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.**

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—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	$90.00
Half column one year	55.00
Quarter column one year	35.00
One column six months	55.00
Half column six months	30.00
Quarter column six months	18.00
One column three months	30.00
Half column three months	18.00
Quarter column three months	7.00

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted till forbidden and charged accordingly. Transit ry 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.

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.

NOTICE.—The Canada Advertising Agency, No. 22 King St. West, Toronto, is authorized to receive Advertisements for this Paper.

W. W. BUTCHER, Manager.

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 University.

GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO,

Will visit Acton on Tuesday and Friday, from 2 to 4 p. m.

If his services are required during any other days of the week, notice left at J. E. McGarvin's drug store will receive prompt attention.

SURVEYOR. JOHN DAVIS, PROVINCIAL Land Surveyor, Civil Engineer and Draughtsman, of Guelph, is prepared to attend to all surveys in Acton and vicinity. Orders left at J. E. McGarvin's Drug Store, Acton, will be promptly attended to.

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

L. L. BENNETT, DENTIST, Georgetown, Ont.

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.

R. W. KING,
Engineer, Iron Founder & Machinist,
GEORGETOWN.

Machinery of every description made to order on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms. Repairing promptly attended to.

WM. HEMSTREET,
Licensed Auctioneer.

For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS Office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to.

Terms reasonable.

FIRST CLASS BARBER.

I have secured the services of Mr. Wm. Cook, a first-class barber, who will conduct my business for a few weeks and give every attention to the wants of customers. Kindly give him your patronage.

J. P. WORDEN.

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.

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.

CASH FOR SKINS.

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

JAMES MOORE, Acton.

HOUSE & LOT FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale the splendid stone dwelling on Main street near Mr. C. S. Smith's residence—one fifth of an acre, with Stone House in splendid condition. Stable and shop on the premises. Hard and soft water wells. Title indisputable. Terms reasonable. Apply at FREE PRESS Office, Acton, or to

ARCH. McNAB,
27-2m. Rockwood.

H. H. KITTREDGE,

BANKER,

ACTON. - - ONTARIO.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES.

Notes Discounted and Interest allowed on Deposits.

REFERENCE—

The Bank of Montreal.

FLOUR AND FEED STORE.

LAWSON BROS.

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

Flour and Feed Store,

and will keep constantly on hand a full stock of

FLOUR

—OF ALL KINDS, INCLUDING—

Family Flour, Buckwheat Flour, Graham Flour.

MEATS.

Corn Meal, Oat Meal, Cracked Wheat, Bran, Coarse Shorts, Fine Shorts, Chopped Peas, Chopped Oats, Mixed Chops, Oats & 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.

MANHATTAN FEED.

For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Pigs, and Poultry. Good for horses having Epizootic.

LAWSON BROS.

Acton, Jan. 15, 1881-tf.

TO ADVERTISERS.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S
Select List of Local Newspapers.

An advertiser who spends upwards of $5000 a year, and who invests less than $350 of it in this List, writes: "Your Select Local List paid me better last year than all the other Advertising I did."

It is not a Co-operative List.
It is not a Cheap List.
It is an Honest List.

The catalogue states exactly what the papers are. When the name of the paper is printed in FULL FACE TYPE it is in every instance the best. When printed in CAPITALS it is the ONLY paper in the place. The list gives the population of every town and the circulation of every paper.

The rates charged for advertising are barely one-fifth the publishers' schedule. The price for single lines ranges from $2 to $50. The price for one inch one month in the entire list is $622. The regular rates of the papers for the same space and time are $2,856.14. The list includes 322 newspapers of which 187 are issued DAILY and 135 WEEKLY. They are located in 256 different cities and towns, of which 26 are State Capitals, 363 places of over 5,000 population and 665 County Seats. For copy of List and other information address

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
10 Spruce St., New York.

PROVERBS.

"No one can be sick when the stomach, blood, liver and kidneys are healthy, and Hop Bitters keep them so."

"The greatest nourishing tonic, regulator, strengthener and curative on earth—Hop Bitters."

"It is impossible to remain long sick or off of health, where Hop Bitters are used."

"Why do Hop Bitters cure so much? Because they get at the root of disease, blood and health, and set all the organs right."

