The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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SUCCESSOR TO
J. P. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill Frederick Streets, Acton.
Office Hours:—6 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 3 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL.
L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH.
L. R. P. & S. GLASGOW.
MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, ETC.
SUCCESSOR TO DR. KELLY.
Office—Frederick Street - - Acton, Ont.

DR. DRYDEN,
EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.
Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets,
GUELPH.
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SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

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GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.
DENTIST,
ACTON.
Office over McKay's Drug Store.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
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The latest anæsthetic used if desired.

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Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society.
Office—Over Worden's Barber Shop, next door to Feed Store, Mill Street, Acton.

INSURANCE AGENT,
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Agent Union Fire Insurance Companies.
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FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER,
Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario.
(Over Williams Store.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order periodicals of every description carefully bound, ruling neatly 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

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. Terms Reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable sums, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

JOHN R. MacKENZIE
BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR.
PLANS furnished and estimates given on shortest notice.
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SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $185,000.
THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office - - GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 323, or telephone 54, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
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Paper Makers
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NEWS,
COLORED
PAPERS
JOHN R. BARBER

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 repairs performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any maker. Repairs turning and filing done.

Retiring from Business
SALE
$15,000 Stock of
Fine Wall Paper, Books, Stationery, Office Supplies, Fancy Goods, etc.
Wall Paper
Bibles
Window Shades
Fine Note Paper and Envelopes to Match
Toys, Lamps
Purses, Satchels
Baby Carriages
Go Carts
Everything at Cost.
This is your chance to get Wall Paper and other Supplies cheap.
T. J. DAY.

DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
This stock will be also offered at so much on the $, and the store can be rented by purchasers.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA
Capital $6,000,000
Rest 2,600,000
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
Interest at most favorable current rates allowed on Savings Bank accounts.
Letters of Credit, available in all parts of the world, issued at this office
Special attention given to Farmers' Business.
MONEY ORDERS.
FOR ANY SUM UP TO $50
Payable at any banking point in Canada outside of the Yukon Territory, may now be procured at the Bank Counter without any delay.
ACTON BRANCH
J. H. WALLACE, Manager.

FRAMES!
FRAMES
PICTURES
FRAMED
—AT—
Waters Bros.
ART STORE
GUELPH
ARTIST'S SUPPLY HOUSE.

ACTON
SAW MILLS
LUMBER, LATH SHINGLES AND WOOD.
DRESSED LUMBER, ROUGH LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES AND STOVE WOOD OF ALL KINDS
KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
James Brown.
Terms Cash.

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PREMO,
POCO,
RAY,
MAGAZINE,
CYCLONE.
PRINTING FRAMES.
4 x 5 and Cabinet, 25 cents.
PRINTING PAPERS.
SOLIO,
ARISTO,
VELOX,
PHOTOX.
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—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can at all ways be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 10 a.m. and 6.10 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Capital paid up, $1,000,000
Assets Over $9,000,000.
Guelph Branch
(NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE).
Savings Bank Department
HIGHEST CURRENT RATE OF INTEREST paid on sums deposited of $1 and upwards. Interest allowed from date of deposit to date of withdrawal paid or compounded half yearly.
Advances made to responsible farmers on their own names at the lowest current rates.
No charge made for collecting sales notes if payable in Guelph
A general banking business transacted.
A. E. H. JONES, Manager.

The More You Are Interested In This List the More We Centre Our Interest In You. What You Require of These Goods See or Write Us Before Buying.
Barb Wire Fence Wire
Fencing Cement
Screen Doors Screen Windows
Garden Tools Farm Tools
Churns Tiles
Linoleum Oil Cloth
and all Building Hardware.
JOHN M. BOND & CO.
GUELPH'S BIG HARDWARE.
GUELPH.

