The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor

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.

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.
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Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan.
Office:—Town Hall, Acton.
E. F. B. JOHNSTON. WM. A. McLEAN.

J. A. MOWAT,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Money to Loan.
Office Days—Tuesdays and Saturdays.
Office:—Martyn's Block, Acton, opp. post office.

SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.
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Offices:—Crossland's Block, Georgetown, and 60 Kingstreet east, Toronto.
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BADGEROW, CARSON & CO.,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS & NOTARIES,
Court Chambers, Cor. Church and Adelaide Sts., Toronto, Canada.
Telephone No. 1278. Cable Address: Badgerow.
G. W. BADGEROW, JOHN CARSON, M.A., LL.B.
CO. CROWN ATTORNEY.

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HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA.
Twenty 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.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms and at the lowest rate of interest, in sums of $200 and upwards.

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

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. Binding neatly and promptly done.

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
MILL STREET, ACTON.
An easy chair, a stylish hair-cut, a good sea-foam or exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.
J. & H. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artists.

DEEP Sea Wonders exist in three kinds of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. We are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

Guelph Business College.
GUELPH, ONTARIO.
THIS POPULAR INSTITUTION NOW IN ITS fourth year is doing a grand work for the education of young men and women in those branches, a knowledge of which is so essential to the intelligent and successful management of practical affairs. Its graduates are everywhere giving signal proof of the thoroughness of their training, and bearing grateful testimony to the monetary value of the course of study. The fourth annual circular giving full information will be mailed free. Address
M. MacCORMICK, Principal.
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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, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of property, on the Premium Note System.
F. W. Stone, President. Chas. Davidson, Secretary.
JOHN TAYLOR Agent.

R. & J. HOLMES,
BUTCHERS,
Main Street, - - Acton,
Have much pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Acton, that they have erected and opened a new butcher shop on Main Street, and are prepared to conduct a straightforward but cheering business.
Having had large experience in the business we can guarantee all customers who favor us with their patronage, perfect satisfaction.
All kinds of meat, fresh and good, and poultry, fish, &c., in season, will be found in stock.
We respectfully solicit your esteemed patronage.
R. & J. HOLMES

Acton Banking Company,
STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO.,
—BANKERS,—
Acton. - - Ontario.
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES.
Notes Discounted and Interest Allowed on Deposits.

For Sale Cheap.
THE undersigned is prepared to furnish on the shortest notice, in any quantity and at bottom prices, first-class
Cedar Rails and Fence Posts, Staves, Heading, Shingles, Wash Tubs, Churns, Butter Tubs, Pork Barrels, Wood, Flour & Feed,
and anything in these lines.
The parties to find a better place than
THOMAS C. MOORE'S
to buy anything in the above lines, also to find out if you are indebted to him for anything purchased from him. His books say some are and he would like the money.
MACHINERY.
A Stave Jointer nearly new, and a Shingle Rolter and saw in good condition, Goble & McCullough make, for sale low for cash.
THOS. C. MOORE, Acton, Ont.

PICTURE FRAMES
—AT—
WATERS BROTHERS.

PICTURES
—AT—
WATERS BROTHERS.
Cornice Poles, Banner Rods, Mouldings, Cords, Nails, Glass, Bevelled Mirrors,
ARTIST'S MATERIALS
Winsor & Newtons
—AT—
WATERS BROTHERS,
25 WYNDHAM STREET GUELPH

Wellington Marble Works.
QUEBEC ST., GUELPH.
Hamilton & Clark,
PROPRIETORS.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Marble, Granite and everything pertaining to Cemetery work. Direct importers 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, we will, until further notice, sell at prices never before known in Ontario. For instance—Granite monuments, 2 ft. high, $20, 2 ft. 6 in. high, $30, 3 ft. high, $40, 3½ ft. high, $50. All work and material warranted first-class. Parties wanting anything in this line will do well to call and see us before purchasing elsewhere as we guarantee our prices are from 40 to 50 per cent. below all other dealers.

LIVERY.
J. & H. WORDEN
HAVING assumed proprietorship of the livery business lately carried on by Mr. W. E. Smith, would solicit the patronage of the public, and will do their utmost to please all customers.
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs Can Always be Secured.
First Class Outfit for Commercial Travellers at Special Rates.
A comfortable bus meets all day trains and night also if ordered. Give us a call.
J. & H. WORDEN.

