The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXI.---NO. 8. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1895. PRICE, THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

AT THE

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. One dollar per year strictly in advance. All discriptions 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, 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

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

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO
30 inches	$60 00	$33 00	$20 00	$7 00
10 inches	25 00	15 00	10 00	4 00
5 inches	20 00	12 00	7 00	2 50
1 inch	6 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.

Business Directory.

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

J. E. WILKINSON, L. D. S., L. D. S., DENTIST.
OFFICE: Over the Drug Store, ACTON.

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

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

DOUGLAS & MURRAY
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC
OFFICES—1226 Queen St., Parkdale
Victoria Chambers, 51 Victoria St
Telephone 237. TORONTO.
JOHN DOUGLAS A MURRAY

E. W. BOYD,
Barrister, Solicitor Notary Conveyancer
MONEY TO LOAN
Office—Booth's Block, Main St. Milton
Office at Streetsville early Wednesday afternoon
Palace Bakery Block, Queen Street.

GUTHRIE, WATT & GUTHRIE
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC
D. Guthrie, Q. C., James Watt, Hugh Guthrie
OFFICE,—Douglas St., Guelph

R. J. McNABB,
Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent Money to loan, etc
OFFICE—Matthews' Block,
ACTON ONT

T. G. MATHESON, B.A., J. B. McLEOD
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS
Georgetown and Milton
Money to loan at lowest rates

JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT,
Queen's Ont.
OFFICE:—Wyndham Street

HENRY GRIST
OTTAWA CANADA
Solicitor of Patents, for Inventions &c.
Prepares Applications for the Canadian American, and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks. Send for pamphlet. Thirty two years experience.

WM. HEMBSTREET,
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
BOOKBINDER,
Wyndham St., Guelph Ontario
(Over Williams' Store)
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done

Cleaning and Dyeing Works

CLEANING, Dyeing and Repairing. All Orders Promptly attended to. Reasonable Charges. Orders left at the works over Arthurs Feed Store, will receive prompt attention
W. COOK, Tailor

THE METHODIST CHURCH ACTON.

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

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

Strangers and visitors always welcome at entire ushers at the door

Epworth League of Christian Endeavor
J. S. COLEMAN, President.
Meets every Tuesday evening. All young people invited

Main Street
PLANING MILLS,
ACTON, ONT.

John Cameron,
Architect and Contractor.

Manufacturer of Sash Doors Frames Mouldings to 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.

—ACTON
LIVERY
AND
BUS LINE

The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can at ways be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets trains between 9 a. m. and 8.18 p. m
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS

STATIONERY

"Amusement is a good understudy to happiness and usually does duty, while the master sleeps."

Have you a hobby? Be it walking, cycling, music, reading, or a gamp of skill, cultivate it it will do you good. The most disconsolate man is he who has no amusement to fall back on. Our hobby is selling cheap, and we are always happy when doing so

If your hobby demands articles that we handle, whether its in the reading, cycling, music or sporting line, we can make you happy, too.

DAYS BOOK STORE.
GUELPH.
DAY SELLS CHEAP

Trilby's Father

When quite a young man went to Paris and clerked in a shoe store. After being away from his native town for a number of years, he returned home, and as his outward appearance had changed somewhat during the years of his absence, he determined to go to his mother's house, unannounced, and see if the filial affection in the child for the parent would be reciprocated by the parent, and thus lead the parent to recognize her boy. He went to her house as a stranger, and asked his mother for food and lodging, she, not recognizing her son, gave him bread, but refused him lodging, thinking that perhaps he might be a robber, but she allowed him to warm himself by the fire, and gave him permission to sleep in the barn

You Must be Known to be Appreciated.

WILLIAMS' Shoe Store

Is well and favorably known and our goods are appreciated. We have all classes of

Boots, and Shoes,

Slippers, Rubbers

Trunks, Valises, etc

REPAIRING NEATLY

WILLIAM WILLIAMS
Mill St. ACTON

J. H. Hamilton,
DEALER IN
Marble and Granite,
Hamilton's Block
GUELPH

New Consignment
Just Received a Large

Granite | Norway Swedish Russian English Irish Scotch
OF BEST QUALITY

Intends to be sold at prices superior to those shown in Ontario
Call and inspect
J. H. HAMILTON.

