THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

Volume IV. No. 20—Whole No. 177. ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1878. $1.00 per annum in Advance.

THE ACTON

FREE PRESS

Is Published

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

AT THE

Free Press Building,

Next to the Methodist Church.

TERMS.—One dollar a year, strictly in advance. If not paid before three months one dollar and a half will be charged; if not paid before the end of the year, two dollars will be charged. Single copies three cents. No paper will be sent to any person more than one year unpaid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.—Eight cents per line for first insertion. Short advertisements of eight lines and under, $1 for three insertions. Business Cards of eight lines and under, $4 per annum. All advertisements measured in a scale of Nonpareil.

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

Any Special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual or company, to be considered as an advertisement.

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

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

T. I. & H. P. MOORE,
Publishers & Proprietors.

R. T. GALLOWAY

BAKER

AND

CONFECTIONER

BUSINESS CARDS.

W. H. LEARY, M. D., M. C. P. S., Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and Residence—Frederick Street, Acton, in the house lately occupied by R. Little, Esq.

DR. R. MORROW, Physician, Surgeon, &c., of Bellevue College, New York, Graduate of Victoria College, Canada. Consultation and Dispensary hours, from 9 a. m. till 1 p. m. Residence—West Flower street, Acton.

J. D. MATHESON, Attorney, Solicitor, Auctioneer in Chancery, &c. Office—Corner of main and Church streets, Georgetown.

T. W. COOPER,

Provincial Land Surveyor and Civil Engineer, Guelph.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

ROYAL EXCHANGE HOTEL, Mr. E. Clark, Proprietor, Orangeville. This well known hotel has been refitted and refurnished throughout, and the proprietor hopes by strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage. Horses carefully cared for. Good stabling on premises. E. CLARK, Proprietor.

MR. CHARLES CARTER, Teacher of the Piano forte and Organ—Pupils attended at their own residence if preferred—Terms moderate.

PATENTS for INVENTIONS Promptly and properly secured in the United States and Europe. Patents guaranteed or no charge. Send for clear instructions. Twenty years' experience. HENRY GRANT, Ottawa, Canada, Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman.

OLIVER LOZIER, Plasterer, Acton, Ont. Every description of Plastering and Brightening done on the most reasonable terms, and satisfaction guaranteed.

ROBSON HOUSE, Acton. Close to the G. T. Railway Station. Excellent accommodation for the travelling public. Thos. CAMPBELL, Propr.

DOMINION HOTEL, Acton. Robert Agnew, Proprietor. The above 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.

WM. HEMSTREET, Licensed Auctioneer, for the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS Office, Acton, or at my residence, in Eramosa, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.

TO THE PUBLIC OF ALL NATIONS & POLITICAL CREEDS. If you want a good AUCTIONEER try GEORGE GIBBS, He understands his business. Address Hillsburg P.O.

Photographs, Photographs.

Chas. W. Hill,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

Wishes to announce to his customers that he has added greatly to his former facilities for taking Pictures, and is now prepared to make Photographs second to none in the County and at prices to suit all.

In Picture Frames I keep a large and well selected stock. Also, a great variety of Mouldings of the latest design, which will be made to order on short notice. Give me a call.

31-6m CHAS. W. HILL

PLOW FACTORY OPENED

The subscriber, having purchased the Acton Plow Works, is prepared to furnish Single and Double Frame Iron Plows, as well as the Boss Gang Plow, which has gained the reputation of being the best Gang Plow made, at the usual rates. All repairs done on the shortest notice and at the cheapest prices.

37-tf SYDNEY SMITH.

You can buy first-class PIANO and ORGAN cheaper of DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey, than any other manufacturer in the United States. Why? Because he sells only for cash, takes no risks and has no book accounts. Every instrument is fully warranted for six years as strictly first class, and are sent on from 5 to 15 days' test trial, money refunded and freight paid both ways by him if they are unsatisfactory. Send for Illustrated Circular (Catalogue Edition) and read testimonials from his patrons, some of whom you may know. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

ACTON PLANING MILL

D. W. CAMPBELL, Prop.

Having purchased the above named establishment, I am prepared to manufacture

SASH, DOORS, MOULDINGS, &c

All kinds of

PLANING

Promptly attended to.

