The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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

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

J. E. WILKINSON, B. 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:—1208 Queen St., Parkdale
Victoria Chambers, 61 Victoria St.
Telephone 297. TORONTO
JOHN DOUGLAS. A. G. MURRAY

A. J. MacKINNON,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER
OFFICE—Corner Mill and Main Streets above Kopman's store, Acton

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

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

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OFFICE:—Wyndham Street.

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OTTAWA, CANADA
Solicitor of Patents, for Invention etc
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. Rulingneatly 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

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 726, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph

SALESMEN WANTED.
Pushing, trustworthy men to represent us in the sale of our Choice Nursery Stock. Special ties controlled by us. Highest Salary or Commission paid weekly. Steady employment the year round. Outfit free, exclusive territory, experience not necessary, big pay assured workers, special inducements to beginners Write at once for particulars to
ALLEN NURSERY CO.
Rochester, N Y

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 execute 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 to work district in connection with 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! its 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 Allcordially invited.
Strangers and visitors always welcome. Active ushers at the door
Epworth League of Christian Endeavor.
Miss Maggie H. Matthews, President
Meets every Tuesday evening. All Young People invited.

.. Bargains ..
... IN ...
Toys,
Books,
Games, &c.
Several cases of new things opened this week.
DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
GUELPH.
Day Sells Cheap.

... Guelph ...
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 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.
We are able to sell at prices never before known in Ontario.
Call and Inspect.
J. H. HAMILTON.

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 all 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.

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 8:30 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.
MAKES 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 65,000
GUELPH BRANCH
3½ PER CENT INTEREST paid on sums of $1 and upwards from date of deposit to date of withdrawal, compounded half yearly on 31st May and 30th November.
Deposit Receipts issued.
Farmers notes discounted.
The collection of sales notes a specialty.
A general Banking business transacted.
A. E. H. JONES,
Manager.

Our
SKATE
STOCK
is
WELL
ASSORTED
with
all
UP-TO-DATE
STYLES
and
the Prices
are
As Usual,
"the very Lowest."
J. M. BOND & Co.
HARDWARE
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 $2.50 for $1.85.
Men's Felt Foxed Boots 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 30c for 20c.
A full line of Boys' and Men's Gum Rubbers and Boots, 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 Mouldings in all styles
DRESSING, MATCHING and MOULDING to order on short notice
Well seasoned 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 ground to 30 bushels or over ground at 2 cents per bushel. Wheat ground 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 stove length always on hand.
Telephone communication.

Poetry.

IT IS BETTER TO LIVE.

I have sometimes felt that the burden
Of life was too heavy to bear;
And have longed to lie down at the noontide
And rest and forget all my care;
But over my heart comes the message,
Repeated again and again
"It is better to live and to suffer,
Than to die to be rid of the pain."

There is rest in the darkness of dying,
And cut to the weary despair,
The grave holds sure peace and calm sleep for me;
No sorrow nor pain can be there;
But perhaps in the struggle of living,
Is a soul that has need of my care—
Some heart may be bearing a burden,
That my hand may lighten or share.

'Twould be easy to say "I am weary,"
And lie down and give up the strife,
To suffer no more with the headache
And sorrow I meet in this life,
But perhaps from my sorrow-swept heart-strings,
A melody sweet may be wrung,
And my life when they drank deep of suffering,
The tenderest songs may have sung.

'Tis hard to be patient with living
When all the world is away;
So wearisome waiting for pleasures
That will only come after we die;
But even through all my complaining
I can hear that undying refrain
"It is better to live and to suffer,
Than to die to be rid of the pain."

I will live and be strong and will suffer,
If need be, until I find rest.
When life and its trials are over;
Though never my life should be blest,
Though always the sun should be darkened
By the clouds that hang over my way,
I will trust that the light will be clearer
When at last I awake "in the day."

Select Family Reading.

An Exchange of Sweethearts.

BY AMY BANISTER.

