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.

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H. P. MOORE,
Editor & Proprietor.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

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.

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CLARENCE D. GRISWOLD, TEACHER of Piano, Voice, Thorough Bass, and Piano and Vocal Elocution. Class teaching a specialty. Lessons given at the residence of pupils if preferred. TERMS, $6.00 per quarter of thirteen lessons, one half in advance. Address R. Craine, or CLARENCE D. GRISWOLD, Acton, Ont.

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

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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.

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.

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.

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I am prepared to pay the highest cash price for Hides, Calfskins, Deacons, Lamb and Sheep Skins, delivered at my tannery. Lace Leather constantly on hand.
JAMES MOORE, Acton.

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.
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$1,500 to loan on first-class farm security, at a reasonable rate of interest. Apply to
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ALEX. F. SMITH,
AGENT FOR THE KIRBY REAPER & MOWER, also first-class general purpose Plows, Climax Threshing Machines, Minnesota Chief, and Vibrator Spring Tooth Harrows, Centennial Sulky Horse Rake, Climax Fanning Mills, the celebrated Wismer Seed Drill, &c., all warranted to do good work every time or no sale. Terms reasonable.
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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. VI. No. 10. ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1880. Whole No. 271

"We must have Bread,"

So say Ireland's poor, and so say we.

B. & E. NICKLIN
BAKERS & CONFECTIONERS,
CORNER MAIN & MILL STREETS, ACTON,

Beg to intimate that they are prepared to supply the village and surrounding country with

Very Best Of Bread,
BUNS, CAKES, PASTRY AND
CONFECTIONERY.

BREAD DELIVERED.

While thanking those who have favored us with their patronage in the past, we solicit a continuance of the same, and will welcome new customers.

ICE CREAM PARLOR.

We have now opened our Ice Cream Parlor, and will always be prepared to supply pure Ice Cream, Fruit Drinks, Fruit, &c. Ice Cream supplied by the quart if desired. A Call Solicited.

B. & E. NICKLIN.
Acton, May 6th, 1880.

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Issued August 1st.
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Office open every week-day from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

D. DEXTER, Manager.
Aug. 11, 1878. 7-3m.

New Boot & Shoe Shop.

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.

W. WILLIAMS.
Acton, Sept 2d, 1879.

WHITEWASHING AND COLORING.

WM. NELSON,
(CREWSON'S CORNERS,)
is prepared to do all kinds of
WHITEWASHING & COLORING
on the shortest notice, and at reasonable rates.
Leave your ORDERS at the FREE PRESS Office, Acton.

P. S.—Clothing Cleaned & Renovated.
WM. NELSON

POETRY.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

"Is it a voter neighbor?" "No."
Question and answer, nothing more,
I heard amid the petty clout
Of idlers in the village store.
Jones praised the swiftness of his mare,
Brown lauded home-made pumpkin pies,
Smith tried to prove his politics
Were something sure to make one wise.

Young farmer Gray still waiting stood,
His pleasant face was good to see,
Counting his parcels out by one;
Crackers, and flannel, rice and tea;
The smile about the bearded lips,
The dark eyes' tender, loving, light,
Betrayed the truth. A stranger, small,
Came to his home but yesternight.

Smith loved to raise, and send a shaft
That might perchance strike home and sting,
So asked his question with a sneer,
At hands that ne'er a vote could bring.
The happy father chuckled a sigh,
And answered somewhat roughly, "No,"
Yet murmured softly to himself,
"I wish, in truth, it had been so."

Nay, when he laid his bearded face
Upon his daughter's velvet cheek,
There echoed still "A voter?" "No"
Though far too wise the words to speak,
He kissed it, as he would atone
For his disloyal secret thought,
Thrice for its mother's hazel eyes,
Thrice for the love its coming brought.

But all the same, the truth remains—
As time's recruits come marching by,
There's gladness when a man-child comes,
And for the woman-child—a sigh.
The rib God fashioned carries yet
Its drooping curve, subdued for aye,
And woman's heritage lies still
The Land of Sorrow very nigh.

ROUGHING IT.

'It's no use,' exclaimed Hal, despairingly throwing down his gun, and then throwing himself after it, 'it's no use trying any longer. We might as well give it up and die at once. We shall never find our way out of this wilderness.'

'That isn't like you, Hal,' I said. 'You are famished, weak, low in spirits, and half sick, I believe. Otherwise, you would not despond so easily. Cheer up!'

'I'm too nearly starved for that. I believe I am half sick, as you say. My head aches as if it would split.' He sat up as he spoke, putting his hand to his brow, and looking disconsolately around.

