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Acton Free Press

Rumored Retirement of Disraeli.

London Ministerial as well as Opposition journals give currency to a rumor to the effect that the Right Hon. Mr. Disraeli will retire into private life after the prorogation of the present session of the Imperial Parliament. For a period extending over more than forty years he his held a seat in the House of Commons. He entered the political arena as a pronounced Radical, of the London *Spectator* school, and supported the Administration of Lord Melbourne. Veering round in his political views, he supported the second Conservative Administration of Sir Robert Peel, and on the downfall of that eminent statesman, and on the decease of Lord George Bentinck, became the leader of a powerful wing of the Conservative party. The Administration of Mr. Gladstone found in Mr. Disraeli an active and formidable opponent—fertile in resources and a keen and powerful debater; and on the resignation of that gentleman, he accepted office as the chief of a Conservative Administration. He is by no means a Tory of the old School; in fact, the Tory landed interest dread him, while compelled, by the force of circumstances, to give him at least a luke-warm support. He has been offered a peerage more than once, as was the late Mr. Cobden; but he preferred the atmosphere and bustle of the Lower House to the soft cushions and repose of the Upper one. Latterly, he has shown signs of a want of firmness, and has not displayed, during the present session, that marked ability which, some ten years since, rendered him one of the most prominent and talented of political leaders. There is none of the "blue-blood" English aristocracy in his veins. Of Jewish descent, he feels proud that his ancestors belonged to that ancient but scattered race. By the mere force of genius, he has worked his way to the front, and to the chieftainship of a party to which rank, big acres, Norman descent, and powerful family connections are the strongest of recommendations in the choice of a leader. He has done the State some service in his day; and should he retire into private life will leave behind him a reputation second to no Conservative statesman since the days of William Pitt.

Listowel Town Council has established a cheese factory in connection with the monthly fair.

PRESBYTERIAN UNION.—The union of the Presbyterian bodies in Canada—which was consummated at Montreal last week—is the most important event which has ever occurred in the history of the church on this side of the Atlantic. Those who dissented from it are but a handful, for the great mass of the people have heartily gone for it, and now rejoice that at last it has been accomplished. It is a great epoch in the history of the Presbyterian Church in this Dominion.

UNREALIZED EXPECTATIONS.—A short time ago three young men named Howson and James, of Hallett, and Craig, of Goderich township, left for California, with the hope of bettering their condition in the land of gold. After arriving in California, they found thousands of unemployed men there, who had been deluded with the same hope as themselves, and were, of course, unable to find employment. They have proceeded to British Columbia.

A HINT TO SUBSCRIBERS.—An exchange says: "Compare the publisher of a newspaper, who has to go around the country to collect his pay, with the farmer who sells wheat on credit, and not more than a bushel to any one.—If any farmer will try the experiment of distributing the proceeds of his labor over four counties with an addition of one or two or three distant towns, for one year, we will guarantee that after that year's experience, he will not ask the publisher to supply him with a paper for a year or two without the pay for it in advance.

WORDS OF TRUTH.—The newspaper is the handmaid of civilization. No family can maintain its place in society without it. The man needs it for information about markets and politics; the woman needs it as a diversion from her household cares and family duties; the young need it for both amusement and instruction. Thousands of families can take but a single newspaper, and that one should be commended to their consideration which best meets all their needs.

The Middlesex County Council have at last settled on a scheme for taking off the tolls on the roads. They have granted to the several municipalities which have not benefitted fully by the gravel roads now in existence $75,000, which are to be expended in extending the gravel road system. For this consideration it has been agreed that the tolls on the existing gravel roads shall be taken off in January next.

CLIPS.

—Miss Mary Willcox, of Amherstburg, has made a quilt with 19,730 pieces.

—The Bank of Commerce has erected a new bank building in Thorald.

—Sir John A. Macdonald has been presented with a very handsome horse and carriage by the citizens of Toronto.

—Eighty discharged volunteers from Fort Garry, arrived in Sarnia lately, by the Steamer *Ontario*.