"How, Sarah?" said Mrs. Sedley, in the subdued voice, tuned to a plaintive minor, which had been the outcome of many sorrows and a lifetime of tribulations. "Did you want to see her?" She's in the back yard, hanging out the clothes. We're dreadful behind in our wash this week, but it's rained every day now. It's unseasonable weather, say what you will. Now I wonder," she added to herself, "what Mr. Jessup wants of Sarah? It can't be about the district school, for its been give to Naomi Didgett, fair and square enough; and if he wants her to join one of them botanical classes, she may just say no. A poor man's daughter can't spare the time to go tramping over the hills and dales, picking clover leaves and sour grass, and putting long Latin names to 'em. Our Sarah's got something else to do! She ain't situated like Squire Poole's sister and the Deming gals!"

And she went slowly back to her occupation of refilling a newly washed bed tick with bales of shining yellow straw.

John Jessup took his way over the dew-spangled grass of the back yard, past the well sweep, under the yellowing fruit of the gnarly old quince tree, to where Sarah Sedley, with a pink sun bonnet fallen back on her shoulders, was pinning innumerable fluttering pennons of household linen out to dry.

He looked quietly at her.

"Jamie must have forgotten to tell her that I was coming this morning," said he to himself.

Jamie had, but after all it did not signify so much. Sarah was always neatly dressed, no matter what her avocation might be. Her hair always shone like golden bronze, her plain linen collar was always spotlessly clean; and her smile, as she turned around at the crisp sound of his footsteps on the grass, lighted up her whole face like a sunbeam.

"Oh, Mr. Jessup, is that you?" said she. "I'll be through in a minute!"

Jessup sat down on the low twisted branch of an apple tree which seemed almost as if it had been made for a rustic seat.

"I can wait, said he, composedly, as he settled down quietly.

Sarah went on with her work as if she knew how becoming were those swift evolutions to her slim, well-built figure and long white arms, and how like a cameo her pretty profile showed against the dazzling blue of the September firmament.

"I suppose it's about the botany class, said she, straightening a well darned table cloth with two or three deft strokes of the hand.

"No, it isn't about the botany," said Jessup. "Sarah, you work exactly as if you liked it."

"I do," said Sarah. "I believe I am a born housekeeper."

"Sarah!"

"Yes, Mr. Jessup."

"How would you like [illegible] keeper?"

Sarah Sedley shook [illegible] snowy folds of a pillow case, and pinned it as straight as the lines of a geometrical proposition.

"Then it is true," said she, "that your mother's rheumatism is troubling her?"

"Yes, I am sorry to say it is true."

"And, fixing her clear, brown eyes on his face, "you think I could suit you?"

"I don't know anyone who would suit me half so well, he answered, promptly.

Sarah pondered a moment, as she rescued a clothespin from the paws of a frisky young Maltese kitten.

"I don't know that I have any objection, said she. "Mother would miss me of course!"

"Of course!"

John Jessup had half risen from his apple tree throne, but Sarah kept diligently on disentangling the cable folds of a huge unbleached sheet.

"But I could come over and see her Sunday evenings?" said she.

"Or any other evening that you pleased."

"And one afternoon in a week?"

"Why, certainly," he responded.

"I should be liginted as one of the family?"

"My mother would desire no dearer daughter."

"I don't expect her to feel like that, said Sarah, gravely. "But, of course, I shall try my best to be agreeable to her. Tell her I'll come over to see her this evening after I've consulted with mother, of course."

"Shall I see your mother, Sarah?"

"No, why should you? I'm old enough to manage these things for myself, am I not?"

"But, Sarah—"

"Please excuse me just this moment," said Sarah, catching up the empty basket; "Jamie has left the door of the vegetable garden open, and the fowls are scratching up the new celery plants!"

"How practically she takes things!" said Jessup to himself, with a little shrug of the shoulders. "She is like no other girl that I ever I saw. I wonder if she is going back? No; she keeps straight on to the kitchen door. Well, I suppose I may consider myself dismissed for the present."

