ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1887.

Poetry.

PUZZLED.

You ask me whether I'm Righ Church

You ask me whether I'm Low.

For I'm sure that I don't know.

And my brain works protty slow

In the plain, old-fashioned way

Our blessed Lord's life in the gospels

Of the city whose streets are gold.

Then I pray, why, I'm generally praying.

But I sk the dear Lord, and keep asking

Though I don't always kneel or speak out

Or a comforting Psalm of old,

So I don't know whether I'm High Church,

And I don't kdow whether I'm Low.

I wish you'd tell the difference.

I'm just a plain old body,

I'm trying to be a Christian

Laid down in mother's Bible.

And I read it every day;

Or a bit from the Boyelations

I fear he is all tired out.

A .. ieco of the Litany sometimes,

So long ago learned me to say,

But now my poor memory's falling,

Will seem to come into my mind

But I know what I want, and I ask it,

And I make up the words as I go:

Do you think it meens I am Low?

'Tis years since God took him away.

And yet when I kneel down to pray,

Leave the old man's name out of

But he knows, and he surely won't infind

My blessed old husband has left me,

I know he is safe, well and happy

Perhaps it is wrong, but I never

But I ask the Lord to do ior him

What I would do if I was there

Of course he can do it much better:

The worry about her old husband

Of the old woman left here behind

And may be it shows I am High

So I pray, and I pray, for the old man.

And I am sure that I shall till I die.

My old father was never a Churchman,

Still his white head is shining in Heaven.

And now do you think I am High Church?

Are you sure that I ain't pretty Low.

And then we shall see what we'll sec.

And I don't care whether I'm High Church

Don't ask me again, if you please, sir;

And I don't care whether I'm Low.

Select Family Reading.

An Old Glass Bottle.

" I believe I'll have a glass of something

But a Scotch Presbyteman Saint;

"I don't care who says that it ain't:

That old man was certain to go.

I tell you it's all just a muddle.

Too much for a body like me.

For really it worries me so,

comfortable," said Tom Barnaby.

I'll wait till I join my old husband.

To one of our blessed Lord's mansions,

So may be that proves I ain't Low Church,

And often and often I find

The Collect, perhaps, for the day,

Or a scrap of the prayer that my mother

That never a prayer from the prayer-book

Do you think, now, that shows I ain't Righ

The Acton Free Press

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better position than before the fire to fill al orders entrusted to us. To parties building. Lumber will be Dressed while you walt, and Mouldings, &c., made with

neatness and despatch. N. B .- We are also prepared to fill all orde

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business we teel confident that we can give satstaction every time. So comp on with your orders and help to roll the ball along. Money makes the more go, whether she has legs or no THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

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and prices or call at the wareroom.

on his return, Tom was keeping house for himself. He | your bottle for you, Jack Barker.' was on his knees before the stove raking it, when he heard a groan. 'It was a faint, far-away sounding groan; but it had such a ghostly sound that he started.

most natural thing in the world.

And jumping to his feet, Tom Barnaby another baby there." stood staring about; for their was nothing in the room that ought to have had a voice but himself -not even a kitten or a capary HEADQUARTERS FOR THE

" Who is me?" cried Tom. "Tom ought to know,' said the voice. And by this time Tom saw it came from AND LANSDOWNE PIANO "Hanged if itisn't the bottle!" said Tom.

