

He left a load of anthracite in front of poor woman's door. When the deep snow, frozen white, wrapped street and square, mountain and moor.

A Dainty Cradle.

We recently saw a dainty bed for a child, made as follows: The foundation was a simple little iron bedstead. This had been painted a perfect golden color with gilt paint which comes for coloring gilt picture frames.

The lettering was in blue and gold, with a wreath and harp of gold below the verse. Around the bottom of the bed was a fringe of the linen, bordered by a blue stitching and embroidered in flowers. The whole effect was very charming.

Singular Property of the Tomato.

M. Leroy, of the society of Horticulture, writes: His peach orchard, the trees having just begun to bud, were invaded by insects. The idea occurred to him, having just seen some tomatoes, to put the leaves around the trunks and branches to keep off the sun. He says: "My surprise was great to find on the following day the trees entirely free from their invaders. Wishing to carry the experiment further I steeped in water some of the fresh leaves of the tomato, and sprinkled with this infusion other plants, roses, etc. In two days they were free. I therefore, deem it a duty to make known this singular and useful property of the tomato leaves found by the merest accident."

Be Contented.

Reader, a word in your ear. Have you a home? Stay there, lest you find a worse place. Have you a situation? Keep it, lest you should not find another. Is the weather warm? Put up with it, lest you should get into a hotter place. Have you a little of this world's goods, and think you can do better elsewhere? Be contented lest you get into a place where they will rob you of what little you have. The key to happiness, leaving Christianity out of the question, is to be contented with what you have, and can honestly get, be that much or little.

Song of the Western Union.

Never mind the wire-fare.

After a bill is settled you can enjoy the rest that follows payin'.

A poker party—The ragpicker. The dentist's motto—Too thin.

A young man biting his mustache is a case of "down in the mouth."

Soap was first mentioned by Pliny, which proves that it is an historical lie.

When people are compelled to use snuff, they certainly are put to the pinch.

Two young women who eloped with an unknown man was reported as Mr. iously missing.

The physician is a sympathetic man. Whenever he touches the pulse of an invalid, he feels sick also.

A contemporary asserts that the latest thing out is a bad husband. What about the gas in his wife's room.

An unpopular tutor—"The tooter on the clarinet. A vest as is a vest—The harvest. Early rye-seeds—Poppers.

Modern Song of the shirt. "Rip, rip, rip, band and gusset and seam. Rip, rip, rip, confound the sewing machine."

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.

The grave is a very small hillock but we can see farther from it than from the highest mountain in all the world.

When you fret and fume at the pretty life of life, remember that the wheels which go round without ceasing last longest.

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dress there is in our composition.

The tailor's apprentice, when commencing his trade, finds there is truth in the text that "What a man sews he will also rip."

The hope of our national perpetuity rests upon the individual freedom which shall forever keep up the circuit of perpetual change.

We do not have great trials and sharp agonies and heroic works to do every day. It is very small strokes that make the diamond shine.

A stranger in Boston, seeing the place of public resort full of young men, night after night, asked if this was the land of midnight son.

A magazine only differs from a sword in this wise. With one you generally have to cut its leaves while the other generally leaves its cuts.

The poor man wishes to conceal his poverty, and the rich man his wealth: the former fears lest he be despised, the latter lest he be plundered.

These two things, contradictory, as they may seem, must go together—manly dependence and manly independence, manly reliance and manly self-reliance.

The crowning fortune of a man is to be borne to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness—whether it be to make baskets, or broadsword, or candles, or statues or songs.

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 IX. No. 10.

ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPT. 6, 1888.

Whole No. 427.

ACTON BANKING CO'Y., STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO., BANKERS.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES. Notes Discounted and Interest allowed on Deposits.

New Wall Paper, New Borders, New Window Shades, New Vases, New Toy Goods,

All for the Present Trade. Fix up your Homes for Exhibition Week, and get the Goods to furnish your Rooms

AT DAY'S BOOKSTORE, GUELPH.

Day Sells Cheap.

A SPLENDID NEW STOCK IN EVERY LINE.

LADIES' & GENTS' GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES.

A LARGE STOCK OF ELECTRO PLATE.

JUST RECEIVED— ALL NEW STYLES.

Big Bargains in Spectacles and Eye-Glasses.

WM. S. SMITH, The Watch and Clock House of Guelph.

Quelph Cloth Hall

OUR SCOTCH TWEED FALL SUITINGS

Have now all arrived, and orders for Suits are respectfully solicited.

SHAW & GRUNDY, MERCHANT TAILORS, GUELPH.