"No matter what your feelings or ailment is, Hop Bitters will do you good."

"Remember, Hop Bitters never does harm, but good, always and continually."

"Purify the blood, cleanse the stomach and sweeten the breath with Hop Bitters."

"Quiet nerves and balmy sleep in Hop Bitters."

"No health with inactive liver and urinary organs without Hop Bitters."

Try Hop Cough Cure and Pain Relief.

For sale by all druggists.

A LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN
On the Loss of

MANHOOD

We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments of Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cts. or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Address,

The Culverwell Medical Co.,
41 Ann St., New York.
Post Office Box 4586.

CARRIAGE PAINTING.

Having opened a Paint Shop in the premises lately occupied by Mr. James McLam, next door to Nicklin's Bakery, I am prepared to do carriage painting and sign writing of every description, and would respectfully solicit the patronage of the people of Acton and vicinity.

JAMES SCOTT.

Excelsior Bakery.

E. Nicklin & Son,

In assuming control of the Excelsior Bakery would respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage heretofore bestowed on the late firm.

They will always have on hand a good supply of

FRESH BREAD

Buns, Cakes and Pastry

—ALSO—

BISCUITS OF ALL KINDS.

A FULL STOCK OF

CONFECTIONERY

PURE AND FRESH, ALWAYS ON HAND.

Bread delivered to any part of the town.

Bread and Biscuits given in exchange for Flour.

Credit Customers.

Credit customers will be charged 1c. per loaf more than cash customers, and all accounts must be settled once a month.

OYSTER PARLOR.

The Oyster Parlor will always be found with a good supply of Fresh Oysters, which will be served in any style.

E. NICKLIN & SON.

New Butcher Shop.

WM. FARR,

Would intimate to the people of Acton that he has purchased the butcher business lately carried on by Mr. A. Clark, and that he has always on hand a first-class stock of

BEEF, PORK,
MUTTON, SAUSAGE.

Poultry and Game in season, &c.,

and hopes by strict attention to business to secure a fair share of the patronage of the public. MEAT delivered at any time to any part of the town.

TERMS CASH.
A CALL SOLICITED.
Orders promptly attended to.

WILLIAM FARR.

7-tf.

—25—

Cruet Stands,

Bought at a Bargain,

—WILL BE SOLD—

CHEAP.

B. SAVAGE,

WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER

GUELPH.

VICK'S
Illustrated Floral Guide

For 1881 is an Elegant Book of 120 Pages, One Colored Flower Plate, and 600 Illustrations, with Descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, and Directions for growing. Only 10 cents. In English or German. If you afterwards order seeds deduct the 10c.

VICK'S SEEDS are the best in the world. The FLORAL GUIDE will tell how to get and grow them.

—Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden, 175 Pages, 6 Colored Plates, 500 Engravings. For 50 cents in paper covers; $1.00 in elegant cloth. In German or English.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine—32 Pages, a Colored Plate in every number and many fine Engravings. Price $1.25 a year; Five Copies for $5.00. Specimen numbers sent for 10 cents; 3 trial copies for 25 cents.

Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N.Y.

NASSAGAWEYA

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, $1.50 per Square.

BILL STUFF CUT TO ORDER.

TERMS CASH.

PETER SAYERS.

Acton, Dec. 25, 79.

$5 Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. $10 a day and upwards is easily made without staying away from home over night. No risk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once. Many are making fortunes at the business. Ladies make as much as men, and young boys and girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Address

H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

WANTED.

An energetic honest man to open a branch office of the new Magnet Telephone Co. in this and adjoining counties; small cash capital required; to such a man this is an excellent opening for money making business. Address with stamp G. W. Foster, 125 and 127 Clark st., Chicago, Ill.

THE FREE PRESS:

ACTON, THURSDAY, Feb. 3, 1881.

POETRY.

The Happy Man.

By day, no biting cares assail
My peaceful, calm, contented breast;
By night, my slumbers never fail
Of welcome rest.

Soon as the sun, with orient beams,
Gilds the fair chambers of the Day,
Musing, I trace the murmuring streams
That wind their way.

Around me Nature fills the scene
With boundless plenty and delight;
And touched with joy sincere, serene,
I bless the sight.

