Acton Free Press.

TERMS...$1.00 in Advance. *The Newspaper.—"A Map of Busy Life, its Fluctuations and its Vast Concerns."* $1.50 if not so paid.

Volume. V. No. 34. ACTON, ONT, THURSDAY, FEB 19, 1880. Whole No. 248.

—THE—

Acton Free Press,

is published

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—BY—

H. P. MOORE,

Editor & Proprietor.

AT THE FREE PRESS

PRINTING & PUBLISHING HOUSE,

Next Door to Methodist Church,

Mill Street, ... Acton, Ont.

TERMS:—The FREE PRESS will be sent to subscribers, postage paid, for $1.00 per annum in advance; $1.50 if not so paid. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Casual advertisements, 8 cents per line for the first insertion, and 2 cents per line for each subsequent insertion cash. Professional Cards, 10 lines or less, $4.00 per annum. 1 square, 12 lines, $5.00 per annum, payable in 6 months from date of insertion. Any Special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual or company, to be considered an advertisement. The number of lines reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

One column one year	$60.00
Half column one year	35.00
Quarter column one year	20.00
One column six months	35.00
Half column six months	20.00
Quarter column six months	12.00
One column three months	20.00
Half column three months	12.00
Quarter column three months	7.00

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transitory advertisements must be paid in advance.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 9 a.m. on Mondays, otherwise they will be left over till the following week.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor & Proprietor.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

W. H. LOWRY, M. B., M. C. P. S., Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence, at the head of Frederick St., Acton.

N. McGARVIN M. D., M. C. P. S., Graduate of Victoria College. Residence, corner of Mill and Frederick streets. 3 to 6 p. m.

ALISTER M. CLARK, BARRISTER, Quebec Street Guelph.
BRANCH OFFICE:—In Matthews Building Mill Street, Acton.
Office open every Friday.

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

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS EXPEDITIOUSLY and properly secured in Canada, the United States, and Europe. Patent guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.
HENRY GEIST, Ottawa, Canada.
Late Examiner in the Patent Office, Solicitor of Patents, &c.

J. D. MATHESON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, &c. Office, next door to Wallace's Hotel, Milton.

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

CHARLES CAMERON, Main St., Acton.
Agent for the Bell Organ, manufactured by Messrs. W. Bell & Co., Guelph. Orders left at his residence will receive prompt attention. For particulars see adv. on other side. Give him a trial.
CHAS. CAMERON.
Dec. 10, '79.-24-3m.

ROYAL EXCHANGE HOTEL, Acton, Wm. Campbell, late of the Rossin House, near G. T. R. Station, takes pleasure in announcing to his many old friends and patrons that he has recently purchased and refitted the Royal Exchange in the neatest and most comfortable style, and is prepared to accommodate all who may favor him, in the most comfortable manner. Choice Wines, Liquors, Cigars and cool summer drinks always in stock. Stable in charge of an attentive hostler. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be spared to give the very best attention.

CASH FOR SKINS.
I am prepared to pay the highest cash price for all classes of Lamb and Sheep Skins, delivered at my tannery. Lace Leather constantly on hand.
JAMES MOORE.

PUMPS! PUMPS! PUMPS.
W. E. Adams, manufacturer of superior Well and Cistern Pumps, which will be put in on short notice. Repairing promptly done. Charges moderate. Also saws filed and set. Give him a call. Shop on Frederick street, opposite Dr. Lowry's residence.
W. E. ADAMS.

THE "CLIMAX PLOW," MADE AT Crowe's Iron Works, Guelph, is ahead of all competitors for general purposes. Iron Beam, Steel Board and Shears made of special hard iron. Cheap; $14 cash. New Fences, Stoves, Metal Letters, and Casting of all kinds.
JOHN CROWE.

STRAYED or Stolen advertisements of this nature inserted very cheap in the Acton FREE PRESS, the best local paper of Halton Co.

MERCHANTS and farmers alike should advertise and support the Acton FREE PRESS, the best local paper of Halton Co.

