The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—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 paid in advance $1.25 per year will be charged. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 mo.
One Column.....	$60.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
Half Column.....	35.00	20.00	12.00	3.50
Quarter Column.....	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
One Inch.....	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

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H. P. MOORE,
Editor and 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.

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 Street, Acton.

C. E. STACEY, M.D., C.M., graduate of Trinity University, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons.
OFFICE—Campbell's Hotel.

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

A. C. McKINLAY, L. D. S., Surgeon Dentist, Georgetown, Ont., uses the new system of Nitrous Oxide Gas (commonly called Vitalized Air) for extracting teeth without pain. Having been Demonstrator and Practical Teacher in Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto, patrons may depend upon receiving satisfaction in any operations performed. Will visit Acton every other Wednesday of each month. Office—Agnew's Hotel.

J. STIRTON, L. D. S., M. R. C. D. S., Ontario, Honor Graduate Ontario College of Dental Surgery. (Successor to C. B. Hayes, L.D.S.) Artificial teeth inserted on Rubber, Celluloid, Gold or Aluminum, and satisfaction guaranteed. Nitrous Oxide Gas administered. Fees moderate. Appointments made by leteer. Office—Tovell's Block, opposite P. O., Guelph.

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.

JOHNSTON & McLEAN
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. Private Funds to Loan.
OFFICE:—Town Hall, Acton.
L. F. B. JOHNSTON. WM. A. McLEAN.

M. E. MITCHELL,
SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, &c.
OFFICE—First door west of the *Champion* office, Main street, Milton. Money to loan at 6 per cent.

SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,
TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN.
OFFICES—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and 86 King Street East, Toronto.
W. T. ALLAN. J. SHILTON, B.A. J. BAIRD, B.A.

BAIN, LAIDLAW & CO.,
BARRISTERS & SOLICITORS.
OFFICES:—Over Imperial Bank, 24 Wellington Street East; Entrance, Exchange Alley, Toronto.
JOHN BAIN, Q. C. C. A. MASTEN.
WILLIAM LAIDLAW. GEORGE KAPPELE.

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

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.

SURVEYOR.—JOHN DAVIS, Provincial Land Surveyor and C.E., Guelph. Orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended to. Charges moderate. Office—33 Perth St., Guelph.

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 wanting farms in Ontario will be sent directions through our European agencies. Farms wanted for our lists. Correspondence invited. Office near the Post Office Guelph, Ont.

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
MILL STREET, ACTON.
An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good seafoam, an exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.
J. P. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artist.

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

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES.

Notes Discounted and Interest Allowed on Deposits.

GENERAL AGENTS
H. J. McDONALD & CO.,
No. 2, Victoria St., Toronto.
Estate & Insurance Agents

Money to loan at six per cent. Houses rented. Business chances.
Chattle Mortgages, Promissory Notes and other Securities Negotiated. Valuators, &c.
Farms or other properties sold or exchanged.
Call at FREE PRESS Office.

—GUELPH—
BUSINESS COLLEGE
GUELPH, ONTARIO.

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN ARE thoroughly prepared for positions as Bookkeepers, Shorthand-writers, Caligraph or Telegraph Operators. Students have been in attendance from nine Provinces and States within the past year. Our graduates are meeting with marked success in the commercial centres of Canada and the United States. Rates moderate, accommodation excellent; students may enter at any time. For terms, etc., address
M. MACCORMICK,
14-6m Principal.

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 Pine Shingles & Lath.

Coal & Wood.

Having purchased the Coal business of Mr. C. S. Smith, I am prepared to supply all kinds of Stove Coal. I have also a good stock of Wood—Hardwood, Ash, Cedar and Mill Wood, at reasonable prices. Wood and Coal delivered.
JAMES BROWN

MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
—OF THE—
COUNTY OF WELLINGTON.
ESTABLISHED 1840.
HEAD OFFICE, - GUELPH.

Insures Buildings, Merchandize, Manufactories, and all other descriptions of property, on the Premium Note System.

F. W. Stone, President. Chas. Davidson, Secretary.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent.

Fire! Fire! Fire!
Burned Out, But Not Destroyed.

