The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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Editor and Proprietor.

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OFFICE—Main Street, third door south of Presbyterian Church, Acton.

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OFFICE—Over the Drug Store, ACTON

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Victoria Chambers, 61 Victoria St
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Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done

THE PALACE BARBER SHOP,
MILL STREET, ACTON
F. R. MORRISON, Tonsorial Artist.
Shaving and Hairdressing in all its branches. Tobaccos and cigars always on hand.

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

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.

WM. HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Grey. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Fees reduced to
$5.00 FOR FARM SALES
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

WANTED.

A GOOD MAN in your district to represent the "Foothill 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 position with us as salesman 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! the just the thing for you during the summer. Write for particulars
STONE & WELLINGTON,
Toronto, Ont

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. All ushers usher at the door
Epworth League of Christian Endeavor
MISS MAGGIE H. MATTHEWS, President.
Meets every Tuesday evening. All Young People invited.

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.

SCHOOL BOOKS.
Full Stock
all the new Books
for High and Public Schools.

Six New Large Scribblers
and Exercise Books.
The biggest Scribbler in town.
Our 81 page Exercise Book is the best.
Don't waste time. Go straight to Day's for your School Books. His books are the best value and he has plenty of stock for all.

DAY'S 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 recognise 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 Constr...
Just Received a ... of the choicest ...
Granite | Norway, Swede, Russian, English, Irish, Scotch
OF BEST QUALITY
... sold at prices to suit the times in Ontario
Call and Inspect. J. H. HAMILTON

SEASON---1895
WHILE returning thanks to our many patrons for their liberal support in the past we wish to inform you that we have entered into an arrangement with R. Stewart, Guelph, to keep constantly on hand a full stock of the ordinary sizes of
Sash, Doors, Etc.
and will also supply any special sizes on 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
... 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

EVERTON MILLS.
... exchange 10 bushels of our ground at Everton Mills on Roller process for 10 cents per bushel
FLOUR
BRAN
SHORTS
CHOP ...
... day at 3 cents per lb.
Cash for Wheat
... Mills Flour for sale at ARTHUR'S 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 687,400
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.

Harping.
We are still harping on the extraordinary value of our
"Sweeperettes"
Price only two dollars.
Saves your carpets.
Sweeps easier, cleaner, and quicker than a broom.
You have no idea of the comfort it will bring you.
Suppose you try one?
BOND & CO
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

HELLO!
Fall in Line!
New Suitings
New Overcoatings
New Pantings
Call Early and Make your Selection
... Workmanship Guaranteed
Inspect our Stock of Wools ...
The Best People Wear our Goods
N. J. BONNAR,
ACTON Merchant Tailor

Main Street
PLANING MILLS
ACTON, ONT.
John Cameron,
Architect and Contractor.
Manufacturer of Sash Doors, Frames, Mouldings in all styles
DRESSING, MATCHING, and MOULDING
to order on short notice
Well assorted stock on hand at prices to suit the times
JOHN CAMERON,
Proprietor.

— ACTON —
LIVERY
AND
BUS LINE.
... respectfully solicits a share of the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets trains between 9 a.m. and 8.15 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order.
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met
JOHN WILLIAMS
Phone 9

W. H. WALKER,
Painter,
Paper Hanger
Decorator, Etc.
... announces to Acton his business, and gives 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

X L Cider
...Bakery
ACTON, ONT
Having opened up a shop opposite the Jewellery Store, Mill Street, we will keep on hand
Bread,
Cakes,
Biscuits,
Confectionery,
Also FRUITS, CANNED GOODS, ICE CREAM, &c.
In thanking the people of Acton and surrounding country for past favors we trust in them for the continuance of the same. All orders promptly attended to and delivered by the old reliable bakers.
T. STATHAM & SON.
P. S.—Wedding Cakes a specialty.

Poetry.

THE LAMENT OF A MISSIONARY BOX.

Forgotten and forlorn I live,
Upon a dusty shelf,
And feel as downcast and so sad
I hardly know myself.
A missionary box am I
And better days have seen,
For copper, silver, yes, and gold
Within my walls have been.

