The Acton Free Press.

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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Office and residence Corner Mill & Frederick Streets, Acton.

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

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M. C P. and S. Ont
OFFICE Medical Hall, Main Street Acton.
Patronage Solicited
Rheumatism and Catarrh Specialties

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Honorary member of the Veterinary Medical Society
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Calls day or night promptly attended to

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GEORGETOWN ONTARIO

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DENTIST,
BROOKVILLE
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
Work made Satisfactory Prices Moderate.
VISITING DAYS Tuesday and Friday of each week

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Barristers, Solicitors Notaries, Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan.
Office:—Town Hall, Acton.
WM. A. McLEAN JNO. A. McLEAN

DOUGLAS & MURRAY
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES &c.
OFFICES —1256 Queen St., Parkdale
Victoria Chambers, 91 Victoria St Toronto.
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JOHN DOUGLAS A. G. MURRAY

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

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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS
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Money to loan at lowest rates

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ACTON ONT

MISCELLANEOUS

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Solicitor of Patents, for Inventions etc
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Next to Mrs. Adams Grocery,
MAIN STREET, ACTON
Open from 8 a. m. to 9 p. m. Wednesday and Saturday evenings later
Ladies' hairdressing in any style

THE OLD RELIABLE
TONSORIAL ARTIST
J. P. WORDEN,
Who has always been Acton's popular tonsorial artist in business here, solicits your patronage. Satisfaction always guaranteed
SHOP OVER ARTHURS' FLOUR AND FEED STORE
MILL STREET ACTON

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

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R. P. MOORE,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening.
Free Press Office, ACTON

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 $300 and upwards.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY ORINDELL, 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 MAN to sell Canadian and P. K. grown trees, berry plants, roses, shrubs, hedges, ornamental trees, and seed potatoes, for the only nursery having bearing orchards in Canada. We give you the benefit of our experience, so your success is guaranteed. If you are not earning $100 per month and expenses, write us at once for particulars. Liberal commissions paid part time men. Farmers' sons should look into this. It pays better than working on the farm, and offers a chance for promotion. Apply now and get choice of territory.
STONE & WELLINGTON,
Toronto, Canada.

Extra Value
IN—
Cornice Poles
Oak, Cherry and Other Colors.
Complete for 25 Cents.
HAMMOCKS,
BABY CARRIAGES,
WINDOW SHADES.
Best assortment.
Our Low Prices win every time.
DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
GUELPH.
Day Sells Cheap.

DON'T YOU WANT.....
Wall Paper,
Room Moulding
Pictures,
Frames
Cornice Poles
Artist's Materials
etc., at
LOWEST PRICES ? ....
Go direct to
WATERS BROS.
NEAR POST OFFICE GUELPH.

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

Main Street
PLANING MILLS,
ACTON, ONT.

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

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

Georgetown Electric Works
T. J. SPEIGHT, Proprietor
Manufacturers of
DYNAMOS
ELECTRIC MOTORS,
WATER MOTORS,
HYDRAULIC RAMS.
Repairs and General Repairing equipped with a gas brazing machine, prepared to do brazing on Bicycles Frames, &c. Wheels converted from Direct to Tangent Spokes. Handle Bars bent to any desired angle. Full line of spokes kept in stock. Satisfaction guaranteed. Bicycles enamelled in any color
T. J. SPEIGHT, Georgetown

THE METHODIST CHURCH
ACTON.
REV J. E. HOWELL, M. A. Pastor
Parsonage, Bower Avenue
Public Services 10.30 a. m., and 6.30 p. m. Sunday school 2.30. Bible Class conducted by the pastor. All cordially invited
Strangers and visitors always welcome. Active ushers at the door
Epworth League of Christian Endeavor
Miss Maude H. Matthews, President
Meets every Tuesday evening. All Young People invited

Acton Saw Mills,
COAL AND WOOD YARDS
JAMES - BROWN
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Coal and Wood
Coal and Wood always in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices.
Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always on hand
Telephone communication

GUELPH
Business College
AND
SHORTHAND INSTITUTE
GUELPH, ONT.
Superior facilities provided for thorough and practical tuition in Commercial and Shorthand Course of instruction. Individual tuition. No classes. Write for Circulars. Graduates assisted to positions.
J. SHARP, Principal.

