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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	$80.00
Half column one year	35.00
Quarter column one year	20.00
One column six months	35.00
Half column six months	20.00
Quarter column six months	12.00
One column three months	20.00
Half column three months	12.00
Quarter column three months	7.00

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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.

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W. W. BUTCHER, Manager.

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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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.

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

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.

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.

ALISTER M. CLARK, BARRISTER, Quebec Street Guelph. BRANCH OFFICE:—In Matthews Building, Mill Street, Acton. Office open every Friday.

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.

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 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.

C. TAYLOR, VETERINARY SURGEON, Georgetown, Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, will visit Acton every Tuesday, from 1 to 4 p.m. All calls received promptly attended to, by night or day. Horses bought and sold on commission. Residence, West Corner from Livery Stable, Georgetown, Ont.

C. TAYLOR, Licensed Auctioneer.

CASH FOR SKINS. 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.

CARRIAGE PAINTING. Having opened a Paint Shop in the premises 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.

Summoned to Appear Before THE BARBER. Where you can get an easy Shave, a stylish Hair-cut, a frothing Shampoon, or a cooling Sea Foam. I spare no pains, and give no pain in the accomplishment of a good shave. Razors and scissors set in perfect order, on shortest notice. J. WORDEN, BARBER, Mill Street, Acton.

MONEY. The undersigned has money at his disposal for discounting good, endorsed notes, at a reasonable rate of Discount. JAMES MATTHEWS. Acton, May 10th, 1881.

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.

STOREY'S "EUREKA" SPRING GLOVE FASTENER, PAT'D. We are also Patentees and Inventors of Storey's Eureka Spring Glove Fastener, justly acknowledged the most perfect fastener in use. Patented in Canada, the United States and Great Britain.

FOREIGN OFFICES. Spruce Street, New York, U. S. A. Lime Grove, Birmingham, Eng.

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 States ranges from $2 to $66. The price for one inch one month in the entire list is $425. The regular rates of the papers for the same space and time are $2,856.14. The list includes 852 newspapers of which 187 are issued DAILY and 665 WEEKLY. They are located in 788 different cities and towns, of which 78 are State Capitals, 363 places of over 1,000 population, and 466 County Seats. For copy of List and other information address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., New York.

THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF CANADA. HEAD OFFICE, HAMILTON, ONT. Government Deposit over $60,000.00. Policies on the "RESERVE FUND PLAN" issued by this Company only (and copyright) contain a Plain Statement of the amount of cash value of paid-up insurance the Policy-holder will be entitled to receive, if discontinuing the payment of premiums after 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35 payments, &c. 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 on hand a first-class stock of Beef, Pork, Mutton, Poultry and Game in season, Etc. 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. W. C. Robinson.

NEW GOODS. COLORED GOLD BROCHES AND EARRINGS—SETTS, Gold Brooches, Silver Setts, new styles, Silver Lockets, Silver Necklets, Gold Watches, Diamond Rings, Gem (Stone) Rings. B. SAVAGE'S JEWELLERY STORE, Wyndham St., Guelph.

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.

New Jewelry Store, 26 West Side Wyndham St., GUELPH.

WM. S. SMITH, PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER and Jeweller, For the past sixteen years at Savage's, respectfully announces 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. Fine watch repairing a specialty. Agent for the celebrated Lancaster Watch. On all work from a distance the return charges will be paid. Wm. S. SMITH.

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, GUELPH.

T. F. CUMMINGS, Practical Upholsterer, GUELPH, ONTARIO. Lambrequins, Curtains, Window Blinds, and Church Cushions. Cleopatra Chairs, Ottomans, Banneretts, Turkish Spring Back and Needle Work a Specialty. *Carpets, 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, Guelph.*

VALUABLE Village Property FOR SALE. The subscriber offers for sale that beautifully situated piece of property lying north of the G.T.R. depot, 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 never-failing stream running through it, on which is situated a fish pond. On the premises there is a two-story brick dwelling, nearly completed, containing 8 rooms, also back kitchen with three rooms, good stable and shed, and first-class hard and soft water, 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 ELI SNYDER, 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. T. A. FORSTER.

HOUSE & LOT FOR SALE. The undersigned offers for sale the splendid stone dwelling on Main St. 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 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 he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers, address J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., N. Y.

THE FREE PRESS.

THURSDAY MORNING, September 1, 1881.

POETRY.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

I.

In the balmy April weather,
My love, you know,
When the corn began to grow,
What walks we took together,
What sighs we breathed together,
What vows we pledged together,
In the days of long ago.

II.

