THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

Volume I. No. 2. ACTON, ONT., FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1875. $1.00 per annum in Advance

THE

ACTON FREE PRESS

Is published every Friday morning, at the office, Bower's Block, Mill Street, Acton, by

J. H. HACKING, PUBLISHER.

TERMS.—One dollar a year, strictly in advance. If not paid before three month's are out, one dollar and a half will be charged; or two dollars if not paid till the end of the year. No paper will be sent to any person more than one year unpaid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.—Eight cents per line for first insertion, and two cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Short advertisements as eight lines and under, $1 for three insertions. Business Cards of eight lines and under, $4 per annum.

A liberal discount allowed on advertisements inserted for extended periods. Advertisements without special instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

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Transient advertisements to be paid for when ordered. All advertising accounts rendered quarterly.

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J. H. HACKING, PUBLISHER.

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Acton, July, 1875.

Gems of Thought.

Everything great is not always good; but all good things are great.

Let us be always cheerful; if life is a burden, let it be the burden of a song.

Scandal is a bit of false money, and he who passes it is frequently as bad as he who originally utters it.

There is thought to be very little use in a man's meaning well, if he cannot express his meaning by his acts.

In order to be happy one must be on good terms with his pillow, for the nightly reproaches it can make must be heard.

Greatness stands upon a precipice; and if prosperity carry a man never so little beyond his poise, it overbears and dashes him to pieces.

Those persons who have nothing but eulogy for themselves, have generally nothing but censure and contempt for all the rest of the world.

The human heart, like a feather bed, must be roughly handled, well shaken, and exposed to a variety of turns, to prevent its becoming hard.

To confound wealth with happiness, is to mistake the means for the end. You might as well fancy that a knife and fork will give you an appetite.

One beautiful trait in a true woman's character is her invariable readiness to smooth her husband's temperament, even if she has to do it with an aching heart.

Be not too much out of humor with the world; every man has found in it more comforts than calamities, more civilities than affronts, more instances of kindness than of cruelty.

Death knocks alike at the palace door of the great, and at the hovel of the destitute—makes subservient to his laws the most towering mind as well as the weak and impotent—the aged and the young.

At all times presence of mind is valuable. In times of repose it will enable us to say and do what ever is most befitting the occasion that presents itself; while in time of trial it may protect, and in danger preserve.

There are many who affect a want of affectation, and flatter themselves that they are above flattery; they are proud of being thought extremely humble, and would go round the world to punish those who think them capable of revenge.

Precepts are like seeds—they are little things which do much good. If the mind which receives them has a disposition, it must not be doubted that this part contributes to the generation, and adds much to that which has been collected.

Sorrow sobers and makes the mind genial. And in sorrow we love and trust our friends more tenderly, and the dead becomes dearer to us. And just as the stars shine out in the night, so there are blessed faces that look at us in our grief, though their features were fading from our recollection.

The race of mankind would perish did they cease to help one another. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment when some kind assistant wipes the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid have a right to ask it of their fellow-mortals.

Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around; when sickness falls on the heart; when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you, who has studied your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists—in the heart. They only deny its worth and power who never had a friend, or labored to make a friend happy.

As a boy was going down Porter street yesterday, a woman opened the front door of a house and called "John! John! John!" As the boy paid no attention the calls, a pedestrian said to him, "Here, bub, your mother is calling you." "No she isn't," replied the lad, as he turned the corner, "she's only father's second wife, and I want her to understand that she can't run me!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Do you enjoy going to church now?" asked a lady of Mrs. Partington. "Ia, me, I do," said Mrs. Partington. "Nothing does me so much good as to get up early on a Sunday morning and go to church, and hear a populous minister dispense with the gospel."

GONE AWAY.

I know a quiet country town
By which a river falls and flows;
And in the dell and on the down,
The yellow sunlight glints and glows.

I know a square gray house of stone,
I never think of but I sigh,
Beyond whose garden, smoothly mown,
The rushing engines shriek and fly.

I know a chosen chamber there,
A fairy figure used to grace;
I know an eastern window, where
Was wont to watch, a fairy face.

I tread the narrow winding street,
I linger in the lonely lane,
Which once were trod by fairy feet,
That will not tread their paths again.

I love that quiet country town;
It is to me a sacred place;
And as I wander up and down,
Those vanished steps I seem to trace.

And still the hours serenely pass,
And still the busy river flows;
And still among the shining grass
The yellow sunlight glints and glows.

