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Diamond Eyes, the best and cheapest in the market. W. G. SMITH & CO., Dispensing Chemists, Guelph, 10th Dec., '83.

Acton Free Press. THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 1, 1884.

POETRY THE BABY'S PRAYER. She knits with her sweet hands folded, Her fair little head bowed low.

OUR STORY. A SLIGHT MISTAKE. Gray and ice-cold twilight had darkened over the Stone Tower, until the ruddy glow of the fire became insufficient to dispel the creeping shadows.

At least half a head taller than we are. And there is no time to lose!" Bess drew a deep sigh and obeyed.

What shall I do?" said Bess. "Oh, I know! I'll try on the garnet silk dress and fancy I'm a grown-up young lady going to a ball!"

"What do you mean?" cried Bess, all in a panic. "Go away, at once!"

"I called to see if the young ladies—" Bess waited to hear no more. Vague ideas of pedlars, tramps, burglars, midnight assassins, floated through her brain.

Which was rather hard on Ada and Nannie, who were nineteen and seventeen, and had their pretty heads full of vague visions of love and letters.

"But stop a minute!" pleaded a stifled voice from the other side of the door. "There's a mistake. I wish—"

Which for last, he understood, were entirely a fiction of Miss Bess's imagination.

"I shall be sixteen in nine months," urged Bess. "And I'm almost as tall as you and Nan. And I never, never was at a grown-up party in my whole life!"

"But Miss Baird is always asleep in the evening!" whimpered Bess. "So much the better for you!" pronounced Nan. "And you can look after the house."

would have done credit to a Bory O'Moro himself. Thus backed up, Bess drew the bolt, unlocked the door, and called in stern accents to the wog-wogged victim.

For one dread second there was silence, and then they all burst into a peal of contagious laughter, which broke up all ceremony at once, and rendered them all excellent friends.

Mr. Sinclair, with the tall waiter, the revolvers and the blackboard stick, departed; and Bess, with a little of Nan's amateur assistance, served up an impromptu supper of bread and toasted cheese, which was pronounced a decided success.

The next day commenced the packing for removal. Eliza was to remain in the Stone Tower until Miss Baird's convalescence, and the three girls returned to New York with Mr. Safford.

"On the contrary," said the shrewd Ada, "as the season advanced, I do believe he likes Bess the best of us all, or he would so if she wasn't such a child."

"Because, you know, my dear sisters, I'm not a grown-up woman yet," says Bess. "On the contrary, I'm 'only a child!'"

A good deal of attention had of late been called to the question of canned goods of different kinds. This is not to be wondered at, seeing that a considerable number of cases of poisoning have resulted from their use.

She can sharpen a lead-pencil, if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils.

"Enquire Within." A man left a bony steed on the street, and coming back, a short time afterward, discovered that a funny youth had placed a speck against the steed's ribs, bearing the notice: "Oats wanted—enquire within!"

Will a harvest yield abundantly? To be held— Thirty some, and sixty some, and some A hundred-fold.

Everywhere the hand may scatter Seed there; For thou knowest not which shall prosper This or that.

Faithful servants of the Master, Labor on, Trusting in the Saviour's promise Sure and strong.

I will never, never leave thee, I am high; To my Home I'll safely bring thee By-and-by.

Old-Fashioned Mothers. Thank God, some of us have old-fashioned mothers. Not a woman of the period, enameled and painted, with her great chin.

Jeweled hands never felt the clasp of baby fingers; but a dear old-fashioned, sweet-toothed mother, with eyes in whose clear depths the love-light shone, and brown hair, just threaded with silver, lying smooth upon the faded cheek.

Blessed is the memory of an old-fashioned mother. It floats to us now, like the beautiful perfume from some wooded blossoms. The music of other voices may be lost, but the entrancing memory of hers will echo in our souls forever.

Editors Pass Free. An exchange sets forth the benefits of the editorial profession as follows: One of the beauties of an editor's life is his dead beating it. No one who never feasted on the sweets of that bliss can begin to take in the glory of his happiness.

A Barrel Post-Office. Hunt up on your map the Straits of Magellan; look at the mountains hanging over; imagine the point of rock that leans the farthest out, and think of a barrel hung by a heavy chain swinging there.

Served Him Right! "Don't you think she's pretty?" said the mother to the father, as she stroked the baby's silken hair.

"Ann, dear, if I attempt to spell Cupid, why cannot I get beyond the first syllable?" "I don't know, indeed, Joe; why not?" "When I come to c, v, of course I stopped, go any farther."