SEASON---1895

WHILE returning thanks to our numerous patrons for their liberal support in the past we wish to inform you that we have entered into an arrangement with R. Stewart, Guelph, to keep constantly on hand a full stock of the ordinary sizes of

Sash, Doors, Etc.

and will also supply any special sizes on short notice at 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

We are now able than heretofore to supply either wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.

Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere

THOS. EBBAGE, Manager
Acton

EVERTON MILLS.

Best grades of 10 bushels or over ground Everton Mills on Roller process for 10 cents per bushel

FLOUR.
BRAN
SHORTS
CHOP FEED

Highest price paid for Wheat.

Cash for Wheat

Best Mill Flour for sale at ARTHURS FLOUR & FEED Store, Acton

HENRY HORTOP

Acton Flour Mill.

CHEYNE & CHEYNE,
Proprietors.

We have our roller mill now in complete and satisfactory running order, and are in a position to supply the wants of the public with

FLOUR, BRAN, SHORTS
and all kinds of Feed,
AT RIGHT PRICES.

Every order will receive prompt attention and will be delivered to any part of the town

Our terms are cash and one price for all

Don't forget to patronize home industry Give us a fair trial and we will leave the matter for you to decide as to the quality of the goods we manufacture

Orders taken at the Mill or at J. V. Kennedy's Drug Store.

CHEYNE & CHEYNE.

W. BARBER & BROS.

PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
—AND—
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.

The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.

WM. BARBER & BROS.

The Traders' Bank OF CANADA

Capital Authorized ... $1,000,000
Capital Paid up ... 607,400
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 sales notes a specialty.

A general Banking business transacted.

A. F. H. JONES,
Manager

We Want Your Trade in

Portland Cement.

Now Stock - of - Best Quality Just to Hand.

PRICES VERY CLOSE.

WRITE OR CALL ON

BOND & CO'S.
GUELPH.

X L Cior ...Brakey

ACTON, ONT

Having taken up a shop opposite the J. Walker Store, Mill Street, are now prepared to keep on hand

Bread,
Cakes,
Biscuits
Confectionery

Also FRUITS, CANNED GOODS, ICE CREAM, &c.

Thanking the people of Acton and surrounding country for past favors we trust to them for a continuance of the same. All orders promptly attended to and delivered by the old reliable baker

T. STATHAM & SON

P. S. Wedding Cakes a specialty

BARGAINS.

N. J. BONNAR

Has a few lines of Spring Goods still left in stock which he has determined to sacrifice at very low prices.

He considers it no trouble to show goods and answer any questions relative to prices, styles, etc.

Call To-day

And you will no doubt find something in his stock of Cloths to suit

SATISFACTORY WORKMANSHIP ALWAYS ASSURED

N. J. BONNAR
MERCHANT TAILOR.
Mill St. ACTON

W. H. WALKER,

Painter,
Paper Hanger
Decorator, Etc

Has returned to Acton his former home and will give the benefit of his large experience to those who desire first class and artistic work in House Painting, Paper Hanging, or Decorating, in all its branches.

Satisfactory work always guaranteed and at most reasonable prices

Orders left at Pearson's Hardware Store or at my residence will receive prompt attention

W. H. WALKER,
Bower Avenue.

Acton Saw Mills,

COAL AND WOOD YARDS

JAMES BROWN

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Coal and Wood

Coal and Wood always in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices.

Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always on hand.

Telephone communication.

WANTED.

A GOOD MAN in your district to represent the "Fonthill Nurseries of Canada," over 700 acres—the largest in the Dominion. Position permanent. Salary or Commission to right man.

With the increasing demand for fruit, a post store with us or salesmen will pay you better than engaging in farm work. Send us your application and we will show you how to earn good money.

School teachers' is just the thing for you during the summer. Write for particulars.

STONE & WELLINGTON,
Toronto, Ont.

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.

Poetry.

