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The Acton Free Press

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OFFICE—Over the Drug Store, ACTON
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Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

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Machine and Repair Shops
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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.
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Strangers and visitors always welcome. A active ushers at the door.
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Meets every Tuesday evening. All Young People invited.

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Games, &c.
Several cases of new things opened this week.

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Day Sells Cheap.

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WATERS BROS.' BRONZE "
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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 won 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
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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.
Mill work of order will receive prompt attention. Feed will be delivered to any part of the town. Our terms are cash and one price for all.
Don't forget to patronise 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. Kanuswin's Drug Store.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE.

—ACTON
LIVERY
AND
BUS LINE
The undersigned respectfully solicits 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 6.15 p. m.
Careful attention given to every order.
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

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 speciality.
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A. P. H. JONES,
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START 1896 RIGHT
By sending your wife to us for that new **Lamp** you need. We can give her splendid value, and the choice is so large that she will be able to get just what suits her.
Lamps complete from 25 cts. up.
BOND & CO.
THE LAMP HOUSE OF
GUELPH.

MARK
THE WIDE GAP
Between
WORTH AND PRICE
In Shoes at Guelph. We want to unload our whole Stock of Winter Shoes. We start our Clearing Sale Early this year while the stock is in first class style.
Men's Felt Foxed Boots worth $2.00 for $1.65.
Men's Felt Foxed Rals worth $2.00 for $1.50
Women's Felt Gaiters worth 85c for 65c
Women's Felt Foxed Gaiters worth $1.25 for $1.00.
Women's Felt Boots worth $1.25 for $1.00
Women's Felt Slippers worth 50c for 40c
A full line of Boys and Men's Rubbers and Rockers, best Granby and Canadian makes at very low prices.
W. McLaren & Co.
The Leading Shoe Store.
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

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.
We carry a stock on hand at prices to suit the times
JOHN CAMERON,
Proprietor.

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

EVERTON MILLS.
EVERTON, ONT
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.
Chopping every day at 5 cents per bag
Cash for Wheat
HENRY HORTOP.

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 above length always on hand.
Telephone communication.

Poetry.

THE SUN IS ALWAYS SHINING.

If storm clouds gather on life's way,
No use to fret about it,
In other climes the sun still shines.
'Twere foolishness to doubt it.
And though it be so dark that we
Can see no silver lining,
This truth we know, for it is so,
The sun is always shining.

And if the night falls dark and drear
Take courage in believing
That morning light will soon appear,
There is no use in grieving.
And though sometimes we cannot see
"The cloud with silver lining,"
We know 'tis true, in other blue,
Somewhere the sun is shining.

The orb of day sails on its way,
The storms are all below it,
It needs no sage to turn the page
And read this truth we know it.
Then let us bear of life our share,
And try to cease repining,
This truth we know, through joy or woe,
God's sun is always shining.

—*Rural World.*

Select Family Reading.

Rose's Self-Sacrifice.

BY MARIAH CODY.

Such hair as Rose Lestrange had, few women possess. Old Miss Hepsiba thought her to blame for being proud of it, and twitted her about it at every opportunity.

It was not to be wondered at if the girl rejoiced in it. It made her beautiful, which without it, she would not have been. It was not only good to look at, but soft to the touch. It looked its best in hot weather, when other people's "crimps and curls" straightened. Her parents were proud of it, and Gilbert Glover had fallen in love with it. Could she be blamed for loving it? But Miss Hepsy seemed to hate it. She was always advising her to cut it off or tuck it up; to oil it straight; to be rid of such a vanity and temptation.

