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Editor and Proprietor.

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Acton
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Ladies' hairdressing in any style.

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ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 630, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
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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.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
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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.

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A GOOD MAN in your district to represent the "Penthill 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,
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REV. J. E. HOWELL, M. A. Pastor
Parsonage, Bower Avenue
Public Services 10:30 a.m., and 6:30 p.m. Sunday school 2:30. Bible Class conducted by the pastor. All cordially invited.
Strangers and visitors always welcome. Active ushers at the door.
Epworth League of Christian Endeavor.
Miss Maude 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.

TO THE
1st MARCH
20 Per Cent.
Discount
Off all Pictures, framed or unframed.
This is a
RARE CHANCE ! !
FOR YOU ! !
WATERS BROS.
THE PICTURE GALLERY
GUELPH

WILLIAMS'
Boot & Shoe Store
—OUR POLICY.—
We operate our store on a determined policy of fair, square dealing backed by resources and stability. 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'. Boy's 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.

Acton Flour Mill.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE,
Proprietors.
We have our roller mill now in complete and satisfactory running order, and are in a position to supply the wants of the public with
FLOUR, BRAN, SHORTS
and all kinds of Feed
AT RIGHT PRICES.
Every order will receive prompt attention and will be delivered to any part of the town.
Our terms are cash and one price for all.
Don't forget to patronize home industry Give us a fair trial and we will leave the matter for you to decide as to the quality of the goods we manufacture.
Orders taken at the Mill or at J. V. Kennawin'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 8.18 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.
A general Banking business transacted.
A. E. H. JONES,
Manager

IT'S
FUNNY
If we can't give you the best values in
HARDWARE
To be found anywhere.
We buy "Right," have lots of Capital and Experience and are in direct touch with English, German and American Manufacturers.
We know it will pay you to deal here. Suppose you try it?
J. M. BOND & Co.
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

Unheard of Bargains
—IN—
SHOES
at W. McLAREN & CO.'S, Guelph.
The GUELPH SHOE TRADE runs well. We had a BIG RUSH LAST SATURDAY. We expect a BIGGER ONE NEXT. Our TABLES GROAN WITH BARGAINS.
A FEW OF THE SNAPS.
Children's Rubbers, only 15c.
Misses Rubbers, only 18c.
Women's Rubbers, only 19c.
Infant's Buttoned Boots, 10c.
Women's Felt Slippers, 25c.
Women's Tweed Slippers, 13c
Women's Pebble, button or lace, 50
Men's Felt, lace or gaiter, half price
Come one, come all, to the BIG SHOE SALE
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
Well assorted 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 stove length always in hand.
Telephone communication

Poetry.

WHEN THE COWS COME THROUGH THE BARS.

When I hear our city cousins,
Who have grown amazin' rich,
Talk of opers and parties,
Pictur' galleries and sich,
In my mind there comes a pictur'
Finer by a heap than thars,
One that a heap now every evenin'
When the cows come through the bars.

Thar's the meadow slopin' east'ard,
Whar the shadders gather thick;
Thar's the last red sun rays glintin'
On the willers by the crick,
Over all's the hush of Nature,
As outpours the evenin' stars
In the dewy arch of heaven,
When the cows come through the bars.

'Course, some things is inconvenient;
Country life ain't all a dream;
'Taters rot, frosts nip the peaches,
Hailry weather sours the cream.
Yit when one gits down to weighin'
Town and country, what compar's
With the feelin' that comes o'er one
When the cows come through the bars.

So says I to spectators
Who sometimes my rest attack:
'No, I won't sell out or barter
This here farm for brick-y-brac'
I don't envy folks in cities;
Shiny shoes ain't anywhar's
When the golden sun's a-settin'
As the cows come through the bars.

Select Family Reading.

Sam Outwitted Him.

Farmer Kendrick had brought in an armful of snow-covered logs from the woodpile at the north end of the house, throwing them down on the stone hearth with a noise like a small earthquake, when Carrie Brown started up.

"Five o'clock? Oh, I had no idea it was so late. I must be going home."

