

**THE**  
**Acton Free Press**  
is published  
**EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,**  
at  
**H. P. MOORE,**  
Editor & Proprietor,  
AT THE FREE PRESS  
**PRINTING & PUBLISHING**  
**HOUSES.**  
Next Door to Methodist Church,  
Mill Street, Acton, Ont.

# 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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**TERMS.**—The Free Press will be sent to subscribers, postage paid, for \$1.00 per annum in advance, if not so paid, the paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

**Advertisements.**—Casual advertisements, 8 cents per line for the first insertion, and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Professional Cards, 10 lines or less, \$1.00 per annum. Square, 12 lines, \$1.00 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 required by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid newspaper.

**CONTRACT RATES.**

One column one year	\$50.00
Half column one year	25.00
Quarter column one year	12.50
One column six months	25.00
Half column six months	12.50
Quarter column six months	6.25
One column three months	12.50
Half column three months	6.25
Quarter column three months	3.12

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Change for contract advertisements must be made by a check on Monday, or other day they will be left over till the following week.

H. P. MOORE, Editor & Proprietor

**THIS PAPER** may be found at the following places:—  
Wm. S. Smith, 24 West Side Wm. S. Smith, 24 West Side Wm. S. Smith, 24 West Side  
Wm. S. Smith, 24 West Side Wm. S. Smith, 24 West Side Wm. S. Smith, 24 West Side  
Wm. S. Smith, 24 West Side Wm. S. Smith, 24 West Side Wm. S. Smith, 24 West Side

**NOTICE.**—The Canada Advertising Agency, 24 West Side, Toronto, is authorized to receive advertisements for this paper.

W. W. BURNER, Manager.

**BUSINESS DIRECTORY**

W. H. LOWRY, M.B. M.C.P.S., Graduate of Trinity College, Ontario, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Office and residence, at the head of Front Street, Acton.

**M. 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, he can be consulted at J. E. McGarvin's drug store, which will receive prompt attention.

**J. P. MATHESON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,** 24 West Side, Acton, Ontario. Office next door to Wallace & Hoyle's.

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

**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.

**R. W. KING,** Engineer, Iron Founder & Machinist, Georgetown, Ontario. Machinery of every description made to order on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms. Repairs promptly attended to.

**A. LISTER, M.C.L.A.R.E. BARRISTER,** Quebec Street, Geolp. BRANCH OFFICE:—In Wallace & Hoyle's Mill Street, Acton. OFFICE OPEN EVERY FRIDAY, 10 A.M. TO 12 P.M.

**W. 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.

**Money to Loan.** Also money to loan on the most favorable terms. And at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of \$500 and upwards.

**PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS EXPECIALLY** attended to 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,** Geolp, Canada. Mechanical engineering, Solicitor of Patents, and draughtsman.

**C. TAYLOR, VETERINARY SURGEON.** GEORGETOWN, Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, will visit Acton every Tuesday, from 4 to 6 p.m. All calls received promptly attended to, by night or day. Horse bought and sold on commission. Residence, West Corner from Livery Stable, Georgetown, Ont.

**W. H. STOREY & SON,** ACTON, ONT.,  
**Glove Manufacturers,**  
The best description of Gloves and Mitts in every variety of material and style are manufactured by us.



We are also Patentees and Inventors of Storey's Elastic Spring Glove Fastener, justly acknowledged the most perfect fastener in use. Patented in Canada, the United States and Great Britain.

**TO ADVERTISERS.**  
GEO. F. ROWELL & CO'S Select List of Local Newspapers.

An advertiser who spends upwards of \$5000 a year, and who inserts less than \$1000 of his 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 issue the best. When printed in CAPITAL LETTERS, it is in every issue the best. 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 each state ranges from \$5 to \$50. The regular rates of the papers are given in every issue. The list is published in the different cities and towns of which are state Capitals, 365 places of over 1000 population, and 4000 smaller places. For copy of List and other information address GEO. F. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., New York.

**THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF CANADA.**  
HEAD OFFICE, HAMILTON, ONT.  
Government Deposit over \$50,000.00

Policies on the "RESERVE FUND PLAN" issued by this Company (and copyright) contain a Plain Statement of the amount of cash value of paid-up insurance. The Policyholder will be entitled to receive, if discontinuing the payment of premiums after 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35 payments, etc.

**H. P. MOORE, Agent,** FREE PRESS, Office, Acton.

**NEW BUTCHER SHOP.**  
W. C. ROBINSON  
Would intimate to the people of Acton that he has purchased the butcher business lately carried on by Robert Storey, and that he has always been a first-class butcher of Beef, Pork, Mutton, Poultry and Game in season, etc.

**CORRECTION.**  
Watch Repairing.  
Being asked daily if I have a branch jewelry shop across the street, I take this opportunity to say that I have no connection with Mr. W. S. Smith—but have engaged Mr. A. H. Lemmon, lately from England, but more recently from Simcoe, one of the best watch repairers in Canada. I can assure my friends that they need not have me from the impression that their watches will not be care-fully and properly repaired, however difficult or complicated such watch may be.

Your Obediently,  
**B. SAVAGE,**  
Watchmaker & Jeweller, Geolp.

**WHITEWASHING AND COLORING.**  
**WM. NELSON,** (CREWSON'S CONYERS).  
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.  
**F. A. Clothing Cleaned & Renovated.**  
**WM. NELSON.**

**New Jewelry Store,**  
24 West Side Wm. S. Smith, 24 West Side Wm. S. Smith, 24 West Side



**W.M. S. SMITH,** PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER and Jeweller.

For the past sixteen years at Savage's, respectfully announced to the public that he has just opened a first-class store in the above premises, where he will keep on hand a full and choice assortment of the best WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLERY and ELECTRO-PLATE.

**LAWN TENNIS.**  
Different grades and prices.  
**White Metal Toys**  
FOR CHILDREN.

Also a new Supply of **American Oiled Window Cloth,** 38 inch, at 25c. a yard, at **Day's Bookstore,** GEOLP.

**T. F. CUMMINGS,** Practical Upholsterer, GEOLP, ONTARIO.

**Lambrequins, Curtains, Window Blinds, and Church Cushions, Cleopatra Chairs, Ottomans, Bannetted, Turkish Spring Beds and Needle Work a Specialty.**

**Carpet, Cut, Made and Laid, on the Shortest Notice.**  
Furniture Re-upholstered at the most Reasonable Rates, and in the Latest Style.

**T. F. CUMMINGS,** Quebec Street, West, Geolp.

**VALUABLE Village Property FOR SALE.**  
The subscriber offers for sale the beautiful situated piece of property lying north of the village of Acton, in the corporation of the Village of Acton. The property contains 12 acres more or less, 8 of which are in a high state of cultivation and nearly all planted with fruit trees of every description, and all of the best varieties. The balance is good pasture land, with a few falling trees of fine pine through it on which is situated a fine house. On the premises there is a two-story brick dwelling, newly completed, containing 10 rooms, also back kitchen with three rooms, a good stable and shed, and first-class barn and outhouse, etc.

The above would be a very desirable place for a retired gentleman, or for a market gardener. Terms liberal and made known on application to **ELLEN DYDER, Acton, P.O.**

**NEW CARRIAGE Repair Shop.**  
**T. A. FORSTER**  
Has opened a shop in Ryder's old stand, where he is prepared to do all kinds of Wagon and Carriage Repairing on the shortest notice. Nothing but first-class material used. A call solicited.

**HOUSE & LOT FOR SALE.**  
The undersigned offers for sale the splendid stone dwelling on Main St., near Mr. O. N. 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 to **ARCH. McNAB,** Rockwood, P.O.