Poor Aunt Hepsy! her temper had been soured by an early "disappointment." She had gone to church to be married, and the bridegroom had not met her there. Moreover, he had robbed her of money intrusted to him by his confiding betrothed. It was an interposition of Providence in her behalf, for she was saved from a bad husband; but it spoiled her disposition never very sweet—and her looks had suffered, though she was never beautiful. She had no power to keep herself from feeling a jealous hatred of pretty women, but she persuaded herself that it was because they were young and silly. She did not quarrel with her brothers, but she did not do one kindly deed to any of them. The only rich person in the family, she felt no sympathy for their struggles. Her investments were safe. She prospered. The will of a distant relative increased her hoard. Rose's father had six children, only one full grown, and an increasing mortgage on his homestead. Rose gave music lessons, and the engagement to young Glover, who had a very small salary, promised to be a long one. But it was curious how much pleasure the whole family seemed to get out of Rose's hair. The mother would let it down and brush it out; the father would handle it, Gilbert would kiss it, the little girls wonder at it and Aunt Hepsy, when she happened to see it, would say

"Cut it off. It is a snare to your soul."

"A cruel old woman! An old maid out of a fairy tale!" Gilbert would say.

Still Rose pitied her aunt. The old, sad love story had won its way to her romantic young heart.

"She is not as hateful as she seems, she would declare. "No doubt she is right; I am too vain of my hair, and so are you." But no blight fell upon the hair of Miss Lestrange. It grew and glittered like jet in the sunlight or lamplight; it curled and twined and waved and swept almost to her knees; it was full of tender love pats and praises. It was a joy to Rose—a joy for ever. Well, God gave it to her.

But, meanwhile, there was trouble in the house; there was danger that the mortgage would be foreclosed. Ruin was threatened. Rose began to see that gray look creeping over her father's face that foretodes ill to a man of fifty. She saw her mother weep. She know they would never ask a favor of Aunt Hepsy, but she could not think that she would refuse aid if she were asked, and one day she put on her gray sailor hat—it was rather shabby—there were no new hats bought that summer—and brushed her gray walking dress, and made herself as trim as possible and walked over to the fine hotel where Miss Hepsy lived like a princess, in her suite of rooms, with her English maid the pug dog and her parrot.

Miss Hepsy was not too cordial to her niece, whose splendid hair was simply held together at her neck by a geranium colored ribbon.

"The young men were all turning to look at you as you came up Elm street, Rose, she said. "I can't imagine how you can make such a show of yourself. Why don't you twist your hair up?"

"Mamma tied it this way, Aunt Hepsy," Rose answered.

"Then you ought to have more sense than your mother," Miss Hepsy said.

It was not a good beginning, but Rose was determined to make the effort for her father's sake.

"Would you mind Susan going away a little while, aunty?" she whispered. "I want to tell you something."

Aunt Hepsy looked at her sharply.

"I rather guess I know what you want to tell me," she said. "No matter. I'll let Susan take the dog out to the park."

And she gave her commands to the maid, who hated the spiteful little dog from her soul, and detested the duty of being its guardian. Her cross face and sulky manner delighted old Miss Hepsiba who charged her not to return until sundown; and the ancient soul resented herself in her arm chair, and to rather an amiable tone desired Rose to "go on" and say what she had to say.

For answer Rose began to cry.

"It is so hard to see what I see every day, she explained, when she was able to command her voice. "Father is breaking down. If the house is sold it will kill him, and, indeed, we could not live. Oh, Aunt Hepsy! you cannot imagine how terrible it all is! I do not know how it has come about but it is dreadful."

"It is dreadful," said Aunt Hepsy "very dreadful; but I know just how it happened. Your father has been actually idiotic. He has thrown away his children's bread. Not know! bless you, I have known for a couple of years that this must come." Then she entered into an explanation of the matter. "It will take fifteen thousand dollars to save your homestead and your father's business," she said; "that, and a good deal of management. You see I understand it all."

"Then I suppose there is no help for him," sobbed Rose. "Aunt Hepsy I did not think of such a sum as that. I came to ask you if you would do something. But I see it is hopeless. Fifteen thousand dollars! I hoped as many hundreds would be enough. Fifteen thousand!"

The old lady smiled her own curious, unpleasant smile.

