—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.

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 8 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 6 p. m.

ALISTER M. CLARK, BARRISTER.

Quebec Street Guelph.

BRANCH OFFICE:—In Matthews Building Mill Street, Acton.

OFFICE OPEN EVERY FRIDAY.

T. J. FISHER, V. S., GEORGETOWN, Ont., will visit Acton every Wednesday, and will attend to all calls pertaining to his profession. Orders left at McGarvin's Drug Store will receive prompt attention. Terms moderate.

T. J. FISHER.

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 St., Acton.

Agent for the celebrated Guelph Marble Works, 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, Jas. Campbell, Proprietor. Mr. Campbell, late of the Bossin 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. Furniture made and repaired. Charges moderate. Also saws filed and set. Give him a call. Shop on Frederick street, opposite Dr. Lowry's residence.

W. E. ADAMS.

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. 41. ACTON, ONT, THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1880. Whole No. 250.

"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 orders 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 Canadian Government for the security of Policy Holders.

Paid up Cash Capital	$ 600 000 00
Gross Assets,	4,798 677 76
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 F. GRIFT,
Manager.

CANADA

LOAN & BANKING COMPANY

SAVINGS BANK.

CORNER OF JAMES AND KING STS.,

HAMILTON.

Six Per Cent Interest paid on Deposits of $1 and upwards.

SAFEST AND BEST SECURITY.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

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WM. KERNS Esq., of John Wadie & Co.) Burlington, Vice-President.
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C. B. SNOW, 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 6 p.m.

D. DEXTER, Manager.

Aug. 11, 1878. 7-4m

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.

The Solace of an Invalid.

BY REQUEST.

Afraid to die! O, can it be,
Afraid dear Lord to go to thee?
Afraid to lay this body down,
To wear a never-fading Crown!

Afraid to die: to mount, to fly,
Afraid to dwell with God on high,
Afraid with Jesus Christ to reign,
And never, never sin again!

Afraid to die? to be forgiven,
Afraid to taste the joys of Heaven,
Afraid to stand before His throne,
And hear Him claim thee as His own?

Afraid to die? to bid farewell
To pain, sickness, death and hell,
Afraid on angel's wings to soar,
And never grieve the Spirit more.

Afraid to die? oh guilty fears!
For God shall wipe away thy tears,
Thy Saviour calls thee from above,
To share His glory and His love:

Afraid to die? Thou can't not fear,
For Jesus, thy beloved, is near,
Near to support, to strengthen thee,
And bless to all eternity.

SELECT READING.

Little Katy Gray.

—OR—

WHY I JOINED THE DETECTIVES.

'Can I sit with you?'

'Certainly, sir!'

'Nice weather?'

'Splendid, indeed.'

'Crops growing finely?'

'Yes—couldn't do better.'

I was sitting in a car on a Wisconsin railroad, one day, years ago, when a good looking, pleasant spoken man came along, stopped at my seat, and the above conversation took place, the latter part of it after I had given him part of my seat.

Now, I am regarded as a social man. I liked a joke; more so then than now. On entering a railroad car, I always looked about for a talkative man, and then I got as close to him as possible, and drained him dry, if the journey was long enough.

And I want to state one thing more; Left an orphan before I could realize the sad event that made me one, I got kicked here and cuffed there, and grew up between folks as they say. I ought to have had at the time of which I write, a pretty thorough knowledge of human nature, and have been enabled to read evil in a man's face if he intended me evil. I did not pride myself at being over keen or sharp, but the knocking around among strangers ought to have given any one a good experience.

Well, the stranger and I fell into an easy strain of conversation as we rode together, and in ten minutes I began to enjoy his company. He was a well made fellow, finely dressed and wore a fine watch and a simon pure diamond ring. I never saw a man who could talk so easy and so pleasantly. It seemed that he had but to open his mouth and the words fell right out.

I had travelled in the South, so had he. I had heated the rear of the Pacific, he knew all about it. I had been up in a baloon, down in a mine, been blown up, smashed up and repaired again and again; my new friend had experienced all these things and was wishing for something of a more startling nature. We agreed on politics, neither had any religion, and I had never met such a railroad companion.

Did you ever meet a man, who, though a stranger to you ten minutes before, could wrest from you your secrets which you had sworn to yourself not to reveal? Well, he was such a man. It was not long before he commenced asking me questions. He did not seem trying to quiz or draw me out, but he asked me questions in such a sly, roundabout way, that before I knew it I was giving him my history.