CARDS, Billheads and Circulars of every description executed neatly at the Acton FREE PRESS office, the best local paper of Halton Co.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Maine.

"EXCELSIOR" BAKERY.

B. & E. NICKLIN take this opportunity of thanking their friends and patrons for their very liberal support in the past, and trust that they will continue it. We have always on hand a full supply of

Bread, Cakes, Buns, PASTRY, CONFECTIONERY,

Fruits, Canned Fish, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Graham and Buckwheat Flour, &c., &c.,

all of which we are prepared to sell at BOTTOM PRICES FOR CASH.

In connection with the Bakery we have just opened an

Oyster Parlor,

and will serve oysters in every style. We have also constantly on hand a stock of oysters in both can and bulk, cheap.

N.B.—Oyster Suppers supplied at short notice, and Pastry work made to order.

B. & E Nicklin.

THE TRAVELLERS LIFE and ACCIDENT Ins. Co., of Hartford, Conn.,
Write everything desirable in the way of Life and Accident Insurance.
Rates Low. Security Unquestioned.
Ample deposit made with the Dominion Government for the security of Canadian Policy Holders.

Paid up Cash Capital	$ 600,000.00
Gross Assets,	4,798,677.74
Total Liabilities,	3,511,734.37
Surplus to Policy Holders,	1,286,943.37

JAMES MATTHEWS, Agent, Acton, Ont.

FEDERAL BANK OF CANADA.
GUELPH BRANCH.
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS DONE.
DRAFTS and BILLS OF EXCHANGE bought and sold.
DEPOSITORS
Are allowed interest at the rate of five (5) per cent. per annum in the Savings Bank Department, and six (6) per cent. per annum will be allowed on Deposit Receipts, provided the money remains in the Bank not less than six (6) months, and three (3) months notice be given of its withdrawal.
THOMAS Y. GREET, Manager.

CANADA LOAN & BANKING COMPANY SAVINGS BANK.
CORNER OF JAMES AND VINE STS., HAMILTON.
Six Per Cent Interest paid on Deposits of $1 and upwards.
SAFEST AND BEST SECURITY.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS.
D. B. CHISHOLM Esq. President.
WM. KERNS Esq. of John Waddie & Co.) Burlington, Vice-President.
J. W. ROSEBURGH, M. D., Hamilton.
HUGH MURRAY, Esq., Hamilton.
THOMAS BLANCHARD, Esq., Nelson.
COL. JOHN LAND, Burlington.
ROBT. DUNCAN Esq., Hamilton.
R. K. CHISHOLM Esq., Oakville.
WM. FREEMAN, M. D., Georgetown.
H. H. GRIFFIN, M. D.
C. H. KNOX, Esq., (Manager Cotton Mills,) Dundas.
Money to loan on Real Estate in sums to suit borrowers, and on easy terms.
Office open every week-day from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
D. DEXTER, Manager.
Aug. 11, 1878. 7-6m

HARNESS, HARNESS.
Any person in want of a good set of Harness, either
SINGLE OR DOUBLE;
SHOULD CALL AT
R. CREECH'S SADDLERY ACTON,
Where they can get better value for their money than any place in the County.
A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF
TRUNKS AND VALISES
On hand, all of which will be sold cheap for cash.
Repairing promptly attended to.
ACTON, Feb. 26, '77. ROBT. CREECH.

5000 CUSTOMERS WANTED THIS WEEK,
—AT THE CENTRAL—
BOOT & SHOE STORE.
YOU CAN BUY BETTER
BOOTS AND SHOES
AND GET BETTER BARGAINS
In Acton, than go away from home to make your purchases. Call at
CRAINE & SON'S

POETRY.

No Mortgage on the Farm.

Mary, let's kill the fatted calf and celebrate the day,
For the last dreadful mortgage on the farm is swept away;
I have got the papers with me, they are right as right can be—
Let us laugh and sing together, for the dear old farm is free.