"You show plainly that you have no idea of money, Rose," she said. "I am able to help your father, even at that rate, if I choose. But, you see, he has not asked me!"

"He never would," said Rose. "But, oh, Aunt Hepsy; if you can! It seems a sum beyond all possibility, but, if you can! Father was your little brother once. You must feel to him as I should feel to our little Tom. Oh Aunt Hepsy, if you can—" She paused.

Old Aunt Hepsy had flushed a little.

"I had not too much kindness in my youth," she said. "Brothers are apt to forget their sisters; they think more of other people's. But Richard has never done anything that was not right to me. He has been my best brother, on the whole, and I tell you what I'll do, Rose. I'll put it in your power to help him out of this difficulty. I'll promise you the fifteen thousand on conditions."

Rose stared at her aunt as though she could not believe her ears, and then knelt down beside her.

"Tell me the conditions, Aunt Hepsy," she said. "Do you believe that I could refuse them, whatever they are?"

Aunt Hepsy looked at her with that strange cruel smile of hers.

"Hear them first," she said. "Listen with all your ears. I shall ask you to give up your vanity for them, and vanity is the strongest point in your character. I shall ask you to cut off your hair."

Before she had come to these last words, Rose began to understand, but when she reached them, the blood forsook her cheeks.

"My hair! she ejaculated. "What good could my hair do? Oh, Aunt Hepsy, I will be your maid—I will dress you and keep your things in order, and take the dog to walk for any length of time. I will do any sort of work, and I am clever enough with my fingers. There are things that I can save you more by—What good would cutting off my hair do?"

"Those are my terms," said old Aunt Hepsy. "If you do not care enough for your father to accept them, that is your own affair."

"Please don't be angry with me, aunt," said Rose. "Only I love my hair so. It seems part of me. It is so nice and they are so proud of it at home, and Gilbert loves it."

Aunt Hepsy smiled again.

"It is actually my duty, she said. "I have the power, to get that hair off your head before your vanity ruins you, soul and body, she said. "Take it or leave it child, but I hope you will accept it. I shall be fifteen thousand dollars the poorer, for your father is too shiftless ever to pay me back, but I shall feel that I have done what I can for your improvement. Hair, indeed! The loveliest christian lady I ever knew had none to speak of. I never had much myself, and it was perfectly straight. I don't think it is a token of sense; in fact, the contrary. I understand idiots and maniacs are apt to have fine hair, and it is your crying sin, your disgraceful vanity. I believe you are in danger from it, I do, indeed. Think over it for ten minutes, Rose."

But Rose lifted up her face and tossed back the black waves that had fallen over her shoulders.

"If nothing else will repay you for your great kindness to my father, take my hair, she said, "and I shall be very grateful, all the same, Aunt Hepsy, for I believe you think just what you say about my hair and my vanity."

"Well, there is some sense in you after all," said Aunt Hepsy, but listen. If you are saying, 'I will let my hair grow again,' you do not grasp my meaning. I shall hold the papers that your father's creditors will resign, and his safety will depend on your hair remaining short. I shall have it cut once a month by my barber and when you refuse to be sheared, all is as it is to day. You must sign a paper to that effect. Moreover, you shall find that if I die, I shall leave matters in the hands of someone who will see to this hair cutting regularly. And another thing. You cannot go home and make a great martyr of yourself. You must keep this a secret. You must take an oath never to tell any one what has passed between us. I shall write to your father, give him a piece of my mind about his recklessness, and tell him that I have arranged matters, and you are to refuse to give an explanation of your shearing, unless you really feel that you are glad to be rid of a temptation to vanity, and can say so honestly."

"Oh, auntie! auntie! don't say any more," sobbed Rose. "I had father have had the small pox, indeed I would. But I'll do it. I'll do anything for father and mother, and for you if you are so good to them. Oh! I'll do it, but I can't bear to think of it."

Miss Hepsy arose and rang the bell.

"Send the hair dresser here," she said. "Put one of my white wrappers over your dress. It's shabby enough as it is."