HAVING perfected arrangements for the rebuilding of the
PLANING MILL
at the head of River Street, recently destroyed by fire, and purchased new machinery, we would inform the public that on or about the 1st of May we will be in a better position than ever to supply their wants in the shape of
DRESSING LUMBER, SHEETING, FLOORING, MOULDINGS, &c.
Also in the meantime,
Pumps will be Repaired, and General Jobbing done as usual
Thanking you for past favors and hoping by strict attention to business and reasonable prices to merit an increased share of patronage, we are, respectfully yours,
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

ACTON
Livery & Sale Stables
JOHN STREET, ACTON.

Wm. E. Smith, Proprietor.

MR. SMITH has purchased the Livery business of MR. H. B. McCARTHY, which he has removed to his commodious stables on John Street, in the centre of the business portion of the town. Mr. Smith has had lengthy experience in this business, and feels confident that he can give satisfaction to every patron.

Anyone desiring a **Commercial, Pleasure,** or **Company Rig,** can be supplied with a first-class turnout on the shortest notice.

Horses Boarded and Sold.

Terms reasonable.

WM. E. SMITH.

NEW GOODS
—AT—
DAY'S BOOKSTORE
GUELPH.

25,000 Rolls Wall Paper
100 Sets Lawn Croquet
Car-load Express Waggons

BIG STOCK. LOW PRICES.

Day Sells Cheap.

SUMMER UNDERCLOTHING.

GUELPH
CLOTH HALL.

ALL-WOOL GAUZE,
BALBRIGGAN,
MERINO,
COTTON.

SHAW & CRUNDY
Merchant Tailors, Guelph.

Wellington Marble Works.
QUEBEC ST., GUELPH.
John H. Hamilton,
PROPRIETOR,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Marble, Granite and everything pertaining to Cemetery work. Direct importer of all kinds of Granite and Marble.

Having lately visited the Bay of Fundy granite quarries, and having purchased the entire stock of gray and red granite monuments, headstones, crosses, urns, etc., of Alexander Taylor, at less than cost; I will, until further notice, sell at prices never before known in Ontario. For instance—Granite monuments, 6 ft. high, $60, 7 ft. $75, 8 ft. $90, 9 ft. $100, 10 ft. $120. All work and material warranted first-class. Parties wanting anything in this line will do well to call and see me before purchasing elsewhere, as I guarantee my prices are from 30 to 50 per cent. below all other dealers.

—ACTON—
MEAT MARKET!
Rutledge & Crosson,
BUTCHERS,
Have purchased the business of Mr. R. Holmes, and solicit a share of public patronage.

The members of the firm are practical butchers, and are prepared to ensure their customers thorough satisfaction. There will always be found on hand a full stock of all kinds of meat, &c., in season.

We have settled in Acton to stay, and feel satisfied that by transacting business upon business principles we will win public confidence and support.

Rutledge & Crosson.
Acton, Feb. 9th, 1886.

DON'T READ THIS.

THE undersigned is prepared to furnish on the shortest notice, in any quantity and at bottom prices, first-class
Lumber, Lath, Staves, Heading, Shingles, Wash Tubs, Churns, Butter Tubs, Pork Barrels, Wood.
Also, FLOUR AND FEED, and anything in the line of farmers', housekeepers' or contractors' necessities.
THOS. C. MOORE.

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. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

The Acton Free Press.
THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 24, 1886.

POETRY.

DANIEL'S "NO."

"Eat the king's meat so rich and fine,"
The prince of eunuchs said: "drink wine,
That you may thrive and grow.
The king would have you well compare
With Babylonish youth so fair."
But Daniel answered, "No;

"We cannot drink, we cannot eat,
The idols' wine, the idols' meat;
Not thus we'd thrive and grow.
Bring pulse and water, these are best."
Melzar the king's commandment pressed,
But Daniel answered, "No.

"Try us, my lord, a little while;
Oh! bid us not our souls defile;
And let our faces show
If pulse and water are not best,
When by the God of heaven blest."
And all said firmly, "No."

The servant with the wish complied,
The captives could not be denied;
The food was ordered so.
Jehovah smiled upon the youth,
'Twas a brave witness for the truth
When Daniel answered, "No."

