THE
Acton Free Press,
Established
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
BY
H. P. MOORE,
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, nonpareil. 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.

CONTRACT RATES.

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. Consultation daily from 8 to 10 a. m., and 3 to 5 p. m.

ALISTER M. CLARK, BARRISTER, Quebec Street Guelph.
BRANCH OFFICE:—In Hitchcock's 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 GRIST,
Ottawa, Canada.
Mechanical engineering, Solicitors of Patents, and draughtsman.

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 Sts. 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, John Campbell, Proprietor. Mr. 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 Fenders, 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.

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. 36. ACTON, ONT, THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1880. Whole No. 245

"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 shortest notice, and Wedding Cakes 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.
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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 suit 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.
ROBT. CREECH.
Acton, Feb. 26, '79.

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 to go away from home to make your purchases. Call at
CRAINE & SON'S

POETRY.

"ASK MAMMA!"

Leap-year, and of course the ladies
Have the privilege to pop,—
I, a bachelor at forty
Cherish once again a hope
That my chances are not vanish'd,
But e're winter frosts can thaw,
I may tell some blushing maiden,
Ask mamma.

That, I take it, is the right way,
Our positions now reversed.—
I have got my lesson learn'd;
I have got my part rehearsed,
She must make the first advances,
With no reference to her pa,
Mine will be the right to answer,
Ask mamma.

What a bother it will save me,
And expenses too, not small,
For of me is not expected
Trottings out to rout and ball;
I have had my share of these things,
Though no recompense I saw,
Still I'm single, and who wins me
Asks mamma.

Come now maidens, ye now verging
On the shady side of life,
Do not let false pride detain you,
If you would become a wife.
Courage, be not shy or backward,
Put your faith in that old saw,
"Faint heart never won a husband."
Ask mamma.

SELECT READING.

ALMOST TOO LATE.

'I am going now, Helen.'

Charles Archer stood at the door of the one room high up in a noisy tenement house in New York, which he called 'home.' It was not the wedded home he dreamed of twelve years before, when he uttered the 'Valedictory' at Yale, when Helen Gordon blushed and smiled at the applause that greeted his appearance on the stage. Nor was that crouching figure beside the window, in the untidy print dress, with the pretty sullen face, and the uncombed golden hair, much like the graceful belle, of whose company he had been so proud, so happy to monopolize, upon that golden day.

His wife looked up and caught the expression of pitying regret upon his dark and handsome face. Her heart was full of angry rebellion against herself, against him—almost against God!

'Why do you look at me like that?' she said, peevishly. 'I know that the room has not been swept, and that I have not made my toilet for the day. My toilet,' she laughed bitterly. 'When shall I make a toilet again, I wonder? I once set the fashion in New Haven! Who would believe it now? And, oh, to think—only to think what my life might have been, if I had been wise.'

Her husband's face darkened all over.

'I understand!' he exclaimed. 'You mean if you had married Paul Hayden instead of me.'

'How can I help such thoughts? I saw his wife yesterday morning when I was out. She was driving to the railway station on their way to the country house for the summer. I heard the footman say so to somebody when he went to buy the tickets for her. And, oh, what a difference there was between us two! No wonder she has kept her beauty. No wonder she has kept her mind! Beauty and health, and youth and happiness, they are all going away from me because we are so poor!'

'Better days may be coming, love,' said the husband, after a pause. 'I have heard of a good situation this time, you know. If I get it, it will be a stepping-stone to other things of more consequence. And when I am rich, you know well, my darling, I shall refuse you nothing.'

'You have thought so many times that better days were close at hand. And every time you have been disappointed, and we have lived on the same horrible life,' was the discouraging reply.

'I know, my dearest; but this is really good news, I trust and hope. If you will kindly kiss me and wish me good luck, I have faith that it will come.