Good Shoes
Seasonable Prices.
We are here to serve you faithfully and well. The whole system of our business revolves around the central point, that we sell good goods at reasonable prices. The day of large profits is gone. Sudden fortunes are not often made honestly. We are content with the moderate rewards that come from a large trade well managed. Come and talk Shoes with us; we can't discuss politics, but we are full of ideas on foot gear. We sell all Lines and suit all Customers.
W. WILLIAMS
The Shoe Man.
Mill Street - - - Acton

J. A. SPEIGHT & CO.
Willow St. Acton.
Undertakers
—and—
Furniture Dealers.
Undertaking in all its branches attended to promptly and quietly.
Furniture—New Stock. Sure to please our customers.
Our prices are low.

EVERTON
AND
EDEN MILLS
FLOUR and OATMEAL MILLS.
Best quality of Flour and Oatmeal at right prices.
Bran, Middlings, Chop Feed, Etc., for sale.
Cash for Wheat and Oats.
Chopping every day at both mills.
HENRY HORTOP.
PROPRIETOR

Sun Savings and Loan Co
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT
Authorized Capital - $5,000,000.00
Ten-year maturity shares are paid
Monthly Instalments of 50c. per share for 12 months, when payments cease—$6.00 paid in—maturity value $100.00.
Money to loan at 5% straight loan or repayable in monthly instalments on application to
R. J. McNabb,
Agent, Acton

NASSAGAWEYA
Saw and Planing Mills.
Lumber and Shingles
AT LOWEST PRICES.
Bill stuff cut to order.
Slabs, stove length, $1.25 a double car at the mill.
P. Sayers, Proprietor

Poetry.

HOW TO MAKE POETRY.

A correspondent enquires if there is any way he can learn to write poetry.

I.
If you want to be a poet, you must
buy a quart of ink,
And some paper and a pen, and gently
settle down to think.

II.
With your paper and your pen you
must settle down to think.
And every now and then insert your
pen into your ink.

III.
Rule the third you must observe if
you'd rank with brilliant men;
Always put your pen in ink, never put
your ink in pen.

IV.
Having put your pen in ink and
having settled down to think.
Never stick your pen in mucilage
when reaching for the ink.

V.
Rule the fifth: You must not cut
such an aggravating caper
As reaching for the ink, not with your
pen, but with your paper.

VI.
Now we come to rule the sixthly:
When you've ink upon your pen
Let it dry up while you cogitate—and
reach for ink again.

VII.
Rule the seventh: Chew your pen
point as you settle down to think
That perhaps the little bottle didn't fill
enough of ink.

VIII.
Take the bottle by the neck (or by the
base, if you prefer.)
Fill it up, and go back and start again
just where you were.

IX.
Having grabbed and filled the bottle
with unsympathetic ink,
Take your paper and your pen again
and settle down to think.

X.
Having thunk just keep on writing
till you're paralyzed with cramps;
Then destroy the durned old poem
and conclude to save your stamps.
BALTIMORE NEWS.

Select Family Reading.

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them."

BY ANY BANDOLEH.

"No," said Mr. Jarrett, "I don't want none o' your wares, and there's an end of it."

Mr. Austey looked woefully disappointed. "Waal," said he, slowly scratching his head, "I knowed patriotism was at a pretty low ebb in this 'ere part o' the country, but I didn't know it was as bad as this. And when I heerd that Judge Dingley was goin' to deliver a Fourth o' July oration at Pickett's Bridge, I sort o' thought there might be a market for some fireworks, and I laid my plans accordin'. And I didn't think, Neighbor Jarrett, you'd be one to go back on the old day!"

Mr. Jarrett, working industriously away at the large blue-green stretches of his onion-bed, answered only by a snort, which might have been interpreted in any way that his interlocutor pleased.

"Most of the neighbors hev give me a small order," he resumed.

"Humph!" said Mr. Jarrett, unmoved.

"Especially where there's children!"

"Humph!"

"You see, Neighbor Jarrett, it sort o' sets the day off from the rest of the year."