—Two things in this world that should not be trifled with—a woman's opinion and the business end of a wasp.

—Hon. T. Wentworth, of Lowell, who died on the 13th inst., bequeathed his property (estimated at $170,000) to Dartmouth College.

—The Paris *Transcript* says that a shoemaker belonging to that place was fined $10 and costs for peddling his stock in Blenheim village without a license.

—It is rumored that a volume, consisting of the most important philosophical correspondence of the late John Stuart Mill, will shortly be published.

—Mr. Blackaddy, on Saturday, walked from Brantford to Simcoe, twenty-five miles, in four hours and a half, and returned in less than five hours, on Monday.

—At the National Pigeon Shooting Tournament at Cleveland, Ohio, on Monday, J. Rodbone, of Windsor, Ont., carried off the 2nd prize for the second best average shooting.

—This will be known as the great fishing year. In Lake Ontario the fishing is splendid, and among the Lake Erie islands immense quantities of bass and other lake fish have been taken.

—His Excellency, the Administrator, has consented, and the sentence passed upon the Brockville abortionists, Sparham and Grieves, has been commuted to imprisonment for life in the Penitentiary.

—This conundrum is respectfully submitted to the best speller: If S-h-o-n-x spell su, and c-y-e spells i, and s-i-g-h-e-d spells side, why doesn't t-h-o-u-x-b-y-o-s-i-g-h-e-d spell suicide?

—A person was told that three yards of cloth, by being wet, would shrink one-quarter of a yard. "Well, then," he inquired, "if you should wet a quarter of a yard, would there be any left?"

—The Goderich *Star* says: "The Governor of our gaol not having sufficient employment for prisoners, the County Clerk advertises for a quantity of firewood. This he hopes will keep them sawing as well as 'chawing.'"

—Mr Smith Clarke, of lot 17, in the 12th con. Mariposa, had a valuable young horse—one of a nicely matched team—shung by the halter last Thursday night. The animal was dead when found.

—On Thursday, June 10th, between twelve and one o'clock, a young girl named Ellen Milton, daughter of John Milton, whilst engaged in fishing off one of the piers near Morrice & Co.'s factory, near Campbellford, fell into the river and was drowned.

A writer in the London *Globe* says: "There are only three nations who use slang to any extent, viz: France, England and America. Of these the French is by far the wittiest, American the most appropriate, and English the most forcible and obscure."

—A man in Nevada, shot by robbers, recovered consciousness in time to hear one of the rascals say: "Had we better shoot him again?" to which another replied: "No, I guess the cuss is dead." He wisely kept quiet until they had departed with their booty.

—On the line of the L. H. & B. R., are a number of Swedes at work who still retain their old wooden shoes. Though they may keep the feet perfectly dry, they resemble a miniature "dug out" canoe in manner of construction.

—Miss Alice M. Singer, daughter of Mr. I. Singer, the sewing machine inventor, will soon be married in England to Mr. W. A. P. MacGrove, a former resident of Brooklyn. The bride's dower is to be $1,000,000, and she is to receive $10,000 worth of diamonds.

—A report is telegraphed from Berlin to the effect that the Porte has under consideration a plan for dividing its dominions into three general governments, with the view to the greater efficiency of the administration and more effective resistance to the Austrian schemes.

—Mr. Chisholm has resolved to appeal from the decision of the Judge in the Peel election case, on the ground, as stated by the Judge, that no corrupt expenditure of money has been proved, and that Mr. Chisholm showed himself desirous of observing the law.

—The Bank of France owns a brick for which 1,000 francs in specie was paid. It was taken from the ruins of a burnt house, and the image and figures of a note for 1,000 francs are burned on the surface, transfered by the heat from a real note. This brick the bank redeemed on presentation, as if it were the note itself.

—The Italian newspapers announce the discovery the other day at Pompeii of a painting said to be of more importance than any hitherto brought to light. It represents Laocoon according to the description given by Virgil. Its state of preservation is such as to warrant a hope that it may be found possible to remove it to the Museum.

