The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXII.---NO 11. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 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, 2 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	$60.00	$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. 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., F. L. 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 4, 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. E. WILKINSON, DENTIST
GRADUATE AND SPECIAL PRIZEMAN, ROYAL 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 270 TORONTO
JOHN DOUGLAS A. G. MURRAY

A. J. MacKINNON,
BARRISTER SOLICITOR
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.

THE PALACE BARBER SHOP
MILL STREET
WORDEN BROS Proprietors
An easy shave a stylish hair cut a good tonic, an exhilarating shampoo always given. Razors honed and put in first class condition. Ladies and children's hair tastily cut.

FRANCIS RUNAN
BOOKBINDER
Wyndham St Guelph
(Over Williams Store)
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Rubber matting and promptly done.

MARRIAGE LICENSES
H. P. MOORE,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Private Office No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening
Free Press Office, ACTON

JOB PRINTING,

INCLUDING Books, Pamphlets, Posters, Bill Heads, Circulars, &c., &c., executed in the best style of the art, at moderate prices and in short notice. Apply or address
H. P. MOORE
Free Press Office Acton

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address Box 629, or telephone 58, will be promptly attended to
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph

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 enable 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. Also manufacturing and filing done.

STRONG HAMMOCKS,

TENNIS RACQUETS,

BASE BALL BATS,

MITTS AND BALLS.

Cheap to Clear Them Out.

OFFICE DIARIES 1897.

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 1094.

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 at Queen St. P. O. TORONTO
Residence, 50 Cecil St.

Messrs Hutson & Son will do the slating and galvanized iron work on H. P. Moore's new residence in Acton.

Main Street
PLANING MILLS,
ACTON, ONT.

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

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

Georgetown Electric Works
T. J SPEIGHT, Proprietor
Manufacturers of
DYNAMOS,
ELECTRIC MOTORS,
WATER MOTORS,
HYDRAULIC RAMS
and all kinds of Fitting and General Repairing. Equipped with a gas brazing machine prepared to do brazing on Bicycles Frames 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

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

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

WANTED.
A MAN to sell Canadian and U. S. grown trees, berry plants roses, shrubs hedges, ornamental trees and seed potatoes, for the only nursery having leading orchards in Canada. We give you the benefit of our experience, so your success is guaranteed. If you are not earning $80 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

THE
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

Authorized Capital $1,000,000
Paid up Capital and Surplus $785,000
Assets over $6,300,000

Guelph Branch

3½ 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. F. H. JONES,
Manager

Is this plain enough?

If you buy one of our razors and it isn't exactly what it should be if you're not satisfied bring it back and we will refund you the money or give you another razor. If that doesn't make you absolutely safe we don't what will.

Blakes German and English Razors $1.00, to $1.75.

J. M. BOND & CO
Cutlery Importers, Guelph
Cheapest store if you want them.

If your shoes hurt, you did not buy them at

W. McLaren & Co's
GUELPH
[illegible] aim is to sell shoes that 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

We will sell suits and trou. cheap during the fall.

Shaw & Turnbull
Merchant Tailors

J. H. Hamilton,
Marble and Granite
Manufacturer
GUELPH
New Consignment
Just Received
Granite
Swedish, Russian, English and Irish
OF BEST QUALITY
Prices and Designs sent on application. Ontario Granite and Marble Works
Acton Flour Mills
CHEYNE & CHEYNE
Proprietors.
We have our roller mill now in complete satisfactory running order, and are in a position to supply the wants of the public with
FLOUR, BRAN, SHORTS
and all kinds of Feed
AT RIGHT PRICES.
Orders by mail will receive prompt attention and be delivered to any part of the town.
Our terms are cash and one price for all.
Don't forget to patronize home industries. Give us a fair trial and we will leave the matter for you to decide as to the quality of the flour we manufacture.
Orders taken at the Mill or at J. A. Kanouse's Drug Store.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE

Coal & Wood
John McQueen
Having purchased the Coal business heretofore carried on by James Brown, I am prepared to supply all orders for
Furnace Coal
Stove Coal
Chestnut Coal
OF BEST QUALITY.
Orders given to me personally or left at SAWYER'S DRUG STORE, will be promptly filled.
JOHN McQUEEN

Poetry.