D. W. CAMPBELL.

Acton, Dec. 4th, 1877. 22-3m

ACTON MONTHLY SALE

The Acton monthly sale will be held at Agnew's Hotel, on Fair Day,

Thursday, 7th Nov.

A kinds of Stock, Implements, &c. will be sold by paying 10 cts a-piece.

Sale at 12 o'clock.

TERMS.—Ten months' credit on approved joint notes.

All entries must be made to Mr. Jas. Ryder, Sec.

WM. HEMSTREET, Auctioneer.

23-tf

PATENTS obtained for mechanical devices, medical, or other compounds, ornamental designs, trade marks, and labels. Caveats, Assignments, Interferences, Infringements, and all matters relating to Patents, promptly attended to. INVENTIONS that have been rejected by the Patent Office may still, in most cases be secured by us. Being opposite the Patent Office, we are able to make closer examinations, and secure Patents more promptly and with broader and better claims, than those who are remote from Washington. INVENTORS send us a model or rough sketch and description of your device: we will make an examination, free of charge, and advise you as to its patentability. All correspondence strictly confidential. Prices as low as those of any reliable agency. We refer to Officials in the Patent Office, and to inventors in every State of the Union. Address, LOUIS BAGGER & Co. Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

BEATTY'S GUIDE TO ELEGANT WRITING

A complete Self-Instructor in Plain and Ornamental

PENMANSHIP.

Young people wishing to acquire a rapid, easy, and beautiful hand-writing, without a teacher, will find the GUIDE a perfect Instructor. Hundreds are becoming beautiful writers throughout the Dominion in the United States by using it.

It consists of a series of COPY SLIPS of convenient size for practising, which contain copies beginning with the first principles and gradually progressing to the most elegant plain and ornamental writing; an ORNAMENTAL SHEET, containing German Text, Old English and Ornamental Lettering, Offhand Flourishing of Birds, &c.; A BOOK OF 80 PAGES with full analysis and instruction, and a beautifully engraved case to contain the whole.

Price $1.00, Post Paid

Address

S. G. BEATTY & CO.,
Ontario Business College,
Belleville, Ont.

Sept. 1, 1878. 9-1y

—The FREE PRESS will be given to new subscribers from now till the 1st of January 1880, for $1.00.

"OUR" CHURCH.

It's wonderful what lots of folks
Have got to lose their souls,
And their unworthy carcases
Be cast in obscure holes;
Because they die outside our pale
We leave them in the lurch;
They might have known of this in time
And come and joined our church.

The doctrine that we advocate,
The way that we baptize,
Are primitive and simon-pure—
The rest are only lies;
We hold the cream of all the truth,
By study and research;
Of course it's bad for other folks,
But bally for our church.

We cast our ministers in moulds.
One pattern for them all;
We test their voices on one note
Before they get a call.
If one should dare to change his views
We then apply the birch,
And if that fails, we fire him out,
And make him leave our church.

Conversion we believe to be
A coming round to us;
The holding of another creed
We think ridiculous.
Of course we love to save their souls,
And take a lively catch;
But lots of them we know are lost
Because they miss our church.

Our charity hides lots of sins,
That is, our own it cloaks;
But somehow it ain't big enough
To cover other folks.
A dreadful handy garment this
In case of spot or snirch,
But still it leaves a margin wide
For those outside our church.

Life-giving waters we dispense
If carried through our pipes;
But if it comes through other tubes
It's dishwater or swipes.
We help the poor, we heal the sick,
If roosting on our perch;
Unfortunately there are some
Who strive outside our church.

Our pipes are laid in Hindostan,
To north and south and west;
And just a few find out our plan—
The devil gets the rest.
We count it strange that God should leave
So many in the lurch—
But an uncommonly soft thing
For those inside the church.