He bent down, his dark eyes wistfully searching hers for one glance of love, such as he had so often seen there in the happy days of courtship. But love, so far as she was concerned, he sometimes feared, had flown out of the windows of this home when poverty entered. The heat, the dust, the discordant street cries without, the shabby, disordered room within, the general sense of her own untidiness, and the galling memory of the freshly beautiful summer costume worn by the wife of Paul Hayden, as she lounged in her carriage on the previous day—all these things combined to banish the affectionate glance for which the husband's heart so vainly hungered, and to make the wife's parting kiss so cold and formal that it lingered like ice upon the young man's lips as he turned away.

He said nothing. But the deep sigh that seemed to come from the very depths of a tired and overladen heart, silently approached her.

She caught a last glimpse of his face as he closed the door. He wore a look of repressed sorrow that would haunt her to her dying days. What evil spirit had tempted her to try him so!

Was it his fault that, by the sudden failure of a bank in the great panic, the savings of years of steady toil had been lost in a moment? Had he not labored faithfully ever since for her support? For her ungrateful sake, had he not stooped even to menial toil, when no other employment could be procured.

And now she had sent him from her, uncheered by a word or look of fondness.

What if some accident should happen to the train by which he was to travel? What if he should never return?

For a moment she sat dumb, almost paralyzed by the shock of that idea. Then she sprang from her chair and rushed to the door. She would call him back, and ask him to forgive that careless, cruel parting.

She was too late. He was already in the street. A moment later she heard the shrill whistle of the train. He was gone.

The day passed on sadly enough. Thought after thought came crowding into her mind to unsettle and reprove her. They bore their fruit.

In less than an hour after Charles Archer's departure his home wore a different aspect. By nightfall the one room was trim and clean as willing hands could make it. Before the clean windows a pair of snowy muslin curtains were drawn. The stove shone like a mirror, and from its open front a bright welcome to the absent master flashed out, flooding the very walls with warmth and light.

And summer evening though it was, both light and warmth were needed. At sunset angry clouds rose in the south, and the rain came sharply down, with an accompanying wind that knew little of its own mind, and veered sharply round continually from south to east. Amid the wailing wind and dropping rain Helen Archer worked steadily on.

At nine o'clock the train which was to bring her husband home was due. Her last task was finished, when she dished up his favorite viands and set them, covered over with a basin, upon the hearth to keep warm.

She leaned from the window, looking out, through wind and rain, for some sign of his home coming. She wore the dress he liked best. Her hair was arranged in his favorite fashion of braid and curls. She had kissed him coldly and he left her, but now, with her heart upon her lips, she waited to welcome him back, even if he returned as unsuccessful as he went. What did that matter, she thought, as she glanced at the window of her opposite neighbor, who had been left a widow only one short month ago.

'Only let him return to me safely, and I will make amends for all,' she half thought, half prayed, as memory recalled the countless times in which she had grieved him during the past half year.

Nine o'clock came and passed, yet she did not hear the usual whistle of the in coming train. Half past nine and yet no footstep on the stairs.

Her heart lay like a leaden weight in her bosom. The color faded from her lips and cheeks, and her blue eyes grew wild with silent dread. At ten o'clock she could bear the suspense no longer. She left her room and ran down the stairs, with a half formed purpose in her mind of inquiring at the neighboring station about the laggard train.

Dimly, in the darkness she saw a crowd of people gathered at the outer door of the tenement house. They were all talking confusedly, but now and then some words broke plainly through the medley of sound.

'His poor wife!' said one voice, 'how is she going to bear it, I wonder. It is well for her that she has no little ones to look after. She is nothing more than a child herself, anyway.'

'Mak way there!' said some one outside. 'We must carry the body upstairs. Which room is it? And some woman ought to go up before us and tell the wife.'

The crowd and parted. Between the ranks, six men came steadily onward, following a policeman. Helen knew him well, and when he looked up the staircase, and saw the slight figure bending forward, and the pale face full of a fixed and settled horror, he turned again to the crowd, and called out:

'One of you women come up here to break the news. And take her away,' he added, in a lower voice; 'it is no sight for her.'

Good natured Bridget McCarthy came forward, and ran up the stairs to where Helen stood.

'You'll come back into your room wid me, my darlint,' she said, putting her strong arms around Helen's slender waist. 'Sure it'll destroy you intirely to look on at the likes of that!'