AULD LANG SYNE.

A NEW VERSION.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should we forget the auld thatch'd cot
And days o' lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a thought o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa has run i'mout the braes
And pu't the gowan's fine,
But we've wandered mony weary days
Bin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a thought of kindness yet
For auldslong syne.

We twa paidl'd i' the burn
Frae mornin' sun til' nune,
And play'd amoun the ingle nook,
In auld long syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a thought of kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

Still dances fair and heather bell
Deck banks a' sweet wi' thyme,
But eauld the hearts we lo'ed as well,
In auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a thought o kindness yet
For auld lang syne

Let present years be bright and gay,
And flowers our brow entwine,
They ne'er can bring a summer day
Than auld lang syne
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a thought o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne

We need na' surely a pint stoup
To cheer your heart and mine,
Nor sparkling wine on which to bouk
For auld lang syne
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a thought of kindness yet
For auld lang syne

And here's a hand my trusty friend
And give us a haup o' thine,
And let our hands in friendship bind
For auld lang syne
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a thought o kindness yet
For auld lang syne

The Watchman

Select Family Reading.

Two Fair Conspirators

"How I hate, Prue, dear!
Like a half open rose but
ed is my dress becoming?
Becoming! Oh, Prue, I never saw
ck so well in your life. I only wish I
could have your photograph taken just as
you stand there. Oh, hush! What's that
noise?

"Only Aunt Stasia brooming the cat out of the pantry. Quick, Cherry, let's get the pink cotton dresses off, she'll be up here next.

"Prue, I'm afraid we are doing a long heatsted prank, Charity Lee.

Her sister Prudence but her lip, her soft brown eyes flashed beneath their long curling lashes.

"Wrong, Cherry! Is it wrong to try to look like other girls, to want, once in a while, to get our necks from under the harrow? We came to Aunt Stasia because we were friendless orphans, and had no other relative besides her, and she has made wretched drudges of us. We have washed and scrubbed and mended and made for her, we've saved her the expense of a hired girl, and we've endured her scoldings and snubbings without a word. Uncle Jonathan would take our part if he dared to, but he is in awe of his life of Aunt Stasia, and now that she has made up her mind to take city boarders, we shall be ground down worse than ever, and I've made up my mind that we will go somewhere and see some thing, with her leave or without it."

"I'll be without it," said Cherry, with a shrug of the shoulders. "I told you, Prue, that she never would consent to our going to Cis Allen's party."

"No matter," said, Prue, calmly. "We're going. We've picked strawberrys on the sly, and Uncle Jonathan has sold 'em for us when he took the June butter and the spring chickens to town, and he has bought us these cambric dresses. I wish, by the way they weren't quite so vivid a pink, but dear, old Uncle Jonathan did the best he could, and we've made them up at odd times, and we'll have one delicious evening of being like other girls, if we never have another. And you shall dance the Virginia reel with Calvin Harding.

"Nonsense Prue!" cried Cherry, turning pinker than the cambric dress which she was now folding away in the crippled bureau, with the broken drawer handles which was all that Aunt Stasia allowed the the two girls in the way of wardrobe accommodations.

"Let me see," said Prue. "We're to come up to bed at half past eight. Aunt Stasia don't like us to burn her much oil, and she's always glad to get us off early."

"Yes," cried Cherry clapping her hands. "And we're to dress as softly as two little mice, and we're to slip out on the roof of the shed and jump down on the carpenter bench that Uncle Jonathan is to leave out there by mistake, and it's only half a mile to the Allen farm house if we go across the fields, past the grave yard and the old quarry pit. And, oh, Cherry! won't it be delightful to go to a real party and dance to real music, and wear brand new dresses, not Aunt Stasia's hideous, dun colored old things made over?

And the two bright eyed young things hugged and kissed each other in an ecstasy of happy anticipation. Aunt Stasia's shrill voice calling up the stairs abruptly terminated their castle in the air.

"Prudence! Charity! Where be ye? What ye 'bout? There's the cows comin' up the lane to be milked, and the table to set for supper, and a letter from the city boarders to say that they're coming to morrow mornin'. Step quick, now!" We must all go to bed early to night to get a good start in the mornin'."