So listen when we ring the bell
And rush to get a seat;
This is the only air line route,
With palace cars complete.
Don't listen to those other men,
Nor make a longer search
"Through tickets, within charge of clerk."
O come and join our church.

SLIPSHOD WAYS.

Mark and Jane were to be married in a week. Dropping into the Taylor sitting-room one evening, Mark found Aunt Mary assisting Jane about some of her elaborate and mysterious bridal preparations. Aunt Mary was always considerate and sympathetic in her words and ways, and Mark liked her. He sat down by her in unwonted silence and with a clouded brow.

Jane looked at him furtively from behind the clouds of white lace and muslin in her lap, as he mechanically poked over the multitudinous trifles in her dainty work-basket, making as vague and unsatisfactory answers to her numerous questions as if he were guessing conundrums. After ten minutes had been spent in this rather stupid way, Aunt Mary asked, suddenly—

"Well, Mark, what is it?"

The young man started and looked up at her with a smile, as bright as if a heavy fog had been lifted off his mental horizon, as he said—

"I declare, Aunt Mary, I didn't mean to speak of it, but I am as nervous as a girl, over—over—next Thursday; not the ceremony itself, mind you! I shall really enjoy the display in the church—but I refer to all the life that is to follow."

"Marriage is indeed the most important event of lifetime, and the outlook to every reflective mind must be a serious one," said the sweet-faced old lady; "but may I ask what has brought up the subject so impressively before you tonight?"

"The fact is, Aunt Mary," replied Mark, hesitatingly, "I have just come from Cousin Henry's. As I was passing the gate on my way here, I heard the woodshed door open, and Susan's voice call out: "Supper's ready." The pleasing vision of a neat dining-room, a cosy tea-table, and two happy, contented young souls enjoying the nicely cooked, tastefully served evening meal rose up before me, and I could not resist the impulse to turn back and take a look at them. I ran in unceremoniously, as is my wont, announcing myself, as I opened the sitting-room door, by a hearty "Good evening." There was no fire in the room, but plenty of dust and disorder.

"'Come right in here,' shouted out Henry; and I followed his voice through the dining-room, unwarmed except by the far-away warmth of the kitchen fire. A large basket of rough, unfolded and unironed clothes was turned bottom upward on the extension table, an immense clothes horse filled half the room, and every chair was loaded with coats, hats, cloaks and shawls.

"'We just use the dining-room as a sort of gangway" in the winter," said Henry, 'and dine up here, except when we have company. If anybody runs in upon us they must take us as they find us.' This was not an over-cordial welcome, but I went along into the kitchen where Henry was seating himself at the tea table, which, if you will believe, Aunt Mary, was their little cooking-table covered with a strip of oil cloth. A few odd pieces of crockery were scattered upon it without regard to order.

"The little bit of a kitchen was untidy, the stove dirty and rusty. There were memories of Saturday's baking in the shape and appearance of flour, dough and grease on the floor, table and door-lathes, and a salt codfish, with a cotton string tied around its tail, was hanging to the knob of the closet door. Susan's hair was rough and frowzy, and her gown was torn and soiled. Dear me, who could have imagined that such a state of things was soon to follow their great and expensive wedding! What a picture of loveliness the bride was! They might as well hire two or three rooms in a flat to 'den up' in, as to own that large and elegantly-furnished house and not use it or to so misuse it.

"This scene rather discouraged me. Were Jane and I to deteriorate in that way I think I would rather have everything stop just where it is. I believe it would save us a world of trouble, and we would go on looking at married life as we would have made it, through rose-colored glasses," and Mark moved uneasily, got up nervously, and going around the table, seated himself by Jane's side and tenderly kissed the pretty, reproachful face she raised toward him, while Aunt Mary was considerately looking another way.

"Perhaps Henry is not altogether blameless in the premises," said Aunt Mary, coming back to the table with a red face after an energetic hunt for the shears; "did he fix himself up for tea?"