And there the house is, square and gray,
And there the new-blown meallows lie
She used to gaze on day by day,
In faith, and dreamy reverie.

Yes, all is there—except the face,
That little window gapes for dern;
And on me, as I haunt the place,
The morning sunshine smiles in scorn.

NORAH CONNOLLY'S STORY.

Once upon a time, and that was about sixty years ago, a fine Galway town's girl, like many another fine girl in Claddach, and everywhere that I know of, took it into her head to fall in love.

It's an ancient custom of ours, and we have a great many of them, for the boys to run away with the girls—more's power to them!—before they marry them. It's no abduction, do you see, by any manner of means, as it used to be down in Munster before the law put it down, where they pursued the custom as they did their other shindigs, for the pure purpose of putting down the law.

Johnny Connor was only Billy Bathagh's, the Mayor of Claddagh, son. Billy was a knowledgable man and was known to have put by a little money. He sold, moreover, the best tobacco and whiskey in Claddagh, whenever he got them. However little his customers knew upon that question. Billy took good care that the coast-guard and the gaugers should know less. And so it turned out that, one fine day, he was elected Mayor of Claddagh.

Norah Connolly was snug friezweaver's daughter. Her father, Darby Connelly, was an honest, industrious man that wove the real ould Irish cloth that was worth wearing; and, as he had the whole woollen trade of Claddagh nearly all to himself, Darby, as well as his near neighbor and friend Billy Bathagh could lay his hand upon a good bit of money, to marry his only child, or do anything else in reason if he liked it.

Norah's father Darby was the proudest man in Claddagh. He lost his poor wife when their only child was no more than a baby. The more she grew the stronger was the grasp she held of his heart; and every guinea he put by he thought of Norah. She was the apple of his eye, and the light of his home. He thought her far above marrying any young man in the parish. Indeed, he thought her fit to step into a carriage, and marry a lord. He intended that when the happy day arrived when she was to change her condition, she would do so with her only parent's consent; but it's little the boys and girls care for parents' or guardians' consent down in Claddagh, where they'll only ask for their own, although they won't marry from among each other.

And so it came round, one fine morning in May, the month for billing and cooing among the birds, and kissing and courting among the boys and girls, that Johnny and Norah ran off with each other without saying a word about it at home to either of their fathers, and made a match of it.

But they didn't run far—only into County Galway, which was like stepping next door, where they were married by Father Dan O'Hara, a mighty great preacher in his day as well as divine, and a great encourager of early marriages.

A cousin of Norah's a brave lump of a girl, who was in the secret, was her only bridesmaid; and a cousin of Johnny's, a young man about his own age, was bridegroom's best man on the occasion.

When the ceremony was over and they got their breakfast at one of the best inns in Galway, they all four drove off in a jaunting-car to a house of entertainment standing about ten miles the other side of Claddagh, and kept by a decent widow woman who was first cousin ro Norah's own mother. All was regular and on the square.

Well to be sure, what a dinner the wedding parties had prepared for them by the widow, one of the good old stock who went by the name of Ready-money Peg, because she managed to keep her accounts straight by keeping no accounts whatever. Some two or three couple of young friends of Johnny's and Norah's, boys and girls, who "got the office," as the sporting newspapers say, came down from Claddagh to join in the fun, without letting the old people know a word as to where they were going.

And so they all began dancing to the pleasant music of a couple of fiddlers and a piper, with only a pair of eyes between the three; and as the innocent, hearty boys and girls were tearing away and welting the boards, and Norah above all of them doing full justice to the tune and her own reputation, for she was the best dancer in the County Galway—just as all the pleasant diversion was going on, what should they see coming across the bay but a couple of long boats, one of them fifty to a hundred yards ahead of the other, with about a dozen men in each, pulling away like one man. That beautiful long sweep you can never mistake, flashing like the silver lightning from every stroke over the blue water; you know at once it is no fisherman or merchantman, but a man-of-war's man that you see before you.

And, sure enough, there was a fifty-gun frigate lying a good way out in the bay for about a week or two before, under pretence of looking after the fisheries, and keeping the French chaps from encroaching on our rights and titles.

On they came, and everybody thought that they were only making for shore to have a screed and a drink at the widow's and to go back again to the ship in peace and comfort. But, *wirrasthrew!* it's little we know, when we get up in the morning, what's to happen to us before we lie down at night.