—A large number of the non-commissioned officers and men of the Dominion Battery, who have been on service in Manitoba for two or three years have returned to their homes in different sections of Ontario. They were disbanded about three weeks since, and do not intend returning.

—The Manitoba *Free Press* says that parties from different parts of the Province give but one account of the grasshopper destruction, that is, that the crops are suffering total destruction. The fields that had crops four and six inches high are now mostly black. The worst reports and expectations are being realized.

—The guess mania has taken a new shape at Bridgeport, where a druggist placed a large globe of pills in his window and offered 100 soda water tickets for the nearest guess at their number. More than two thousand persons made the attempt, their guessing ranging from eighty-seven to 7,000. The real number was 237, which two persons guessed.

—The following facts on the duration of life are given on what claims to be good authority: "In ancient Rome, during the period of years between 200 and 300 A.D., the average duration of life among the upper classes was 30 years. In the present century, among the same class of people it amounts to 50 years. In the sixteenth century the mean duration of life in Geneva was 21 years; between 1814 and 1833 it was 40.53 years; and at the present time as many people live to 70 years of age as 300 years ago lived to the age of 45."

Donald Spoke.

Oor great Rob Roy, her mainsel reads,
He was ta grandest prave man;
He steals mair coos—three times as morc
Fore death gi'ed him ta grave, mam
And when he'll try, her spendish pipes
Were in her left leg bummin',
Tay tell ta deil an' a' concern,
Stan' clear, great Rob was comin'.

An' did she'll hear ta bagpipe plaw,
Wi' their pewithein wailin',
As her soul through ta land o' treams
On golden wings was sailin'.
Yon story peot in Frenchie man,
Wha made ta rats tae flee, man,
Free oot ta Paris reservoir,
Is shist a nonsense lee, man.

Tay pe ta finest music soun'
That never yet was plaw, man;
There's nacthing like her in ta Coort,
Or fourer 'broad awa', man.
Victoria pe ta ponnie Queen;
Ah' when she'll hameward gang, man,
She'll pit ta organs oot ta kirks,
An' up ta pipes she'll hang, man.

An' tell ta' Gospel ministers
Tae speak ta Gaelic spoke, man,
She'll shist the pest spoke ere was preach
For universal folk, man.
Farewell! an' this pe Tonald's 'vice,
As guid advice as ever was,
Stick py ta tram an' Heilan' hills,
She'll be as wee'l she never was.

THREE SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A WORLDLING.

SCENE FIRST.

"It is vain to urge me, brother Robert; out into the world I must go. The impulse is on me. I should die of inaction here."

"You need not be inactive. There is work to do. I shall never be idle."

"And such work! Delving and groveling close to the very ground. And for what? My ambition soars beyond your quiet cottage in a sheltered vale. My appetite craves something more than simple herbs and water from the brook. I have set my heart on attaining wealth; and where there is a will, there is a way."

"Contentment is better than wealth."

"A proverb for drones."

"What of Ellen, William?"

The young man turned quickly towards his brother, visibly disturbed, and fixed his eyes upon him with an earnest expression.

"I love her as my life," he said, with a strong emphasis on his words.

"Do you love wealth more than life, William?"

"Robert!"

"If you love Ellen as your life, and leave her for the sake of getting riches, then you must love money more than life."

"I am going forth as well for her sake as my own. In all the good fortune that comes as the meed of effort, she will be a sharer."

"You will see her before you leave us?"

"No. I will neither pain her nor myself by a parting interview. Send her this letter and this ring."

A few hours later, and the brothers stood with tightly grasped hands, gazing into each other's faces.

"Farewell, Robert."

"Farewell, William. Think of the old homestead as still your home. Though it is mine, in the division of our patrimony, let your heart come back to it as yours. Its doors will ever be open and its hearth-fire bright for you as of old."

And they turned from each other, one going out into the restless world, an eager seeker for its wealth and honors; the other to linger among the pleasant places dear to him by every association of childhood, there to fill up the measure of his days—not idly, for he was no drone in the social hive.