HELLO!
Pause and Consider
That it will be to your own interest to patronize home trade. We would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Acton and surrounding country that we are again in full running order, and in a better position than before the fire to fill all orders entrusted to us. To parties building,
Lumber will be Dressed
while you wait, and Mouldings, &c. made with neatness and despatch.
N. B.—We are also prepared to fill all orders for
PUMPS
on short notice and from long experience in the business we feel confident that we can give satisfaction every time. So come on with your orders and help to roll the ball along. Money makes the mare go, whether she has legs or no.
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

WEAVING.
MR. T. MITCHELL
Desires to inform the people of Acton and surroundings that he is prepared to take orders for weaving all kinds of Fancy Rag Carpets, Flannel Sheeting, Skirting and Dress Goods, striped or plaid, twillor plain, also Bed Blankets and Horse Blankets, two yards wide and over.
And I will guarantee that I will give good satisfaction to all farmers and others who will favor me with their patronage.
T. MITCHELL.

BURKE'S NORTH AMERICAN
Washing Machine.
(Patented in Canada 1885; in United States, 1887)
The most perfect washer and wringer in the world. It takes the lead wherever introduced. Competition defied. $500 of a challenge for competition by any other washing machine ever invented on earth. Twenty thousand machines now in use. Every machine guaranteed to give satisfaction.
Machine with wringer $15, without wringer, $6.
Correspondence solicited. Send for circular.
DAVID SHULTIS, ROCKWOOD P. O.
General agent for the Townships of Esquesing, Nassagaweya, Eramosa, Guelph and city of Guelph.

—NEW—
WALL PAPER
FOR THIS SEASON.
The Finest and Largest Stock Ever Shown in Guelph is now
—AT—
DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
DAY SELLS CHEAP.

BUSINESS CHANGE
Having purchased the stock of the business of which I have been manager for nearly 8 years, I desire to thank you for your kind and liberal patronage of the past and to solicit a continuance of past favors.
In addition to the well assorted stock of
General Dry Goods
and Choice Fresh Groceries, I have added a Complete Assortment of
Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers, &c., &c.,
which were bought right and are being sold right. Call and inspect them.
JOHN C. NELSON.
Goods Sold for Cash or Trade Only.

THE MERCHANTS'
Protective and Collecting
ASSOCIATION OF CANADA.
Head Office,—Hamilton, Ontario.
(Established 1884)
Is an Association of business and professional men, having for its object the
Collection of Debts;
And to prevent its members from making bad debts by furnishing them with lists of parties who do not pay. Merchants and others having accounts to collect will find it to their advantage to become members—as hundreds of accounts are being collected through it that could not be collected in any other way. Many an account that has been rusted and then returned by the bailiff is no good, after putting the merchant to great expense, has been collected through this association. Merchants wishing to become members, by remitting $10.00 to our Manager, at Hamilton, will receive by return mail full particulars, certificate of membership, etc. Testimonials sent.
J. B. Mills & Co., Managers

McNab & Co.,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
Have assumed possession of the business of that well-known stand,
THE EAST END TAILOR SHOP
and will continue the business with a desire to please and satisfy all customers both as to quality, style and prices of goods.
A fair share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.
M'NAB & CO.

W. BARBER & BROS.
PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
—AND—
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.
The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.
WM. BARBER & BROS.

JUST ARRIVED.
A Large quantity of the purest
HELLEBORE
and the Finest Quality of
Paris Green.
Also a fine assortment of Scotch and English Turnip Seeds
—AT—
McGARVIN'S
Drug and Bookstore.
ACTON, ONTARIO.

Poetry.

BUSTIN' THE TEMPERANCE MAN.

Hoarsely demanding: "Gimme a drink,"
He sidled up to the bar:
And he handled his glass with the air of one
Who had often before "been thar;"
And a terrible glance shot out of his eyes
And over his hearers ran
As he muttered: "I'm hangin round this ere town
Fer to bust that temperance man."

"I've heard he's a-comin' with singing' and sich,
And prayin' and hymns of talk,
And allows he'll make all fellers a-hat drink
Too square to the temperance chalk."
"I reckon"—and here he pulled out a knife
That was two feet long or more,
And he handled his pistols familiarly,
While the crowd made a break for the door—
"I reckon as how he allows too much
Fer ther's one rip-snorter right here
That'll carve that fellow in ninety-four bits,
And claw him from hoof to ear."
"I'm a howler at home, I'm a roarer abroad
And I'm bound for to have his gore;
I'll light on his back like a cord of wood
And slide him to Canaan's shore."