Poor Rose obeyed.

The hair dresser, a young Frenchman, arrived shortly. He looked at the hair.

"It is madame's own affair," but it seemed cruel. It seemed wicked. Unless mademoiselle was about to enter a convent, he cannot comprehend.

"Mademoiselle is not going to enter a convent, and you had better hold your tongue and attend to your own business," Miss Hepsy replied.

And soon the sharp snip of the scissors was heard, the hair lay on the table in a great mass, and poor Rose, with her hair cut close, too close even for a little wave to lie softly over her forehead, sat starting at it.

The hair dresser was paid and departed.

"And now," said Miss Hepsy, tying the great mass of black curls together with the ribbon; "now you can put on my blue veil for you mustn't catch cold—and you may go home. And remember your oath, child, I shall."

Rose went home, stole to her own room, and hid herself under the counterpane. Late in the afternoon she heard her father return and her mother's voice lifted in astonishment.

"Your sister Hepsy!" Why, the angels could not have made me believe it! Rose was right, she has a kind heart. I shall love her forever."

Aunt Hepsy had fulfilled her part of the contract.

Rose felt a little comforted. She had made them happy. Why, it was worth more than her hair. She bathed her face and hurried down stairs.

As she opened the door a cry arose from the children.

"Look at her!" screamed little Tom.

Father and mother both started to their feet.

"Rose, my dear Rose! what dreadful thing has happened to you?" screamed the mother.

The girl did not know how badly she looked, with her eyes and lips swollen with weeping, her nose red, and her hair a mere black cap upon her head.

"I have had my hair cut, that is all," she said.

It seemed as though they ought to know by intuition what she had done for them. Her oath bound her not to tell; but could they not guess?

"It is a case of hair stealing, I suppose," cried the father. "How was it done? Did they chloroform you? I will have them arrested—punished. Of course it was done by force?"

"No. I sat down in a chair, and had it done," said Rose; "and I had good reason."

"Wife has gone crazy," said the mother. The grief about Rose's hair almost blotted out the joy of the amended money matters. The homestead itself was scarce more highly valued than those tresses. Rose did not seem like herself in the guise, and they were very, very angry with her. But the worst came with Gilbert Glover's arrival on the scene. At first he was shocked and grieved, but when he learnt that she had done the deed in cold blood, and that the pride of his heart—her lovely tresses—had been thrown away in a moment of caprice, he had no pity only anger. Moreover, she told him that she should always wear her hair as he saw it—always.

"Yes," he thought "she is insane. There cannot be a doubt of it."

"If you would but confide in me," he said. "Tell me your motives."

But she answered that she could not. And so a coldness grew between them.

Her father had his homestead safe, he was quite comfortable again as to money matters, but Rose's lost hair was a standing vexation. The children laughed at her "bullet head." The mother reproached her. Gilbert ceased his visits. And not one of the stupid creatures guessed why Rose had done this thing. And bring so ill used the girl's disposition altered. She sat by herself; she gave her music lessons carelessly, and lost her scholars, she avoided visitors; she staid away from church. All her pride in her looks had vanished with her hair. Those for whom she had sacrificed herself did not know it. She had no reward. And her engagement was broken, for she had sent back Gilbert's ring.

One day she fell ill.

Poor little Rose: they really loved her very much. They gathered about her bed, they sat up with her during the long nights, but she grew no better. A fever fell upon her she babbled of her lost hair.

It was just then that Aunt Hepsy came to summon her niece to the first monthly hair cutting. She went up into her room and sat on her bed and looked at her. A great flood of remorse swept over her soul.

Rose knew her.

"Send them away," she said. "I want to talk to you, Aunt Hepsy." And then they were alone. "I have kept my oath," said the girl. "I have lost a great deal by it, but I have kept my oath. When I am dead tell them. Oh, tell them, aunty! I want them to love me a little, and tell Gilbert he thought it so strange. I want him to know, when I am dead."