THE
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Authorized Capital $1,000,000
Paid up Capital and Surplus $785,000
Assets over $5,200,000
Guelph Branch
$3\frac{1}{2}$ Sums of $1 and upwards received on deposit and 3½ per cent interest paid or compounded half-yearly.
Deposit Receipts issued for large sums deposited
Advances made to responsible farmers on their own names.
No charge made for collecting Sales Notes if payable in Guelph.
A General Banking Business transacted.
A. E. H. JONES, Manager

PAINT TALK
Our aim is to make every trial customer a permanent customer, and more to give such good paint, and to treat him so well all around that he will say a good word for us and our paint to his neighbor.
J. M. BOND & Co.
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

W. McLaren & Co.
GUELPH.
A Host of Bright new Things in TAN SHOES
Farmers should see our Plough boots at $1.00 and $1.25.
They Wear Well

SNAPS
FOR THE
Spring Time
Timothy Seed, 2.25 a bushel
Red Clover Seed, $5.35 a bushel
Alsike Clover Seed $4.75 a bush
Mangel Seed, 15c a pound.
Field Carrots, 35c. to 50c a lb
Turnip Seed, 15c. a pound.
Rape Seed, 8c. lb. or 13 lb. for $1.00.
White Seed Corn 55c. a bushel
Yellow Seed Corn 50c a bushel
Land Plaster, $7.50 a ton in sacks.
Bbl. Salt, $1.00 a barrel
Cooper Sheep Dip, 50c. a package
Little's Sheep Dip, $1.00 a tin.
McDougal's Sheep Dip, $1.25 a tin
GEO. J. THORP
SEEDSMAN,
Market Sq & Macdonnell St
GUELPH, ONT

OUR NEW SPRING GOODS ARE NOW IN STOCK
We think usual Call and see them
Shaw & Turner
Merchant Tailors, Guelph

Corn! Corn!
I have the following varities of Ensilage and Fodder Corn,

Mammoth Southern Seed	Early Butler
White Cap Yellow Dent	Crompton's Early
Yellow Dent	Thoroughbred White Flint
Cuban Giant	Stowell's Evergreen
Extra Early Leaming	Longfellow

And all kinds of Garden Corn
My Corn has all been tested and you can rely upon getting the right article
All the latest and best varieties of Turnips, Swedes, Carrots, Mangels, Sugar Beets, Hungarian, Millet, Rape Tares etc
All kinds of Seed for permanent pastures
Come and see my goods and get my prices as I can sell as cheap as any in the business
The Mammoth Flour Feed and Seed Store
JAMES HEWER,
45 Macdonnell Street East, Guelph, Ont.

Poetry.

THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY.

The proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high,
To-day of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.
To-day alike are great and small,
The vagabond and the knowl,
My palace is the people's hall,
The ballot-box my throne.

Who serves to-day upon the list
Beside the servel shall stand;
Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,
The gloved and dainty hand.
The rich is level with the poor,
The weak is strong to-day,
And sleekest broadcloth counts no more
Than homespun frock of gray.

To-day let pomp and vain protence
My stubborn right abide.
I set a plain man's common sense
Against the pedant's pride.
To-day shall simple manhood try
The strength of gold and land.
The wise world has not wealth to buy
The power in my right hand.

While there's a grief to seek redress,
Or balance to adjust,
Where weighs our living manhood less
Than mammon's vilest dust—
While there's a right to need my vote,
A wrong to sweep away,
Up! clouted knee and ragged coat!
A man's a man to-day!

