The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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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.

A. S. ELLIOTT, M. B.
Acton.
OFFICE—Main Street, third door south of Presbyterian Church, Acton.

J. E. WILKINSON, D. D. S., L. D. S., DENTIST.
OFFICE: Over the Drug Store, ACTON.
Special office days Monday, Tuesday and Friday.

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:—1206 Queen St., Parkdale.
Victoria Chambers, 41 Victoria St. Toronto.
Telephone 597.
JOHN DOUGLAS. A. MURRAY.

E. W. BOYD,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Conveyancer
MONEY TO LOAN.
Office—Booth's Block, Main St., Milton.
Office at Streetsville 1st Wednesday afternoon and Palace Bakery Block, Queen Street.

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OFFICE—Corner Mill and Main Streets above Kopman's store, Acton.

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OFFICE—Matthews' Block.
ACTON - - ONT.

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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS
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Money to loan at lowest rates.

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Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American, and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks. Send for pamphlet. Thirty-two years experience.

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

TOM. MORTON'S BARBER SHOP,
Opposite Drug Store,
MILL STREET, ACTON
Open from 8 a. m. to 9 p. m. Wednesday and Saturday evenings later.
Ladies' hairdressing in any style.

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 729, or telephone 68, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph

WM. HEMSTREET,
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. 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.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor.
ARE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to enable us all repairs to machinery, and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse-shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repairs performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gumming and filing done.

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 in your application and we will show you how to earn good money.
School teachers! its just the thing for you during the summer. Write for particulars.
STONE & WELLINGTON,
Toronto, Ont.

THE METHODIST CHURCH
ACTON.

REV. J. B. HOWELL, M. A. Pastor.
Parsonage, Dower Avenue.

Public Service 11:30 a. m., and 6:30 p. m. Sunday school 2:30. Bible Classes conducted by the pastor. All cordially invited.

Strangers and visitors always welcome. Attentive ushers at the door.

Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, Miss MAGGIE H. MATTHEWS, President. Meets every Tuesday evening. All Young People invited.

Christmas
No.'s '95.

London News.
Graphic.
Black and White.
Ladies' Pictorial.
Holly Leaves.
Pear's Pictorial.
Chatterbox, &c.,
—AT—
DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
GUELPH.
Day Sells Cheap.

... Guelph ...

WATERS BROS.' XMAS CARDS
WATERS BROS.' BOOKLETS
WATERS BROS.' PICTURES
WATERS BROS.' FRAMES
WATERS BROS.' GLASS GOODS
WATERS BROS.' CHINA GOODS
WATERS BROS.' LEATHER "
WATERS BROS.' PLUSH "
WATERS BROS.' BRASS "
WATERS BROS.' BRONZE "
WATERS BROS.' CELULOID "
WATERS BROS.' BAMBOO "
WATERS BROS.' JAPANESE "
WATERS BROS.' 3 STORY STORE
St. George's Square.

WILLIAMS'
Boot & Shoe Store

OUR POLICY.
We operate our store on a determined policy of fair, square dealing backed by resources and ability. This means that we give the customers the benefit of the lowest prices possible every time. We do not slaughter our goods, nor sacrifice any special line to bolster up another, but purchase carefully, buy closely, and are thus enabled to sell on narrow margins of profit. We have on a reputation for reasonable prices that we intend shall stay with us and this principle is in operation in every department and on every article in our stock. It pays to trade here, because you get what you like and what you need. It saves you to deal here, because there is a fixed honest system of value.

Our Stock is complete in every line of the latest and most fashionable styles in
Men's Ladies', Girls', Boys' and Children's
Boots & Shoes
WILLIAM WILLIAMS,
Mill St. - ACTON.
Custom work and repairing promptly attended to.

J. H. Hamilton,
- - DEALER IN - -
Marble and Granite,
Hamilton's Block,
GUELPH.
Large New Consignment.
Just Received a Large Consignment of
Granite | Norway, Swede, Russian, English, Irish, Scotch.
OF BEST QUALITY.
The whole to be sold at prices never before known in Ontario.
Call and inspect.
J. H. HAMILTON.