Don't all Canadians celebrate the first day of July,
Because confederation then joined us in unity;
Why shouldn't we then celebrate, and this day ne'er forget?
Where is there any freedom like being out of debt?

I've riz up many a morning an hour before the sun,
And night has overtaken me before the task was done,
When, weary with my labor, 'twas this thought that nerved my arm,
Each day will will help to pay the mortgage on the farm.

And, Mary, you have done your part in rowing to the shore,
By takin' eggs and butter to the little village store,
And did not spend the money in dressing up for show,
But sang from morn till evening in your faded calico.

And Bessie, our sweet daughter—God bless her loving heart,
The lad that gets her for a wife must be by nature smart—
She's gone without a piano her lonely hours to charm,
On account of the mortgage on the farm.

I'll build a little cottage soon, to make your heart rejoice,
I'll buy a good piano to go with our Bessie's voice;
You shall not make your butter with that up-and-down concern,
For I'll go this very day and buy the finest patent churn.

Lay by your faded calico, and go with me to town,
And get yourself and Bessie a new and shining gown;
Low prices for our produce, need not give us now alarm,
Spruce up, little Mary! There's no mortgage on the farm.

While our hearts are now so joyful, let us, Mary, not forget
To thank the God of Heaven for our being out of debt,
For he gave the rain and sunshine, and put strength into my arm,
And lengthened out our days to see no mortgage on the farm.

SELECT LITERATURE.

SIX INTERESTING LETTERS.

'Are there any more of those letters?'

When her father asked this question, in an awful tone, Lucilla Richmond could not say 'No,' and dared not say 'yes,' but as an intermediate course burst into tears and sobbed behind her handkerchief.

'Bring them to me, Lucilla,' said her father, as if she had answered him, as indeed she had; and the girl, trembling and weeping, arose to obey him.

Then Mrs. Richmond, her daughter's very self grown older, came behind her husband's chair and patted him on the shoulder:

'Please don't be hard with her, my dear,' she said coaxingly. 'He's a nice young man, and it is our fault after all, as much as hers, and you won't break her heart, I'm sure.'

'Perhaps you approve of the whole affair, ma'am,' said Mr. Richmond.

'I—no—that is, I only—' gasped the little woman; and hearing Lucilla coming she sank into a chair, blaming herself dreadfully for not having been present at all her daughter's music lessons during the past year.

For all this disturbance arose from a music teacher who had given lessons to Miss Lucilla Richmond for 12 months, and who had taken the liberty of falling in love with her, knowing well that she was the daughter of one of the richest men in Yorkshire.

'It was inexcusable in a poor music teacher, who should have known his place,' Mr. Richmond declared, and he clutched the little perfumed billet which had fallen into his hands, as he might a scorpion, and waited for the others with a look upon his face which told of no softening. They came at last, six little white envelopes tied together with blue ribbon, and were laid at his elbow by his despairing daughter.

'Lock these up until I return this evening,' he said to his wife. 'I will read them then, meanwhile Lucilla is not to see this music teacher on any pretence whatever.'

And then Lucilla went down upon her knees.

'Oh, dear papa!' she cried 'dearest papa, please don't say I must never see him again. I couldn't bear it. Indeed, I could not. He's poor I know, but he's a gentleman, and I—I like him so much, papa!'

'No more of this absurdity, my dear,' said Mr. Richmond. 'He has been artful enough to make you think him perfection, I suppose. Your parents know what is best for your happiness. A music teacher is not a match for miss Richmond.'

With which remarks Mr. Richmond put on his hat and overcoat, and departed.

Then Lucilla and her mother took the opportunity of falling into each other's arms.

'It's so naughty of you,' said Mrs. Richmond. 'But oh dear, I can't blame you. It was exactly so with your papa, you know, and my parents objected because of his poverty. I feel the greatest sympathy for you, and Fredrick has such fine eyes, and is so very pleasing. I wish I could soften your father.'

'When he has seen the letters there will be no hope, I'm afraid,' sobbed Lucilla. 'Fred is so romantic, and papa hates romance.'

