The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXI.—NO. 52. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1896. PRICE THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
AT THE
Free Press Steam Printing Office,
MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

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SPACE	1 YR	6 MO	3 MO	1 MO
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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

MEDICAL

J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
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.

J. F. HALSTED, M. D., L. R. C. P., M. C. P. and S. ONT.
OFFICE—Medical Hall, Main Street, Acton.
Patronage solicited.
Rheumatism and Catarrh Specialties.

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GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO.

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Work made satisfactory. Prices Moderate.
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Barristers and Solicitors, Conveyancers, &c.
OFFICES—126½ Queen St., Parkdale. Victoria Chambers, 64 Victoria St.
Telephone 296. Toronto.
JOHN DOUGLAS. A. G. MURRAY.

A. J. McKINNON
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OFFICE—Corner Mill and Main Streets, above Hopman's store, Acton.

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ACTON ONT.

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

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Ladies' shampooing a specialty.

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$5 00 FOR FARM SALES
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ARE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to enable all repairs to machines, agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of Blacksmithing, Horse Shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired. 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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Extra Value
IN—
Cornice Poles
Oak, Cherry and Other Colors.
Complete for 25 Cents.

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BABY CARRIAGES.
WINDOW SHADES.
Best Assortment.
Our Low Prices win every time.

DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
GUELPH.
Day Sells Cheap.

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Wall Paper,
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Pictures
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Cornice Poles
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LOWEST PRICES ?
Go direct to
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DEALER IN
Marble and Granite,
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GUELPH.
Have
New
Consignment
Just Received a Large Consignment of
Granite
Norway, Swede, Russian, English, Irish, Scotch.
OF BEST QUALITY
Call and Inspect.
J. H. HAMILTON.

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W. D. HUTSON & SONS
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Estimates cheerfully furnished. Country work promptly attended.
The trade supplied with the following building and roofing paper and pitch: galvanized iron eave troughs, down pipes and ridgings, and all work got out to detail.
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PAPER MAKERS,
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MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
AND
HIGH GRADE WHITE LYNENS.
The paper now in this journal is from the above mills.
WM. BARBER & BROS.

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T. J. SPEIGHT, Proprietor
Manufacturers of
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ELECTRIC MOTORS,
WATER MOTORS, or
HYDRAULIC RAMS
Repairing, Lathe and Machine Work, Brass Casting and Finishing. Shop is being equipped with a gas brazing furnace. Prepared to do brazing on Bicycles, Fire Arms, Wheels converted from Direct to Tangent Spokes. Handle bars bent to any desired angle. Full line of spoke steel in stock. Satisfaction guaranteed. Bicycles enamelled in any color.
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Public Services 10½ a. m. and 6.30 p. m. Sunday school 2.30. Bible Class conducted by the pastor. Moorditai 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.

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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 dake out stove length always on hand.
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Will be held at the
GUELPH
Business College
During the vacation for the convenience of students, teachers and others. Session to commence July 6th. Write for particulars.
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Authorized Capital	$1,000,000
Paid up Capital and Surplus	$785,000
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3½ Sums of $1 and upwards received on deposit and 3½ per cent interest paid or compounded half yearly.
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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.
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Be
Needing
Binder
Twine
Very Soon.
Better
Get
Our
Prices.
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GUELPH.
The Best Hardware.
The Lowest Prices.

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.

Turnip Seed.
See our list. All Tried, Tried and Tested Seed. Imported direct by myself from original growers in the Old Country.

Chief's Elephant	Green Top Swede
Hall's Westbury	Green Top Swede
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Skirvings Imp.	Sutton's Champion
White Swede	Scottish Champion
Carter's Prize W.	Laing's Swede
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Tested at the Ontario Agricultural College. All at prices that cannot be beat. Also Hungarian Millet, Buckwheat Seed, Oats, etc.
GEO. J. THORP,
SEEDSMAN
Market Sq. & Wyndham St.
GUELPH, ONT.