EVERTON MILLS.
Wheat grists of 10 bushels or over ground at Everton Mills on Roller process for 10 cents per bushel.
FLOUR,
BRAN,
SHORTS,
CHOP FEED,
ETC.
Grinding every day at 5 cents per bag.
Cash for Wheat.
Everton Mills 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. Y. 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 700,000
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. F. H. JONES,
Manager.

A GREAT
MANY PEOPLE
NOW-A-DAYS
Buy sensible lasting Christmas presents. We have many very pretty and useful gifts in
LAMPS,
PLATED WARE,
CARPET SWEEPERS,
CARVERS IN CASES,
SCISSORS IN CASES,
FIVE O'CLOCK TEA KETTLES,
TABLE CUTLERY,
RAZORS,
And such like, we know will please you. If you come NOW you have the best choice.
"Goods shown with pleasure."
BOND & CO.
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

GUELPH
CLOTH HALL.
We are doing the same creditable class of business that we have always been noted for, and will be glad to see our Acton friends who are in need of good Fall and Winter Clothing.
Yours respectfully,
Shaw & Turner
Merchant Tailors.
Railway Fare Cheerfully Refunded

Warm and
Warm Lined
Boots & Shoes
Comfortable
WINTER SHOES
—FOR—
Men, Women, and Children.
—FROM—
35C. UP.
The Leading Shoe Store
W. McLaren & Co.
GUELPH.

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

—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 8:15 p. m.
Careful attention given to every order.
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
Proprietor.

W. H. WALKER,
Painter,
Paper Hanger,
Decorator, Etc,
Has returned to Acton, his former house, 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.

Poetry.

MY PHILOSOPHY.

I allus argy that a man
Who does about the best he can
Is plenty good enough to suit
This lower mundane institute,
No matter if his daily walk
Is subject for his neighbor's talk,
And critic minds of every whim
Jest get up and go for him.

It's nachural enough, I guess,
When some gets more and some gets less,
For them that's on the shlimmest side
To claim it ain't a fair divide;
And I've knowed some to lay in wait,
And get up soon, and set up late,
To hetch some fellow they would hate
For goin' at a faster gate.

The sighs is bad when folks commence
A-findin' fault with Providence,
And talking 'cause the world don't shake
At every prancing step they take.
No man is great till he can see
How less than little he would be
If stripped to self, and stark and bare
He hung his sign out everywhere.

My doctrin' is to lay aside
Contentions and be satisfied,
Jest do your best, and praise or blame
That follows that count jest the same.
I've allus noticed great success
Is mixed with trouble, more or less,
And it's the man who does the best
That gits more kicks than all the rest.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Select Family Reading.

The Point of View.

I.

"There they are, Ephraim! I see Matilda's purple bonnet. How that locomotive does screech! I'm afraid the colts won't stand it. This way, Abigail! Hurry in, Matilda! Those colts are restless."

Ephraim Grant's sisters, Miss Matilda and Miss Abigail, were proceeding to obey the injunctions of their sister-in-law when a lad with a great flourish of whip and many urgent "get ups" drove up to the little railway station.

"Why, there's Jim!" exclaimed Miss Abigail. "Now Ephraim we'll go right on home."

"You can speak for yourself," said Miss Matilda. "I'm going to stay at Ephraim's all night. I never was so much shaken up in my life; that's a dreadfully rough road we've just come over."

"Now I was glad of the shaking," laughed Miss Abigail. "I had eaten such a hearty dinner, and shaking is good for rheumatism, Matilda."

"It's very easy to see the silver lining to somebody's cloud," retorted Miss Matilda, "and it's downright irritating to you, Abigail, to be always glad when other people are sorry. Guess that woman with the sick baby didn't like the rough road much better than I did!"