—JOHN G. WHITTIER

Select Family Reading.

Uses of Adversity.

Benjamin Fairchild was seated at a table in his pleasant home near the Hudson river, preparing his lessons for next day's school.

He was a handsome lad of fourteen years, generous and forbearing to the faults of others, and withal so upright and honorable himself that it was no wonder he was a favorite with both teachers and school mates.

Nor need we wonder that his mother, who sat on the opposite side of the table with her needlework, should so often cast at him glances of loving admiration. She had often been heard to say, "Benjamin is a great comfort to me. He never gives me an hour's uneasiness."

The Fairchilds were English farmers who had settled in America in the middle of the eighteenth century, and who had prospered in their new home almost beyond their most sanguine expectations. Many fertile acres lay around the comfortable farm house, and the house itself, a substantial structure of wood, both within and without was suggestive of peace and plenty.

"Mother," said Benjamin presently, "Shakespeare says some queer things, doesn't he? Here is one 'Sweet are the uses of adversity.' Now, who would ever think of finding sweetness in adversity?"

"Well, you see, my son, Shakespeare does not say that adversity is sweet, but that the uses of adversity are sweet," replied the mother.

"Ah, yes," said Benjamin, "as it is like Samson's riddle 'Out of the strong came forth sweetness.'"

"Even so," said he, "and like several other passages of holy writ, such as 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' Indeed, many critics have discovered that Shakespeare and the Bible agree perfectly."

"Well, said Benjamin, I think I should rather forego the adversity even if I do thus lose the sweetness of its uses."

"It is a good thing that we do not have to choose for ourselves," said the mother, "otherwise there would be many mistakes made on this very point, and the upbuilding of our characters would thereby be greatly retarded. In my own comparatively short experience I have known many who have come through seasons of severe trial, and in the end could thankfully say 'It is good for me to have been afflicted.'"

Benjamin thoughtfully resumed his studies, and his mother went on with her work, until, bed time arriving, they with the rest of the family retired to rest, little dreaming that their season of adversity was to begin on the morrow.

* * * * * *

"What can be keeping Benjamin so late to-night?" said his mother at supper time the next day.

"Oh, he and the other boys are probably chasing squirrels on their way home," said Isaac, the elder son.

The mother said nothing more and all the members of the family, except the absent Benjamin sat down to supper, but in her heart there arose that sickening dread that sometimes foreshadows a coming disaster.

A little later the father and brother, now quite alarmed, set out in search of the missing lad, returning late in the night with no tidings, except that he with four companions, had left school at the usual hour, and that not one of them had been seen since.

Next day a neighbor reported that a band of Indians had been seen in the neighborhood on the previous afternoon, and, as time went on and all their searching proved fruitless, conjecture became certainty and the unfortunate lads were mourned as victims of the savage cruelty of the Indians.

This event happened in the memorable year of 1776, and soon the afflicted family, every member of which was a devoted loyalist, was obliged to leave the pleasant home they had been theirs so long, and move, with what goods they could carry, to the then unsettled province of Upper Canada.

Near what is now the city of Brantford they were granted several hundred acres of land, and, as so many have done since, they set about the laborious task of building a new home in the heart of the forest.

Isaac Fairchild was the first white man to cross the Grand river, that part of the country being occupied only by Indians. The Indians were friendly, however, and they experienced no more losses at their hands.

During this time not one word that could indicate the whereabouts of Benjamin had ever been heard, and by most of the family he had been given up for dead. Only his mother, as mothers will, went on hoping that some day, in the Lord's good time, he would be restored to them. She was much comforted by a dream that came to her one night, in which she seemed to see him, in captivity truly, but not suffering any ill treatment, and he said, "Mother, be patient a little longer, and we shall yet see that 'sweet are the uses of adversity.'" She had often recalled on that last conversation with her boy, and wondered if he, too, remembered it.