Now I am empty, no, not quite,
For something you may hear
A mournful jingle from my depths
By pennies made, I fear;
I scorn not pennies, no, indeed,
Their worth too well I know,
But twopence only in a box
Does make one's spirits low.

The mites another may indeed
That pence to pounds soon grow,
But older people ought to give
We want our money so.
And thus, in emptiness I wait
And dustier grow each day,
While heedless of my silent plea
You round me work and play.

My words are poor and weak at best,
I know not how to plead,
But look upon the distant fields
"To harvests white" indeed.
The heathen lie in thickest gloom,
Do you need a stronger plea?
Then listen to His voice who said
"He did it unto Me."

The smallest offerings for His sake
Into the treasury given,
He with an eye of love will note
And own one day in heaven.
And even here you'll have His smile
While you the words believe
That far "more blessed" 'tis to give
Than only "to receive."

The Juvenile

Select Family Reading.

Patty's Education.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS

It was late time. The sun had gone down behind the mountains. The cows were milked. The bacon and eggs had been set to warm in the oven. The raspberries and the pot-cheese flanked each other on the white table cloth, and Martha Budd watched on the porch for her husband's coming. Beside her stood her little girl Patty, with her arm about her mother's waist. It was hard to believe that the woman had once been as pretty as her daughter, for her fourteen years of married life had made her so thin and sallow and hollow-eyed. But people who knew her in her girlhood declared that Patty was Martha over again. The soft, sweet, delicate prettiness of an American girl fades early, if fate is cruel to her, and hard work and coarse food and lack of tenderness unite to break her down.

William Budd was not a poor man but he was a hard, close fisted one. When he courted Martha he had fancied she would inherit her father's money, but the old man had married again, and six or seven little step brothers and sisters had put that out of the question before the old man died. And the wife had faded early and they were not congenial. She had not much education but she loved to read. She took a paper, earning the money by selling pot-cheese.

Even William Budd had not courage enough to take that woman's perquisite away from her. That pot cheese money did a great deal, as well saved pennies will. And she had written one or two little poems—"To My Little Girl," "The Old Farm house and "Good bye to Home," in those first years of married life. They were copied into a little red blank book in which she had also copied the "cunning" little speeches of little Patty before she was five years old. The girl was her idol now. To give her a good education was her greatest hope, and now they were waiting for news which the head of the family would bring. They were waiting to know whether there would be a school in the place that winter, for a meeting was to be held that afternoon to decide the matter.

The father was opposed to it, that they knew, but he had only one vote. Others wanted the school. Mrs. McLaren, the Scotch lady they liked so much, was ready to take it, and Patty could go. She could not walk to the next town, and he would not drive her there or let her go down on the train as she might have done as other girls did. Fifteen cents a day, he declared would be too great an extravagance, but if the school were just over thereon the hill, in the disused church, then, indeed, what objection could there be?

"I think they'll carry it," said the mother, "and then I'll offer to board Mrs. McLaren. We've got plenty of spare room, and you can ask her a question or two out of school hours, or get her to tell you if you are studying right. I'll make it up to her and I'll take the pot cheese money and get you a nice garnet cashmere, and you can wear that with aprons and your brown merino for rainy days, and rubbers I'll get you, and a nice thick cloak, and I can knit you a real pretty garnet hood, and you'll have a good time learning, and get on, I know. If I was you, Patty, I'd set before me to be a teacher. It must be real nice to have money of your own, my dear, and sometimes I think maybe we'd do our duty just as well paying some poor soul to do rough work, somebody that had to live that way, if God has blessed us with talents to go beyond that, and you take real comfort in teaching. I guess if it's a nice school, I think I'd set it before me, if I was you Patty."

"Yes, ma, I think it would be very nice," said Patty, "and not have to ask some man for everything, and make them angry. Oh! I'd rather go without a pair of shoes than beg them of pa."

"Your pa gets anxious, for fear of poverty, you see," said Martha, mildly. "Now my pa used to ask me often whether I did not want a new dress, and he'd say 'Martha, here's five dollars,' when I wasn't expecting it.

"Why, ma!" cried Patty, in delighted astonishment, "only to think! It was like that with you at home before you were married!"