The days went past, the trial days,
And now before the monarch's gaze
The children stood to show
That other youths could not compare
With these so noble, bright, and fair,
Who all had answered, "No."

Learn from the Hebrew captives, then
Be brave, my children, act like men,
And you will manly grow.
When fierce temptations you assail,
Let courage never, never fail—
Like Daniel answer, "No."

OUR STORY.

The Mother's Blessing.

BY MARY E. WHEELER.

"Your home is just beyond that point, is it not, Frank?"

"Yes, captain."

"It is too dark for you to see it."

"Yes; but I shall be able to see the signal."

"What signal, Frank?"

"The light in the window."

"I do not exactly understand you."

"Then I will explain to you, sir. You know that I have been with you seven years. In entering your service, my mother gave me her blessing, and committed me to the care of heaven and yourself. I was seven years of age the day I first sailed with you, and I am fourteen now. Have I ever given you any cause of complaint, sir?"

"Never, Frank. But what of the light in the window?"

"Have you never heard me speak of it before?"

"I have heard you speak of your signal as you rounded this point; but I supposed you referred to your mother's cottage, or to the lights burning in it."

"It was to a light which burned in one particular window."

"How could you distinguish any particular window at this distance?"

"I will tell you, and then you may judge for yourself. When I left home my mother said to me: 'Frank you are now going to sea. Most of your trips will be made from New York to New Orleans and return. When you are homeward bound you will pass that point. If it be daylight you can see our cottage; and if I am alive and well our flag will be waving over it. If it should be dark when you come in sight, you will see a light in the window, for I shall know about the time to look for you, and as soon as darkness comes on the signal shall always be waiting.'"

"And you have always seen that light as you passed that point?"

"Always. This is the twenty-third trip we have made, and never but once have we passed that cottage in daylight. The signal is always there; and I tell you, captain, it always makes my heart bound with joy as I gaze upon it. I shall see it again in a moment."

"Would you like to be set ashore opposite your home, Frank?"

"If I could be spared, sir."

"Yes. We are from a Southern port, and though our ship is perfectly healthy we will probably be obliged to remain at quarantine for a time, as the yellow fever is raging below. You will have time to join us before we go into New York."

"I would like to land, sir," said Frank, his face becoming very pale.

"That you can do. But what is the matter?"

"Look yonder, sir."

"I see nothing particular."

"That is it, sir. I cannot see it myself."

"The signal?"

"Yes, sir. The light is not there."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, and it should be, for we are several days behind our usual time."

"Perhaps that is the reason of it. Your mother may think that we are in port, and be expecting you to enter the house every moment."

"Captain, something is wrong, for she never removes the light until I set foot in the cottage, after it has once been placed in the window."

"Are you sure you are in sight of the cottage?"

"Yes, for I can see it, although indistinctly, in the moon's rays."

"Well, we will land you, and you can soon learn what is the matter."

It required but a few moments to set Frank Ludlow upon shore, and, with a heavy heart, he bent his steps toward the home of his youth.

Frank had reached a little grove which adjoined his youthful home; but here he paused and stood for some time in silence. Tears started into his eyes, and he repeated the name of his mother in a low tone. Then, as if afraid to go forward and satisfy himself, he called in a louder voice, and still louder, but only an echo came back to greet his ears.

A faintness came over the lad, and he sank back upon the ground. But he started to his feet again as if he had been stung by a serpent. He had seated himself upon freshly-turned earth, and its dampness chilled him. He turned to look upon the spot, but the tears blinded his vision. He brushed them away, however, and then gazed upon the earth where he had sunk.

A fresh mound met his gaze. It was a new-made grave; and, with a cry of agony, the boy fell upon it. He called upon his mother to come back, only for a moment, to bid him farewell. But silence, deathly silence, was around him. Presently a hand touched him, and he started to his feet. He recognized one of his neighbors, and he asked:

"Loring, whose grave is this?"

"You were calling her name just now."

"My mother?"

"Yes, Frank."

"Oh, tell me all about it, Loring."

"Come into the cottage first."