When the boats drew up on the beach, which they did opposite to the widow's door, Johnny O'Connor, who was king of the company, and looked upon the house as his own for the night, went out and invited the blue jackets to come in and drink the bride's health, and dance at her wedding. With this invitation the new comers most politely complied and began to drink and dance away their English dances with the Claddagh girls, who knew the "Sailor's Hompipe" and "Pop goes the Weasel" as well as the best of them.

As the clock struck twelve, and Norah had stolen up to the bed up-stairs in the bridal chamber, which her relation, the landlady, prepared for her, a long, shrill whistle, which no doubt was the boatswain's, was heard coming from the front of the house outside, and at that, my jewels, up jumped the four-and-twenty sailors all in a row, and laid hold of the poor half-dozen Claddagh boys, drawing their cutlasses, and cocking their pistols, and crying, "D—n you, come along with me, says the saucy Arethusa!" What could the poor fellows do but knock under.

In less than three minutes they were marched out of the house with the gags in their mouths and the darbies on their wrists, and bundled in two batches on board the boats.

The Claddagh girls were at first dumb-foundered at what they saw going on, the rush was so sudden and the capture so quiet and handy, just as if a lot of poachers had snared so many hares or pheasants, and bagged and made off with them. The widow was pinned up with her back to the wall behind the counter in the bar, by a couple of the ruffians with their pistols to her breast, swearing they'd blow her into Davy's locker or into the middle of next week, if she didn't keep her breath to cool her own porridge with, and her clacking all to herself.

The boats pulled, and then it was of course, that the row began, and it would split the heart of a stone to hear the howling and roaring of the girls. Norah was down among them, half-dressed, with her long raven hair streaming in the wind, the tears falling down her white cheeks like rain, and her beautiful arms stretched as high as her head towards the bay, as if they would reach over it; and she kept crying out as the boats got farther and farther away, and the sound of the oars grew fainter and fainter every stroke.

"Oh, *wirrasthrew!* oh, *wirrasthrew!* oh, sure they have taken my bouchleen bawn from me!" and "Give, oh give me back my Johnny!"

The rest of the girls kept crying out the same way, every one for herself, of course, calling on her sweetheart to come back to her; but the poor boys couldn't, for there they sat in the boats gagged and handcuffed—not able to wag a tongue or shake a limb, although you were to pay them for it.

Poor Norah at last fell down exhausted and was carried upstairs by the widow and the girls to bed. From that bed she didn't rise for a month at least; for the next morning she awoke with a brain fever, which nearly took her off to join her mother in glory, and so it would if her youth and fine constitution hadn't stood her friends, and that she lived for the hope of seeing Johnny again.

The frigate had just got all that were in the boats on board, when a fair wind sprung up blowing southward by Dingle and Rantry round by Cape Clear and Kinsale, and up to Cork.

It's myself sure enough that forgets the war that they all sailed away for, and the foreigners they went to fight against! May be it was the French, or the Dutch, or the Spanish, or all three of them together. I'm equally astray in regard to the admirals that our poor boys sailed and fought under. Duncan, or Howe, or Jarvis, or Ould Shiver-the-Wind, Paddy Peckenham himself, but this I can tell you that Johnny Connor fell where it was—as the "Universal Songster" says—in the arms of victory.

Well, it was in the month of May—and just three years after the Claddagh boys were run away with. During the time one or other of them used to write home to those they loved, but Johnny to his Norah more constantly than the rest, saying how bravely he was, and how well he was getting on. And he used always to tell her not to fret, and he'd soon be home again with her.

It was just as the moon was up in the top of the blue sky that hadn't a cloud in it, and the waves as smooth and as quite as a mill pond. Just opposite them Norah was sitting looking in sadness from the window of the same room she was to have passed the first night of her honeymoon. The house belonged, as you may all suppose, to her mother's first cousin, the Widow Hagarty.

It was not far from twelve o'clock when the widow called upon the lonely and disconsolate girl, on her way to her own bedchamber to wish her good-night, and to tell her to be careful with her candle; for the landlady used always to say that if ever by any accident the house was to be set on fire, there was whiskey enough below the stairs to blow every mother's sowl in the place all the way into Galway, or the Isles of Arran in the other direction. But she didn't find Norah with a candle lighted, for the moon light made the room as clear as if it were noon-day, and she was sitting with the window wide open, looking out on the bright waves of the ocean. She used to come over from Claddagh every now and then, and spend the day and night with her relation, sometimes two or three together, that she might roam about by day and gaze about by night all mournfully upon the spot where they took him away from her.

