The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXII.---NO 7. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 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.

ADVERTISING RATES Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

CONTRACT RATES.—The following table shows our rates for the insertion of advertisements for specified periods

SPACE	1 YR.	6 MO	3 MO	1 MO
20 inches	$50.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
10 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	3.00
5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

Advertisements, without specific directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. For changes oftener than once a month the composition must be paid for at regular rates.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

H. F. 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., F. I. C. C., M. C. P. and S. ONT.
OFFICE Medical Hall, Main Street, Acton
Patronage Solicited
Rheumatism and Catarrh Specialties

ALFRED P. HUSBAND, V. S.
Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College
Honorary member of the Veterinary Medical Society
OFFICE Wm Husband's, lot 24, con 1, Nassagaweya.
Calls day or night promptly attended to.

DENTAL.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST,
GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.
DENTIST
BROOKVILLE
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY
Work made Satisfactory Prices Moderate
VISITING DAYS. Tuesday and Friday of each week

DR J. I. WILKINSON,
DENTIST
GRADUATE AND SPECIAL PRIZEMAN BOSTON COLLEGE OF DENTAL SURGEONS HONOR GRADUATE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
Office open every day. Special office days Monday, Tuesday and Friday. Over The Drug Store, Acton. Gas and all other anaesthetics used for painless extraction.

LEGAL.

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

DOUGLAS & MURRAY
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES ETC
OFFICES 1256 Queen St., Parkdale
Victoria Chambers, 51 Victoria St
Telephone 727. Toronto
JOHN DOUGLAS A. G. MURRAY

A. J. McKINNON,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER
OFFICE Corner Mill and Main Sts above Kopman's store, Acton

T. G. MATHESON, & J. B. McLEOD
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS
Georgetown and Milton
Money to loan at lowest rates

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

MISCELLANEOUS

HENRY GRIST,
OTTAWA, CANADA
Solicitor of Patents, for Inventions, etc.
Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American, and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks. Send for pamphlet. Thirty two years experience.

TOM MORTON'S BARBER SHOP
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. F. WORDEN
Who has always been Acton's popular barber in business here solicits your patronage, satisfaction always guaranteed
Shop over ARTHUR'S FLOUR AND FEED STORE
MILL STREET ACTON

FRANCIS NUNAN
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

MARRIAGE LICENSES
H. F. MOORE
Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Private Office. No witnesses required for 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 $500 and upwards

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor.
ARE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery, and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam fitting, horse shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Lawnmowers and Bicycles a specialty.

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

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

PHONE 1064
W. D. HUTSON & SONS
SLATE
TILE.
FELT AND GRAVEL
GALVANIZED IRON,
ROOFERS
Estimates cheerfully furnished. Country work promptly attended to
The trade supplied with the following building and roofing paper and pitch galvanized iron eave troughs, down pipes and ridgings, and any work got out to detail
Office 41 Queen St. E. Residence, 56 Cecil St. TORONTO.
Messrs. Hutson & Son will do the slating and galvanized iron work on H. F. Moore's new residence in Acton.

Main Street
PLANING MILLS,
ACTON, ONT.

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

W. 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

ACTON
LIVERY
AND
BUS LINE.
Thankful for the liberal patronage of the public, and informed that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs on all ways be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 9 a. m. and 8.30 p. m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
Proprietor.

ACTON STEAM
LAUNDRY
A. COOK, Proprietor.
First class work guaranteed in
Family Laundry Work
Shirts,
Collars,
Cuffs, Etc.
Work called for every Monday and Thursday, and delivered every Thursday and Saturday
A. COOK.

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 9.30. 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

GUELPH
Business College
AND
Shorthand Institute,
GUELPH, ONT.
SUPERIOR FACILITIES for thorough and practical courses of study. Bookkeeping Shorthand and Typewriting courses a specialty. Graduates assisted to positions.
FALL SESSIONS commences Sept 1st. Write for circulars
J. SHARP, Principal

—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Authorized Capital $1,000,000
Paid up Capital and Surplus $785,000
Assets over $6,300,000

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

Are you Building?
If so you'll need
Hardware
All we wish to say is that you can't do better than give us your order
J. M. BOND & Co.
HARDWARE
GUELPH.
Write if you can't call