"Good-bye," called her sister from the old phaeton. "Pleasant night to you, Matilda."

"Pleasant night indeed!" repeated Miss Matilda, who had finally settled herself in the wagon. "Now if that isn't like Abigail and nobody else! When she knows that my head's aching to split, and that I've got rheumatism so that I can fairly hear my knees squeak when I bend them, and that I'm just done out with all the talking I've lived through this last week! What's the matter with you, Ephraim? You haven't opened your mouth since we got off the train."

"Oh, I was just waiting for my turn," replied Ephraim slowly. "There's nothing I'd like better than to hear about my boy and his family.

"Well," began Miss Matilda, "in the first place, just as I told you before we started, it would have been a great deal better for you and Sarah Jane to have gone there instead of sending Abigail and me to visit them. They don't feel pleasant about it, I'm sure. They said 'twas two years since you had been there."

"But they know why," said her brother. "What with scarlet fever, and measles and every other catching disease last year, and all the trouble I've had getting help on the farm this year, and Sarah Jane so taken up with her sick old mother, and—"

"That isn't a bit like Joe!" interrupted Mrs. Grant, indignantly. "If he does feel so Lucy must have put him up to it."

"Likely enough," replied Miss Matilda. "Poor Joe! He's got lots of burdens and he used to be such a jolly boy! He looks older, I tell you, and he's getting gray, and wrinkles on the forehead and around the eyes. Lucy—Oh well, you always say that I look on the dark side. Maybe I do. I hope so, I'm sure. Lucy's a city woman, with city ways and bringing up, and she's no manager."

"How is poor Lucy?" inquired Ephraim kindly. "I always liked Lucy."

"Well, that accident to her knee is turning out bad enough. She is lame for life; has to wear a machine to keep the bones in place, and it weighs five pounds. I guess it makes her about sick all the time. Joe has a helpless wife on his hands for the rest of his life. She can't get about and that reminds me of another thing. She stays at home from church because she isn't comfortable in the pew, and so Joe has to go alone with the children, and naturally the next thing we'll hear will be that he doesn't go either. And talking of the children, they set the broom on fire in the parlor grate one day and then ran out with it all ablaze and laid it on the sitting room sofa. If I hadn't been there that whole house would have been in flames. And if you'd believe it, those children weren't punished one bit. Lucy just took them into the bedroom and talked with them a little, and when she told Joe about it she actually laughed! Oh! those children are coming up in a sad way. I must tell you another thing they used to do. The gate posts are high and hollow, and it was a favorite amusement to climb up and take off the top of the post and then drop the kitten in clear down to the bottom. Then they'd let down a rope for her to come up on, and they really trained that poor beast to be drawn up on that rope. They called it "rescuing the perishing." There was nothing under heaven that they didn't do with that cat, and her fail wasn't its natural size while I was there."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Grant. "It is really dreadful to think of the children running wild like that, and allowed to be cruel too!"

"Lucy means well, continued Matilda, "but she's queer, not a bit like our folks. Now she doesn't manage right, she keeps two girls."

"Two girls!" interrupted her sister-in-law.

"Yes, two girls. Of course being lame and in the city she'd naturally have one. But instead of doing the plain sewing and mending she keeps a girl to help with the room-work and children and do the sewing, while she sits dabbling with paints. She said something once about selling the pictures, but our Lucinda Harris paints far better, and you know Lucinda tried to sell hers and couldn't." And I know Joe's business worries him sometimes, and that he has hard work to make both ends meet."

"Dear me!" sighed Mrs Grant. "I'm afraid things are in a bad way there, Ephraim. I guess we'll just have to go there and see for ourselves."

"Not to-night," replied Mr. Grant, calmly.

"Here we are at last. Hullo, Frank! Bring a lantern!"

"I'm going straight to bed," said Miss Matilda, as soon as she entered the house. "I'm actually too tired to speak. I hope I haven't said anything to worry you. Very likely you haven't taken it as I meant it. I'd rather not have said a word, but you would have it."

