

# The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XL--NO. 27.

ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1885.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

**The Acton Free Press**  
—IN PUBLISHED—  
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.  
—AT THE—  
FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE,  
ACTON, ONTARIO.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**  
ONE YEAR.....\$1.00. SIX MONTHS.....50 CTS.  
THREE MONTHS.....25 CTS.  
Invariably in advance. If not changed in advance (25) per year will be charged. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

**ADVERTISING RATES.**  
SPACE..... 1 IN 10 MO. 13 MO. 1 MO.  
One Column.....\$30.00 \$25.00 \$20.00 \$15.00  
Half Column.....\$15.00 \$12.50 \$10.00 \$7.50  
Quarter Column.....\$7.50 \$6.25 \$5.00 \$3.75

General advertisements 8 cents per line for the first insertion, and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion, cash. The number of lines reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.  
Advertisements, without specific directions, will be inserted till terminated by the advertiser. Transitory advertisements must be paid in advance.  
Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 9 a.m. on Monday, otherwise they will be left over until the following week.  
H. P. MOORE,  
Editor and Proprietor.

**Business Directory.**

**W. H. LOWRY, M. B., M. C. P. S.**  
—Dentist, Georgetown, Ontario.  
Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence—At the head of Frederick Street, Acton.

**C. E. STACEY, M.D., C.M.** Fellow of the Trinity Medical School, Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office—Mill Street, late Dr. Webster's office.

**L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST.**  
Georgetown, Ontario.

**A. C. MCKINLAY, L.D.S., Surgeon Dentist.** Georgetown, Ontario. Uses the new system of Nitrous Oxide Gas (commonly called Vitallized Air) for extracting teeth without pain. Having been Demonstrator and Practical Teacher in Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto, patients may depend upon receiving satisfaction in all operations performed. Will visit Acton every other Wednesday of each month. Office—Acheson's Hotel.

**PAINLESS DENTAL OPERATIONS.**  
Vitalized Air, or Nitrous Oxide Gas, for Painless Dental Operations, at the office of  
**C. B. HAYES, L. D. S.**  
Tovell's Block, Guelph, Ont.  
Upper Wyndham Street.

**RIGGS & IVORY, DENTISTS.** South East Corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, Ontario. Finest and best teeth, \$5 to \$8. Gold Fillings one-third rates. Leave orders for teeth in the morning, can have them the same day. We have been administering Hord's Vitalized Air for the painless extracting of teeth during the past year, regardless of what others may say.

**JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.** Toronto—Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Office—In Kenny Bros. boot and shoe store, residence in the rear. Horses examined as to soundness, and certificates given. All calls, night or day, promptly attended to. Terms easy.

**M. McLEAN & McMillan.**  
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. \$2 Private Funds to Loan. Office—Town Hall, Acton.  
**W. A. McLEAN, H. McMillan.**

**SHILTON, ALLEN & BAIRD.**  
Barristers, Solicitors, &c., Toronto and Georgetown. Office—Greenman's Block, Georgetown, and 86 King Street East, Toronto.  
**W. T. ALLEN, J. SHILTON, B.A., J. BAIRD, B.A.**

**BAIN, LAIDLAW & CO.,**  
BARRISTERS & SOLICITORS.  
Office—Over Imperial Bank, 24 Wellington Street East; Entrance, Exchange Alley, Toronto.  
JOHN BAIN, Q. C. C. A. M. MURRAY,  
WILLIAM LAIDLAW, GEORGE KAPPEL.

**PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS.**  
**HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA.**  
20 Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

**W. M. HEMSTREET,**  
LICENSED ACCOUNTANT.  
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.

**G. E. KNOWLES & J. A. MURRAY.**  
Licensed Auctioneers for the Counties of Halton and Wellington. Orders left with James Matthews, Acton, will receive strict attention. Terms reasonable.

**JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT.**  
GUELPH, ONT.  
Office—Queen's Hotel Block, Market Square.

**JOHN J. DALEY**  
(Successor to Thompson & Jackson.)  
Money to Loan on Farm Property at 6 per cent. Mortgages purchased, Money loaned for parties in Mortgages and other security. Conveyancing in all its branches properly and neatly done. Charges low. Farms and City property for sale. List with farms for sale sent to all parts of the Dominion to intending purchasers, and circulated in Europe. European capitalists waiting farms in Ontario will be sent descriptions through our European agencies. Farms wanted for our lists. Correspondence invited. Office near the Post Office, Guelph, Ont.