I was at that time just on the point of being admitted to the bar of Wisconsin as a student of Law & Law, of Brieflville. The firm were old lawyers with a lucrative practice, and it had been talked over that in about a month I should be the 'Co.' of the firm. A year before, a farmer named Preston, down about four miles from Grafton, died, and his matters had been put into the hands of Law & Law for settlement. Preston had died rich. He had money in bank, railroad stock, mortgages, etc., and everything was settled up to the satisfaction of the relict and fatherless.

About a year before his death, being pinched for money, and not wishing to sell anything to sacrifice, Preston had given a mortgage on his own farm for $3,000. While the papers read 'one year from date,' there was a verbal agreement that it should be lifted any day that Preston desired. A month after, when, having the funds to clear off the paper, the 'old money bags' holding it refused to discharge, wishing to secure his interest for a year.

I was on my way to learn the date of expiration. A fire among our office papers had destroyed the memorands, and I must go down and get the date from old Grip, who lived south of Grafton, about five miles. The stranger pumped all this out of me in about ten minutes, and yet I never once suspected he was receiving any information.

'I am not positive,' I added, 'but I am pretty sure that the time is the 13th, which will be Tuesday next.'

'And then your folks will send down the money and discharge the mortgage, of course,' he queried.

'Oh, yes, I shall most likely bring it down,' I replied, and it never occurred to me how imprudent I was.

He turned the conversation into other channels and did not once attempt to pump me further. We got to Grafton at 10:50, and to my great surprise, he announced that he was to stop in the town on business for a few days. I had not asked his name or avocation, while he knew everything about me.

We went to the hotel, had dinner, and then I secured a livery team and drove out, getting through with business so that I was back to take the 3:20 express east. My friend was on the porch of the hotel as I drove up, carrying the same honest, dignified face.

'Well, did you find him out?' he inquired, in his pleasant way.

'Yes, it was the thirteenth, as I expected,' I replied.

We had lunch together, and when we shook hands and parted, I had no idea of ever meeting him again, than I had of knowing you. In fact, he told me that he should sail for England within a week or ten days, and should not return to America. At parting he gave me his card. It was a modest piece of pasteboard, and bore the name of 'George Raleigh,' in old English script.

Everything at the office went on as usual and the thirteenth came at length. Law & Law had arranged with me to go down with the money, and I looked upon it as a business of no special importance.

'We know you are all right,' remarked the senior partner, as I was about to go; 'but I want to give you a word of warning, nevertheless. Don't take any stranger into your confidence until you have passed out the money, and look out who sits next to you.'

It was something new for him to caution me, and I could not but wonder at it; but in the bustle of getting aboard the train I forgot what he had said. Ordinary prudence had induced me to place the money, which was all in bank bills and civ'ed into three packages, under my shirt and next to my skin, where the deft hand of a pick pocket could not reach it.

Interested in a newspaper time flew by as the train flew west, and at length the hoarse voice of the brakeman warned me that I had reached Grafton. I had leaped down and was making for a livery stable when I heard a familiar voice, and looked up to see Raleigh. He was seated in a buggy, and had seemingly waited for me to come.

'Don't express your surprise,' he began, as I stopped at the wheel. 'I did intend to go away, but changed my mind, and like this section so well that I am going out to-day to look at a farm with a view of purchasing—come, ride up to the hotel.'

We rode up, ordered lunch, and while we were discussing it Mr. Raleigh discovered that the farm he was going to see was just beyond that of old Grip's.

'How fortunate! I could ride out with him, see the farm, return in his company, and he was greatly pleased.

I was also pleased. If any one had told me as we got into the buggy, that George Raleigh meant to return with money in his pocket and my blood upon his hands, I should have believed him a lunatic. And yet George Raleigh had planned to do that very thing.

It was a lovely day in June, and the cool breeze and the sight of meadows and green groves, made my heart grow larger. My companion was very talkative, but he didn't even hint at my errand. He talked as far away as he could.

'Oh! excuse me!' he exclaimed, after we had passed a mile beyond the village, and were among the farm houses. 'I should have offered you this before.'