The year 1783 saw the close of the American War of Independence, after which the Imperial Government turned its attention to the alleviation of the United Empire Loyalists. Among other things they offered rewards to the Indians who should bring to Kingston captives taken from the families of their subjects.

Who shall tell how many U. E. L. hearts were stirred with hope when these tidings spread abroad. It spread slowly of necessity, for newspapers and letters were almost unknown to the hardy settlers of the backwoods; and so it came to pass that when, one glad day, Benjamin Fairchild was numbered with the captives, bought up by the government, his parents knew nothing of it, and he was still hundreds of miles from home, and in doubt as to where to look for his friends.

He was placed at school by the government until search could be made for the family, and at last it was found that people of that name had settled on the Grand river.

Then how quickly he journeyed to them, and who shall describe the transports of joy in that reunited family, as

Hand to hand and heart to heart in greeting,
The past, with all its fears
Its sorrows and its tears,
Its lonely weary years,
Vanished in the moment of that meeting.

Night after night, as the family sat around the wide fire-place in their log house, Benjamin related the incidents of his capture and seven years' captivity. The five lads had on their way home from school been suddenly surrounded by Indians, who dragged them many miles through the forest before camping for the night. The next day the band separated, and what became of his four companions Benjamin never knew. He never tried to escape, but endeavored to adapt himself to the Indians' manner of life, and to bear with cheerful fortitude the hardships that were unavoidable, always cherishing a hope that some day he would be restored to his family, and that he would yet see the uses of this adversity that had come upon him. For he, too, remembered that seemingly prophetic conversation with his mother, and often, while lying awake during the silent watches of the night, the leaves seemed to whisper those magic words about which they had talked.

He was never abused by the Indians, but was treated with much respect, and on his restoration to his family no finer example of strong and handsome young manhood could be found. In his captivity he learned to speak no less than seven Indian languages.

The government granted him eight hundred acres of land, and on this he built a saw-mill and settled after his marriage, in 1790, with the daughter of Col. Hare.

Years rolled on, carrying the eighteenth century into the past, and bringing us to another never to be forgotten date in the history of our country, 1812.

And now the uses of that long captivity among the Indians became apparent, when Benjamin Fairchild was appointed Indian interpreter to the Governor, Gen Brock, and served his country in this capacity both during the war and afterwards. The Indians trusted him perfectly, and submitted to whatever he said. Chiefs Johnson and Brant were his personal friends.

After holding this position for many years, he retired on a pension living at Niagara, where now in old St Mark's churchyard, his mortal remains rest, while his descendants are learning the old lesson "Sweet are the uses of adversity."

Mississaugas, in Thorold *Post*

A SIGNIFICANT STORY

A wealthy banker in one of our large cities, who is noted for his large subscriptions to charities, and for his kindly habits of private benevolence, was called on by his pastor one evening, and asked to go with him to the help of a man who had attempted suicide.

They found the man in a wretched house, in an alley not far from the banker's dwelling. The front room was a cobbler's shop, behind it on a miserable bed in the kitchen, lay the poor shoemaker, with a gaping gash in his throat while his wife and children were gathered around him.

"These people are starving!" exclaimed the banker, as soon as he caught sight of their pinched, wan faces, and while the doctor was busy sewing up the cobbler's wounds, he hurried away to procure fuel and food.

"We have been without fire for days," said the woman when he returned. "It's not my husband's fault. He is a hard working sober man. But he could neither get work nor pay for that which he had done. To-day he went for the last time to collect a debt due to him from a rich family, but the gentleman was not at home. My husband was weak from fasting, and seeing us starving drove him mad. So it ended, that way," turning to the fainting, motionless figure on the bed.

The banker, having fed and warmed the family, hurried home, opened his desk, and took out a file of little bills. All the large bills were promptly met, but he was apt to be careless about the accounts for milk, bread, etc., because they were so petty.