**HANLAN, BARBER SHOP.**  
J. P. WORDEN  
Has opened a Barber Shop in the building formerly occupied by Storey's old Glove Factory, Mill Street, Acton, and solicits the patronage of the public in this vicinity. Every department of the business will be conducted in first-class style. Give us a call.  
J. H. WORDEN.

**ACTON BANKING CO'Y.,**  
**STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO.,**  
—BANKERS—  
Acton, Ontario.

**GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.**

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

**J. E. MCGARVIN'S**  
**SPECIAL AGENCY.**  
Acton - Ont.

**Bell Telephone Company**  
Messages received and transmitted at lower rates than telegraphing.

**ALLAN LINE STEAMSHIPS**  
Tickets issued to all points of Great Britain and the Continent at very lowest rates. Buy the tickets here if sending for friends.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC R. R.**  
The Cheapest and Best route to all points East and West. See Time Tables.

**Money Saved by Dealing With J. E. MCGARVIN.**  
ACTON, ONTARIO.

**Wellington Marble Works.**  
QUEBEC ST. GUELPH.

**John H. Hamilton**  
PROPRIETOR,  
(Formerly McQuillan & Hamilton)  
Dealer in Marble, Granite and everything pertaining to Cemetery work.

Received first prizes at Provincial Exhibition Guelph, the Western Fair and all local exhibitions for excellence of material and superiority of workmanship. Your orders are solicited.

**Lumber, Shingles, AND LATH.**  
The undersigned desires to inform the public that he has now on hand and will keep in stock a full line of Pine and Hemlock, as well as other kinds of Lumber, also, First and Second class Fine Shingles & Lath.

**Coal & Wood.**  
Having purchased the Coal business of Mr. C. S. Smith, I am prepared to supply all kinds of Steer Coal. I have also a good stock of Wood—Hardwood, Ash, Cedar and Mill Woods, as well as reasonable prices. Wood and Coal delivered.

**PLANING MILL.**  
HAYING made arrangements with Messrs. W. H. Storey & Son for the continuance of the Planing Mill in the building formerly occupied by the Acton Elevator Company, we would inform the public that we are prepared to take

**CONTRACTS FOR BUILDING**  
—ALSO—  
DRESSING FLOORING, SHRETTING MOULDING, &c.  
WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

**PUMPS! RUMPS!**  
In connection with the above we are also prepared to receive orders for pumps. From long experience in the business we feel confident that we can supply an article second to none. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. Kindly soliciting a share of public patronage, we are respectfully yours,  
**THOS. EBBAGE, Manager**

**BUSINESS COLLEGE**  
GUELPH, ONTARIO.

**THE SECOND SCHOLASTIC YEAR**  
commenced September 1st. Each department is in charge of a specialist. To impart a practical training for the efficient conduct of business affairs is the sphere and work of the institution. Its graduates are already holding responsible positions in the commercial centres of the Dominion. Energetic young men and women are thoroughly prepared for positions as Book-keepers, Short-hand Writers, Correspondents, and Telegraph Operators. Students received at any time. For circulars and catalogue, giving full information, address  
**M. McCORMICK,**  
Principal.

**MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,**  
—OF THE—  
COUNTY OF WELLINGTON  
ESTABLISHED 1810.

**HEAD OFFICE - GUELPH.**  
Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories, and all other descriptions of property, on the Premium Note System.

**F. W. Stone, Chas. Davidson,**  
President, Secretary.

**JOHN TAYLOR, Agent.**

**FRANCIS NUNAN,**  
(Successor to T. F. Chapman, BOOKBINDER,  
St. George's Square, Guelph, Ontario.)  
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruled neatly and promptly done.

**CHEAP AND GOOD SLEIGHS**  
—AT—  
**DAY'S BOOKSTORE.**

Well-made, well-painted sleds, 65c., for 40c. Extra large, three bench, handsome, \$1.35, for 85c.