CAUTION. EACH PLUG OF THE MYRTLE NAVY IS MARKED

T. & B. IN BRONZE LETTERS.

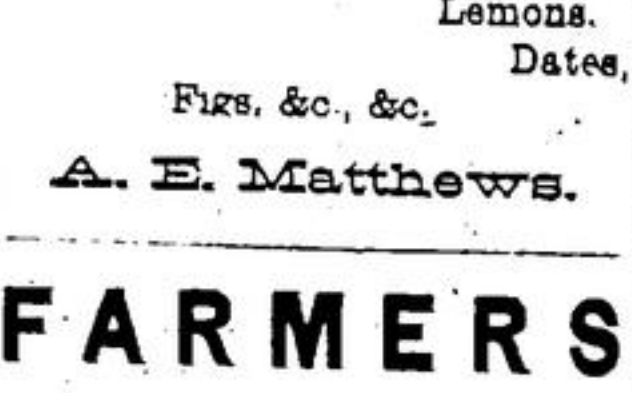
None Other Genuine.

JUST RECEIVED AT THE Arctic Ice Cream Parlor And Fruit Depot, A CHOICE LOT OF—

PEACHES, Bartlett Pears, New Apples, Ripe Tomatoes, Muskmelons, Watermelons, Lemons, Dates, Figs, &c., &c.

A. E. Matthews.

FARMERS AND Railway Men!



Patent Dust-Proof Case, With Waltham Movement.

B. SAVAGE, GUELPH.

THE OLDEST DRUG STORE IN GUELPH.

HICINBOTHAM'S Cholera Preventative, Never known to fail.

A sure cure for Cholera, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Griping Pains in the Stomach, Spasms, etc. Every house should have a bottle on hand. Prepared only by

W. C. SMITH & CO. Best American and Canadian Coal Oil, at lowest prices. Bring along your 5 gallon cans and have them filled before the price advances. The combination has forced up the price, but we have bought largely beforehand, and will give our customers the benefit.

All kinds of Machine Oil always on hand.

W. C. SMITH & CO., Dispensing Chemists, Hicinhobtham's Block, Guelph.

No. 12, Wyndham St.

Acton Free Press. THURSDAY MORNING SEPT. 6, 1888.

POETRY

A JUNE THOUGHT.

One by one the petals fall, As I ponder, In this lovely month of June, When I wander,

O'er the orchard's pink and white, Filled with perfume; Type of heaven's purest joy, In each blossom's bloom.

But I know the germ remains; Like snowed wheat, For a bounteous harvest, Bounteous and sweet.

Unless like words of wisdom, On life's great sea; The worms and blight-like cater, Enter the tree.

Then like the judgment seat, The harvest comes, The beautiful ripe fruit, With blenish tints.

Unlike the June time petals, Is thrown away; For the wind's wings waited them, To so decay.

While they shed their perfume sweet, In purity; Knowing the true must ever Unguarded be.

OUR STORY.

NOBLE JOHN BRISBEN.

Col. John W. Symonds, in the Detroit Free Press, says the Governor pardoned John Brisben, a penitentiary convict, today. He was sent up from Bourbon for fifteen years for forgery, and had ten years yet to serve. Our readers are familiar with the history of this case, and the humane action of his Excellency will be commended.—Frankfort (K.Y.) Freeman.

I read this little paragraph, and my mind went back six years. I knew John Brisben, and I also knew his twin brother Joseph. I was familiar with details of the action that placed John Brisben in a felon's cell, and now when the said affair is brought back to my mind so vividly I must write it out, for never before have I met, in prose or poetry, in real life or in romance, a greater hero than plain, matter-of-fact John Brisben.

The Brisbens came of good stock. I think the great-grandfather of my hero emigrated to Kentucky when Kenton's nation, between the present city of Mayville and the historic old town of Washington was the principal settlement on the "dark and bloody ground." He came from upper Pennsylvania and located about five miles from the Ohio river, on Limestone creek. He was an industrious, strong-limbed, iron-hearted old fellow, and in a few years his surroundings were of the most comfortable description. One of his sons, Edwin Brisben, once represented Kentucky in the Federal Congress. I think he was the grandfather of John and Joseph Brisben.