He found there a bill of Michael Goodlow's for repairing children's shoes, ten dollars. Michael Goodlow was the suicide. It was the banker's unpaid debt which had brought these people to the verge of the grave, and driven this man into desperation, while at the very same time the banker had been giving away thousands in charity.

The cobbler recovered, and will never want a friend while the banker lives, nor will a small unpaid bill ever again be found on the banker's table.

"FEARFULLY AND WONDERFULLY MADE."

A guileless old Scotch minister one day told some lads of the Bible lesson he was to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place glued together in the connecting pages. The next day the preacher read to his astonished congregation that "when Noah was 120 years old he took unto himself a wife who was" (then turned the page) "110 cubits long 40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood, and covered with pitch in and out." He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said, "My lads, this is the first time I ever read this in the Bible, but I accept it as evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

A SMART YOUNG MAN.

One day a smart young fellow with shiny shoes, a new hat, and checkerboard trousers boarded a street car in a Western city, and stepped to the front platform. He pulled out a twist of paper and lighted it and began puffing a concentrated essence of vile odors into the faces of those who were obliged to ride upon the platform if they rode at all. One a plain old farmer—couldn't stand it, and stepped off to wait for the next car. When he reached the station the young fellow was there before him, and it happened that the two met at the restaurant counter.

"Got any sandwiches?" called the young man to the waiter. "Here, gimme one." And he tossed out a nickel, and then proceeded to pick up and pull apart every one of the half dozen sandwiches on the plate before he found one to suit him. The farmer, who had been waiting for his turn, drew back in disgust. Finally, he found something which the fingers of another had not fouled, and presently followed the loud young man to the car. He found every seat occupied, including the half of one on which were piled the young man's gripsack and overcoat.

"Is this seat taken?" he ventured to inquire.

"Seat's engaged," was the curt answer, with a look meant to squelch the old farmer, who went into the smoking car.

That afternoon the same young man walked into the office of the governor of the state, armed with recommendations and inducements, an applicant for a position under the state government. He was confronted by the same plain old farmer, who recognized his travel ing companion of the morning without any trouble. Glancing over his papers the Governor said:

"Hu-m, yes. You want me to appoint you to so and so. If I should, I guess I might as well write my own resignation at the same time."

"Wh-why, sir?" stammered the young fellow.

"Because I saw you pay for a street car ride this morning, and you took the platform of the car. You bought a sandwich, and spoiled the plateful. You paid for a seat in the train, and took mine too, and if I should give you this place, how do I know that you would not take the whole administration?"—*Onward.*

NOTHING TO DO

Sensible men who have been hard at work are always talking about the time when they can retire from business. They have kept regular hours, and had busy lives, full of interests and cares, and they imagine they want to lay these aside and rest. They do not know they have lost the ability to enjoy rest, and that the great pleasure of life is in work, not in idleness. Frequently men carry out their plans. They go out of business. They have nothing to do, and they find out for the first time how interminably long a day can be that has no duties in it, and they wear themselves out trying to have a good time. Generally a man then makes the discovery that he has a liver, or the gout, or some ailment that he can nurse into a disease. He sits with his fingers on his pulse because he has nothing else to do, he undertakes to teach his wife how to keep house and makes himself a nuisance to his friends because he has nothing to occupy his mind. It is reported that Bismark, when he had the reins of power taken from him, chafed at inaction, and said that it was a curious feeling to wake up in the morning and feel that the only thing he had to do was to wind up his watch. That may be enough occupation for a bare brained chappie, but a man who has led a busy and useful life wants something better to do if he is to keep healthy in mind and body. *Picayune.*

THE SALOON KEEPER'S LAMENT.

The sorrows of the liquor dealers over the inhumanity of the Raines law are very moving. One of them in Chatham Street drew a crowd last night by placing the following in his window:

Hayseed succeeds. Free lunch forbidden. The infamous Raines bill has been signed, and it is now a law. Eight hundred dollars to sell beer. Ruin and disaster stares the workingman in the face. Morton has proved false to the people.