And he climbed lightly over the stone wall, to take the short cut through the woods to Jessup farm; while Sarah deliberately hung the clothes basket against the wall of the outer kitchen, and placed the clothes pin box on the top shelf, well out of reach of the marauding kitten.

"Mother," said she, "I'm going for hired help."

"La!" said Mrs. Sedley, who had reached the stage of mattress-making in which she was sewing up the tick with a stout needle and linen thread.

"To Mrs. Jessup's," explained the girl.

"Yes, but Sarah—"

"It isn't worth while to offer any objection," said Sarah, with a little determined nod of her well-poised head. "I'm to be treated as one of the family, and Mr. Jessup says his mother wants me dreadfully. It seems her rheumatism is bad again."

"Dear, dear!" interpolated Mrs. Sedley.

"And although I hate to leave you, ye there isn't much to do, now that the summer boarder season is over," pursued Sarah. "And you can easily get along with what help Jamie can give you, before and after school and of course all my wages will go towards paying interest on the mortgage. And—but who's that?"

"It's only Ruth Ann Peebles," said Mrs. Sedley, "come to do a week's tailorin' and dressmakin'. I s'posed you'd seen her outside!"

Little Miss Peebles got up from her chair, with cheeks pinker than a mountain daisy.

"How do you do, Sarah?" said she. "You're in luck, to get such a chance to earn money."

"Yes," said Sarah, simply. "The Jessups are very pleasant people, if one means to live out at all."

"I wish I could get a place like that," said Ruth Ann, with a sigh.

Mrs. Sedley chuckled.

"Our Sarah's always in luck," said she.

"They are nice people," said Ruth Ann. "I helped Mrs. Jessup once, for a week, with six new quilts that she had on the frame. I never had a pleasanter week in my life. Where's the patterns for Jamie's overcoat, Mrs. Sedley? You had 'em!"

Sarah Sedley's new "engagement" made quite a sensation in the neighborhood. Mrs. Didget heard of it as she came over to borrow a quart of real cider vinegar.

"La me, Sarah Sedley," said she; "if I'd a know'd you was goin' to live out, I'd have got you twelve dollars a month myself!"

"Would you?" The wine brown eyes sparkled. Mrs. Didgett lived close by, where Sarah could see her mother's milk room windows from the Didgett doorstep, and the Jessup family never had paid but ten dollars. "Will you give it to me now?"

"Yes, I will, in a minute. Grandther Didgett's getin' dreadfully infirm, and there's a many steps to take in a house like ours, especially sence Naomi took to school teachin'."

"Then," said Sarah, composedly, "I'll come, just as soon as you like."

"But Mr. Jessup's folks!" quarried Mrs. D.

"I'll manage that," said Sarah, firmly.

The new moon hung like a tiny sickle of silver over the crooked apple trees, where the lines had long since been denuded of the their fluttering glories, the stars were shining as only New England stars know how to shine out of a crisp September sky, when a little brown cloaked figure came out of the Sedley yard, and hurried along the road. In a second a tall young man stepped forth from the shadows and joined her.

"I'm here waiting for you, Sarah," said he. "You're going to our home?"

"O Mr. Jessup," said Ruth Ann Peebles, with a start, "it isn't Sarah Sedley, it's me."

"Ruth Ann!"

Was it disappointment to his voice? Or was it a certain frank ring of pleasure? Ruth Ann was too flurried to discriminate just at first.

"Yes, I'm a substitute, you know," she added, with an agitated little laugh. "Sarah has changed her mind. She's had an offer that suits her better than yours."

"Oh!" said Mr. Jessup.

"To go and live at Didgett's—[illegible] hath Ann."

"Indeed?"

"And she hopes you won't mind taking me in her place," added Ruth Ann, with a strange little *tremolo* in her voice. "I may not look quite so rubust as she does, but I'm very strong, and I can do all sorts of work, and I would do my very best to suit your mother. It's hard to go from house to house at my trade, and I've often felt hungry like, seeing other people's fine homes. So that, even if I am only hired help."