THE BELLS OF OUR DAY.

List to the merry baker's bell!
What toothsome stories it does tell,
Of puffs and pies, doughnuts and cake,
That the kind village bakers bake.
Come rain or shine, heat or cold,
Bakers' viands are quickly sold
Ting-a-ling a-ling goes the bell,
Which all the children love so well

Hark to the jolly butcher's bell!
How loudly its tones rise and swell!
Ringing long at the area door,
Reminding us of sad tales galore.
Of birds and beast for us to eat
Under the common name of meat.
Health, flesh and strength are what they sell
When the stout butchers ring their bell

Soon the old yeast man's bell we hear,
A scuffle arises as he draws near,
Who shall seize the bowl that waits
And scamper to the roadside gate
To see him pocket the two-cent fare,
Dipping up yeast frothing with air?
The milkman on his merrily sings,
While the old yeast bell rings and rings.

ALICE E. PINDY.

Select Family Reading.

Ezry as a Bysickler.

BY ELIZA HOSKINS.

I had done my work for the day and taken my sewin' out to set on the front porch and enjoy the cool breeze from the west. Ezry was just done harvestin', and it was on him I was meditatin'. He'd been actin' queer for several days, talkin' and eatin' but little, and wanderin' around as if he was uncomfortable in his mind. When Ezry goes back on his victies and talk, I know right off there's some trouble, and as I sot there the tears would come to my eyes in spite of me.

What ailed Ezry? In all the 40 years we'd been mated I never seen him so absorbed and uncomfortable, except the winter he was converted durin' the protracted meetin' held in the Methodist meeting house.

We loved each other dearly, even though we'd been mated nigh onto 40 years.

As I was sayin', I set there thinkin' of Ezry. All the hay was mowed and the grain gathered, yet the same look kept to that beloved brow and pained my heart to see. I thought of the years we'd spent together, happy years, too, though I don't pretend to say there was no clouds and storms, for that matter, for the best of men are tryin' some times. I hadn't set there long before Ezry came up out of the cellar wipin' his mouth on his sleeve. I never could break him of that and set on the front steps. Ezry is temperance, but wonderfully fond of buttermilk in hot weather, and I always keep it in the cellar, as it is cool there.

Hay all in?" I at last said.

Yes, and a runnin' good crop it is too; hay'll be high this year." Ezry said this with so much life that I looked over my glasses to see if I'd heard right, but there he sot, wearin' the same look.

"Ezry, I wish I had the paper," he said, after another long pause.

"Well, you'll have time to spare to go to the village and get the mail before supper," I said calmly, though inward I was all commotion to think of Ezry wantin' the paper. He never reads more than the headings.

"All very well" he snapped out sot-ish. "I suppose you think me and the horses never get tired. I tell you, Lizy, them horses has worked hard this summer and I intend to give em a rest."

"I didn't know as they've done more than usual this summer," I answered.

"Don't make no difference what you know. I've made up my mind to give them a rest. It's runnin on errands and for the mail as tells on them and I kin make things easier, and will." Here Ezry stopped and I knew I was expected to speak.

"Well," I said, inquiringly.

"I'll have a bysickle."

"A what?" I nearly dropped my sewin' in astonishment.

"Don't let a fool fancy he be returned tartly. I said I'd get a bysickle.

"Lizy Hopkins," I said, putting on as solemn a countenance as a praym bend leader, "a man of your years!"

"I don't see why. Everybody here on and I ain't so old you need nag about it every time you come near me." With that he was gone.

If Ezry has one tender spot it's his age. He is forever tryin' to be young, makin' all sorts of fools of himself. But his age had not been mentioned between us since last winter, when he insisted on learnin' to skate and in that unsuspected moment I'd spilled all the fat in the fire again. I laid down the sewin' I'd taken up as Ezry came on the porch. He does so hate to see wimmin folks sittin around with folded arms. He says it looks shiftless, and I think so too. Well, I laid down my work carefully and my eyes wandered after him as he strid off toward the barn. I knew what every stride meant. When Ezry sets his mind it's set, and I, or any one else for that matter, might as well try to move the rocky mountains.