Prue and Cherry looked at each other with sparkling eyes; this arrangement chimed in with their ideas exactly.

The household tyrant was more exacting than usual that evening, at least so it seemed. The rooms already put in order for the city boarders had to be gone over again with broom and duster; chickens had to be picked and vegetables washed and prepared for a company breakfast; the silver was to be rubbed up, and the old Indian blue china dusted anew before the weary slaves were allowed to cease work. And finally, when at last Aunt Stasia had disappeared into her room, like an antiquated spider in its hole, Cherry danced up to where Prue's Jonathan sat in his accustomed splint rocker, staring as hard at the empty chimney place as if it were full of blazing beech logs, and, taking his face between her two hands, kissed its wrinkled lines.

"The dresses are lovely, Uncle Jonathan" she whispered.

And Prue, leaning on his chair, laid her fresh cheek against his hair.

"Is the carpenter bench all right?" she murmured in his ear.

He nodded, while a slow smile crept over his visage.

"But I dunno, gals, as it's altogether right to deceive your aunt this-a way," he added, soberly.

"We're not deceiving her," said Prue. She hasn't asked us a question about it! She has taken it for granted that we would bend to her will."

"Wal, wal," said Uncle Jonathan, still staring at the soot incrusted bricks of the chimney, "it's only natural you should want to go once in a while. Gals can't be cooped up, like young chickens in a pen! and you've worked like all possessed to help get ready for the boarders, that I'll allow!"

Just then the creaking of Aunt Stasia's shoes sounded nearer the bed room door than usual. Prue and Cherry flew up the narrow wooden stairs like frightened birds, Uncle Jonathan rose up and extinguished the one candle which still burned on the high mantle and the room was left in darkness.

With breathless delight and a multitude of shy precautions, Prue and Cherry dressed for their first full blown party, each "doing" the other's hair and adorning it with clusters of wild rose buds and crimson clove pinks, and escaping down the sloping shed roof skipped away under the starlight, restraining their gay voices and sweet laughter, until two or three dew drenched meadows should have interposed between themselves and the old peaked roof farm house under the buttonball trees.

But watching their swift footsteps was a pair of gleaming green gray eyes on which they had not calculated, and Aunt Stasia drew back her night capped head from the pantry window with a subdued chuckle.

"They think they've fooled me I s pose, muttered she. "But they hain't. They've got out all right, but they won't get back quite so easy, I guess. And one thing's dumb sartin not a cent of the boarder's money do they get! Sly, deceitful minxes! I do wonder how they ever managed to lay hands on them rose colored gowns without me knowin of it."

So there was one silver lining to the cloud Aunt Stasia never once suspected her husband of being an accomplice to these two young conspirators.

"I'll teach 'em a lesson," said she to herself, as she lighted the candle, got out her knitting, and prepared to await the course of events.

Eleven o'clock struck! Twelve! and still Aunt Stasia sat there resolved to die sooner than yield to the drowsiness that weighted down her eyelids. At length she started up at the sound of footsteps on the rude plank bridge that spanned the trout brook at the foot of the lane.

"There they come" said she springing to her feet, and bundling a shawl around her head.

Her eyes could scarcely pierce the starry dark of the summer night but there were figures coming up the lane and she could faintly distinguish the sound of muffled voices.

Creeping down into the shadow of the old smoke house, Aunt Stasia there awaited her prey, and bounced out upon them as they advanced.

"Oh, ye've come, have ye?" she screamed. "You lazy, good for nothin, tricky things. But I'll teach you a lesson you never larned before. Get in there, quick!"

Opening the smoke house door with one hand, she used the other as a propelling force to push the amazed new comers into the dismal old place, turning the rusty key in its wards with a jerk, and then twirled around to confront their escort, a tall young man, who, having lingered to close the lane gate, was just making his way up through a forest of tall weeds.

"As for you Calvin Harding said she, "clear off these premises, quicker n a flash or I'll unloose the bull-dog! Ain't you ashamed of yourself, teachin two gals to disobey their natural gardeens? Eh? Ain't you?