In the golden summer weather,
My love you know,
When the mowers went to mow,
What home we built together,
What babes we watched together,
What plans we planned together,
When the skies were all aglow!

III.

In the rainy autumn weather,
My love, you know,
When the winds began to blow,
What tears were shed together,
What mounds we heaped together,
What hopes we lost together,
When we laid our darlings low!

IV.

In the wild and winter weather,
My love, you know,
With our heads as white as snow,
What prayers we pray together,
What fears we share together,
What heaven we seek together,
For our time has come to go!

OUR STORY TELLER.

HOW MRS. JONES MANAGED

'Pray tell me how you manage to get meat every day, Mrs. Jones!' said a young married woman to her neighbor. 'If I call before dinner, I always smell a stew of soup cooking. My husband says I don't give him anything worth eating, and frizzle his money away in chops and steaks. Do the best I can, he's never satisfied, and I declare I'm getting downright unhappy.' Thus speaking, Mrs. White seated herself on the nearest chair and began to cry.

'Don't take on so; there's something wrong Mary. You haven't been married six months, and begin to find it hard to please your husband; and me and my Richard have been mated nigh on forty years, and are as happy as the day's long. God knows we've had our trials, for we've buried all our little ones, and have to jog on through life alone. Alone, did I say!—that's not right, for we've a Father, and an Elder Brother; One who cares for his children, and One who died to save. But here I am, prating about myself when you're come to be comforted. Let me see if I can help you. I loved your mother and I'd be glad to help her daughter, and bring sunshine into her home if I could. What's the matter?'

Nothing more than usual now. Tom and I don't hit off married life well; he expects too much of me, and grumbles at his dinners almost every day. If I give him good meat, he says I spend too fast; if I give him no meat, he's hungry. Sixteen shillings a week isn't enough so keep house on, and everything to find!'

'It's enough and to spare, Mary, well managed. Can you remember what you've had for dinner every day this week.'

'Oh, yes, it's easy to do that. Sunday we'd a good big steak, Monday some rashers out of the prime of a side of bacon; Tuesday, mutton chops; Wednesday, sausages; Thursday and Friday bread and cheese; and to-day potatoes. I don't run into debt; Tom can't accuse me of that.'

'Do you ever buy fresh vegetables?'

'Not often; I'm obliged to consider the pennies, for dinners are only one meal in the day; there's breakfast and tea, and supper besides. Tom doesn't say much about them; it's the dinners he grumbles at. I only wish I could do better, for I'm miserable. I get tired of living with a man who's never satisfied; and yet I love him, and he loves me.'

'My dear, do you ever ask God to help you to do better?'

'No; I couldn't pray about cooking.'

'Yes you could. One reason why you and your husband don't hit off a pleasant state of things is because you grumble back at him, instead of seeking strength from your Father, who, in Christ, listens to any request you make, even if it has to do with household matters. Begin to pray to-day, and in the strength of God try to reform.'

'But how can I-I never knew a bit about cooking when I was married.'

'It's not too late to learn; I'm ready to help you. Will you buy your meat to-day as I advise? and if you trust me for one week, I think I can put you in a way of giving your husband a good dinner every day, with fresh vegetables sometimes, and not run into debt.'

Mary brightened up. 'Will you, really, Mrs. Jones? and may I tell Tom what you're going to do?' she said.

'Yes; and ask him to let me go to the butcher's with you. But I must make one bargain, which is, that both of you will be pledged, and not eat Monday's meat on Sunday.'

'All right, I agree, and I'm sure Tom will.'

Towards evening the friends went put marketing, and Mary, advised by Mrs. Jones, purchased six pounds of mutton for, the weather was cold, and there was no fear of the meat not keeping.

'You buy to better advantage if you get a large piece; but mind, I'm allowing you and Tom two pounds more than we had in the week,' said Mrs. Jones. 'You can't learn economy in a day; it'll be the work of time. This meat has to serve for seven dinners, with vegetables and a few extras.'

'Seven!' echoed Mary, 'and all that bone; why, the steak we had on Sunday looked nearly as much meat as this.'

'I mean seven,' Mrs. Jones answered, smiling; 'you will see how useful these bones can be made. Now we'll buy half a gallon of potatoes and a nice cabbage. I'll cut the meat up for you, and then tell you how to cook the first piece.'

Mrs. Jones divided the mutton into three parts. 'The largest you can bake to-morrow, with a few potatoes,' she remarked; 'boil the cabbage as well. Remember, if you leave off hungry, you must only eat half this meat. Take care of the bones, and on Monday morning, first thing, put them into a saucepan with a pint of fresh water, and set them on the fire to simmer.'