If your shoes hurt you don't buy them at
W. McLaren & Co's
GUELPH
Our trade aim is to sell at lowest
FIT, WEAR AND PLEASE
AT A FAIR PRICE.
We like to suit our customers better than any other firm can suit them. Try once and you will be convinced that the BEST VALUE in Footwear is at
The Leading Shoe Store
W. McLAREN & CO. GUELPH

OUR NEW SPRING GOODS ARE NOW IN STOCK
We have laid aside all other lines to make room for our Spring Goods, and invite all to call and see them
Shaw & Turner
Merchant Tailors, Guelph

WILLIAMS'
Boot & Shoe Store
JOHN POLLOCK
has taken on a share in the business and will be pleased to see his friends at the old stand. This means that we give the same attention to the wants of our customers as heretofore, and that we will do our utmost for our share of the public patronage. We still keep the lowest prices possible for first class goods. We do not daughter our goods but offer any special line to bolster up a sale, 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

Poetry.

MY DOCTOR.

(Respectfully dedicated to the whole Medical Brotherhood.)

Who ran to catch me when I fell,
And knew just the spot to make it well?
My doctor.

I.

Dear Doctor, 'tis your art to heal
All maladies we mortals feel;
You cut and carve, and slice and peel,
No matter what our groans reveal,
And for each physical disaster
You straight apply some magic plaster
Or drug to antidote each pain
And bring repose to limb and brain.

II.

You take your keen dissecting knife,
And track the avenues of life,
And most audaciously prepare
To lay our quivering muscles bare;
You twist and scrape our shrinking bones,
Despite our piteous cries and moans,
And after all the laceration,
Sew up our flesh with exultation.

III.

If 'tis an arm that must be lopped,
Or huge excrescence to be cropped,
If, by some sad, unlucky chance,
We've maimed an ear, or marred our glance,
Why, we must needs repair to you,
And trust to skill to bring us through,
Your motto is, "To kill or cure,"
Our blindness meekly to endure

IV.

Your knowledge we must not gainsay,
Or gainst your theories inveigh,
However counter they may run
To common sense, "Thy will be done."
Your verdict, who may dare impeach?
For are you not that famous leech
Who, by mere severing of a vein,
Can plethoric purses empty drain?

V.

We ask no questions, but submit
To what "Sir Oracle" deems fit,
Our open throats, alas! alas!
By his decree became a pass
Through which, all sorts of stuff go down
Of colors blue and green and brown,
Mysterious liquids filter through
Each dim, corporeal avenue

VI.

We take with unresisting smile
Abhorrent nostrums compound
Emetics which in circulation
Reverse the laws of gravitation
Till nature, almost dozed to death
Cries out with gasping, scanty breath
And begs you quick to interpose,
And check these horrid, inward throes

VII.

This earth would be a desert drear
Were there no lovely doctors here,
To give us anodynes and pills,
And mitigate life's varied ills.
What though, by carping tongues
That doctors consciences are dead
I am no casuist, ergo, I
Pass all such knotty questions by,
Content, when pains are most severe,
To have an Esculapius near

BY ADELAIDE THOMAS

Select Family Reading.

Cousin Max.

BY ANNA SHELLIS

The little shop was closed for the night people did not buy second hand books long after dark to pay for the gas, the proprietor said, so he was enjoying his own reading in the sitting room. It was a small room back of the shop, a poor room, too, where each article of furniture seemed reduced to the last stage of shabbiness, and the old man, reading in the circle of brightness under the lamp shade, looked as old, as worn out, as shabby as his surroundings. Suddenly a clear, sweet voice, with the musical ring of youth in its joyous accents, roused him

"Do I look very nice, grandfather?

Mr Clarke pushed aside his book straightened his spectacles, and looked up, a smile on his lips, a brightness in his eyes that only Nannie's voice could bring there. He saw, standing very erect before him, a quaint little figure in a white muslin dress of a fashion of twenty years before, with straight full skirt, very stiff, and smooth, a low necked, short sleeved waist, and a little ruffle of lace for its pale trimming. From the soft lace ,rose shoulders round and white as an infant's, a slender throat, and then a face of such rare loveliness that it was small wonder the answer was an emphatic one

"You look very nice indeed my darling Is this a new dress?"

"No, indeed, grandfather Do you think I would buy new dresses when there is that great trunk full of mamma's, that fit me now exactly? Mollie says evening dresses are exactly alike, and so I chose this one."

"But were you going out?"