The boy obeyed. As he entered the humble house where he had seen so many happy days, it appeared to him that he could hear her footsteps crossing the apartment to meet him. But she was not there. He entered the room where the signal had usually been placed, and gazed earnestly around. Everything appeared to be just as he had last seen it, and he could not bring himself to believe that his mother, who had embraced him at parting only three months before, was now sleeping in the cold grave.

He glanced toward the window. The lamp was there, in its accustomed place, but it was not burning. The boy approached and gazed upon it. The wick was blackened and crisped, showing that it had been lighted; but the oil was entirely exhausted, showing how it had become extinguished. Silently the devoted son regarded this evidence of a mother's remembrance and love; and then, turning to the neighbor, he asked: "Loring, how long has my mother been dead?"

"She was buried only yesterday."

"Could you not have kept her body until I came?"

"No; we did just as your mother instructed us to do."

"How was that?"

"For a week before her death your mother kept that light burning in the window."

"She expected my return?"

"Yes."

"Well, go on."

"Five days ago your mother called me to her side, and then asked me to bring her the light. I did so. She gazed upon it, and smiled. Then she told me to fill it afresh and trim and light it. I did so and she told me to set it in the window."

"Bless her—bless her!" sobbed the boy.

"When I had replaced the light, she said: 'In an hour I shall be no more. I should like to see my dear boy once more but I fear I shall not be able to do so. But keep that light burning in the window until the oil is exhausted, and it goes out of itself. Then, and not until then, place my body in the grave. If my boy arrives, he will see the light if it be still burning, and will hasten here. He will gaze upon my pale, cold face, and read there the words of blessing I would speak. If no light be burning, he will know that his mother is no more; and, bending over my grave, he will weep and mourn my loss. But tell him I am not lost. Tell him to look up to the blue arch above him, and in heaven's window he will see the light which his mother placed there, burning brightly—a signal and a beacon for him.' Saying this she died."

"And you did as she requested?"

"Yes; the grave was made in the grove yonder. At sunset yesterday the lamp went out, and we then placed her poor body to rest."

Frank Ludlow did not sleep that night, but set himself to work to beautify and ornament the spot where slept that dear clay. When morning dawned the fresh green sod covered the mound, and flowers had been planted upon it. This done, with a heavy heart, the lad set out to rejoin his ship.

When he entered the cabin, the captain asked:

"Well, Frank, was the absence of the light explained?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why was it not burning?"

"It has been transferred, sir, to one of the windows of heaven. I shall only see it when I have made my last voyage across the dark river of death."

Frank set about his duties with apparent cheerfulness; but it was evident that he was heart-broken.

The ship was again upon its return voyage from New Orleans. It was opposite the point where stood the lonely cottage and where slept the mother's clay. The entire ship's officers and crew surrounded the couch of the dying boy. He asked:

"Captain, are we not near the cottage?"

"Yes, Frank."

"But can you see the light burning?"

"It is not burning there, Frank."

"But it is burning up yonder, for I can see it."

The brave boy did not speak again. He smiled, and his spirit passed quickly away.

Did he not see the light his mother had placed in the window of his heavenly home, even before he had reached it?

A Heavy Burden.

Mr. George Russell, of Aurora, Ont., says he was a great sufferer from a running sore of the worst description, which baffled the best medical skill, and his life was a burden. He was cured by B.B.B., to his great joy and the surprise of his friends.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla operates radically upon and through the blood, and is a safe and absolute cure for the various diseases, complaints, and disorders, due to debility, or to any constitutional taint or infection.

SCOTT ACT RESULTS.

