YOUNG FOLKS CORNER.

A Little Boys Thoughts.

BY CARLOTTA PERRY.

I thought when I'd learned my letters,
That all of my troubles were done;
But I find myself much mistaken—
They only have just begun.
Learning to read was awful,
But nothing like learning to write;
I'd be sorry to have you tell it,
But my copybook is a sight!

The ink gets over my fingers;
The pen cuts all sorts of sauces,
And won't do at all as I bid it;
The letters won't stay on the lines,
But go up and down and all over
As though they were dancing a jig;
They are there in all shapes and sizes,
Medium, little, and big.

The tails of the p's are so contrary,
The handles get on the wrong side
Of the d's and the k's and the b's,
Though I've certainly tried and tried
To make them just right; it is dreadful,
I really don't know what to do,
I'm getting almost distracted;
My teacher says she is, too.

There'd be some comfort in learning
If one could get through; instead
Of that, there are books awaiting,
Quite enough to crack my head.
There's the multiplication table,
And grammar, and, oh, dear me,
There's no good place for stopping,
When one has begun, I see.

My teacher says, little by little
To the mountain tops we climb;
It isn't all done in a minute,
But only a step at a time;
She says that all the scholars,
All the wise and learned men,
Had each to begin as I do;
If that's so, where's my pen?

Tim's Kit.

It surprised the shiners and newsboys around the post-office the other day to see 'Limpy Tim' come among them in a quiet way, and to hear him say:

'Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brushes, a full box of blacking, a good stout box, and the outfit goes for two shillins'.'

'Goin' away, Tim?' queried one.

'Not 'zactly, boys, but I want a quarter the awfullest kind just now.'

'Goin' on a' scursion?' asked another.

'Not to-day, but I must have a quarter,' he answered.

One of the lads passed over the change and took the kit, and Tim walked straight to the editing-room of a daily paper, put down his money and said:

'I guess I kin write it if you'll give me a pencil.'

With slow moving fingers he wrote a death notice. It went into the paper almost as he wrote it, but you might not have seen it. He wrote:

'Died—Litel Ted—of scarlet fever; aged three yers. Funeral to-morrer, gone up to Hevin; left wun brother.'

'Was it your brother?' asked the cashier.

Tim tried to brace up, but he couldn't. The big tears came up, his chin quivered, and he pointed to the notice on the counter and gasped:

'I—I had to sell my kit to do it, b—but he had his arms around my neck when he d—died!'

He hurried away home, but the news went to the boys, and they gathered in a group and talked. Tim had not been home an hour before a barefooted boy left the kit on the doorstep, and in the box was a bouquet of flowers.

Sorry Is Not Enough.

'Allan! Where is Allan?'

A moment ago he was playing with his little cart in the yard, hauling dirt to the currant-bushes. I can not tell how many carfuls he carried. He was busy as a little man. But Allan is gone. Where is his cart?

'Allan! Allan!'

'I'se here!' at last said a voice from the back parlor.

'What are you there for?' asked his mother, opening the door and looking in.

Allan did not answer at first. He was standing in the corner, with a pretty sober look on.

'Come out to your little cart,' said his mother; 'it is waiting for another run.'

'I'se not been here long 'nuff,' said the little boy.

'What are you here for at all?' asked his mother.

'I punishing my own self. I picked some green currants, and they went into my mouth,' said Allan.

'Oh, when mother told you not to? Green currants will make my little boy sick,' said his mother, in a sorry tone.

'You needn't punish me,' said Allan; 'I punish myself.'

His mother often put him in the back parlor alone when he had been a naughty boy, and, you see, he took the same way with himself.

'Are you not sorry for disobeying your mother?' she asked Allan.

'I sorry, but sorry is not 'nuff. I stay here a good while and have thinks.'

For Low Spirits.

Take one ounce of the seeds of resolution, mixed well with the oil of conscience, infuse into it a large spoonful of the salts of patience; distil very carefully a composing plant called 'others' woes,' which you will find in every part of the garden of life, growing under the broad leaves of disguise; add a small quantity, and it will greatly assist the salts of patience in their operation. Gather a handful of the blossoms of hope, then sweeten them properly with the balm of prudence; and if you can get any of the seeds of true friendship you will have the most valuable medicine that can be administered. Be careful to get the seed of true friendship, as there is a seed very much like it called self-interest, which will spoil the whole composition. Make the ingredients into pills, and take one night and morning, and the cure will be effected.

