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THE ACTON

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ally solicited. Acton, June 26, 1877.

GUELPH.

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Buy your Harness at the Ontario

4 CTON BAKERY.

have had our "Foreign Correspondent certain "Prophecies of Mother Ship Museum contains several editions

A house of glass shall come to pass In England—but, alas! War will follow with the work In the land of the Pagan and Turk: And state and state in fierce strife. Will seek each others life.

An eagle shall build in the lion's mout Carriages without horses shall go, And accidents fill the world with woe Prinrose Hill in London shall be. And in its centre a Bishop's See Around the world thoughts shall fly. In the twinkling of an eye.

Lakeside Labraries. Fireside Libraries Boy's Libraries, The world upside down shall be, N. Y. Libraries and all the Latest Novels. Through hills men shall ride, Silont and True. Mildred. A Jewel of a Girl, Young And no horse or ass by his side. Under water men shall walk. Musgrave, &c. Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk,

Orders sent by Mail promptly at-In white, and black, and green. Iron in water shall float, R. W. PETRIE. As easy as a wooden boat. Gold shall be found and shown In a land that is now unknown. England shall at last admit a Jew, The Jew that was held in scorn

Three times three shall lovely France Be led to dance a bloody dance, Before her peopled shall be free, Three tyrant rulers shall she see; Three times the people rule alone, Three times the people's hope is gone Three rulers in succession sec. Each spring from different dynasty A splendid lot of NEW COLLARS | Then shall the worser fight be done.

All parties intending to purhase Harness should do so at once before the rush commences in order Shall be seen book in hand, to secure a good set. Learning shall ebb and flow,

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LEARN

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can buy first-class Planos and ORGANS cheaper of DAN-IEL F. BEATTY, Washing ton, New Jersey, than any other manufacturer in the United States Why? Because he sells andergone a thorough renovating and only for cash, takes no risks and has factory. Send for Illustrated Anold and rugged and picturesque, the calm and repose of the country
old and rugged and damp, and
delicious. Cobweb was delighted,
and inconvenient and damp, and delicious. Cobweb was delighted,
littered with leaves, and four miles and constantly dragging me some-JOHN MANEY. dress DANIEL F. BEATTY, Wash- from any railway station; and now where or another into the grounds

THE END OF THE WORLD.

the end of the world, and therefor that he finds in the British Museul But here is Mother Snipton's prophecys said, laughing, and then laying her 'All that's bright must fade!

West End Bookstore.

Water shall yet more wondors do, Now, strange things shall yet be true And gold found at the root of a tree, In the air men shall be seen.

Fire and water shall more wonders do. Shall of a Christian be born, and born

England and France shall be as one. All England's sons that plough The poor man wisdom know.

The world to an end come,

TWO COBWEBS.

AN OLD MAN'S TALE. There, I've found the place, Cobweb.'

'You have, papa !'-'I have.' Not a dreadful detached villa or cottage, ornee, papa-1'

With admirably planned kit chen and flower gardens ? ' No,' said I, laughing.

'With an extensive view of the Surrey Hills.' Why any one would think you

were a house agent, Cobweb,' said smiling. 'No wonder, papa, when been reading so-many advertisements. But do tell me; have you really found the place at last?"

'I have really, my dear-at east I think so. 'It is a real old-fushioned try house." 'Smothered in clematis

roses and honeysuckle?' 'Yes, and swarming with birds' pests and insects.' And with a regular great wil derness of a garden !

'In which you can very easily Yes, and in the wood too. What! is there a wood?

'Acres of "it." 'And plenty of fruit 'Plenty to make you ill and

litter the house. And purply plums and ruddy and great rich cherries?

'Yes, yes, yes, and cabbage and turnips, and 'tatoes and beans, and brocoli enough to supply a green grocer's shop, I cried, testily.

'And it doesn't look new and stiff, and bricky; and it isn't overlooked by the neighbors, who hang

I hope you're happy.'

and nestling her head on my hoof.

centuries indeed -- caused much speculation and prophecy, all of which thus far seems useless. Now we are decid edly tired for the various set times for look into the matter, and the result is ton," which we herewith give to our readers. This good old lady lived and flourished as long ago as 1641, and the her prophecies-one made in 1663, andated 1870, and from which we copy A pretty rig I've been running her long golden hair. er read it carefully, mark many of the prophecies that have already come to pass, and then note these that are yet unfulfilled. We think that Mother phecied the end of all earthly things.

word for word, as copied from the recheek to mine. You made me so my darling, I wish I had your of my hand in a frank, honest way stand as I saw her on that day.

cheek that one of my bands would old. keep stroking, and at the long, yel-But when the North shall divide the low hair that hung down over and the scene was changed, for 1 myself, a sigh escaped my lips.

these last two mouths to find a

Ruth-Cobweb, as I always called her, because she was so soft | City, where I always went twice a | [and downy-started up, gazing week-for I could not give up earnestly in my face, and then business, it was part of my lifekissed me very fondly,

dear father, she said, softly-she saidalways called me father when she ! was serious.