OUR NEW SPRING GOODS ARE NOW IN STOCK
They are Cheaper than ever. Call and see them.
Shaw & Turner
Merchant Tailors, Acton.

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IMPLEMENT WAREROOMS
Main Street, Acton,
JOHN McQUEEN
Having leased the warerooms of Mrs. Nichols has a full assortment of Agricultural Implements from the celebrated works of
Frost & Wood, Smith's Falls
ALSO
Coulthard & Scott, Oshawa,
DRILLS AND CULTIVATORS.
Fleury Plows,
Fleury Plowshares to fit all kinds of Plows.
Call and inspect.
JOHN McQUEEN

Poetry.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY."

She walketh forth in beauty with gentle, modest mien,
Fair Charity, whose tender grace, soft step and brow serene
Betoken well her heavenly birth, descended from above
Daughter of Love divine, whose sweeter name is Love.
With bright-faced Hope, whose beckoning hand and clear, uplifted eye
Do point the toiling sons of earth to realms beyond the sky,
And clinging Faith, whose steadfast gaze, doth pierce the hindering veil
Which hideth from our mortal sight those joys that never pale.
Fair Charity, in angel guise, doth walk our stricken earth,
And gatheroth 'neath her brooding wings each child of mortal birth,
With gentle touch she reached down the broken hearts to bind,
Within her tender, sheltering arms the weary, rest may find.
Nor any evil thinketh she, but with soft, pitying eye,
She stooperth low to listen to a fallen sister's cry,
Her many folded mantle she flingeth over all
Who in the paths of virtue have struggled but to fall
With loving hands she spreadeth it, encircling far and wide,
And all earth's erring, suffering ones within its folds may hide,
She boasteth not of costly gifts, nor great and noble deeds,
But striveth most to solace all sorest human needs
She doth not blare fames brazen trump, nor climb the giddy height
From whence full many a mortal falls to dark oblivion's night,
But seeketh most to tread the path by sorrow's children trod,
That rugged path which oftenest leads weary souls to God

MRS. D. C. FARQUHAR

Select Family Reading.

A Camp-Fire Yarn.

BY GRACE E. DENISON

Talking of bush fires," said Peter, pausing with pipe raised for a fresh light up, reminds me of an experience I once had,' as I as he spoke he dropped the match and hastily popped a burnt finger into his mouth.

"One thing at a time, Peter," admonished Dickie, a tenor whose yellow curls and liquid tones had earned him the *embriquet* of the Canary. "No need to quicken your recollection of the bush fire by scorching your fingers."

"No, nor yours," said old Peter, between puffs, as he settled back in his lounging chair, with "Mrs. Peter," as his favorite briar pipe was known to the boys, tucked into the hollow of his great, brown, hand.

"Say, Dickie, we'll never forget it?

"No," said the Canary, with a long breath. "I guess not."

The rest of us remained discreetly silent, for a story book we should have clamored for an explanation, but one doesn't so tempt fate in real life.

Peter was glancing over the daily paper, from which one of us had been reading harrowing details of the Minnesota bush fires, and he presently said softly, "Poor beggars! I know how they felt."

A faint curiosity stirred the lounging group. Peter was not an inveterate story teller, though his experiences had been many and varied, and we fancied there would be an episode really worth hearing about, were he moved to offend.

Dickie turned his blonde head on the cushion of rugs and pine boughs.

"Tell 'em about it, old man," he said. "I believe they'd be interested."

The camping party moved uneasily.

"Is it long?" asked Barebones.

"Is it true?" enquired the Parson.

"Make it a brand new yarn, Peter," said I suggestively.

"It was three years ago, more or less," began Peter, ignoring our remarks, "that Dickie and Ted Mortimer and I went wheeling through the [illegible] for a vacation trip. We had a [illegible] class time, people fed us, housed us, and listened to our yarns. Dickie did the Tommy Tucker act, always giving a comic song for the old folks to laugh at, and after supper some vile sentimental ditties for the girls to cry over. We were in clover among 'em, and began to feel as if we owned the Pineries and large tracts of the adjacent Union, when we were called down as follows.