"Allow me to accompany you, Miss Brown?"

"You'll let me see you home, Carrie?"

Capt Logan and Fred Jones both spoke at once, but Carrie shook her head.

"I prefer to walk home alone," she said, gayly.

"About the sleighing party to-morrow night?" asked Fred anxiously.

"I have promised Capt. Logan," said the village beauty, a rosy tint suffusing her cheeks

"But Carrie, I thought it was settled between me and you two weeks ago!" exclaimed Fred, with a frown.

"Was it? I am sure I had forgotten it."

Fred was silent. Capt Logan's smooth, soft toned voice broke the silence.

"I exact no promise," he said gallantly, "but if I am not punctual to the hour and spot Miss Brown may draw her own conclusions."

And Carrie went home.

She was very pretty, this bright-eyed New England damsel Fred Jones had loved her ever since they were children together, and Capt. Logan, who had come down to spend his holidays with his cousins, the Kendricks, had become so fond of those bright blue eyes and golden hair that he had prolonged his visit into January.

"Pon my word, she's a regular beauty," said the captain, staring through the tiny window pane at the retreating figure of Miss Brown

"A beauty, went on the captain, "and it's a thousand pities she should be wasted on any of the country bumpkins who vegetate among these wildernesses. Sam, you young villain, are those boots of mine blacked yet?"

"No, they ain't," said Sam crossly.

"Well, what's the reason?"

"'Cause I ain't had time."

"See that you find time, then, quickly, too," said the captain. And Sam glowered after him as he went gayly up the stairs.

"Just wish I had the firing of him out," said the boy gloomily. "It's 'Sam do this,' and 'Sam do that,' and 'Sam, what the deuce do you mean by letting my fire out?' and not a cent has he guv me yet—no not so much as a pleasant word. I wonder if he means to stay here always."

"You and I are about equal in our love for him, Sam," said Fred Jones laughing.

"I heard him talking with Miss Carrie about going sleigh riding to-morrow night," said Sam, shrewdly "I'd jes' like to put Kicking Tom in the shafts; I would if it weren't for Miss Carrie. He don't know nothing about horses, that there militia captain don't" And Sam chuckled.

"Say, Mr. Jones why don't you get beforehand with him? Miss Carry don't reelly care for him, she's only dazzled like"

Fred Jones frowned slightly, honest Sam was not exactly the kind of Grandmede he cared to have meddle with his love affairs

"Miss Brown must choose for herself, Sam," he said, and Sam went back to his work, secretly wondering how a young lady, gifted with ordinary sense could hesitate for a moment between the captain and Fred Jones.

The night came a perfect night for sleighing expeditions and rustic love-making; the roads hard and well packed, and a glorious moon shining down, as if a rain of silver was deluging the whole world.

"Couldn't be better weather," said the captain "Sam, where are the sleigh bells?"

"Dunno, said Sam "There's them old jinglers in the garret, that used to belong to Deacon John Kendrick, that was in the revolutionary war and there are the cowbells that Mary Jane might scour up with ashes"

"Pshaw!" said the captain, "do you take me for Rip Van Winkle? There's a pretty little string somewhere, for I saw them when Mrs. Kendrick went out day before yesterday."

"I hain't seen nothin of 'em," said Sam stolidly.

"Come, come, Sam, don't make yourself out any stupider than you be by nature," said the farmer laughing, nevertheless, for the captain's airs were fast wearing out his welcome, and he secretly sympathized with the much abused Sam.

"I guess they're out in the barn You had better go with him, captain, if you expect to find 'em; our Sam is dreadful thick headed when he chooses to be."

"Come along my fine fellow," said the captain, collaring Sam and marching him off in the direction of the old red barn. "We don't need any lantern in this moonlight, that is one comfort."

"Where are the slairs?" demanded the captain as they entered the barn.

"Ain't none," said Sam. "It's a ladder."

"Up with you, then," said Logan, but Sam shrunk back,

"I wouldn't for $50," said Sam. "Old John Hendrick hanged himself from the middle beam fourteen years ago and folks say he stands up there with a rope around his neck every moonlight night."