'Can't help it, child,' I said mournfully, and then, seeing the tear gathers in her eyes, I tried to laughing. 'I don't know, only be cheerful, and smiled as I added, that it would give a poor artist 'I have the future as well as the know a job; and poor fellow, he past to make me sad, my dear.' She looked at me wonderingly, but did not speak, and I sat there without being painted,' I said eagerly; and there was trouble in wondered how he learned so much,

as I thought of the past, and how across my mind-for I saw again if you think it too much, whyten years before, just as business the picture in the wood with Cobwas beginning to prosper with me, web leaning on the branch - Stop I was left alone with the little fair a minute. Can be paint well?" haired girl of eight, who found it so hard to believe that her mother had been taken away never to return, only to live in our memories. And I thought, too, of how the years had fled away, and I had behad seen grow up to maidenhood, is with us.' making a very idol of her, yielding most I could be spoiled. For, with him a job. Would he come down all the accomplishments I had and stop at my place?

who disgusted our cooks by insisting upon going down into the kit chen and making my favorite puddings and tarts with her own hands, and generally behaving in what the servants called an un-

ladylike way. And then I thought of my other sorrow-the future -and pictured with an agony I cannot describe the day when I should have to resign my claims to another, and be left alone a desolate old man.

I am naturally a very common, hard, and businesslike old man, and terribly relfish. Cobweb had woven herself so around my heart that in my peevish, irritable way. was never happy when bome from the city without she was ! waiting on me-filling my pipe, mixing my one nightly glass of grog, upon which the butler frowned-in fact, he had once suggested to me that his late master took

port of an evening. Cobweb was very quiet as she lided down from my knee to her hands hassock at my feet, and was evidently thinking as much as I; and at last I brightened up, for a thought had come to me with

selfish kind of comfort. She'll be quite away from all temptations to leave me, there, any- proposal; but I was now so wray how,' I said to myself, as I thought ped up in my plans that I coul of the 'at homes' and balls to think of nothing but the picture in which she was so often receiving the wood, and I went home full of

invitations. This set me talking-fishing, as I called it in my great cunningto see if there were one of the

setouts?' I said. 'Oh. I'm tired of them all,' she said clapping her hands.

airs and moustaches ? 'Ha, ha, ha!' she laughed merrily .- And then, it seemed to me ing the subject, she began to talk I said of the country place I had taken. A fortnight later and we were

'Oh, I am, dear father,' she ed garden seats in the snuggest, of the curtains, and then half having my own way. I beg your

There, hold up your head,' I derness of a wood adjoining the bubbling in my throat, and as I portrait, and you are going to paint said, and look at me. Now tell garden, which the former possessor stood gasping, he came and took it before you go back to town; and me frankly—did you ever see such had left in a state of nature, sav- my arm, led me aside, and then, when you do go, you are going to a freak, stupid old fool in your ing that he had the old paths and pointing to where Cobweb sat, as have fifty guineas in your pocket. I like weak, stupid old men, ing ways, carefully turfed, and said : she said archly, and hereyes twinkl- dotted with a chair here and there.

ened with tears that stole into and if I missed her out in the gar- that natural pose.' den, I knew I should find her here,

One day I found her leaning on you wished me to paint this young place you like -just as if Bryans a dead bough which crossed an lady's portrait. Am I mistaken? and turned away. ton Square wouldn't do. I tell opening in the wood, where all 'Chut!' I ejaculated, cooling on take pains to make me comfortable | She was listen intently to the song | Sit down, sir. You're hungry, of and walked away to the window. Shipton is much nearer right than any down there, for I shall be as dull of a bird overhead, and as I stop- course. How stupid of me. Cob. for a few minutes before I turned ped short gazing at the picture be- web, my dear, order some lunch back to find him more composed. 'No, you will not, pa dear,' she fore me with a sigh-

happy, for I was very tired of likeness as you stand. Time flies, that I liked, and then looked after Grantly was delighted, and in-I muttered, 'and winter comes at my darling in a way that I did not sisted on making a sketch at once I did not answer, but sat look- last, with bare trees to the woods- like; for this was not what I and then the days were on, with ing down on the smooth peachy grey bairs and wrinkles to the

shoulders in waves, and, in spite of was listening the next moment to her merry, happy voice. A day or two later I was in the

when an old friend dropped in, and 'Don't think about the past, in the course of conversation he 'By the way, Burrows, why don't

you have your portrait painted!" "Bah ! stuff ! What for ?' I said! 'Well,' said my old friend, wants it badly enough.'