"One sultry evening we wheeled up to the neatest door yard of the prettiest cottage imaginable and asked for supper and a night's shelter. A charming little golden haired girl was eyeing us, *bouche begant* on the doorstep, a fat little boy crept to meet us across the rag carpet of the living room and a very *Grace* of a mother, all soft eyes and sweeping lashes, and fluffy pale hair and shy smiles, came forward with a morsel of a baby in her arms. Say, Dickie, did you ever see a prettier creature?"

"Never," said the Canary, in a soft chirp, closing his eyes peacefully. "I can see her now, Peter."

"She said we might have supper, and she gave us a plain but plenteous meal, after which Ted Mortimer coaxed her, all flutter and dimples, to allow him to sketch her.

"Dear old Ted! How his black eyes blazed, and how he kept tossing back that off lock of his as he drew pictures of the sweet little woman, who posed and smiled and looked idealized maternity enough to make one feel like saying a prayer to her.

"Ted could draw when he had a model worth it, and his pencil danced over the page until an interruption came to this idyl, and a heavy footfall on the board path was followed by a shadow thrown across the door. It was the shadow of a young giant, who stood and looked at the artist in frowning silence. We all stood up, while the *Grace* mother introduced us with some hesitation as cyclists who wished a night's lodging. We realized in ten seconds that we should not get it, even before the giant youthfully his reply. "I don't keep no hotel, and I don't want fellers loafing 'round here when I'm away. You'd better all get a move on, for it's all of ten miles to the nighest tavern."

"We shuffled out rather confusedly, for the tone and the eye of the giant were not friendly. Ted turned defiantly to the little mother. "We all thank you for your kindness," he said as he passed her, leaving his sketch book on the table to his annoyance; and, we quitted her presence with no further remark, mounting our wheels and riding solemnly out through the rustic gateway.

"Ted's brows were knit in an ugly scowl, and as he wheeled away he uttered a word which exactly matched his facial expression.

"Never mind," said Dickie consolingly, "you got some good sketches."

"We had also stowed away three enormous suppers, and felt as lazy and loth to move as you can imagine. I wanted a piney bunk and a quiet pipe, with eight hours' sleep to follow. Dickie preferred tranquil repose to the wealth of Croesus, but Ted wanted nothing more than the giant, a ring, and a fight to a finish. Ted was always either scrapping or sketching; I don't know how he's making out up aloft. He has neither diversion there, so they tell me. We halted on the roadside for discussion and a lightup, while the giant watched us from the gateway.

"Get on off my place," he shouted. "Don't you go pitchin' it matches 'round here neither. We ain't achin' for no bush fires."

"We thought of the little mother and checked the laughing retort, no need to caution us about matches; bush fires had terrors for us all, and our Vesuvians were always black before we let go of them.

"Let's go on an find a nice corner and sleep out to-night," said Ted. "It's as dry as Sahara, there's nothing to hurt us, and these piney woods smell like a sleeping draught."

"Dickie was also in favor of a night in the open; we had light waterproof rugs on each handle bar, and so we wheeled away from the inhospitable giant and within a mile or so found the very nook we wanted.

"There was a slope of straggling grass, burnt into long brown wisps by weeks of drought, a tiny grove of bushes half-hiding it from the road, and a few yards away were dozens of pine branches which some farmer had cut and left where they fell. We had soon stripped a pile of the fragrant twigs and arranged them for our beds in the fashion learned from the woodsmen, and after stacking the wheels in shelter of the bushes and finishing our smoke, we stretched ourselves under our rugs and were soon executing a trio that would have racked with envy any razor band in America.