I bless the kind creating Power
Exerted thus for frail mankind;
And whose command descends the shower
And blows the wind.

Happy the man who thus at ease,
Content with that which nature gives;
Him guilty terrors never seize;
He truly lives.

THE UNJUST SUSPICION.

'Wait a moment for this one.'

The speaker was a middle-aged gentleman, Mr. Morton, who was rapidly writing the address on some letters.

The one waiting was a clerk in the establishment of Morton & Co., Tremont St., Boston.

'It is necessary for these to be mailed to night to go in the first train to P. in the morning. There is a small amount of money in one of them. It ought to be sent to the post office, I suppose, but it is late, and I guess it will be be safe enough to mail it in a P.O. box.'

'Yes, sir,' and the quick-motioned, handsome youth of nineteen went out to the nearest letter-box and deposited them therein.

* * * *

Mr. Morton looked up from a pile of letters he was perusing as Byron Forsythe entered at his summons. 'I have received no receipt for the money you mailed last Tuesday evening. Did you make no mistake?' eyeing the youth sharply.

'I mailed them, sir, at the corner,' he returned, respectfully, the rich blood mounting to his cheeks as he comprehended that he was under suspicion.

'Strange,' muttered Mr. Morton, 'Warren is always punctual—never knew carelessness like this before on his part. 'Well, you can go now.' He dashed off a note to the gentleman in Providence and mailed it.

The next day he received answer that the money had not reached there. He again summoned his young clerk.

'Do you still maintain that you mailed the letter all right?'

'I do, sir.' Again the blood rushed painfully to his face at the imputation. Mr. Morton eyeing him suspiciously through his glasses, thought it a proof of guilt.

'I have written to Warren, and he informs me that he never received the money. You see, sir, under the circumstances, I can hardly trust you. You may be innocent, but it looks suspicious. I cannot retain you longer unless I have complete confidence in you. I do not say that you have acted dishonestly, but it looks dark, sir, dark.'

And Byron Forsythe, with his proud sensitive nature stung to the quick by the unjust suspicion, went out of the employ of Morton & Co., with his scanty earnings in his pocket, to seek employment elsewhere.

Two policemen belonging to station 5, Boston, met at the junction of their respective beats, corner of Tremont and Dover streets, about 3 a.m. Themselves in a shadow, they 'spotted' a man standing at the nearest letter box, seemingly engaged in something questionable. After glancing around hastily and discovering no one in the dim starlight, he unlocked the box and transferred the contents to his pockets. He repeated the process at the next box. When he reached the third one the officers, who had followed stealthily, concluding that the situation was ripe, surprised him by a heavy hand on each shoulder, demanding what he was about.

'I am mailing a letter,' he said, readily, resenting the interference. 'Can't a fellow—'

'A letter, yes. Let us see the contents of your pockets.'

Finding himself cornered, he produced a handful of letters.

'Sorry, but we'll have to invite you to take a walk with us.' And, forming a squad of honor, they escorted him to the police station. He seemed to have something in his hand that he wished to be rid of. They gave way, purposely, and soon heard a slight click on the pavement. Not easily baffled, a sharp search with matches brought a duplicate key to light. Arrived at the lockup they relieved him of the letters and left him there to await his trial.

Mr. Morton, running his eye over the column of the 'journal,' lighted upon this item:

'The man whom officers White and Patterson arrested for robbing letter boxes has confessed that it was not his first offence. A quantity of mail matters has been found with him, amongst which he owns he found several sums of money. It can be seen at —department of the post-office.'

Mr. Morton rode down town to the office. Asking to see the recovered mail matter, he ran his eye over them, and was not much surprised to find the ones he had given to his clerk to mail that Tuesday evening. The money had of course, been abstracted, the envelope having been carefully opened at one end, and it still contained the note that accompanied the money.

'Never knew of such a thing before,' thought Mr. Morton, as he rode homeward. 'Through this piece of rascality I have turned off Forsythe. Wish I knew where he is. It did look suspicious, though,' trying to ease his conscience, that told him he had been rash.