The good man came and his voice was kind,
And his ways were meek and mild
"But-I'm goin' ter bust him!" the roarer said
"Jes wait till he gets me riled."
Then he playfully felt of his pistol belt,
And took up his place on the stage,
And waited in wrath for the temperance man
To further excite his rage.

But the orator didn't; he wasn't that sort
For he talked right straight to the heart,
And somehow or other the roarer felt
The trembling tear-drop start,
As he thought of the wife who had loved him well
And the children that clipped his knee:
And he said as the terrible pictures were drawn
"He's got it kerrect—that's me."

Then his thoughts went back to the years gone by,
When his mother had kissed his brow,
As she tearfully told of the evils of drink;
And he made her a solemn vow
That he never would touch the poisonous cup
Which had ruined so many before;
And the tears fell fast as he slowly said,
"He's ketchin' me more and more!"

He loosened his hold on the pistols and knife
And covered his streaming eyes,
And though it was homely, his prayers went up,
Straight up to the starlit skies,
Then he signed his name to the temperance pledge
And holding it high said he:
"I came here to bust that temperance chap,
But I reckon he's busted me."

Select Family Reading.

At The Eleventh Hour.

BY MRS. E. H. HOUGH.

"And must I go, Squire, from the place I have so long called my home? Will you not take the word of him whom for thirty years your father never doubted?"

"I suppose you are telling me what you believe to be the truth," was the reply; but you admit that you can show no legal title to this property; and I have already arranged for having an observatory built upon it, as it commands the finest views on the estate."

Nathan Grange crushed a long, bitter sigh, then, after a pause, spoke again.

"How much longer can I stay here, sir?"

"Until we can well make no account of the back rent;" and Squire Clayton left the cottage and walked briskly away.

It was, indeed, as the squire had said, the finest view on the estate. The little cottage nestled like a sea-gull against the side of the cliff, its tiny strip of garden bright all summer long with flowers, while in front a short rocky and precipitous path led down to a pebbly beach, washed by the waters of the beautiful bay; at the farther side of which was a light-house, whose friendly beacon shone at night like a star over the waters. Tied to companion stakes were two boats, one firmly built and serviceable, showing its staunch resistance to many a rough encounter with winds and waves, the other a fairy-like little craft, on the stern of which glittered in golden letters the fantastic name "Water Witch!"

The room in which the interview just described took place presented an aspect, not only of scrupulous neatness, but refinement and even elegance. A handsome piano and well-filled music stand—a gift of the former squire—stood against one wall on which hung in a beautifully carved frame, a crayon sketch of the little cottage and the bay, its waves dashing high upon the strand, while some distance out appeared an upturned boat and two figures battling with the waves.

Besides these were a set of book shelves, also beautifully carved, together with various other attractive and tasteful articles. The cottage, which originally stood just outside the limits of the estate, had been purchased by the former squire, and afterwards improved and enlarged by the addition of another room, whose two tiny windows were now adorned with a living garland of the luxuriant English ivy.

"Twenty-five years ago this very night, at the risk of my own life, I saved the young heir, whose birthday feast would else have been turned into a funeral wail," said Grange, breaking the silence which had followed the squire's departure. "And his father told me, when I laid his rescued child in his arms, that neither his life nor that of his son would be long enough to repay the debt of gratitude. And now that son comes to turn me from the home his father said should belong forever to me and mine. With his own hand the old squire gave me that deed, which now, in some strange, mysterious way, is lost, and my word avails nothing. I must go. And why?"

As if in answer to this question, a clear fresh voice broke upon the air, trilling a love song in tones so full of fervent and tender pathos that Nathan Grange buried his face in his hands with a groan.

Thirty years before Nathan Grange had become a tenant at the little cottage, after having lost his fortune.

In the former Squire Clayton, Grange had found a patron and friend, who in various ways furnished him more than enough employment to pay his small rent; and by his genius and artistic skill in wood carving, he earned enough to provide for the simple wants of himself and wife.

So had passed ten years, marked by no incident of note except the one referred to—saving the life of the young heir. Soon after that event the young squire had married and gone abroad, and at the end of the next year, there came tidings of a son born to them.