Many are the arguments used by those not in sympathy with the Act to support the contention that the Act has entirely failed to effect any of the objects for which it was passed, and in support of their assertions constant reference is made to the County of Halton as one in which the effects of the measure are the most noticeable in this direction. In contradiction to this statement, Rev. D. V. Lucas, a former resident of Halton, writes the Montreal "Witness" a letter, which, as we consider of interest to our readers we re-publish. He says: "Our opponents have all along asserted very positively that the Scott Act has failed wherever tried. They have told their story over and over with such persistency that some good temperance people have been misled. Even yet they tell us that the Act has failed in Halton. I suppose, Mr. Editor, that if they will persist in repeating their assertions there is nothing left for us but to repeat ours. I assert almost positively that the Scott Act has been a very great success in Halton, and I back my assertions by the following: First, I know what Halton was, for I grew up in the county. Drunkenness and crime (especially such crimes as usually result from drinking) were worse than can be adequately described. I do not think that I ever saw any general gathering of people without seeing some drunken men—sometimes scores of them. During the late attempt to repeal the Act I was in all parts of the county, and I saw hundreds and thousands of people at mass meetings, and though in the county for one entire month, I did not see one person under the influence of liquor, and my observation was confirmed by the united testimony of many most reliable persons, clerical and lay, respecting the moral improvement of hundreds in the county who had been addicted to the drinking habit. Second, so much good had been done in the county by the Act during the past three years of its operation that nearly five hundred more persons voted for it the second time than voted for it the first time. Third, crime has been reduced sixty per cent. since the Act came into force in that county. Looking at the Blue Book published at Ottawa, giving Government criminal statistics, I find the following wonderful figures, which need no comment. There were convicted and punished in the year 1883 (when the Act had been in force in Halton nearly three years) in the County of Wentworth, touching Halton on the West, 1,766 persons; in the County of Wellington, touching Halton on the North, 573, and in the county of Halton for the same period only 39 persons for all crimes, not counting violations of the liquor laws in any of them. To put in the form of proportion to population you have in Wentworth which rejected the Act, one to every forty-two persons in the county, a convicted criminal for that year. In Wellington, which was in a transient state (having since adopted the Act), one person to every one hundred and twenty-seven a criminal, and in Halton, where the Act has been in force for three years or over, one criminal for every five hundred and sixty-four. Wentworth, 1 for every 42; Wellington, 1 for every 127; Halton, 1 for every 564. Take now the evil the Scott Act is especially intended to cure. There were convicted for being drunk and disorderly for the same year:—Wentworth, 666; Wellington, 235; and in Halton, 3 !! That is to say, in Wentworth, 1 for every 98; Wellington, 1 for every 319; and in Halton, 1 for every 7,334. In the face of these facts and official figures the opponents of the Act have never given up the cry of "failure." Those who say it to-day are the same parties who said it two years ago, when Halton re-affirmed her confidence in the Scott Act by a largely increased majority. I wrote to Toronto for the report of the Inspector of Prisons for 1884, and I find the following figures. Convicted and punished after trial for being drunk and disorderly:—In Toronto gaol, 1,262; Hamilton, 328; London, 193; Peterboro', 27; Guelph, 24; Cayuga, 18; Milton, (gaol for Halton) 1. Here is before me a report from Renfrew where the Scott Act went into force a year ago. From June 9th, 1884, to December 9th, 1884, under license (6 months), total convictions, 220; assault and battery, 37; drunk and disorderly, 31. From May 1st, 1885, to December 1st, 1885, under Scott Act (7 months), total convictions, 107; assault and battery, 15; drunk and disorderly, 9. Of the 327 convictions, or all crimes under both acts, for the 6 months of each of the years named, 265 grew out of the liquor traffic, leaving only 62 for other causes. Will the sane man say that the Scott Act had nothing to do with this decrease of crime? I went to Fredericton, in the Province of New Brunswick, last fall, when our opponents for the second time attempted a repeal, and I spent over two weeks in that city where it was said over and over again that the Act was a complete failure, and yet I never saw in all that time one person under the influence of liquor, and I never heard so little profanity, and never saw better deportment in any place of the size in my life as there. Friends of the Act told me that a wonderful change for the better had been wrought in the city, which I could easily believe when I called to mind the great change I had seen in the County of Halton."—*Beaverton Express.*

Have you ever tried McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate for sores of all kind? It is beyond doubt the very best preparation in the market for healing and curing Sores, Burns, Cuts, Pimples, Blotches, and is the only proper method of applying Carbolic Acid. Sold at Dr. McGarvin's Drug Store for 25c. per box.

Cure For Sore Throat.

A prompt and efficient remedy for sore throat as well as croup, asthma, pain in side, earache, deafness and many other common and painful complaints, is found in Hagyard's Yellow Oil.

ONE AT A TIME.