I said no more about the matter, and for most a week Ezry went around glum as an oyster. I knew he was a pinin' to talk the matter over with me. Why, he never bought a new rooster without talkin it over. Several of the young people in our place have bysickles and I knew for a long while Ezry admired them, but he seemed to like the female wheels best, so I had no serious thoughts on the matter. As I said he was most wild to talk it over and get some advice, and who can see their dearest in trouble and not help them out, even if they are foolish? So I gradually grew more friendlier.

Well, the whole upshot of it was, in two weeks Ezry had his wheel. When he brought it from the depot in the wagon, with another bundle, his face was radiant with joy, and I felt in my soul to repent of all the mean things I said and acted.

Ezry brought the wheel on the porch for me to see. The other bundle he left out somewhere. I kinder wondered what was in it, but then I thought of all the fuss advertised with it and the pump a'one would make a bundle as large as that, if it weren't no bigger than our cistern pump in the kitchen.

It was pretty. I couldn't help admirin' its shinin' wheels and bright red trimmin's, and me and Ezry both liked the little lunch box fastened on so handy, though neither of us opened it. Well, Ezry, he acted just like a boy. It made me feel [illegible] years younger to see him so happy. Every evening he'd ride or try to ride it, while I washed the supper dishes, not the bread to rise and done the hundred-and-one things only the housewife knows of. I don't keep no help. Ezry is getting oldish and has to keep two men, so he can rest a little during the day, and we can't afford more help, he says. And it's true, too, so I do the best I can.

In about two weeks Ezry could go very well on level ground as long as he didn't have to turn out for anything sudden, but he hadn't rode in the road yet. How many times my heart raised to my mouth, as with dish and towel in hand, I watched him careerin' across the backyard, lookin' like a Dutch windmill in a high gale. I had never saw anyone get off a bysickle until I see him. I said "I wouldn't want to get off so sudden." He said they all did that way. Still I couldn't keep my heart down every time he'd cross the backyard and get off.

One evening a young widder, Mrs. Vail, a neighbor of ourn (we knew her when she was a child) who rode, learnin' as how Ezry had a wheel, came down to ride with him. It's surprisin' how the young folks do take to Ezry! She said Ezry rode beautifully. And when I see her get off her wheel I noticed she done it different from him. I spoke to him slyly about it but, he said, "She's a woman."

Ezry was out in the wagon house a long time and Mamie Vail set on the porch with me waitin'. A young, dandy lookin' feller came out after a while, dressed just like them city chaps dress, and I was wonderin' what he was comin' to the house for, when I recognized Ezry's red face under the white cap. I knew then all about that bundle, but I just shut my mouth tight. I wouldn't have had the gal know how I felt toward, so I shet it tight and smiled.

Ezry looked foolish enough. He could not keep his hat on straight and didn't know what to do with his legs, that ran down below his knee pants. Mrs. Vail seemed delighted and wanted him to get on his wheel right off and ride around the yard. We've as nice a place as you'll find in Rockwood if I do say it myself. Our yard is level for considerable space and then a little slope leads to the barnyard. I could see the gentle cows chewing their cuds, while the man milked the foxiest white milk into the shinin' pails, and could hear the old hens clucking to the chicks to go to bed. All was serene and peaceful.

Ezry was flustered as the young woman held the wheel for him. I could tell by his countenance. She gave him a little start and off he went straight toward his pet Alderney, who stood patiently been milked. He'd raised the heifer and she knew him well, but she had never seen a bysickler before. With a toss and a snort away she bounded, upsettin' man and pail, and Ezry reached the spot just as she left. His wheel ran into the hired man, knocked up and over he went, head first into the new pond, splashin' and hollerin like mad.

We hurried to the yard, but when we got there Ezry was fishin' for his white cap. The wheel wasn't hurt at all, and the hired man—well, I wouldn't tell the words he said no more'n I'd tell what Ezry said. We didn't stay there long.

The next day the man left. Ezry wants to sell his wheel as he don't have time now to ride it, and he'll sell the Alderney cheap, too. He has too much stock for the place he says. I can see through it all, but I'm too glad to have him with us to have broken to say a word.