'Bah! I'm handsome enough it-it will be a long task,' he said a lover of every object we saw. holding her little hand to my heart gruffly. Then as a thought finshed

> 'Gloriously?' ' And is terribly hard up?' ' Horribly, poor fellow,' ' How's that ?'

'Don't know, He's poor and proud, and the world has dealt very come a wealthy man, whose sole hardly with him. It isn't so picture of it and I'll give you fifty words- 'He is a gentleman and a oil, received his fee of \$8, and was thought bad been of the child I smooth with every one, Jack, as it guineas.'

'True, Tom, old-fellow,' I said to her every whim, and doing the 'true. Well, look here : I'll give | well, str,' he said.

broud and quite a gentleman. Well, I'm not,' I said testily I'll give him enough to eat, and a good bed to sleep on; and he'll have to put up with, me dropping my 'his.' But,' I added, slapping my pocket, 'I can pay him like a

'Get out, you purse proud old umbug?' said my old friend laughing, as he clapped me on the shoulder. 'But there, I'm obliged to you. Have him down and I'll your pardon, 'But-but,' he conthank you. He's a gentleman and 'Oh, I'm not afraid he'll steal the spoons,' I said laughing.

'No.' he said, drily, 'no fear o that. But you'll make a good pic-'Stuff!' I said. 'Do you think m going to be painted? 'Why, what are you going to do

hen?' he said in an astonished · Let him paint little Cobwed,' said, chuckling and rubbing my

My friend gave a long whistle, and after a few more words he

It did not strike me then, but remarked afterwards that he seemed disposed to draw back from his it, meaning it for a surprise.

Two days later one of the ser vants announced a Mr. Grantly on business, and on his being shown rocks ahead of which I was in in. I found myself face to face with a handsome, grave looking man of 'How shall you be able to leave about thirty. He was rather shabapples, and soft downy peaches, all your fine friends-parties-and bily dressed, and looked pale and ill as he bowed to Cobweb and myself, ending by staring at my child, as I thought, in rather a peculiar 'And gay cavaliers, with dandy way.

This annoyed me-a stout, choleric, elderly man-for no one had a right to look at my Cobweb but in my jealous watchfulness, turn- me; and I spoke rather testily as

am at your service.' rows, I presume? Just one mo- should be so rich, and fat, and spangled it like de when ever it ment please-don't prove.'

of the old place, where she arrang- astonishment he quickly drew one spoiled by bullying people and older, went to seek her one after- what has happened to the goose?

tyrannize over them, and do what golden beams through the network 'I beg your pardon,' he said, won't bring you around, you shall her prophecies—one made in 1663, anyou please with them, and make of leaves overhead, to dance and flushing, and speaking hastily. 'I have a doctor; for, as the police to face with Mr. Grantly. them your slaves like you do me. flash among the wavy tresses of am wrapt up in my art. I thought say,' I continued laughing, 'you're you understood .- Mr. Elden said my prisoner-but on parole.

into the dining-room.

meant, and my jealousy was arous- the painting progressing slowly ed. I expected some snuffy looking but in a way that was a wonder to She caught sight of me directly, old painter, not a gay, handsome me, so exquisite was every touch young fellow. But I remembered for the artist's soul was in his Tom Elden's words-' He's a gen- work. tleman, and a man of konor'-and castingaway mysuspicious thoughts there was a storm coming. I took

struck me at once as I entered.'

'I'll show you a better one than that, my boy, I chuckled. 'But friend Elden, he had been literally I'm a business man. What's your dying of sickness and want. figure—the price, ch?

· Would fifteen guineas be any too much? ' Fifteen !' I said. 'I should take great pains with | being an accomplished botanist, and

the wrinkles of his forehead. 'But and found time to paint so well. 'I think it an absurd price, sir,' first three weeks, and then there said testily, for Elden had said were clouds. he was very poor. 'Why, Mr.

of a scrap of canvas that-'By a clever artist, sir,' he said with a grave smile.