"Ted awoke first, in the gray dawning and rolled us both down the bank before we had our eyes open. "Boys, he shouted excitedly, "do you smell anything?" "Smoke," said Dickie, yawning. "Any thing else, Ted?" For Ted was out on the road peering back along the way by which we had come. "Boys, I do believe the woods are burning away off there, he cried. "Come out of that and let a wheel back and see."

"I questioned this idea. Bester get an old man, those bush fires burn pretty quickly.

"What!" said Dave the little woman and the babies," cried Dickie, bouncing past me and hauling out his wheel. "Don't you see, Peter, old man, they may be burned in their beds."

"I saw, and we all wheeled back, smelling smoke plainly and presently coming in sight of the neat cottage.

"The family were half dressed out in the yard, the young giant hurriedly buckling the bridle on a ponderous farm horse, the little mother wrapping her tiny baby in a shawl, the boy and girl solemnly blinking from the door step. "Hallo" cried Dickie, dashing into their midst. "So you're up. We've come back to help you." The little mother started to her feet. "Oh thank God! We didn't know how to carry them," she gasped, pointing to the drowsy little couple on the step. "We can take the young ones," remarked Dickie, "give us those rents, old fellow. Now you take the girl, Peter, put her tootsies in your jacket pockets, her arms around your neck, and I'll buckle her fast to you with this rein. Now, there you are. Ted, take the boy. And in less time than it takes to tell it we were mounted and wheeling slowly along the road, Dickie leading the van, with the baby slung hammock wise over his shoulders and the giant bringing up the rear, leading the farm horse, on which was perched the frightened little mother, her blue eyes swimming in tears. One idea was in all our minds as we carefully wheeled along with our burdens, the lake, the wide beach and safety ten miles away from us, behind us the smoke, gradually creeping closer and settling down on the narrow roadway. Presently the baby began to fret and Dickie piped it a tune, a regular rock a by baby. You'd wonder where he ever came by it, but I'll be hang if that baby didn't stop crying to listen to him. When we had made quite a distance he called to me in a hoarse whisper.

"Can't you go a little quicker? I'm gaining on us and there's a taste of wind getting up.

"Make a pace, Dickie." I cried and away he sped, and we after him, leaving the baby and the farmer trotting a long way astern.

"The air was stifling and the smoke was certainly gaining on us.

"We had to watch our way pretty closely though morning had fairly broken, for a haze seemed to be settling over the heavens and a choking taste was in the breeze. The little maid gripped my neck. I declare I seem to feel her little fingers this moment. The road was rutty, and once in a hollow one had to stay there, with pedals striking the ridge and one a heart a thump for fear of a fall, until a chance came to escape to the grassy side tracks.

"It seems a long ten miles," said Dickie with a gasp and a cough.

"Keep your mouth shut," growled Ted decidedly, and his advice was exactly to the point. I hope I shall never be called upon to repeat the next two miles' ride.

"The smoke caught up to us, hung over us, and, passing on, did its wicked best to suffocate and blind us. We rode slowly now, thinking fearfully of the little mother and the young giant away down the road, albeit from our view by a dense veil of smoke. We struggled along, in and out of unseen ruts, perspiring, breathing in groans, forgetting our precious burdens, oblivious to everything but the gray smoke shutting out the sunrise, and the yellow flames dancing through the pine needles and lapping around the resin on trunks.

"Once or twice a hot breath came through the smoke and made us chill with dread. Dickie was out of sight of Ted, and Ted seemed far away from me. I felt horribly deserted and the little maid's hands maddened me.

"Once I tried to snatch them away, then a rush of recollection gave me my nerve, and I groaned a little prayer for her, for myself and for the boys.

"Suddenly the light grew stronger, a faint taste of fresh air was in my nostrils, I heard Dickie's glad shout, "Are you there, Ted?" and Ted's hoarse answer.