The \$1.75 Clipper for \$1.20; the \$1.50 Clipper for 90c.  
The \$1.00 Clipper for 60c.

Baby Sled, fine box, handles, carpeted, \$1.50, for \$1.  
Baby Sled, large roomy box carpet handles, \$3, for \$2.

**The Best Value**  
**The Best Assortment**  
Call and Examine for Yourself

**DAY'S BOOKSTORE**  
GUELPH.

**Day Sells Cheap.**

**EXCELSIOR BAKERY,**  
ACTON.

HAVING purchased the above Bakery from Mr. D. MANS. I hope to give satisfaction to the numerous customers who patronize it.

Thanking them for past favors, I will endeavor to attend to customers promptly and obligingly, and trust that they will all extend to us their patronage.  
I use nothing but the best Roller Flour, and keep it in stock.

**Fresh Bread, Buns, &c. every day.**  
Also Steam Bread.  
Cakes of all kinds,  
New York Tea Biscuits,  
Soda and Oatmeal Scones,  
on hand or made to order at shortest notice

**Wedding Cakes a specialty.**  
Biscuits and Confectionery of all kinds,  
Lemon Sugar, Ginger Snaps, Boston Mixed Cakes, Wholesale Flour.

**Butter and Eggs taken in Exchange for Bread at Market Prices.**

**Mrs. T. Statham.**

**HILL'S**  
**Tin & Stove Depot.**

**GOOD ASSORTMENT OF STOVES**  
CHEAP FOR CASH.

**TINWARE OF ALL KINDS AT**  
BOTTOM PRICES.

**Eavetroughing a Specialty,**  
AND PUT UP ON SHORTEST NOTICE.

**FIRST CLASS MATERIAL ONLY**  
USED.  
A CALL SOLICITED.

**GUELPH CLOTH HALL.**

**MCRAES**  
**UNDERCLOTHING**

**Men's Shirts and Drawers,**  
all sizes,  
**Boys' Shirts and Drawers,**  
all sizes,  
**Children's Combination Sets**  
all sizes.

**SHAW & CRUNDY**  
Merchant Tailors, Guelph.

**The Acton Free Press.**  
THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 31, 1885.

**POETRY**  
**THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.**

Yes, the old year is dying,  
See his winding-sheet of snow!  
And the midnight winds are singing  
Their return of woe.  
His eye has lost its brightness,  
It is dim, his lips are cold,  
And his footstep all its lightness,  
And his boisterous once so bold,  
Whining, whining fast away,  
Like the morning glory's beauty,  
In the eve of summer day,  
Now his heart and breath are failing,  
And his hands are almost run,  
And his very cheek is paling,  
And all his beauties fading,  
Like frost-crystals in the sun,  
But what is most surprising,  
Like a Phoenix from the fire,  
From the old year's ashes rising,  
From out this funeral pyre  
Comes a new year, bold and young,  
To claim your due allegiance,  
With his sweet and flattering tongue!

**COMING**  
Coming! coming! almost here,  
The happy New Year is very near;  
Old eighty-five is almost past,  
Long in memory it will last.

**OUR STORY.**  
**NEW YEAR'S EVE.**

It was New Year's Eve, and the snow, which had been falling steadily all day, had ceased. A stinging north-west wind was blowing. The streets were deserted, and most of the houses closed. One, however, and that the most imposing on Front Street, blazed with light, for a ball was being given within.

Before one of the drawing-room windows of this mansion, holding on to the railing, and looking in, was a woman apparently not over twenty-one, and who had once been beautiful. But her form was now attenuated, as if by long sickness, perhaps even hunger, and she was both poorly and thin.

"That is Hetty," she said, in a hushed whisper. "How beautiful she has grown." In her eagerness she rose on tip-toe, holding on to the railing, and lifting her head till her bonnet fell backward.

At that moment a gay, well-remembered air rose from a superb ball within. "Ah! the Beautiful Blue Danube!" she cried. "How I used to love to waltz to it!" She listened, breathlessly, till the last bars of the music had died away. Then the promenade began again.

"If only papa would come this way," she murmured. "He will never forgive me, I know, but I will never speak to me again; but if I could only see his dear face, only once—"

"Hillo, there!" cried a rough voice beside her, and a policeman's hand was laid on her shoulder. "None of this. Move on, move on!"