"That," said the mother, in a half guilty whisper, "that, I guess, is what has made your pa's being just a little near harder for me to bear."

It was a sort of confession that she made her child, and they said no more until the wagon came lumbering over the hill and Mr. Budd's long, sharp nose and little, straight slit of a mouth were discernable in the space between the turned up coat collar and drab colored hat brim that sheltered him from the wind.

He descended from his perch without a glance at his "wimmen folk," called the hired man to see to the horse, and tramped in. He threw his coat and hat to his wife, kicked off his boots off, and roared to Patty to bring his slippers, and, dragging his chair to the table, began to eat; and still not a word did he utter in regard to the school. At last, Patty could bear it no longer, and the question on her lips burst from them without her will:

"Pa, are we going to have the school?"

His answer was short and direct:

"No; you ain't. So there now!"

Patty began to cry, hiding her face in her apron. Martha could not keep back a sigh; her husband turned upon her.

"Well, now," he said, "what do you want one for? You've only got a gal. I wouldn't have no gal so much as teached to read, for my part; makes 'em think theirselves equal to men folks to have equal eddication. Wimmen is intended by Providence to do housework and sew, and them sort o' thing. I don't think it's becomin' for 'em to sit idlin' over story papers and books," and he cast a contemptuous glance at the little book case and the illustrted paper in the home made rack. "I never seen my old mother waste her time that way. Now, why it's different, with men, they oughter read politics and the news, but wimmen—pshaw."

His wife said nothing lest she should say too much, but when the dishes were washed she followed Patty up into the garret bedroom where she had gone to cry, and lay down beside her, drawing the patchwork quilt about them both. "Don't fret, Patty," she whispered. "I'm going to send you to school."

"You can't, ma," whispered Patty.

"I shall," said the mother. "You know the tall clock that pa left me, it's ninety years old. I can sell it. The lady that boarded at Dowey's, last summer, the tall one in the dingy green clothes, she offered me a hundred dollars for it. 'Write to me whenever you are willing to sell it,' she said. I'm going to do it, and I'll send you to the pay-school on the hill. There! and I feel I've a right to do it. There what ever your pa may think. There!"

"Oh, ma, ma!" cried Patty, frightened by her meek mother's sudden exhibition of spirit. "Do you dare, and it's where the squire's daughters go and the minister's girls. Oh, ma! But you love the old clock. Don't do it for me don't sell it for my sake!"

"I do it for myself, child," said Martha, rising and putting her hair straight and settling her collar. "Now you go to sleep. You shall have rye and Indian doughnuts for breakfast and your pa shan't scold you."

He never did. What his wife said to him she only knew, but he made no objection to the sale of the clock, and Patty went to school. The mother did without her help and all the pot cheese money went to keep her prettily clad, but every one said how much better Mrs. Budd looked than she used. She grew young again in her ambitions for Patty, and somehow the girl was kept at school until she graduated with honors. "As well educated," thought her mother, "as most boys."

Meantime, Farmer Budd saved and scrimped only to make the too frequent mistake of money loving people at last. The fever of speculation seized him and he lost in a week the gains it had taken half a lifetime to accumulate. Nothing was left, even the old farm mortgaged. And despair seized him. He fell ill, and after weeks of delirium, awoke one day to a remembrance of the actual state of things.

His wife nursed him tenderly, and he was kinder to her than he had ever been before.

"It's most a pity I'm getting well, Martha," he said. "I've been such a fool. I dunno what I can do now but day labor, I'm sure, and while I had it I never spent anything on you. I feel sort o' different now. I feel as if I wished I had it again, I'd let you do as you liked. It's gone now and no good to anybody. We'll have to quit this home even. "You've got a right to reflection me, Martha, so has Patty."

"But we won't part," said his wife. "We feel you're the most to bear, and we've got a little good news for you. Patty has got a place to teach in the Academy. She knows mathematics and languages and music. She's well educated every way. And, pa, she'll have a thousand a year. Just think of that, a thousand dollars a year."

"What," cried Mr. Budd, sitting up, "Patty for teaching?"