"All safe, and we all came wheeling over one another in a bunch, down the slope and out upon the beach. Ted carefully dismounted and unstrapped his little burden. The boy's head hung lifeless, but he soon revived; the little maid began to whimper, and suddenly from the smoke the farm horse dashed out, riderless, its nostrils dilated with terror.

"I'd like to put a bullet through you," said Dickie viciously, but Ted, after a glance at us, laid down his small boy and strode back into the smoke whence we heard shouting to those that were left behind.

"Here they come!" cried Dickie joyfully as the two men staggered into view, bearing between them the limp form of the little mother.

We dropped the babies and helped them to a breathing place, and you never saw five such grimy, gasping, red eyed sights as we were. When we got our breath the farmer led us to the nearest shelter, where the good people wondered and sympathized to their hearts' content with our sorry looking party.

A dip in the lake and a good breakfast soon put us in trim for the road, when we were ready to start the young farmer came forward. "You folks treated me white this day," he said heartily. "I'm main sorry I acted so mean to you. You was what set me up," he added hoarsely, turning to Ted. "Here's yer picture book! I'd as lief you had her picture, seeing you saved her life," and he drew from his belt Ted's little sketch book. Ted took it silently and held out his hand, which the giant grasped in his capacious paw."

"Is that all?" asked one of us as Peter put Mrs. Peter between his lips and lay back in his canvas chair. Dickie looked up at him from his couch.

"No, Peter hasn't told you how he got the man a wife, nor how we stood godfather for the baby, nor how poor old Ted."

Peter held up Mrs. Peter in a plea for silence.

"Dickie, my son," he said slowly, "Remember what Kipling said, "That is another story." Let it alone!

HIS UMBRELLA.

A young man was riding down town the other evening in a Euclid Avenue car. He took the front seat and held in his hand an umbrella which had been given him as a birthday present. On the seat facing him was a lady with a precocious boy, evidently about five years old. The youngster regarded the young man with attention for a few moments and then his eyes wandered to the umbrella. He gazed at it in silence for a second, then he wiggled in his seat, clapped his hands and shouted

"Oh, mamma, don't that look like papa's umbrella?"

"Hush! hush! my child," said the mother, patting the prodigy on the head.

"Papa was looking for his umbrella this evening, mamma, continued the child wonder

"Yes, yes, but he found it," said the mother, hurriedly, as the conversation was becoming of interest to the occupants of two rows of seats.

"Why mamma," continued the youngster, "you know he didn't. You told him that he didn't know enough to keep an umbrella. Why mamma?"

At this stage the young man left the car. *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

PARAGRAPHS PITHILY PUT

Don't worry other people.
Of two evils choose neither.
Don't find fault where it isn't.
Money, alone, makes no one rich.
Try to like that which is best for you.
Some men make a soft living by singing.
Genuine kindness has no price tag attached.
Some editors do their work by all sorts of force of will.
It is too bad that not all effective words are bitter.
Men and things are best seen when they come in their heads.
The number of one's friends depends upon his conduct.
Good minds mean good manners and good government.
He who looks only after his own happiness will not find it.
Never look a gift horse in the mouth, he might bite you.
Such wrong doers should be smoothed down, but the scoundrel should be straight enough.
Honesty is the best policy, although it may cost a good many cents, do pretty well some other way.

DON'T BE ENGAGED.

Don't make an ostentatious display of your engagement ring.
Don't fail to try your hardest to win the favor of your prospective mother-in-law. Let her very soon see that her son has chosen a girl after her own heart for his wife.
Don't expect all your friends to think as much of your fiance as you do.
Don't let him spend his money too freely on flowers and sweets for you. These may be trifles in themselves, but they mount up in the long run.
Don't be jealous if he casually admires another pretty girl.
Don't always have your own way. Allow him to have his once in a while. It will break the monotony of the thing, if nothing else.
Don't feel hurt and aggrieved if his letters do not arrive with the same unfailing punctuality with which yours are dispatched. Nine men out of every ten dislike letter writing. Make up your mind that your lover is not the tenth one.
Don't expect him to spend every minute of his spare time with you. There is such a thing as being too exacting.