"You cowardly lout, stay where you are, then, and I'll go myself"

He sprang lightly into the rounds of the ladder and disappeared through the trap door.

"Where is it?" he called.

"The ghost? Right under the middle beam by the windy was the place where"

"Blockhead! I mean the string of bells."

"Look for them yourself!" said Sam, spitefully. "I don't know where they be, and what's more, I don't care."

"I'll settle with you, my fine fellow, when I come down," said the captain, threatingly, as he gazed about in the dim light which came through the cobweb draped windows at either end of the barn chamber.

"Don't hurry yourself, cap'n," retorted Sam in a jeering tone.

As the captain plunged into a dark corner there was a jingle, and the string of bells, suspended from a nail, hit him directly on the neck, so like the grasp of death cold fingers that he could not but start.

Oh, said the captain, nervously. "Here they are. Catch 'em Sam! Hello! Where is the trap door?"

And it took the worthy captain fully sixteen seconds more to realize that the trap door was closed and fastened on the lower side. He rushed to the window and threw it up, only to see Sam speeding up the hill.

"Hallo-o-a!" yelled Capt. Logan. "Come back, you scoundrel—you ill conditioned lout you imp of evil!"

Sam turned around and executed that peculiar gyration of the fingers in connection with the nasal organ which is supposed to express the extremity of roorn.

"You'll find the ladder on the barn floor, cap'n," hooted the young rebel, an' don't be afraid of the ghost, it's very harmless if you let it alone"

"But Sim, Sam, come back! I'm to be at Mr. Brown's at 7.30 o'clock."

"Don't worry!" brawled Sam, "Miss Carrie won't wait long before Mr. Fred will be on hand."

The captain danced up and down on the floor in an ecstacy of rage as Sam disappeared over the crest of the hill. He knew very well if he possessed the lungs of Boreas he could make no one hear.

He sat shivering down on the hay, started nervously at the sound of horses feet below, and thinking how disagreeable was a bar of moonlight which streamed down through a crack in the roof, resembling a tall white figure standing under the center beam. He could almost fancy a rope around his neck. Pshaw! And the captain jumped up again with starting dew on his temples even in the freezing atmosphere of a barn chamber.

"What is to be done?" he asked himself. An echo, if echo had any common sense, would have answered.

"Just nothing at all!"

Sam had outwitted him And pretty Carrie and Fred Jones, with his red cutter and a great chestnut horse! The captain was wild at the thought; surely he was vanquished!

"I won't wait another moment for him," said Carrie Brown, coloring up, with tears in her blue eyes. "Go on girls I shall spend the evening at home."

"There's plenty of room for you in our sleigh, Carrie," coaxed her brother "Bessie Andrews will be glad to have you along."

"No, she won't either," pouted Carrie. "As if I would spoil all her fun! No; if I can't have an escort of my own I'll stay at home and mend stockings, and I never will speak to Capt. Logan again."

Charlie Brown was on the point of arguing the matter with his sister when the door opened and in walked Fred Jones.

"Not gone yet, Carrie? Where is the captain?"

"I don't know," said Carrie tartly, "and I don't care Am I Capt. Logan's keeper?"

"Will you go with me?"

"Yes, I will," said Carrie, her eyes lightning and shy smiles dimpling her face

"Of course," said Fred, "I can't expect to make myself as agreeable as the city captain, but"

"The Captain! The Captain!" cried Carrie, a little irritably, "I'm sick of the sound of his name I never want to see him again What a nice new cutter this is, and how easy the wolf robes are."

"Carrie," whispered Fred, as he touched up the horse and felt her nestling close to him, "Is it for always?"

"Yes, always," she answered

. . . . . .

"Jerusalem," said farmer Kendrick it was past ten o'clock at night and the old gentleman had come out as usual before retiring to rest to see that the dumb members of his family were all straight and comfortable "I do believe that's old man Kendrick's ghost come to life again, poundin' like all possessed on the barn chamber floor!"