"Madam

"Don't 'madam' me, sir! I'm a respectable woman or I'll call Bose, and scat him on ye! Get off this place, I say.

"Will you listen to me, my good woman? Or are you stark, raving mad?"

At this moment Uncle Jonathan made his appearance carrying a lantern.

"What's the matter, Anastasia he bawled. "Is it chicken thieves, or tramps? I've got the old musket here, shall I fire?"

And from the path under the apple trees two pink figures emerged, hurrying along like moving rose buds, with a stalwart young man on either side. Calvin Harding, and Cissy Allen's oldest brother, Andrew.

"Oh, Aunt Stasia!" "Oh Mrs Barton" they cried. "What has happened?"

Aunt Stasia stared round at the scene now irradiated by the flicker of the lantern.

"Didn't I just shut you two girls into the smoke house?" she stammered. "And if it wasn't you, who was it?"

Just then the rusted lock of the imprisoned prison house gave way beneath the repeated jerks of the tall young man's the door flew open, and out rushed two screaming women.

"Take us away Heds" they screamed "The woman is mad! Don't let her come near us."

"Who be you?" demanded Uncle Jonathan, holding his lantern high into the air.

"My name is Corliss, stiffly explained the stranger. "I was bringing my wife and sister, here, to board with one Mrs Barton, at Buttonball Farm, and we took a carriage at Button depot to drive across the country. But one of the horses fell lame, and the driver refused to go any further, so we started to walk—and we must have lost our way, for

"You haven't lost it!" screamed Aunt Stasia. "This is Buttonball Farm—and I'm Mrs Barton. It's all a mistake, my pounkin' out at you, like a wild cat. My two nieces

"Excuse me," said the city gentlemen, "if I decline to discuss the matter further. After the nervous shock which these ladies have received, they will scarcely desire to dwell under your roof. Perhaps the gentlemen," turning to Allen and Harding, "can tell me of some place where they can be received, short of a second journey to 'Button' Depot?"

Harding took off his hat. "My mother will be happy to take them in, I dare say," said he. "And it is not very far off. Let me to show you the way."

Aunt Stasia stood watching the retreating party until they were out of sight; then she turned savagely to her nieces:

"Mrs. Harding's got away my city boarders," she snarled, and it's all your fault! Come into the house, you young minxes, and I'll let you know what I think of you!"

Prue drew herself up, while Cherry clung timidly to her arm.

"Aunt Stasia," said she, "you must not address us in that way. We are no longer helpless and friendless. Mr. Allen has asked me to become his wife, and Calvin Harding has told Cherry, here, that he has loved her this long time, but that you never would allow him to come to the house and plead his cause. It is settled that we are both to be married on the same day next October, and from this day your tyranny ever must end."

"Or," interposed Andrew Allan, bravely, "we'll marry them to morrow."

"I'm glad on't from the bottom of my heart," said Uncle Jonathan, still holding up his lantern like a single eyed Cyclope.

"Come here and kiss me, gals!"

But Aunt Stasia, without vouchsafing a single word, walked grimly back to the house. To lose, at one blow, the city boarders, and the two faithful damsels who had served her so long, without money and without price, was too much for her philosophy. Nor did it at all lead to console her when Uncle Jonathan afterwards remarked:

"It's all your own fault, Anastasia."

THE OLD LADY AND THE CARROT

Upon the opening day of the Parliament of Religions in Chicago, Prince Serge Wolskonj related the following Russian legend:

"The Russians say that once upon a time an exceedingly wicked old woman died, and fell, of course, into grievous torment. One day she saw an angel flying through the blue sky, and she called to him and bade him carry a message to God that her torment might be relieved, for she had suffered more than she could endure. The angel presented this petition, and God said, "Go and ask her if she ever did any good act to a fellow being. When the angel made this inquiry the old woman pondered and pondered, for she had been very, very wicked. Finally she remembered that she had once given a carrot to a beggar. Then God said to the angel, "Find the carrot and stretch it out to the poor sinner." So the angel held the carrot and when the old woman grasped it she began to rise out of the horrible depths. The angel lifted and the old woman felt herself rising higher and higher, but there was a great weight about her feet, and looking down she saw that another sinner was clinging to her, and as they rose another and another followed, each sustained by his grasp upon the one above, and still the carrot held. In mid air the old woman was seized by a horrible fear lest the carrot should break. So she began to remonstrate with the sinner directly below her: "Let go," she said, "you must not cling to me, I am going up higher."