**STARTLING DISCOVERY!**  
**LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.**  
A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self-cure, which will cure him in 10 to 15 days. Address: **J. H. BERRY, 24, Queen's St., N. Y.**

**THE FREE PRESS.**  
THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 18, 1881.  
**POETRY.**

**The Strength of Gentleness.**  
Some look for power in sudden shocks,  
Hot nature—loud of paradox—  
Shows vigor in a thousand ways,  
Where gentleness alone finds place.  
The snow which comes in mildest guise  
The solid earth soon caresses,  
And leaves upon our placid side  
A belt of beauty far and wide.  
The sun which makes the green leaves glow  
Comes in soft rays of liquid dew,  
And, spared by needless, gentle powers,  
The earth retains its leafy flowers.  
Of all the things you know or care,  
This water nothing seems more weak—  
It separated drops but just cohere—  
A child can fling them from their sphere  
With one small finger of its hand—  
Yet how firm the ocean stands!  
Add not to what tremendous force  
The torrent triumphs on its course!  
So Truth is strong—although it plays  
Upon our souls as summer days  
Play on the far horizon's rim—  
And gentle plus have strength for him  
Whose willful acts would lead to scorn  
The words of thoughtless fery born.



**A NICE LITTLE GAME.**  
Frank sat before the glowing grate,  
His feet on one corner of the mantle,  
His chair tipped back. His young wife  
looked at him, and her pretty black  
eye, which only a minute before had  
been brimful of tears, omitted sparks  
of fire. Her rosy mouth closed with a  
firm expression, and her dainty foot  
came down upon the rug in a very  
decided manner.  
"I won't stand it!" she said, under  
her breath; "I can't—I will kill me to  
see him tonight after night booted, de-  
graded, ruining both soul and body. I  
must do something—I must save him  
for my baby's sake!"  
Then she sat down and meditated.  
They had been married a little over  
two years, and the babe in the wicker  
cradle was a thriving boy. No happier  
woman than Dolly the world held, but  
for one thing. Her young husband  
would drink. He loved his social glass,  
his wine suppers and club dinners. He  
did not neglect his wife, but often he  
came home in the small hours in rather  
an uneasy condition. Dolly tried  
everything—tears, entreaties, persua-  
sion—but he only laughed her off.

"Where's the harm, Dolly? Can't a  
fellow be merry now and then with his  
friends?"  
But Dolly saw the fatal evil growing  
upon him day by day, and knew what  
her end would be. She shuddered, and  
her eyes filled with tears, but the  
minute after they flashed fire, and she  
smiled.  
"I'll try it," she said to herself; "if  
it does no good, it can't do much harm."  
Then she said, "Frank!"  
Her husband roused up, and, opening  
his eyes with an imbecile stare, replied:  
"All right, Dolly."  
"Frank, you believe that a wife  
should follow in her husband's foot-  
steps, don't you?"  
"To be sure. You're a sensible  
woman, Dolly."  
"And you're a sensible man, Frank.  
What's right for you to do is right for  
me, isn't it?"  
"Precisely! Just so, Dolly—exactly.  
You're a wise woman, you are."  
Dolly smiled quietly.

"Very well, Frank; if you go to the  
tavern any more nights, I'm going,  
too!"  
Her husband looked up, half sober-  
ed.  
"Nonsense, Dolly!" he said; "that  
is running the thing into the ground.  
You will do no such thing!"  
"You'll see that I will, Frank!" she  
answered, resolutely. "I love you, and  
what you do I shall do too! If you see  
fit to ruin yourself, soul and body, and  
shame your son, I shall follow your  
example. I care for nothing that you  
cannot share. As you do, so will I!"  
His cheek paled and his lip quivered.  
He sat silent for a minute, then got up  
and said:  
"Nonsense, little girl! Come to bed,  
Dolly."  
She followed him obediently, and no  
more was said on the subject. For three  
or four nights Frank came home  
punctually, then his old habit asserted  
him.