I was nearly as discouraged as Hal; but was careful not to betray my feelings, in word or look. Hal and I were very dear friends. He was twenty, and I ten years older. He was the son of rich parents, and I a sort of guardian to him—at least during our summer recreation; having been appointed to act in that capacity by his father, who reposed perfect confidence in my friendship.

Becoming tired of the sea shore, Hal, with a restlessness common to persons of his age, had got it into his head that it would be a fine thing to make a pedestrian tour northward, through the woods to Canada. He had heard of a party of students who had started on this excursion a year before, and longed to imitate their example. But his plans were met with no sympathy from me. I did not want to hear anything of adventure. But Hal was enthusiastic on the subject.

'We would hunt, fish and camp,' he said, 'and everything would be glorious.'

But I was an old campaigner, and knew that camping out meant everything that was disagreeable, especially at that time of the year. I reluctantly consented at last, however.

Well, our journey on the Kennebec was very pleasant; but when we had left the boat, and stages behind us; and when we saw the last house, and began to camp out beneath the trees, Hal grew homesick.

The realities were not what he had anticipated. Instead of sound slumbers, we had to fight musquitoes through the night; and when morning came the musquitoes were reinforced by swarms of stinging flies. On the third day after entering the woods we had a rain storm. At night we tried to find a nook that would shelter us; and in so doing lost our way; nor could we discover it again the next morning. We wandered about till we were completely bewildered, and when night came, we were thoroughly exhausted. We hunted and fished now, not from pleasure, but from necessity. Our provisions were all gone, and we were in danger of starvation.

That day, Hal had been vainly trying to secure some game for our dinner. He looked already ten years older than when we had started on this journey. Exposure and unaccustomed exertion had told on him fearfully. There was a hectic tint on his cheeks and an unnatural look about his eyes. What if he should die here! And what could hinder him from dying, if his strength should fail, if he should fall ill!

Such thoughts were passing through my mind, when I caught the sound of something stirring in the forest. Instantly I grasped my rifle, and stationed myself behind a clump of shrubbery. Was it a deer! Nervously I raised my rifle, and my finger was on the trigger, when Hal sprang to his feet, knocked up the weapon, and cried, excitedly, 'Hist! look there.'

A light breeze, at that moment, had partly blown aside the bushes in front, disclosing a young girl perfect both in form and in feature, lying on the forest grass, asleep. She was dressed in simple white muslin. Her arms, half seen, hung listlessly at her sides; her broad brimmed hat lay by her knee; her long hair, unbound, flowed over her shoulder; her lips, which were literally like ripe rose-buds, were half parted, like those of an infant, smiling in its sleep. As I looked, she moved slightly, and I recognized the same sound which I had heard before, and supposed to be the stealthy tread of a fawn. A picture of more bewitching loveliness I had never seen. My rifle fell to the ground. Hal's noise is rising, and his exclamation, awoke her. She raised her head; looked around, startled; and then, seeing us, sprang to her feet, and turned as if to run.

I stepped forward, lifting my cap, 'Pardon us,' I said, 'for alarming you, but you have nothing to fear. We are lost in this forest. Can you guide us out?'

She stopped at this, glanced from me to Hal, and blushed rosily over face and neck. 'Lost!' she said. 'Why, it is only half a mile to the road, and my father's house is not half that distance! Lost, indeed!' with a gay little laugh of incredulity; and she shook her head. 'Whoever heard of such a thing as getting lost in my father's woods!'

'But such is the fact,' said Hal, coming eagerly forward, his eyes expressing his admiration; 'and if you can guide us to a place where we can obtain refreshments, you will do us a great service. We are nearly famished.'

'My father will be glad to receive you,' she replied, demurely, her eyes falling before his. 'I will show you the way. You had better come now, for your friend there looks ill.'

She was addressing me now, but looking directly at Hal. Hal, poor fellow, was by this time so weak, that, when we started to go, he had to lean on me for support.

Our fair conductor went tripping on before us, occasionally waiting for us to come up, and every now and then casting anxious looks at Hal's pale face. We soon reached the farm house, which was neat and commodious, situated on a gentle slope, with grand old trees all about it. No palace could have given us a more hospitable welcome.

Before night Hal was in a high fever and for a week delirious. I watched by his bedside night and day. 'Jennie or little 'sleeping beauty,' as I called her, came and went, administering to the needs of the sick room.

At last, Hal's youth brought him round. To me it was a great relief. I wrote to his father that he had been ill, but was better, and that we should probably soon return home.