'He used to be very romantic himself in those old times,' said Mrs. Richmond. 'Such letters as he wrote me I have them in my desk yet. He said he should die if I refused him.'

'So does Fred,' said Lucilla.

'And that life would be worthless without me; and about my being beautiful (he thought so, you know), I'm sure he ought to sympathize a little,' said Mrs. Richmond. But she dared not promise that he would.

She coaxed her darling to stop crying, and made her lie down, then went into her own room to put the letters into her desk; and, as she placed them in one pigeon hole, she saw in another a bundle, tied exactly as these were, and drew them out. These letters were to a Lucilla, also. One who had received them twenty years before—and she was now a matron old enough to have a daughter who had her troubles—unfolded them one by one, wondering how it came to pass that the lovers' letters were all so much alike. Half a dozen, just the same number, and much more romantic than those the music teacher had written to her daughter. A strange idea came into Mrs. Richmond's mind. She dared not oppose her husband; by a look or word she had never attempted such a thing. But she was very fond of her daughter.

When she left the desk she looked guilty and frightened, and something in her pocket rustled as she moved. But she said nothing to any one on the subject until the dinner hour arrived, and with it came her husband, angrier and more determined than ever. The meal was passed in silence; then, having adjourned to the parlor, Mr. Richmond seated himself in a great arm chair, and demanded 'the letters,' in a voice of thunder.

Mrs. Richmond put her hand into her pocket, and pulled it out again with a frightened look.

Mr. Richmond repeated, still more sternly:

'Those absurd letters, if you please, ma'am.'

And then the little woman faltered:

'I—that is—I believe—yes, dear—I believe I have them,' and gave him a white pile of envelopes, enriched with blue ribbons, with a hand that trembled like an aspen leaf.

As for Lucilla she began to weep as though the end of all things had come at last, and felt sure that if papa should prove cruel she should die.

'Six letters—six shameful pieces of deception, Lucilla,' said the indignant parent. 'I am shocked that a child of mine should practice such duplicity. Hem! Let me see. Number one, I believe. June, and this is December. Half a year you have deceived us then, Lucilla. Let us see—ah!' 'From the first moment he adored you, ah! Nonsense. People don't fall in love in that absurd manner. It takes years of acquaintance and respect and attachment. 'With your smiles for his goal, he would win both fame and fortune, poor as he is!' Fiddlesticks, Lucilla: A man who has common sense would always wait until he had a fair commencement before he proposed to any girl. 'Praise of your beauty. The loveliest creature he ever saw!' Exaggeration, my dear. You are not plain, but such flattery is absurd. 'Must hear from you, or die!' Dear, dear, dear—how absurd.

And Mr. Richmond dropped the first letter and took up another.

'The same stuff,' he commented. 'I hope you don't believe a word he says. A plain, earnest, upright sort of a man would never go into such rhapsodies, I'm sure. Ah! now, in number three he calls you an angel! He is romantic, upon my word. And what is all this?'

'Those who would forbid me to see you can find no fault with me but my poverty. I am honest—I am earnest in my efforts. I am by birth a gentleman, and I love you from my soul. Do not let them sell you for gold, Lucilla.'

'Great Heavens, what impertinence to your parents!'

'I don't remember Fred's saying anything of that kind,' said poor Lucilla. 'He never knew you would object.'

Mr. Richmond shook his head, frowned, and read on in silence, until the last sheet lay under his hand. Then, with an ejaculation of rage, he started to his feet.

'Infamous!' he cried; 'I'll go to him this instant—I'll horsewhip him—I'll—I'll murder him; As for you, by Jove, I'll send you to a convent. Elope—elope with a music teacher! I'm ashamed to call you my daughter. Where's my hat! Give me my boots. Here, John call a cab—I——'

But here Lucilla caught one arm and Mrs. Richmond the other.

'Oh, papa! you are crazy!' said Lucilla. 'Frederick never proposed such a thing. Let me see the letter. Oh, papa, this is not Fred's—upon my word it is not. Do look, papa; it is dated twenty years back, and Frederick's name is not Charles! Papa, these are your letters to mamma, written long ago. Mother's name is Lucilla, you know!'

