YOUNG FOLKS CORNER.

Helping Papa and Mamma.

Planting the corn and potatoes,
Helping to scatter the seeds,
Feeding the hens and the chickens,
Freeing the garden from weeds,
Driving the cows to the pasture,
Feeding the horse in the stall,
We little children are busy;
Sure there is work for us all
Helping papa.

Spreading the hay in the sunshine,
Raking it up when it's dry;
Packing the apples and peaches,
Down in the orchard hard by;
Picking the grapes in the vineyard,
Gathering nuts in the fall,
We little children are busy;
Yes! there is work for us all,
Helping papa.

Sweeping, and washing the dishes,
Bringing the wood from the shed;
Ironing, sewing, and knitting,
Helping to make up the bed;
Taking good care of the baby,
Watching her lest she should fall,
We little children are busy;
Oh! there is work for us all,
Helping mamma.

What makes us cheerful and happy,
Makes us both active and strong;
Play we enjoy all the betts
When we have labored so long.
Gladly we help our kind parents,
Quickly we come at their call.
Children should love to be busy;
There is much work for us all,
Helping papa and mamma.

"I Don't Care."

'I don't care!' How often we hear young people say that! My young friend, you ought to care—aye, you will care, perhaps, when it is too late. 'Don't care' has ruined thousands. It has filled jails, and almshouses, and murderers' graves; it has wrung the hearts of parents, and brought deep blushes to a sister's cheeks; it has broken down many a young man who has started out in life with the brightest prospects of success, but who has too often said, 'I don't care.'

Be careful how you allow yourself to utter these words. Some years ago there was a bright, talented boy coming late out of school. He had been kept in by his teacher for bad conduct. As he stepped into the street, a friend of his—a noble man, and one who always delighted in helping boys—said to him: 'I am very sorry to see you coming out of school so late.' The boy replied in a careless, ungentlemanly way: 'I don't care.'

Now, remember, I was intimately acquainted with this lad. I knew his father and mother. They were excellent people, and denied themselves many things that they might give their son the advantage of a good education. This boy was talented—no one in school more so. He could stand at the head of his classes whenever he tried to, but he didn't care.

This spirit of 'I don't care' grew upon him, and, at last, his father took him out of school and put him into a store. But he failed there, for he didn't care whether he pleased his employer and customers or not. After remaining in the store a short time, he was dismissed. He didn't care, but father, and mother, and sister cared, for they shed many tears on account of his failure.

Some time after this I saw him driving a dirt-cart, in trousers, and shirt, and barefoot; but he didn't care.

For several years I did not hear anything from him. One day I ascertained that he had shipped as a common sailor, for a foreign port; but on shipboard, as everywhere else, he didn't care, and when the vessel reached her harbor, the captain kicked him off the ship.—After wandering about a few months on a foreign shore, he died of a fever, and lies buried thousands of miles from home. Upon his tombstone, truthfully might be engrossed these words:

'Here lies a once noble, talented boy, who came to an untimely grave because he didn't care.'

The Anti-Fat Doctor.

Some years ago a patent medicine man in St. Louis wrote a confidential letter to a young man in Little Rock, requesting him to send the names of all the very fleshy men in that city. The young man, with a full appreciation of a happy idea struck upon, sent the names of all the very lean men in the town. The effect was very decisive. A short time afterward a prominent lawyer, whose leanness has ever been a subject of remark, received a letter, which read:

"DEAR SIR.—Our American anti-fat remedy will whittle the fat from you in six days. Send us 25 cents."

The letter was thrown aside, not without a few expressions of ingratitude. The next mail brought another letter, with the following contents:

"DEAR SIR.—If you have decided to surrender your paunch, send us the 25 cents."

By this time the gentleman was warm. He cursed all the patent medicine men in the world. Several days after this a boy came to the office and handed the lawyer a letter. On the envelope was written, "Opened by mistake; Miss Jackson." The lawyer took the letter and read:

"DEAR SIR.—We are sorry your abdominal protuberance is giving you so much trouble. This is your own fault, for our American anti-fat will set like a drawing knife in whittling you down."