There is an amusing confusion of mind here as to the identity of the "working men" who is confronted with ruin and disaster because free lunch is forbidden and a tax of $800 is placed upon the sale of beer. Is he the saloon keeper or the beer drinker? The most vigorous protests against the law which have been heard yet, except from the liquor dealers, have come from the workingmen of Tammany Hall, with Sheehan, the Buffalo defaulter, at their head. They agree with the saloon keepers in regarding the law as a blow at the "people," but the people seem to remain calm under it. Even the workingmen themselves, who are not liquor sellers or Tammany workers, seem to be able to regard with serenity the possibility that the number of saloons may be cut down one half, and the "free lunch" abolished absolutely. *Evening Post*

THE WORK OF AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATIONS

The stations prosecute abstruse researches in the chemical, biological, and botanical laboratory, and carry out more practical experiments in the greenhouse, the orchard, the farm, the stable, and the dairy. They study the laws that underlie the culture of the soil, the use of fertilizers, the growth of plants, and the nutrition of domestic animals and man. They also study the diseases of plants and animals. They endeavor to learn how the information they obtain may be best applied in practice.

From "The People's Food A Great National Inquiry," in June *Review of Reviews.*

BOSTON WIT

A couple of naive remarks may be worth repeating. A guest at one of our big hotels, while going down in the elevator, remarked to the colored elevator man "I want to go to the wharf where the tea was thrown overboard." "Well," replied the man, looking mystified, "you'd better inquire at the office. I reckon that was before I came here. I've only been in Boston about a year!" The other remark was made by an Irishman in the Museum of Fine Arts. He was looking at the Morse collection, and said to his companion, "Mike, will ye luk at all them pots from Japan, what a country that must be for quinsied!" Boston *Transcript.*

WORSE THAN A TRICK OF TRADE.

The friends and newspaper organs of the liquor traffic have much to say about the "respectable" men in the trade, about the liquor sellers who have labored to elevate the standard of their business, etc., but there are no evidences at hand to show that these labors have had any result. On the contrary, there is proof enough that the liquor business in recent years has been falling more and more into the hands of the most vicious and degraded men to be found in the country. Certainly no other class of men would be guilty of seeking to increase their business by such methods as those described by the *Golden Rule*, in connection with a rescue mission in New York. When the saloon keepers discovered that some of their best customers were being lifted out of the old life by the mission, they deliberately planned their downfall. To this end men were hired to profess a desire for reformation and to secure rooms in the mission lodging house. Liquor was supplied to these agents, who offered it freely to their reformed companions, and, as anticipated by the plotters, some of them succumbed to the drink appetite and returned to their former haunts. It was a scheme somewhat similar to this which the saloon keepers of a Western city resorted to some years ago to bring a noted temperance lecturer, who had been a drunkard, back into the gutter. They sprinkled the platform on which he was to stand in a public hall with whiskey, in the hope that the fumes of the liquid would stir up the beast within him and accomplish his downfall. Happily their diabolical trick did not succeed. But these things are fairly illustrative of the character of liquor dealers generally. *Christian Work.*

A WORD TO CORRESPONDENTS.

When you've got a thing to say,
Say it! Don't take half a day.
When you've take's got little in it
Crowd the whole thing in a minute.
Life is short—a fleeting vapor—
Don't fill a four page paper
With a tale which at a pinch
Could be cornered in an inch!
Boil her down until she simmers
Polish her until she glimmers.
When you've got a thing to say,
Say it! Don't take half a day.
Write on one side of the paper only
Write with ink.
Write distinctly, and place your words and lines far enough apart to be read easily.
Close your o's and open your a's;
Dot your i's and cross your t's.
Don't punctuate unless you know how.
When quoting Scripture or giving Bible proof, be careful and exact.
Be plain and always to the point.
Never roll your MSS. Always fold and enclose in an envelope.
Read the above before beginning to write.—*Preacher's Helper.*