Ephraim Grant and his wife retired late that night, and poor Mrs. Grant had a restless uncomfortable night. She arose next morning feeling still more distressed in mind, and firmly resolved to take the first opportunity to visit the disordered house hold of her son.

"I've had a dreadful night, Ephraim," she said almost crying. "I dreamed that all the cats on Joe's place (and there were dozens of them, too) had broken their knees and were going about like kangaroos, and Lucy had jammed both children into the gate post, and put the top on tight, and then set fire to it."

"When we get the chores done up we'll drive over to see Abigail," said her husband. "You'll find things aren't as bad as you think. Matilda's going to spend the day with Jane Loomis, so we'll have Abigail to ourselves."

"Things may not be so bad, but Matilda never made all that up, Ephraim. There couldn't be so much smoke without some fire."

But Ephraim only whistled softly and went out to feed the calves.

II.

There was an odd smile on Miss Abigail's face when her brother Ephraim and his wife entered her kitchen that morning.

"So glad to see you!" she cried. "Somehow I was expecting you. So Matilda has gone to see Jane, has she? Take off your things and sit down by the stove. I suppose Matilda has told you all about her visit, and perhaps I shall be bringing coals to Newcastle if I tell my story, but I had such a lovely time that I'm afraid I can't keep still. It's such a happy home, Ephriam! 'Twould do you and Sarah Jane good to see it, and I do wish you could go, and they wish so, too, they sent a thousand loving messages to you both. I've been in some places where the folks seemed to turn all their blessings into worries, but it seems as if a trouble couldn't be a trouble long after it got into Joe's house, for before it knows what has happened, it has become a blessing instead."

"Now that's good!" said her brother, heartily.

"But Matilda says Joe isn't jolly any more, and that he is growing old. She says he is gray and wrinkled too," said Mrs. Grant.

"Ephraim was as gray as a rat when he was thirty (yes, he was, Sarah Jane), and Joe's thirty five. And Ephraim and Joe both have the same trick of smiling up to their eyebrows and making wrinkles doing it. As for his being jolly, he is something better now, Sarah Jane."

"Matilda says he carries heavy burdens," continued Mrs. Grant, in a despondent tone.

"Most of us do if we live long enough, and don't insist on slipping them off our own back onto somebody else's," replied Miss Abigail.

"He's got a helpless wife," said Mrs. Grant mournfully. "She's of no use what ever in the family that I can see."

"Did Matilda say that?" inquired Miss Abigail. "Now, see here, Sarah Jane, Joe's your only son. When he was a youngster you thought he ought to have everything he wanted, and as far as you could, you gave it to him, and you kept right on that way as long as you had him at home. It is natural enough you should not want anything to cross him now, but bless you! if Joe is going to have the joys and comforts of married life he is bound to have the cares and burdens too. I suppose you would like to cover his path with roses but if you did there'd be some thorns among them and Joe would prick his toes. Mrs Ames, Lucy's mother, feels just the same about Lucy."

"I'm heart sorry for poor Lucy," said Ephraim.

"You needn't pity Lucy," replied Miss Abigail. "She's a happy woman, with a husband who adores her and those loving children. Yes, I know there is a little grave under the old elm tree, but Joe and Lucy say it has brought heaven nearer. They have had sickness, but there are worse troubles than that. Money is a little short, sometimes, but they manage to live very comfortably. Joe going to give up his religion and stop going to church! Joe says Lucy's life is the best sermon he ever had, and besides Lucy is going to church herself next Sunday for the first time. She will go right along now, I presume."

"I'm sure I'm wonderfully relieved that you look at everything in this way," said Mrs. Grant, "but why does Lucy keep two girls and amuse herself with painting instead of doing her sewing?"

"Lucy found it much cheaper to keep the girl than to do the work herself," said Miss Abigail. "Lucy sets a good price for her pictures, sells all she can paint to one storekeeper there. She paints all sorts of things, calendars, dinner cards, china, and so on. She wanted to tell Matilda all about it, but Matilda was downright spiteful, got mad any time she heard or saw painting, and she hurt Lucy's feelings very much. Then Lucy helps Joe a great deal with his accounts."