The lawyer sat for fifteen minutes in deep meditation. He was disturbed by the entrance of a lean minister, who drew a letter from his pocket, and handing it to the lawyer, remarked:

"I don't understand this."

The letter read:

"DEAR SIR.—Don't feel that you are always to be a burden to yourself. We can boil off your stomach until you are as trim as a racer. Mr. ———, a prominent lawyer in your city, who as you know is a perfect mountain of flesh, is being treated by us."

The lawyer didn't say a word, but when the minister was gone he addressed the following letter to the St. Louis doctor:

"If you ever send me another one of your diabolical documents I'll stick a six-shooter into your throat, and fire every shot into your infernal stomach."

The doctor has stopped writing.

How They Do It.

As one of the most prominent young burglars in San Francisco was walking out of Court one day, just after having secured a acquittal on a fling in a latest job by a prompt and business-like "divvy" with the powers that be at the usual rates, a well to do but anxious-looking stranger touched him on the shoulder and beckoned him into a doorway.

"You are 'Teddy the Ferret,' ain't you?" asked the gentleman.—"The man who was tried to-day for safe cracking?"

'Well, wot of it?' replied the housebreaker.

"Why, just this,—you'll excuse me for speaking so low—but the fact is, I have come all the way from San Joaquin to look up a party in your line of business.'

'Have, eh?'

'Yes—I—well, I have a little proposition to make to you.'

"Exactly," said the ferret, calmly; 'you're a bank cashier down in the foot-hills.'

'How did you know that?' stammered the gentleman, much amazed.

"And your cash and accounts are to be gone over by the Directors on the 1st, and, as you can't realize on your stocks, you want me to gag you some time next week, shoot your hat full of holes, find the combination in your breast pocket-book, and go through the safe in the regular way.'

"Great heavens, man! how did you find all that out?"

'Why, I guessed it. It's the regular thing you know. Got three orders to attend to ahead of yours now. Lemme see. Can't do anything for you next week, but might give you Wednesday or Thursday of the week after. How'll that suit you?'

The cashier said he thought he could make that do, and in less than five minutes they had struck a bargain and arranged the whole affair.

Magnetism.

Professor Smythe was lecturing in Ossipee, on natural philosophy, and in the course of his experiments he introduced one of Carrington's most powerful magnets, with which he attracted a block of iron from a distance of two feet.

"Can any of you conceive a greater attractive power?" the lecturer demanded.

"I ken," answered a voice from the audience.

"Not a natural, terrestrial object, I opine?"

"Yaas, sir!"

The professor challenged the man who had spoken to name the thing.

Then up rose old Seth Wilmet. He was a genius in his way, and original. Said he:

"I ken give ye the facts, squire, an' ye ken judge for yerself. When I were a young man, thar were a little piece o' material magnet, done up in kaliker an' dimity, as was called Betsy Jane. She could draw me fourteen miles every Sunday. Snakes alive it were just as natural as slidin' down hill! Thar wa'n't no resistin' her. That 'ere magnet o' yourn is pooty good, but 'tain't a circumstance to the one 'at draw'd me. No, sir!"

The Centipede.

Several Texicans were in camp at the mouth of Memphis Creek, Utah Territory, and were lying about the fire, when one of them, Telestoro Crucas, saw a large centipede, fully nine inches long, travelling slowly over his knee. Knowing that the least motion would make it sink its deadly claws into his shin, without moving his leg he got out his revolver and waited until the beast had almost reached his knee, when slowly putting the mouth of the pistol to its head he pulled and the centipede was gone. But a centipede's claws are quicker than gunpowder, and Crucas began to have cramps in a few minutes. The track of the reptile along his leg turned a brownish yellow, and the place where it was killed swelled frightfully. He rapidly grew worse, and in a little over four hours died in great agony. The most singular part of the story is that the bullet from Crucas' pistol cut a small nick in the foreleg of a mule that was tethered near by, and at daylight next morning the mule was also dead, with its leg so swollen that the skin had burst in several places.

