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ACTON, ONT THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1891.

Whole No. 298

H. H. KITTRIDGE,
BANKER,
ACTON, ONTARIO.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES.
Notes Discounted and Interest allowed on Deposits.

Flour and Feed STORE.

LAWSON BROS.

Flour and Feed Store.

FLOUR

MEALS.

MANHATTAN FEED.

TO ADVERTISERS.

PROVERBS.

LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN.

MANHOOD.

CASH FOR SKINS.

CARRIAGE PAINTING.

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STARTLING DISCOVERY!

LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.

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VICK'S Illustrated Floral Guide.

ALBERT COLLEGE.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

WANTED.

THE FREE PRESS.

POETRY.

THE DINNER HORN.

A Wise Little Woman.

What Do Really Wanted.

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do with him by why it was spoken to him.

Louisa was frightened at herself, as well as at him, and began to tremble; and then her eyes filled with tears that presently rolled down over her cheeks.

"Oh, Mr. Glover," she sobbed, "what is the matter—what is the matter?"

And then Mr. Glover—who was a good deal of a gentleman by nature—seeing a woman in tears, forgot his own trouble and looked at her attentively.

"Why, it is Miss Clare—little Miss Clare (the school-teacher)" he said as he recognized her. "And what is the matter with you my dear? Why do you cry, or who has been annoying you?"

"No one—oh, no indeed—and there's nothing the matter except that you seem to be in such deep trouble, sir, and—I was afraid."

"And that's why you are afraid—you cry for me?" asked Mr. Glover. "Can it be possible?"

"It is possible! And yet your salary—let me think. I believe it is something about \$300 a year that they give you?"

"Just \$300 a year, sir."

"And yet you are not unhappy?"

"Very unhappy. I am very happy, on the contrary. Ah! sir—it is not alone the possession of money that makes people happy."

And then, fearing that she had said something so personal that it might be rude—for Mr. Glover was so rich and so evidently not happy—Louisa felt the color mount to her cheeks, and her eyes dropped before the intense gaze of her companion.

"Do you think a man might ever be happy, and yet quite poor?" asked Mr. Glover—"so poor that, compared with what he had been, his position would be one almost of poverty?"

"Oh, yes," said Louisa, "with a gentle confidence in her own words, she was quite sure of that; for what does the most extravagant wealth give more than one can enjoy simply by having enough? One can only eat or drink or sleep enough—at least one ought not to do so any more than enough, she added with a smile; "and those who do are not happier for it."

Mr. Glover looked at her as though she had solved the great problem of existence.

"What a wise little woman!" he said; and then drawing a pistol from his pocket he rose, took a few steps forward, and flung the weapon from his hand with such force that it went singing through the air and fell into the water beyond.

Louisa had started up with a scarcely repressed cry of fright, but as Mr. Glover returned and reassured himself, she sat down beside him.

"Miss Clare," he said earnestly and gratefully, "you have saved me from committing a great crime. I came out here to kill myself with that pistol that you have seen me throw away; and—but for your intervention, the tears in your gentle eyes, and this hopeful courage in your voice, I would have done it. I will tell you now—what all the world will know to-morrow—I am a ruined man. But I will not let die like a coward; I will live and face the music, as they say. Good-bye, you wise little woman. You have saved a life—more, perhaps, you have saved an immortal soul this morning simply by being the brave, contented, hopeful being that you are. Good-bye! Good-bye!"

He wrung her hand hard enough to bring the tears in her eyes, and turned away, while Louisa went home, rather dizzy, her heart in a whirl, and altogether too much amazed by the scene just ended, to think much about her own share in it.

found that they were more nearly satisfied than he had hoped for; they even left him a little house which was once rented at a low rate to Louisa Clare's mother, and which Louisa in her widest dreams of future grandeur had once or twice wished might some day become hers. Beyond that he had absolutely nothing; but he was still an able man. He had filled honorably, and people were willing to trust him. And after it was all over he went one day to see Louisa and told her that he found she was right; his state of mind was far from desperate. Indeed he was almost happy.