Dolly had his supper all waiting,  
and his slippers and dressing gown  
before the fire, but he did not come.  
She waited patiently till ten o'clock,  
then putting a wrap about her, she  
called the housemaid.  
"Sit by baby's crib, Mary, and, when  
Mr. Mayfair comes, tell him I have  
gone to the Reindeer. Ask no ques-  
tions, and take good care of baby, and  
you shall have a dollar extra this  
month."  
"Very well, ma'am," with wondering  
looks.  
Twelve o'clock—one!—and then the  
young husband let himself in with his  
night key, and came reeling into the  
sitting room. There sat the maid be-  
side the sleeping child.  
Frank looked about him a little  
anxiously.  
"Fast asleep! Fine little fellow!"  
he said, bending over the crib. "Mary,  
my girl, where's your mistress—gone  
to bed?"  
"No, sir; she's gone to the Reindeer  
hotel!"  
He stood and stared.  
"What do you say, girl?"  
"She went out at ten, sir, and bade  
me tell you when you came that she  
had gone to the Reindeer."  
The young husband stilled something  
like an oath, and sat down before the  
hearth. Half an hour went by, then  
he started up and glanced at the clock.  
"Great heavens! It is nearly two  
and she's not here!"  
He seized his hat and rushed from  
the house like one mad. By the time  
he was half way to the Reindeer, he  
was perfectly sober.

"Could she have meant what she  
said?" he asked himself over and over  
again.  
Presently a carriage came down from  
the lighted tavern on the hill, and, as  
it passed him, a woman's voice rang  
out, singing the chorus  
"We won't go home till morning."  
It was his wife's voice. He caught  
at the horse's head, frantic with rage.  
Dolly's pretty curly head looked out  
as the vehicle stopped.  
"Frank! old fellow—hic—is that  
you?" Get in—hic—get in! Why  
didn't you come up!—hic. Oh, we'd  
a jolly time—hic—we did. Don't blame  
you for going out, Frank. Didn't  
know it was so pleasant—hic—I  
mean to go every night."  
"You do?" he gasped, leaping into  
the seat beside her. Grasping her arm,  
he muttered, "Ever dare to do such a  
thing again, and you'll be no wife of  
mine!"  
Dolly laughed uproariously.  
"Nonsense, Frank! Let me do as  
you do; that's fair. Let me go, my  
arm! You hurt me! Besides, you'll break my  
flask of prime brandy! Frank, taste a  
drop!"  
He caught it from her hand and  
flung it out of the window.  
"Bah!" said Dolly, her cheeks flushed,  
her hair awry, "I wish I'd stayed at  
the Reindeer—hic. What makes you  
so cross, Frank?"  
"Hush! Say no more, Dolly," he  
answered, his teeth set hard. "I can't  
bear it. I—I may do something I'll  
be sorry for. Keep silent—I don't  
want any more crooked words."  
"Rain's horns, if I die for it!" cried  
Dolly.  
Then she clasped her hands and  
laughed gleefully, breaking off into  
"A moonlight night for a ramble."  
Frank let his head fall into his  
hands.  
"God heavens! he groaned; "I  
would rather have died than have seen  
this night!"  
He got her home and into her own  
room at last, but she was very unman-  
ageable, and persisted in cutting up all  
manner of capers—dancing and sing-  
ing—her cheeks flushed and her hair  
streaming, and asking if they would  
not go again another night—it was  
such fun.  
His pretty, modest little Dolly! Long  
after she had fallen into a sound  
sleep her husband sat over the smol-  
dering fire with his face hidden in his  
hands.  
"Dolly," he said, when she awoke late  
on the following morning, "what hap-  
pened last night? Must never happen  
again."  
She looked up with her old clear  
eyes.  
"Very well, Frank; that is for you  
to say. Just as you do, so will I."  
He was silent a moment.  
"I would rather die than see what I