"Amazing Grace."

The following is vouched for by one of the most reliable of Philadelphia divines:—A young clergyman having agreed to supply the pulpit of an older brother absent from home, escorted to church the daughter of the pastor, and after seeing her safely in her father's pew, ascended to the pulpit, unconscious that this natural attention to the young lady was sufficient to excite lively imaginations and inquiries in the audience.

Upon reading the hymn to be sung, the young clergyman was surprised to perceive evident efforts in the congregation to suppress laughter. The daughter of his friend possessed the mellifluous name of Grace, and, all unsuspicious of that fact, he had chosen the hymn beginning with the words "Amazing Grace," and proceeding with:—

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved.
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home!

When things are in disorder they are often said to be turned topsy-turvy; this expression is derived from the way in which turf used for fuel is placed to dry, the turf being placed downward; and the expression then means top side turf-way.

MANUFACTURING BY WHOLESALE AT THE RIGHT HOUSE, HAMILTON.

One hundred and sixteen hands employed between making up and disposing of the enormous stock, which is about twice as large as that of any other house in Hamilton, and much more varied, so that customers can save both time and money by making their purchases at these immense stores, for WATKINS buys for cash and sells for cash. His sales are so very much larger than any other store in town, he buys about twice the quantity of goods that any other Hamilton house can dispose of, and consequently buys cheaper than those who can only purchase small lots, and buying for cash, he goes any and every where that goods can be had the cheapest. He employs a little army in manufacturing the following goods, which are all cut out and made up under the supervision of some of the best artists to be had in Canada. Ladies' and misses' mantles, dolmans, ulsters, fishus, dresses, costumes, wrappers, also skirts, night dresses, drawers and chemises, in plain, fancy and embroidered, of any material. Hats, bonnets, and all kinds of millinery goods. Ladies' bows and ties. Gents' and youths' bows, ties, scarfs, shirts and drawers in great variety. Just imported, a very handsome assortment of the newest styles of London ties, bows and scarfs, which for real beauty in shades, designs and qualities cannot be surpassed, while they are being sold at the same profit as general dry goods, which makes them much lower than usual prices. His makes of shirt fronts and dickies sell well. He makes shirts from 75c for nice white shirts up to $1.50 for the very best, which have a fabulously large sale. 27½ doz. of beautiful French cambric, regatta and white shirts are being made at his factory now, which will complete a stock big enough for a wholesale house. He also does a good business in making gent's dressing gowns. The RIGHT HOUSE, 30 and 32 King street east, Hamilton, close to Hughson street.

Hamilton, April 25, 1879. THOMAS C. WATKINS, HAMILTON.

B. HASLETT

WOULD ANNOUNCE TO THE CITIZENS of Acton and vicinity that he has just opened in his new premises a

Well Selected Stock of

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
CROCKERY
& GLASSWARE.

And that he is prepared to sell at the most reasonable prices, for cash; and would respectfully solicit a share of their patronage.

COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.

Remember the NEW STORE.

Mill St., East, Acton.

B. HASLETT.

Acton, Dec. 25th, 1879.

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Only Weekly Agricultural Paper
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
IN THE DOMINION.
NOW IN ITS SECOND VOLUME.
Unparalleled Success!
New and Improved Form. 16 Pages
Only One Dollar Per Year
FOR 52 NUMBERS.

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Devoted strictly to Agriculture, Horticulture, Seed, Dairy, Poultry, the Apiary, Household and everything pertaining to a Farm, both out of doors and in doors.

Its Weekly Commercial Reports and Prices are invaluable.

The extraordinary success this paper has met with at the hands of the yeomanry of Canada during the past year, stands unrivaled in the annals of journalism of Canada or the United States.

A large staff of able and practical writers are engaged, and correspondence of a valuable nature arrives weekly from its many subscribers in Nova Scotia in the East and British Columbia in the West.