"Have you forgotten, grandfather, Marcia Horton asked me to her party? She "comes out" this evening. We have been such dear friends at school, and I know that she would come here oftener if you had not forbidden me to ask anyone here But she is very fond of me, and, grandfather, her cousin, Max Dallet, is here from Chicago."

"Indeed! So you are to see your hero?"

"My hero Oh, no, he quite belongs to Marcia But she has told me so much about him how noble he is, and how much good he has done wherever he goes that I must admire him And I want to like the husband of my very best friend."

"Oh! her husband, is he?"

Oh, you dear, forgetful grandfather! Have I not told you before that there is a lot of money, left by an old aunt of Max and Marcia if they are married? Heither one refuses, the money all goes to the other

"Yes yes, I remember But this party you cannot go alone."

"No, Mollie will go with me, and come after me. She must be ready now" And Nannie tied a white hood over her short, brown curls, and wrapped herself in a great blanket shawl "Good night, dear grandfather."

The warmest of kisses pressed the withered lips, and Nannie flitted away, happy in the anticipation of her friend's welcome, and the dimly imagined glories of the first party to which, in all the seventeen years of her life she had ever been invited.

Two hours later, in a large, brilliantly lighted room, filled with guests from the very cream of society, a lady and gentleman stood conversing. The lady, a pretty blonde, attired in the richest white lace over lustrous white satin, was the *debutante* of the evening, Miss Marcia Horton, and the gentleman, many long years her senior, seemed on terms of intimacy, as he questioned her freely about the guests in the room

"Who forgets even old friends in a long absence," he said, in a leisurely tone that was habitual to him, "and I see many new ones here"

"But you will soon know them all, if you stay with us all winter, Max. There are so many I want you to know and like. There are the Greyson girls, in pink; they are worth a fortune in their own right; there is Nora Creighton; is she not beautiful? the brunette in crimson velvet. And the tall, fair blonde talking to mamma is the great heiress, Lydia Loverett"

"And who," he asked, in his cool, leisurely manner, is the pretty girl on the sofa, who looks as if she wanted to cry?"

"I dare say she does," said Marcia; "that is one of my schoolmates Nannie Clarke and I invited her for this evening because we were such fast friends at school; but if I had known she was going to come here looking like that I would never have asked her. Why, that dress is disgraceful and she hasn't an ornament" And Marcia arranged her costly bracelets and toyed with her ear rings, glancing complacently at her own rich dress

"I see," said Max, gravely,

But when he had strolled through the conservatory with Marcia, and listened to her rapid, giggling speeches some ten minutes longer, he resigned her to a mustached dandy, and quietly but persistently worked his way to the sofa where Nannie still sat, struggling with her mortification. Bowing gravely, he said:

"May I take something of a host's privilege, and introduce myself as Mrs. Horton's nephew, Max Dallett?"

The large, shy gray eyes that had been fixed upon the carpet pattern were lifted quickly.

"Oh!" with a quick drawn breath, "are you Max," said Nannie, blushing brightly with a sudden fear of having been forward.

"Then since you know me so well, perhaps you will do me the honor to dance the next waltz with me."

"I should like it so much, only only I think you had better not. I "there was an evident battle against rising tears "it is my first party and I did not know and there was no one to tell me—and it was a dress of my mother's she died when she was only nineteen, and I did not think about the fashion Mollie did it up beautifully for me, and I thought it was nice until I saw the rest. But, you see, there is not one in the room looks as I do"

"Not one," he thought, looking down upon the exquisitely lovely face, and wondering how many of the ladies present would give her jewels and finery in exchange for such rare beauty But aloud he said:

"It is quite evident that you do not know that to own an old fashioned dress now a days is to attain an enviable distinction"

Yet while he spoke he could see Marcia looking with scorn upon the muslin that she had told her mother was "neither one thing nor the other, not old enough to be æsthetic, but simply out of style."

"Perhaps you do not care for dancing," Max said, after a patient waiting of some minutes.

"Oh! but I do! And no one has asked me yet. I am sure I can dance, for we all were taught at Madame Despard's, but but" The childish lipt quivered again though bravely pressed together

Guessing something of how deeply Marcia had stung this sensitive nature by her reception, Max dropped into an easy chair close beside the sofa, saying

"I imagine we are fellow sufferers, Miss Clarke. I know but very few people here, and have a lone, lorn feeling, even in this crowd. But your name is very familiar to me. One of my dearest friends, a professor in the university where I was educated, was Stephen Clarke, and his wife was named Nannie."