On the evening of that day two maidens sat alone, each in the sanctuary of her own chamber. There was a warm glow in the cheeks of one, and a glad light in her eyes. Pale was the other's face, and wet her dropping lashes. And she that sorrowed held an open letter in her hand. It was full of tender words; but the writer loved wealth more than the maiden, and had gone forth to seek the mistress of his soul. He would 'come back,' but when? Ah, what a veil of uncertainty was upon the future! Poor stricken heart! The other maiden—she of the glowing cheeks and dancing eyes—held also a letter in her hand. It was from the brother of the wealth-seeker; and it said that, on the morrow, he would come to bear her as a bride to his pleasant home. Happy maiden!

SCENE SECOND.

Ten years have passed. And what of the wealth-seeker? Has he won the glittering prize? What of the pale-faced maiden he left in tears? Has he returned to her? Does she share now his wealth and honor? Not since the day he went forth from the home of his childhood has a word of intelligence from the wanderer been received; and to those he left behind him, he is now as one who has passed the final bourne. Yet he still dwells among the living.

In a far-away clime stands a stately mansion. We will not linger to describe the elegant exterior, to hold up before the reader's imagination a picture of rural beauty, exquisitely heightened by art; but enter its spacious hall, and pass up to one of its most luxurious chambers. How hushed and solemn the pervading atmosphere! The inmates, few in number, are grouped around one on whose white forehead Time's trembling finger has written the word 'Death.' Over her bends a manly form. There—his face is towards you. Ah! you recognize the wandorer—the wealth-seeker. What does he here? What to him is the dying one? His wife! And has he, then, forgotten the maiden whose dark lashes lay wet on her pale cheeks for many hours after she read his parting words? He has been false to her. Eagerly sought he the prize to contend for which he went forth. In an evil hour he took to himself a bride, rich in golden attractions, but poorer, *as a woman*, than even the beggar at her father's gate. What a thorn in his side she proved! A thorn ever sharp and ever piercing. The closer he attempted to draw her to his bosom, the deeper went the points into his own.

Five years of such a life! Oh, what is there of earthly good to compensate thereafter? But in this last desperate throw, did the worldling gain the wealth, station and honor he coveted? He had wedded the only child of a man whose treasure might be counted by hundreds of thousands but, in so doing, he had failed to secure the father's approval or confidence. The stern old man regarded him as mercenary interloper, and ever treated him as such. For five years he fretted and chafed. And all! how many times came between him and the almost listed countenance of his wife, the gentle, loving face of her to whom he had been false. How often her soft blue eyes rested on his own.

After ten years we find him waiting in the chamber of death, for the stroke that is to break the fetters that so long bound him. It has fallen. He is free again.

Not a week had gone by, ere the father of his wife said to him:

"You were nothing to me while my daughter lived—you are less than nothing now. It was my wealth, not my child, that you loved. She has passed away. What affection would have given to her, dislike will never bestow on you. Henceforth we are strangers."

The wealth seeker was a wanderer again; poor, humiliated, broken in spirit.

SCENE THIRD.

The step of time had fallen so lightly on the flowery paths of those to whom contentment was a higher boon than wealth, that few footmarks were visible. Yet there were changes in the old homestead. As the smiling years went by, each, as it looked in at the cottage window, saw the home circle widening, or new beauty crowning the angel brows of happy children.

It is near the close of a summer day. The evening meal is spread, and they are about gathering around the table, when a stranger enters. His words are vague and brief, his manner singular, his air slightly mysterious. Furtive, yet eager glances go from face to face.

"Are these all your children?" he asks, with mingled surprise and admiration.

"All ours. And, thank God, the little flock is yet unbroken."

The stranger averts his face. He is disturbed by emotions that is impossible to conceal.

"Contentment is better than wealth," he murmurs. "Oh, that I had earlier comprehended this truth."

The words were not meant for others; but the utterance had been too distinct. They had reached the ears of Robert, who instantly recognized in the stranger his long wandering brother.

"William!"