After that he went to see the little school-teacher quite often—indeed so often that she seriously interfered with her duties and when she came to know him quite well she used to tell him so.

"I can't help it, dear," said Mr. Glover—he often called her so, for he was many years older than Louisa, and she was such a child like little creature. "You are my counsellor—my comfort—my all in the world! More than wealth, or houses or land—and though it looks as if I was going to be a rich man sometime, Louisa, it will be nothing to me."

"Sit down, Miss Clare, sit down. Louisa obeyed instantly.

"Are you very unhappy, Miss Clare?" asked Mr. Glover. "Unhappy, sir—about what?"

"Oh! nothing in particular. I mean merely in a general way."

"I am not unhappy at all, sir."

"Is it possible! And yet your salary—let me think. I believe it is something about \$300 a year that they give you?"

"Just \$300 a year, sir."

"And yet you are not unhappy?"

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A bad thing never dies.
A bad lock invites a burglar.
A bald head is soon shaven.
A bad day never has a good night.
A black hen will lay a white egg.
A constant guest is never welcome.
A blind man would be glad to see.
A bankrupt apothecary, a poor doctor.

A contented mind is a continual feast.
A careless watch invites the devil for a loan.
A charitable man is a true lover of God.
A bad workman quarrels with his tools.
A bragger and a liar are cousins german.

A book that remains shut is but a block.
A clear conscience laughs at false accusation.
The cream of a joke should never be lost.

Clocked horse should never be bought on tick.
A common jester may have wit but no wisdom.
A young barber learns to shave by shaving fools.

A bird is known by its note, and a man by his talk.
A courageous foe is better than a cowardly friend.
A civil denial is better than a rude compliance.

Men, like pins, are useless when they lose their heads.
A broad hat does not always cover a venerable head.

Man of Oak
The strength of men do not consist in the power they possess. Their talents are mostly in a napkin. One of the wealthiest men in Wall street to day, broke down in business a good many years ago. He went into an office where he was acquainted, and said to the members of the firm that he had no bread for his family. "If I had ready to go messages for you, or perform any other service for you," he hung up his coat there and commenced work at the lowest wage of the laborer. Previously this man's check was accepted anywhere on the street. You may be sure such a man gradually mounted up.

Over in Boston a like minded man fell out. He was without bread, and soon would be without shoes, unless he awakened up and stirred his energies. He was a book keeper, and at one time carried a handsome salary. Work did not do it. This he did; he took his cotton book and went down to the wharf to load and unload cotton as much as he could. He sold another man with grit. The owners of the cotton and the ship eyed this hero. Soon the decree went forth. Counts up higher. He resumed the quill, and laid aside the cotton book. Discouragement never weakened the Boston boy. Whiners, with hanging lips and chicken hearts, who cure their trouble with the bottle and the pistol, are pitiful creatures, who should never have been born.—Ez.

A Soft Answer.
The husband was of quick temper, and often inconsiderate. They had not been married a year, when one day in fit of hasty wrath, he said to his wife, "I want no correction from you. If you are not satisfied with my conduct, you may return to the home whence I took you, and find happiness with your kind."

"If I leave you," returned the unhappy wife, "will you give me back that which I brought to you?"

"Every dollar, I covet not your wealth; you shall have it all back."

"Ah! you are softened. I meant not the wealth of gold. I thought not of dress. I mean my maiden heart—my first and only love—my buoyant hopes, and the promised blessing of my womanhood. Can you give me these?"

A moment of thought—of confusion—and then taking her into his arms.

"No, no, my wife, I cannot do that, but I will do more. I will keep thee beneath my usual and unkindness, will cherish your weakness as my own, and never again will I forget the place I gave to the altar, when you gave your peace and happiness to my life."

How true it is that a soft answer turneth away wrath! And how true of the bitter strikes of domestic life, might be avoided by reasonable acting in accordance therewith.

"Will you have some more?" asked a lady of a guest.

"I have already had some, and I do not wish any more."

"Do not be angry," said the hostess, "I have already had some, and I do not wish any more."

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