Mr. Richmond sat down in his arm-chair in silence, very red in the face.

'How did this occur?' he said, sternly; and little Mrs. Richmond, retreating into a corner, with her handkerchief to her eyes, sobbed:

'I did it on purpose!' and paused, as though she expected a sudden judgment. But hearing nothing, she dared at last to rise and creep up to her husband timidly, and say:

'You know, Charles, it's so long ago, and I thought you might not exactly remember how you fell in love with me at first sight; how papa and mamma objected, and how, at last, we ran away together; and it seemed to me that if we could bring it all back plainly to you as it was then, we might let Lucilla marry the man she loves, who is good, if he is not rich. I did not need it to be brought back any plainer myself; women have more time to remember, you know. And we've been very happy—have we not?'

And certainly Mr. Richmond could not deny that. So Lucilla, feeling that her interests might safely be left in her mother's keeping, slipped out of the room, and heard the result of the little ruse next morning. It was favorable to the young music teacher, who had really only been sentimental, and had not gone half so far as an envelopement; and in due course of time the two were married with all the pomp and grandeur befitting the nuptials of a wealthy merchant's daughter, with the perfect approbation of Lucilla's father, and to the great joy of Lucilla's mamma, who justly believed that her little ruse had brought about all her daughter's happiness.

A Significant Movement.

Our friend Jones (George P.), a genial and accommodating dentist, sat in his office one day, with several ladies present for whom he had done dental work, engaged in social, friendly chat, when in came a countryman—a stalwart, solid looking man, clad in homespun—who wanted a tooth pulled. It was 'an old grinder, aching dreadfully,' and his teeth were 'awful hard to get out.' The doctor took him into the operating room—a small place simply partitioned off from the main room by curtains—and examined the tooth.

It was really a tough looking case. The tooth—an upper molar—was badly decayed, and the jaw inflamed. Jones suggested that he had better take gas.

'*Gas!* what's that?'

George P. explained.

'Sho! Haow ye talk! An' it'll send me off so's I won't know noth'n anyhow?'

'Yes, sir—it will render you entirely insensible to pain—insensible to everything—for a short period. But it is not dangerous—not in the least.'

'Wal, go ahead. I'll take the gas.'

The doctor brought forward the inhaling tube, and bade the man make ready.

'Hold on jest a minnit, Doctor.' And thereupon the man dived his hand down into his deep pocket, and drew out a fist full of silver coin and crumpled bank-notes.

'Never mind that now, my good sir,' said Jones. 'You can pay me when the tooth is pulled.'

'Don't you worry, Doctor; I aint agoin' to pay you now, never fear; but you say as haow that ere gas'll send me clean off entirely; and I thought 'twould be well to know jest houw much spondulix I had in my pocket afore I went. You'll excuse me, but I've travelled!'

A giggle from the outer room told that the scene was enjoyed there; and George P. fancied, then and there, as it truly proved, that it would be a long time before he would hear the last of that gas patient.

A Signboard.

A woman who opened a small millinery store in the western part of Detroit engaged a painter to paint her a sign. When it came home the other day she saw that it read, "Mrss. J. Blank," &c., and she called out: "You have got an extra 's' in Mrs. and you must paint the sign over again." The painter saw the error but he didn't want the job of correcting it, and he replied: "Madam, haven't you had two husbands?" 'Yes, sir.' 'You were a Mrs. when you lost the first?' 'I was.' 'And do you think a woman can go on marrying for ever, and not lengthen out her title? Mrs. means a married woman or a widow. Mrss. Means a woman who has been married twice, and is young enough to marry again, and only yesterday a rich old coon was in our shop and said if he had any idea that you were hear free he'd come up——' 'Oh, well, you can nail up the sign,' she interrupted, and it is there to day.

An exchange discovers that when two young men meet they address each other as 'old man,' and that when two old fellows meet they say 'my boy.'