saw last night over again," he said.  
"Frank," she said, her lips quivering,  
"I've seen the same sight once or twice  
every week since the day I married  
you, and God only knows what it has  
cost me!"  
He caught her close to his heaving  
breast.  
"Poor little wife!" he almost sobbed,  
"you shall never see such a sight again.  
I shall sign the pledge to-day."  
"Frank," said his pretty wife one  
day, as they watched their children  
playing on the lawn, "I fooled you  
handsomely that night; it was all  
make-believe. I didn't go to the Rein-  
deer that night, and not a drop of the  
helpful stuff had passed my lips.  
Didn't I fool you that night and cure  
you in the bargain?"  
"You little witch!" he cried, but the  
instant after his eyes filled. "Yes,  
Dolly," he said, drawing her close to  
his side, "you cured me of a habit that  
would have been my ruin. Heaven  
bless you for it!"

**Something in the Bed.**  
Judge Pitman had a habit of slipping  
his watch under his pillow when he  
went to bed. One night somehow it  
slipped down, and as the judge was  
restless it worked its way down toward  
the foot of the bed. "After a bit," as he  
was lying awake, his foot touched it;  
as it felt very cold, he was surprised,  
scared, and jumping out from the bed  
he said—  
"My gracious, Maria! there's a toad  
or something under the covers; I  
touched it with my foot."  
Mrs. Pitman gave a loud scream and  
was out on the floor in an instant.  
"Now don't go boltering and waking  
up the neighbors," said the Judge.  
"You get me a broom or something  
and we'll fix the thing mighty quick."  
Mrs. Pitman got the broom and gave  
it to the Judge with the remark that  
she felt as if snakes were creeping up  
and down her legs and back.  
"Oh, nonsense, Maria! Now turn  
down the covers slowly while I hold  
the broom and bang it. Put a bucket  
of water alongside the bed so we can  
shove it in and draw it out."  
Mrs. Pitman fixed the hocket and  
gently removed the covers. The Judge  
held the broom upflashed, and as the  
black ribbon of the silver watch was  
revealed, he cracked away at it three  
or four times with the broom, then he  
pushed the thing off into the basket.  
Then they took the light to investigate  
the matter. When the Judge saw what  
it was he said—  
"I might have known, it was just  
like women, to go screeching and fuss-  
ing about nothing. It's utterly ruined."  
"It was you that made the fuss, not  
me," said Mrs. Pitman.  
"You needn't try to put the blame  
on me." Then the Judge turned  
in and growled at Maria until he fell  
asleep.

**A Valuable Secret.**  
It is related of Franklin that from  
the window of his office in Philadelphia,  
he noticed a mechanic, among a num-  
ber of others, at work on a house which  
was being erected close by, who always  
appeared to be in a merry humor, and  
who had a kind and cheerful smile for  
every one he met. Let the day be  
ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, the  
happy smile danced like a sunbeam on  
his cheerful countenance. Meeting  
him one day, Franklin requested to  
know the secret of his constant happy  
flow of spirits.  
"It's to secret, doctor," the man  
replied. "I've got one of the best of  
wives and when I go to work she al-  
ways gives me a kind word of encou-  
agement and a blessing with her  
parting kiss; and when I go home she  
is sure to meet me with a smile and a  
kiss of welcome; and then tea is sure  
to be ready; and, as we chat in the  
evening, I find she has been doing so  
many little things through the day to  
please me, that I cannot find it in my  
heart to speak an unkind word or give  
an unkind look to anybody."  
And Franklin adds:  
"What an influence, then, hath  
woman over the heart of man, to soften  
it, and make it the fountain of cheerful  
and pure emotions. Speak gently,  
then; a happy smile and a kind word  
of greeting after the toils of the day  
are over, cost nothing, and go far  
toward making house happy and peace-  
ful."