"But," said the man, "I, too, wish to get out of torment."

Then the old woman began to twist violently to rid herself of this incubus, and finally she screamed, "You must let me go, it is my carrot. Then the carrot broke.

The triumph of selfishness over love was complete and she fell deeper than ever into misery.

There was no need to apply the parable it carries its own lesson with it. "My carrot" is very likely to break.

ALAS! TOO LATE

A certain lady in Paris gives periodical dinners, at which assemble most of the best known wits and *literati* of the day. The rule of the mansion is that, while one person discourses, no interruption what ever can be permitted. It is said that M. Renan once attended one of these dinners, and being in excellent vein, talked without a break during the whole repast. Towards the end of dinner a guest was heard to commence a sentence, but he was instantly silenced by the hostess. After they had left the table, however, she at once informed the distinguished individual that, as M. Renan had now finished his conversation, she would gladly hear what he had to say. The guest modestly declined, the hostess insisted.

"I am certain it was something of consequence," she said.

"Alas, madame," he answered, "it was indeed, but now it is too late." I would have liked a little more of that ice pudding.

Juvenile Wisdom

When a boy writes a composition the result is not always a gem of thought and literary style, but it is generally interesting, and the following *chef d'oeuvre* on "Breathing" is no exception:

"We breathe with our lungs, our lights and our livers. If it wasn't for our breath we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life a going through the nose when we asleep.

Boys who stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait until they get out in the fresh air. Boys in a room make bad air, called carbonicide. Carbonicide is as poison as mad dogs. A lot of soldiers were once in a black hole in Calcutta and carbonicide got in there and killed them.

Girls sometimes ruin the breath with corsets that squeeze the diagram. A big diagram is the best for the right kind of breathing." Boston *Budget*.

Golden Rule Proverbs.

Heart pure, strength sure.

Make sin your guest, become sin's slave.

Prone to passion, by passion placed prone.

Who weeps for others will be glad in himself.

A deep heart is rather to be desired than a broad mind.

Better a sentence from the heart than a sermon from the head.

Evil doers fear less the resolutions of a convention than the revolutions of a crank.

Remorse no more insures repentance than filled ground a harvest. *The Guide to Rule*.

A MARVEL OF STRENGTH.

It seems absolutely impossible that a wheel thirty inches in diameter, with a wood rim and wire spokes, so light that the whole structure weighs only twenty ounces, should sustain without permanent distortion the weight of four men standing on its side, with supports at four points only under the rim, and no hub support whatever.

It also seems incredible that a bicycle capable of carrying a man of 160 or 175 pounds in weight can be made so light that the whole structure weighs less than nine pounds. Yet this has been done; even at the road ster weight of twenty-two or twenty-four pounds, the cycle carries a greater load with safety than any other vehicle.

The influence of the cycle on social life is already great and will probably constantly extend, as it provides an outdoor sport and amusement for women which did not previously exist in any form in America. American women are not walkers, but the cycle is perhaps even better suited to woman's use than man's, and seems destined to add an outdoor element to the life of woman the world over which was not possible without the "winged wheel."

The miracle of the bicycle lies in its birth, death and resurrection; in its incredible load bearing power in proportion to weight; in its displacement of the horse as a means of pleasure, and in the selection of its mechanical details of compressed air support, tubular framing and chain driving.

All these are details often before introduced in machines, but never before permanently retained. That these cast off are undeniably power-savers is convincingly proved by the continued use under human muscle driving power.

Finally, the one great achievement of the bicycle is to increased the human powers of locomotion so that the slowest ed man is made one of the swiftest of all running creatures.—*Engineering Magazine*.