> Is it spirits or what?" And the bottle answered: "Yes, worse luck. It is spirits. Bad spirits, too. Gin, rum and brandy-whiskey and alcohol f"

these two leading instruments, I am prepared to offer extra inducements to pur-"O, that kind," said Tom. chasers this fall. Instruments sold on the "Yes," said the bottle, "Five devils, monthly or quarterly instalment plan, or I've been possessed of them all. Years and good discount for cash. Write for catalogues years they led me such a life that I wished I was smashed; years and years until your Nice, sharp, respectable vinegar, that never | a murderer." did worse than give some poor cabbage-Music. New Music and the Lates eater the colic. And I thought I should

end my days as a decent vinegar bottle. and here I am-going to have one of the devils buck, I know. "Oh, what did the Musical Instruments, Violincellas, Violins . Tom, who had grown used to the pheno-

menon of a talking bottle, and did not mind it at all by this time, nodded his head sagely. "Right there," he said. "It's exceeding-

ly uncomfortable to have wife away, but | they had given him drink. you are very foolish to talk as you do. GUELPH What harm is there in a moderate drink? | hullo ! Sea Rird, shoy!' All you'd hold wouldn't harm a fly. You've been listening to tectotalers." "I haven't been listening to anybody,"

said the bottle. "I've formed my own be preached to. I'm my own master." conclusions. There was a time when I brand new bottle, with a gilt label 'Best the water." Holland Gin 'on me, and my owner, 'the liquor dealer; took me out of my case and career is ended." handed me over to Jack Barker, who had ust finished painting the store." " Here, Jack.' says he, 'this will help you to keep Christmas.'

"'Thank ye,' said Jack ; and off I went "And there, in a bright little room, with the side of a boat and caught me." a pretty wife and a nice old grandfather, and two cupping little babies looking on, he opened me. " What a nice smell !" said she the

lemon and sugar, and they all drank some; I say, I'm going to sell this bottle to Bill, and the babics looked at the light shiuing | the junk man." through my green-sides and the gilt label . "So I was saved, and much against my on me. And the old grandfather said the will stood in the junk shop window for drink had gone to his head, and he should week. The water had washed the blood have to be carried up stairs, and they off of me, I had no smell of liquor left, and laughed at that, because it was such a good | along comes your wife."

"Before I was empty the first time I home she brought me." . felt pleased to be such a favorite as I was. again, and again; and after a while I be dear soul, she put vinegar in mo-nice gan to see things changing about me. The sour, innocent, respectable vinegar-and wife's face was not so bright; the old- I've been's good, respectable bottle ever grandfather never laughed; the baby's since. And now you -you-you-her has toes were out; and one day Jack staggered | band, are going to put the devilish spirite in, took me up, and drank the last drop into me again. For heaven's sake, break from me, and tumbled into a chair. The me first! I don't want to destroy another wife began to cry."

"Oh, Jack! says she 'Oh, Jack! how I hate that dreadful bottle! We were so happy before it came into the house !' "She balmed me, but I knew it was the

evil spirits in me she meant." "You've lost your place, Jack,' said she. 'Everything has changed. You don't love cruet on Mrs. Barnaby's dresser ; and Tom me any more. You don't care for the Barnaby is still a sober man .- Temperance children. It is all that bottle.' "But Jack was too tipsy to care what

she said, Ho staggered over to the table. took me by the neck and carried me to a liquor store. There they put another devil into me. That one drove the furniture out of the liouse; bit by bit it was pawned."

washing; some of the money she earned many uses to which they were put by the the speed in which he can trot one mile, went for more evil spirits to fill me." sat on the table and saw the old grand. efforts that had been made to get up a non. accepted as a fact in the minds of all obserfather lying dead and Jack drunk on the losable, non-pulling hairpin, closing with vant men, while his patient temper, and floor at the foot of the bed. Didn't I the remark that who ever invented such a good size, combined with the extraordinary loathe mysel? I tried to topple off but 1 | pin would have a fortune in it. That hint couldn't manage it. If ever a bottle did did the business. The attention of one of

cologue bottles, innocent water bottles have ernment patent of it. been broken when they most desired to last, no doubt; but I, who had become a bairpin, and as soon as introduced to the dwelling place for devils, I lasted. and his poor daughter got a black dress in condition, out of the market. It has somehow. One night Jack went sneaking three prongs, made of light, stiff, but very out of the house with a bundle under one clastic wire. The two outer propes are was his wife's mourning dress for her the inner tine; but the two outer tines are