"So you would like me to take you in Miss Sedley's place," said John Jessup, looking down at Ruth Ann's soft blue eyes and cheeks tinged with delicate pink.

"Yes, if you please, meekly answered little Miss Peebles.

"Agreed, said John. "It's a bargain, eh?"

"Of course it's a bargain," said Ruth Ann. "But—but please don't hold my hand so tight."

"Why should I? Ruth Ann!" Because, don't you see, there I'm both a grandmother standing all around. I didn't ask Sarah Sedley to be my hired help. I asked her to be my wife. Will you be the substitute now? You must, dear, for you have promised!"

Ruth Ann fell to trembling. The roses and lilies chased each other fitfully across her cheek, her blue eyes sparkled.

But she faltered

"What will Sarah say?"

"She will never know it now. I was dazzled by her bright eyes and winsome ways. But it seems she took it in the literal sense. I always knew she liked Henry Didgett. Well, let her have him, so long as I can have you, dear little Ruth Ann.

And when they reached the old farm house where Mrs. Jessup was drowsily knitting by the light of a shaded lamp, John presented his affianced wife to the old lady.

"Well," said Mrs. Jessup, in her slow, deliberate way, "I've no objections to the place. I always did like Ruth Ann Peebles."

"Dear Mrs. Jessup, you are so kind," said Ruth Ann, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or to cry.

And Sarah Sedley never knew how near she had come to being John Jessup's choice. She became engaged to Harry Didgett the very next week. There was a husking party, a soft-soap boiling, and an apple paring bee, all within ten days, and as everyone knows, Cupid reigns dominant over all these celebrations. And so it came to pass that Sarah and Ruth Ann were both married in the same gusty, red-leaved tinted month of November.

"Sarah Sneedly has done very well, I don't doubt," said young Mrs. Jessup. "But Harry Didgett can't *compare* with my husband!"

"I'm glad Ruth Ann Peebles is married happily," observed Sarah, who made a handsome, rod-cheeked bride. "But according to my way of thinking, one may as well be buried alive as married to a bookworm like Mr. Jessup. My Henry, now—he's something like!"

And so people were suited all around.

WHY LEAVE THE FARM?

Farming is one of the most independent of occupations. The farmer is the most independent man in the world. He can go where he wants during a large portion of the year with less hazard than the men of other callings. This liberty is one of the greatest privileges ever bestowed on man. He naturally longs for the freedom which independence or liberty to do as he pleases gives him, and nowhere else can he enjoy this freedom more than on the farm. The business-man is the slave of his customers; the farmer is the slave of no one. So far as concerns the manner in which his time shall be spent, he is absolutely free to determine. Of course this does not imply that he has any license to neglect his business, but it does imply that he can modify it to suit his convenience. Generally speaking, he can do to morrow, without any serious inconvenience, what he may not have been able to do to day.

And farming is more remunerative than any other calling under heaven. The farmer who is at all provident and simple in his mode of life is sure of a good living for himself and his family. Gebe and above this, he is able to provide something for a rainy day. This is not true of the men of other callings, that is to say, it is not true of the rank and file of them. In business some make fortunes, but the many go to the wall at some period of their business career. There is no other calling in the world which is pursued by the many where the increment of earning is so great if the living of the farmer is considered, and, of course, it ought to be. Aunt Ann in *Farming* for January

POTATOES MAY BE DEAR YET

In view of the present cheapness of Ireland's national vegetable the statement which forms the caption of this article is hard to accept. When potatoes can be bought anywhere in the country at from 15 to 20 cents per bushel, it seems unlikely at first glance that fair prices will be restored before next year's crop comes in.

But one never can tell what is going to happen, and the old saying is to be remembered, "After a feast, a famine."

At least one big dealer in Canadian potatoes looks confidently forward to seeing first class prices paid for potatoes by, if not before, the first of April.

