stuff."

"But I want you to take [illegible] it with me just to be sociable you know."

"I won't do it."

"Indeed my friend [illegible] our sociable whiskey is just as [illegible] fall to me as my oil is to you. Don't you think I have as much reason to be offended with you as you have with me?"

The sociable man saw the point, and it would be money, health and morals saved if the lesson could be firmly implanted in the mind of every young man in the land.

THE HONEY INDUSTRY.

[illegible] annually possesses 1,910,000 hives, producing 40,000,000 pounds of honey each year. Spain has 1,950,000 hives, producing 42,000,000 pounds of honey. In Austria there are 1,550,000 hives producing 40,000 pounds, in France 950,000 hives producing 25,000,000 pounds, in Holland, 250,000 hives producing 6,000,000 pounds, in Russia 110,000,000 hives producing 2,000,000 pounds, in Denmark 80,000 producing the same, in Belgium, 200,000, producing 5,000,000 pounds, in Greece 30,000, producing 1,000,000 pounds. The annual production of honey in Europe is calculated to reach 40,000 tons, valued at £2,200,000, and of wax, 15,000 tons of the value of £1,350,000. A hive of bees produces from twenty to fifty pounds of honey yearly, according to the size of the hive, and multiplies ten fold in five years. In order to obtain enough honey for a load a bee requires to visit 6,000 different flowers and make on an average of twenty trips daily.

A UNIQUE SENTENCE.

One of the most unique sentences ever passed by a regularly constituted court on this continent, and there have been curious ones, was that imposed not long ago by a Missouri magistrate. An illiterate prisoner was brought before him. He was totally unable to read or write, so he was sentenced to imprisonment until he learned to read.

At the same time a prisoner who could both read and write was brought up. Him the magistrate sentenced to imprisonment until he had taught the illiterate prisoner to read. We are told it just took three weeks to work out the sentence. Our contemporary observes: "Isn't this the solution of the vexing problem of illiteracy? No doubt if the "horse sense" displayed by the Missouri magistrate was generally followed ignorance of one of the R's would almost disappear from the criminal class.