"It's me o! bawled the captain "Unfasten the trap door and let me out"

Slowly the farmer lifted the ladder to its place. With rheumatic awkwardness he climbed the creaking rounds and undid the hook from its clasp

"How in all creation come you here? Why, I thought you were out sleigh ridin with the gals?"

"It was all the doing of that villain, Sam!" gasped the infuriated captain, his teeth chattering with mingled rage and cold "I won't stand this sort of thing. I'll leave the place to-morrow!"

"As you please," said the farmer, to whom the prospect of losing his guest was not unpleasant "I'm dreadful sorry this should have happened though, I'll talk seriously to Sam!"

"So will I," gnashed the captain "I'll break every bone in his body"

But Sam had taken particular care to go over to his grandmother's six miles across the snow fields, to spend the night, and the only person the captain saw was old Mrs. Kendrick sitting beside the kitchen fire.

"You've lost your chance, captain," she said good humoredly. "Dorcas Smith has just gone by home from the sleighing party, and she says Fred Jones brought Carrie in his new cutter, and they're engaged."

The captain left next day, and Mrs. Fred Jones has never seen him since. And when the affair came off Sam got a piece of wedding cake big enough to give him dyspepsia for a week.

PEGGY'S FOURTH OF JULY RADISHES.

AIN'M. SMITH.

"O, mamma, every girl in our Sunday school class must earn a dollar in the next two months to help pay for the new library," exclaimed little Peggy Smith, as she came rushing into the house one bright Sunday in the latter part of May.

"Well, how are you going to earn your dollar my little one?" said Peggy's father as he threw down the *American Agriculturalist* which he was reading, and looked at the little enthusiast with an inquiring gaze.

"I don't know, papa, unless I raise some radishes and sell them to the neighbors. You know you were talking the other day about how much a little girl might make on a tiny garden of one rod square."

This settled it, and the next morning Mr. Smith and little Peggy went out into the garden before breakfast, fixing a piece of ground one rod square. It was decided to take a nice little corner in the garden for their purpose, and after digging up the rich sandy soil, and cleaning it thoroughly with a rake, Mr. Smith made a little fence around it and gave Peggy a cupful of mixed red and white radish seed of the variety known as Olive Shaped.

"But how shall I plant them, papa?" said little Peggy.

"Dig little furrows one foot apart and one inch deep," said the father, as he watched her seize the hoe and commence. When she had finished there were just sixteen rows, sixteen and a half feet long. These were all planted with seed scattered a half inch or less apart in the row, and nicely and evenly covered.

At breakfast Peggy said, "Papa, how many radishes will I put in a bunch, and how much can I get for them?"

"You ought to figure that out yourself."

"I'll tell you how to do it, Peggy," said Johnny, the older brother "you find out what radishes are worth at the store and then guess how many seed you planted in a row, and find how many radishes they put in a bunch, and then you can figure it up."

"What do you have to pay for them at the store, mamma?" asked Peggy.

"Five cents a bunch."

"But how many are in a bunch?"

"Usually about fifteen or twenty, I think."

"Now, papa, how many seeds did I plant in a foot of row?"

"I should think not less than thirty, and likely more."

"Then there would be about two bunches in a foot."

"But all the seeds do not make good radishes, though I think half of them will"

"Well," said Peggy, "that would make a bunch to every foot of row."

In an instant, Peggy was at the black board, and in a few moments had figured out 264 bunches at five cents a bunch, and had the astonishing result of $13 20 as the proceeds from one square rod of radishes.

"My! my! What a big sum of money," said Peggy. "Papa, can I give all that to the Sunday school?"

"You may give all that you can make from that square rod," said her father in a somewhat doubtful tone. "But may be the worms will get into them, and the drouth come and dry them up, or it maybe that you will not find buyers for them at five cents per bunch."

"But I will help her, said Johnny, "keep them clean and growing fast, and they say when radishes grow fast the worms do not get into them"

"Well, but there is lots of work to clean radishes nicely and tying them up in neat bunches."

"Never mind, Peggy," said her mother. I will help you tie them up and clean them ready for market."