How the stranger starts and trembles. He had not seen in the quiet maiden, moving among and ministering to the children so unobtrusively, the one he had parted from years before—the one to whom he had been so false. But his voice has startled her ears with the familiar tones of yesterday.

"Ellen!" Here is an instant oblivion of all the intervening years. He has leaped back over the gloomy gulf, and stands now as he stood ere ambition and lust of gold lured him away from his first and only love. It is well both for him and the faithful maiden, that he can so forget the past as to take her in his arms and clasp her almost wildly to his heart. But for this, conscious shame would have betrayed his deeply repented perfidy.

And here we leave them, reader. "Contentment is better than wealth." So the worldling proved, after a bitter experience, which may you be spared. It is far better to realize a truth perceptively, and thence make it a rule of action, than to prove the variety in a life of sharp agony. But how few are able to rise into such a realization.

The Atlantic cable laid last week is the fifth in operation. It is one of the best laid, and will transmit 20 words in a minute.

The independent line of the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway, from Toronto to Weston, is now completing, excepting ballasting, &c., about a mile near the latter place. Trains have been run to Carleton since winter, and the whole line will be finished as soon as the necessary funds are forthcoming.

The Milton Town Council have passed a resolution granting the use of the Reading Room for five years, at $100 per year, and 10 per cent on the cost of fitting up the room, to either the Federal or Royal Canadian Bank.

Wedding Bells.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells
What a gush of euphony voluminously swells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

Mi idea ov perfekt happiness iz the consciousness ov having dun our whole duty, and the certainty ov gitting our reward for it.

It would be a good trade if we could banish about one half the learning out ov the world and substitute common sense in the place of it.

Life iz short, but the majority outliv themselfs enny how.

It iz a grate deal eazier to be sassy than to be surkastik; but there iz menny krificks who hav'nt diskovered the difference yet, and probably never will.

The man whom success renders more humble, and at the same time more cautious, iz one whom a defeat couldn't weaken.

If a man iz to leave the world and retire into solitude, he must take a large stock of virtews with him, for these are the only things he kan enjoy there.

There has seldom been a grate ockashin yet but what there has been found sum one equal to it, and that one faz often sprung from an unexpekted source.

The man who fully understands a subjekt is alwuss satisfied to use the simplest terms to explain it.

Wit in a woman kan never fully replace the want of duty.

If yu expekt to keep yure friend yu have got to see all his virtews with both eyes, and hiz failings with one.

The man who tells yu that there ain't an honest person living haz studyed his own karakter too well.

I would mutch rather a weak man would be mi enemy than my friend.

Of all kreated things, animate or inanimate, we find no fools, except among mankind.

He who haz the most authority and uses it the least iz truly a nobe karakter.

Facts Worth Knowing.

Money paid on a Sunday can be recovered.

The fruit and grass on the farm and garden of intestate descend to the heir.

An agent is liable to his principle for loss by his misstatement, though unintentional.

No man is under obligations to make known his circumstances when purchasing goods.

A wife cannot be convicted of receiving stolen goods when she receives them from her husband.

A private person may receive an injunction to prevent a public mischief by which he and others were afflicted.

If a person who is unable from sickness to sign his will has his hand guided while making his mark, the signature is valid.

If any person put a fence on or plows the land of another, he is liable to trespass, whether the owner will receive injury or not.

A stamp impressed on an instrument by way of seal, is as good as seal if it creates a durable impression in the texture of the paper.

A day book copied from a "blottery," in which original charges are first made, will not be received in evidence as a book of original entries.

Money paid for the purpose of settling or compounding a prosecution for a supposed felony cannot be recovered back by the party paying it.

A seller of goods, chattels, or other property commits no fraud in law when he neglects to tell the purchaser of flaws, defects, or unsoundness in the same.

Permanent erections and fixtures, made by the mortgagor after the execution of the mortgage upon land conveyed by it, become a part of the mortgaged premises.

An agreement by the holder of a note to give the principle debtor time for payment, without depriving of his right to sue does not discharge the surety.