poor little woman never had a decent dress | month which, when the pin is pressed into bread from it and then go off with me! is easily withdrawn by the wearer, without old colored nurse came courtesying into the Think of it! I had to aid and abet him, the slightest injury to the hoir or other parlor, eager to make the acquaintance of Tom Barnaby was not a member of any and hear her say things about me that huit. temperance society whatever, and had no were very natural, seeing she did not know dislike to the taste of liquor. Not that be how I hated the devils that lived in me, was a drinking man. Oh, deer, no! Nover | but that were hard to bear. But he fell was drunk in his life; never even slightly down stairs with me in his pocket, and overcome by liquor. But still-well, still, broke his head and didu't break me. He every now and then a nice glass of some. hit me against things to their injury, not

thing comfortable struck Tom ma pleasant mine. I must have a guardian devil, I light, and he generally took it when it did. lasted so. To night it was, cold, and chilly and "One day-is was such a bitter day, ice gloomy, and the wind rattled the shutters, and snow and sleet everywhere-just five and crooned down the chimney and made years from the Christmas I'd been made a banshee of itself along the street; and present to Jack, he stood ragged and dirty Tom, who was not very fond of reading, at a bar-room steve with me in his pocket, could not lose himself in book or magazine, my neck sticking out. Up came the proand there was no one to talk to, and the prietor."

resolution above recorded seemed to be the "Now, Jack Barker,' he said, 'why don't you go home?' "He was ashamed to have him! there "A glass of something comfortable." said Tom, "and a biscuit, and then I'll you see; ragged creature with his toes out and a black eye and a broken nose. He Then Tom went to a closet to look for a used to be called handsome I Jack Barker vessel in which to bring the necessary before he took to filling me. Think

liquor for the "comfortable something" that!" from the corner store; and spied on the "Now he looked up with a miserable upper shelf a green bottle with a fat body abject white. and a long neck, which had nothing in it. | "Go home with an empty bottle. and smelt of nothing, and set it upon the Christmas eve?' says he. 'You didn't use table, while he stirred the fire and put the to say 'Go home' when I came here with kettle on; that everything might be ready full pockets, Mr. Jones.

" Well, no, I didn't,' said the man; 'and Mrs. Tom was absent from home, and it would have been better if I had. I'll fill "He filled it-goodness knows what with

-and the poor wretch staggered liome. Oh, the wretched cellar-the miserable straw bed in the corner; the wife lying "What's that?" he cried; and something | sick upon it. I remember them so well. "She was very sick, and there was little baby beside her. Just think

" Happy Christmas !' said he, as he staggered in. 'Happy Christmas, old Girl.' "Happy!' said she. 'Oh, this dreadful day! That bottle came to us first on Christ-

"It takes so little to put a drunken man id a rage. He answered her with an oath.' " Anybody-would think I was drunk to hear you talk,' said he.'

And the poor woman answered: "'Oh, mercy ! are you ever sober? Oh

Jack! Jack!" "And then he flew at her. He took by the neck, and beat her over the head with me. The cork pulled out and the liquor poured over her breast and over the face of the little babe lying upon it. mingled with her blood.

"At first she screamed. Then she lay wife got me and put blessed vinegar in me. still. Her face grew white I knew I was

"! Ob, let me break!' I cried. 'Let me be broken thto fragments !'? "But her fair face was mashed to pulp her delicate bones broken, and I was as sound as ever, when Jack, led by heaven dear woman go away for? Why did she knows what mad fancy, left his victim and staygered into the street again. The snow was falling. The air was white with it He staggered slong, muttering to himself. At last he came to a wharf, and stumbled across it. I believe a boat lay there on

> which he had been once before, and where " Sea-Bird, aboy I' he cried. 'Hullo! Nobody answered him. coming aboard. I shau't stay at home to

"Then he took one step more. Splashthought as you did. It was when I was a | crash ! He was through the thin ice under