Their father's name was Samuel, and he died when they were little children, leaving his wife an excellent blue-glass farm and a snug little fortune in stocks, bonds and mortgages. The widow remained unmarried until her death. Mrs. Samuel Brisben was a good woman, and the idyllic her twin boys. Like most twins, the brothers resembled each other in a striking manner, and even intimate acquaintances could not tell them apart. But although the physical resemblance was so strong, there was great dissimilarity in the dispositions of the twins. Joseph Brisben was very sunny and more, sometimes cunning and revengeful. He was withal a dreamer and enthusiast; a man well learned in books, a brilliant, frothy talker when he chose to be sociable (which was seldom), a splendid horseman and a most excellent shot. John Brisben, on the contrary, was cheerful and bright, honorable and forgiving. He was a man of high moral principle, intensely practical and methodical, cared little for books, and although he said but little was a splendid companion. He was a poor horseman, and I don't think he ever shot a gun in his life. He saw nothing of the poetry of life, and as for sport, he enjoyed himself only when hard at work. He loved his brother, and when they were boys together suffered punishment many times, and uncomplainingly, that "Jodie" might go out free. His life was therefore a constant sacrifice, but the object of this loving adoration made but shabby returns for his unselfish devotion.

They were 20 years old when their mother died very suddenly. Joseph made a great pretense of grief, and was so hysterical at the grave that he had to be led away.

John, on the contrary, never demonstrative, took great affliction with his customary coolness. He said but little, and shed no tears.

The property left to the boys was considerable. The day they were 21 years old, the trustees met and made settlement. There was the blue-glass farm, valued at \$50,000, and \$100,000 in well-invested securities, which could be turned into money. Joseph demanded a division.

"Let him take the farm, Jack," he said. "I was never out but for a farmer. Give me \$75,000 in money for my share."

So this sort of division was made. John continued on at the homestead, working in

his plain, methodical way, and slowly adding to his share of the money what he could raise out of the profits of the farm. Joseph, with his newly-acquired wealth, set up an establishment at the nearest town, and began a life of pleasure of the grosser sort. His brother gave him no advice, for he knew it was useless. Joseph spent his money with great prodigality, and before he knew it he was a beggar. In the meantime, John's \$25,000 had doubled itself. One day Joseph came to him with a full confession of his pecuniary troubles.

"Jack," he said, "I am not only a beggar, but I am heavily in debt. Help me out, like a good fellow, and I will settle down and begin life in sober earnest. With my capacity for business, I can soon make money enough to repay you. I have sown my wild oats, and with a little help I can soon recover all that I have squandered so foolishly."

For an answer, John Brisben placed his name to the order for the \$25,000 he had earned so laboriously.

"Will that be enough, Jodie?" he asked, "because I have as much more which you can have, if it is necessary."

"This will be sufficient, old fellow," was the reply. "In two years I will pay it back."

He went back to town, drew his money, paid his debts, sold some of his horses and discharged several of his servants. Twenty thousand dollars was left out of the loan. He invested this in business, and for a while seemed to have really reformed. John was encouraged to say:

"Jodie will come out all right. He is smarter than I, and in five years will be worth more than I could make in a lifetime."

In less than three years Joseph Brisben's affairs were in the hands of his creditors, and Squire's officers closed out his business. Again he turned to his brother for help and sympathy.

"I own that I managed a trifle carelessly," he said by way of explanation. "Experience is a dear teacher, and the lesson I have learned I shall never forget. If you come to my assistance now I can soon recover myself."

Once more John Brisben placed his name to a check payable to the order of his brother, and Joseph entered into business again. In two years he was a bankrupt.

"I shall never succeed in business, Jack," he said. "Help me out of this trouble, and I will live with you on the farm. I shall succeed as a farmer."

It took all of John Brisben's hoard to pay his brother's debts, but he made no complaint, uttered no reproach. He said: "I am glad you are coming back to the farm, Jodie. You need no work, and we will be very happy together."

So Joseph took up his residence at the farm, and remembering his brother's words, devoted his time principally to hunting, fishing and riding about the country.

In the meantime, John Brisben had fallen in love, and the daughter of a neighboring farmer, Compton by name, was his promised wife. Being a man of strict honor himself, having full confidence in his brother, he did not object when Joseph began to pay his affianced very marked attention.

"I am glad he likes her," he thought. "I am so busy of the farm that I have little time for pleasure, and Alice is just fond of amusement."

One night Joseph came to him just as the shadows of the evening were beginning to fall. There was a triumphant ring in his voice as he spoke.

"Jack, old boy," he said, holding out his hand, "congratulate me. I think that from to-day I can date the beginning of a new life. Alice Compton has promised to be my wife."

He was too much engrossed with his new happiness to see the effect of this announcement as portrayed on John's face. He did not notice how the strong man's hand trembled in his own.

"Is it true?" faltered John at last.

"Why, of course it is. Are you not glad? We love each other and shall be very happy," repeated John, mechanically, and all the sunshine of his life shone behind the heavy clouds of despair. "Yes, Jodie, I am glad, and I wish you long years of happiness."