A person who has been led to sell goods by means of false pretence cannot recover them from one that has purchased them in good faith from the fraudulent vendee.

The new woollen factory in Glenwilliams is now in operation.

Latest advices from Jamaica, West Indies, report great scarcity of food among the poorer classes.

The Provincial Exhibition, it is announced, will commence this year on Monday, 20th September.

Mr. Ham, of Whitby, writing from Fargo, Minnesota, says he "wouldn't trade off a concession lot in Ontario for the whole country."

THE PAPERLESS MAN.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"No, sir! I don't want noth'n o' the kind. In the first place, I ha'nt got the money; in the next place, if I had the money, I wouldn't have none of your papers."

So spoke Titus Closely, in answer to a man who called to see if he would like to subscribe for a newspaper. Said man kept a store in the neighboring village, and was also the postmaster; and he had made arrangements to add to his business by establishing a newspaper agency.

"I can furnish you with any paper you may like," he explained to Mr. Closely—"and I can furnish it cheaper than you can get it in any other way; because by buying of me you will save the postage. I will have papers devoted to the Family; papers for the Farmers; papers for the Mechanic; and papers for both old and young; and in short I may assure you that any one of them may be worth far more to you than I propose to ask. Ask your wife what she thinks. You have no idea what a vast amount of valuable information you will find."

Nancy Closely wanted a paper, but her husband said—

"O, bother! I don't want it—I tell ye. I've got as much as I can do to look arter my farm; and if Nancy and the children want to read they can get tracts of the minister."

"Your neighbor, Deepwater, has subscribed for two papers," said the agent. "He will take a pleasant high-toned literary paper for his family, and a paper devoted to Art, Science and Agriculture for himself."

"The more fool he!" cried Closely, contemptuously. "John Deepwater can't afford it no more n I can. My farm's bigger and better n his is; and I tell ye, flat an' square, at I hain't got no two dollars to throw away for a newspaper."

"But—Titus—"

"Shut up, Nancy! I tell ye I don't want it."

And Nancy closed her lips; and the agent went his way; and Titus Closely went forth to plow his ground with the old wooden plow which his father and his grandfather had used before him. And time passed on. The newspaper agency was established at the village post-office; but Titus did not patronize it. He felt that he had a principle at stake. He had said he wouldn't—and he wouldn't. But in one thing he was consistent; he would not allow his children to borrow papers of his neighbor Deepwater if he knew it. One evening Titus Closely and his wife took tea, by invitation, with neighbor Deepwater.

"I declare, Nancy," said Titus on their way home, "Prudence Deepwater beats all creation for cooking, don't she? I had no idea she was such a hand at it. I wonder where she got them fresh strawberries."

"She preserved them herself," answered Nancy.

"O—get out! them wasn't preserved—they was as fresh as new picked."

"It is the way they were fixed, Titus."

"Eh! Can you do it?"

"I could if I had her paper."

"Her paper?"

"Yes. She found the receipt in the newspaper. And that's where she learned how to do most of all her nice cooking."

Titus changed the subject of conversation.

Autumn came and the Agricultural Fair was held in an adjoining town. Titus went over with what he considered a yoke of very fine oxen; but he found, when the exhibition came off, that he was very far behind the times. New breeds, of which he had heard nothing had been introduced, and his own animals were not deemed worthy of notice.

"Whew!" whistled Titus, as he sat in his kitchen, with a crumpled report of the awarding Committees in his hand. A friend had given him the printed document. "John Deepwater has got the premium for sheep. By hokey! I'll bet I clip more wool n he does next season."

"Because you've got more sheep," suggested Nancy. "But wait and see. The new breed which he has procured is a very valuable one."

"Bah! Think what it cost him; fifty dollars for a pair on 'm!"

"And," added Nancy, "he sold two of his spring lambs to Mr. Thompson for eighty dollars!"

"Git out!"

"Prudence told me so. John Deepwater saw so many flattering accounts of these sheep in his paper that he knew it would be safe for him to invest."

Titus referred again to the Report.