He continued, however, to reside abroad, only returning occasionally for a brief visit to his home.

Two years more passed, when, on a lovely summer Sabbath, while sea and sky seemed joining in a thanksgiving anthem, the feeble yet thrilling voice of a new life was heard in the little cottage; and lifting his infant daughter in his hands, Nathan Grange turned his face to-ward the smiling sea, and blessed the Giver who had sent him that treasure.

In the chapel near by, the little "sea maiden," as Nathan loved to call her, received the baptismal name of Marina. Squire Clayton stood as her god-father, and after the service took her in his arms and kissed her, and placed in her tiny hand a fifty pound note.

Until her sixteenth year, Marina remained at home, acquiring such knowledge as could be gained there, or from the library at the hall, where she was always welcome. Her father's talent in carving re-appeared in her in the form of a love for drawing; and the picture to which we have alluded, commemorating her father's heroism in saving the life of the young squire, was among her earliest efforts.

About that time, however, Squire Clayton, observing his little god-daughter's knowledge, added to his christening gift, sacredly kept by her father, enough to give her a three year' course at a distant seminary, from which she returned a tall, elegant girl, with an air of easy and graceful refinement that many a titled lady might have evinced.

The welcome she received from the old squire was as cordial and earnest as that of her own parents. He listened with keen delight to her playing and singing, and marked her progress in other accomplishments; then as she rose to take leave of him, he gathered her in his arms, as when a smiling infant, and pressing a kiss upon her snow-white brow, exclaimed, with deep emotion:

"God bless thee, my daughter!"

And Marina went home with the echo of those words in her heart, for they seemed like a whisper from the unrevealed future.

Two weeks glided happily by, when, at a late hour one night, Marina and her parents were summoned to the hall where their old patron and friend was lying, prostrated by a paralytic stroke. He was already speechless, and could barely move one hand, which he placed in that of Marina, then passed away, his eyes fixed upon her face to the last with a look of deep yearning that could never be forgotten.

A telegram sent to his son, then in the south of Italy, brought back a response that the health of his wife would not permit him to leave her at present, nor would she be able to come to England before the following summer. A few weeks later, however, a new face appeared at the hall—one who now bore the name of the young squire and came as an *avant courier* of his father. Among the first to welcome him was Nathan Grange, to whom the "bonny boy," as he called him, seemed to be his grandfather's very self, reproduced in the bloom of youth.

With fond admiration, Nathan noted the young Herbert's skill as he guided the beautiful "Water Witch," while listening to Marina's sweet voice floating over the placid waters in the golden autumn days, as she sang songs which the young squire declared sounded sweeter to him than any he had heard from the lips of *prima donnas* under Italian skies. And ere many weeks had passed Nathan realized that a new voice had spoken to the heart of his innocent child—a voice which, once heard is never silenced or forgotten. No open avowal had been made; but in language more sweet, more subtle, more eloquent than spoken words, each had confessed the secret that united their hearts.

But the summer came, bringing the squire, proud, stern-faced and haughty, with no trace of the generous good fellowship that had characterized his early years, and in the bearing of the new master Nathan saw no encouragement for the hopes he was cherishing in behalf of his beloved child.

The blow came all too soon. The proud man immediately discovered and denounced what he called the insane infatuation of his son, and vowed to find some antidote, fair or foul. He could not forget that he owed his life to the man against whom his hatred was now turned, or ignored his father's generous acknowledgement of that service. But he had discovered that the deed had never been recorded, and soon learned from Nathan's candid admission that the deed had in some way been lost, apparently beyond recovery. With well simulated sympathy, the squire had given Grange a few days more in which to find the deed if he could; and at the time of the opening of our story the last day of grace had expired.

While we have been giving these explanatory statements, Nathan had been standing like a statue of despair, gazing out upon the bay. Rousing himself, he caught up his hat.

"I must put off the evil hour still longer! I cannot speak the words that will break the heart of my child! Perhaps the friendly waves will whisper the secret that memory so cruelly withholds!"

Descending to the beach, with rapid, nervous strides, he stepped into a row boat and pushed off. Absorbed in his painful thoughts, he took no note of time, until the sound of the incoming tide, and a sensation of unusual weariness, admonished him to return. With languid strokes he urged the boat homeward; but while yet some distance from shore, one of the oars slipped from his nerveless grasp. By a quick, instinctive moment to recover it, he upset the boat, and at the next instant was struggling in the waves.