> light, and I was floating ou the water.". was a bare-legged boy. He stooped "There was a man drowned here last night," said he to another boy by his side." " Did you see him? said this one." "Yes,' said the first. 'He was drunk,

" What a uice flat hottle!' says she-"I liked myself then and what was in | just what I want. How much for it?" " And Billy charged her four cents, and

" My career has begun again,' said "Ah, dear, I was filled up again, and and I expected nothing else; but, bless th

> "You shan't," said Tommy Barnaby. Here you go back on your shelf. I leave you to innocence and vinegar; and I think I'll make a cup of strong coffee." " Right," said the little bottle.

> > And so the bottle stands still beside the

A USEFUL MAIRPIN.

The value of a little newspaper article concerning common things is not always appreciated : neither is it always confessed when acted upon, but there is one justance to the contrary, as the following case shows: "Then they left the house itself and Several months ago a newspaper indulged trotter is a horse capable of every service; were in a cellar somewhere. She took in in a short talk about hairpins and the there is, in almost literal truth, no limit to "Didn't I loathe myself? One night I how easily hairpins were lost and of the such contests are most exacting proof, is desire to smash itself, I did. But it was of | those inventive fellows was called to it, and no use. Happy bottles, beautiful cut glass | now he has not only got the pin, but a gov-

His invention is as simple as any other trade will drive all other hairpins, that the "They carried the old grandfather away, ladies use to keep their "crowns of glory" father. He took it to the pawnshop and slightly longer than the inner one and are pawned it for enough to fill me twice. The | then bent a little outward, thus forming

THE LABOR OUESTION.

Yaas 'm-disher's wha' Mishta Lightfoot libs-yaas 'm, disher's de house sho'. "Whitewashin' ?"-er-yaas-dat's whar sign outside reads: hm-m-m, dat's whar't sez, but Ise done quit hanlin'

bresh er late. Ise made up my min' dat de lab'rin' man ain't prop'lly depreciated nohow, an' taint wath wile to wak twel sumpin's done to alterate de 'sistin' ordeh ob things.

I ain't gwn struck a lick twel things gits lotted out shar' an' shar' erlike. "'F yo' feels like yo' wan's to tak in washin', o' cose I ain' gwine purwent yo.' Ise allus been a mighty good husban', Daphne, an' I'm gwine let yo' hab yo' own Magazine for October.

Dat's whar' I tole heb, an' she lowed she'd wash out th'ee days o' de week, an' h'usclean by de day de res't de time. She meks r smart o' good money an' she don' peah to re'lize de digrydation.

G' day, Miss, Sorry I cayrn bleege vo but de masteh minds ob de kentry had ibin' for ebberlastin'.

kin raykimmend Dapline wi' playstre-I kin dat !- Tid-Bits.

COURTEOUS CANUCKS. Mr. J. Amory Knox, of the Texas Siftings, who, in company with "Adirondack" Murray, was cruising in the lakes of Canada. writes thus about "Canadian courtesy" and obliging than our people. I bought and tendered a \$5 bill. The postmaster expressed regret that he did but have change. He said that if I would not pardon him and kindly wait he would go and get the bill around the block and procured the change. At the express office, the agent was starting to the railroad to meet the only train that after I got it sealed and addressed his son time he would forward it. The young man waited until I had sealed the papkage; he then locked the express office, and the last I saw of him he was moving his legs in a very impetuous manner in the direction of the railroad station. I fear that two such

be courteous and obliging? HOW POOLE CHALKED ONE.

Some few'years before his death, Poole, he tailor, was taking a walk on the west pier, Brighton, looking, as he always did, beaming specimen of health, content and success. A young man, who did not know, perhaps, that he was a snob, was also on the pier with a couple of ladies, to whom "I'm coming aboard, he muttered. I'm he said, as he saw Poole coming, "Now, von wouldn't take that good-looking man for a tailor; but he is. He's an impostor. Just listen while I take him down a notch or two. I'll tell him my coat, which I have acknowledged the salutation of his custo-"Next thing I knew it was broad day this coat fit?" Poole took in the situation for he was a good physiognomist, and the "And then he made some stuff with quest on her, down in the cellar over there ations will be attended to."