He drew from his pocket a small flask of wine and handed it to me. Now, I was temperate in regard to drinks. In fact I detested the sight and smell of anything intoxicating. But I had not the moral courage to tell him so, and hand back the flask undisturbed. I feared to offend him, and so I drank perhaps, three good swallows. He called my attention to the woods on the left, as he received back the flask, and when I looked around again he was just removing it from his mouth, as if he had drank hearty.

In about five minutes I began to feel queer. The fences along the road seemed to grow higher, and the trees to grow larger; something came to my ears that the rattle of the buggy sounded a long way off.

'How strange! Why, I believe I am going to be sick!' I exclaimed, holding on to the coach with all my might.

'You do look strange,' he replied, a snaky smile stealing over his face; 'I shouldn't wonder if it was the apoplexy.'

I did not suspect the game he had played. His words were like an echo, and his face seemed twice as large as it was. My head began to spin and my brain began to snap and crack, and I was greatly frightened.

'You are badly off,' he continued, looking into my face. 'I will drive as fast as possible and get a doctor.'

My tongue was so heavy that I could not reply. I clutched the seat, shut my eyes, and he put his horse at his best pace. We met a farmer's team, and I can remember that one of the occupants of the wagon called out to know what ailed that man. Raleigh did not reply, but urged his horse forward.

About three miles from Grafton was a long stretch of forest, and this was soon reached. The pain in my head was not violent, and I was not so badly affected when opening my eyes. I had settled into a sort of dumb stupor with a brain so benumbed that I had to say to myself: 'this a tree, that a stump,' etc., before I could make sure that I was not wrong. Half a mile down the road after we struck the forest, and then Raleigh turned the horse into a blind road leading back into the woods. I could not understand what he intended. I tried to grapple with the question, but could not solve it.

'Well, here we are!' exclaimed Raleigh, when we had reached a point forty rods from the main road.

He stopped the horse, got out and tied him, and then came round to the wheel.

'You don't feel just right, but I guess you will be better soon,' he remarked. 'Come, let me help you down.'

He reached up his arms, and I let go the seat and fell into them. It seemed to me as if I weighed a ton, but he carried me along without an effort, and laid me down within about a rod of a fence which ran along on one side of an old pasture. Just now I began to get a little better. The effects of the drug were wearing off, and I got a faint suspicion that something unusual had happened. But I was powerless to move a limb; the sensation was like that when your foot goes to sleep.

'Can you speak?' inquired Raleigh, bending over me; 'because if you can it will save me some trouble. I want to know just where you stowed away that money.'

Now I begin to realize my situation. His face looked natural again, and the load was off my tongue, I also, felt that I could move my fingers a little.

"George Raleigh! are you going to rob me?' I asked, finding my voice at last.

"Well some folks might call it 'robbing,' but we dress up the term a little by calling it the only correct financial way of equalizing the floating currency, so that each one is provided for, and no one left out.

'You shan't have the money. I will die first,' I yelled, rising a little.

'Ah, I see—didn't take quite enough,' he cooly remarked. 'Well, I have provided for this.'

He went to the buggy, procured ropes and a gag, and kneeled down beside me. I had but little strength yet, and he conquered me in a moment. Lying on my side, looking toward the fence, he tied my hands behind me and then forced the gag into my mouth.

'There now! You see you are nicely fixed up, and all because you acted like a fool, instead of a sensible young lawyer soon to be admitted to the bar.'

While he was speaking—indeed while he was tying me, I had caught sight of the white face of a little girl looking at us from between the rails of the fence. I could see her great blue eyes and knew that she was frightened. There were red stains around her mouth and on the little hand resting on the rail, and I knew she was some farmer's child searching for strawberries. I could warn her of her danger, and I feared that she would be seen or heard. While Raleigh was tying the last knot, I winked at the little girl as hard as I could, hoping that she would move away. But she did not go.

'Well, now for the money!' said Raleigh, and he began searching my pockets. He went from one to the other, moving all the articles, felt down my boot leg, and then finally passed his hand over my bosom and found the money.

'Ha! here it is!' he exclaimed, drawing out the packages. 'I don't hardly believe that old Grip will see any of this to-day.'

He sat down near my head, undid the package, and was cool enough to go at it to count the money. As he commenced the little girl waved her hand at me. My heart was thumping, for I expected that she would utter a word or shout, but she sank down from sight, and I caught a gleam of her frock as she passed through the grass.