'Bridget, is he dead?' asked the pale lips, painfully.

'Sorry I am to say that he is! It was the train, my dear. Off the track, they say, and ten strong men killed outright beside him that they are bringing up from below.'

Helen fell senseless at the Irishwoman's feet.

Half an hour later she struggled slowly back to life and loneliness again. She opened her eyes to find herself lying on her own bed, with the kind old doctor of the neighborhood bending over her with rather an anxious face.

'We shall do nicely now,' he said, making a warning gesture to some one in the background.

Helen gave a great sigh as he took her hand.

'Oh, why do you bring me back, doctor? I have driven my husband away to his death, and I hoped I could die, too. I blamed him because we were so poor, doctor, and I would hardly kiss him when he went away this morning to look for another place. Oh, I have been so cruel to him! And now, just when I was sorry for it, and when I had resolved to try to be a better wife, God has taken him away from me, and he will never know how bitterly I repented.'

'How do you know that he is dead, my dear?' asked the doctor.

'Oh, I saw them bringing him up the stairs.' And I heard them talking about me.

'Not about you, my dear, but about poor little Mrs. Gray, who lives in the room at the back. Her husband was badly hurt on the train when it ran off the track this evening. We thought he was dead at first, but since then he has revived, and I feel sure that, by God's mercy, he will recover before long.'

'But where is my husband then?' cried Helen, starting up.

'God has been very good to you, too, my dear,' said the old physician.

'Is he alive? Where is he? Oh, tell me!' her every gesture struggling between hope and fear.

'Here!'

The doctor stepped back. From a dark corner of the room a tall figure rushed forward and clasped the doubting, weeping wife in a close embrace.

'Is it you? Oh, is it you?' she exclaimed, bursting into tears. 'Oh, Charles, I have been so miserable since you went away! How could I treat you so? You can never, never forgive me or love me again!'

'As if I could help loving you as long as I live, Helen! And you shall be so happy after this. I have found a good place, I shall have a good salary, and to-morrow, if you are well enough, we will take a trip into the country together and find some pretty little cottage, where you can amuse yourself all through this beautiful summer among the birds and flowers.'

'I don't want a cottage. I want nothing but you, Charles, and now God has given you back to me, that will be enough to make happy,' said his wife, giving him the tender kiss which she had refused him that morning.

Nevertheless the cottage was taken, and the summer was as happy a time as mortals may ever hope to enjoy this side of Paradise.

Once, on their journey thither, after a shopping excursion in the city, they chanced to be overtaken by the magnificent carriage of Paul Hayden, millionaire. Mrs Hayden, resplendent in a toilet fresh from the *atelier* of Worth, sat therein. She was brown eyed and pink-cheeked and very handsome. Yet her face looked worn and wearied. It lacked the look of true and perfect happiness that Helen's wore.

Helen caught the somewhat anxious look that her husband turned upon her, as the great lady drove slowly by.

She smiled. Under cover of her pretty silken shawl her hand stole into his.

Never for one moment had she forgotten the lesson of that long past summer day. Never had she ceased from thanking God that it had been given, although it came 'Almost too Late.'

Do It Now.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it, from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is—take hold of it once and finish it up squarely and cleanly; then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it is as if they picked up the moments the dawdlers lost. And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret; take hold of the first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file, and follow after, like a company of well drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line. You have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he accomplished so much in his life. 'My father taught me,' was the reply, 'when I had anything to do, to go and do it.' There is the secret—the magic word *now*.

The happiness of man depends on no creed and no book; it depends on the dominion of truth, which is the Redeemer and Saviour, the Messiah and the King of Glory.

O, glorious laughter! thou man-loving spirit, that for a time doth take the burden from the weary back, that doth lay salve to the weary feet, bruised and cut by flints and shards.

A Good Story.

Judge Bay, the temperance lecturer, in one of his efforts, got off the following hard hit at 'moderate drinkers:'

'All those who in youth acquire a habit of drinking whiskey, at forty years of age will be total abstainers or drunkards. No one can use whiskey for years without moderation. If there is a person in the audience whose experience disputes this, let him make it known. I will account for it, or acknowledge that I labor under a mistake.'