A GOOD EXCUSE.

After the Duke of Wellington's victorious campaigns, the University of Oxford complimented the Duke himself and his principal officers by conferring upon them the honorary and not very appropriate degree of "Doctor of Civil Laws." At that time the fees were heavy, and one of the distinguished soldiers, who had gathered more honor than profit in the wars, declined the proffered degree in the following verse:

Oxford I know you wish me well;
But pithier let me be
I can't, alas! be D. C. L.
For want of a d.

A course of Hood's Sarsaparilla this spring may be the means of keeping you well and healthy all summer.

A BOY WHO RECOMMENDED HIMSELF.

John Brent was trimming his hedge, and the "snip, snip," of his shears was a pleasing sound to his ears. In the rear of him stretched a wide, smoothly kept lawn, in the center of which stood his residence, a handsome, massive modern structure, which had cost him not less than ninety thousand dollars.

The owner of it was the man who, in shabby attire, was trimming the hedge. "A close, stingy old skinflint, I'll warrant," some boy is ready to say.

Oh, he wasn't. He trimmed his own hedge for recreation, as he was a man of sedentary habits. His shabby clothes were his working clothes, while those which he wore on other occasions were both neat and expensive. Indeed, he was very particular even about what are known as the minor appointments of dress.

Instead of being stingy he was exceeding liberal. He was always contributing to benevolent enterprises, and helping deserving people, often when they had not asked for help.

Just beyond the hedge was the public sidewalk, and two boys stopped opposite to where he was at work, he on one side of the hedge, and they on the other.

"Hallos, Fred! That's a very hard some tennis racquet," one of them said. "You paid about seven dollars for it didn't you?"

"Only six, Charlie," was the reply.

"Your old one is in prime order yet. What will you take for it?"

"I sold it to Willie Rubbins for one dollar and a half," replied Fred.

"Well, now, that was silly," declared Charlie. "I'd have given you three dollars for it."

"You are too late," replied Fred. "I have promised it to Willie."

"Oh! you only promised it to him, eh? And he's simply promised to pay for it I suppose? I'll give you three dollars cash for it."

"I can't do it, Charlie."

"You can if you want to. A dollar and a half more isn't to be sneezed at."

"Of course not," admitted Fred, "and I'd likedo have it only I promised the racquet to Willie."

"But you are not bound to keep your promise. You are at liberty to take more for it. Tell him that I offered you twice as much, and that will settle it."

"No, Charlie," gravely replied the other boy, "that will not settle it—neither with Willie nor with me. I cannot disappoint him. Unawares, the preacher sways to the level of his average audience. If there are many hearing him who are abreast of the best knowledge of the day, he must address himself frequently to the solution of the problems with which the age is struggling, but if his hearers are unintelligent except in regard to the interests of their own occupations, he will unconsciously narrow the sweep of his ideas within the circumference of their comprehension.

DR. STEELE in *Congregationalist*

THE ETERNAL YOUTH OF A YOUNG HEART.

One notes that the utterances of friendly biographers showed a sort of surprise when there came the sad news of Thomas Hughes death. He had never grown old, in all his seventy three years, and it required an effort to associate the thought of inertness with such a strong breezy worker. If he was not great enough to banish doubts and anxieties, the exhilarating quality of his cherry, active spirit at least made the light more hopeful and grateful. This contagious hopeful tonic virtue of his was as fresh and natural as the breezes which brought vivacious health and charm to the country hillsides and meadows which he loved. And the friends that profited by such a man were admitted through those same liberal tests which made Tom Hughes unwilling to see the sons of wealthy people enjoying the parks, while small city urchins of indiscriminate derivation but equal longings for green grass and games, pressed their faces against the palings. He opened the gates. There was no greater pleasure for him than to teach the labouring men in their colleges his own tricks of boxing and wrestling and cricket. In his time such sociological endeavors had not become a fad, much less a profession. He gave to the weak out of the wealth of his strength, and lived in his honest, eager way a life which in the measure of its abilities made the world a better and brighter place.