Every day the children and mamma watched these radishes, kept every weed pulled out, and the earth well, but not excessively moistened. The weather was just right, and warm days and showery nights came in quick succession. The radishes grew luxuriantly, and, at the end of four weeks, the bed was filled with as fine radishes as any gardener ever saw. Then came the question of selling them.

Early the next morning, before the children were out of bed, Mr. Smith was out in the garden pulling the nicest and largest radishes in the bed He secured a great basketful, and throwing them into a tub of fresh water, waited for the children to appear so that he might teach them how to prepare them for market

In a few minutes Johnny and Peggy and mamma were all bending over the tub with caseknives in their hands, ready for the work

"Now, said Papa, "you must pick up one radish at a time, gently scrape off the little tender side roots, leaving the bulb smooth and clean, then cut off the taproot just at the bottom of the bulb, then pick the yellow leaves from the top, (if there are any) so that the tops will all look green and fresh and then dip the radish in the water to clear it of all rubbish The cleaning then being finished, throw them in a pile together, and they are ready to tie up. Be careful to throw out all guarled and bad looking ones and you will have a lot of radishes that will sell anywhere."

In an hour's time there were just fifty bunches of bright looking, crisp radishes, red and white, mixed, piled up in a basket ready for market. Each bunch contained from fifteen to twenty radishes, on an average of about four radishes from each foot of row in the square rod

"Five times fifty are two dollars and a half," said Peggy as she clapped her hands.

"But you haven't got the money yet," said Johnny

"O, but we will get it," said Peggy. "You said you would help me, and you and I will take twenty five bunches each in a basket and sell them all along the street before school time."

Mamma and papa both gave their consent to this plan, and as soon as breakfast was over, the children started out with their precious loads. The radishes looked so much nicer and prettier than anything that had been seen at the city stores, the little peddlers readily sold all they had within four blocks of their own residence, and were back home within an hour with $2 50 in money

Thirty bunches were gathered the next morning and disposed of in the same way. Twenty bunches followed the third morning, making one hundred in all. The four h morning there were not enough in the patch ready to sell, and so Mr. Smith advised the children to suspend operations for two or three days until more could grow to maturity.

But as soon as the little pedlars stopped neighbors who had had a taste of the radishes, began to send to the house for them, and two of the main street grocers, who had seen them, sent also for a supply for their stores. All applicants were told to wait. After three days the marketing commenced again, and another hundred bunches went out and were eagerly taken.

It was now within four days of the Fourth of July, and as there was to be a great celebration in the city and a free dinner under the trees in Potipher Park, and a corner-stone laying of the new Court House, Mr. Smith advised the children to let the radishes grow until then, and negotiate with the dinner committee to furnish the long tables in the grove with Fourth of July radishes. In the meantime the radishes must be watered every night with diluted liquid manure, and made as fine and large as possible.

In accordance with Mr. Smith's suggestion, mamma and Peggy went out into the garden before breakfast, fixing a piece of ground one rod square. It was decided to take a nice little corner in the garden for their purpose, and after digging up the rich sandy soil, and cleaning it thoroughly with a rake, Mr. Smith made a little fence around it and gave Peggy a cupful of mixed red and white radish seed of the variety known as Olive Shaped.

"But how shall I plant them, papa?" said little Peggy.

"Dig little furrows one foot apart and one inch deep," said the father, as he watched her seize the hoe and commence. When she had finished there were just sixteen rows, sixteen and a half feet long. These were all planted with seed scattered a half inch or less apart in the row, and nicely and evenly covered.

At breakfast Peggy said, "Papa, how many radishes will I put in a bunch, and how much can I get for them?"

"You ought to figure that out yourself."

"I'll tell you how to do it, Peggy," said Johnny, the older brother "you find out what radishes are worth at the store and then guess how many seed you planted in a row, and find how many radishes they put in a bunch, and then you can figure it up."

"What do you have to pay for them at the store, mamma?" asked Peggy.

"Five cents a bunch."

"But how many are in a bunch?"

"Usually about fifteen or twenty, I think."