"Child, child!" shrieked Aunt Hepsy. "How should I know it would come to this? You must not die! I will tell every one, and your hair may grow again, and it shall make no difference."

She seized the girl's hands in hers and covered them with kisses.

"You must live! You must live," she sobbed.

But it was too late. Rose was dead.

THE TRUE GIRL'S PREFERENCE.

A young man writes to Edward W. Bok inquiring why so many girls seem to prefer the company of young fellows of slightly questionable character men who have seen the world, and in many cases marry them, in face of the fact that their past lives are known to them. In the January issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal* Mr. Bok, its editor, makes this reply: "Girls, that is, the right kind of girls, do not prefer the company of young men of this sort. Doubtless, you have come across instances where this rule has been otherwise, so have I. But it is all in the seeming, and not in the reality. Depend upon one thing girls have as high an estimate of purity in man as men have in woman. There are, of course, cases to the contrary, but these are few. Where girls marry men who are known to have led what is called a "worldly life," it is more generally due to a misunderstanding of facts or to ignorance than people imagine. There is a type of girl who finds a peculiar satisfaction in the conquest of a man who has "seen the world," and then comes to her as the one woman of all her sex who can make him happy. This sometimes pleases her vanity and love of conquest, but she is not many years older before she discovers that he has satisfied those feelings at a very high cost. There is another type of girl who rather fancies a man who is called "fast." But that sort of girl is painfully ignorant of what is meant by that word as applied to a man. If she were not she would be apt to change the adjective to "vulgar." And as she matures she finds this out. It is only young men of upright lives who can hope to win the favor and love of girls of high motives, the girls who make the best wives. If, at times, girls seem to favor young men of another kind, the glamour is simply transitory. It is rare, very rare, that a girl's better instincts do not lead her to the higher grade of young men. An upright life never fails of reward, and of the highest reward, from the hand of woman.

HAPPENINGS AT WEDDINGS.

A retired judge, who had long been accustomed to confront convicted criminals and pronounce upon them the extreme penalty of violated law, was once called upon to marry a couple who unexpectedly entered his quiet and cozy home office and bashfully asked him to "splice" them. Hurriedly repeating a formula which he extemporized for the occasion, his judical mentality was markedly evident in closing the ceremony with these words:—"I now pronounce you man and wife, and may God have mercy upon your souls." This and these other stories of strange happenings are told by Rev. William H. Luckenback in the New York *World*.

Ministers are often brought into situations or unexpected circumstances requiring not a little cool judgment and tact to avoid the unpleasant feeling and appearance of embarassment, or any manifestation of their quick sense of the ludicrous.

"OH HOW AWKWARD."

The young bride stumbled, and the groom as he caught her murmured gruffly, "Oh, how awkward!"

It was but a short walk from its doorway up throdgh the centre aisle to the chancel of the church, but the bride, moving leisurely towards it with her ill grained escort, was looking far beyond chancel and officiating priest and decorative garlands. The train of thought which her betrothed had occasioned by his tart rebuke, "Oh, how awkward, awkward!" extended far into the future. If he could thus ruthlessly injure a trustful woman's feelings in the most blissful hour of her life, what would probably be his treatment of her after marriage?

Her mind was made up before she reached the chancel railing. She stood there without a tremor. She heard the officiating clergyman ask the bridegroom, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance, in the holy state of matrimony? etc." She heard him answer in a voice that seemed to her sy lacking the tone of decision, "I will."

Then came the supreme test of her heroism. The clergyman had scarcely ended his repitition of the question, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband? etc.," before she answered, distinctly and clearly enough to be heard by all the guests occupying the pews nearest to the chancel, "No, sir!" At the same moment withdrawing her gloved hand from the arm of her discarded lover, she stood directly facing him, and with melodramatic manner, with equal clearness and distinctness exclaimed: "Oh, how awkward, awkward!" Can the reader blame her for thus avoiding what in all probability would have become to her a wretched married life, if she, too, had answered the clergyman, "I will?"