"Yes, pa," said Mr. Budd, "and she reckons she can buy back the farm, and are going to try, and they've allowed her I don't know how it is fixed, but we wouldn't go and you just get strong pa, and we'll begin again, and may be better."

Poor Mr. Budd turned his face to the pillow and kept silence for, and he. Then he said:

"Ma, if all that comes of a girl being eddicated, I've been more of an old idiot than I thought I was. Why I kin take hold now and try. I was thinkin' I was the poorhouse or the graveyard now, and I ain't been none too good to Patty, but I will be, see if I won't, after this. Why she's as good as a son."

Mr. Budd recovered rapidly after this and it was not many years before the farm was bought back again. But it was Patty's doing. As he told every one, Patty's eddication did it, and her mother gave her that.

"Educate the girls," he was heard to say at a late meeting of his townsmen. "I don't say do it at the same schools with the boys, but let them learn as much as they can. Give them the same advantages. Them that haven't ability won't learn. Them that have will. Give 'em a chance."

"You've changed yours and since I heard you talk last, and an old acquaintance." "You used to say girls hadn't ought to learn to read."

"More fool, I," said Mr. Budd.

"Wasn't I, ma? I've had good reason to alter my opinion. I'd ought know a better educated girl than my Patty, nor one that is more what a woman ought to be, not a bit sot up or strong minded. Eh, ma?"

"She's a splendid girl, if I do say it," said the happy looking mother on his arm, "and we've all got reason to bless her education."

A PROFITABLE EXPERIMENT.

Sixty years ago Mr. Joseph Gillott was a working jeweller in Birmingham. One day he accidentally split one of his fine steel tools, and being so busily required to sign a receipt, and not finding a pen handy, he used the split tool as a substitute. This happy incident led to the idea of making pens of metal.

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.

After having gained the battle of Wagram the Emperor Napoleon established his headquarters for a time at Schoenbrun, and there occupied himself, pending the negotiations for his Australian alliance, with reviewing his troops and distributing among them rewards and honors. One old and brave regiment of the line was drawn out before him for this purpose, his custom being to examine every corps individually under the guidance of the officers. After having formed the regiment into columns, Napoleon entered among the ranks and bestowed praises and decorations on all who appeared worthy of them. Five hours he spent on this occupation, and at length, when he had satisfied himself that no one man's claims had been overlooked, he finished by saying aloud to the colonel: "Now present to me the bravest soldier in your whole regiment."

In some cases this might have been a difficult matter; it did not appear so now. The colonel, indeed, hesitated for a moment, but the question was caught by the soldiers and one universal answer came from the ranks, "Morio! Corporal Morio!" was the cry. The colonel approved of the decision, and Morio was called forward. He was a man still young, but embrowned by service, and he already wore on his person three badges of merit, and the cross of the Legion of Honor. Napoleon looked at him attentively. "Ah," said he, "you have seen service?" "Fifteen years, My Emperor," replied Morio; "sixteen campaigns and ten wounds, not to speak of contusions." "How many great battles?" asked the emperor.

"Sire, I was at your heels at the bridge of Arcola; I was the first man who entered Alexandria; it was I who gave you my knapsack for your pillow at the bivouac of Ulm, when forty thousand Austrians capitulated; I took five hussars prisoners with my own hands on the day of Austerlitz; it was I who served you—"

"Hold! it is well—very well! Morio, I name you baron of the empire, and to that title I add a hereditary gift of five thousand francs a year." Acclamations rose anew from the soldiery.

"Ah! my Emperor," said Morio, "this is too great a reward for me. But I will not play the usurer with your bounty. None of my companions, while I have it, shall want food or clothing."

Morio quitted the service when his master fell, and in spite of that change he enjoyed the emperor's gift. He kept his word to his companions. No old soldier in the department to which he retired wanted the wherewithal to drink the health of Napoleon.

HOW TO LOOSEN A GLASS STOPPER.

A very common source of trouble and vexation is the fixed stopper of a smelling bottle or of a decanter. Some one of the following methods is almost certain to prove effective:

1. Hold the bottle or decanter firmly in the hand or between the knees, and gently tap the stopper on alternate sides, using for the purpose a small piece of wood, and directing the strokes upward.