"My father! my mother!" cried Nannie. "Did you know them? I was only a baby when they both died, sixteen years ago."

"I remember It was the year that I graduated that Professor Clarke died. I did not know that his wife, too

"Mamma died first," Nannie said, softly; "but there was only one month between.

With this bond between them, the two forgot the gay crowd around them, Nannie hungrily listening to the grave companion as he imparted to her of her father and his young wife Max remembered so well.

It was better for Nannie that Mollie came early for her nursing, and the even had scarcely begun for Marcia a guests when Nannie stole away home, all the mortification, the hurt, sore feeling of her reception forgotten in the keen pleasure of her last hour, in which the grave, middle aged man had talked to her of her parents

"He is not at all like the hero I imagined, grandfather," she said, nestling down at the old man's side as she told her experience. "I had no idea he was so much older than Marcia

"He must be nearly forty if he graduated the year your father died dear

"He looks so, but oh! grandfather he seemed so far above the young men around him None of them spoke to me, but I could hear them talking to the ladies they were with, and I don't think I should care, even if I was pretty, to be told so in such broad terms, grandfather I should be afraid the person who told me thought me silly as well."

"Perhaps he would. And so you are content now, Nannie, to give up parties for the future, and never to see your hero again?"

"Quite content I hope I am not proud or vain, but I don't care to feel so small again as I did last evening, and I think Marcia will not care ever to see me again"

But although Mamie was quite right in this last surmise, there was one of the guests of the important evening who could not stop so easily the recollection of the soft grey eyes that had so frankly met his, the low, sweet voice that asked such eager questions, the slim, graceful figure, so quaintly attired World worn even beyond his years, Max Dallet had spent so many of these to a struggle for fortune that love had seemed to him a far off, impossible dream He had drifted into a tacit consent to the throne of his grand aunt's will, without giving the subject much consideration until Mrs Horton's letter, informing him that Marcia was nineteen and had left school, and inviting him to pay her a visit, suddenly brought him face to face with his future life He had won his way from a boyhood of comparative poverty to the possession of ample means, and the money of his deceased great aunt offered no temptation to him But into his lonely heart stole visions of a home, a wife, a dear companion to share every thought of his brain, every pleasure of his life

Young love comes without thought, without preparation, a grand rosy vision of impossible bliss But the love of middle life takes reason into counsel, and Max was not a boy to rush into mad dreams Yet the sweet hope roused by his aunt's letter came again and again to fill his thoughts and an ideal of pure, sweet girlhood, of a shy tender maiden who would trust her happiness to his keeping, was suddenly confronted by a bold, giggling school girl who met him as her property, without one impulse of maidenly reserve. Two days of intercourse with Marcia Horton had quite decided him to return speedily to Chicago, when at the party given partly in his honor he met Nannie.

Had he unconsciously founded his own ideal upon his recollection of his old teacher's wife, he wondered, when Nannie so entirely met his dream? Was there yet, in this heartless world, one pure, untouched heart that knew nothing of fashion or glitter, yet was content to obscurity? Something of the child's life he could guess in her conversation, and that little was enough to detain him near to her to learn more.

It was not difficult to introduce himself to Mr. Clarke as one of his son's old pupils, and it seemed to the old man as if a stone was lifted from his heart as Max Dallet, evening after evening, found his way to the shabby sitting room behind the bookstore, leaving ever with a deeper love for the sweetest little maiden he had ever known, and gathering into his own keeping the first pure, strong love of her young heart.

The winter had passed when Max Dallet asked the old bookseller to give him his one treasure.

"You love her, and you are willing to give up your aunt's fortune for her sake?" Mr. Clarke asked.

"My aunt's fortune! So you had heard of that. It was all settled months ago. Marcia has the whole, and is engaged to the prettiest little fop who has figured in society this winter. She says my grave face frightens her, and she would think she had married her grandfather, if I was her husband."

"And you love my Nannie?

"I love her," was the quiet, grave answer.

"Although her sole wardrobe is the one her mother left sixteen years ago?"

"In spite of that appalling fact!"