"Oh, dear, no," replied Mark, "he sat down and ate his bread and mild in his shirt sleeve, collarless and cravatless, and with unbrushed hair and whiskers. He would not have shown himself to Susan in such a plight before his marriage, I assure you."

Aunt Mary looked at the pretty Swiss clock on the mantel, took out her gold pencil, wrote a little note, and then said to the young man: "I wish, Mark, dear, you would carry this billet over to my nephew, Horace Alden's, for me. They live in the east tenement in the Rutherford Block, you know, and on the strength of your cousinship that is to be, I want you to run in without ceremony."

Mark came back in a hour with a radient face. Removing his hat, he made Aunt Mary a low bow, saying: "I am very much obliged to you; I wouldn't surrender the opportunity that may be graciously given me of helping make a home with Jane here for any earthly consideration."

"Indeed," cried Aunt Mary in seeming surprise, "perhaps you will be good enough to tell us what has changed your mind so suddenly."

"Well, you see," said Mark, "I ran up stairs and opened the door at the top, as you told me, and such a charming picture that I saw. A living room — neither parlor, dining room nor kitchen, but a happy combination of the three—made attractive and home-like by perfect neatness, order and good taste. Such a cordial welcome that I had, to be sure. I was heartily ashamed of myself when it came over me how well I used to know both Horace and his charming wife, and that I had not called on them before.

"I gave Julia your note, and she read it with a little laugh and insisted that I should take off my overcoat and take tea with them. The cosey round table, with its snow-white cloth and pretty tea-service, looked so inviting I could not resist the temptation. 'Horace does not get out of the store till seven; he sees to the closing up; so we have our tea at half past seven,' Mrs. Alden said. Julia's dress was plain, but tasty and neat, set off by a dainty white apron; and her simple toilet was completed by a geranium leaf and verbena blossom in her shining hair. Horace, in a handsome dressing-gown and embroidered slippers, looked every inch a gentleman, as he is.

"The situation made us confidential, and I asked Mrs. Alden how she had managed to settle down into being such a wonderful little housekeeper, and she said, 'I used to be somewhat inclined to be careless in my habits, and I suppose my friends had some misgivings as to my ability to keep house. Among my wedding presents was one from a great-aunt of mine who was wonderfully skillful with her needle. It was this teapot mat!—and she held it up to my inspection. It was a scalloped circle of scarlet broadcloth, with a slipper run down at the heel embroidered in it in black worsted, with the words, 'Never get slipshod.'

"'This has been a constant reminder to me,' Julia went on, 'Were I tempted to neglect any trifling duty for the first time, my eye would fall upon or recall the words of Aunt Mittie's motto, and I would not only do what I had thought of neglecting, but would do it a little better if possible. Horace, too, has kept me from falling into slipshod ways by his own habits of neatness. He always touches up his toilet for my sake before every meal, as punctiliously as if we had company. Of course, when he is so thoughtful of me I cannot be less regardful of him. All these little things take a few of the precious moments of our fleeting lives, but we consider their observance our bounden and interchangeable duty. Since housekeeping is the principal business I have in hand, I want to do my best in that vocation; to be as conscientious and painstaking in that as I would in teaching music or any other accomplishment. I enjoy my work, and it comes easy to me. I take both pleasure and pride in it, and I think the secret of my success in this humble sphere of mine has been my keeping everything up from the very first, and never allowing myself in the smallest particular to fall into slipshod ways."

Mark and Jane, now settled in their beautiful, well ordered home on the banks of the Connecticut, only the other evening spoke of the two lessons that December evening brought them, and the lasting impression they wrought.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

GOTHAM SOCIETY RUMORS. THE MAN'S CHANCE. TEMPTATION FOR BANK ROBBERS. WRECK FROM THE RING. RETIREMENT ON THE "GRAPHIC" EDITOR.

(From our regular correspondent.)

NEW-YORK, Nov. 4th, 1878.