SIXTEEN TO ONE

The following explanation of the [illegible] sixteen to one is taken from a circular issued by Messrs. Sailer & Stevenson, brokers:

"It means to practise that sixteen ounces of silver shall be held as worth as much as one ounce of gold. One ounce of gold, American coin standard of fineness that is 900 parts of pure gold to 100 of alloy, will coin in gold dollars, $18.60. Sixteen ounces of silver, American coin standard of fineness that is 900 parts of pure silver to 100 of alloy, at the rate of 412 1-12 grains to the dollar (the weight of the present standard silver dollar) will coin $18.60 in silver dollars. These sixteen ounces of silver can be bought in the markets of the world to-day for $9.91.

"There would therefore be a profit of $8.66 on an investment of $9.91 being about 87 per cent. If a holder of silver could take it to the mint and coin it without charge into silver dollars. The advocates of free coinage favor a law that will allow any holder of silver bullion or in fact, silver of any kind (as the latter can readily be melted into bars) to have the right to take the same to any mint of the United States and convert it into silver coin free of charge.

INVARIABLE THE CAUSE

It is to the testimony of Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor, who can hardly be called fanatic on the temperance question, "I have looked into a thousand homes of the working people of Europe, I don't know how many in this country. I have tried to find the best and the worst. And while, as I say, I am aware that the worst exists, and as bad as under any system or as bad as in any age, I have never had to look beyond the inmates to find the cause, and in every case, so far as my own observation goes, drunkenness was at the bottom of the misery and not the industrial system or the industrial conditions surrounding the men and their families."

THE PAST.

The past is not simply important because it fought our battles, cleared the ground for us, and left us the heritage of its accumulated experiences—but still more because it reveals to us in imperfect glimpses, that humanity of which we partake that vast chain of existence which encompasseth us all—men past, present and to come, in one real, vital brotherhood, a life which moves slowly, surely onwards, to grand predestined ends without crushing the free will and energy of responsibility of each individual unit.

CONVINCED OF HIS INSANITY

A Bradford evening paper says that a few days ago a visitor was inspecting the West Riding Asylum at Menston when he doubted the insanity of a particular patient. "Try him, sir," the medical superintendent. "Cry? Why he's a hypocrite." The visitor did so, and in the twinkling of an eye the lunatic was on his back and plunging his heels into his side. The visitor refrained from further criticism.

SOCIAL TRAGEDIES.

An old man who had worked for one firm thirty-five years, and who all the time had been punctual and faithful, at the age of sixty-one was thrown out of employment because he was not able to keep up with younger and stronger men. That such is the fate of old and patient wage-earners—a fate which an English paper calls "the worst of all our social tragedies"—is to be deplored. In this particular case the man thrown out of employment was at the end of his resources. He had nothing to show for his life of toil and went and hanged himself. This man's circumstances in old age is by no means exceptional. Thousands come to the end of life as poor as he. Is it obliged to be so? By no means. It was not necessary even in the case of this unfortunate old man.

Taking into consideration sickness and death and misfortunes that visit the homes of the best and most industrious of people, it must needs be that we have "the poor always with us." It was so when Jesus was on earth, it will always be so. It is easy to see why men thus afflicted are poor in old age; and everybody is prepared to excuse them and sympathize with them. It is just as easy to see why this man at sixty-one was discharged and left in poverty. He was a drinking man. True "he was never seen the worse for drink," but a large share of his earnings were spent for rum. Any man on earth who starts life with no capital save a trade will face want at sixty years of age if he spends the earnings of thirty-five years in strong drink. Indeed, they are in poverty all the time, waiting only the roll of years to throw them out of work, and reveal to them their true condition. It is then too late to build up a fortune—alas! in most instances it is too late to make a living.

Persuade men to let drink alone or banish the saloons from our land, and at once more than half of the poverty and distress of the people would be abolished. Then the social tragedy of an old man "thrown aside like an old boot for younger men" would no longer wring tears from the eyes of the sympathetic, nor would there be need to shift them on to the community for support. Every man would dwell under his own vine and fig tree, and enjoy the luxury of a hard earned rest.—Nashville *Advocate*.

TRILOGY.