She shrank as if polluted, and fled frightened from the big, burly policeman. But she went no farther than around the corner. There, leaning behind a tree, she watched till he had disappeared on his beat, and then stealthily crept back to the window.

"Dear Hetty," she said, as a slender, graceful girl again approached the window, escorted by a cavalier, who bent down to listen to her in a way that told a vocabulary of love and adoration, "the glamor is on her, too. God grant she may fare better than I did!"

Helen Fortescue, for that was the way-farer's name, had been a high-spirited, petted, impulsive girl, when, at 18 she fell in love with a plausible, handsome adventurer, who called himself a Count, and whom she clung to and believed in, even after she had been told his real character. Had her mother lived, it might have been different. But Mrs. Fortescue had been dead more than ten years, and poor Helen had grown up, all things to a young girl, a mother's constant, supervising care.

For her husband's father seemed both proud and tyrannical. There was a stormy interview, in which Mr. Fortescue forbade the suitor his young wife; an engagement; a vain appeal by the young wife for forgiveness; a curse, literally like that of the old Hebrews, pronounced on the disobedient child; and then a fainting girl borne off, by terrified servants, to the carriage that had waited for her, and which bore her away, to awake, only too soon, from her dream of love and happiness.

For her husband did not even pretend to take care of her, now that she found she had come to him penniless. A few months after, when the money raised by the sale of her jewels was spent, he brutally deserted her. This happened late out of the way German town, and she shook nearly cost Helen her life. Her baby, born in this hour of two-fold agony, only survived for a little while, and then the poor hopeless girl was utterly desolate; for as long as Helen had something to love she was not wholly miserable. She had supported herself during all these sad months, partly by her needle; but when the tiny child was paid for and the innocent babe laid in its humble grave, she was utterly destitute. Then she began a terrible struggle, a struggle merely for bread to eat. Hundreds of times Helen felt that it would be a blessing if she could die; death would not come; she was too healthy, she had too much vitality, to sink even under the burdens that oppressed her. She lingered at the obscure town, where her infant was buried, as long as she could, clinging to the last that grass-grown hillside where all that was left to her was laid; but subsistence was, from the first, difficult to be earned there, and finally became impossible; and then she set her face homeward, with a sort of desperate feeling, saying: "Let me but see them once again, and then I will lie down and die!"

By what lonely wanderings, through what lungers and sufferings, she fought her way, months after, back to America, who can tell? Yet she did not return because she hoped to be forgiven. No! she knew her father too well for that. But at the end her health began to fail, a hacking cough set in, and the desire grew on her to creep within sight of the old house and lie down and die. Sometimes, in her nights of fever, she thought she might catch a glimpse of Hetty or her father, afar off, they not seeing her. Or perhaps they might brush by her in the street, so that she could touch their garments, unknown to them.

This very day she had reached her native city, penniless, having spent her last dollar in railroad fare. She had seen nothing all day. She knew not where she was to sleep. She had come, instinctively, to the old house; but she dare not enter; all she could do was to look in, hopefully, as she was doing now. "How cold it grows," she said, as her teeth began to chatter, for the wind blew keener than ever. "I feel so tired, too. Oh! if I could only see papa!"

Gradually she grew more and more drowsy; but she did not feel so chilly now; only her limbs seemed to be giving way under her strangely, and her brain got dull and stunned.

"I will rest a while," she said, finally sitting down on the door-step. "Bye-and-bye I shall feel hungry. No wonder I am so tired—I have not slept any, or so little, for so long."

When some time after, the ball began to break up, and the first carriage to arrive, the footman found an insensible figure on the door-step, half lying, half leaning against the railing. The news of so strange an event soon penetrated to the master of the house, usually kind-hearted almost to a fault.

"Bless me!" he cried. "A homeless woman, dead, or dying, did you say? Have her carried to the housekeeper's room. See that everything is done that can be. A beggar alms! That makes no difference. Why, on such a night, I wouldn't turn a dog from the door!"

Helen was being borne in, according to these directions, when the old butler, who had been in the family for years, came bustling along the hall. Changed as she was, he recognized her at once.