Mary took great pains, and acquitted herself so well, she earned praises from her husband, and they had some merriment over the equal division of the meat. Tom was so happy he took up a good habit he had dropped for some weeks, and accompanied his wife to church, instead of smoking his pipe and leaving her to go alone. They heard a stirring sermon from the text, 'Be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you,' and Mary was moved to open her heart to her husband as they walked home. She asked him to bear with her, for she wanted to please him. Tom's conscience pricked, and he answered, 'Lassie, I've done too much fault-finding, but I'll try and be kinder, for the parson's words have got hold of me.'

'After all, they're God's words,' replied Mary. 'You see, Tom, we're growing wide apart, because I'm a bad manager; but I'll improve, for God has sent me a friend. You must thank Him and Mrs. Jones too.'

When Tom went to work next morning he declared he should long for one o'clock to come to see how Mary managed, 'For I don't know how you're going to spin that bit of meat out for dinner,' he said.

Monday's allowance was served thus. The stock was ready for use by the time Mary wanted it; she turned it into the stewpan, and added six peeled potatoes, four good sized onions sliced up, a pennyworth of carrots, and the meat left on the previous day cut off the bones, with a little pepper and salt. She set the stewpan on the fire, stirred the contents well together, and left all to cook thoroughly while she fetched a saucepan half full of spring water, into which she put the fresh bones ready for simmering so soon as the fire was unoccupied.

'There's such a smell of good things, you must have bewitched the cold meat, Mary,' cried Tom, who came in as the clock struck one. 'Be quick; I've to be back in half an hour.'

The meat was soon served, and husband and wife were astonished to find how well satisfied they were; in fact, enough was left to warm up for supper, with the addition of a little rice.

Tuesday found Mrs. Jones and Mary busily engaged in making a meat pudding. 'This has to last two days,' said the former; 'and you must be careful over your stock, and not use too much for gravy; Saturday has to be provided for. Put the fresh bones into the same saucepan; you may add another pint of water, and take out the old bones.'

The dinner that day gave great satisfaction to Tom. So good was the pudding that he called for more at supper-time. Mary was firm in refusing. 'You're not to eat to-day what is to do for to-morrow,' she said. 'I've something nice for you;' and she placed a steaming bowl on the table, with a thick slice of bread.

'That's capital!' exclaimed Tom, when he had tasted the contents of the bowl; 'you're getting a regular cook. Whatever am I eating?'

'Sort of onion soup. I got some onions, sliced them up, and put them, with about a penn'oth of milk and some water, into a saucepan. I boiled all together.'

'It's fit stuff for the queen!' said Tom.

The pudding was warmed up on Wednesday, and a cabbage, with a few potatoes, were cooked. On Thursday the remainder of the meat was boiled, and the liquor carefully put aside to add to the stock. A few turnips, with Norfolk dumplings, eked out that day's meal. Mrs. Jones had to make the dumplings, and she considered she managed to do so at the cost of little more than one penny.

Mary wondered no longer how she would provide dinners for the week out of the six pounds of mutton when she saw how much good stock she had in her saucepan. She divided it into two portions for the remaining days.

'Buy half a pint of oatmeal this morning,' said Mrs. Jones, on Friday; 'it will make a good broth if you stir it into your stock; and you may add some more water. By way of a change, I should soak plenty of bread in it, and don't forget the pepper and salt. I shall also allow you to make a baked rice pudding for a treat.'

'Say, rather, you'll show me how to make one,' cried Mary; 'the last time I tried, the pudding was so hard, Tom declared he could hardly get his teeth in.'

'I suppose you allowed no room for the rice to swell. Just do as I tell you. Put that small tea-cupful into your dish, and fill it up with milk; you may add a little sugar. Half a pint of milk will make a nice pudding.'

'Surely a good pudding won't come out of that drop of rice, Mrs. Jones. I packed mine quite tight!'

'And spoilt it. You must trust me; you'll find I'm right.' And so she proved to be.

Saturday found Mary with a happy face, preparing her dinner alone. She warmed the stock, and put into it a few cuttings of bacon, some potatoes, and fried onions.

This made a substantial stew, and was a great improvement on the basin of potatoes she had set before her husband for so many Saturdays.

When Tom brought his wages home his wife showed him money in hand, even though his club and the rent were paid.

'Are you satisfied with my arrangement this week?' she asked; 'I've tried to do better.'

The husband made no answer, but he drew his much-loved Mary nearer to him, and gave her such a hearty kiss, she needed no other assurance.