One step at a time, and that well placed,
We reach the grandest height;
One stroke at a time, earth's hidden stores
Will slowly come to light;
One seed at a time, and the forest grows;
One drop at a time, and the river flows
Into the boundless sea.

One word at a time, and the greatest book
Is written and is read;
One stone at a time, and a palace rears
Aloft its stately head;
One blow at a time, and the tree's cleft through,
And a city will stand where the forest grew
A few short years before.

One foe at a time, and he subdued,
And the conflict will be won;
One grain at a time, and the sand of life
Will slowly all be run;
One minute, another, the hours fly;
One day at a time, and lives speed by
Into eternity.

One grain of knowledge, and that well stored,
Another, and more of them,
And as time rolls on, your mind will shine
With many a garnered gem
Of thought and wisdom. And time will tell,
"One thing at a time, and that done well,"
Is wisdom's proven rule.

A Maryland Joke.

In a certain village in Maryland a small boy kicked up a breeze in the parish church one Sunday. It seems that a certain good woman bought a calf's head and put it on to boil, leaving her little boy to mind it while she went to the church close by.

The good minister had reached his "Fifthly, my brethren," when a small boy stuck his head in the door and whispered:

"Mamma?"

The good woman recognized her son instantly and began at once to make signs to him to leave the door.

"Mamma!" again came the whisper—this time a little louder than before.

The mother shook her finger at the boy warningly, and indulged in other familiar pantomime with which she was accustomed to awe her son. But it didn't work worth a cent. The boy was excited and in dead earnest, as the sequel will show. Raising his voice he shouted:

"Mamma, you needn't wink and blink at me, but you had better come home right away, for the calf's head is buttin' all the dumplin's out of the pot."

Poor John.

"John, dear," said the young wife, looking up from the paper she was reading, "I see that people carry chestnuts in their pockets to cure rheumatism."

"Yes, dear."

"Is it customary to carry things in the pockets to cure diseases?"

"It depends upon whether the person afflicted is superstitious or not."

"Because, when sewing a button on your vest yesterday, I discovered a quantity of cloves, coffee-beans, cardamon seeds, flag-root and other things in one of the pockets. Do you carry them as a remedy? Is there anything the matter with you, dear?"

"Ye-es, my dear," said John, stammering and turning as red as a boiled lobster. "I—I think I have a little heart trouble."

"Poor fellow!" she said as tears came to her eyes; "you never told me a word about it."—*Boston Courier.*

They Were Both Candid.

King Frederick VI. of Denmark, while travelling through Jutland, one day entered a village school and found the children lively and intelligent and quite ready to answer his questions. "Well, youngsters," he said, "what are the names of the greatest kings of Denmark?" With one accord they cried out, "Canute the Great, Waldemar and Christian IV." Just then a little girl to whom the schoolmaster had whispered something stood up and raised her hand. "Do you know another" asked the king. "Yes—Frederick VI." "What great act did he perform?" The girl hung her head and stammered out, "I don't know." "Be comforted, my child," said the king; "I don't know either."—*Irish Times.*

He Cut the Matter Short.

Elder Jones was not remarkable for his eloquence, nor was he a very good reader, especially of the hard names. But he said that "all Scripture is profitable," and therefore he never selected any portion, but read the first chapter he opened at after he took the stand to preach. One day he stumbled in this way upon a chapter in Chronicles, and read: "Eleazer begat Phineas, and Phineas begat Abishua, and Abishua begat Bukkie, and Bukkie begat Uzzie," and stumbling worse and worse as he proceeded, he stopped, and running his eye ahead and seeing nothing better in prospect, he cut the matter short by saying, "and so they went on and begat one another to the end of the chapter."

A Deeply Interested Father.

Soon after the Smith's baby was born Mrs. Smith went upstairs one evening and entered the room where her darling lay asleep. There she found her husband standing by the side of the crib and gazing earnestly at the child. As she stood still for a moment, touched by the sight, the tears filled her eyes, and she thought, "Oh, how dearly Charles loves that boy!" Imagine the shock to her feelings when he suddenly turned toward her and exclaimed:

"My dear, it is incomprehensible to me how they can get up such a crib as that for $2.50."

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The great worm destroyer of the age.