"And she loves you. Loves you with her whole heart. I believe I not for the child's happiness when I give my glad consent to her marriage with a man I have learned to respect and love as I respect and love but few. And now, I will tell you why Nannie's future has weighed heavily upon my heart I have not neglected her, though she has lived so quietly here with me. She has been educated in the best schools, and I knew the polish of fashionable life would come easily to her natural refinement, were it ever needed. But it was not because I should leave her to struggle with poverty that I trembled for her future, but because the fortune you have resigned is not one fourth of the one Nannie will inherit at my death"

"And you live so quietly!"

"So humbly, because I am content in my old home, and I did not want Nannie to marry a fortune hunter But now," and his hand grasped that of his companion, "I am more than content Are you sorry that you have won a wood violet who has grown to such sweet perfection in the shade, instead of a flaunting garden tulip?"

But Max answered only by a smile, for at that moment Nannie came in, and in his eyes as they rested on her face, was a proud love, a perfect content, that was better than words

And, if Marcia, fluttering through life like a gaudy butterfly, wonders openly how Nannie can forego all those pleasures that her fortune places within her reach, Nannie knows where deeper happiness can be found, in the quiet charities, the many works of benevolence to which she gives time and money under the guidance of her girlhood's hero, Cousin Max

A CURIOUS CALCULATION

Suppose that some one of your ancestors at the commencement of the Christian era, had been so provident as to leave one of those now thirty years of age one cent, to accumulate at the rate of six per cent. per annum, compound interest, until the birth of that one, how many dollars would that person receive, and where would he find room enough to store away its value in gold?

Money at six per cent per annum, compound interest, doubles itself in a little less than twelve years For the sake of convenience, and to keep within the limits of this calculation, we will say twelve years Then the principal, one cent, will be doubled one hundredand fifty five times in eighteen hundred and sixty years This increase is found, by laborious computation, to reach the enormous sum of four hundred and fifty six tredecillions of dollars, an amount so inconceivably great as to require for its expression a line of forty five places of figures

Being quite certain that all the gold brought from the land of Ophir, in the days of Solomon, all the Pactolean streams that ever enriched a Croesus, all the wealth of Pluto's mine, all the gold ever seen by mortal eye, all the hidden treasure yet to be discovered, will be but a drop in the ocean, in comparison with this vast sum, let us try to form some idea of the quantity of gold required, by borrowing philosopher's stone, and changing the whole world into one solid mass of virgin gold, and then see if we should have enough for our purpose,

Estimating pure gold to be worth sixteen dollars an ounce, a moderate estimation in these days of speculation and high premiums, a cubic foot of the precious metal will be worth 280,000 dollars This fact being ascertained, the value of any given quantity of gold may readily be computed, and the world is found to be worth 10,700 septillions of dollars, a sum requiring twenty nine places of figures If the reader will now compare the value of our golden globe with the amount of interest derived from the insignificant little cent, he will find that 42,420 billions of golden worlds will be necessary to satisfy our demand.

FOR PARENTS--HOW TO RUIN A SON

Let him have his own way allow him free use of money suffer him to rove where he pleases on the Sabbath day give him free access to wicked companions scoff him on account for his evenings furnish him with no stated employment Follow any one of these ways, and you will experience a most marvelous deliverance, if you have not to mourn over a debased and ruined child Thousands have realized the sad result, and have gone mourning to their graves

"A PATHETIC SCENE."

The touching incident recorded below is taken from an American book, entitled "Prevailing Prayer; or, the Secret of Soul Winning," by Rev. E. Wigle. This incident is an encouraging one for rescue workers. We never know, beneath the hardest exterior, but the germs of divine truth may lie hidden, the good seed sown by some loving hand, at some time or other, and graciously preserved by the Holy Spirit to bear fruit after many days Let no one be discouraged by long waiting and patient efforts apparently thrown away, but leave the results to Him who is "marvellous in working"

A Portland, Oregon, correspondent for the *Interior* vouches for the truth of the following incident, showing how ready God is to hear and answer prayer. The story is one of much pathos, and is narrated by the physician himself, as follows:

"Let me tell you of an experience of mine that taught me the forgiving power of God's love more than any one thing in my life. This was before I gave my heart to Christ, while I was still in the darkness of the shadows of the mountains that I had created of scepticism and unbelief. One Sunday evening I was sitting in my office, listening to the church bells ringing for evening service, and studing over a sad case I was then attending. It was a young woman, an inmate of one of those houses that curse this city, she was dying with typhoid fever. Dissipation and disease had done their work, and left no hope.