"Yes—exactly."

"And it don't cost so much arter all!" resumed Mr. Austey.

"Hump!"

"Better let me put your name down for half a dozen packs—"

But here Hiram Jarrett straightened his portentous length up with a jerk.

"Ye may put my name down for nothin'!" said he.

"Except for a man that's heartily sick and tired of this sort of thing. I dunno about your business, but mine is pre-sin', and I hain't no time to chaffer with you. And, if it's no offense, I'll bid ye good-mornin'!"

And Mr. Austey went off, muttering to himself words that would scarcely have edified Mr. Jarrett, could he have heard them.

"Them Jarretts ain't hardly human!" said he, readjusting under his arm the little bundle of American flags, in different styles and sizes, which he had not ventured to unroll. "It does seem as if they didn't think o' nothin' but gettin' copper pennies together and countin' 'em over and over ag'in!"

When Hiram Jarrett had come in from the onion field, tired and warm and stiff with long stooping, he glanced with a dissatisfied eye at the table, where his wife had set out a bowl of raspberries and milk, a bilious-looking slab of cold salt-pork, heaped around with beet greens, and half a loaf of rye bread.

"These ain't no sense in settin' table," said he. "I'd jest as soon eat my victuals off the pantry shelf!"

"It seems more sociable-like to sit down," said his wife, a pale, faded little woman with light-blue eyes and hair already beginning to turn gray, although she was not yet forty years old.

"It's all a waste o' time, gettin' ready and cleanin' up," said Hiram, beginning to eat like a famished ocelot.

"Mrs. Brimmer was over here this mornin'," said Mrs. Jarrett, pouring herself out a cup of weak tea, sweetened with maple-sugar and drunk without milk, because the creameries gave three cents a quart for all that these "blanket cows" yielded.

"Eh?" said Hiram. "What for?"

"Well, she's goin' over to East Hill to spend Fourth o' July, and she can't take that little 'Fresh Air' child with her; her grand son's so ill and can't bear the least bit of noise. And she thought perhaps we'd be willin' to hev' him here, jest for a day."

"She's mistaken, then," said Hiram, with his mouth full of pork and greens. "I don't set no store by children, especially that sort o' child!"

Mrs. Jarrett looked wistfully at her husband, but made no remonstrance. She knew from long experience how useless it was to set up her wishes against his will.

Hiram Jarrett was very tired that night, when he went to bed,—but his last waking words were a sneer and a cavil at the prevailing folly.

"Judge Dingley, indeed!" said he. "And a 'Fourth of July oration!' I don't b'lieve Judge Dingley's great-gran'ther carried a musket at Bunker Hill, as mine did."

"Then you'll be proud o' the day, after all?" said Mrs. Jarrett.

"I don't b'lieve in makin' such an all-fired fuss over it," said Hiram, shortly.

The Fourth of July dawned, a red sun shining through a veil of mist. Hiram rose and proceeded to his work, as usual. Mrs. Jarrett went to a neighboring village, where she had a sister as hard-working and down-trodden as herself.

"Betsy is cleanin' house," said Mrs. Jarrett, by way of excuse to her husband, "and if I help her a day, p'r'aps she'll come over in blackberry time and lend a hand with the jam."

Mr. Jarrett had been across to the "far pasture," to put the cows into new growing grounds, and was returning by the short cut through the Widow Brimmer's apple-orchard, when the sound of a distant cannon struck upon his ear.

"They've begun with their tomfoolery a'ready," said he to himself. "But it sounds sort o' pleasant, too. Wonder if it sounded that 'ere way to my great great-gran'ther at Bunker Hill? And there's a flag up on the top o' Deacon Saltonstall's store. I guess I've got as good right to fly a flag as he has, if—Hallo! Who be you, little man?"

A child, seven or eight years old, a fair-haired, blue-eyed little caricature, was sitting on Mrs. Brimmer's door-step, looking solemnly up at him.