There is a song that sings "It is not always May," but in the light of current events we begin to think that this assertion is a mistake, so far as the family of that name is concerned. Since the time of the engagement of Miss Carrie May to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, an unfortunate episode in its results—*i. e.*, the notorious duel and its provocation—the house of which she is so fair a daughter has been brought frequently before the public; and although that young lady has herself at last succeeded in eluding the press vigilants, her brother and sister have had to pay the journalistic piper. It is a wonder they are conspicuous, for they are both remarkably handsome and popular in society; but their fighting in the public prints seem almost like a fatality. They are, as it were, *predestine*. Two reports have just afforded meat and drink for the chatterers. One is that Miss Edith May is to be married and live abroad; the other that Mr. Fred. May has received offers to go upon the stage; and there are those who assert that, in the event of his acceptance, he would prove in time the successor of the late H. J. Montague, of a more solid character than the last. Miss May is said to be certainly engaged to one Captain Randolph, who changed his name of Mullins to that he now bears for family reasons intimately connected with the inheritance of property. It is very common abroad for wealthy people to make sure of the perpetuation of their name by holding out a golden bait; and indeed it is not unknown here since Mr. Wright Sanford, one of our wealthiest bachelors and a pillar of the Union club furnishes an example of the kind. Captain Randolph is an Irishman, but he has lived a great deal on the continent, and it was at Dresden that he first met Miss May. Their acquaintance there was slight, but, coming to this country, he presented himself as a suitor, and won her hand this summer at Saratoga. Miss May is a beautiful girl—a brunette, with dark eyes, finely moulded features and figure, and lip that form a cupid's bow. It will be remembered that she was rescued from the yacht *Mohawk*, at the time Commodore Garnet and others met their death off Stapleton. Her preserver was Mr. Lewis Monant, and, as was natural under such romantic conditions, it was soon after stated that they were engaged. This had, however, no foundation in fact, if well informed persons may be believed; and, at all events, the death a year or so ago of Mr. Monant, who was one of the most deservedly popular young gentlemen in society, would leave Miss May free to bestow her hand upon whomever was so fortunate as to win it. That Captain Randolph is the favored individual, is infinitely to his credit. "God is good to the Irish!" goes the saying.

The big bank robberies have principally demonstrated the stupidity of the Schell family. Ed. Schell was the President of the Manhattan concern; his brother Gus is Kelly's candidate for Mayor; Dick Schell, once in congress, is celebrated for having squatted on his Wall street obligations. Gus Schell's Union Trust Company, you may remember was stripped by Horace Clark & Co., in the panic. The New York Dutchman is an acquisitive, brave and steady, but very often stupid, character. How well are we reminded by these successful bank robberies of the long lived warnings of the Founder of our creed: "Lay not your treasure up on earth, where thieves break through and steal." There is a pretty accurate description of a safe burglary. The amount of plunder got in this robbery must undoubtedly stimulate the robbing power. It will tempt mechanics and men of resources into the craft, for stealing on such proportions as this ranks with the prizes of Cortez Pizarro and *William le Batard*. Right behind the Manhattan Bank is Hatty Hill's low dive, and a notorious thieves' quarter. Houston street and Thirtieth and Thirty first streets are the St. Martin's lane and Haymarket of New York.

Mary E. Hay was a beautiful daughter of a sister of Thomas C. Fields, who was socially the most brilliant member of the Tweed ring. One of the Fields generous acts performed before money began to flow to him from the ring coffers was to educate his niece. After her graduation she was invited by her uncle to come to New York and preside over his household, Mrs. Fields having become estranged from him. Here her ambition to shine in social life was fully gratified. In the course of time Mrs. Fields obtained a divorce from her husband, and one of the allegations in her complaint associated the names of her husband and niece. Several months later the wife learned more or less of Field's association with Mrs. Garrett, and was made very unhappy. At last came the break up of the ring, and Fields fled to Canada. Mrs. Garret went with him, and Mrs. Fields was left behind without the means of support. About this time she became a mother. She retired from her sumptuous home to a modest residence further up the river. Her marital troubles led her to contract the habit of taking opium, and she became a wreck. For some time she had been receiving remittances, supposed to have come from Fields. She was constantly afraid her child, a bright little boy, would be stolen, and gradually became a raving maniac. On Saturday last she was sent to the insane asylum.