'You see my young friend,' remarked Raleigh, as he drew off one of his boots and deposited some of the bills in it, 'There's nothing like transacting business as it should be transacted. Some men would have shot or stabbed you, but its only the apprentices who do such work. All the real gentlemen of our calling do business as gentlemen should.'

He drew off the other boot, and placed some 'fifties' and 'twenties' in it, and then continued:

'I have it all planned out how to deal with you as soon as I get the money disposed of around my person. I shall lay you on your back and pour the balance of the wine down your throat. There's enough of it to make you sleep until to-morrow night, and by that time I shall be hundreds of miles away. As soon as I see the drug take effect, I shall untie your hands and remove the gag. When you come out of your sleep—if you ever do—you had better crawl out to the road, where you will most likely meet some traveller soon. I want to use the horse and buggy, otherwise I would leave them for you.'

How coolly he talked. He treated the matter as if it were a regular transaction, in which I fully acquiesced. He had me a fast prisoner, and I felt that he could do just as he pleased. While I was thinking I saw the little white face appear between the rails again, but in a moment it faded away and its place was taken by the sun burned phiz of a farmer. He looked from me to Raleigh and back again, and I winked at him in a way which he readily understood. His face disappeared, and I felt that I should be saved.

'No, old Grip won't get his tin to-day,' mused Raleigh, stowing away the bills in his pockets. 'You will go back to Law & Law feeling put out and chewed up, but they couldn't blame you; it is not your fault at all. True, had you minded your business on the car and not been so free with a stranger, this would not have happened. I was on my way to Milwaukee, and had no thought of such rich pickings here.

I saw nothing of the farmer. Raleigh finished his counting, and I made up my mind that the farmer was afraid to interfere, and had run away. My heart went down as Raleigh got up, for I saw that he was about to carry out his plan of further dragging me. He turned me on my back, sat down astride of me, and then pulled out the flask.

'Now, in just about a minute we'll be thro' with the business,' he remarked, trying to put the mouth of the flask between my jaws.

I rolled my head on one side and he did not succeed. He was jamming the flask against my teeth, when I caught the sound of a soft step, the crash of a club, and Raleigh rolled off my body. He tried to leap up, but three or four farmers struck him down, and one of the blows rendered him senseless. Before he came to I was free of ropes and gag, and we had him securely bound.

Over beyond the pasture a farmer and his hands were raking hay. 'Little Katy Gray,' only eight years old, had wandered off after strawberries, and had, fortunately for me, witnessed a part of Raleigh's proceedings. She had hurried back to her father and told him that a man was all tied up out there.' Understanding the situation, he and his men had moved around so as to secure an advantage, and Raleigh's capture was the result.

When the rascal found his senses he was terribly taken back, and cursed enough for a whole Flanders army. We took him back to Grafton, and then I saw him again he was on his way to the penitentiary to serve a sentence of fifteen years.

The mortgage was duly lifted, and the gift which Law & Law sent to Katy Grey kept her in dresses for many a year.

For myself, I felt humiliated at having fallen into the rascal's trap, and so wrathy at the treatment, that I determined to devote myself to a thorough warfare on rogues. I therefore joined the detective force, and after due study, took my place as a full fledged detective.

Let It Run Down.

Some barbers need to be told very plainly before they can do their work satisfactorily to customers. Here is a case in which a man failed to make himself understood:

"Cut my hair," said a customer, as he seated himself in a barber's chair, "be sure you let it run down the back of my neck," referring of course, to the particular style of the cut.

The barber was a Western artist, having lately arrived in Oil City from St. Louis.

After clipping away for some time he concluded that perhaps the hair wasn't running down his customer's neck as fast as that individual might desire it—although for the life of him he couldn't see why he should want it to run down at all—and when a quantity had accumulated inside his shirt collar the accommodating barber shoved it down and out of sight with the handle of the brush.

This performance repeated two or three times, and the customer began to realize what was going on. Henceforward he took a lively interest in the proceedings. He said:

"What are you doing?'

"It didn't seem to run down," said the barber, apologetically, "and so I crammed it down with the brush."

The customer acted like a man who had just made the discovery that a rat had built her nest between his shoulder blades. He yelled and turned a somersault out of his chair.

Cash will win.

HE GIVES SOME VERY SAGACIOUS ADVICE TO "QUIRE" SINGERS.