WHAT THE BRIDEGROOM PAYS

There seems to be a great deal of uncertainty existing as to the pecuniary part which a bridegroom takes in his own wedding. At a recent very swell affair the two young people about to be united in the holy bands of wedlock sat down deliberately and totalled up the entire expenses of the wedding, they amounted to a large sum, to be sure, and then divided them evenly between the two men, the father and the groom. In point of fact, and as a matter of good taste, he should pay only for the carriage which takes the bridal couple from the church and to the station, with all the fees incidental to a church wedding and the gifts of flowers and jewelry to the ushers and bridesmaids. This ought to be his sole money outlay, besides his present to the bride herself. His expenses come afterward.

HE WAS ELIGIBLE.

James Payn, the London writer, tells a seasonable story. He says a young man was paying his attention to a "beloved object," contrary to the wishes of her father, a man of thews and sinews, and one day the latter kicked the lover violently into the street. In a day or two (after recovery) the rejected suitor, apparently not one whit discouraged called at the house once more. "What again?" exclaimed paterfamilias, putting on his well sole I boots for action. "No sir," cried the young man. "I have given up all hops of winning your daughter, but in consequence of that astounding kick you gave me the other day, I have been requested, on the strength of my earnest recommendation to the committee, to ask you to join our foot ball club!"

LIVING FOR SELF ALONE.

The man who lives to himself heaps up his own folly and poverty and meanness for his monument. He has benefitted nobody, while he has dwarfed and warped his own powers and remorseless stone or marble, however lavishly supplied to mark his resting place, does him no honor. He has lived to himself, he has died to himself, and all that he leaves in memory of himself speaks no word of praise in his behalf, no word of justification. This is no true life. It is the worst of failures. There are glorious opportunities in this world for service. He who wisely uses them enriches both his race and himself, and dying leaves a monument which outlasts granite and is brighter than polished brass.

Birthday Cake.

The following recipe will tell how to make a nice birthday cake for a child: Cream together one cup of butter and three cups of sugar, the yolks of four eggs beaten thoroughly with one cup of sweet milk, then add slowly four cups of finely sifted flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a little spice, a cupful of seeded raisins, and lastly, the well beaten whites of four eggs. Put into a rather shallow cake tin and bake in not too hot an oven. Just before putting in the oven, drop in the ring, thimble, and the sixpence.

Health and Perspiration.

Perfect health is impossible without free perspiration. Perspiration is one of the methods adopted by nature to get rid of superfluous or waste material. To facilitate this delicate system of drainage the skin is perforated with pores. What is forced through them should be removed for excellent reasons. This cannot be effectually accomplished without frequent bathing.

Thousands have tested the great building up power of Hood's Sarsaparilla and have found renewed strength, vigor and vitality.

THE DAY THAT NEVER COMES.

I'm tired of waiting for some day,
Oh, when will it ever be here?
I'm sure I have waited and waited
A good deal more than a year.

Saturday, Sunday, and Monday,
And all the rest of the week,
Keep coming, and coming, and coming,
But at "some day" I don't get a peek.

I've looked all the almanac over
And showed every page to my doll,
And we know (now I hope we're mistaken!)
"Some day" is not in it at all.

The things I do to have on "some day"
I couldn't half tell in an age
A tricycle, a pony, a parrot,
A birdie that sings in a cage.

A cute little squirty round pug dog,
The prettiest tortoise shell cat,
And papa says, maybe, the measles
I'm sure I don't care about that.

And mamma is going to take me
To see lots of beautiful things,
And big brother Jack and Kitty
Will give me two lovely gold rings.

And "some day I'll find out the reason
Of things I can't now understand,
And "some day" I'll have a big dolly
That can walk and hold on by my hand.

Oh, I'm tired of waiting for "some day"!
It makes me just cross, I declare
I'm afraid, when it really does get here,
I'll be a big girl and won't care.