A CHROMIC TRANSLATION.

A merry company once went to the parsonage of a German minister to witness the marriage of two of their friends. The reverend Teuton having learned that his young people were becoming too Anglicized to consent to be married any longer in the German tongue, and, having missed several wedding fees because he had declined to use an English formula, undertook a translation of his German service into English. In the German text occurred the scripture "and they twain shall be one flesh."

The English of his translated order for the solemnization of matrimony was very acceptable to and easily understood by the lovers who were being married until he reached the scripture quotation, which he gravely rendered, "and they two shall be one beef." The company left the parsonage in a merrier mood than when they entered it, and the puzzled pastor soon afterwards retired for the night, resolved to learn what it was in the English tongue that made it so amusing.

UNCLE CONSIDER WAS A CHRISTAIN.

"My Uncle Consider," said Eli Perkins, "was a Christian. I know it from the way he talked. I never knew him so get excited but once. Uncle Consider had a favorite pear tree. It was full of big, ripe, luscious Bartlett pears. One day he was down in the meadow, pitching hay. When he had the waggon half loaded he saw a crowd of wicked unregenerate town boys robbing his pet tree. Uncle saw them but never stopped his work. He drew a long sigh as a feeling of pity settled on his face. When the waggon was loaded he walked slowly up to the pear tree and surveyed the dismantled tree and the wicked boys with their clothes full of Bartletts. He showed speechless disapprobations for five minutes, and then slowly remarked, as the tears filled his eyes:

"Boys, I think—I think you've been doin very poorly."

After administering the stinging rebuke" said Eli, "Uncle Consider remarked to his wife: "I hope, Patience, I didn't hurt the poor boys' feelings."

"But tell us, Eli, about the time when he got excited."

"It was this way," said Eli. "My dear old uncle was talking about patience to us Sabbath school scholars. The afternoon was hot and the air was full of sunshine and singing birds and buzzing insects. I can see him now, dear old uncle, as he was telling us boys how we should never get excited.

"Boys," he said, "you should always be patient. You should never lose your tempers. Never let your angry passions rise. You should never sweat or get angry or excited. I never do. Now, to illustrate, boys," pointing upward, "you all see that little fly on my nose. A good many wicked, worldly men would get angry at that fly, but I don't!

"What do I do?

"Why, my children, I simply say, Go away fly, go away; and—Gosh blast it! it's a wasp!"

FAME.

One day, while Lord Hopetoun was in the height of his glory as the most popular Governor ever seen in the colonies, three young men entered a barber's shop in South Melbourne. Two of them whispered to the hairdresser that the third was "His Excellency." The supposed Governor was shaved with much ceremony, and that same evening the following sign appeared in the barber's window: "Shaving, 3d. With the razor same as I shaved Lord Hopetoun, 6d."

Look out for colds at this season. Keep yourself well and strong by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great tonic and blood purifier.

FELLOW SYMPATHY.

You've got the worst of all complaints.
Hain't ye, friend? So've I
The hardest fate to buck against
That man did ever try

You ain't a-feelin' fus-class now.
He ye, friend? Neither'm I
Our health is misar'bul, anyhow
We'd sometimes sooner die.

You've got th' hardest job in town
Hain't you now? So, too,
There hain't another feller roun
That has so much for do.

Thar won't nobody take our jokes,
Will they? Git up a fuss
But we mus' stand th' other folks
And laff when they joke us.

We have a pretty tough ol' road
To travel, don't we, hey?
An' back aroun' th' biggest load
Ev any man ever-day?

But take it all aroun' you hain't
So very bad a fe'y
He ye? Withal yer a wust complaint
Yer purty good? So m I.

—*Boston Courier.*

WHY OUR YOUNG MEN GO TO THE CITIES.