When in full health and vigor, the accident would have been a trivial one; but now his mind and body were enervated and worn down by the harrowing anxiety of the past week. The chill of approaching death was upon him, when, like a panoramic vision, his whole life passed in review, and a faint but thrilling cry burst from his lips.

"Oh, Heaven! I see it now!—the deed! the deed! Oh, must I die here in sight of my home, which my dear ones then must lose?"

Raising, with an almost superhuman effort, his drooping head, Nathan turned his white, despairing face toward the little cottage.

But the mist gathered darker and deeper before his home, its outlines were fading from his view, and once more he felt himself sinking slowly down to death.

Did he feel a hand meet and grasp his own in that fast, fateful moment? The rolling waves, singing their death-dirge in his ears, gave no response.

* * * * * * *

With the sound of the tide still ringing in his ears, Nathan Grange awoke to the life that had been so mercifully preserved. Then the sound changed to one of low but passionate sobbing; and turning his head with an effort, he beheld his daughter in the close embrace of the young Squire, her face hidden on his shoulder. In that dreadful moment of supposed bereavement she had realized only the fact that one heart still remained to support and comfort her, and she had sought that last refuge with the impetuous boldness of terror and despair.

But Herbert's quick eye had caught the movement, and bending his face to that of the fair girl exclaimed:

"Look up, darling! He lives! He lives!" And in another moment Marina's arms were about her father's neck and her grateful tears bathing his pillow.

"Yes, lives, thank God!" said Nathan, as soon as he could gather strength to speak; and turning to his wife, who was bending over him from the other side—"lives to preserve his dear home. Susie, bring me the picture that hangs above the piano."

With joyful alacrity his wife obeyed, and in a moment more it was in his hands; and drawing out a portion of the back, he produced the missing deed.

"You remember, wife, two years ago, in that dreadful storm that came, while our little sea maiden was away at school, this picture fell to the floor. In my drowning struggle out yonder in the bay I remembered that, when mending it, it occurred to me what a good and appropriate place it would be to keep the deed, and I fixed this sliding piece and laid the paper in. Oh, what a blessed, happy misfortune that brought back to me the remembrance so long withheld! And you, dear lad," he added, turning to the young squire, who was watching the scene with glistening eyes, "my heart tells me that it was your hand that grasped mine and drew me from my watery grave."

"Yes, thank God!" said Herbert, fervently. "I have been permitted to repay the debt of gratitude my father owed you for a similar service. While returning from a business errand, I was approaching the cottage, when, as I neared the bay, I saw some one struggling in the waves; and urging my horse forward with all possible speed, I reached the bay and plunged in, just in time to grasp your hand as you were disappearing. As soon as I reached shore, I sent a man, who was fortunately within hail, for a doctor, and then we set to work to do what we could to restore you. And here he is now."

The physician entered at that moment. But while he was listening to the case, the sound of hurried feet was heard outside, and a messenger entered to summon Herbert to the death-bed of his father. In riding home from the village, whither he had gone after his interview with Grange, the Squire's horse had stumbled and fallen, throwing him to the ground, and inflicting mortal injuries. The summons included Nathan and his daughter, but as her father was still too weak to make the effort, Marina accompanied her lover to his father's presence. In a few words the Squire learned that there was no need for the tardy justice he would fain bestow; then, kneeling beside his bed, the lovers received his sanction and dying blessing upon their union.

A year after his death, which was soon followed by that of his wife, Marina stood beside her lover, in the little chapel where she had received the baptismal rite, and took upon herself the sacred vows of marriage. Nathan Grange and his wife continued to live in the little cottage, asking no higher happiness or privilege than the knowledge that their dearly-cherished child was the loved and honored mistress of Clayton Hall.

REPAIRING A BROKEN NEEDLE.

There lived not many years ago a very short distance from the town of Beaver, a man of extraordinary meanness. I don't think it would be unjust to say that he was a miser. Most of you would enjoy the story more if I told you his name. But I won't do it.

One day as he was starting out for Beaver to do his weekly shopping, for even he had to buy something for the support of his family, his wife came out and asked him to buy her a darning-needle.

"What's the matter with the one I bought you last winter?"

"The eye is broken out," she replied.