Nothing Lost by Christian Charity.

One of those toil-hardened, true-hearted chaps read of in romance made his appearance on the Campus Martius yesterday and his sympathies were at once aroused by the sight of three or four old men standing around with their buck-saws and waiting for work.

'I'll be hanged if it isn't tough,' he replied, when they told him that they hadn't had any work for a month. 'How would you like some oysters?'

They smacked their lips by way of reply, and he gathered up a crowd of eight, marched them to a restaurant and ordered oyster stews for each one.

'It just does my soul good to see them eat!' he said to the owner of the place as the eight got to work.

'Yes; it's a beautiful sight,' was the reply.

'It makes me feel good in here,' continued the stranger, laying his hand on his heart.

'A good deed brings it's own reward,' was the soft answer of the restaurateur as he calculated his profits.

'I can't rest here. I must do further good,' said the big-hearted stranger, and he rushed out and brought in three negroes, a chimney sweep, two boys and an old woman, and ordered more oysters.

The fifteen people went for oyster soup in a manner to amaze, and their guardian nudged the restaurateur in the ribs and said:

'See the gentle lambs! Oh, that I could feed the poor of America!'

'You are a good man, and heaven will reward you,' replied the proprietor as he filled the dishes again.

The stranger said he wanted to bring in just five more, so as to say that he fed an even-score, and rushed out after them, while the restaurateur sent after more oysters and crackers. The stranger didn't return. He was last seen climbing into a farmer's sleigh on State street and guiding his team to the west. The fifteen in the restaurant licked their plates clean and departed in joyful procession, and the last one had passed out before the man who had furnished the soup had got through waiting for the return of the stranger. There were oaths and slang phrases and watchwords and expressions, delivered in the purest English, but what mattered it to the fifteen soup-de-Nours who drew up in line opposite and

'Resolved, that them oysters just touched the spot.'

The Best Physician.

The celebrated Dr. Sydenham had a patient whom he long prescribed for. At last Sydenham acknowledged that his skill was exhausted—that he could not pretend to advise him any further.

'But,' said he, 'there is Dr. Robinson, who lives at Inverness, who is much more skilled in complaints of this kind, than I am; you had better consult him. I will provide you with a letter of introduction, and I hope you will return much better.'

The patient was a man of fortune, and soon took the road; but travelling was a very different undertaking then to what it is now, and a journey from London to Inverness was not a trifling out. He arrived, however, at the place of destination; but no Dr. Robinson was to be found, nor had any one of that name ever been in the town. This of course, enraged the gentleman very much, and he took the road back to London, raging, and vowing vengeance on the doctor. On his arrival, he vented all his rage on the latter, and abused him for sending him on a journey of so many miles for nothing. When his fury was a little abated, the doctor said,—

'Well, now, after all, is your health any better?'

'Better!' said he, 'yes, sir, it is better. I am, sir, as well as ever I was in my life; but no thanks to you for that.'

'Well,' said the doctor, 'you have still reason to thank Dr. Robinson. I wanted to send you on a journey with an object in view. I knew it would do you good. In going, you had Dr. Robinson in contemplation; and in returning, you were equally busy in thinking of scolding me.'

Making it Secure.

A few days ago a citizen having an office on Munroe avenue made arrangements with an old colored man to sweep out the room twice per week for the weekly salary of 15 cents. The first week's salary was paid and received, and everything was all right, but when the next payment came due the old man hesitated, hung around for a while and then said:

'Say, boss, am I sweepin' out to please yer?'

'Oh yes.'

'Doan' find no fault with me?'

'None at all. You are doing well enough.'

'Ize glad to ha'r dat. What I wanted to ax ye was whedder dis was a upheomeral job or one for a hull year. If it's a upheomeral job Ize got to be on de *keevi*. If it's a steady job Ize gwine down an' make the first payment on a $7 looking glass fur de ole woman. I want to be sort o' secured afore I launch out.'

He Won His Wager.