WRITTEN IN ANGER.

Words of anger hurt much more deeply when written than when spoken, yet good men and women often forget this, and are tempted to write as well as to speak hard things of their neighbors.

Those who have grace enough will steadily resist this temptation, but the worldly will often yield to it, unless restrained by policy. When a Christian has been wronged, he should remember the counsel of James, "Be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath." If at any time, in a fit of passion, you should write a soathing letter, do not mail it at once, but keep it two or three days. If you can keep it over the Sabbath, when perhaps the hallowed influences of the day will come upon you, and you will destroy the letter and save your self-respect. Many a hasty word has been written under a spell of wrath, which would never have met the eyes of the person who called it forth, had its sending been delayed for a day. Wrath would have cooled, judgment would have had time to act, conscience would have spoken, and the teachings of God would have been regarded.

So save yourself from regret and others from pain by refraining from writing angry words. *Christian Advocate*.

DON'T NEGLECT THE TEETH

A dentist whose practice has been for many years largely among persons who would commonly be called "of a refined and cultured class," finds the neglect of cleanliness of the mouth among children of such persons most astonishing. "Those children are being trained in all the arts and sciences," he says, "yet in one school where there were 700 pupils, 500 of them from 10 to 18 years of age, only fifty cleaned their teeth twice a day, 275 used a brush sometimes, and 175 did not use a toothbrush. In the primary department, where there were 200 children from 6 to 10 years of age, it was found that not more than ten were provided with toothbrushes. Further inquiry and investigation showed that this school was not an exception in the matter. Dr. Ritter, of Berlin found that of 635 persons, 400 of whom were under 15 years of age, only forty one or a trifle more than 5 per cent. had perfectly sound teeth. How a child will suffer from mortification in after years if the parents have neglected this most important matter."

A GOOD SPEAKER

Canada has never had a Governor General who made better speeches than Lord Aberdeen. Some of the representatives of royal authority have been more eloquent. Some have been freer with their flattery, but Lord Aberdeen ranks with, if he does not excel, the best of his predecessors in the utterance of sincere and good hearted common sense. Lord Aberdeen's speech at the opening of the territorial fair at Regina was a model in its way. He aided the farmers with the sympathy of his own agricultural experience, and cheered them with humour, of which the following is a good example. "A man who was a believer in some fertilizing nostrums, said to his overseer 'The time is coming, John, when I may carry in one of my pockets what will fertilize a whole acre of land.' 'Aye, aye,' was the reply, 'and I am thinking that when your time comes you'll be able to carry the crops in the other pocket.'"

CHOOSE YOUR SPEECH

Those who are ordinarily the most careful in speech are sometimes led by excitement into the use of expressions which convey a meaning far different from what was intended.

The president of one of our leading colleges was annoyed one morning by the unseemly behavior of some of the students during the chapel services. Pausing a moment he turned toward the disturbing group and in a tone of great solemnity said:

"Young gentlemen, you evidently forget that by your conduct in this place you are not only showing disrespect to Almighty God but to me also."

LEARN A TRADE.

The demand for unskilled labor is rapidly declining in the United States. A man or woman who expects to earn a decent living must learn to do something well. A boy who is not making the most of his opportunities at school, and, after school days are over, is not seeking to make himself proficient in something, should turn this hard fact over and over in his mind. *Watchman*.

CITY AND COUNTRY.

I'M rather lay out here among the trees,
With the singin' birds and the hum I hears,
A knowing that I can do as I please
Than to live what folks call a life of ease
Up thar in the city.

For I really don't acerly understan
Where the comfort is for any man
In walkin' hot bricks an' doin a fan,
An sopsyin himself as he says he can,
Up thar in the city.

It's kinder lonesome, mebbe you'll say,
A livin out here day after day,
In this kinder easy, careless way,
But all'flour out here is better'n a day
Up thar in the city.

As for that, jus look at the flowers around,
A-peepin' their heads up all over the ground,
An' the fruit a bendin' the trees way down,
You don't find such things as these in town
Or rather, in the city.