2. Plunge the neck of the vessel into hot water, taking care that the water is not hot enough to split the glass. If after some immersion the stopper is still fixed, recur to the first process.

3. Pass a piece of hat round the neck of the vessel, which must be held fast while two persons draw the hat backward and forward. This will warm the glass, and often enable the hand to turn the stopper.

4. Warm the neck of the vessel before the fire, and when it is nearly hot, the stopper can be generally moved.

5. Put a few drops of oil around the stopper where it enters the glass vessel which may then be warmed before the fire. Next take the decanter or bottle and employ the process No. 1 described above. If it continues fixed, add another drop of oil to the stopper, and place the vessel again before the fire. Then repeat the tapping with the wood. If the stopper continues still immovable, give it more oil, warm it afresh, and rub it anew, until it gives way, which it is almost sure to do in the end.

6. Take a steel pin or needle, and run it round the top of the stopper in the angle formed by it and the bottle. Then hold the vessel in your left hand, and give it a steady twist toward you with the right, and it will yet often be effectual, as the adhesion is frequently caused by the solidification of matter only at the point nearest the air. If this does not succeed, try process No. 5, which will be facilitated by it.

By combining the two methods 5 and 6, stoppers have been extracted which have been long fixed, and given up in despair after trying the usual plans.

GENERAL GRANT.

... was a truth teller. A... stated facts and learned to be exact in its statements. His father once sent him to buy a horse, authorizing him to give $50 and if that should be refused, $60. He told the owner what his father said. Of course the owner expected $60 for his horse, but the boy refused to give more than $50, and obtained the horse.

He tenderly cherished the associations of home. His father and mother he never ceased to reverence and love. When President he valued their regard and approval. As children came along he took them to his heart. His sons were his companions and his daughter the idol of the house. For the wife of his youth and manhood he cherished a pure, tender affection. When he was in Pompeii the guide offered to admit him to a building without the ladies, "I am much obliged to you," he said, "but I never go where I cannot take my wife."

Such was America's citizen and soldier, who, on the banks of the Hudson, waits the hour when, with loving hands, this cherished wife shall be laid by his side.

DAVID SHERMAN, in *Zion's Herald*

KINDLY FRUITS.

The expression in the prayer book, "Kindly fruits of the earth," has for most persons no definite meaning on account of the difference in significance now attached to the word kindly from that used when the expression was first written. The word kindly in that connection meant as nearly as possible "of its kind," and the expression "kindly fruits of the earth" meant "the fruits of the earth each after its kind."

A good appetite and refreshing sleep are essential to health of mind and body, and these are given by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE ONTARIO TOWN.

The Belleville *Sun* has set quite a number of its contemporaries thinking by publishing this bit of advice:

"More towns die from lack of confidence on the part of the business men and lack of spirit than from any other cause. When a man in search of a home or business location goes into a town and finds everything brimful of hope and enthusiasm over the prospects of the place, and all earnestly at work to build it up, he soon becomes inbued with the same spirit, and as a result he drives down his stakes and goes to work with the same interest. When, however, he goes to a town where everyone expresses doubt and apprehension of the future prosperity of the place, mourning about and indulging in mournful complaints, he naturally feels that this is no place for him, and at once shakes the dust off his feet, while he pulls out with all possible speed for some other place. Consequently try to make a live, energetic town out of the one in which you live. When you are working for or saying a good thing for your town you are accomplishing all the more for self."