A tall, large man arose, and folding his arms across his breast, said,

'I offer myself as one whose own experience contradicts your statement.'

'Are you a moderate drinker?' asked the Judge.

'I am.'

'How long have you drank in moderation?'

'Forty years.'

'And were you never intoxicated?'

'Never.'

'Well,' remarked the Judge, scanning his subject closely from head to foot, 'yours is a singular case, yet I think it easily accounted for. I am reminded by it of a little story: A colored man, with a loaf of bread and a bottle of whiskey, sat down to dine on the bank of a clear stream. In breaking the bread he dropped some of the crumbs into the water. These were eagerly seized and eaten by the fish. That circumstance suggested to the darkey the idea of dipping the bread into the whiskey and feeding it to them. He tried it. It worked well. Some of the fish ate of it, became drunk, and floated helplessly on the surface. In this way he easily caught a large number. But in the stream was a large fish very unlike the rest. It partook freely of the bread and whisky, with no perceptible effect. It was shy of every effort of the darkey to take it. He resolved to have it at all hazards, that he might learn its name and nature. He procured a net, and after much effort caught it, carried it to a colored neighbor, and asked his opinion on the matter. The other surveyed the wonder a moment, and then said: 'Sambo, I understands dis case. Dis fish is a mullet-head; it aint got any brain!' In other words, added the Judge, alcohol affects only the brains, and of course those having none may drink without injury.'

The storm of laughter which followed drove the 'moderate drinker' suddenly from the house.

A Clerical Call.

Rev. Ebenezer Erksine was a long time minister of the moorland parish at Port Monk in the County of Kinrose. At last he got a call to a higher living in Stirling, but thought it proper to conceal his intentions from his people for a time. The matter, however, got wind, and an old wife accosted him thus:

'Weel, sir, I'm tauld ye're gaun tae leave us!'

'Wha tauld ye that?' said the minister.

'Wha tauld me! It's e'en the clash o' the kintry, sir.'

'Ay, but Maggie,' said the minister, 'the clash o the kintry is not to be relied upon. Has ye nae better authority than that?'

'Ay, I has I, sir,' answered the woman.

'It's been a gey dry simmir this, and yet ye haens basten any peats yet; that's no like as though ye had been guan to winter wi' us.'

'Weel, Margaret,' replied the minister, 'ye ken we are the Lord's servants, and it behoves us to obey his call. If he has work for me in Stirling, you know it is my duty to perform it.'

'Feuch!' cried the old woman, 'call here, call there. I've heard that Stirling has a great muckle stipend, and I'm thinking if the Lord had gi'en ye a ca' over by to Aucheerool (a poor parish) ye wud ne'er lutten on ye heard him.'

Couldn't Keep Him Out of Heaven.

Some time ago one of Arkansas' most widely known statesmen, who is now dead, was passing along a street in Little Rock, when an old colored man, who had once belonged to him, approached, took of his hat, and passed a hand over his white wool as he asked:

'Marster, gin de ole man fifty cent.'

'Dan, you are a robber.'

'How?' asked the astonished darkey, opening his eyes, around which rough shod age had walked.

'Didn't you see me put my hand into my pocket?'

'Yes, sah.'

'Wel, you old rascal, you rob me of the pleasure of giving you money without being asked.'

The old man received a dollar. Bowed almost to the ground, while tears came out and coursed through the aged prints around his eyes, he replied:

'Marster, wid such a heart as you hab, and wid Abraham and Isaac and de Lord on your side, I don't see what can keep you out ob heaven.'

The happiness of man depends on no creed and no book; it depends on the dominion of truth, which is the Redeemer and Saviour, the Messiah and the King of Glory.

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Selling a Marriage Fee for Ten Dollars.

The Rev. Dr. Aikins, the distinguished pastor of St. John's Episcopal Church at Yonkers, tells a good story about marriage fees. The Doctor was saying one day, in conversation with a lawyer, that these fees amounted to much less than was generally supposed. The conversation continued for some time, when finally the clergyman said to the lawyer:

'Well, now, will you agree to give me ten dollars for one half of my next marriage fee?'