A rap at my door, and word that "Nellie was worse." In a few moments I was at her bedside, almost in the shadow of one of our city churches. With a sign of recognition a poor little hand was held out and laid in mine. "Doctor, can't you save me?" came from the thin lips. Kindly as I could, I told her there was no help for her on earth; her hope must be in the world to come.

Through the open windows borne upon the soft air of autumn, came the music of the organ of the church close by. Soon the singing of a hymn familiar to childhood, caught her ear and as she listened, the tears flowed down her cheeks, and at last in the agony of her despair she cried, "Oh, my God, my God, if I were only a little girl with my mamma again." It was the wail of a broken heart. I talked earnestly with her, asking that I might send for a clergyman to talk with her and pray for her. "No, no," she said, "please don't leave me, no one can do me any good but you, doctor," (this time the request came unhesitatingly) "you pray for me. Please pray that God will forgive all my sins He will hear you, tell Him how sorry I am, and to please forgive poor, poor Nellie"

How could I pray, myself a sinner? but a power like the weight of a thousand worlds bore me to my knees, and I asked God to forgive this poor dying girl. Prayer brought peace to her heart, while it added to the burden of my own A few moments quiet, then I saw the delirium of the fever returning. In her wandering I caught the words "Mamma, kiss little Nellie" I thanked God that even in delirium Nellie was with her mamma again in their quiet, happy country home. No tempter had entered there, the sunshine chased the shadows across the floor, through the open window the gentle breeze brought stories of rippling brooks, of buttercups and daisies, of singing birds, of cool shadows beneath the forest trees

Another change I saw the end was near The lips moved, and I bent forward to hear the thin lips repeat

"Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take

Please, God, bless dear papa and mamma and little Nellie"

Quiet again I could almost hear the rustling of the angels wings as they hovered about that bed A gentle sigh, a loosening of the clasp that held my hand, and gently as the dews fall upon the hillside, her spirit was borne to its Maker

I returned to my office, but not to rest The power that brought peace to Nellie, brought trouble to my soul, and only through prayer in my own silent room did I see the first glimmer of light that grows brighter to me every day It seems a long distance off, but with the help of God I hope to draw nearer and nearer until all the shadows are gone and I can see my way to a life, bright and clear in the home of God If our Father in Heaven is so willing to hear the prayer of one poor sinner for another, how much more the prayer of His obedient and trusting child for the sinner!" The *Sentinel*, London, Eng

HIS CANADIAN BIRTHPLACE

Shall I tell you about a day that I spent at my birthplace, a village ten miles from Ottawa, and about a visit to my mother's grave? It is a spot too sacred for me to talk much about, but I can say that as I stood there I renewed my Christian Endeavor vow to do "whatever He would like to have me do," and put a meaning into it that it had never had. I felt that that little solitary consecration meeting was one of the most solemn and blessed of my life In the evening of the day I preached in the little Presbyterian Church of which my mother was a member, and after the service at least a score of people told me of what a blessing she had been in their lives, and how they cherished her beautiful memory Yet she has been dead more than thirty seven years She left her Massachusetts home, and had come a stranger to a strange land she lived there but a few years, she died when still a young woman, yet, though more than a generation has passed away, her memory is green in Aylmer to day O the abiding influence of a good name! "The memory of the just is blessed" The good that men do in humble, quiet ways is not always interred with their bones, thank God What a precious legacy has she left to her son! I never before realized so completely the value of a "good name" The pressure of the hand of those old neighbors of hers, their moist eyes as they spoke of her sweet character, and the genuineness of their love for her, which years could not dim, affected me deeply Yet this is a legacy that we may all leave those that come after us, You will forgive these personal words this time, I think, for I do not often indulge in them, Rev F. E. Clark.

Insist upon having what you call for when you go to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla, the one true blood purifier and nerve tonic

AS TO FISHING.

Fishin's lazy. Yes, of course,
Trifin', too; but then its fun,
An' I ain't got no remorse
Fer the fishin' that I've done.
Layin' in the shadder there,
Yonder where the deep place is,
You c'n almost hear the air
In the sunshine bake and fiz.

But it's calm an' quiet an'
Soothin' in the shadder, there,
Fer a comfo-table man
What is lazy an' don't care
With a good, long, hickry pole
An' a seegrass fer a line,
Ah' tobacker—bless my soul!
That's the life I want fer mine.