Acting on this suggestion, several of the provincial journals have been taken to writing of the advantages of their respective towns. Many of these are charming places to live in, and others only want a little brushing up and a little more of the local pride and enthusiasm of which the *Sun* speaks to be equally attractive. Large cities have their uses in civilization, and it is foolish to belittle these, or to characterize the drift of the population in that direction as an unmixed evil. The impulse which sends a clever, energetic youth to a great centre is a perfectly rational and healthy one. He is going where the battle of life is hottest, and where there are the strongest incentives to thought and action in the spheres of commerce, of politics, of law, of religion, of social reform. But it is not, we think, a healthy form of civilization where the smaller cities and towns are impoverished and neglected for the sake of two or three centres. Ten places of 10,000 each are better than one of 100,000, if we must choose between the two. And there is no reason why the inhabitant of a 10,000 or even a 1,000 town should allow his mind to stagnate or to be occupied with trifles. Our Ontario towns are well supplied with schools, churches, newspapers and libraries. They stand midway between the great city and the country, and enjoy the great advantage of being nearer to nature than a dweller in a city street, and if communion with men gives stimulus to thought, thought gains in delicacy and serenity from the contemplation of those scenes where human activity does not obtrude itself. An Ontario town, with ample spaces, with an unpolluted stream flowing through it, with gardens where old fashioned flowers grow in profusion and in just a little disorder, and with fields for the boys to play ball in without being hauled before a magistrate, is a refreshing sight to city eyes. We hope they will all take the *Sun's* advice and keep a "good conceit of themselves." *Globe*

THE HABIT OF SAVING.

The French suffer less from panics and depressions than any other people on the globe, and it is because thrift is the basis of their prosperity, says *Wheat and Flax*.

In France nearly every person saves something for a rainy day. The habit is almost universal, and those who earn the least are sure to be found in this great saving class. The French savings banks have more than 800,000 depositors, and their deposits amount to about $600,000,000, and this large sum is made up of small amounts.

The French schools teach the children to save money, and the most frequent prize given to a bright pupil is a savings bank book with a small sum to the credit of the owner. This is given where in this country we would give a medal, or a book.

When a community has a lot of money deposited in savings banks, it is easy to borrow money without going to outside capitalists. The local banks are prepared to loan to home people at a moderate interest. In the large cities and factory towns of the Eastern States, the savings banks are the great safeguards of the poor wage earners against hard times, and if the saving habit was as general here as it is in France, our people would have passed through the recent financial depression without seriously feeling it. Every child should be taught the importance of saving without being avaricious and niggardly. We need more thrift.

TWO VERSIONS.

A young farmer who had given ... indiscretion and scarcely any education presented himself at a Presbyterian conference, and said he wished to be ordained as a preacher.

"I ain't had any great learnin'," he said frankly, "but I reckon I'm called to preach, I've had a vision three nights running, that's why I'm here."

"What was your vision?" inquired one of the elders.

"Well," said the young man, "I dreamt I see a big round ring in the sky an' in middle of it was two great letters. P. C. I know that meant Presbyterian Conference, an' here I am."

There was an uncomfortable pause which was broken by an elder who knew the young man, and was well acquainted with the poverty of his family, and the neglected state of the farm in which his father had taken such a pride.

"I haven't any gift of reading visions," said the old man, gravely, as he rose from his seat, "but I'd like to put it to my young friend whether he doesn't think it's possible those two letters may have stood for 'Plant Corn?'"

Fortunately this version was accepted by the applicant.

CALLED DOWN.

In one of the largest and richest churches of B... one Sunday the minister was very much disturbed during his prayer by the untimely shaking down of one of the large furnaces.

A little later both the minister and congregation were much startled by hearing the familiar voice of one of their most prominent godly deacons coming up the register. "Thomas, they heard, "Thomas what in h... do you mean by making such a racket right in the minister's prayer?"—Boston *Budget*.

To proclaim our faults to the world is pride.—Confucius.

MY NEIGHBOR'S BOY.

He seems to be several boys in one,
So much is he constantly everywhere!
And the mischievous things that boy has done
No mind can remember nor mouth declare,
He fills the whole of his share of space
With his strong, straight form and his merry face.

He is very cowardly, very brave,
He is kind and cruel, good and bad,
A brute and a hero? Who will save
The best from the worst of my neighbor's lad?
The mean and the noble strive to-day—
Which of the powers will have its way?

The world is needing his strength and skill,
He will make hearts happy or make them ache,
What power is to him for good or ill?
Which of life's paths will his swift feet take?
Will he rise and drag others up with him,
Or the light that is in him burn low and dim?

But what is my neighbor's boy to me
More than a nuisance? My neighbor's boy,
Though I may have some fear for what he may be
Is a source of solicitude, hope and joy,
And a constant pleasure. Because I pray
That the best that is in him will rule some day.