THANKSGIVING DAY.

BAISE BETTER HORSES. ladies. The writer then went on to tell and his capacity of endurance, whereof an exceedingly valuable animal for any

work of labor and routine. The farmer who is looking forward to improvement in his stock, must be careful in making selection of his breeding animals, and, herein, it is of the utmost importance that the sire chosen be an available, valuable, and in every respect, a choice animal. cossessing individually and ancestrally the best qualities which the offspring is desired arm and me under the other. The bundle bent so that near their points they touch to possess .- American Agriculturist for

use, takes in a little lock of the hair and | gentleman, rather advanced in life, who "She was in rags. She was hungry. holds it above the point where the times was about to be united in marriage to a I've seen Jack clutch her hand and wrench | touch each other. The result is that the lady very much his junior. Going to make the money she'd earned for her children's pin can not drop out when in use and yet her a visit just before their wedding, her

I done tole my wife, "Daphne," I sez -

way in disher."

mek a stan', er po' folke'll hab to wuk fo' a G' day-an' say, missis !- any time wan' fine lace curtings done up, er flo's

the lesson pretty well, and they generally know that sleep is better for the sick than I think the Canadians are more polite sleep is a wonderful preventive of diseasesome stamps in the St. John's post office better than tonic regulators or stimulants." es a very handsome, intelligent greyhound changed. He had no clerk to send, and he This dog will never make any friendly adactually looked up the post office and went shom he knew on Woodward avenue and day for New York. He expressed deep restopped for a clist. gret that he could not wait for the parcel wished to send. He said, however, that flade, who is rather a connoisseur : "how do would run with it to the station, and, if in space, and made nd sign that he heard her, adv is a friend of toine." the lady, poked history nose into her hand. rubbed his head affectionately on her dress acts of courtesy would hardly be met within and showed at once that he accepted her as one day by a stranger in a United States the friend of his master. own. Is it because we are such a busy people that we think we have not time to

naturally an unlucky divil, as ye desairve Poole; now do take a look at me. Does aisy as good liquor."

Harvest is over. In many parts of Interio it was over a month ago. Why should Thanksgiving Day be put off until near the end of November? Last year the 18th of this month was appointed, and everybody knows the time is not the most suitable. Toward the end of November the weather is dull, the days short, the roads bad and all the surroundings unfavorable as compared with a month earlier. October is usually one of the most pleasant months in the year. Is there any roason why Thanksgiving Day should not come about the middle of that month? There will be no use in saying anything on this matter a month hence. The right time to speak is now. It is just as easy for the Government to name a day in October as one a month later! No doubt the powers that be are willing to select the most suitable time. All that need be done is to call their attention to the matter. We never heard a reason why Thruksgiving Day should come toward the end of November Perhaps all that any could say was 'that it happened so." There are many reasons why it should come a month earlier

Fashion has brought about many changes in horse breeding among American farmers, and no race has seen the new style more forcibly or to larger purpose than the Afnerican trotting horse. The American muscularity with which true systems of breeding hate endowed him, render him

WHAR YOU GWINE BE DEN The following story is told of a Virginia the future lord and master of her young lady. "Well, Aunt Chloe." said the geutleman in question, after the preliminary greeting had been gotten through with

" what do you think of Miss Lucy's choice. now. you've seen him?" "I likes you mighty well, Mars' John fur as I've seen you," replied Aunt Chloe, after a moment's deliberation; "but you'

too old for Miss Lucy." "Too old, Aunt Chilge!" excluimed the gentleman, somewhat discomfited by Aunt Chloe's unexpected candor. "You don't know what you're talking about" (straightening himself up). "Why, I'm just in my

ODDS AND ENDS.