"What are you doing?" he cried, in a frightened voice. "Told I carry her in to the housekeeper's room, you say? There must be some mistake. Put her down here," and he pointed to a lounge in the hall.

He was so dazed he hardly knew what he said or did, as the young woman trembled till she fainted in a chair.

A crowd of curious servants and sympathizing guests gathered immediately around the prostrate form, and the noise attracted the attention of Mr. Fortescue, who, with a start, stood in the back drawing-room, receiving the tidings of the departing guest.

"What! James won't let her be carried in?" he cried. "We'll see about this! He's lived with me till he thinks he's master; but this is insupportable!"

As he spoke, he moved toward the hall. Hetty, by some inscrutable instinct, followed, putting her arm in his.

The crowd parted, to make room for their host. The moment Hetty saw that pale, wan face, she recognized her sister.

"Oh, papa! oh, papa! it is Helen!" she cried in a breathless whisper, and bursting into tears, she flung herself on her knees by the couch.

"Helen, dear Helen—don't you know me?" she sobbed. "Oh! she is dead, she is dead!" she cried, almost in a shriek.

For a moment Mr. Fortescue seemed about to stoop and drag Hetty angrily away from her sister. But something in the pale, insensible face reminded him of his dead wife, and he had laid her body just before the coffin was shut on her forever. He turned ashen pale, staggered, and would have fallen, if the butler, who had been watching him anxiously, had not caught him.

"Mr. sir! For God's sake, gentlemen, give him air," cried that functionary. "The child of the keen atmosphere from the open hall door, as the spectators drew away at these words, partially revived Mr. Fortescue. He gasped for breath, looked blankly around and put his hand to his head; then he recalled all.

"Carry her in—take her to her old room," he said, with a choking sob. "Run for the doctor. Ah, Mr. Hunter," as one of the guests, the most eminent practitioner in the city, rose from Helen's side, where he had been feeling her pulse, "I forgot you were here. Only fainting, you say. Thank God! She that was lost is found, unconsciously breaking into the words of Scripture, the tears rolling down his cheeks, his voice shaking; "she that was dead is alive again!"

"Oh, papa!" cried Helen, throwing her arms around her father's neck, "bless you for these words. We shall be—so happy—now—!" She broke down in hysterical sobs.

What more have we to tell? Helen recovered in time all her old health, though never her old vitality. Life had been too hard for that. But she became what was better, a calm, earnest woman, whose ear was ever open to the cry of distress, a daughter who made her father's home happier than it had been, at least since the death of his wife.

For Hetty married and left Helen sole mistress. Helen had recognized her sister walking up and down the rooms as we have seen, and it was then that Hetty had exchanged the vows that were to bind her for life, on that never-to-be-forgotten New Year's Eve.

**THE DIFFERENCE.**  
When you are young, how well you know A little money makes great show.  
Just if it cents will cause you bliss,  
'Tis then a dollar looks like this:  
\$

But when you're old, and bills come due,  
And debts are due, and you are dumb,  
A few cents will cause you miss,  
'Tis then a dollar looks like this:  
\$

By what lonely wanderings, through what lungers and sufferings, she fought her way, months after, back to America, who can tell? Yet she did not return because she hoped to be forgiven. No! she knew her father too well for that. But at the end her health began to fail, a hacking cough set in, and the desire grew on her to creep within sight of the old house and lie down and die. Sometimes, in her nights of fever, she thought she might catch a glimpse of Hetty or her father, afar off, they not seeing her. Or perhaps they might brush by her in the street, so that she could touch their garments, unknown to them.

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**Kisses By Mail.**

A young postmaster of a village post office was hired at work when a gentle tap was heard upon the door, and in stepped a bashful maiden of 10 with a money order which she desired cashed. She handed it to the official with a beautiful smile, who, after closely examining it, handed her the money, it called for. At the same time he asked her if she had read what was written on the margin of the order.

"No, I have not," she replied, for I cannot make it out. Will you please read it for me?"

The young postmaster read as follows: "I send you \$3 and a dozen kisses."

"Glancing at the bashful girl he said: 'Now, I have paid you the money and I suppose you want the kisses.'"