I

[illegible]
Wonder eyed questioning air,
Waked from Night's dreamless
passed
Life portals through yet a cry
Dawn kissed yet naught but a sigh.
Breathed on the threshold aghast

II

Into the toils and strife
Parched and the hot sands drank
Spent with the toil of the knife
Baiting the lions for bread
Flung to the lions with the dead
Hushed the Aroma of life

III

Back to the vasty Unknown
Donning the pendulous stars
Winging its topaz gemmed zone.
Halloed in howling scars
Loosed the Soul's shackles and
Potterless Life shall atone.

SAMUEL M.

JUSTIFIED HIS SLOWNESS

Eight year old San Rafael boy [illegible] lectured on obedience last event told you that you could play with on boys till five o'clock," said her. "Here it is seven, and you are at home. Why didn't you come when I told you?

"I did, mamma."

"Don't tell me a falsehood. Why didn't you come at five o'clock?"

"I started home at five."

"Then you stopped to play on the way."

"No, mamma, sure, I didn't."

"Do you expect me to believe that it took you two hours to walk half a mile? I think I shall have to punish you for telling me falsehoods."

"Honestly, I started home at five o'clock and came straight home."

The mother led the boy into the kitchen and took down a whip. He turned pale, and tears welled up into his eyes.

"Now sir, will you tell me the truth?"

"Yes, ma, mamma. Charley Wilson gave me a mud turtle and I was afraid to carry it so I led it home." San Francisco *Post*.

SUCCESS

[illegible] have many things [illegible] they desire to succeed immensely in themselves except when they interfere with a higher aim and worthier purpose. In this conflict of aims, this gradation of duties that makes life often seem so complex and so difficult. The questions come continually before every thoughtful mind—"Is this aim which I set before me the highest I can reach?" Is it not merely a desirable end, but the most desirable?" Is it likely to lead to still better and worthier purposes, or is it likely to hid them from view?" As we answer these questions to ourselves in intelligently and conscientiously, the rightful limits of each will become clear, and our desire to succeed in each will harmonize with those limits. Thus the desire for health, the care of self by the care for others, the love of money by the love of honor the effort to please by the effort to do right.

THE PASSION FOR KNOWING

Knowledge is valuable as a lever to lift men and women to a higher plane of being, but it is not in itself the be all and the end all of existence. The passion for knowing is superior to the knowledge itself, but both together are not sufficient to insure the welfare of a nation. There must also be the desire, the effort and the will domore than the knowledge as to improve and exalt the character, and so to cultivate the whole nature of those we teach as to make them not only better scholars, but better and nobler men and women.

THE SHORTENED TEXT.

A good man who had lost his wife came to the rector to have the tombstone and text passed. All was arranged, and one day the clerk was summoned to see the stone before it was fixed. "I had a little bother with it on account of room, sir," said the stonemason, "but I hope it's all right." This is what the proctor read:

"A good woman is a joy to her husband."

It is actual merit that has given Hood's Sarsaparilla the first place among medicines. It is the one true blood purifier and nerve tonic.

RAIN DROPS ON THE ROOF.

"I had the greatest treat for a year!" exclaimed a rich city man as I met him recently on Broadway. "I've been away to the old farm where I was a boy. Went off for the fourth, you know. I own the place now. Well, I went up under the open roof and got in my bed of years ago, or another put in the same place. It rained for a week. Every night I went to sleep to the music of the rain drops on the roof. By the way, I wonder what makes a fellow feel so comfortable when he is snug in bed and can hear the patter of the storm with out."

There is a world of wholesome teaching in the answer to the rich man's question. No city boy can ever have such memories as must come to country born man on reading this. The bare rafters reached to the ridge pole above his bed, no plastered ceiling intervening. The shingled boards alone were between him and the vault of night. A partitioned room at the farther gable was allotted to his sisters. His own privacy was perhaps secured by some hanging stuff that but partly shut out the open spaces of the roomy garret beyond. The brave little fellow and his brother, his bed mate—God bless you, brother Tom, wherever you are and read these lines—were not afraid of ghosts. The cast off chairs and toys, sleds and rocking horses, cradle and chests of all sorts, had no terrors for the lads. Tired to the very bone, after supper, up to bed, candle at the head of the stairs.