"Now, papa, how many seeds did I plant in a foot of row?"

"I should think not less than thirty, and likely more."

"Then there would be about two bunches in a foot."

"But all the seeds do not make good radishes, though I think half of them will"

"Well," said Peggy, "that would make a bunch to every foot of row."

In an instant, Peggy was at the black board, and in a few moments had figured out 264 bunches at five cents a bunch, and had the astonishing result of $13 20 as the proceeds from one square rod of radishes.

"My! my! What a big sum of money," said Peggy. "Papa, can I give all that to the Sunday school?"

"You may give all that you can make from that square rod," said her father in a somewhat doubtful tone. "But may be the worms will get into them, and the drouth come and dry them up, or it maybe that you will not find buyers for them at five cents per bunch."

"But I will help her, said Johnny, "keep them clean and growing fast, and they say when radishes grow fast the worms do not get into them"

"Well, but there is lots of work to clean radishes nicely and tying them up in neat bunches."

"Never mind, Peggy," said her mother. I will help you tie them up and clean them ready for market."

Every day the children and mamma watched these radishes, kept every weed pulled out, and the earth well, but not excessively moistened. The weather was just right, and warm days and showery nights came in quick succession. The radishes grew luxuriantly, and, at the end of four weeks, the bed was filled with as fine radishes as any gardener ever saw. Then came the question of selling them.

Early the next morning, before the children were out of bed, Mr. Smith was out in the garden pulling the nicest and largest radishes in the bed He secured a great basketful, and throwing them into a tub of fresh water, waited for the children to appear so that he might teach them how to prepare them for market

In a few minutes Johnny and Peggy and mamma were all bending over the tub with caseknives in their hands, ready for the work

"Now, said Papa, "you must pick up one radish at a time, gently scrape off the little tender side roots, leaving the bulb smooth and clean, then cut off the taproot just at the bottom of the bulb, then pick the yellow leaves from the top, (if there are any) so that the tops will all look green and fresh and then dip the radish in the water to clear it of all rubbish The cleaning then being finished, throw them in a pile together, and they are ready to tie up. Be careful to throw out all guarled and bad looking ones and you will have a lot of radishes that will sell anywhere."

In an hour's time there were just fifty bunches of bright looking, crisp radishes, red and white, mixed, piled up in a basket ready for market. Each bunch contained from fifteen to twenty radishes, on an average of about four radishes from each foot of row in the square rod

"Five times fifty are two dollars and a half," said Peggy as she clapped her hands.

"But you haven't got the money yet," said Johnny

"O, but we will get it," said Peggy. "You said you would help me, and you and I will take twenty five bunches each in a basket and sell them all along the street before school time."

Mamma and papa both gave their consent to this plan, and as soon as breakfast was over, the children started out with their precious loads. The radishes looked so much nicer and prettier than anything that had been seen at the city stores, the little peddlars readily sold all they had within four blocks of their own residence, and were back home within an hour with $2 50 in money

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To day two separate classes contribute to the product of industry, and the equable division of that product is a matter of vital concern. Obviously the question is not so much, do strikes pay, and how may violent outbreaks against social order be suppressed, but, rather, how much of justice is there in the demands of labor and the protests of capital, and what measures will best conserve the interests not alone of one class or another, but of society as a whole. —Editor's Outlook, in *The Chautauquan* for February.

VICIOUS COMPANY.

Sophronious, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volative Lucinda "dear father, you must think us very childish, if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you my child; take it." Eulalia did so, and behold, her beautiful white hand was soiled and blackened, and, as it chanced, her white dress also

"We cannot be too careful in holding coals," said Eulalia in vexation

"Yes, truly," said the father "You see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken, so it is with the company of the vicious"

PLEADING FOR STRONG MEN.

Eli Perkins was toast master at *Beta Theta Pi* Letter fraternity dinners this year at Colgate and Union Universities. At one of these dinners the humorist dropped into a serious vein and read this little poem

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts true faith and ready hands
Men whom the lust of office does not kill
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy
Men who possess opinion and a will
Men who have honor, men who will not lie
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking.
Tall men sun crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.
For while the rabble, with their thumb worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps

TEXTS FOR BICYCLE SERMONS.