"Yes," she said, "if he has sent me any kisses, I want them, too."

It is hardly necessary to say that the balance of the order was promptly paid, and in a scientific manner at that, and eminently satisfactory to the country maiden, for she went out of the office smacking her lips as if there was a taste upon them she never encountered before.

After she arrived home she remarked to her mother: "Oh, mother, but this post office system of ours is a great thing, developing more and more every year, and each new feature added seems to be the best. Jimmy sent me a dozen kisses along with the money order, and the post-master gave me 20. It beats the special delivery system all hollow!"—U. S. Mail.

**Short Rules for Long Comforts at Home.**  
For New Year's Study.

Put self last.  
Be prompt at every meal.  
Take little annoyances out of the way.  
When good comes to you, one-rejoice.  
When any one suffers speak a word of sympathy.

Tell neither of your own faults nor those of others.  
Have a place for everything, and everything in its place.  
Hide your own troubles, but watch to help others out of theirs.

Take hold of the knob, and shut, without slamming, the door.  
If the door squeaks, apply the drop of oil at the door.

Never interrupt any conversation, but watch patiently your turn to speak.  
Look for beauty in everything, and take a cheerful view of every event.  
Carefully clean the snow and mud from your feet in entering the house.

Always speak politely and kindly to servants.  
When inclined to give an angry answer, press your lips together and see the alphabet.

When pained by an unkind word or deed ask yourself: "Have I never done an ill and deserved forgiveness?"

**A Lawyer Silenced.**

The following is a typical reply to a brow-beating lawyer is reported, and was given in a Court of Justice in Liverpool. A poor illiterate woman came forward to prosecute another who had robbed her of some twenty-eight shillings. A lawyer who prided himself on his oratorical powers, and his knowledge of common and statute-law; rose up to cross-examine the poor uneducated daughter of the Green Island, he being engaged to defend the prisoner, when the following dialogue took place: Lawyer—

"Tell me, good woman, what sort of money had you?" Witness—"Eight shillings in silver, and a sovereign in gold." Lawyer (drawing himself up in the full dignity of forensic elevation)—"Now, tell me, good woman, did you ever see a sovereign in anything else but gold?" The poor woman looked the very personification of humility but replied without the least hesitation—

"Oh, yes, your honor, I saw Queen Victoria, God bless her!" Laughter in Court, culminating in an absolute cheer, followed the answer. The lawyer sat down, and was silent afterward for more than half an hour.

**A Friend's Little Joke.**

The omnibuses and tramways of Paris only admit a fixed number of passengers. When the limit is reached, the conductor hangs out a placard bearing the word *Complet*. After this no one is admitted, and it is useless to run after a car or bus. An American, one day, at the commencement of his sojourn in Paris, asked a friend: "What does that word *complet* mean, that I so often see on an omnibus?" "What!" exclaimed the friend, who saw an opening for a joke. "What I do you mean to say you haven't visited it yet?" "Visited what?" "Complet, of course. Why, it is one of the most charming spots in Paris. My dear fellow, you must, by all means, see Complet." The traveller needed no more pressing to make him run and about after every omnibus he saw bearing the sign; but, sad to say, he never caught one.

**The Wisdom of the People.**

Neither praise nor dispraise thyself; thine actions serve the turn.  
He who revealeth his secret maketh himself a slave.  
He who seeketh trouble never misseth it.  
Gamblers is the child of avarice, but the parent of prodigality.

He that speaks doth sow, but he that holds his peace doth reap.  
He that has little knowledge is far more likely to go more than he that has none.  
A man's folly is his worst foe, and his discretion his best friend.

It is no place an' none can make you rich.  
I sing o' the sea, and I bet on the land sea!  
Beggars bend the neck than house the forehead.

**OUT OF THE FASHION:**

A fashionable woman  
In a fashionable gown,  
A fashionable bonnet  
Of a fashionable hue,  
A fashionable mantle  
And a fashionable shawl,  
A fashionable Christian  
In a fashionable town,  
A fashionable prayer-book  
And a fashionable choir,  
A fashionable chapel,  
With a fashionable spire,  
A fashionable preacher  
With a fashionable speech,  
A fashionable sermon  
Made of fashionable trash,