Farm life at its best is quiet, uneventful, elementary. It gives broad play to the simple energies, but calls for no burst of supreme power, offers no field for the display of imagination, learning, artistry, creative genius. The farmer may be a student, a thinker, even a profound scholar; but he never feels the fine stimulation caught from congenial or opposing intellectual forces. He reads and thinks and is philistine. He feels his condition and meets it with bourgeois calmness. He sends his sons to college and makes lawyers, professors, ministers, or brokers out of them. He rarely thinks about the other side of the medal, or considers the vast freedom, the broad immunity of his rural life, what cares he is escaping, what strains, what rendings, what cataclysms. He would be surprised, if not indignant, were he told that his life is really the dream of the poet.

But is it necessary to check this tide of rural life on its way to the already over congested urban centres? How shall it be done? It would seem that here is a task for our educational engines, our churches, schools, colleges, newspapers, and magazines. Life in this world is absolutely dependent upon agriculture. Every day brings us closer to a condition which must enforce a far more intelligent agriculture, and consequently a far more intelligent rural life than now exists. The equilibrium between city and country must adjust itself in a right or a wrong way.

The right way is through education which will give an enlightened view of life's obligation to mother earth. Certainly the workers who make the staples, who furnish the food and clothing, who give the fuel to the myriad engines of human life are the most important factors of both progress and stability. Education which urges the imagination of young people away from duty rather than toward it is evil education. The farmer lad and his sister should be taught to love the farm life and to make it brighter, sweeter, better. Education rightly directed will reverse tendencies and reflect the rays of ambition, so that the safe equilibrium between city and country will be easily maintained.

Editor's outlook, in *The Chautauquan* for January.

THE TEARS OF OYSTERS

Glancing round this anatomical work shop (the oyster), we find, amongst othe, things, some preparations showing the nature of pearls. Examine them, and we find them to be bright and dingy pearls, just as there are handsome and ugly men, the dark pearl being found on the dark shell of the fish, the white, brilliant one upon the smooth inside shell. Going farther in the search, we find that the smooth, glittering lining upon which the fish moves is known as the *nacre*, and that it is produced by a portion of the animal called the *mantle*; and, for explanation's sake, we may add that gourmands practically know the mantle as the beard of the oyster. When living in its glossy house should any foreign substance find its way through the shell to disturb the smoothness so essential to its ease, the fish coats the offending substance with nacre, and a pearl is thus formed. The pearl is, in fact, a little globe of the smooth, glossy substance yielded by the oyster's beard, yielded ordinarily to smooth the narrow home in which his nature binds him, but yielded in round drops real pearly tears if he is hurt. When a beauty glides among a throng of her admirers, her hair clustering with pearls, she little thinks that her ornaments are the products of pain and diseased action, endured by the most unpoetical of shell fish.

HALF A POINT

A gentleman crossing the English channel stood near the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening and no one dreamed of a possible danger to their good ship, but a sudden flapping of sail, as if the wind had shifted caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examing closely the compass.

"You are half a point off the course," he said, sharply, to the man at the wheel.

The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to the post. "You must steer very accurately," said the looker on, "when only half a point is so much thought of."

"Ah, half a point in many places might bring us directly on the rocks," he said.

So it is in life. Half a point from strict truthfulness strands us upon rocks of falsehood. Half a point from perfect honesty and we are steering right for the rocks of crime.

GAVE UP THE CONTEST

A Quaker, driving in a single horse chaise up a narrow lane, happened to meet with a young man who was also in a single horse chaise. There was not room enough for them to pass each other, unless one of them would back his carriage, which both refused.

"I'll not make way for you," said the young fellow, with an oath.

"I think I am older than thou art," said the Quaker, and therefore have a right to expect thee to make way for me.

"I won't," resumed the first. He then pulled out a newspaper and began to read as he sat still in his chaise.

The Quaker, observing him pulled a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, lighted his pipe and sat and puffed away very comfortably. "Friend," said he, "when thou hast read that paper I should be glad if thou would'st lend it me.

The young man gave up the contest.