"Matilda doesn't seem very much pleased with the children," said Ephraim.

"Those children are the dearest, brightest little things I ever knew!" cried Miss Abigail.

"Dreadfully mischievous, I should say," remarked Mrs. Grant, "and not well brought up."

"Ephraim," said Miss Abigail, bursting into a hearty laugh, "do you remember the time we were having protracted meetings, and there was a neighborhood prayer-meeting at your house, and Joe sawed the four legs off the two easy-chairs, and then fitted them neatly together? Deacon Potter sat down first in one of them. He was a quiet steady little man, and the chair held up all right. Then Mrs. Bond come in (she weighed a hundred and seventy-five pounds) and sat down puffing and panting, with a kind of bounce, in the other armchair. Down she came, and Deacon Potter gave a great start, and down he came too, and being a thin little creature he broke his collar bone, and you had to pay all the doctors' bills, Ephraim, for he was a sort of skinflint and insisted on it. I suppose Matilda told about the broom. Well, those children really had a notion of helping by brushing down the soot, and they were hurring out to the kitchen with the broom when Matilda shrieked at them and scared them so that they dropped it on the sofa and ran."

"Well, Sarah Jane," said her husband slowly, rising from his chair, "I rather guess we've got what we came for, and we might as well be starting for home."

Sarah Jane sat very silent on the way to the old farmhouse, and Ephriam felt encouraged to talk a little himself.

"It all depends on what they call the point of view," he said thoughtfully. "Now, here's our place. In the summer when I take the front road I think there was never anything neater and prettier than the old farmhouse with its coat of white and green. What with the orchard on the up side and the orchard on the down side, and the trees on each side of the house, and your high trellises all covered with grape vines, I can't see more than a glimmer of the barn back of the house. The grass in front looks so fresh and green, and the posy beds are so cheerful, and the vines over the porch make everything seem so cool and shady, that I think there never was such a place. But when I take the back road there isn't one old shed that I can not see way up the road, and while I try to keep things up as tidy as I can, there's no use denying that the view is nowhere near as handsome. Abigail always takes the front road when she comes here, and she's always talking about your geranium, or your vines, or some fixing or other. Now Matilda takes to that back road as natural as a duck to water. If she has control of the reins she always comes driving in at our back gate, and she's sure to find out that the chicken house needs painting, or the pig sty smells, or the glass is broken in the barn windows, or the milk pans out on the bench are getting rusty. It's all my place, front and back, but most things in life have the two sides to them, and why on earth don't folks choose the point where they'll get the prettiest view?" *Sarah Cuttle Bedfield, in the Interior.*

THE AUTHOR OF "THE MAPLE LEAF.

Away back in the "forties" in one of the humble homes of a Canadian village, there might have seen, one summer day, a kindly Scotch "meenister," holding between his knees a curly-headed youth. The minister was catechising him as to his Sunday school attendance and his knowledge of the Bible, and found him very proficient.

"And he has made a poem, too," said his Sunday School teacher, the resident minister, who was also precent. "He has put it to the music of 'Scots wa hae.'"

"Let us hear you sing it, Alexander," said the visiting minister.

And the youthful poet sang it with his boyish simplicity and power, as if touched with Divine inspiration.

The minister put his hands on the boy's curly pate, and spake the prophetic words:

"Ye'll be weel ken'd yet afore ye dee."

And the mother, after the manner of Scotch folk, treasured the saying in her heart, and encouraged little Alexander in his poetical and musical creatings.

That minister was the celebrated Scotch Divine, Dr. Norman McLeod, then on a visit to this country, and that youth was afterwards the author of Canada's national song. *Canadian Magazine.*

A NOVEL IDEA.