"I'm Johnny Jones" said he. "There's nobody at home. I was to stay here, right by the door, until she came back. My dinner was in a paper, but I was hungry, and I've eaten it up. Is it past dinner-time, please?"

"It's a quarter of ten, pre-cisely," said Mr. Jarrett, consulting the huge silver watch which had belonged to his father before him. "So you're the city child, are you?"

"I live on Avenue B," said the little boy, "with Mrs. Riley. Top-floor, right-hand side."

"I suppose your folks are sort o' lonesome without you," said the farmer, looking curiously at the little lad, as if he were some new variety of insect.

"I haven't any folks," said the child. "My father and mother are dead. I'm to go out in the rag-and-bottle wagon with Mr. Riley when I'm big enough."

"What's them sticks heaped up on the grass?" asked the farmer, swallowing down an unaccountable lump in his throat.

"Those are my fire-crackers," said the little boy. "I'm playin' at fireworks. The long ones are my rockets, and the clam-shells are pin-wheels. I should be quite happy if I wasn't so hungry."

Poor little, soft-voiced child! Poor little make-believe of dry sticks and stones! Mr. Jarrett gave himself a sudden jerk as if he fain would get free from some unseen demon, who was dragging him in the other direction.

"Come home with me, bub!" said he. "I live jest across the big medder, you can see the chimbleys from here. I guess we can find some berry-pie over there.—And I say (fumbling uneasily in his pocket), let's go round by Austey's store and see what he's got left. I calculate you an' me can have a Fourth o' July by ourselves, as well as other folks!"

Little Johnny rose straightway up and clasped his small hands around Hiram Jarrett's horny fore-finger. How it thrilled at the gentle touch! How many years was it since a child had confidingly taken his hand like that?

Mr. Austey could scarcely believe his ears and eyes, and when old farmer Jarrett came in with the little "fresh air" child at his side and asked for six packs of fire-crackers, four Roman candles and three pin-wheels,—

"And I say," added the old man, somewhat sheepishly, "I guess ye may as well give me one o' them cheap flags while you're about it! My great-grandfather fought at Bunker's Hill, and Mrs. Jarrett's great-uncle, he was a sailor aboard the Constitution when she fit that battle with the Guerriere, that's put down in every common-school history, and if we hain't a right to nail the old flag over our front-door, I don't know who has."

So they went home, through the wildrose-spangled woods and across the summer-scented meadows; little Johnny flitting on in advance with the flag streaming over his yellow head like a meteor, the proudest and happiest of small creatures, while Mr. Jarrett followed with the parcel of fireworks.

"I dare say I'm an old fool," said Mr. Jarrett to himself, as his hard face beamed at sight of Johnny's satisfaction. "But I dunno 's there's any law ag'in' a man being an old fool if he's a mind to—once a year, at least."

Mrs. Jarrett was amazed beyond measure, when, on reaching home in the purple twilight, she discovered a pin-wheel revolving in showers of fiery sparks in front of the door, and saw, set out on the table inside, the jar of plum jam, that was only opened when the minister came, the tin box of ginger-snaps, a pitcher of milk, and one solitary section of raspberry pie, which had been baked for the morrow's dinner; while little Johnny's face, lighted by the blue coruscations, and Mr. Jarrett's beaming visage just behind were a study to behold.

"Oh!" cried the child, clapping his hands, "I do so love the Fourth of July! And I love Mr. Jarrett, too, and Mr. Jarrett's mother! (Which was his way for accounting for the kind old lady with the streaky white hair.)

"Waal, Eunice, I s'pose you think I'm crazy," said Mr. Jarrett, rather sheepishly.—"I don't know as I blame ye, neither." And he explained to her how this singular paradox had brought itself to pass.