But Hal was in no hurry to return. What his reasons were puzzled me sorely for a while. But one day it flashed upon me, all at once, that Hal was in danger of falling in love with Jennie. Ever since his recovery, he had been in her society a great deal; and I noticed that she seemed shy and reserved whenever I met them together. I had seen many other little things, too, that were suggestive, when I came to think them over. 'This,' I said to myself, 'must go no further. Jennie is charming enough in her way, but if Hal marries, it must be with some one of his own class. He, the heir of one of the first families, to wed a mere forest nymph! Impossible! What would his father think of me?'

That very afternoon, I said to Hal, 'I shall get off to morrow morning. Can you be ready?'

He started suddenly, and gave me a penetrating look, as if to read my thoughts. Then he flushed scarlet, and said, 'Of course I will be ready.'

That was all. But I felt relieved. 'Once get him away,' I reflected, 'and he will soon forget all about her.'

That night, after tea, Jennie went out to pick some berries. Soon after I missed Hal. I guessed where he was and felt vexed. It was nearly dark when they returned, their hands full of bright maple leaves. When they saw me Jennie slipped quietly away into the house, and Hal came directly towards me. His face was flushed and he seemed agitated, and, in attempting to talk, made some strange blunders.

The next morning we were off by the early stage. We stopped a day at Old Orchard to rest and pack our trunks, and then went directly home, where we were gladly welcomed by our friends. As we alighted from the hack at my hotel Hal took out his diary to pay the driver, and, as he held it up in the gaslight, I caught a glimpse of the page bearing the date of our departure from the farmhouse, and on it were written two names, with a scarlet maple leaf fastened below them.

Soon after our return business called me to California, where I remained for a year.

During this time I heard nothing from Hal. The little incidents of our tour in Maine, meantime, had been forgotten. But when I returned I called on Hall at once.

'Delighted to see you back again!' said Hal's father, into whose presence I was ushered.

'And how is Hal?' I said.

'Hal! I have not seen him for an age.'

'Have not seen him! Where is he?'

'He is in the city, I suppose you know Hal is married?'

'I did not,' I said, still more surprised.

'Yes; he married a penniless girl, from somewhere in the woods of Maine. Threw himself hopelessly away. I was so displeased, that I told him he must look out for himself; and the boy was spirited enough to do so. He and I have not met for six months. He is doing business in a small way for himself, and, I understand, successfully.'

'I am sorry to hear this,' I said. 'Can nothing be done?'

'Well, perhaps,' answered his father, 'we have both been headstrong and foolish; and both too proud to acknowledge it. But I want Hal back again, wife and all. He is all I have, and life goes rather hard, I must confess, without him, Hardy. I can't quite make up my mind to go to Hal myself, and I want you to do it for me. You used to have great influence with him.'

'I shall be happy to serve you in this.'

'When will you see him?'

'To night.' 'The sooner the better.'

And so it was decided. The father was to remain in the carriage while I went in.

Hal's house was a small, neat cottage in the suburbs. A vigorous tug at the bell soon brought out the proprietor. He looked at me a moment, as if to identify me; and then I felt a pair of strong arms around my neck.

'Why, you dear old fellow!' cried Hal. 'Where did you come from? I'm so glad to see you! Where have you been all this time?'

As he spoke, he whisked me into a cosy little sitting room; and before I had time to reply disappeared.

When Hal returned, I caught for the first time, a glance at his face. It was the same fresh, joyous face, only there was a serious manliness now, in place of the old boyish expression. He was followed by a fair-haired, rosy-faced young creature, whom, with a proud air, he introduced as his wife.

Where had I seen her before? She had a familiar look, but I had met so many people in my changing, roving life, that I was puzzled for a moment. Suddenly, under my scrutinizing gaze, she blushed; I had seen that blush before. All at once the truth flashed on me.

'Why you are Jennie!' I exclaimed, and took both her hands in mine.

'Yes, I am Jennie,' she answered; and blushed again, redder than ever.

We sat down and began to talk. I broached the subject of his father.

'I can never go back to him,' said Hal, 'without he makes some advances first, and he will never do that.'

'Are you quite sure?' said a deep voice behind us. We looked around. So eager had been our conversation that we did not observe the opening of the door.

'Are you quite sure?' said Hal's father, for it was he who spoke.

'My dear,' he continued, advancing and bowing low to Jennie, 'pardon an old man, who has come, though late, to ask your forgiveness. I want your husband to be my son again. I want you to be my daughter. I want you both to come and live with me—that is, if you can take pity on one utterly forlorn.' His voice broke down as he finished.