From "Thomas Hughes and Tom Brown" by Charles D. Lanier, in *Review of Reviews.*

WHAT A MAN HAS NO RIGHT TO EXPECT

He has no right to expect a game dinner not from a kidney stew pleasance.

He has no right to give his wife $2 a week pin money and expect her to pay the coal bill and keep herself and the children well dressed.

He has no right to save his good manners and good humor for company.

He has no right to come home with a hatchet cast of countenance and murder the innocent pleasures of the little unfortunates who call him father.

He has a right to refrember that he owes his family everything, and to deserve the respect and love of his boys and girls and the consideration and loyalty of his wife is glory enough for any man.

A YEAR'S SUNSHINE

WILL NOT FADE GARMENTS DYED WITH DIAMOND DYES.

No other method of home dyeing gives colors one half so fast and beautiful as Diamond Dyes. The colors are full, rich, bright and handsome, and so fast and firm that a year's sunshine will not cause them to fade.

It is not so when garments and goods are dyed with the poor imitation dyes that many dealers sell for the sake of large profits.

Goods colored with the crude dyes soon fade, and become dingy and ugly. It should be borne in mind, that the common dyes cost the same price as the tested and popular Diamond Dyes, but cannot for a moment be compared with them.

If you would save money and time, put your trust at all times in the never-failing Diamond Dyes, the user is never disappointed. Refuse inferior dyes offered by dealers, and insist upon having the "Diamond."

Whoever keeps close to Christ, will soon learn the meaning of being persecuted for righteousness' sake.

THE OLD COUNTRY ROAD.

Where did it come from and where did it go,
That was the question that puzzled us so
As we waded the dust of the highway that flowed
By the farm, like a river, the old country road
We stood with our hair sticking up through the crown
Of our hats, as the people went up and went down,
And we wished in our hearts as our eyes fairly glowed,
We could find where it came from—the old country road.
We remember the peddler who came with his pack
Adown the old highway and never went back;
And we wondered what things he had seen as he strode
From some fabulous place up the old country road
We remember the stage driver's look of delight,
And the crack of the whip as he whirled into sight,
And we thought we could read on each glance he bestowed
A tale of strange life up the old country road.
The movers came by like a ship in full sail,
With a rudder behind in the shape of a pail
With a rollicking crew and a cow that was towed
With a rope on her horns, down the old country road
And the gypsies—how well we remember the week
They camped by the old covered bridge, on the creek
How the neighbors quit work, and the crops were unhoed,
Till the waggons drove off down the old country road
Oh the top of the hill was the rim of the world,
And the dust of the summer that over it curled
Was the curtain that hid from our sight the abode
Of the fairies that lived up the old country road
The old country road! I can see it still flow
Down the hill of my dreams, as it did long ago
And I wish even now I could lay off my load,
And rest by the side of the old country road

J. Matthews in Ladie's Home Journal

THE ART OF HEARING.

If the preacher moulds the hearers, it is not less true that the hearers make or mar the preacher. The sight of a thin and unsympathetic congregation, as the minister enters the pulpit, will sometimes chill the message on his lips, even though he has come there with his heart on fire, and, on the contrary, the play of emotion on a single attentive face sometimes imparts warmth to the delivery of an entire discourse. The sense of two or three superior listeners, or even a single one, will often be with the minister in his study during the entire week, spurring him to diligence, and forbidding him to fall below their expectations. Unawares, the preacher sways to the level of his average audience. If there are many hearing him who are abreast of the best knowledge of the day, he must address himself frequently to the solution of the problems with which the age is struggling, but if his hearers are unintelligent except in regard to the interests of their own occupations, he will unconsciously narrow the sweep of his ideas within the circumference of their comprehension.

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