Paris is responsible for bringing out the very latest fad of the advertising fiend, says an English newspaper. We have heard of the American who advertised his wares on the passing clouds at night time, by means of reflecting written sentences extolling literally to the skies his particular brand of merchandise with a powerful magic lantern. We have heard, too, of the enterprising firm of patent-medicine venders who painted an advertisement of their wares on the rocks round Niagara, and of those who painted them upon the roadway. It is a development of this last method which has just come out. It is worked as follows. A tricycle is built with very broad tires, but these tires, instead of being smooth, are furnished with rubber type of large pattern, arranged so as to form sentences. On the top of the wheel is an ink reservoir, supplied with a roller which inks the type, and at the bottom is a blower worked by the pedals, which is constantly blowing away the dust from the roadway in front of the wheel, so that it has a nice clean surface on which to impress its advertisement. Of course this novel tricycle can only print on wood asphalt, but as most streets of Paris are so paved, there is plenty of scope for it, and the ink, being of a brilliant color and very permanent, leaves its mark quite readable for days.

A FAIR EXPLANATION.

There are some men who are never at a loss to give an explanation of anything they are asked about, and often they do not go so far wrong even when they have no actual knowledge in the matter. Among these, according to a story lately encountered, is a boatswain of one of the large transatlantic steamers. A little time ago, as the story has it, one of the crew of this steamer (while the passengers were at dinner) picked up a menu, and seeing on the top "Table d'hote," inquired of one of his mates the meaning of it.

"What does this 'ere mean, Joe?"

Joe, taking the menu, gazed on it with a puzzled air, scratched his head, and said: "I can't make nothing out of it. Lets go to old Phillip, he's a scholard, and sure to know."

On giving the menu to the boatswain, he thoughtfully stroked his chin, and said: "Well, look 'ere, mates, it's like this 'ere. Them swells down in the saloon have some soup, a bit of fish, a bit of this and a bit of that, and a bit of summat else, and calls it 'table dottie.' We have 'table dottie,' only we mixes it all together and calls it Irish stew."

FRED'S CHANCE.

BY MRS. O. W. SCOTT.

It was a great thing for Fred Brown when he was hired as errand-boy and carrier-of-bundles in Mr. Andrews' store. His mother, a hard working widow, was delighted, and said to the minister:

"Mr. Andrews says if Fred does well he will give him a chance to remain with him and learn the business."

Mr. Preston, the minister, congratulated her, for he had been interested in her boy. In fact, Fred was an object of quite general interest, partly because he was fatherless, partly because he was so quick and bright. He will make a very good man, or a very bad man, people said.

Fred's work in the store was to be done mornings and nights and Saturdays until vacation, for he had entered the High School and stood well in his class for a boy of fourteen.

One Saturday morning after the first duties of the day were done Mr. Andrews called Fred aside.

"I shall have a 'special sale' the first of next week," he said "and have had a lot of advertising bills struck off to scatter through the town. I want you to take these and go to every house on every street between High and Main. And Fred, leave one flyer for each family, only one, remember, for I haven't had any printed to throw away."

"Yes, Sir," Fred answered; and taking the package, he passed out of the store with his usual quick, decided step.

"Little Brown is just out out for a business man," said the head clerk, noticing how Mr. Andrew's gaze followed the boy.

"Yes, he is," replied the merchant, thoughtfully. "If he proves trustworthy, there is no question as to his success."

Fred passed briskly along the street until a hoarse "Hallo!" checked him.

"Are you going out to the ball game this afternoon?" inquired a comrade.

"Yes, if I can get off," replied Fred. "I've got some work on hand, but if I can finish before two o'clock, I guess Mr. Andrews will give me two or three hours."

"It's going to be a fine game, they say. I wouldn't miss it for a dollar. Be sure you get there."

"All right," returned Fred, already several yards away.

At noon he returned to the store, report ing his territory covered, and the "flyers" all distributed.

Packages which had been accumulating were soon carried to their destinations, and by two o'clock Fred had finished his work and received permission to visit the ball ground.