Lemme lay there by the spot
Where we pulled the mudcat out,
Fer I think as like as not
More like him is thereabout.
I'm as happy as a king
Stretchin' out here on the grass,
Watchin' o' the water ring
As the cork bobs up an' down

An' the woods is dark and still,
An' the river, loafin' past,
Seems as though it wants to kill
Time fer fear o' goin' fast.
An' the sun don't move at all,
But just seems to hang up there
Like a gold hat on the wall
Buzzin' blisters in the air

An' the shade is loafin' too
Sea cely changes on the grass
An' the clouds there in the blue
Don't care if they stepped pass.
So, you see, my comp'ny's good
When I loaf here with my line
Wouldn't reform if I could.
Fishin' lazy but its fine

—Chicago Record.

WHIPPED AT LAST.

In the logging camps of Michigan might makes right, and the man who has whipped all comers in fair fights is king of his camp

One of these, said a logger to a Washington *Star* reporter, was very boastful of his exploits He had been the victor in a dozen fights, and no one cared to enter the lists with him, but every man in the camp hated the champion. Going into a saloon one day he announced

"I'm tired of these babies in the camp I ain't had a good fight in Michigan. I can whip my weight in dogs, wildcats or anything that breathes for $100."

A meek looking man took the bet and arrangements for the fight were made. It was to take place in a closed room, one week from the time the bet was made.

The day came, and the champion called, "Bring on your animile." The man who had bet against the king of the camp brought his antagonist in a large sack, which had been deposited behind the stove in the saloon where the match had been entered into, the weather just beginning to get cold. The gladiator entered the room, the sack was emptied and the people crowded at the window to see the contest Out of the sack came three large hornet nests, the occupants of which had been revived by the heat

They issued from the nests in swarms and hit all over the man He fought them for a minute or two, then, with a yell, jumped through the window, carrying sash and glass with him, never stopping until he reached the river, into which he jumped.

"Said he could whip his weight in anything that breathed," remarked the meek little man, as he pocketed the stakes, "but about five pounds of hornets knocked him out in the first round."

OLD AGE.

A medical man compares an old man to an old wagon, with light loading and careful usage it will last for years, but one heavy load or sudden strain will break it and ruin it forever Many people reach the age of fifty or sixty or seventy measurably free from most of the pains and infirmities of age, cheery in heart and sound in health, ripe in wisdom and experience, with sympathies mellowed by age, and with reasonable prospects and opportunities for continued usefulness in the world for a considerable time. Let such persons be thankful, but let them also be cheerful An old constitution is like an old bone, broken with ease, mended with difficulty A young tree bends to a gale, an old one snaps and falls before the blast. A single hard lift, an hour of heating work, an evening of exposure to rain or damp, a severe chill, an excess of food, the unusual indulgence of an appetite or passion, a sudden fit of anger, an improper dose of medicine any of these or other similar things may cut off a valuable life to an hour, and leave the fair hopes of usefulness and enjoyment but a shapeless wreck

BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Brothers and sisters are all the better for sharing one another's studies and games up to a certain point The girl who can handle a tennis racket and a croquet mallet vindicates her right to consideration. The boys will never speak to her as "only a girl," and she will be all the franker and none the less sweet for a healthy mixture of work and play Good comradeship between brothers and sisters is a thing much to be desired. It saves the girls from prudery and the girls from boorishness, sweetens the natures of both, and acts by restraining everyone from doing or saying what would be shameful in the eyes of the "other side."

ALL PRIZE GOODS.

COLORED BY THE DIAMOND DYE

It is a fact worthy of note that all the best rag carpets, rugs and mats shown at country fairs and exhibitions last year were dyed with the fast and brilliant Diamond Dyes

This season, we hear that even more extensive work is going on for the coming autumn fairs. The ladies who are experts in the art of carpet, rug and mat making are now buying Diamond Dyes in large quantities to color their materials for the manufacture of exhibition goods

At all fairs, nine out of every ten exhibitors of homemade carpets, rugs and mats use the Diamond Dyes, knowing full well that the imitation dyes can never give satisfactory results

If you are about coloring materials for exhibition goods, do not allow your dealer to sell you the imitation, crude dyes. He makes a large profit, but you suffer loss of your money, time and materials if you are unfortunate enough to use them

Sure there is none but fears a future state, and when the most obdurate sweat their trembling hearts belie their boasting tongues.—Dryden.