He reasons it out in this way. In any year which has not given more than an average yield of potatoes the crop has not more than sufficed to supply the current demand. Now, the crop of 1895 is not more than double that of the average year, and therefore the people will consume about half of it. And the remaining half of the yield is being fed to cattle throughout the country. Many farmers, cognizant of the year's over supply, are said to be extravagantly wasting their potatoes. The result, so says our informant, will be that before the winter is over the supply will be found to be running short, and by the opening of spring potatoes will be hard to get.

Then, it is predicted, high prices are to come, and the dealer who has hung on to his stock will be decidedly "in it."—*Canadian Grocer.*

CURE FOR HEADACHE

An excellent and neverfailing cure for nervous headache," said an apostle of physical culture, "is the simple act of walking backward. Just try it some time if you have any doubt about it. I have yet to meet the person who didn't acknowledge its efficacy after a trial. Nobody has as yet discovered or formulated a reason why such a process should bring such certain relief. Physicians say that it is probably because the reflex action of the body brings about a reflex action of the brain, and thus drives away the pain that when induced by nervousness is the result of too much going forward. As soon as you begin to walk backward, however, there comes a feeling of everything being reversed, and this is followed by relief. The relief is always certain and generally speedy. Ten minutes is the longest I have ever found necessary. An entry or a long narrow room makes the best place for such a promenade. You should walk very slowly, letting the ball of your foot touch the floor first and then the heel, just the way, in fact, that one should in theory, walk forward, but which, in practice, is so rarely done. Besides curing nervous headache, there is no better way to learn to walk well and gracefully forward than the practice of walking backward. A half hour of it once a day will do wonders toward improving the gait of any woman."—New York *Sun.*

THE SORROWS OF EARTH.

"I attended an auction of household furniture. The lately bereaved widow was bringing forward her accumulations of years of married life to be sold for what ever they would fetch to keep her from utter penury. I thought, how soon will my dearly loved possessions, each and one treasured in my heart by loving memories, be scattered to the four winds of heaven, and prized for nothing but their usefulness and perhaps the low price they were gotten at? Surely we think too much of things of appearances. Who had not when out upon a call, rather be invited to a cosy sitting room with a look of enjoyment in it and an orderly sort of disorder 'round about it, than to the stiffest kind of a handsome parlor with no home look to redeem the splendor? Home is what we want, and home for our dear ones and friends, not nice things for chance callers to gaze upon for a few ceremonious moments.—Lillian Searle

A REMARKABLE BOY.

Farmer Bogles was a veracious old dodger. If there was anything he delighted in, it was to secure the attention of some one while he spun about the wonderful cuteness of his boy Tom. Tom was his idol—his hero on every occasion; and never would the old fellow let his hero suffer for want of a good romancer.

"Ah!" said Bogles, one day, as he had fairly fixed his auditor, "Tom is the most remarkable boy you ever set eyes on. He's like his old dad; you can no more sarcumvent him than you can a woodchuck. You recollect that choice apple tree that stood down under the hill, beside the stump fence? Well, I was mighty saxing o' them apples, I can tell you. I forbid Tom touchin' 'em, as they brought a high price in the market, and every one told, but he would get them in spite o' me. It was his way, you know, and all I possessed could not stop him. One day I caught the young scapegrace up in the tree, stuffin' his sack with the fruit, and I determined this time to punish him for it.

"Thomas, my son," said I, "your father's callin' you; come down."

I thought I'd be sort o' persuasive, so it would fetch him; but he smelt the rat, and didn't budge an inch.

"I can't, dad," said he; "these pesky apples are in the way."

"Tom," I continued, sternly, for my dander begun to rise, "come down this minnit, or I'll cut down the tree, and let you fall."

You see my poor limbs wouldn't permit my shinnin' so I had to take other means.

"Oh, no, you won't, dad," said Tom; "only think how you'd mourn if you could not sell the apples to stuff the old toad skin."

That was too much to have my own boy accuse me of such parsimony. So what does I do but git the ax and cut away at the bottom of the tree.