"I'm glad of it," said Mrs. Jarrett, heartily; "and I'll go and get you jest as nice a tea as I know how; a berry shortcake, and some flanned cakes, with maple syrup, jest as yer old mother used to make 'em. Come here and kiss me, little boy. Bless me! how strong you smell of gunpowder."

"It's the Fourth of July," said the child, joyously; "and there's three packs of fire-crackers left."

At nine o'clock, they took the little boy back to Mrs. Brimmer's cottage.

"It's pretty solitary comin' back without him, eh, Eunice?" said Mr. Jarrett, as he held open the gate—an unwonted piece of courtesy—for his wife to pass through.

"Yes, it is," said Mrs. Jarrett.

"A child does sort o' brighten up a house, now, don't he?"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Jarrett fervently answered.

"I was kind o' thinkin', if you didn't object, Eunice, that we might adopt the little fellow," blurted out Farmer Jarrett. "He hain't no relations belongin' to him, it seems as he's a nice, docile boy."

"It does seem as if the Lord meant some one to take care of him, Hiram," answered the wife, almost afraid to let her husband see the thrill of joy that convulsed her features. She had been longing all these years for some one to love and cosset, this childless, mother-hearted woman.

"Waal, I'll see about it to-morrow morning," said Hiram, decidedly.

Mrs. Jarrett went to bed with a happy heart that night.

"I'm thankful to the Lord for sending us this Fourth o' July," she murmured to herself. "And still more for putt' that idea about Johnny into Hiram's heart. There's lots o' true things in the Bible, but there ain't none truer than where it says, 'And a little child shall lead them!'"

VARIETIES.

We should never buy things that we do not want. We should never willingly, or through mere indifference, buy things that are not genuine. We should never try to do things that we know we cannot do, or have not time to do. And we should never do things that we do not want to do, just because other people do them and ask us to do them. If we all observed these four rules of sincerity we should discover that the simplicity of life is, after all, an attainable ideal.—English Exchange.

He never passed a day without taking one or more long walks; indeed his panacea for most ills was exercise, and the exercise he chiefly advocated was walking. He wrote: "I get as nearly angry as it is in me to become, with people I love when they trifle with their health—that is, with their life—like children playing with jewels over the bridge-side, jewels which, once in the water, how can we, the poor lookers on, hope to recover? You don't know how absolutely well I am after my walking, not on the mountains merely, but on the beloved Lido. Go there, if only to stand and be blown about by the sea-wind."—The late Mrs. Arthur Cronson, in the Century Magazine.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

"Of two evils I have chosen the least," and "The end must justify the means" are from Matthew Prior.

To Milton we owe "The paradise of fools," "A wilderness of sweets," and "Moping melancholy and moonstruck madness."

Christopher Marlowe gave forth the invitation so often repeated by his brothers in a less public way: "Come live with me, love me, love long."

The poet Campbell found that "Coming events cast their shadows before" and "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

To Dr. Johnson belongs "A good hater," and to MacIntosh, in 1701, the phrase, often attributed to John Randolph, "Wise and masterly inactivity."

Thomas Tusser, a writer of the sixteenth century, said: "It's an ill wind that turns no good," "Better late than never," "Look ere thou leap," and "The stone that is rolling can gather no moss."

"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens" (not "his countrymen") appeared in the resolutions presented to the House of Representatives in December, 1799, by Gen. Henry Lee.

AN EMBARRASSING HONOR.

A certain head of a government department was invited to dine with others at a table with a cabinet minister. During the dinner the former, who happened to be placed between a door and a window, and had said nothing at all, began to sneeze.

"Are you taking cold, Mr. Brown?" asked the cabinet minister.

"I believe I have that honor and pleasure," answered Mr. Brown, bowing very respectfully.

ALL HE ASKED.

"Now then, Mr. Slopay," said the tailor's-collector, "I wish you'd give us something on this account. Do you expect us to keep you in clothes for nothing?"

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Slopay, genially; "you just furnish 'em. I can stay in 'em without any help, good day."