"Father," said a cobbler's lad, (wishing to give the old man a hint,) as he was pegging away at a shoe, "they say that trout bite like everything, now." "Well," replied the old man, "you needn't be afraid of 'em. Just stick to your work and they won't bite you."

Four Rich Men.

An exchange gives some rather interesting particulars as to the four men who are supposed to be the most wealthy living. Of these the poorest is his Grace the Duke of Westminster, whose income is set down at $4,000,000 a year. Taking it at that sum, the Duke can spend without trouching on his capital is $10,000 a day, $450 per hour, and $7 per minute. The next man in the ascending scale is Senator Jones, of Nevada, whose income is valued at exactly $5,000,000, giving him the right to spend, if he likes, $10 a minute of the revenue. The head of the Rothschild family comes next, with a yearly income of $10,000,000, and the expenses which he can defray thereout, are, of course, double as great as those of the Senator. At the top of the list comes Mr. J. W. Mackay, with a revenue of $13,750,000, which enables him to disburse $35,000 a day, $1,500 an hour, and $25 a minute. The fortunes of the other three are insignificant if compared with this gentleman's wealth; for they were the growth of many years either of successful toil or lucky speculation, or both combined. But Mr. Mackay, as the exchange remarks, was 30 years ago a penniless boy in Ireland. Sixteen years ago he was bankrupt; and now he is the owner of the richest silver mine that has ever been discovered. There is, therefore, hope for all the penniless boys in "Ould Ireland." We commend to them the example of Mr. J. W. Mackay, who, it appears, is only 45 years old, and if he goes on at the same rate as during the last 16 years will have ample time to treble his fortune and possess an income ten times as large as that of the Duke of Westminster. Already the capitalized value of his property is set down at 275 millions sterling, against the modest 80 millions of the Duke.

Ladders.

A neighbor of ours wants to trim a vine that is running up and over his piazza, and has neglected it because there is no means at hand for getting up the much needed work. This is but an illustration of the many cases in which, if a ladder was at hand, important work could and would be done, which for the lack of one is neglected. There is often more time spent in doing a piece work, in a left-handed and imperfect way, than it would have taken to have first constructed the ladder and then have done the job. In haying and harvesting now upon us, a ladder is often the one thing needful to get at some out of the way place, off of some now, stack, or even load, and just before the rush, it would be proper to provide a ladder for the emergencies of the season. All can not make handsome ladders, but every one can construct a strong one that will serve his purpose. A straight pine pole sawed lengthwise through the center, and fastened together with "rounds" of oak or other hard wood, makes a good ladder and is quickly done.

The Little Rock, Ark. Gazette tells of a colored brother who named his tenth son "Judas Iscarut," and gave these as his reasons "Judas has been slighted, Nobody has ever had de im moral courage to name a chile for dat man. But dat aint de main reason why I named him Judas. I'se got de bible to stan by me. In remarkin about Judas it is said that it would a been better for dat man if he hadn't a bin born. An considrin how menny mouths is opened at de doo' when I goes home wid a side ob meat, I sidder it would hab been better for dat ar chile ef he hed nebber seed de day-light."

Once on a time a very mean man by the name of Jake Mason went to a donation party where six farmers were to contribute a jug of milk a piece. Well, Jake thought it would make no difference if he contributed water. So he filled his jug with water and turned it over the bung, and let it run into the barrel.

Now what do you think? Why all the other farmers happened to think just as he did, so they all brought water. So all five of them found out just how mean Jake Mason was.