* * * *

Edith Morton made a lovely picture as she sat under the subdued gaslight in her warm, bright sitting room, idly dreaming over a volume in crimson and gold that contrasted with the lily whiteness of her dimpled hand. A rarely beautiful girl of eighteen, with eyes containing unfathomable depths of womanly tenderness and truth, rich, cream tinted complexion, that deepened gradually into vivid color on her cheek; a mouth sweet, lovable and firm, and a form of exquisite proportions, attired in a closely fitting dress of maroon silk.

Footsteps in the hall and, 'O, papa, you've come; you're later than usual,' was the greeting that Mr. Morton received as he entered. His careworn face relaxed from its drawn lines as the girl put her arms around his neck and kissed him. They passed into the supper room, with its bright silver and dainty china.

'What is the matter, papa?' asked his daughter, noticing that he looked unusually thoughtful.

He hesitated a moment, then told her of his dismissal of Byron Forsythe and the finale. A look of intense sympathy overspread her face.

'O, papa, how dreadfully he must have felt to be so unjustly suspected. I saw him a few times. He looked too good and noble to do anything mean. Don't you think you can find him?'

'I am afraid not, dear; but I am going to do what I can.'

And when Edith laid her head on her pillow that night the face of the tall, handsome youth, with fearless blue eyes and fair, broad brow, who was under the shadow of a dark suspicion, haunted her dream.

She had never guessed that the vision of radiant loveliness that had appeared once or twice in her father's dusky office, in jaunty hat and velvet, was indelibly engraved on the memory of Byron Forsythe, high-spirited, well-born as she, and that he cursed the poverty that forbade him to try to win the prize he coveted. Mr. Morton's inquiries for him proved fruitless, and the world wagged on.

* * * *

The crowds on the thronged sidewalks stopped and held their breath; teams and turnouts tried to clear the way as a runaway horse came galloping down Tremont street, champing his bits and foaming. The driver, who was slightly intoxicated, had completely lost control of him. There was no one brave enough to attempt the rescue, and the carriage was in momentary danger of being overturned, when some one leaped from the crowd, caught at the bridle of the excited animal, and clung to it with desperate grip. He was dragged along a short distance, getting terribly bruised, and then others came to the rescue, and he was taken up insensible from the feet of the horse that stood panting and steaming, but conquered. The occupants of the carriage were a lady and a gentleman, whose white faces showed the terrible fright they had experienced.

'Bring him here,' said the lady's sweet and silvery voice, as they hesitated what to do with the man. 'We are almost home.'

'My God!' exclaimed Mr. Morton—for it was he and Edith—as they placed him on the soft cushions. 'It is Byron Forsythe!'

For the terrified lovely face of Edith Morton, beside her father in the open carriage, had caught the eye of Byron Forsythe, and in an instant he had flung himself between her and a terrible danger.

'O,' said Edith, with a little cry of terror as she recognized the face. 'Have we killed him?'

Byron Forsythe was unconscious that the little gloved hand, which he would have counted a happiness to touch, was resting gently upon the rich masses of brown hair that clustered above his fair, open brow.

The best medical aid was summoned, and he was soon restored to consciousness. No prince could have been tended more carefully than he, lying in a darkened chamber, whose rich, soft carpet muffled every sound. He had a skilled nurse, but Edith herself often soothed his restlessness. In spite of careful nursing, a brain fever ensued. His wild ravings of unjust suspicion and hopeless love, chilled the hearts of his listeners. Edith prayed that he might live to know his innocence had been proved, and her father, who had just come up from the borders of death, longed for reason to return, that he might atone to the sensitive soul for the injustice. The boon was granted. One afternoon he opened his eyes to see Edith's lovely face bending over him, not radiant and animated as he had seen it.

'You here! Where am I? It was your father who suspected me of—' he said weakly.

'Can you forgive me, my boy? I was hasty. I proved your innocence long ago. Will you give me your hand?' said Mr. Morton, who stood there.

'You almost gave your life for ours,' said Edith, in a faltering tone, reaching out her hand also, which he carried reverently to his lips.'

Byron Forsythe, the junior partner in the firm of Morton & Co., and the happy husband of Edith, is a firm believer in the doctrine that 'Misfortunes are blessings in disguise.'

How to Get a Dinner.

