MODEL POETRY.

A certain editor who attended a party
was smitten with the charms of a fair
damsel who wore a rose on her forehead
and thus gushed about it:—

Above her nose
There is a rose:
Below that rose
There is a nose.
Rose, nose,
Nose, rose,
Sweet rose,
Dear nose.

Below her chin,
Their is a pin;
Above that pin
Their is a chin.
Pin, chin,
Chin, pin,
Sweet pin,
Dear chin.

Whereupon a rival editor thus apostrophizes the other chap:—

Above the stool
There is a fool;
Below the fool
There is a stool.
Stool, fool,
Fool, stool,
Old stool,
Dampfool

Below his seat
There are two feet;
Above these feet
There is a seat.
Seat, feet,
Feet, seat,
Soft seat,
Big feet.

Disposed Of.

A party named Acherton came up from New York last spring and built a house for summer boarders at Lake Lamond. He put up a three storey building with a French roof and pizza, and made a very nice place of it. He also erected a barn for stabling. Mr. Atcherton was not an early riser, loving his bed too well to get out of it before noon. One morning in July last he was awakened from his slumber to see a man who was anxious to have a talk with the proprietor. Atcherton seriously objected to breaking up his nap, but believing that the anxious party meant business, he got up to receive him. The readers can fathom the old gentleman's disgust when he discovered that his visitor was a lightning-rod agent. There was a disposition to kick the intruder into the lake and go back to bed, but as that was scarcely within the limits of hospitality, to say nothing of the requirements of the law, the landlord smothered his wrath and patiently submitted to the infliction.

The agent was a smooth-faced and smooth-talking man. He said he had been most favorably impressed with the appearance of the place, which was really imposing, and he was confident that in two years or less the host would be doing what he felt justified in calling a smashing business.

"But I see you haven't got any rods on your place. How's that?"

The old man said he did not think he needed them.

"There never was a place that needed them more than this does," said the agent.

"How's that?"

"Why, here you are with a lofty structure on high ground, in an open place, and surrounded by rocks. There's everything here to produce an outpouring of lightning."

The old man went outside, followed by the agent. Both looking up at the building.

"You think there is danger, then?" asked the old gentleman, after a pause.

"I don't think anything about it, my good sir, I know it. Common sense teaches me that a building situated as this one is in danger. If I owned it, and a man should come along with this kind of rod, I would slip it on quicker'n you could say Jack Robinson. Why, I'd believe I was committing architectural suicide to delay an hour."

"You don't think it is safe, then, to go through this season without the rods?"

"I certainly do not. Why, just look at it. Here you are in an exposed place, with a most elegant hotel. Everything in good shape, and a healthy business before you. The future opens up to you like a path of gold. Suddenly there comes a storm, the lightnings play, the thunder rolls—suddenly in a twinkling there is a crash, and a most valuable property is swallowed up."

The old gentleman was visibly affected.

The agents eyes were moist, and his cheeks flushed.

"What do you say?" he asked after a pause.

"I don't know," replied Atcherton, as a man deliberating. "You think the barn is in danger too?"

"Certainly. Nothing can save either of them but the rods. If they were my buildings I wouldn't begin to think of taking the risk."

"I s'pose said Atcherton, interrogatively, "that it would be best to have a full number of rods on the house. The more rods the safer."

"Oh, yes. To don't pay to do the thing in a half way manner."

"Well now, what would it cost to put rods all over the house?"

The agent's eyo glistened.

"Let me see." He took out a memorandum book, figured a moment, and then said: "I can put a tip at each corner, on every chimney, and one on top the staff for $325, and you will have a job that Julius Cæsar might be proud of."

"You will cover the house then for $325?"

"I will," said the event, putting up his book and rubbing his hands.

"All right, I'll have it done. Just cover the house. Put a rod wherever you think it is needed. But I won't have any on the barn."

"Yes sir," said the agent so full of joy he could hardly see the way to his waggon.

"Can you do it soon?" asked Atcherton.

"Do it right away," briskly responded the agent.

"All right," said the old gentleman. "Put 'em on thick and fast, but not a rod on the barn. We'll let that go, you know. But cover the house, and when the barn is struck I'll pay for the job."

The agent, who was making for the waggon on a sharp run, turned around at this, and stood as if transfixed.

And to this day there is not a rod on that house.—*Duxbury News.*

The song of the widow—"What is home without another?"

Money that bank officers get away with is charged to running expenses.

Whenever you have ten minutes to spare go and bother some one who hasn't.