He flushed and looked pained.

up to be a notable little housewife, but as I tell you, he's poor and are not more of a man of business.' est scoun-'Sir!' he exclaimed, rising and here expecting the treatment—'

He stopped short, reeled, sank with his hands, and sobbed like a eyes.

'No, no,' he said hastily, 'I beg come to say good-bye!' tinued, striving to master his emoand I am weak. I have been un- to a sense of misery of which yesterday morning-I could not without selling my colors-I-am much obliged-forgive me-let me picture. go back to town. My God! has it

Cobweb was coming into the room. Four child with all my heart." 'Thank you,' he said, taking my I 'I knew it,' I said bitterly.

'It was kind of you.'

terrible,' and I mopped my face. by word or look.' There, sit still-back directly.' I ran out to find Cobweb in the myself, but she knows it all the

'Artist a little faint. Here, the | voice, 'it is impossible.' sherry-biscuits. I ran back with them and made her? I said harshly.

'I am going back to town, sir,' for he was gone. he said quietly, but with his lower | Gone, but there was a shadow

vived, he rose and thanked me.

could not battle with the world. I my jealous selfishness, I was break-Now, sir, when you please I saw the man who had sold, bit by ing her heart. bit, everything he owned, in his | She never complained, and was name on each piece of goods made, 'I beg your pardon,' he said in struggle for bread; and as I look- as loving as ever; but my little Thus it is that advertising does now a low, musical voice. 'Miss Bur jed at him I fe't ashamed that I Cobweb was broken, and the tears

When is it to come, has for years cried, seating herself on my knee, shadiest spots for my special be- closed another, so that the light pardon for what I have said and

tracks widened in their old wind- much astounded as myself, he Hush, not a word, sir. My old friend Elden told me that you were . That would be admirable, sir. a gentleman and a man of honor. ed with merriment, and then soft- This was Cobweb's favorite place, We could not in any way improve Tom Elden is never deceived. Now, sir, please come into the finished picture of my child framed What the dickens-are you dining-room and have some lunch. 'Yes,' I said, 'because you can with the sun raising a shower of mad, sir? What do you mean? Not a word, please. If good food

He tried to speak, but could not 'All right,' I said, 'all right, you what, my lady, you'll have to seemed of a delicate twilight green. the instant. 'I beg your pardon. and I patted him on the shoulder,

That afternoon we three went He smiled, returned the pressure | into the wood, and I made Cobwel

Those were delightful days, but but ran on without me, and when entered into the subject at to the young fellow, though, and and by degrees learned from him 'I'd half forgotten it,' I said, his whole story-how, young and found my heart was mended with She'll make a good picture, eh? eager he had, five years before, come 'Admirable, sir. That position to town to improve his art, and how bitter had been his struggle, till, just before he had encountered my

> It was a happy time, that, for when the painting was over for the morning, we gardened or stroll ed in the country-our new friend tiny arms round my neck, and her cherub cheek against mine -" Oh. ganpa dear, I do yove oo !"-as I say it was a happy time for the

Cobweb was changed. I knew Elden gave four hundred for a bit it but too well. I could see it day by day: Grantly was growing distant, too, and strange, and my sus- fering from a pulmonary attack. picions grew hour by hour, till I

'Less than half would pay me said one morning, as I sat alone, not come again. The German, and for a man like that, after my 'Tut, tut! stuff, man! Elden kindness, to take advantage of his prescription very well, supposed told me you were poor and hard position to win that girl's love from ;

I was thinking.

'He's come to speak to me.' 'My dear sir-I-really-I- | said, and my heart grew very hard, don't-mean,' I stammered, pre- but I concealed my feelings till he spiring at every pore, for the posi- spoke, and then I was astounded. 'Mr. Burrows,' he said, 'I've

formerly sick man. 'Good-bre!' I said. 'Yes, sir, good-bye. I have tion; 'I have been very ill, sir, | wakened from a dream of bappiness fortunate-almost starving at times. | cannot speak. Let me be brief. | oil !" I have not broken bread since sir and tell you that I never shall ed doctor.

But you haven't finished the every fat little dog I could catch. 'No. sir. and never shall.' said bitterly. 'Mr. Burrows. He fell back half fainting, but cannot stay. I-that is-I need It is a great medicine, dat dog started as I roared 'Go back!' for | not be ashamed to own it, I love |

hand, as he saw what I had done. I . 'And you think I have imposed on your kindness? No, sir, I 'My dear fellow,' I said, 'this is have not, for I have never shown 'No, you scoundrel.' I said to

'Oh, you dear, good father!' she | 'And, sir, such a dream as mine cried with tears in her eyes. 'What | could never be fulfilled—it is ima kind surprise! Is anything possible. 'Yes,' I said, in a cold, hard crack of a whip.