"I've just dropped in upon you dear Norah, to say good night, and to caution you, as I always do, about the candle; but I see I have no occasion, for it's out, and you are sitting there in the cowld without a mantle or shawl about you. Acushla machree, take care of your health, for your own and all our sakes, and for Johnny's in particular, if you ever hope to see him again, and be the same bale and hardy he'll expect to find—instead of that cough that every now and then tears you to pieces, and makes one almost think you're on the brink of consumption."

"Oh, I'll never see him again," said the girl sorrowfully. "I know I won't, for I dreamed last night something woefully bad entirely about him. Last Holy Eve Night, too, the melted lead I threw out of the grisset into the great tub of water, ran in an instant into the shape of a coffin. Oh, I know and feel it too well. Last night three years, it was, that they took him away from me, and I'm going to stay up another hour to think of him; for it will never come round again for either of us."

The widow cautioned her against giving away to grief and sadness, and with another word about the candle, if by chance she lit it again, went to her own room, and was soon in bed.

Not many minutes after, as Norah was sitting at the open window, with her eyes fixed upon the spot far out at sea where the frigate once lay, and that was the far, far away line where the sky was kissed by the ocean, she saw all on a sudden the heavens opened in that direction, and such a flood of light appeared as if the Bog of Allen was on fire, and lit everything for miles around. It got lighter and brighter as it came over the sea towards her till she could count all the colors of the rainbow in it, and as it came nearer it became round like the sun, and darted out from all sides the same sort of beautiful rays that you see in the glories about the heads of the saints in the chapel pictures.

Wonderful to tell, the first object she plainly observed in this great wheel of glory was a frigate about the size of the one that took Johnny away; but its masts and rigging were all shattered and broken, and a part of its decks were all shattered and torn to pieces. It was blazing away too like mad from the port-holes, and the booming of the guns was as if they were firing only a hundred yards off. When the smoke cleared away, the ship cleared out of the fiery circle after it, and in the very centre of this a man appeared in a sailor's dress, as the great orb of glory came nearer and nearer to Norah. It was then, sure enough, that she knew what the vision meant; and she thought upon Johnny. And as sure as she thought of him, there he was, great as the distance was, before her! She never could mistake his handsome, manly face, his beautiful white neck, and his light curly locks, but his rougish blue eyes, that used to smile on her so good-naturedly, had no longer the fire in them; but he looked so sad and sorrowful, as much as to say, "God be with you, darling Norah, for it's all over with both of us!" And worse still, and more horrible than all, his forehead and face were spotted with blood; and she could see a red stream of it trickling down on to his breast through his collar that was all wide open.

Norah blessed herself three times over, and fell upon her knees, still looking out of the window on to the Bay, and began to say her prayers for the souls of "the faithful departed" in general, and for Johnny's in particular. Just as she finished he disappeared from the centre of the glory, and in his place there appeared a divine transparency of a brighter and purer light than any part of the illumination that surrounded it.

As the vision faded away in the moonlight, Norah fell back off her knees in a swoon upon the floor, and there she was found with the window still open and the night air blowing upon her, the cold at her heart, and her limbs like icicles, when the widow came in to look after her and the candle a little before the dawn of the morning.

Everything that money, and the doctors, and family attention and kindness could do was done for Norah; but the scene of that night was too much for the nerves, and the fresh cold she caught overcame her constitution. The cold she already had was changed to a churchyard one, and the strength was taken out of her. Her angel spirit still kept on the same to the last; and she was counting every day with hope and joy the number of days she had still to live till she was to get away to her Johnny, as the schoolboys count every morning they get up, coming Christmas, how many days more it is to the holidays.

And so, after she knelt and prayed every night, noon, morning of the time of the spirit's warning, and got a hundred masses, and every month a grand office, chanted for Johnny's soul, she laid herself down to take her last rest. Father Dan O'Hara, the same priest that married her four years before, gave her the last blessed rights of the Church, and then dismissed her to her bright reward. Her virgin spirit flew upward to join her own dear love's on high, or to meet it on its way; and her beautiful remains, never so beautiful as in death, we laid in peace and honor in the churchyard near Oughterard, for it was there her people were buried ages before her.