Humors feed on humors—the sooner you get rid of them the better. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine to take.

KEEPING THE BOY AT HOME.

You are very uneasy about your boys. They are out on the street too much at night, and perhaps you find yourself unable to prevent it. People tell you to "make home pleasant" to them, and you feel that that means luxuries beyond your means. Very likely you do not realize that there are certain things which cost hardly anything, some of them nothing, which are most powerful of all in making home an attractive place to stay in.

THE TREATMENT.

The first is good-natured treatment. In this the father is especially potent. You are worn out when you get home at night, and the dinner hour is not much better, nor the hurried early morning. Now, are you good-natured to your family, or are you not? You live for your children, perhaps you are shortening your life by hard work for their benefit; and you think they appreciate you, so as to overlook what you call "a little crossness."

But they do not even know it. How should they? You are too proud and do not think much about it. What your children do know and feel is your manner to them. What make evenings at home most unattractive to them is fear of gruff and angry treatment. With them, as with wives, as with all human beings, kindness is the most drawing power in the world.

ENJOYMENT.

Next to crossness the thing which chiefly drives a boy out in the evening is what I may describe as the lack of welcome at home. This idea surprises you, but has it not actually crept into the family attitude? You are very tired; your wife is very tired; and it is the only chance you have to rest during the twenty-four hours. Your one heated and lighted room is small, and there may be several children and a baby. Who can blame you that you feel more comfortable, there is no doubt of it. And the next night, if they stay in longer, you are wishing inwardly that they would go and leave you at peace. All too probably you show some of this outwardly, and the boys feel more at home on the street corner.

Along with your habit of enjoying their room rather than their company, grows up the habit of monopolizing whatever accommodation your living room has. They know that if they come in, they will find the space around the lamp pre-empted and also the space around the fire, and the lounge, and the better chairs, possibly all the chairs. No doubt, if they are good, they will think this right and natural, being used to it; but for all that, there is really no place for them; unintentionally they are crowded out.

It is not luxuries they are suffering for, but necessities, a seat, a light and a tolerably undisturbed spot to sit in to read or work out some boyish scheme. Most of you are not so poor that these things are impossible to secure for your sons; it is largely thoughtlessness. You do not notice that the room is occupied to their exclusion. You could make a visiting friend welcome, and will accommodate him.

HOME COMFORTS.

If you are too poor to prevent the overcrowding, the relief lies in the kind behavior which I have touched upon. If your laddies feel that you want them, and gather them in warm-heartedly to such comforts as there are in a helpful mutual partnership in this as in the rest of life, they can enjoy themselves. It was not a well-to-do boy who replied to some question: "Why, father did it for me. Oh, we have a beautiful father!"

It is not always expensive things that are delicious luxuries. A mother of four sons gave a great deal of thought and a great deal of money to making their home delightful. But of all her arrangements the one which filled me with admiration for her skill was four lounges in the sitting room. This exact thing you may by no means be able to copy, but you see the principle. The lounges were not necessarily fine, but all could lie down at once, if they chose; and that unconsciously counted for manners to these strong-hearty young men, than all the fancy upholstery and bric-a-brac that she could buy. Her principle can be carried out by even the poorest, the effort to give boy common comforts so far as within the parents' ability to give.

Books are for many of you easy to get in abundance from libraries. Often an employer or friend would joyfully give you quantities of excellent magazines and illustrated papers, not necessarily very old ones, either and a great variety of good games can be bought in any large town for five or ten cents apiece. A little contriving may accomplish wonders. Let me repeat the refrain which fits every paragraph:

"Smiling, sunny kindness gives the most solid kindness possible for a mortal to bestow particularly to those smaller and weaker and under his power. A very rich man's son, an established professional man, said in my hearing: "My father never treated me as if he thought very much of me, and I am so happy now with my wife, who seems to regard and think well of me." One saw at a glance an embittered boyhood and youth in the lap of millions.—Margaret Meredith in "The Country Gentleman."