At the first dinner of the Lotos club this season Mr. Whitelaw Reid called upon Mr. D. G. Croly for a speech, saying that he was the only present example of a metropolitan journalist who had "created" the paper of which he was editor, saying the word in the sense of having established the journal, etc. Mr. Croly, in a model reply, said that he preferred on that occasion to be something which the editor of the *Tribune* would not fail to understand—*i. e.*, a cipher. Wherefore Mr. Reid, not to be outdone, said that even if Mr. Croly had his wish, no secret meaning could be attached to him. These hits at the *Tribune*—Tilden expose set the table in a roar. *Apropos*, Mr Croly's resignation as editor of the *Graphic*, just announced, has been received with profound regret. Everything was amicable, but Mr. Croly, having been in journalistic harness since '54, was desirous of resting for a time. He was probably the dean of the New York editors, save Dana. A man of neat fertility of ideas and personally very popular, Mr. Croly carries with him the esteem and regard of all who know him.

The breath of scandal is beyond the control of cardamon seeds.

Seasonable advice—be kind to every body—that has a vote.

Now go out into the country and enjoy the beauties of nature. Nothing is handsomer than the forests at this season.

"What's the use of your trying to lie about it so clumsily?" says the magistrate, very violently; "haven't you a lawyer?"

What an effect climate has on natural development! In california they make alcohol out of beets. Here we make beasts out of alcohol.

Woman's Love for the Beautiful.

A woman went into a barber's shop on C street some weeks ago and wanted to know how much it cost to dye a man's hair and moustache. The price was named, then she asked the barber to get his dye and follow her.

"Why can't the man come here?" asked the barber.

"He's dead," replied the woman, "and the last thing he said to me when he was passing away was: 'Sally fix me up pretty for the funeral.' His hair curled beautifully but was a little gray. It won't look well to see a woman crying round a coffin with an old gray-headed man in it, so I want him fixed up a little. He was always a beauty when he had his hair dyed. I know I'd want mine fixed up that way if I was gray and dead."

The barber dyed the dead man's hair in the highest style of the art, and the widow remarked, when all was over, that "he was the loveliest corpse ever buried on the Comstock."

Knew It of Course.

A Detroit grocer, who has a little time to study human nature and who'd save money if he only had a little more time, wrote a note to several parties selected for the occasion to the effect that he had lost his account books and must depend upon their honor to call and give in the balance against them. One of them replied that he presumed he owed three or four dollars, when the books showed that he owed $28; another thought there might be a possible balance against him, though he had been very careful to pay cash down, and yet his account was $14 and over. Out of twelve or fourteen customers, the grocer found one who replied that he owed $3.80, being fifty cents too much. He then wrote to each that he had found his books, and sent statement of account, and as they dropped into the store one at a time, each laugh, shook hands, and remarked: "I knew it was one of your jokes, of course, and so I thought I'd give you a chance to play it clear through."

Farm Life.

It is a common complaint that the farm and farm life is not appreciated by our people. We long for the more eloquent pursuits, or the ways and fashions of the town. But the farmer has the most sane and natural occupation, and ought to find life sweeter if less highly seasoned, than any other. He alone, strictly speaking, has a home. How can a man take root and thrive without land? He writes his history upon his field. How many ties, how many resources he has; his friendships with his cattle, his team, his dog, his trees, the satisfaction in his growing crops, in his improved fields; his intimacy with nature, with bird and beast, and with the quickening elemental forces; his co operation with the clouds, the sun, the seasons, heat, wind, rain, and frost. Nothing will take the various social distempers which the city and artificial life breed out of a man like farming, like direct and loving contact with the soil. It humbles him, teaches him patience and reverence, and restores the proper tone to his system.