Then not a care, not one, went on that pillow! The comfort of it! The repose, the security! Now the rain begins to patter. The big, rare drops one by one at first, smiting the pine shingles here and there, while the boy could count them as yet. Then the thrum of quicker falling drops a group, a peppering, a splashing till the old eaves trough at the corner sets up its responsive drip. Now more, a very rattle, and whisper of universal attack from a mass of threatening clouds which do their best, cannot get at you my boy. Rush and rustle, rap and tap, how cozy is our nook! What happy shelter ours! One could never have known the meaning of comfort, except by the contrast with the storm which you realize cannot touch you.

When you go the country, these summer days, try it. The tin roof of the city can not begin with the farm house shingle. The racket of the city street drowns out the voices of the storm. There are, out of your city windows, no broad vistas of vales and mountains, suggesting the solitary traveller's storm buffeted journey. The country attic is the place.

The meaning of it is appreciation. We cannot appreciate our blessings except by contrast. The moral of it is duty to those less blessed than we. The source of it is not alone the snug and sheltered bed, but our big loaf, our good clothes, our strong health and our happy days. Each of these is dearer to us when we see the lack of them in others. The luxuries of our later "successful" years are often taken so much as a matter of course that we miss their power to please. It may be true that it is the luxuries of life that give us spirit and pride, if they do not unmake us by rendering us effeminate. But it may well be doubted if the rich man ever gets again the sense of being so well off as he did when he got to bed under that homely roof, and listened to the falling rain. And the reason is the lack of the power actually that to appreciate his blessings and luxuries. Perhaps they cannot find words to tell it, the zest and joy which many a rich woman feels when she goes down to see a floating hospital of city waifs on barking for a single day only amid green fields. The lady rolls along the mountain drives every afternoon. But she never saw such glories in the actual hills as she sees in the expectant eyes of the poor.

Never, in your after life, my boy, will you have such a sense of security as you had in boyish days. Your own splendid residence, when you are forty years old, will not belong to you as much as your own room in your father's house, when you were twelve. Therefore love that room to day, and the father who owns it. Your stocks and bonds will never seem as secure ly yours as the pockets full of your boyhood. The jackknife and the skate—the thing that are yours and not your brother George's, these are riches, all one's own. But as the years pass men own in partnership, in corporations, and subject to a thousand disturbing acts of other men. The boy who longs to go out of father's possessions does not know what he talks about. Happier far is he in the house that father owns, driving the colt which father has the right to sell, but which he allows the boy to call his own, sitting at a board which his father supplies and yet where each child has "his own" place at table.

The rain drops sang to us of security did they? Blessed song of long ago! That was security indeed. Love made it so. But nothing except love is security in this world. The law is not security. Governments with armies cannot afford it in this changeful world. The tender arms of a mother round her babe, though she be roofless in a storm, are more security to that tiny piece of humanity than an emperor's rule, for love is there.

What a Woman Can Do

Last month I cleared, after paying all expenses, $353.80, the month previous $60 and have at the same time attended to other duties. I believe any energetic person can do equally as well, as I have had very little experience. The Dish Washer is just lovely and every family wants one, which makes selling very easy. I do no canvassing. People hear about the Dish Washer and come or send for one. It is strange that a good, cheap Dish Washer has never before been put on the market. The Mound City Dish Washer fills this bill. With it you can wash and dry the dishes for a family of ten in two minutes without wetting your hands. As soon as the people see the Washer work they want one. You can make more money and make it quicker than with any other household article on the market. I feel convinced that any lady or gentleman can make from $10 to $14 per day around home. You can get full particulars by addressing The Mound City Dish Washer Co. St. Louis, Mo. They help you get started, then you can make money awful fast.

A. L. C.

A willful falsehood is a cripple, not able to stand by itself without another to support it. It is easy to tell a lie but it is hard to tell only one.

TOBACCO AND BEER.

What ails that man? He walks with a swagger
So very pronounced it is almost a stagger.
Now that he is tipsy don't ever be thinking,
For how can that be, when he's been smoking
and drinking
But tobacco and beer?

What makes him so sullen, so savage and proud
And for words of profanity never at a loss?
What makes his breath so offensive and strong?
He doesn't use anything all the day long
But beer and tobacco!

What makes his face such a cardinal red?
So disgusting and bloated 'tis nastily said.
When you look at his eyes no expression have they,
But what can one expect when the whole live long day
He uses beer and tobacco.