"Tom, Thomas," I cried as the tree was about half cut off, "will you come down now, and save yourself?"

"Never mind, dad," said he, "I aint splitin'."

It was no use, I couldn't bring him that way; and so I chopped away at the tree, till at last it begun to sway, and fell to the ground."

"What! and crushed your own boy?" ejaculated his horrified listener.

"Not by a long chalk," replied old Bogles winking knowingly. "You couldn't come it over Tom in any such way. What had he done but crawled out on a limb, and while I was choppin' at the bottom of the tree, he had been cutting off the limb with his jack-knife, and when the tree fell, there he was still up there on the limb."

PEARLS OF TRUTH

Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue. Isaac Walton.

The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joys. Simms.

He who brings ridicule to bear against truth finds in his own hand a blade without a hilt. Landor.

No persons are more frequently wrong than those who will not admit they are wrong. Rochefoucauld.

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest about thirty years after date. Colton.

Great men undertake great things because they are great, fools because they think them easy. Vauvenargues.

Fiction allures to the severe task by a gayer preface. Embellished truths are the illuminated alphabet of larger children. Willmot.

Success is a toboggan slide
It's mighty slippery brother,
You scarcely reach one end before
You're hustling for the other.

Man is not born to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out what he has to do, and to restrain himself within the limits of his comprehension. Goethe.

The bigot for the most part clings to opinions adopted without investigation, and defended without argument, while he is intolerant of the opinion of others. Buck.

Most controversies would soon be ended if those engaged in them would first accurately define their own terms, and then adhere to their definitions. Tyron Edwards.

Shakespeare says we are creatures that look before and after; the more surprising that we do not look around a little, and see what is passing under our very eyes. Carlyle.

A DOUBLE DINNER

A distinguished American judge, [illegible] that which is not altogether unknown in this side of the "herring pond." He frequently brings friends home to dinner quite unexpectedly. This habit is certainly hospitable, but it is not popular with wives.

One court day the genial judge invited a number of his legal brethren to dine with him, serenely oblivious of the fact that his wife was totally unprepared for such an incursion. The lady, however was equal to the occasion. She did not fuss and frown and make things unpleasant all round. On the contrary, she accepted the situation with a good grace, and made the best of it.

The modest meal was served as promptly as possible, and though it was not a sumptuous banquet, it was at least agreeable to guests and host. When dinner was over just before leaving the gentlemen to their wine and cigars, the lady rose and said:

"Gentlemen, I wish to say one word. You have dined to day with the judge, will you do me the honor of dining to morrow with me?"

A chorus of applause greeted this speech, and next day the lady welcomed her husband's friends to a dinner worthy of such an accomplished hostess.—*Pal Blas.*

WHAT OUR RESOLUTIONS NEED.

Perhaps the reason why so many New Year resolutions amount to nothing is that they are not associated with a definite purpose from the very first. We resolve to do systematic reading during the year, to study our Bibles more faithfully, to reach out a helping hand to some of the many of our fellow beings who stand in need of help. But just how these schemes of usefulness and self improvement are to be carried out, we fail to determine. Our ideas are vague and formless. The days slip by and we are living the life of the old year. Our resolutions seem like monuments of failure.

Exposure to cold, damp winds, may result in pneumonia unless the system is kept invigorated with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ODE TO BARS.

Oh, Mars, please tell us truly, is it really cool up there,
And can you somehow manage to get a breath of air?
And is there night comes, by throwing wide each window, vent and door,
Oh, can you sleep in bed or do you seek the kitchen floor?
And is you brow, like ours is, from morn till evening wet
With beads of perspiration which St. Louis folks sweat?
And is the air so full of heat, and dust and dirt,
One day is quite enough to razzle dazzle any shirt?
And does the ice man when the day is cold leave you a lot,
And just a tiny little lot, when the days are sizzling hot?
And when your brow is beaded with a hundred drops of dew,
Does anyone enquire "Is it hot enough for you?"
And is there real good fishing in your lakes still unexplored,
And, by the bye, what do they ask for first class summer board?
We do not like this to out here, the heat and dust are vile,
If you've a snap we'll all be glad to come and stay awhile.