You can now use a postage-stamp twice. The first time it will cost you three cents—the second time, fifty dollars.

An impoverished fop wears a ten cent silver piece on his shirt bosom and calls it his dime and pin, which it certainly is.

The English newspapers buy their paper by the mile. The London *Standard* recently advertised for 65,208 miles.

A young man who has recently taken a wife says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to get the furniture.

Every plain girl has one consolation—though not a pretty young lady, she will, if she lives long enough, be a pretty old one.

John Holden, surveyor in Perry county, Miss., has dug up a treasure of $35,000 in coin, to which he was guided by an instrument of his own invention. The money was buried by guerillas during the war, who quarreled and killed each other off, leaving only general instructions as to the neighborhood where it was concealed.

A strange scene occurred the other day, at Stefek, on the Moselle, France. Herr Schmid had a dog which he wished to get rid of. Rowing out into the middle of the river, he fastened a stone around the dog's neck and threw him out into the water. The animal sank at once, but during his struggles the rope slipped off the stone and he again rose to the surface and tried to get back into the boat. His master, however, continued to push him back, but as the dog persevered, he lost his patience, and, striking at him with his oar, lost his footing and fell into the water himself. He was unable to swim, but the dog, seizing him by the coat, succeeded in bringing him to land, after having been repeatedly washed away by the current. The dog's life was spared.

SOME EDITORS' SALARIES.—According to the New Orleans *Times* the leading editorial writers on the London *Times* get 2000 guineas, which is a very fair salary. The largest salaries paid in America are not quite equal to this. D. Connery, the managing editor of the New York *Herald* receives $8,000; Whitelaw Reid, of the *Tribune*, $12,000; Charles A. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, $12,000; Hurlbart, of the *World*, $10,000. The Boston newspapers pay well. Hascal, the editor of the *Herald* gets $10,000, and has just received a year's leave of absence to go to Europe, his salary being continued. The leading editorial writer on the Chicago *Times* gets $5,000; and the managing editor $6,000; Watterson, of the *Courier-Journal*, $7,500, and an interest in the profits; Sheehan, of the Chicago *Tribune*, $6,000. The largest sum paid in America to any editorial writer, is that received from the New York *Herald* by Charles Nordhoff. He gets $10,000 a year, and writes when and what he pleases.

Boots & Shoes.

CRAINE & SON

have just received a full line of

FELT GOODS,

OVERSHOES

AND RUBBERS

for winter use.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO ORDERED WORK.

Repairing promptly attended to.

CRAINE & SON.

December 17, 1877.

CAST OUT

But not Destroyed.

Having made arrangements with Mr. Mitchell, of Milton, for an agency for the sale of

Sash, Doors, Frames, Mouldings, Dressed Flooring, Shooting, Waincoat, Siding, &c.

I am prepared to furnish any of the above, at prices that defy competition. Please call and see samples of moulding, &c., before purchasing elsewhere.

BLINDS 50 CENTS PER FOOT.

Kindly thanking customers for past favors and hoping still to merit a fair share of your patronage.

I am respectfully yours

THOS. EBBAGE, Agent.

Shop at Mr. Overton's old stand
Acton, Dec. 26th, 1877. 50-ly.

CASH FOR SKINS.

We are prepared to pay the highest cash price west of Toronto for all classes of

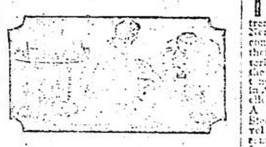
Sheepskins and Calfskins

in good condition delivered at our tannery.

We wish it to be distinctly understood that we pay the HIGHEST PRICE for such. Farmers will study their interests by bringing their skins to us, instead of selling them to Middlemen and Peddlers.

STOREY, MOORE & CO.

Persons leaving Skins at the factory of W. H. Storey & Co. will also receive the highest price for them.



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Invented in the 17th century by the wife of a Grace, Surgeon to King James' army. Handed down from generation to generation to the present day, and now for the first time offered to the public. It has cured more cases of Piles, Burns, Scalds, Sores, Wounds, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Fever Sores, Chilblains, Sore Lips, Sore Breasts, Sore Nipples, Chapped Hands, Corns, Bunions, Bites, Stings, Inflammations, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Diphtheria, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Fever Sores, Mosquito and Flea Bites, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Frost Bites, Chafing, Sore Eyes, Inflammation of the Eyelids, Granulated Eyelids, Weak Eyes, Sore Nipples, Sore Breasts, Caked Breasts, Ulcerated Breasts, Broken Breasts, Ulcerated Nipples