As I said afore, such things as these,
The flowers, the birds, an' the hum I hears,
An a livin out here among the trees
Where you can take your ease and do as you please,
Makes it better n the city.

Now, all the talk don't 'mount to snuff
'Bout this kinder life a bein' rough,
An' I'm sure it's plenty good enough,
A' 'tween you an' me, 'taint half as tough
As livin' in the city.

James Whitcomb Riley

AN OLD WOMAN'S CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

"The most remarkable thing that has ever occurred to me in my earthly career," said Eugene McKelsey, "occurred some years ago when I was afflicted with dyspepsia. I had a bad case I assure you. Oh, I was all broke up. Food was disgusting. I had no appetite, and I just walked around looking for some place to lay down and die. Some time passed, I grew worse. I saw myself a physical wreck, and try as I might I simply couldn't revive appetite nor ambition. Finally I ran into an old woman, a kind of witch I guess old women are always witches when they dress in faded garments and predict to you who said that I would get well if I would go to a certain farm and three times a day cast an ear of corn to a white pig and then listen to it eat. I do not believe in such rites, but, dear me, I was so sick that I was willing to try anything.

"So I bought a white pig, secured a pen for it within the mentioned farm limits, and daily made three journeys with an ear of corn that I threw in and then watched the pig eat. Well, do you know the sound of that pig crunching and sucking those corn grains made me hungry. Oh, I enjoyed the sensation so much. It made me ravenous. When I returned from my walk I wanted to eat. So I continued visiting the white pig and eating three good meals a day until I was myself again and as healthy as I am now. I don't care to understand the whyness of it now. I am only too glad to be well." St. Louis *Globe Democrat*.

AMERICA ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Every gentleman wore a queue and powdered his hair.

Imprisonment for debt was a common practice.

There was not a public library in the United States.

Almost all the literature was imported from England.

An old copper mine in Connecticut was used as a prison.

There was only one hat factory that made cocked hats.

A day laborer counted himself well paid with two shillings a day.

Crockery plates were objected to because they dulled the knives.

Virginia contained a fifth of the whole population of the country.

A gentleman bowing to a lady always scraped his feet on the ground.

Two stage coaches bore all the travel between New York and Boston.

The whipping post and pillory were still standing in Boston and New York.

Beef, pork, salt fish, potatoes and hominy were the staple diet all the year around.

Buttons were scarce and expensive, and the trousers were fastened with pegs or tacks.

Leather breeches, a shocked shirt, a red flannel jacket, and a cocked hat formed the dress of an artisan.

When a man had enough tea he placed his spoon across his cup to intimate that he wanted no more. St. Louis *Democrat*.

KNOW YOUR BIBLE

The bible contains 3,566,480 letters, 810,697 words, 31,175 verses, 1,178 chapters and 66 books.

Longest chapter is 119th Psalm.

The shortest and middle chapter is the 117th Psalm.

The longest verse is the 9th chapter of the 8th book of Esther, the shortest the 35th of the 11th chapter of John.

The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra is the only one of the entire collection which contains every letter in the alphabet.

The word "and" occurs 46,277 times.

Jehovah," occurs 7,69- times in the Old Testament, or to be more exact the word "Lord" occurs 1,853 times and the word "Jehovah" 5,815 time.

The word "God" does not occur in the book of Esther, but there is wisdom knowledge, holiness and love in every chapter of the entire work.

GIVE CHILDREN A FAIR SHOW.

Why should not a child's fancy in the way of food be regarded, as well as the repugnance of an adult? We consider it a great piece of cruelty to force a child to eat things that are repulsive to it, because somebody once wrote a wise saw to the effect "that children should eat whatever is set before them."

We have seen the poor little victims shudder and choke at sight of a bit of fat meat, or a little scum or cream on boiled milk, loathsome enough to those who like it, but in their case a purgatorial infliction.

Whenever there is the decided antipathy, nature should be respected, even in the person of the smallest child, and he who would act otherwise is himself smaller than the child over whom he would so unjustifiably tyrannize. Always give the children a fair show.

Tired women need to have their blood purified and enriched by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It will give them strength and health.