WHAT THEY SAY OF IT? A FEW FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.—There are but few preparations of medicines which have withstood the impartial judgment of the people for any great length of time. One of these is Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Read the following and be convinced:—Thomas Robinson, Farnham Centre, P. Q., writes, "I have been afflicted with rheumatism for the last ten years, and have tried many remedies without any relief, until I tried Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, and since then have had no attack of it. I would recommend it to all."——J. H. Earl, Hotel Keeper, West Shefford, P. Q., writes,—"I have been troubled with liver complaint for several years, and have tried different medicines with little or no benefit, until I tried Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which gave me immediate relief, and I would say that I have used it since with the best effect. No one should be without it. I have tried it on my horses in cases of cuts, wounds, etc., and think it equally as good for horse as for man."——A. Maybee, Merchant, Warkworth, writes, "I have sold some hundreds of bottles of Eclectric Oil, and it is pronounced by the public, "one of the best medicines they have ever used;" it has done wonders in healing and relieving pain, sore throats, etc., and is worthy of the greatest confidence."——Joseph Rusan, Township of Percy, writes "I was persuaded to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for a lame knee which troubled me for three or four years, and I never found anything like it for curing lameness. It is a public benefit."

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.—Ask for Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. See that the signature of E. N. THOMAS is on the wrapper, and the names of Northrop & Lyman are blown in the bottle, and TAKE NO OTHER. Sold by all medicine dealers. Price 25 cents. NORTHROP & LYMAN Toronto, Ont., Proprietors for the Dominion.

NOTE—*Eclectric*—Selected and Electrized.

THOMAS C. WATKINS, OF THE RIGHT HOUSE, HAMILTON, AWAY FOR EUROPE.

Previous to leaving for Great Britain, Ireland, and the Continent of Europe, WATKINS has been Marking down his stock extensively so as to run off the immense piles of goods still held at the RIGHT HOUSE. Although his sales have been very greatly in advance of any other season for the past 37 years, yet his importations have been so enormously large that his stock is still well assorted in almost everything that the ladies require in Dry Goods, Millinery, Mantles of all kinds, Wraps, Shawls, Ladies' Dresses, Ladies' and Gents' Underclothing of all kinds, Shirts, Neck Wear, Dress Goods, Silks in abundance, Mourning goods in almost endless variety, Dress Trimmings, Parasols, Shirtings, Ducks, Denims, Tickings, piles of Cretonnes, Sheetings. The largest stock of Carpets in Hamilton. Stacks of Lace Curtains. Lambrequins and Lace goods of all kinds. The largest stock of ladies', gents', misses' and boys' Hosiery and gloves ever imported by the Right House. An enormous stock of Table Damasks from 30c to $1. Table Napkins (all linen) from 5 to 32c. Thousands of Towels and Towellings for house and bathing purposes. Plain embroidered and printed Table and Piano Covers in great variety. 72 inch Piano Cloths, of good qualities, and at prices that cannot be beaten in Hamilton. Good black Grenadines marked down to 10 and 12½c. Piles of Sun Hats marked down to 10c. Millinery marked down, Black Lace Shawls marked down to quarter prices. Prints marked down, Laces their value, Dress Goods marked down, Dress Trimmings marked down, Gro du Pay Silks marked down, Bugled Trimmings marked down, Mantles and Fichus marked down, and lots of other goods are being marked down by marked down, the best five frame Brussels Carpets marked down from $1.45 to 1.12½, Mr. WILLIAM T. WATKINS to make a GREAT CLEARING SALE. Remember there is no house in town named T. C. WATKINS, the name on my sign is **THOMAS C. WATKINS**, and there is no connection between the RIGHT HOUSE and any other house in this city. Come to the enormous double stores, Nos. 30 and 32 **KING STREET EAST**, close to Hughson st., where the verandah is down.

Hamilton, July 15th, 1880. THOMAS C. WATKINS.

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LAWSON BROS.

would respectfully inform the people of Acton and vicinity that they have opened in the premises opposite Dr. McGarvin's residence a

FLOUR AND FEED STORE,

and will keep constantly on hand a full stock of

FLOUR OF ALL LINDS, including

Family Flour,
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Graham Flour.

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Cracked Wheat,
Bran,
Coarse Shorts,
Fine Shorts,
Chopped Peas,
Chopped Oats,

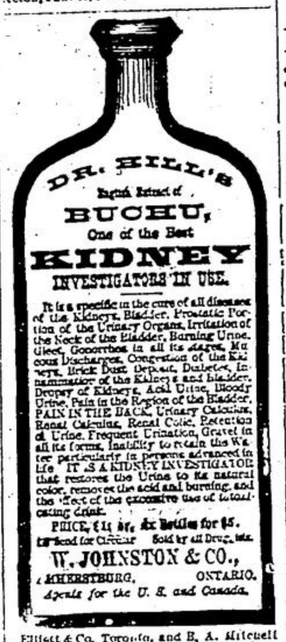
Mixed Chops,
Oats and Peas,
And all kinds of feed usually kept in a first-class store.