He turned away, and staggered, rather than walked, to his own room. He did not stir all night. Once a deep, sobbing groan struggled to his lips, and the moonbeams struggling through the window fell full upon his face, and his pale cheeks. He brushed away this evidence of weakness and sorrow, and when the morning came, no one looking into his calm, serene eyes, would have guessed how hard was the battle that had been fought and won in that lonely chamber.

They were married, and the man rejected by the bride and supplanted by the groom was the first to congratulate the newly-married pair. A vacant house on the farm was fitted up for their reception, and John Brisben's money paid for the furnishing.

"Hereafter, Jodie," he said, "we will divide the profits of the farm. I don't need much, and you shall have the larger share."

Ten years passed away, and John Brisben, an old man before this time, still worked from dawn till dark that his brother might play the gentleman and keep in comfort the large family which the years had drawn around him. It had been necessary to mortgage the old homestead to raise money to pay Joseph's gambling

debts, for of late years he had played heavily, and had invariably lost.

One day—it was in the summer of 1871—a forged check was presented at one of the banks of the shire town, by Joseph Brisben, and the money for which it called was unhesitatingly paid over to him. He was under the influence of liquor at the time, and deeply interested in a game of cards for high stakes, which was in progress. The check was for \$2,500, I think. Before daylight the next morning he had lost every dollar of it. To drown his chagrin he became heavily drunk, and while in this condition an officer arrived and apprehended him for forgery and uttering a forged check. The prisoner was confined to jail, and word of his disgrace sent to John Brisben. The latter read the message, and a mist came over his eyes. He groaned suddenly, and but for a strong effort would have fallen to the floor, so weak was he by the shock.

"She must not know it," he said to himself, and he made instant preparations to visit his brother. When he reached the jail he was admitted to the cell of the wretched criminal. The brothers remained together several hours. What passed during the interview will never be known. When John Brisben emerged from the jail he went straight to the magistrate who had issued the warrant for the apprehension of Joseph Brisben.

"Squire," he said, in his slow, hesitating way, "you have made a mistake."

"In what way, Mr. Brisben?" asked the magistrate, who had a high regard for his visitor.

"You have caused the arrest of an innocent man."

"But—" began the magistrate.

"Issue an order for my brother's instant release. He is innocent of the intent to do wrong. I am the guilty man. I forged the name of Charles Ellison to the check which was uttered. He did not know that it was a forgery."

"You?" cried the magistrate. "You a forger—impossible."

"Nothing is impossible in these days," said the white-haired old man sternly; "I alone am guilty. My brother is innocent."

So stoutly did he aver that he was the forger, that the magistrate reluctantly issued a warrant for his arrest, and at the same time wrote an order for the release of Joseph Brisben.

"My constable will be in soon," said the magistrate; but the old hero picked up both the papers.

"I will not trouble him," he said; "I will execute both papers."

And he did. Handing the jailer both papers he explained their meaning thus: "They have made a mistake. It is I who am to be your prisoner. My brother is innocent."

Accordingly Joseph Brisben was released and returned to the farm. John remained at jail a prisoner. When the extraordinary affair became known, several prominent citizens offered to go the accused man's bond, but he would not accept their kind offices. At the trial he pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment at hard labor in the penitentiary. Joseph came to see him before he was removed to Frankport, but their interview was a private one.

Joseph Brisben remained at the farm, but he was a changed man. From the day of his release from jail down to the time of his death, he was never known to touch a card, and a drop of liquor never passed his lips. Last April he died, and his confession, duly sworn to before the justice of the peace, was made public after his burial. In substance it was thus: That he was guilty of the forgery, for which his heroic brother was suffering a long imprisonment.

"It was my brother's wish, not mine," reads the document. "He insisted that he, who had no ties of blood or marriage, could better suffer the punishment and disgrace than I, who had dependent upon me a large family."

Noble John Brisben! Of such stuff are heroes made.

Wise Words.

True wisdom, in general, consists in energetic determination.

Some men, like pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light.

In every large community there is always a certain amount of human sediment.

Nature never sends a great man into the planet without confiding the secret to another soul.

Let a man learn that everything in nature, even motes and feathers, goes by law and not by luck, and that what he sows he reaps.

Sober sense, self-possession and intelligent self-control are the safeguards of head and heart, and make a beautiful temple for the soul.

To discover a truth and to separate it from a falsehood is an occupation worthy of the best intellect, and not unworthy of the best heart.

Privately, under whatever form it appears takes from attention its strength, from thought its originality, from feeling its earnestness.

The more earnest a person is in his own views, the more confirmed in the rightness of his cause, the more convinced he is that every one else is wrong. It takes an exceptionally clear brain, with a rare sense of justice, to allow that others occupy the same standpoint as his own, that have the same right to think themselves as true.