"Hollow! I'm blessed if Polly Downer hasn't got the first premium for cheese—five dollars."

"Yes," said Nancy. "She was telling me about her cheese. She found out how to make them in her paper. I tell you, Titus, it's a good thing to have a good newspaper. I wish you'd—"

"Bah! Don't talk to me!" And Titus threw down the Report and retired from the kitchen in [illegible]t.

The winter passed; and the spring's work was done, and the time for sheep shearing came. Titus Closely sheared one hundred and fifty sheep, and obtained therefrom not quite six hundred pounds of wool, being less than an average of four pounds to the sheep. John Deepwater sheared his seventy sheep, near five hundred pounds of wool, thus giving him a yield of a trifle over eight pounds from each sheep.

"Titus, didn't I tell you that neighbor Deepwater's sheep would prove by far the most profitable? It costs no more to keep one of his splendid animals than it does one of ours. And then his lamb are heavier, and this mutton is—s'

"Stop your gab, Nancy! I know what ye're pitchin' at. Let John Deepwater go it if he wants to. I've got more wool'n he has."

"And you wintered more than twice as many sheep as he did."

"Shet up, will you?"

Nancy was silent. But the end was not yet. After the haying had been done, Mr. Deepwater and his wif called over and took tea, and spent the evening with Titus and Nancy. In the course of conversation Prudence told to Nancy many new things that she had learned of household mysteries, and Mr. Deepwater talked to his host of the great improvements which were being made in agriculture. And Titus was interested in spite of himself, though he tried to appear otherwise.

"By the way, Titus," said John Deepwater, late in the evening, "when you get ready to sell your wool, I think I can recommend you to a good market."

"Much obleeged, John; but I've sold."

"Sold? To whom?"

"To Saddler & Ryder, of Brinkton."

"Did they come for it?"

"Yes. Old Saddler came himself."

"What did he pay you?"

"Thirty cents."

"Thirty cents. Thirty cents a pound?"

"Yes."

"Goodness mercy, John! You didn't sell your whole clip at that price?"

"Y-e-s. Why?"

"Why—Why—wool, like yours, is well worth forty-five cents; and I was authorized by Mr. Fairman to offer that price for your clip. You must have had five hundred pounds."

"Yes," said Titus gaspingly! "I sold five hundred and seventy."

"But didn't you know that wool had risen in value?"

"No. Mr. Saddler said thirty cents was all 'twas worth."

"Mr. Saddler deceived you. But you should have watched the Market Report. Didn't you notice them in the paper?"

"I—I—don't take no paper."

"I declare, Titus, I'm sorry for you. But it can't be helped now."

Mr. Deepwater saw how badly his friend was feeling, and he said no more. When the company had gone Titus Closely took down the old slate from its peg by the side of the looking-glass, and began to cipher. The difference between thirty and forty-five was fifteen; and fifteen multiplied by five hundred and seventy gave a product of eighty-five dollars and fifty cents.

On the following morning Titus Closely went to the village and subscribed for two papers—one for himself, and one for his wife—and in time he came to regard the Newspaper as one of the greatest institutions of the age.

MARQUIS OF LORNE.—The Ottawa *Free Press* says it is reported that the Princess Louisa and the Marquis of Lorne will visit Canada and the United States this summer. The correspondent who sends the above also intimates that it is whispered in England that the Marquis of Lorne will come to Canada as the successor of His Excellency the Earl of Dufferin.

CANADA THISTLES.—Farmers! don't neglect to cut your Canada thistles. Many of us know that there are certain days in the year on which to cut thistles and kill them. Now I wish to tell you the days for 1875, viz.: The 29th of June, 27th of July and 23rd of August. If they are plenty with you, take the scythe; if few, take the hoe; but be sure you cut them all. As far as my own farm is concerned, I am not alarmed about them, as by following this rule I have got rid of them effectually.—JOS. REECE, Birkhall P. O.—*Sarnia Observer.*

Sir Hugh Allan failed to raise the money in the London market for the Northern Colonization Railway.