CHEAP ADVERTISING.

"The biggest mistake I ever knew a merchant to make, said the lounger, was when one of my friends concluded to spend $70 to have illustrated signs painted on fences and barns in the country. The pictures were all humorous and in colors, to be painted on a white background. One was a bullfrog reaching out after a bug, another a dog catching a fellow by the seat of his pants, and another a snake and a bird, a sort of a take-off on the "early bird catches the first worm." Well, the painter used whitewash and cheap colors. After the first rain, says a writer in *Farm Machinery* the bullfrog picture and the words of the advertisement got woefully blended together, and the bulldog was made to chew the advertiser's name instead of the other fellow's trousers, at least that is the way the blur made it appear. After the second rain there was only a vague sort of an indication of an advertisement, the water having washed out some words and letters and leaving others untouched. For instance, the line "Purchase Your Buggies" on the sign appeared as "Chase our Bug."

GEMS OF THOUGHT

Patriotism is a blind and irrational impulse unless it is founded on a knowledge of the blessings we are called to secure and the privileges we propose to defend. Robert Hall.

Grand, swelling sentiments of liberty I am sure I do not despise. They warm the heart, they enlarge and liberalize our minds, they animate our courage in a time of conflict. Burke.

He who endeavors to know his duty and practices what he knows, has the equity of God to stand as a mighty wall or firm part between him and damnation for any infirmities. South.

If we look into communities and divisions of men, we observe that the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, guides the conversation, and gives measure to society. Addison.

There is the supreme and indissoluble consanguinity and society between men in general, of which the heathen poet, whom the apostle calls to witness, saith, "We are all his generation." Lord Bacon.

TAKE YOUR PORTION

When there is dust on the Bible [illegible] generally sin in the heart.

The church that neglects the poor [illegible] loyal to Christ.

Only God can tell how far the devil has to fall back when a child is saved.

It is a bad day for a christian when he begins to think he has all the religion he needs.

Taking God at his word always gives rest.

The man who has an appetite for glory will starve to death in looking for it.

Bad men always hate the laws that good men would enforce.

When men fulfill the law of Christ they do not need any other law to make them do right.

As soon as Peter said "Lord thou knowest that I love thee," he was given something to do.

Self denial is the test the good people intend to practice when they start out to be religious.

NEW HOSPITAL IN JERUSALEM

A contemporary reports that steady progress is being made with the erection of the new mission hospital at Jerusalem. The hospital will have beds for forty patients and will also have an out patients department. It is outside the city on the free land property of the London Jews Society known as the "Sanatorium" about three quarters of a mile from Jaffa Gate. The medical mission at Damascus will take temporary charge of the work for a year at the expiration of which time a permanent missionary may be appointed.

HIS IDEA OF GRACE

A young Chicago drummer was taking a vacation with his uncle in the country and was suddenly called upon to ask the blessing. Not being accustomed to it, he promptly tackled the difficulty in the following style: "We acknowledge the receipt of your favor of this date. Allow us to express our gratitude for this expression of good will. Trusting that our house may merit your confidence, and that we may have many good orders from you this fall, we are yours truly, amen." The old man will say grace hereafter.

IT IS ABUSED.

It is abused to try to cure rheumatism with sarsaparilla, and the ordinary advertised compounds which are recommended for the cure of almost every disease to which human flesh is heir.

This disease, as all know, is caused by an acid poison in the blood, and can only be quickly and effectually removed by the use of an internal remedy, which will neutralize it, and thus destroy its irritating properties. The ingredients of South American Rheumatic Cure have not been long known, but are recommended by some of the latest English medical works as being to rheumatism what quinine is to ague, an absolute specific. The first dose of the remedy gives perfect relief, and it at once begins the chemical process of neutralizing the acids of the blood. It usually cures in one to three days.

A street car driver in London averages 27.81 a week.