Jennie burst into tears, rushed forward, and impulsively threw her arms about the old man. If she had studied her part for weeks, she could have hit on nothing that would have been so perfect as this. As she hung to him, and kissed him, I knew that the reconciliation was permanent and complete.

All this happened years ago. Jennie is now a leader of fashion, and a very beautiful matron. But she is still, to me at least, and I am sure also to her husband, the same true and unaffected character as when we discovered her first, in the woods of Maine, an unknown 'Sleeping Beauty.'

A young lady from the city, boarding for the summer at a farm house, visited the dairy attached, and watched the country maid in her toil with marked attention. "Your task is a laborious one!" she remarked to the maid. "Somewhat ma'am," was the reply of the maid. "Nature is indeed wonderful in her workings," continued the lady. "Observe the green grass in the fields, and in a short time it is converted into milk, and from milk to butter. After the formation of butter I have been told that the milk is termed buttermilk." "Yes, ma'am." "Is there sufficient nutriment in it to be of any practical use?" "Yes ma'am." "If I am not exhausting your patience may I ask you what use is made of buttermilk?" "We feed some of it to the hogs, and what's left we feed to the boarders."

Medical Use of Salt.

In many cases of disordered stomach a teaspoonful of salt is a certain cure. In the violent internal aching, termed colic, add a teaspoonful of salt to a pint of cold water; drink it and go to bed; it is one of the speediest remedies known. The same will revive a person who seems almost dead from receiving a fall. In an apoplectic fit no time should be lost in pouring down salt and water if sufficient sensibility remain of swallowing; if not, the head must be sponged with cold water until the senses return, when salt will completely restore the patient from his lethargy. In a fit the feet should be placed in warm water, with mustard added, and the legs briskly rubbed, all bandages removed from the neck, and a cool apartment procured, if possible. In many cases of severe bleeding of the lungs, and when other remedies failed, Dr. Rush found that two teaspoonfuls of salt completely stayed the blood. In case of a bite from a mad dog, wash the part with strong brine for an hour, and bind on some salt with a rag. In toothache, warm salt and water held to the part, and renewed two or three times, will relieve it in most cases. If the gums are affected, wash the mouth with urine. If the teeth be covered with tartar, wash them twice a day with salt and water—*Medical Journal.*

Troubling a Postmaster.

A lantern-jawed young man stopped at the Post Office last Saturday, and yelled out:

'Anything for the Wattses?'

George Potett, our polite Postmaster, replied: 'No, there is not.'

'Anything for Jane Watts?'

'Nothing.'

'Anything for Alice Watts?'

'No.'

'Anything for Bill Watts?'

'No, sir.'

'Anything for Tom Watts?'

'No, nothing.'

'Anything for 'Fool Joe' Watts?'

'No, nor Dick Watts, Jim Watts, nor Sweet Watts, nor any other Watts, dead, living, unborn, native, foreign, civilized or uncivilized, savage or barbarous, male or female, white or black, franchised or unfranchised, naturalized or otherwise. No, there is positively nothing for any of the Wattses, either individually, severally, jointly, now and forever, one and inseparable.

The boy looked at the postmaster with astonishment, and said:

'Please look if there is anything for John Thomas Watts!'

To Our Girls.

Now that you are being courted, you think of course, it is very well, and it will be nicer when you get married. But it won't. He thinks he's going to keep on this high pitch of love all the time. But he won't. He doesn't know himself and you don't know him. It can't last. It must cool down. When he sees you as many times a day as he wants to, and maybe more; when he sees your head done up regularly every morning in curl papers and the bloom is off the rye; when your home contains a good deal of wash tub, cradle and cook stoves, he won't stand for one hour in front of the house out in the cold watching the light in your window. He'll be thinking rather of getting out of the house. Young woman protract that courtship as long as you can. A courtship in the hand is worth two marriages in the bush. Don't marry till Christmas after next.—*Exchange.*

A Woman's Task.

An exchange says:—Yesterday morning Mrs. Chatterquiq, a lady living in Nevada street, got excited over the accounts of Tanner's fast, and announced that she would refrain from talking for forty days. She began at 9 o'clock in the morning yesterday, and at 10:30 her pulse was so feeble from exhaustion that the physician feared she would die by noon. At 11 her heart beat but 26 a minute, and her respirations were hardly noticeable. Her friends here urged her to discontinue her terrible task, and told her some gossip about a neighbor. On hearing it she immediately rushed from the house and going across the street met a lady friend and talked until 6:30 last night, and is now fully restored. Her record of nearly two hours and a quarter of absolute silence now takes its place at the top of the list. Congratulatory letters are pouring in from all sides, and she has had several offers to take the lecture field.