How to Advertise Successfully

Let the article you advertise be sufficiently valuable, of public utility, and possessed of merit, then never recommend it beyond such merit. A good article will sustain a reputation, and moderation inspires confidence.

State facts only, or what you conscientiously believe to be true. Facts, like diamonds, are always valuable, and difficult to mutilate.

Give your story concisely and to the point. Advertisements at the best are prosy, and short ones least expensive.

However anxious to make money, let its acquirement be secondary to the principle of doing good. The gratification of doing good is the greater reward.

Never essay to build a reputation by attempting the ruin of another. Your foundation is too frail for a substantial structure, and you unwittingly assist your adversary.

A countryman purchased a new hat at Burlington store last week, leaving his old one with the merchant, who kicked it under the counter. The next day the countryman returned, and, after a search among the rubbish, found the old tile, and turning down the band, pulled out a fifty dollar bill, quietly remarking, "I came mighty near forgettin' where I put that money."

THE DYING STREET ARAB.

I knows what you mean, I'm a-dyin'—
Well, I aint no worse nor the rest;
Taint them as does nothin' but prayin',
I reckons, as is the best.

I aint had no father nor mother
A-tellin' me wrong from the right;
The streets aint the place—is it, parson?
For saying your prayers of a night!

I never knowed who was my father,
And mother she died long ago;
The folks here they brought me up somehow—
It aint much they've teached me, I know.

Yet I thanks they'll be sorry and miss me,
When took right away from this here,
For sometimes I catches them slyly
A-wipin' away of a tear.

And they says they hopes I'll get better;
I can't be no worse when I'm dead!
I aint had so jolly a time on't—
A-dyin' by inches for bread!

I've stood in them streets precious often
When the wet's been a-pourin' down;
And I aint had so much as a mouthful,
Nor never so much as a brown.

I've looked in them shops with the winders
Chokefid of what's tidy to eat;
And I've heard gents a-laffin' and talkin'
While I drops like a dog at their feet.

But it's kind of you, sir, to sit by me;
I aint now afeered of your face;
And I hopes if it's true what you tell me,
We'll meet in that tother place.

I hopes as you'll come when it's over,
And talk to them here in the court;
They'll mind what you says, you're a parson;
There wont be no larkin' for sport.

You'll tell them as how I died happy,
And hoping to see them again;
That I'm gone to that land where the weary
Is freed from their trouble and pain.

Now, open that book as you give me—
I feel as it never tells lies—
And read me them words—you know Guv'nor—
As is good for a chap when he dies.

There, give me your hand, sir, and thank'ee
For the good as you have done a poor lad;
Who knows, had they teached me some better,
I mightn't have grown up so bad!

CLIPS.

On Saturday evening a son of H. K. Snider, of Waterloo, was drowned in a mill-race. The lad was eight years old.

An Austrian manufactory has made 180,000 rifles for the Prussian Government, and is making 345,000 more.

In the last eight years nearly one hundred millions of dollars worth of church property was sold in Italy.

The basement of the new Methodist Church in Guelph was opened on Sunday.

The corner-stone of the new Baptist Church at Brampton was laid on Dominion Day.

The operatives of the Guelph Sewing Machine Co. have formed a Mutual Benefit Society.

The Hartford beat the Maple Leaf B. B. Club at Guelph on Thursday, by a score of 17 to 2.

A man was fined at Brantford the other day for attempting to jump out of a railway carriage going at full speed.

During a recent celebration at St. George, Ont., in the athletic games, Mr. A. Jamieson cleared 12 feet 7 inches in a standing jump.

A farmer in the township of Fullarton, county of Perth, was recently fined $1 and 85 costs by a magistrate, for allowing his geese to damage a neighbor's grain.

It is rumored that the *Nation* will shortly be issued as a daily, with Goldwin Smith as editor.

Earl Dufferin, on his arrival in Liverpool, was accorded a most gratifying reception by the Mayor and other city dignitaries.

Last Tuesday night sixteen cows entered the fine grounds of Mr. K. Chisholm, of Brampton, and by eating and tramping did damage to the extent of several hundred dollars.

If there is anything calculated to make even a man of the most rugged constitution nervous, it is to have two or three children standing around eating bread and molasses when his new clothes come home.

Thompson & Williams are about to remove their machine works to Stratford, and Mitchell wants to get another factory in their place.