"A wise king scattereth the wicked and bringeth the wheel over them," (Prov., xx., 26). "Or the wheel broken at the cistern," (Eccl., xii., 6). "The appearance of the wheels and their work," (Ezek., i., 16). As for the wheels, it was cried unto them in my hearing, O, wheel," (Ezek., x., 13). "He wrought a work on the wheels," (Jer., xviii., 3); "And his wheels as burning fire," (Dan., vii., 9.

LAUGH A LITTLE BIT

Here's a motto just your fit
Laugh a little bit,
When you think you're troubled bit,
Laugh a little bit.
Look misfortune in the face,—
Brave the bedlam's rude grimace,
Ten to one 'twill yield its place
If you have the salt and grit
Just to laugh a little bit.

Cherish this as sacred 'nuff
Laugh a little bit,
Keep it with you, sample it,
Laugh a little bit.
Little dis will sure betide you,
Fortune may not sit beside you,
Men may mock and fame deride you,
But you'll mind them not a whit
If you laugh a little bit.

ELI'S ADVICE TO THE ENDEAVORS.

Eli Perkins, who made his fame as a humorist, says the Memphis *Scimitar*, showed a depth of feeling and pathos unsuspected by his most intimate acquaintances when he stood solemnly a moment in his Christian Endeavor lecture and said:

"Young ladies—I once heard a boxed down father talking to a careless daughter whom he loved.

"Lizzie," he said, looking in her deep blue eyes and stroking her golden hair, "Lizzie, I want to speak to you of your mother It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face. Of course, it has not been brought there by any act of yours; still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast When your mother comes and begins to express surprise go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face.

Besides you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. Through years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure by the magic of a mother's kiss the little, dirty, chubby hands when over they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough old world.

And then the midnight kisses with which she routed so many bad dreams, as she leaned over your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long years.

Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of the work during the last ten years the contrast would not be so marked.

Her face has more wrinkles than yours. And yet if you were sick that face would appear far more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face.

She will leave you one of these days These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. These rough, hard hands which have done so many necessary things for you will be crossed upon her lifeless breast Those neglected lips, which give you your first baby kiss, will be forever closed, and those sad tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother, but it will be too late."

A GREAT INVENTION

Pat's employer is fond of things of an Oriental nature. His library is fitted up with Turkish divans and rugs, the walls are decorated with all sorts of curious weapons of the East, and in every way the room suggests the lounging place of an Oriental potentate. The latest acquisition to this interesting room is a narghileh, which the proprietor smokes with evident enjoyment on frequent occasions.

Pat recently found it necessary to enter the room on some business connected with the fireplace, and for the first time in his life his vision took in the graceful glass jar half filled with water and the long slender tubing upon which his employer was contentedly puffing.

Pat stopped short on his way across the room, and gazed as if awe stricken by the sight.

"What's the matter, Pat" asked his master, with an amused smile

"Nothin' sor," replied the Celt "Oi wuz only surprised a bit at seein' thut new pope yez hav."

"What is there surprising about it?" he was asked.

"It's a great invention sor," returned Pat, with a shake of his head "I knew Scotch whiskey had shrunke to us, but Oi didn't know yez could git it out"
Harper's Magazine

STORY OF A BUSHEL OF WHEAT

A milling trade organ publishes the following description of the manner in which a bushel of wheat is made to bear a variety of profits:

1 The farmer lives on it He raises it
2 The shipper lives on it He ships it
3 The elevator man lives on it He stores it
4 The Board of Trade man lives on it He sells it
5 The miller lives on it He mills it
6 The flour dealer lives on it He sells it
7 The grocer lives on it He sells it
8 The consumer lives on it He eats it

They all buy and sell again at a profit except the last man, who pays all the profit the other seven have made

The only criticism we feel inclined to make on the above, remarks *Merchants' Review*, is in reference to the seventh item By far too many grocers sell flour by the barrel at 25 cents to