A gentleman who had travelled about pretty extensively was greatly perplexed to understand how it was that other persons were waited upon promptly and well served at the hotels, while he was almost entirely ignored, and could scarcely obtain a square meal—complain to or swear at the waiter as he might. At last his eyes were opened to the dodge of feeing the waiter liberally, and being of an ingenious turn of mind, he determined to improve on the plan.

The next hotel he dined at he took his seat very pompously at the table, and took out a well-filled pocketbook, extracting therefrom a $10 bill, which he laid on the white cloth beside his plate, and placed his goblet upon it. In an instant almost he was surrounded by waiters, who seemed to vie with each other in attention. Every wish was anticipated, and all the delicacies of the kitchen and pantry were placed before him in tempting array.

Having fared as sumptuously as a prince, (to the envy of many of the guests), he took up the greenback, and beckoning to the nearest waiter, was immediately besieged by half a dozen or more. Holding the bill in one hand, he pointed to it with the other, and inquired of the crowd:

"Do you see that bill?"

"Oh, yes, sir," they all exclaimed in chorus.

"Then take a good look at it," he replied, "for you will never see it again." Saying which he departed leaving the waiters aghast.

Sense and Sentiment.

Self-reliance is quite distinct from self-assertion.

People's intentions can only be decided by their conduct.

Experience is a torch lighted in the ashes of our hopes and delusions.

Mean souls, like poor pictures, are often found in good-looking frames.

It is the lot of genius to be opposed, and to be invigorated by opposition.

It is human nature to love to make experiments at the expense of others.

Hope softens sorrow, brightens plain surroundings, and eases a hard lot.

He who laughs at cruelty sets his heel on the neck of religion and godliness.

It is more honorable to acknowledge our faults than to boast of our merits.

There is nothing that so refines the face and mind as the constant presence of good thoughts.

People seldom improve much when they have no better model than themselves to copy after.

Fortune does not materially change men; it only unmasks them and shows their true character.

It is easy to pick out flaws in other people's work, but far more profitable to do better work yourself.

Harsh words have many a time alienated a child's feelings and crushed out all love of home.

Gratitude is the fairest blossom that springs from the soul, and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant.

Tears are to be looked at not as proof of very deep sorrow, but as a gracious relief to the killing intensity of such grief.

Good Humor.

Good humor is rightly reckoned a most valuable aid to a happy home life. An equally good and useful faculty is a sense of humor, or the faculty to have a little fun along with the humdrum cares and works of life. How it will brighten up things generally to have a lively, witty companion, who sees the ridiculous points of things and can turn an annoyance into an occasion for laughter! It does a great deal better to laugh over some domestic mishape than to cry or scold about them. Many homes or lives are dull because they are allowed to become too deeply impressed with a sense of the cares and responsibilities of life to recognize its bright and especially its mirthful side. Into such a household, good but dull, the advent of a witty, humorous friend is like sunshine on a cloudy day. While it is always oppressive to hear persons constantly striving to say witty or funny things, it is comfortable, seeing what a brightener a little fun is, to make an effort to make some at home. It is well to turn off an impatient question sometimes and to regard it from a humorous point of view, instead of being irritated about it. Laughter is better than tears. Let us have a little more of it at home.

What the Country Needs.

Fewer dogs and more sheep.

Fewer fences and more pastures.

Fewer bar-rooms and more schools.

Fewer scrub cattle and more good ones.

Fewer wire pullers in popular conventions, and more industry.

Fewer men who seek office and more men whom the office seeks.

Fewer loafers about railroad stations, four corners, stores and taverns.

Fewer "leaders" to knuckle to popular prejudices when wrong.

Fewer impetuous young men, eager to rush into print and raise the devil generally.

Fewer juvenile statesmen, who are eager to rush into the places their seniors and betters ought to occupy.

Fewer great men made to order and of small material, and thrust in front of men who have capacity for greatness.

Wit and Humor.

A printer's row—a quad rangle.

A foot note—the shoemaker's bill.

An impressive man—the pressman.

An unpalatable dish—cold shoulder.

How to shine in society—get polished up.

A lawyer's brief is sometimes very extended.

Of interest to mothers—a switch in time saves nine.

You can't tell the age of an old saw by looking at its teeth.

Opposition is the life of trade, but some don't think so.

A pen may be driven, but the pencil does best when it is lead.

The talk of there being no sunshine in this life is all moonshine.