This is what the Hamilton *Times* thinks of Mr. Goldwin Smith's party:—"The star of the "Canada First" party seems to be paling very rapidly, a procession, or what was to have constituted one, being a failure in Toronto yesterday. All the daily papers laughed it and poke fun at the leaders, who appear to have sought the comfort of the rural shade, or accepted the hospitalities of other organizations. A great splurge was made with printers' ink in glaring colors, to arouse enthusiasm, but the failure was complete. We presume that this will be the last kick of an already very inanimate creature."

An entomological poet out in Coffeeville, Kansas, is inspired to the following, which, outside of its high poetic merit, possesses great statistical interest:

Should millions into millions multiplied be;
With ten million times ten millions more,
Twould scarcely represent a millionoth of
The grasshoppers that pass out door.

The Tennessee preacher forgot himself who, while addressing a ladies' charitable society, said: "My hearers, I now urge all on ye to dive down into your breeches pockets and haul out sothin' for the poor."

She Brought Him to Terms.

A man and his wife, seeking to break themselves off a habit of fretting and scolding, entered into an agreement of this nature: The one who first lost temper, with the other or with the children, was to be published by the other as a "scold." The medium through which this humiliating intelligence was to be communicated to the world was not specified in the contract, but the husband understood that it was to be through the local paper. The wife nearly bit off the end of her tongue in the first hour of trial, stopping only the harsh words which tried to escape her lips. But both were dismally peaceful until the afternoon of the second day, when the husband flew into a passion simply because one of the children polished his stocking foot with a blacking brush while he was taking unusual nap. At the first burst of anger his wife quickly reminded him of her bonnet.

"Where are you going?" he inquired suspiciously.

"To publish you," she replied.

"Oh, well, go ahead; the editor at the office won't give me much of a blast."

"But I'm not going to the printing office.

"Where, then?" he asked, surprised.

"To the sewing society."

That brought him to terms, and long and earnestly he begged not to make his weakness known throughout the length and breadth of the land. Finally, by the promise of a new silk dress, by fixing the door, which had been delivered, she agreed to let him off. But it was a narrow escape.

Two Minutes Sermon to Young Ladies.

The San Francisco *News Letter* makes the following stirring exhortation to the young ladies of that period:—

"Ladies—caged birds of image, but sickly looks—pale denizens of the parlor, who vegetate unhealthy atmospheres, like flabby tato germinating in a dark cellar—why don't you go into the open air and warm sunshine, and imbibe instre to your eyes, bloom to your cheeks, elasticity to your step, and vigor to your frames? Take exercise; run up the hill on a run and down again for fun; roam over fields, climb the fences, leap the ditches, wade the brooks, and spend a day of exhilarating exercise and unrestrained liberty, go home with an appetite acquired by healthful enjoyment. The beautiful, blooming young lady—rose cheeked and bright-eyed—who can darn a stocking, mend her own clothes, command a regiment of pots and kettles, milk the cows, and be a lady when required, is a girl whom men are in quest of for a wife. But you pining, screwed-up, wasp-waisted, doll-dressed, consumptive, mortgaged, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a brood of young chickens. The truth is, my pretty girls, you want less fashionable restraint, and more liberty of action; more kitchen and less parlor; more leg exercise and less sofa; more pudding and less piano; more genuine frankness and less mock modesty. Loosen your waist-strings, breathe pure atmosphere, and become something as good and beautiful as nature designed."

Studying Natural Philosophy.

Old Keyser found Cooley's boy standing under his best apple tree with a stick in his hand, and his jacket bulgy appearance about the pockets. Having secured him safely by the collar, Keyser shook him a bit, and then asked him sternly what he was doing there.

"Aint adoin' nothin'," said Cooly. "I came over yer to study."

"That's entirely too thin," said Keyser.

"Yes, I did; I came over yer to study about Sir Isaac. We had him in our lesson. He was in an orchard and saw an apple fall, and that made him invent the 'tract of gravitation; and I came here to see if it was so."

"It won't do, sonny," said Keyser. "You're a too much for about Sir Isaac; and, besides, where were you going to do with that stick?"

"With this stick? Why, a boy gave me this stick to hold for him while he went on an errand for his aunt."

"And where did that apple come from there on the ground?"

"That apple core? That's lying there! The birds have been on apples this season. I saw a blackbird drop that there, and says to myself, them birds are ruinin' Mr. Keyser's apples."

"What then?" asked Keyser, with an eye, his only, a fiery glare.

"What then? Why, I just throwed that there core down to see if it would bounce. That's what then."

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