An English officer exchanged into another regiment bringing with him the reputation of being marvellously successful at a bet. 'Ah,' said his new colonel, 'he won't get any success out of me, I'll warrant,' and he wrote to the fellow's former colonel, an old friend, 'We like him very much. Glad you do, old boy; keep him; we found him to expensive a luxury,' was the reply. One day at mess the colonel good humoredly said: 'I hear that you profess always to win a bet.' 'Well, sir, I'm pretty successful that way.' 'I don't think you would succeed with me.' 'May I try?' asked the subaltern. 'By all means.' 'Well then, I'll bet you sir that that old wound in your back has broken out afresh.' What in the world do you mean! Old wound in my back? D'you think I ever think I turned my back on the enemy then!' and the gallant colonel grew warm; 'I never had a wound in my back in my life,' 'Once,' to a corner, 'lock the door. I'll prove it to your own eyes.' The other protested that the colonel's simple word was more than enough; but no, the latter was excited, and stripped. 'I've lost,' and Brown handed over the £10 note. A few days later came a note from the colonel of the other regiment: 'Brown has again won a pot full of money out of our fellows. He bet heavily that before he'd been with you a month he'd make you take your shirt off in the mess room after dinner, and now writes that he succeeded. That colonel was 'mad!'

A Scene from Real Life.

A young man entered the bar room of a village tavern and called for a drink.

'No,' said the landlord. 'You have had the *delirium tremens* once and I cannot sell you any more.'

He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited on them very politely. The other had stood by, silent and sullen, and when they had finished he walked up to the landlord and addressed him:

'Six years ago, at their age, I stood where these young men are now. I was a man with fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty eight, I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now, sell me a few glasses more and your work will be done. I shall be out of the way; there is no hope for me. But they can be saved. Do not sell it to them. Sell to me; let me die, and let the world be rid of me; but, for heaven's sake, sell no more to them!'

The landlord listened, pale and trembling. Setting down his decanter he exclaimed:

'God help me! This is the last drop I will ever sell to any one!'

And he kept his word.

Family Matters.

Keep salt in a dry place.

Keep yeast in wood or glass.

Keep fresh lard in tin vessels.

Keep preserves and jellies in glass.

Keep flour or meal in a cool dry place.

Keep vinegar in wood, glass or stoneware.

Sugar is an admirable ingredient in curing meat or fish.

Crusts and pieces of bread should be kept in an earthen jar, closely covered, in a dry cool place.

Lard for pastry should be used as hard as it can be cut with a knife. It should be cut through the flour, not rubbed.

In boiling meat for soup, use cold water to extract the juices. If the meat is wanted for itself alone, plunge into boiling water at once.

Household troubles should be kept as far as possible from the sick-room. Squabbles of children or servants never should find an echo there.

Hard pomatum is made by melting slowly together one pound of prepared suet and three pounds of white wax, perfuming it with any favorite essential oil.

Bottles that have contained oil may be cleaned by the use of sawdust and water. Put the bottle about one-third full of sawdust, add water, shake well and rinse.

To purify offensive water: A bushel of hardwood ashes suspended in a sack in a cistern of 100 barrels capacity has accomplished this object with entire satisfaction.

Housekeepers should know that a small piece of paper or linen, moistened with spirits of turpentine, and put into a chest of drawers or wardrobe for a single day, two or three times a year, is a preservative against moths.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

How frequently are the honesty and integrity of a man disposed of by a shrug! How many good and noble actions have been sunk into oblivion by a distrustful look, or stamped with the impression of proceeding from bad motives by a mysterious and seasonable whisper!

The following is a Quaker woman's sermon.—'My dear friends, there are three things which I very much wonder at. The first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw stones, clubs, and brickbats up into fruit-trees to knock down fruit; if they let it alone, it would fall itself. The second is, that men should be so foolish as to go to war and kill each other; if let alone, they would die themselves. And the third and last thing that I wonder at is, that young men should be so anxious as to go after the young women till they would stay at home, the young women would come after them.'