'A friend in need is a friend indeed,' Mrs. Jones proved herself such to this young couple. They both profited by her wise teaching. Tom learnt to be more patient, and Mary to practice economy, so that when her children came she was able to provide for them, because she knew how to lay out sixteen shillings to the best advantage. They learnt, too, from the Friend of friends; the gospel of Jesus Christ became their gospel. As it took firm hold of their hearts, it changed the whole aspect of their home life. One day Tom suggested it would be better to have no cooking on Sunday, so that he and his wife might go twice a day instead of once to God's house.

Mary assented gladly; the suggestion showed her how much her husband must be impressed, for he had hitherto stoutly maintained that a working man should have a hot dinner on Sunday if he went without another all the days of the week. But then Tom had only studied to please himself; now he sought to fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life.

BOSH.

I.

"But tell me, love," she said,
And coaxingly the soft eyes shone,
And shyly dropped her modest head
Beside his own.
"Come, tell me, HAVE you loved before,
But one go more?"

II.

The eager, sparkling face
Was full of tender, trusting grace;
She did not fear his answer then—
Her kind of men.
"Come, tell me the best and the worst,
Am I the first?"

III.

He turned his eyes away,
But closer still her hand he pressed;
He did not answer yea nor nay,
A blush expressed
More than a burning word
Though 'twas unheard.

IV.

Quick came a burst of tears—
A tempest from an April sky—
And then "forgive my doubts and fears!"
He heard her cry,
"Why should I care what loves be past?
So mine be last."

Prussian Ledder.

If there is a merchant in New Orleans who can sell goods at any price he chooses to fix on them, Rube Hoffenstein, who keeps a clothing and shoe store on Poydras street, is the man.

A few days ago a customer entered his establishment and inquired:—

'Have you any low quarter gaiters?'

'Certainly, my friend. I haf any style you wish, and someding dat vas neat. Now here vas a pair of gaiters vat is made of Prussian ledder, de best kind dat was known, and I dinks dey vill suit you. Suppose you try dem on.'

'All right,' replied the customer.

'Vait, my frent, and I'll put a leedle bowder in. Now try dem. Ah! vat petter shoe you vant dan dat! It fits shust as if somebody takes your measure.'

'It's too tight across the instep, said the customer, rubbing the spot with his fingers.'

'It vill stretch, my dear sir,' replied Hoffenstein persuasively, 'dat ledder vas made expressly for stredtching.'

'But the shoe pinches my toes, also.'

'Dot is noding; it vill go vay de first time it gets vet. You don't vant to buy a pair of shoes more as dree sizes too big, and go around the ladies mit your feet looking like a couple of railroad scrapers. It vould be a shame, you know.'

'What do you ask for the shoes?'

'Only seex dollars.'

'Jerusalem! That's too much.'

'Vell, my dear sir, you must recollect dat dem shoes vas made of Prussian ledder, and ledder dere vas scarce. My uncle dat lifs dere write me last veek und said dat ledder vas so scarce dey don't make harness mit it any longer. All de harness dere is now made of wool."

'I tell you what I'll do,' said the customer, examining the shoe closely, 'I'll give you four dollars.'

My g-r-r-acious! A Prussian ledder shoe for four dollars ven it costs me more as five dollars and fifty cents laid at the depot down, und de profit on dem don't pay for the gas. My g r r acious, vat's de matter mit de people?'

'Well, I'm not going to give $6 for those shoes,' said the customer, moving toward the door, 'they are not worth it.'

'Vell, my frent, take them along for $4, und call around again some oder day.'

The customer paid for the shoes and taking his parcel left the store.

'Herman,' inquired Hoffenstein of his clerk, 'vat vas the cost price of dem split horse ledder shoes I shust sold de shentleman?'

'Von dollar und a half, sir.'

'My g-r-r-acious, Herman, dink how small de profit vas. If pinness, you know, Herman, don't get better it will break all de store up.'

Funny Old Story.

Tom Marshall engaged in the trial of a case in the interior of Kentucky, when a decision of the judge struck him so bad that he rose and said:

"There never was such a ruling as that since Pontius Pilate presided on the trial of Christ."

"Mr. Clerk," responded the judge, "fine Mr. Marshall $10 for contempt of court."

"I confess your honor," continued Tom, "that what I said was a little hard on Pontius Pilate, but it is the first time in the history of Kentucky jurisprudence that it is held that to speak disrespectfully of Pontius Pilate is contempt of court."

"Mr. Clerk make the fine $20 for a continuous contempt," said the judge solemnly.

"Well Judge," Tom added, "as you won all my money last night at poker, lend me the twenty."

"Mr. Clerk," cried the judge hastily, "remit the fine. The State can afford to lose the money better than I can."

"I congratulate the court on its return to a sane condition," said Tom resuming his seat amid roars of laughter.