All Goods delivered to any part of the village as soon as ordered.

A call is respectfully solicited.

LAWSON BROS.

Acton, Jan. 15, 1880-tf.



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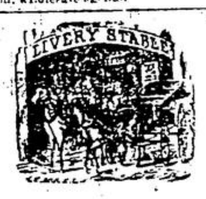

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First-class Rigs,

AT REASONABLE RATES,

Good Commercial Rigs.

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All parties indebted to this establishment are requested to pay up without further delay, and save costs.

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

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Cutting and Fitting,

and is now prepared to give even.

Greater Satisfaction than Formerly.

Wedding and funeral flowers embalmed. Dresses and Jackets cut and fitted perfectly guaranteed at a reasonable price.

For Stylish and Cheap hats and bonnets GO TO

MRS. E. H. PASS,
St. George's Square, Guelph.

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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 destined 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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GENERAL FAMILY GROCERIES.

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Of all kinds,

FRESH AND SWEET.

HARDWARE,

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ALL CHEAP FOR CASH,

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SEWING MACHINES.

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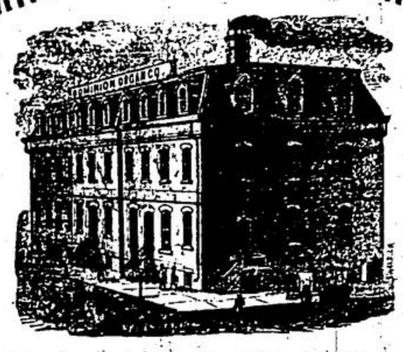

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CURES Dyspepsia, Liver Diseases, Fever & Ague, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heart Disease, Biliousness, Nervous Debility, etc.

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It stimulates the Pyrtyline in the Saliva, which converts the starch and sugar of the food into glucose. A deficiency in Pyrtyline causes Wind and Scouring of the food in the stomach. If the medicine is taken immediately after eating the fermentation of food is prevented.
It acts upon the Liver.
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It Regulates the Bowels
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It Quiets the Nervous System.
It Promotes Digestion.
It Nourishes, Strengthens and Invigorates.
It carries off the Old Blood and makes new.
It opens the pores of the skin and induces Healthy Perspiration.

It neutralizes the hereditary 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 to attention to directions.*

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DEAR SIR:—I was severely afflicted with Erysipelas for two years, and a short trial of your **Indian Blood Syrup** effectually cured me.

MRS. JANET ANDERSON.

Liver Complaint.

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DEAR SIR:—I have used your great **Indian Blood Syrup** for Liver Complaint, and have received great benefit therefrom. I recommend its use to all similarly afflicted.

NELSON CARR.

Disease of the Stomach.

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DEAR SIR:—This is to certify that your valuable **Indian Blood Syrup** cured me of Cramps in the Stomach.

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Best Medicine I Have Ever Used.

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PETER WARDEL.

Consumption.

Windham Center.

DEAR SIR:—I cannot find language to fully express the praise which in gratitude I would utter for the benefits I have received from your excellent **Indian Blood Syrup.** It has done what doctors could not do or failed to do. I was suffering with Consumption for a long time, heavy Cough, Pain in Chest, Shoulder and Back, and your **Indian Blood Syrup** has worked a perfect miracle. I would recommend all to give it a trial.

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Aylmer, Elgin Co., Ont.

SIR:—I have used your remedy for Dyspepsia, and recommend it to all.

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SIR:—I have used your **Indian Blood Syrup** for Dyspepsia, and found it to be as recommended.

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Aylmer, Ont.

SIR:—I have used and sold the **Indian Blood Syrup** and find it the best remedy in use for Dyspepsia, and as a Blood purifier.

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SIR:—I have been troubled with Rheumatism for a great many years. Your **Indian Blood Syrup** is the only one of many remedies that did me any good. I recommend it to all.

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SIR:—Your **Indian Blood Syrup** has cured me of Dyspepsia and Indigestion. It has also effectually cured my wife of same disease.

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