Judge not from appearance lest you might err in your judgment.

It is only through the morning gate of the beautiful that you can penetrate into the realm of knowledge. That which we feel here as beauty, we shall know one day as truth.

"How had you the audacity, John," said a Scottish laird to his servant, "to go and tell some people that I was a mean man and no gentleman?" "Na, na, sir," was the candid answer, "you'll ne'er catch me at the likes o' that. I'aye keep my thoughts to myself."

THE HAPPY HOUR.

The busy day is over,
The household work is done;
The cares that fret the morning
Have faded with the sun;
And in the tender twilight,
I sit in happy rest,
With my darling little baby,
Asleep upon my breast.

While lids with silken fringes,
Shut out the waning light,
A little hand close-folded
Holds mamma's fingers tight;
And in their soft white wrappings,
At last in perfect rest,
Two dainty feet are cuddled,
Like birdies in a nest.

All hopes and loves unworthy
Depart at this sweet hour;
All pure and noble longings
Renew their holy power;
For Christ, who, in the Virgin,
Our motherhood was blest,
Is near to every woman
Within baby on her breast.

A Detective Story.

There is a story told of a lady and gentleman together on an English railroad. They were strangers to each other. Suddenly the gentleman said:

"Madame, I will trouble you to look out of the window for a few minutes; I am going to make some change in my wearing apparel."

"Certainly, sir," she replied, with great politeness, rising and turning her back upon him. In a short time he said:

"Now, madame, my change is completed and you may resume your seat."

When the lady turned she beheld her male companion transformed into a dashing lady with a heavy veil over her face.

"Now, sir, or madame, whichever you are," said the lady, "I must trouble you to look out of the window, for I have some changes to make in my apparel."

"Certainly, madame, and the gentleman in ladies' attire immediately complied."

"Now, sir, you may resume your seat."

To his great surprise on resuming his seat, the gentleman in female attire found this lady companion transformed into a man. He laughed and said:

"It appears that we are both anxious to escape recognition. What have you done? I have robbed a bank."

"And I," said the whilom lady, as he dexterously fettered his companion's wrists with a pair of handcuffs "I am detective J——, of Scotland Yard, and in female apparel have shadowed you for two days—now," drawing a revolver, "keep still."

The Whip-poor-will and the Young Man.

And now the whip-poor-will sits on the top-most rail of the fence, and nightly to the listening lovers utters his shrill yet tender request that poor Will—for what he never explains—shall be whipped. It is singular with what regularity the song of the whip-poor-will is heard every season—seldom before the first of August, but at that date it never fails.

And poor Will leans on the gate near by and does not get whipped. On the contrary, quite the reverse! And it is a coincidence worth remarking, how nearly at the same time the youthful lover at the gate and the whip poor-will on the fence do come!

Why should the young man lean on the gate? Does he not know that it will sag the hinges and require the carpenter and the blacksmith for repairs? One would think he had mistaken it for FAIRBANK'S scales, and was testing his avoirdupois.

Well, he may be right; for the young girl inside will form her estimate of him with more confidence in its accuracy by the way he leans on the gate, and his reluctance to leave it, than she could by the best scales ever invented.

Words of Wisdom.

Make the best of a bad bargain.

Occupy your time in usefulness.

Be respectful to all men, that you may command respect.

Study all things of nature in your daily walk through life.

Great things are not accomplished by idle dreams, but by years of patient study.

They that do nothing are in the readiest way to do that which is worse than nothing.

Kind words are better than gold, and the voice of a friend has saved many a man from ruin.

Be happy if you can, but do not despise those who are otherwise, for you know not their troubles.

Some of the grandest things which have been achieved were by those whom we thought our inferiors.

Farm Hints.

CLOVER FERTILIZING.—A Massachusetts farmer who is noted for the excellence of his corn crop, says that his plan for years has been to sow clover on a third part of his plowed land, and let it grow and remain uncut through the entire season, plowing it under into the next season and planting corn upon it. His experience, he says, teaches him that the clover with its vast amount of roots is fully equal to twenty five loads of manure per acre. Then he takes another third part and proceeds in the same way.

Five years ago barb wire fence was not more than an experiment; it is stated that 50,000 miles of this fence will be set during the present year.