He never degrades himself drinking cold tea
But smokes and drinks beer at home on the sly,
Complacently thinking that nobody knows,
And forgetting his face is an index which shows
That he smokes, and drinks beer.

CARPET BUGS.

At the recent microscopical examinations held in New York, the *New York Times* reports that one miscroscopist showed the pups of the buffalo beetle in seven stages, the last and largest one being the age of maturity, and about to change its condition, the larvae having done the harm. It was then the size with which too many of us, also are familiar. Its little furry back was perhaps a quarter of an inch long and an eight broad. When it reaches this size it has finished eating, it is the tiny thing scarcely noticeable that beg it their depredations in early spring. The beetles fly in at the window in February and March. They like new white flannel and the color red. Clothing should be shaken frequently to prevent their lodgement in the folds, and carpets washed along the edges with benzine. The owner of the exhibit was emphatic in his assertion that benzine was the best preventative of the pest's ravages and, being harmless, can be used on all fabrics and colors. A fact worth remembering about this much discussed household nuisance is that it frequents the same places year after year if it is not routed. The same side of the room, the same trunk, the same box will be its victim from season to season. This makes it more easy of detection, and persistent, vigorous campaigns will dislodge it. The beetle is often carried into the house on a spray of flowers. As he is specially fond of spirea, it is well not to have this shrub growing too near windows or doors.

GOOD LAWNS.

The attractive appearance of suburbs in the States as compared with those in our own Dominion is often the subject of remark, and, unfortunately, the comparison is pretty generally true. Of course, a great deal is the result of the almost entire absence of fences and railings, which here often keep each lot away from the public gaze as well as from trespass. Our neighbors apparently are more confiding, and the number of the unfenced lots in public streets guarantee that no mean advantage is taken by passers by. But another important factor in the tasteful appearance of American suburban houses is the trim, well kept lawns that surround them. Nothing can set off a tasteful, artistic house more than a lot covered with smooth, green grass. We say green grass, because it must be kept green to give its full effect, and not allowed to be baked into a brownish yellow by the sun. This color effect is gained by the free use of hand hose or sprinklers, which are far too scarce in Canada. The suburbanite who does not possess a sprinkler gives time in the evening to thoroughly soak his lawn with the hand hose, and the result is that his turf looks like a sample from the Emerald Isle, his house appears attractive, and the heat next day is tempered by the moisture arising from the damp ground. Good turf is away cheaper than flower beds, and sets off a house far better.

"GIVE ME PROFIT!"

THE MOTTO OF THOSE WHO TAIL COMMON PACK AGE DYES

There are still a few business men who care more for money profit than they do about satisfying their customers.

Those are the business men who sell inferior and imitation package dyes for home dyeing. They buy these common dyes from the makers ten to three dollars per gross less than the Diamond Dyes cost, and then retail them at full price. If you are asked for the reliable and genuine Diamond Dyes.

This is deception pure and simple. The women of the country can soon put a stop to this kind of swindling business if they continually insist upon having the Diamond Dyes. Poor dyes mean dingy and smutty colors, ruined goods and lost time and money. Diamond dyes are safe to use, and you always get a grand return for the small amount of money you expend.

THE CRAFT IN DANGER.

Liquor men in some sections see their craft in danger and are loudly and earnestly sounding the alarm. The *Solano Man* of San Francisco says to the fraternity "Liquor men awake to your peril! The prohibition assassin is on your trail with intent to knife your business interests." Just why liquor men should be scared and cry out when prohibition does not prohibit we are at a loss to understand. Possibly the case is worse than they have heretofore thought it was.

Churning Done in One Minute.

I have tried the Lightning Churn you recently described in your paper, and it certainly a wonder. I can churn in less than one minute, and the butter is elegant and you get considerably more butter than when you use a common churn. I took the agency for the churn here and every butter maker that sees it buys one. I have sold three dozen and they give the best of satisfaction. I know I can sell 100 in this township, as they churn so quickly, make so much more butter than common churns and are so cheap. Some one in every township can make two or three hundred dollars selling these churns. By addressing J. F. Cases & Co., St. Louis, you can get circulars and full information so you can make big money right at home. I have made $80 in the past two weeks and I never sold anything before in my life.

A Farmer.