A few days ago his master met a lady,

"That's a very ane dog," observed the

" Major," said his owner, gravely, "this

That was enough. Major frisked up to

WHY HE THANKED HIS STARS.

"We have many things to be thankfu

"Yis, Misther Dimpsey, we hev. Oi

aften say to mesilf, Patrick, says Oi, yer

to be, but yer mighty loocky in wan thing."

"An what's that, Misther Hoolahan?"

av a Russian or an Eyetalian."

winter with my wife's folks."

"That Oi was born an Orrishman instid

er. Misther Hoolahan, we hev, indeed."

" Yes, sir, I sees you is," replied the sti inconvinced Aunt Chloe; " but when Miss Lucy gits in her prime, whar you gwin be den?"-GRICE WILLOTOHBY, in Harper's

"SLEEP OFF" A HEADACHE. A scientific writer says: "Sleep, if taken at the right moment, will prevent an attack A peculiar feature is that victims craftof nervous headache. If the subjects ily conceal it from their nearest friends. such headsches will watch the symptoms of its coming, they can notice that it begins with a feeling of weariness and heaviness. This is the time that a sleep of an hour or room inkstand, and injecting the fluid into even two, as nature guides, will effectually her arm with a stylographic pen! prevent the headache. If not taken just is fairly under way, it is impossible to get sleep until far in the night, perhaps. It is paper that had my letter in, so I did not so common in these days for doctors to forbid having their patients waked to take what it was I used to break up the mormedicine if they are asleep when the hour comes round, and the people have learned

answered sooner. It was Warner's safe

chiefly affected by this drug. Editor Wm. A. Bode, of Alton, Ill., was completely cured of the opium habit, acquired by long use in a painful malady. with Warner's safe cure. It cannot be cured at all if the kidneys and liver are

and tone without which any attempt to throw off the habit, would be vain. It is because physicians have discovered that no other remedy is so beneficial in restoring health to the liver, kidneys and

One of the worst features of the opium

TRUE NEATNERS.

says that in the matter of dress ladies will little way if the skirts underneath are of doubtful whiteness or if the wearer feels has been worn a week.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

WHO IS GALLAGHER It's sounding upon every side, The dumb might even hear its echoing tumuit, loud and wide. From far away and near! From young and old, from rich and poor, From all, from high and low.

Goes up a cell on Gallagher-

A call to "Let 'er go !" . What mystery that on every hand Should such demand arise. That there should come from all the land The same appealing cries; fo Gallagher! It's marvellous

Is, who is Mr. Gallagher-Why don't he let 'er go? What is the horror of his deed. What is the appalling fact.

The clamor o'er his act? What manner of excuse has he To make for doing so ; Who's she, and who is Gallagher-Why won't he let 'cr go!

Or is it hot as bad As that ? Is it some piece of fur That Gallagher has had. And likes so well he will not cease Nor e'es abate, although It's time? O, who is Gallagher?

Away at an alarming pace ?. Has retribution lagged ? Has he a hausom or a back Are his pusuers slow, And won't he bring the maiden back,

Nor even let 'er go? And was the outrage coldly planned? And is the maiden fair! And has he got her by the hand Or got her by the hair? Is he a money-making rogue

Why won't he let 'er go? Will nothing make the wicked scamp His persecution cease. Be he a gentleman or trami And where are the police?

Or is it some stern parent's whim His daughter to confine Where walls are thick and light is dim And does the beauty pine For one who swore eternal love But hasn't any show?" What ails old father Gallagher

Sharp'at the set of sun, And are his daughter's wind And has he got a gun? Would argument avail with him Or would be answer! No?" Why don't he lct 'er go? and still it sounds on every side The dumb might even hear The echoing turnult loud and wife And far away and near; Still comes the cry to Gallagher

THE OPICM HABIT. The Most Abject of Slaveries-Is There Any Emancipator ?