He passes me by with a smile and a nod,
He knows I have hope of him—guesses too,
That I whisper his name when I ask of God
That men may be righteous, His will to do.
And I think that many would have more joy
If they loved, and prayed for a neighbor's boy.

London Christian World.

A DREADED TASK.

A task never grows smaller or lighter by sitting down and lamenting that it must be done, and there is an old maxim that a thing "once begun is half done."

A writer in a current periodical tells of a farmer friend who has a fourteen year old boy, named Billy, who is like a good many boys we all know.

"Billy," said Mr. H... one day, when I was at the farm, "why don't you go to work on that little patch of potatoes?"

"Ah," whined Billy, "there's so many of them 'taters I'll never get them hoed."

"You won't if you don't begin soon."

"I hate to begin."

"How are you ever going to do the work if you don't begin?"

"Well I'll begin pretty soon."

His father walked away and I heard Billy exclaim in a tone indicating great mental distress, "Plague on those old 'taters! It makes me sick to think about them!"

"Why do you think about them, then?" I said, laughingly.

"I've got to," he replied dolefully, with the sorrowful shake of the head. "I've been thinking about them ever since I got up this morning."

"How long, now, Billy, will it really take you to hoe them?"

"Well at least an hour."

"And you've been distressed about it ever since you got up."

"Well, I hate to hoe 'taters."

"And you've been up a little more than five hours?"

"Well, I ..." Billy began to grin, took up his hoe, and said: "I never thought of that!"

And the potatoes were hoed in just forty minutes.

CLEANLINESS OF ANIMALS.

The perfect cleanliness of some animals is a very notable circumstance, when we consider that nearly their whole lives are passed in burrowing in the earth and removing nuisances, yet such is the admirable polish of their coating and limbs that we seldom find any soil adhering to them. All the beetle race, the chief occupation of which is crawling in the soil about such dirty employs, are, notwithstanding, remarkable for the glossiness of their covering and freedom from defilements of any kind.

Purity of nature seems to be a principal precept of nature, and observable throughout creation. Fishes, from the nature of the element in which they reside, can contract but little impurity. Birds are unceasingly attentive to neatness and lustration of their plumage. All the slug race though covered with slimy matter calculated to collect extraneous things, and reptiles, are perfectly free from soil. The fur and hair of beasts in a state of liberty and health is never filthy or sullied with dirt. Some birds roll themselves in dust, and occasionally particular beasts cover themselves with mire, but this is not from any liking or inclination for such things, but to free themselves from annoyance, or to prevent the bites of insects.

Whether birds in preening, and beasts in dressing themselves, be directed by any instinctive faculty is not known, but they evidently derive pleasure from the operation, and thus this feeling of enjoyment, even if the sole motive, becomes to them an essential source of comfort and health.

A BROWN FAMILY.

An exchange has a notice of the marriage of Charles W. Brown and Ida Brown, at the residence of the bride's father, J. Brown, Brownsville, by the Rev. Geo. Brown. The best man was Fred Brown, and the bridesmaids were Lottie Brown and Edith Brown. The bride wore a brown gown and the happy couple will live in a brown stone front. One of the wedding presents was a volume of Browning, which will be placed in the brown study where the future little Brownies can read it.

PARSE COW.

At a village school not many miles from Canterbury, a precocious boy being asked to parse the sentence, "Mary milk the cow," went on accurately until he came to the last word, when he said: "Cow is a pronoun, feminine gender, third person, singular, and stands for Mary." "Stands for Mary?" asked the teacher in astonishment. "Yes, sir," replied the boy with a grin, "for if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could Mary milk the cow?"—*The Evangelist*

The way they do it out west is illustrated in the following. A Montana squatter built a small frame shanty on another man's land, and when he was requested to move, positively declined to do so. One night a small company of settlers gathered around his cabin while he and his wife were asleep and lifting the whole concern, occupants and shanty, with deliberation and care, carried it to the river and set it on a small raft. Then they pushed the raft out into the stream and cast it adrift. When the squatter got up in the morning he found himself many miles down stream. Ingenious fellows, those Rocky Mountain editors!