—*St. Nicholas.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"Old Man Saxarby" and other stories is a neat volume of 300 pages containing eighteen off hand stories from the pen of that popular Canadian writer, Edward William Thompson, now of the staff of *The Youth's Companion*, of Boston. The stories are well told, every one interesting and unique in the fact that the scene of each is laid along the Ottawa valley, on the Canadian shores of the St. Lawrence, or in the camps of the late American War. The characters are principally French Canadian and Highland Scotch, and the leading characteristics of these two classes are faithfully portrayed, and with a keenness of perception which commends the interest of the reader. Cloth, $1.00. William Briggs, publisher, Wesley Buildings, Toronto.

The Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto, has issued a volume, neatly bound in cloth, for the use of secretaries of Epworth Leagues, which commends itself on sight. It was arranged by Rev. A. C. Crews, General Secretary of the Epworth League in Canada, and is designed for a complete yearly record. It gives in detail the constitution of the local society, showing the work of all committees and sub committees, and the beautiful reception service. It has provision for the roll of membership, and carefully arranged pages for monthly reports from the officers and various departments. A sufficient number of blank ruled pages are added to suffice for the record of all business transacted at the monthly or special meetings. This record book will greatly facilitate the work of Epworth League Secretaries and is sold at the nominal price of 50 cents.

BAD WEATHER

On one occasion the celebrated Duke of B—, having made arrangements for a shooting expedition in the Highlands, set out, accompanied by a sturdy gamekeeper. Darkness coming they were obliged to put up in a shepherd's cottage, where they retired to rest, the kitchen bed being assigned to His Grace, while a rough couch was laid on the floor for the gamekeeper. After a good night's sleep His Grace awoke and having succeeded in arousing John, asked him to "get up and see what kind o' morning it was." John proceeded to obey, opening the first door he came to (which happened to be the cupboard) gazed into the darkness and replied. "Och, she'll be dark, dark, an an awfu smell o' cheese!"

The Fruit Diet

Fruits are generally healthful; they cool the blood, and by their aperient qualities, aid in digesting other foods but they do not agree with all systems, in that instance they produce a sour stomach, ferment instead of being digested, cause irritation and often produce eruptions on the skin. Unripe and decayed fruits are not eatable, but good fruits are generally wholesome. A well person must know what to eat and what not to eat to remain so.

SPIRITS

In a long verse was [illegible] died in Halifax N.S. the basement of which has been used as a wine saloon.

There's a spirit above and a spirit below
A spirit of joy and a spirit of woe
The spirit above is the spirit divine
The spirit below is the spirit of wine.

AN URGENT REQUEST

Great Interest Still Manifested Securing Queen Victoria's Photo, "Our Home" Paper and Other Premiums.

Hundreds of people have written to us pressing the hope that we will continue the offer made in April and May, which reads as follows:

"An elegant full cabinet photo (from a recent copy taken by royal command) of Her Majesty Queen Victoria; a four page pamphlet giving dates of births, marriages and deaths, and other items of interesting and useful information relating to the royal family, that but few people have access to; six Diamond Dye dolls with six extra dresses; and a card of forty five samples of dyed cloth, showing colors of Diamond Dyes, sent free to every man, woman and child who will send in 25 cents in money or stamps for one year's subscription to *Our Home*, a paper that thousands declare to be worth a dollar."

In order to comply with the wishes of the ladies everywhere, we have extended our arrangements with the publishers of *Our Home*, and have also ordered another stock of the elegant cabinet photos and other premiums until the last day of June.

We trust our friends will send in their orders at once, so as to avoid any delay that may result from a rush of orders at the end of the month.

Twenty five cents in stamps or money will secure *Our Home* for one year, and all the other premiums mentioned above. Address Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P.Q.

Friendship is a splendid thing, but a good bank account is safer to bet on.

The chief draw-back to self-made men is that they can't select their materials.

Folly is simply pleasure which hurts.