**She Swore on His Buttons.**  
Old Blummer is tight-laced. Sev-  
eral days ago he said to his wife:  
"Maria, I want you to look over  
that broadcloth vest of mine and put  
new buttons on it, 'cause I'm going to  
a card party to-night."  
"But, Ely," answered Mrs. Blum-  
mer; "I haven't any buttons to match  
that vest, and—"  
"Thunder!" broke in Blummer,  
"the idea of a woman keeping house  
as long as you have, and pretendin' to  
be out of buttons. By George, I  
wouldn't be surprised to hear you ask  
me for money to buy 'em with next!"  
That evening Blummer hurried  
through his supper and began arraying  
himself for the card party. Presently  
he called for the broadcloth vest, and  
Mrs. B. with marvelous promptitude  
handed it to him. He took it, hastily  
unfastened it and then his eye took  
in its complete appearance, he stood as  
one transfixed. It was a six button  
vest, and there were six buttons on it,  
and the man observed that the first, or  
top one, was a tiny pearl shirt button,  
and that the next one was a brass army  
overcoat button, with U. S. gleaming  
upon it, and that number three was an  
oxidized silver button, evidently from  
the lack of one of the Puritan father's  
costs; and then came a suspender but-  
ton, and then as the hazed eyes of old  
Blummer reached the bottom button, a  
poker chip, found in Blummer's pocket,  
with two holes punched through it—he  
gave a scort that made the chandelier  
jingle. There, in after all a fine re-  
use of humor about Blummer, and he laugh-  
ed till he cried. And there won't be  
any button money grudging in that  
household hereafter.

**Soliloquists.**  
The vegetable that young ladies like  
most is the to-matoe!  
"Milk always comes from the cow—  
sometimes a good way from the cow."  
The hardest thing in the world for  
some people to do is to mind their own  
business.

The man who thinks that everybody  
is a fool does not count himself in the  
category.  
People hate to be laughed at, with  
the exception of the circus clown and  
stage comedian.  
Teed (as a tea-time beverage is,  
gradually) working its way into popular  
favor in Canada!  
Girls have the advantage over boys  
as they can change their names when  
they grow up, in most instances.  
Railroads as a rule are run for the  
benefit of the people—that is the people  
who hold the preference stock.  
Many boys think they know a great  
deal more than their fathers until the  
show season comes along and they want  
a quarter.

The clouds of early childhood were  
no bigger than a woman's hand—the  
size of your mother—but a squall  
invariably followed them.  
The Toronto Brewing Company have  
very appropriately presented the Zoo  
with a brain.—*Evening News.* We  
cannot "bear" such palpable puns.

**Something to Give**  
An amusing story is told of an old  
lady, who in her last illness, promised  
the priest to leave him a sum of money  
for charitable uses. When she was  
dying she begged the priest to com-  
punter to her bedside, and gasped out:  
"Father—I've given you—'Stay,'  
said the priest, anxious to have as  
many witnesses as possible to the ex-  
pected statement, "I will call in the  
family," and opening the door, he  
beckoned them all in. "I've given  
you," repeated the old lady, with in-  
creasing difficulty, "given you—  
great deal of—'toubie." This incident  
may remind the reader of a passage in  
one of Lord Bolognoble's letters, in  
which, writing to a friend, he says:  
"I am very sorry my Lord Marlborough  
gives you so much trouble. It is the  
only thing he will give you."

**Latin**  
A good story is told of an old farmer  
whose son had for a long time been  
ostensibly studying Latin in a popular  
academy. The farmer, not being per-  
fectly satisfied with the course and  
conduct of the young hopeful, recalled  
him from school, and placing him by  
the side of a cart one day, thus ad-  
dressed him:—"Now, Joseph, here is  
a fork and here is a heap of manure  
and cart what do you call them in  
Latin?" "Forchus, cartibus et  
manurebus," said Joseph. "Well,  
now," said the old man, "if you don't  
take that forchus pretty quick, I'll  
pitch that manurebus into that cart-  
bus, I'll break your 'key-busibus."  
Joseph went to work bus forthwith-  
bus."

Josh Billings says: "There ain't  
no pi in Natral History that has been  
more, and thod more of than Apes  
pl."