DEAR MISS:—This is a important jock into your life. The first thing to make a good quire is to giggle a little.

Put up your hair in curl papers every Friday night, to have it in good shape Sunday morning. If your daddy is rich you can buy some more here. If he is very rich buy some more build it up high upon your head; then git a high priced bonnet that runs up very high, at the high part of it, and git the millinery to plant some high growin artifishels onto the highest part of it. This will help you sing high, as soprano is the highest part.

When the time is giv'en, don't pay attention to it, and then giggle. Giggle a goodeel.

Whisper to the girl next you that Em Jones, which sets on the 2d seet from the front on the left-hand side, has her bonnet with the same color xact she had last year, and then put up your hook to yuit face and giggle.

Object to every tune unless there is a solow into it for the soprano. Cough and hum a goodeel before you begin to sing.

When you sing a solow shove the artishels off your bonnit, and when you come to a high tone brace yourself back a little, twist your head to one side and open your mouth the widest on that side, and shut the eye on the same side just a trifhle, and than put in for dear life.

When the preacher gits under hed way with his preachin, write a note onto the blank leaf into the fourth part of your note book. That's what the blank leaf was made for. Git somebody to pass the note to somebody else, and you watch them while they read it, and then giggle.

If anybody talks or I'ds in the congregashun and the preacher takes notis of it, that's a good chance for you to giggle, and you ought to giggle a great eel. The preacher daragnt say anything to you bekaus you are in the quire. If you had a low S before your went into the quire, give him the mitten—you ought to have sumbody better now.

Don't forget to giggle.

The World is Honest.

A dozen men were yesterday loafing away the rainy hours in a business place near the ferry dock when the conversation turned upon the subject of public rascality. A citizen said he had given a boy a quarter to get changed and had never seen him again; another said he wouldn't trust his own grandfather, and a third would give $100 to see an honest man.

'I have not yet lost my faith in human nature,' finally remarked a man on a back seat. 'Any or you may call in a stranger to us all, and I will give him a five dollar bill to go and get changed. If he fails to come back I lose the money; if he returns you will see how foolish your assertions are.'

Half a dozen men rushed to the door. A seedy, gaunt and evil looking African was peddling by in the rain, and he was selected to make the test.

'Stranger,' said the man who hadn't lost confidence, 'take this five dollar bill around the corner and get it changed and I will give you ten cents.'

The black man departed without a word, and for the next ten minutes the laugh was on the man who sent him. It died away, however, as the African slouched in, handed out the bill, and said:

'I runned all ober an' nobody could change him.'

He was given his ten cents, and the man who lost the quarter by the boy said he couldn't have believed such an exhibition of honesty if he had not witnessed it, and he was willing to buy the cider for the crowd.

It was only after the cider had been destroyed and paid for that he learned that the bill given the negro was a base counterfeit which no one would accept.—*Detroit Free Press.*

That's Near Enough.

When we see a piece of work laid down with the remark: "That's near enough," we know at once that it is not a first-class job. The employer may say, "that's near enough," because he has taken the work at a price that he cannot afford to do good work at, or it may be a temporary repair in which time is of more consequence that first-class workmanship. If a workman makes use of the remark we know that he has little pride in the job, and is satisfied to do inferior work; while if an apprentice says, "that's near enough," we conclude that he is not likely to make any reputation as an expert or good workman.

The difference in time necessary to convert the quality of a job from that denoted by "that's near enough," into that expressed by "that is a first-class job," may be sufficiently worthy of consideration in many cases; but the confidence, expertness, experience, and interest in one's work the latter gives and leads to, represent the best spent time an apprentice or workman can possibly employ, because such practice soon enables him to turn out first-class work in the same time formerly required to finish the job in a "that's near enough" style, and therefore converts him from an inferior or ordinary into a superior workman.

"That's near enough," has led to hundreds of so-called accidents, which have come down to us as mysteries. It makes hot bearings, throws shafting out of line, causes nuts to come loose, bolts to fall out, shafts to break, brings in the plumber to disturb the peace of our homes, leads to scamping, to botch work, and finally to ruin.

When the hands can lay down a piece of work and say, "That's near enough," the spirit of emulation has gone; the very expression is a confession of indifference as to quality without an equivalent or gain as to quantity.

He that doeth a base thing in his zeal, for a friend burns the golden link that ties their hearts together.