BOUND TO SUCCEED.

"I think my thirteen-year-old boy will be a smart business man when he grows up," remarked McSwilligen.

"Go on with the story," replied Squildig.

"I had a ton of coal delivered the other day, and to encourage Tommy to earn something, I offered him a shilling to shovel it into the cellar. He took the contract with great alacrity, but I found out afterwards that he did not handle the coal himself."

"How did he manage it?"

"He hired a man to put it in for sixpence, and cleaned sixpence without doing any work himself."

LETS.

Let's play that you and I are young
again
Young with the wisdom of our
elder years;
We know the sunshine glows beyond
the rain,
Love's smile of knowledge beams
beyond our fears;
Come, put away all sorrows and
regrets—
Let's play life back, beloved—oh,
just let's!

Let's walk a little while amid the
flowers,
And listen to the shining, sensate
things;
Let's bring within these niggard, fleeting hours,
The glory of our last and vibrant
spring;
Let's put away the grief of life that
feels
Its daily living; let's be happy—
let's!

Let's just hold hands and look toward
the sun,
See, not a cloud efface heaven's
blue,
No cloud to cross us now, or lie upon
The gentle peace that shines for
me and you.
Look toward the light—ah, see its
glory gets
A rainbow hue; we will be happy
—let's!

Let's hold each other dear, and dearer
still,
It may not matter here, the least
at all;
But somehow, if we only will,
The grace of living shall upon us
fall.
A perfect love that rises high and sets
The world to music; let us dream
—just let's!

—ANNPLET ANDREWS

THE RIGHT WAY TO BLOW THE NOSE.

The International Kindergarten Union Convention, held not long ago in Boston, which drew such large crowds that Trinity Church was pressed into service as a meeting place, seems to have brought out considerable discussion, much humor and many women. "The address of President Eliott, of Harvard University was highly instructive," said Mr. Charles Parton of Boston, at the Murray Hill yesterday. "He made a plea for the education that educates by "showing how," and illustrated his plea with a little story. A friend of had become deaf not long ago, and the president asked him what was the cause. "I was blowing my nose," the friend answered, "when suddenly I felt something snap in my ears, followed by aching and dullness. When the doctor came he said I had split the eardrum, and asked how I did it. I told him that I only blew my nose."

"Well, if you had opened your mouth when you blew your nose you would not now have a damaged eardrum," the doctor answered. There was a man, President Eliott pointed out, who had lived seventy years, and had never been "shown how" to blow his nose. This story made a deep impression on the convention, and it is safe to say that many a little kindergarten child will be told to open his little mouth when he has recourse to his handkerchief.

WANTED AN EASY BERTH.

I received a letter from a lad asking me to find him an easy berth. "To this I replied: "You cannot be an editor; do not try the law; do not think of the ministry; let alone all ships, shops and merchandise; abhor politics; don't practice medicine; be not a farmer or sailor; don't study; don't think. None of these are easy. O, my son! You have come into a hard world. I know of only one any place in in it, and that is the grave."—Henry Ward Beecher.

WISDOM.

To put forth a thousand dollars' worth of labor and worry and foolishness to raise a hundred dollars for Christ that might have been procured by a direct religious appeal is a method of supporting the gospel more popular than religious.

The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette says that local option has paralyzed the saloon business in Hillsboro, Ohio. And yet the Gazette man says, "prohibition don't prohibit." Truly the legs of the lame are not equal.

SOUP.

A good siege story comes from Ladysmith. An officer who was organizing a concert to keep up his men's cheerfulness heard of a sergeant in the Gordons who was said to be a performer. He found the said sergeant, and asked him to contribute his services.

The sergeant was very sorry, but "couldn't." Why," said the officer, "you do play something, don't you?" "I did, sir." "Well what's your instrument?" "The bones, sir—but I've ate 'em."

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