From the "Newspaper Press Directory" for 1875, it appears that there are 1,903 newspapers published in the United Kingdom. Of these 308 are published in London, and 939 in the rest of England. In Wales there were 581; in Scotland 149; in Ireland 137; and in the Isles 17. Of this number there were 98 dailies in England, 2 in Wales, 14 in Scotland, and 19 in Ireland. In 1847 the journals published in the United Kingdom amounted only to 340, of which there were only 14 daily, viz: 11 in England and 2 in Ireland. The number of magazines now published, including the quarterly reviews, is 643, of which 240 are of a decidedly religious character.

W. H. LOWEY, M. B., M. C. P. S., Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons.—MILL STREET, Acton.

DR. R. R. MORROW, Physician, Surgeon, &c., of Bellevue College, New York, also Graduate of Victoria College, Canada. Consultation days, Tuesdays and Fridays, from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Residence—West Bower street, Acton.

JAMES MATTHEWS, Conveyancer, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Post Master, Insurance Agent, Agent for Money to Loan, Agent Montreal Tel. Co., Clerk Fourth Div. Court, Com. in C. B., &c., Acton, Ont.

D. HENDERSON, Conveyancer, &c., also Agent Canada Life Assurance Co. Deeds, Mortgages, &c., prepared neatly, promptly, correctly and on reasonable terms. Money to Loan on Mortgage security. Office—Glasgow House, Acton.

OLIVER LOZIER, PLASTERER, ACTON, ONT. Every description of Plastering and Rough-casting done on the most reasonable terms, and satisfaction guaranteed.

DOMINION HOTEL, ACTON, ONT. HUGH AGNEW, Proprietor. This new Hotel is fitted up in first-class style with new furniture. Commercial Travellers will find good accommodation and commodious Sample Rooms. Special attention paid to the wants of the travelling public. Bar supplied with the best Liquors and Cigars. Good Stabling and attentive Hostlers.

ROYAL EXCHANGE HOTEL, Acton, Ont. ROBT. DICKIE, Prop. Sample Rooms large and commodious for Commercial Travellers. Good accommodation for Travellers and Guests. Best brands of Liquors and Cigars at the Bar. Good Stabling and attentive Hostlers.

WM. LAIDLAW, Barrister, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, &c. Offices—Hamilton, 10 King street, Milton, Main street. The Milton Office will be under the management of D. W. Campbell, and Mr. Laidlaw will attend at the "Milton Office" on Friday of each week.

ACTON FLOUR MILLS. B. & F. NICKLIN, Proprietors. Flour and Feed always on hand, wholesale and retail. Gristing and Chopping Daily. Cash for all kinds of Grain.

JOB PRINTING of all kinds neatly and promptly executed at the FREE PRESS OFFICE. Three doors from the Post Office, Mill St.

W. H. STOREY & Co., CANADA GLOVE WORKS, ACTON, ONT. Wholesale Manufacturers of every description and style of Leather & Cloth Gloves, MITTS AND GAUNTLETS. ALSO Dressers of Plain and Fancy Kid Leathers. ☞ Highest Market Price paid for WOOL SKINS. Acton, July 1st, 1875.

ACTON LIVERY & SALE STABLE. J. P. ALLAN. Takes pleasure in announcing to the public generally that he is prepared to furnish First-class Horses and Carriages. At Reasonable Rates. His Rigs and Horses are the best that can be had, and he is determined not to be surpassed by any City Stable. Acton, July 1st, 1875.

ACTON WAGON AND CARRIAGE FACTORY. JAMES RYDER, Proprietor. Wagons, Carriages, Sleighs, Cutters, &c. Kept in stock and made to Order on the Shortest Notice. Strict attention paid to Horse-Shoeing & General Jobbing and satisfaction guaranteed. Acton, July 1st, 1875.

A GRANGE IN ERIN.—A number of farmers in the township of Erin have organized a grange under the name of the "Erin Farmers' Grange." Mr. Alex. Smith, Erin P. O., is the Secretary.