'Certainly I will,' was the ready response.

Soon afterward the Doctor observed, as he was returning home, a rustic couple in a waggon in front of his door. They had come to be married. The ceremony was duly performed. The bridegroom held a brief consultation with the bride, then turning to the clergyman, he said:

'Doctor, the times are very hard; you have a number of children and though I can't give you much, I thought I would bring something that would please them.' Then going out to the wagon, he brought in a small basket, and carefully uncovering it, he handed the astonished minister a *young bull pup*.

Post haste the minister wended his way to the lawyer's, and without disclosing what had occurred, addressed to the disciple of Blackstone the remark:

'Perhaps you would like to be let off from your bargain?'

'Oh, no,' was the ready answer.

'Then'—holding up the puppy—'which half will you have—the head or the tail?' asked the minister.

Finally the generous divine, pocketing the ten dollars, gave the whole of the puppy to the lawyer. But there is one thing to be said of the young man's consistency; there was no ostentatious display at his wedding.

How to Pass an Examination in Law.

'Examiner—Do you smoke, sir? Candidate—I do, sir. Examiner—Have you a spare cigar? Candidate—Yes, sir (extending a short six). Examiner—Now, sir, what is the first duty of a lawyer? Candidate—To collect fees. Examiner—Right; What is the second? Candidate—To increase the number of his clients. Examiner—When does your position toward your client change? Candidate—When making a bill of costs. Examiner—Explain. Candidate—Then we occupy the antagonist's position. I assume the character of plaintiff, and he becomes defendant. Examiner—a suit decided, how can you stand with the lawyer conducting the other bill? Candidate—Cheek by jowl, Examiner—Enough, sir; you promise to be an ornament to your profession, and I wish you success. Now, are you aware of the duty you owe me? Candidate—Perfectly. Examiner—Describe the duty. Candidate—It is to invite you to drink. Examiner—But suppose I decline? Candidate (scratching his head)—There is no instance of the kind on the books. I cannot answer that question. Examiner—You are right, and the confidence with which you have made the assertion shows you have read the law attentively; let's take the drink, and I will sign your certificate.'

A Modern Daniel.

Little Daniel Maxwell was the name of the naughty child who was up before his Honor the other day, for breakin windows on the Sabbath.

'My young friend, it will never do to let you be fooling around in this fashion at all. Don't you know better than to be cutting up on the Sabbath day? Answer me that.'

'But the small prisoner only said, 'Boo hoo.'

'Come, tell me quick; don't you go to Sunday School?'

'No—no—sir.'

'You don't. That's odd. But your mother tells you to be a good boy, and she teaches you to say your prayers, don't she?'

'I dunno.'

'Oh, yes you do. Tell me what she does on going to bed every night?'

'She—she snores,' sobbed the prisoner.

There was a titter, and his Honor looked a trifle disconcerted, but he said:

'Oh, I don't mean on lying down. What does she do before that?'

The prisoner looked through his tears.

'Goes through the old man's pocket,' he said.

He was committed as incorrigible.

Sharper Than a Lawyer.

A wag of a lawyer was sitting in his office, the other day, deeply engaged in unravelling some knotty 'questions' when a gentleman entered and inquired, 'Is this Mr. Z?' The student of Blackstone, raising his eyes from the legal book before him, replied: 'If you owe me anything, or have any business in my line, then Z. is my name; if you have a claim to present I am not the man. If you called simply for a social chat, you can call me any name.'

'I propose to present you with some business in your line. I have a note of twenty-five dollars I want you to collect,' and handing the lawyer a note, departed to call the next day. As soon as he was gone the lawyer ascertained that it was one of his own promises to pay.

The next day his client appeared and enquired, 'Well, what success?'

'All right; I have collected the money. Here it is, less my fees,' handing him fifteen dollars.

'Good!' said the client. 'I have made two dollars and a half by this operation.'

'How so?' said the lawyer.

'Well,' replied the client, 'I tried all over the city to sell your note for twelve dollars and a half, but couldn't do it.'