Cling to the farm, make much of it, put yourself into it, bestow your heart and your brain upon it, so that it shall savor of you and ripen your virtue after yourdays work is done.

Fearful Encounter.

Says the Chesley *Enterprise*:—The other day, on the farm of Mr. D Gregg, of Greenock, a most terrible and fatal encounter took place between two who have for some time been notorious for the hatred which they exhibited towards each other. On the morning of the fight the parties referred to were engaged in adjoining fields, and for some time contented themselves with casting glances of defiance at each other, but this only added fuel to the fire, and at last the one crossed the fence and attacked the other with the utmost fury. But little is known of the fight as the chief aggressor lost his life, and the other is severely injured about the head and in no condition to give any account of the occurrence which terminated so disastrously. Both combatants were quite sober at the time, and jealousy is supposed to have been the cause of the quarrel. On the arrival of a person who feared that something was wrong one of the fierce warriors was found to be quite dead, the other had the skin of his forehead hanging over his eyes while blood was trickling down his beard. We should have stated that the fight above described was between two vicious old rams."

Penalties.

The penalty of popularity is envy.

The penalty of thin shoes is cold feet.

The penalty of tight boots is corn.

The penalty of a baby is sleepless nights.

The penalty of a public dinner is bad wine.

The penalty of a pretty neat is an empty larder.

The penalty of a godfather is a silver knife, fork and spoon.

The penalty of kissing a baby is half a dollar (one dollar if you are liberal to the nurse.)

The penalty of having a branch of venison sent to you is inviting half a dozen friends to come and eat.

The penalty of interfering between man and wife is abuse, frequently accompanied with blows from both.

The penalty of remaining single is having no one who cares a button for you, as is abundantly proved by the state of your shirt.

The penalty of buying cheap clothes is the same as that of going to law—the certainty of losing your suit and having to pay for it.

The penalty of a legacy, or a fortune, is discovery of a host of poor relations you never dreamt of, and a number of debts you had quite forgotten.

Advice to Married People.

Marry in your own religion.

Never both be angry at once.

Never taunt with a past mistake.

Let a kiss be the prelude of a rebuke.

Never allow a request to be repeated.

Let self-abnegation be the habit of both.

"I forgot" is never an acceptable excuse.

A good wife is the greatest of earthly blessings.

If you must criticize let it be done lovingly.

Make marriage a matter of moral judgement.

Marry in a family which you have long known.

Never make a remark at the expense of the another.

Never talk at one another, either at home or in company.

Give your warmest sympathies for each other's trials.

If one is angry let the other part the lips, only for a kiss.

The very felicity is the mutual cultivation of usefulness.

Never speak loud to one another unless the house is on fire.

Let each strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other.

Marry into different blood and temperment from your own.

Always leave him with loving words for they may be the last.

Never deceive, for the heart once misled, can never trust wholly again.

Never find fault unless it is perfectly certain a fault has been committed.

It is the mother who moulds the character and fixes the destiny of the child.

Do not herald the sacrifices you make to each other's tastes, habits or preferences.

A hesitating or grim yielding to the wishes of the other always grates upon a loving heart.

Consult one another in all that comes within the experience, observation, or sphere of the other.

Those who marry for physical characteristic or external considerations will fail of happiness.

Never reflect on a past action which was done with a good motive, and with the best judgment at the time.

The canny Scotchman is wary and prudent even in his dealings with Divine Providence. At the Glasgow Presbytery a fortnight ago a motion came up under the rules for the appointment of a day of thanksgiving for peace and for an abundant harvest. The Afghan complications having broken out suddenly, and peace being by no means sure, the author of the motion suggested that it would be well to postpone thanking the Almighty for peace while the present state of things lasted. The word "peace" would have been removed from the motion but for the prompt application of the Scotch love for hair splitting, by which it was unanimously resolved that the thanks to the Almighty for peace should be offered on the express understanding that the peace was the peace of Berlin, and had no reference whatever to the present complications and spending war in Afghanistan.