On Monday Mr. Andrews was walking along High street and paused to speak with Mr. Preston, his pastor, who was sitting on the lawn.

"I suppose you have seen the announcement of my special sale?" said he question ingly.

The minister smiled. "I suppose so. I heard my wife and daughters calculating their chances of getting something for almost nothing this morning. I am sorry the times call for such sacrifices on your part."

"Well, it is a little hard for us just now, but I am more disturbed to day over one boy, than I am over the money market," and Mr. Andrews looked thoughtfully at a roll of crumbled papers that he held in his hand. "See those?" I sent Fred Brown out Saturday to distribute these special sale flyers, telling him very particularly to leave but one in a place. I did it partly for a test. Just now I found these on the lawn above you. I wonder how many he left here."

Mr. Preston left his chair and stepped into the hall. In a moment he returned and handed the merchant a crumbled roll.

"There are six here," said Mr. Andrews, counting them. "In this other roll there are ten. I'm sorry."

"I have often wondered if those who employ boys knew how their work was done," remarked Mr. Preston. "It is a very common thing to find a half dozen pamphlets on the piazza or in the hall."

"Yes, I know it is a common dishonesty among common boys; but I hoped little Brown was different. I hoped and expected I could trust him. But it's no use, I can not keep a boy who will go wrong the minute he is out of sight."

Mr. Preston thought of Fred's mother, and suggested that possibly the offence might never be repeated, but Mr Andrews only shook his head.

"You see it is just this way. I haven't time to give him moral training, nor can I watch him all the time. If I cannot trust him in little things there's nothing to build upon, and I've no use for such a boy. I am sorry."

The minister watched the merchant as he walked away, and said to himself

"Fred has lost his chance."

In a few days Fred's friends knew that he had left the store. When the boys questioned him he said:

"Oh, I wasted some of Andrews' flyers. You'd think I had been throwing away five dollar bills to hear him talk."

Fred's mother thought he had been unjustly treated, and others were inclined to think the merchant had been too hasty, but when the minister heard the matter discussed, he recalled Mr Andrews' troubled face, and his words. "If I cannot trust him in little things, there's nothing to build upon."

As I write out this story I leave my boy readers to decide whether the merchant required too much of Fred.

TIME TO BE OBLIGING.

It is to be feared that we Canadians are not always as obliging as we might be in the matter of small courtesies to strangers. A traveller writing to the *Advance* tells of an experience in Holland which suggests a lesson to us all.

In Leyden we tried to find St. Peter's Church and the John Robinson Memorial, and not knowing the name of the church we asked the waiter in the restaurant the way. She rushed out and brought in the waiter that spoke English, none too well, but sufficiently for our purpose. We made her understand that we wanted to find the church that had a copper tablet on it. She comprehended, ran out a moment and returned with a piece of paper on which she had drawn the streets we were to take and the corners we should turn. We followed it and had no difficulty. It is doubtful if absolute strangers would have found such courtesy in our own land.

Blood and nerves are closely related. Keep the blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla and you will not be nervous.

BLANKETY BLANK VERSE.

The man who lights a fire in winter
And finds it won't draw
Is very apt to think some things
That look like thus
In type.

The jay who carries a bale of goods
All through the hottest heat
Is apt to speak this way pro
Vided he sweats when
He steps up to a lack

The lady who is going out
Has callers come and stay
She tries to lightly chat but she
Is what she'd like to say
I pain a smooth Genoa level
A deacon chance to tread,
And here's a brief short jaunt in
Of what the deacon said
A lady with her parasol
A passer's optic caught,
He said "Pray do off mentioning
But here!
is what he thought