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Attention! Attention!!

Genuine Harper's Bazaar Patterns, full suits, only 25 cents.

STRAW AND FELT HATS AND BONNETS DONE OVER IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.

MRS. E. H. PASS WISHES TO INFORM the ladies of Acton and vicinity that she has lately learnt the French mode of
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and is now prepared to give even
Greater Satisfaction than Formerly.

Wedding and funeral flowers embalmed. Dresses and Jackets cut and fitted, a perfect fit guaranteed at a reasonable price.
For Stylish and Cheap hats and bonnets
GO TO
MRS. E. H. PASS,
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Is prepared in a form perfectly agreeable to children and most sensitive persons. In its manufacture the properties of the oil that produce pain and griping are eliminated, and it is rendered not only mild and pleasant in its action, but absolutely tasteless and palatable. It is pre-eminently the finest laxative and cathartic known, and as a remedy for Costiveness, Constipation, and all Intestinal Derangements it is unequalled, and is recommended to take the place of crude oil and all drastic pills and purgatives. For sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. Don't fail to try it.

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W. WILLIAMS WOULD RESPECTFULLY intimate to the people of Acton and vicinity that he has opened a Boot & Shoe Shop in the building opposite W. H. Storey's Glove Works, on MILL STREET, ACTON.

Any one in want of a substantial and good fitting

BOOT OR SHOE,

should not fail to leave their order at his stand

Repairing a Specialty and promptly attended to.

Acton, Oct. 1st, 1879. W. WILLIAMS.

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LUMBER &
SHINGLE MILLS.
PETER SAYERS

would intimate that he has on hand at his mills in Nassagaweya, formerly known as Cargill's mills, a large stock of

LUMBER, LATH AND SHINGLES
of all kinds and qualities,
CHEAP.
No. 1 Shingles, $1.30 per Square.
BILL STUFF CUT TO ORDER.
TERMS CASH.
PETER SAYERS.

Acton, Dec. 25, 79.

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—FOR—
GROCERIES.

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Young Hyson, Japan, Black or Gunpowder
TEA
Sugars,
Syrups,
Spices,
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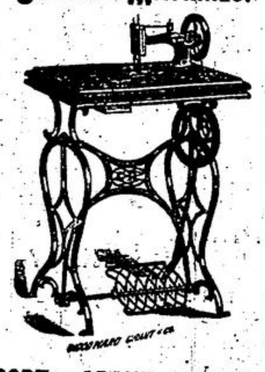
Of all kinds,
FRESH AND SWEET.

HARDWARE,
of all kinds,

PAINTS AND OILS,
HINGES AND LOCKS,
NAILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

SALT BY THE BARREL,
ALL CHEAP FOR CASH,
—GO TO—
C. T. HILL'S,
Mill Street, Acton

ORGANS
—AND—
SEWING MACHINES.



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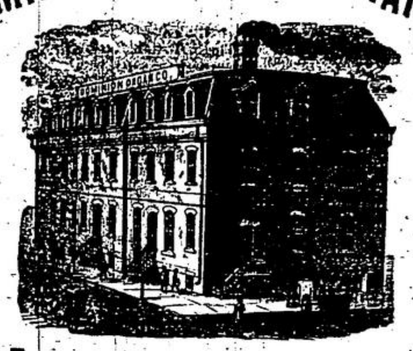

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It Promotes Digestion.
It Nourishes, Strengthens and Invigorates.
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It opens the pores of the skin and induces Healthy Perspiration.

It neutralizes the Secretary taint, or poison in the blood, which generates Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all manner of skin diseases and internal humors.

There are no spirits employed in its manufacture, and it can be taken by the most delicate babe, or by the aged and feeble, *care only being required in attention to directions.*

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medicines, but a better medicine than your Indian Blood Syrup cannot be made. It is the best Blood Purifier ever used.

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SIR:—I have used your Blood Syrup and found it a wonderful and valuable medicine.

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