'God bless you, sir! good-bye.'

You will not say good-bye to him take some wine. Thus re- He shook his head, and as I stood there, hard, selfish, and jeal. | daily. 'What are you going to do?' I lous of him, I saw him go down the path, and breathed more freely, contains nearly 500,000 dwelling

lip trembling. 'I am not fit to on my home. Cobweb said not a undertake the task. I thank you, word, and expressed no surprise, but it is tob late. I am not well.' never even referring to the picture, I looked at him as a business that went about the house slowly, man, and in that brief glance, as drooping day after day, month after in revelation, I saw the struggle of month, till the summer time came he begged Stanley as a favour to a poor, proud man of genius, who around again, and I knew that in kill him and eat him.

was alone.

noon, and found her as I expected oof.

As I have said, there was a wil
I could not speak for the passion here, sir, to paint my little girl's upon the tree, listening to no bird song now, in her eyes, that swept away, the last selfish thought from

> I did not let her see me, but went straight up to Elden's, learned what I wanted, and a short time after I was in a handsome studio

As I stood there, I heard the door open, and turning stood face We looked in each other's eyes fer a few moments without speaking, and then in a trembling, bro-

ken voice; I said-"Grantly, I've come as a beggar now. My poor darling-God forgive her? I've broken her heart!" . It was my turn to sit down and cry like a child, while my dear boy. tried to comfort me - telling me too with pride how he had worked and became famous and in a few months meant to come down and ask my consent.

But there, I'm mixing it up. Of course he told me as we were rushing along, having just time to catch the express; and on reaching the station there was no converance. and we had to walk. That scoundrel would not wait,

I got there panting and hot, I' all of that belonging to the good man from whose arms she ian to hide her rosy blushes on my breast. I'm not the selfish old fellow that I was about Cobweb, for here in the old place where they've let me stay with them, I pass my time with two flossy haired little tyrants. Cobweb the second, and the spider, as we call little Frank. As for Cobweb the second, aged two, she said to me this morning, with her

we he with my own sefish heart,

Cured by Dog Liver Oil. A jolly old German, while sufsent for a physician. In a short 'Look here,' I said, 'Mr .- Mr. | was only kept from speaking out time the doctor called on him, -Grantly. You make a good by the recollection of Tom Elden's prescribed two bottles of cod liver told by the German, who disliked 'Tom Elden was never wrong, I the size of the bills, that he need who had not heard the doctor's lavished upon her, Ruth had grown Oh, yes, if you treat him well; up. You always will be if you me, would be the act-of the great- himself. The doctor saw no more of the patient for some time; but 'May I come in Mr. Burrows ? one day, riding past the residence looking at me angrily. 'I came said the voice of the man of whom of the German, he was pleased to see him out in the garden digging 'Yes, come in,' I said; and there lustily. The case seemed such a into his chair, covered his face we stood looking in one another's proof of the virtue of cod liver oil that he stopped to make more par-

ticular inquiries about it. "You seem to be getting very well." said he, addressing the Ger-

"Yaw, I ish well," replied the

"You took as much oil as told you?" queered the doctor. "O yah, I have used as many as four gallons of the dog liver "The what ?" said the astonish

"De dog liver oil dat you say I

shall take. I have killed most

and de dog liver oil have eured me. The doctor had nothing to say,

but rode quickly away. Hard to beat-Boiled eggs. A striking affair-A clock.

The baby's little game-BawL.

A place of reflection-A mirror. A beneficial strike-Striking a

A very narrow aperture-The What holds all the snuff in the world? No one nose. It is said that the people of New

Statisticians show that London

York city eat 2,400 barrels flour

Why does a rooster always, have his feathers smooth? Because he always carries his comb with him Stanley says that one African native became so fond of him that

A corset manufacturer puts his and then go to waist.

A young lady, just home from boarding school, on being told by Cobweb was sitting in one of 'Mr. Grantly,' I said, taking his It was as nearly as could be a the servant that they had us the bay windows, and to my utter hand, 'I am a rough man, and year after, that I, feeling ten years gooseberges, exclaimed: 'Why.'



nform the people of Acton and surrounding neighborhood that he has procured a magnificent HEARSE. and is prepared, to attend and conduct Funerals on the shortest notice and most moderate terms.

Hat Bands and Gloves supplied when

ington, New Jersey.

In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.