IRON BUILDING NOT FIREPROOF

The destruction of the Manhattan Bank Building in New York, made of iron and supposed to be fireproof, has brought forth the declaration from Chief Bonner of the Fire Department that there is not a fire proof building in the city. The fire broke out in the Kemp Building, the heat of which acted directly on the exposed iron work of the Manhattan Building. The iron resisted the fire that is, it did not blaze, but, so far as the safety of the building is concerned, it did something infinitely worse. It expanded under the heat, and forced out the ends of iron beams and girders from their resting place on the supporting piers. The result was inevitable. Without the support which the builders gave the floors, down they came and brought with them the mass of iron brick used as flooring. The roof was brought down by the pulling of the other floor columns, and the destruction was complete. It demonstrated once that like a chain, the strength of a fire proof building is only that of the weakest link. Chief Bonner said:

"I am prepared to declare, from my experience, that a building of brick and yellow pine, in case of fire, is easier to manage, and the contents have more chance of being saved than the modern fire proof building. In the former structure the fire burns more slowly and has not chance to concentrate its heat, as in the iron and steel structures."

THE BROKEN BUCKLE.

You have read in history of that hero who, when an overwhelming force was in full pursuit, and all his followers were urging him to more rapid flight, coolly dismounted, in order to repair a flaw in the horse's harness. While busied with the broken buckle the distant clan Gaspar drew on nearer thunder, but just as the prancing hoofs and eager spears were ready to dash down upon him, the flaw was mended, the clasp was fastened, the steed was mounted and like a swooping falcon he flew from their view. The broken buckle would have left him on the field a dismounted and inglorious prisoner, the timely delay set him in safety back to his hurrying comrades. There is in daily life the same buckle—precipitancy and the same profitable delay. The man who, from his praverless awakening, bounces into the business of the day, however good his talents and great his diligence, is only galloping on a steed harnessed with a broken buckle, and is not not marvel of, in his hottest haste or most hazardous leap, he be left inglorious in the dust; and though it may occasion some little delay before hand, his neighbor is wiser who sets all in order before the march begins. Rev. James Hamilton.

A FIVE-ACT TRAGEDY.

BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.

ACT THE FIRST. A young man starting off from home; parents and sisters weeping to have him go. Wagon rising over the hill. Farewell kiss flung back. (Ring the bell and let the curtain fall.)

ACT THE SECOND. The marriage altar. Music on the organ. Bright lights. Long white veil trailing through the aisle. Prayer and congratulation and exclamations of "How well she looks!"

ACT THE THIRD. A woman waiting for staggering steps. Old garments stuck in the broken window panes. Marks of hard ship on her face. The biting of nails of bloodless fingers. Neglect, cruelty and despair. (Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.)

ACT THE FOURTH. Three graves in a dark place—grave of the child that died for lack of medicine, grave of a wife who died of a broken heart, grave of the man that died of dissipation. (Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.)

ACT THE FIFTH. Adventure in eternity. No light. No hope. I close my eyes to this last act of the tragedy. (Quick! quick! Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.)

HOME, SWEET HOME.

A great singer had just finished singing "Home, Sweet Home," and many of the audience were in tears.

"It is a beautiful song," said the girl to an old woman who sat next to her.

"Yes," was the reply, "and the sentiment to which it moves all these people is beautiful. If much happier the world would be if every one had as much principle as sentiment on the subject, and followed out a plain, every day rule of making home sweet."

The girl turned thoughtfully away. She hardly heard the next song. She was acknowledging to herself that in spite of her love for home, she was not as happy every day of her life to her mother, as she quick temper. How many times really do our best to make home happy. (Christian Companion.)

DEATH SEEMED PREFERABLE TO THE AGONIZING PAIN

Mrs. Roadhouse, of Willscroft P. O., Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Agnew's cure for the heart, since last fall, having taken in all nine bottles, and I now feel entirely like another woman. I am 61 years old, and have been troubled with heart disease for more than twenty years, sometimes for five hours at a time suffering such agony that death seemed preferable to the pain. The cold sweat would bead out in great beads upon my face. The Heart Cure gave me relief from almost the first dose and has proved a great blessing."

"You are at liberty to publish this letter if you think by so doing any good may be accomplished." Sold by J. J. Kennedy.