Chicago Paper.

she had become a confirmed victim of the opium habit, involving an almost total loss of physical and mental powers, and actual destitution. The story was at once denied by her friends, who say she has suffered simply

Opium victims are usually hopeless, helpless slaves, mind weakened, lacking energy for any affort toward recovery. rapidly drifting into imbecility and untime-

A young lady at school near Philadelphia

the letter, but it looked too much like an advertisement." This voluntary statement goes to confirm the claim made by the proprietors of Warner's safe cure, that it is the only remedy in the world which has any decided power over diseases of the kidneys and liver, and that this terrible habit cannot be cared until these organs have first been restored to full health, because they are the ones

It is not charmed that there is anything in-Warner's safe cure alone which will do away with the habit, except that it puts the kidneys and liver in a healthy condi-

general system as the one stated that it has come into general use in connection

"That's a very proper sintiment, and yer "One who Knows," a woman of course a man fer ould Orrland to be proud av." "Oi think Oi am, Misther Dimpsey, Oi do well to pay quite as much attention to think Oi am. But the principal consider- to what it is supposed will remain puseen ation Oi had in mond was that if Oi had by the general run of her friends and acjust had from him, dosen't fit." As he been born a Russian or an Eyetalian dago, quaintances as they do to the outward and "Thank heaven! said I, 'my miserable spoke Poole approached, and politely I could niver talk at all, for they've visible parts of their toilette. A handsome the mischief's own languages to learn, dress and stylish hat are all very well as "Then I turned cold as ice myself, and mer, who, walking up to him, said, "Here whilst the brogue somes to your tongue as far as they go, but they may go a very A gentleman hunting for land in Dakota. afraid to lift them when crossing a muddy "There's a bottle," cried some one. It countenances of the ladies betrayed the came across a boarded up claim with half street for fear of betraying the condition of

blot to him. "It certainly does not fit," a dozen boards across the door, upon which her stockings. Besides an accident may said he; and pulling out a bit of French were the following touching inscriptions:— happen, and then picture the confusion of bhalk, he proceeded liberally to mark and "Four miles from a naybur. Sixty miles a woman who recovers from a fainting fit to cross the coat of his would-be queller all from a postofis. Ewenty-five miles from a to find herself with her dress open and half over, and then observed, with the utmost raileroad. I hundred and atoy from time a dozen strangers contemplating a solled sang-froid and urbanity, " Now, if you will ber. 250 feet from water. God bless our corset, the whalehouse of which project and killed his wife. They've got an in kindly send that coat to my shop, thealter. home. We have gone east to spend the from their seams, or a course chemise that

And what we want to know

How is it that he doesn't heed Is bloody murder being done?

Why can't he let 'er go?

Or is it an abduction case? Is some fair creature dragged

Or dissapointed beau? Oh, who on earth is Gallagher?

Is this a medieval age When any daring foc May steal a maid? Shan't Gallaghe Be forced to let 'er go?

Why can't hele: er go? Has be a bulldog in the yard

And still we want to know What is it? Who is Gallagher?

Why don't he let 'er go?

The New York papers lately published a very pathetic story about a very popular emotional actress. It was to the effect that

from neavous prostration, is in no need of pecuniary aid, and is on the way to speedy

was recently found to be secretly addicted to it, keeping her "medicine" in a school-In the Chicago Farm Field and Stockman, September 24, 1887, is this letter signed S. T. O., from Barstow, Ky. : " I missed the know that'you made the request to know phine habit, until I gota letter from a gentleman asking information. I should have

cure. I should have given it when I wrote nedicine. But it is not well known that There is a citizen of Detroit who possess. vances to anyone until he has been regular-

But the dog stared indiffierently into tion, giving the whole system that strength

> with the special remedies for the care of the dreadful opium liabit. habit is the deadening of mental and moral sensibilities in proportion as it weakens the physical system and the will power.