"Bring the needle here," said he. "I'm not going to allow any such extravagance. I'll have the needle mended."

The woman was wise in her generation, and made no protest. She brought out the broken needle.

The economical farmer rode into Beaver, and stopped first of all at the blacksmith's shop. He took out the needle, and handed it to the blacksmith. "I want that mended," he said.

The blacksmith knew his customer, and keeping his face perfectly straight, said that the eye should be made whole in an hour's time. The farmer rode away, and the blacksmith walked across the street, and bought a new needle for a cent or two.

When the farmer called again the blacksmith gave him the new needle. The farmer looked at the smooth, polished surface of the steel and remarked that it was a good job.

"How much will it be?" said he.

"Ten cents," said the blacksmith, and the farmer as he paid it remarked that he knew that the needle could be mended, but his wife would have gone to the expense of buying a new one if he hadn't interferred.—*Pilsbury Dispatch.*

THE HIGHWAY COW.

Few objects are more to be pitied than the highway cow. Her fare is scanty, and her lot hardship and abuse. She must steal or starve, and her look shows that she is conscious of being a thief. Her owner cares little for her, and by all others she is hated. Her food and treatment being what they are, she can not be profitable to anyone, and to the owners of land in her vicinity she is a source of vexation and loss. Why she exists no one can tell, for if it were not for her three-fourths of the fencing now required would not be needed; this saving would pay for good pasture for her, not to speak of the cessation of damage to crops. The principle which allows her to exist is wrong; it is contrary to that which once prevailed in the English law; it requires each landholder to fence all other men's cattle out, instead of his own in. The law is wrong, not the highway cow. Hence do not abuse her, though she is exasperating. When she has eaten off all your cabbage, or destroyed bushels of your ripening wheat, do not put the dog on her, and club her unmercifully when you get her in a corner, but make a sturdy resolve that you will vote against animals running at large. Here as elsewhere prevention is better than cure.

KISS THE BOOK.

In the courts of many states, a witness is sworn to "tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," with his hand upon a copy of the Bible, and after this the book is presented for him to kiss. In other States, the Bible is not made use of, at least not unless one of the lawyers thinks that on account of the religion of the witness it will add to the sanctity of his oath. At a trial in Newark, N. J., not long ago, Dr. Drescher, "State Analyist" of New Jersey, was a witness, and, on being sworn, made only a pretext of touching his lips to the sealed volume. After the lawyers had made their arguments, the counsel for the opposite side raised the point that the doctor's oath was invalid, as he had intentionally avoided "kissing the book." The doctor admitted that he was afraid to touch his lips to a book that had been kissed by so many others, for fear that disease might be communicated, saying that he "did not think it safe to touch his lips to it." The judge ordered the case to be re-opened; the doctor gave the soiled cover of the Sacred Book a sounding smack and then vigorously scrubbed his lips with his handkerchief. On the few occasions when the writer has been a witness in court, he has asked of the judge that he might "affirm" instead of "swearing," as he prefers to not take any *bacteria* or *microbes* with his oath. It is a violation of not only personal rights but of proper sanitary regulations to compel one to place his lips in contact with so foul a thing as the binding of a court Bible.—*American Agriculturist for July.*

ACCOMMODATING RAILWAYS.

A Northern man who recently returned from Texas tells some amusing stories of railway service in the Lone Star State. One road running out of Houston possessed one locomotive and a single train of cars. The train would go to Houston one day, and would go to the other end of the line the next day. The train would run off the track occasionally, and then the passengers would have to board with the nearest planter for a few days while the cars were lifted back on the rails. The conductor considered it a matter of only ordinary politeness to stop the train when a lady desired to gather a few wild flowers along the way. One day a lady requested him to stop the train all night at a small station, where she had some friends whom she wanted to visit. The conductor told her that the train would wait long enough to let her go and dine with her friends, but as it was already four hours behind time she would have to take the other passengers to dine with her in order to keep them from making complaint to the superintendent of the road. This proposition was rejected by the lady, who rode on to Houston nursing her wrath.—*Chicago America.*

PARAGRAPHS OF WISDOM.

Calumny robs the public of all that benefits it may justly claim from the worth and virtue of particular persons, by rendering their virtue utterly insignificant.—*South.*

Never in your dress, says Lord Lytton, altogether desert that taste which is genial. The world considers eccentricity in great things genius; in small things, folly.

When a man has once forfeited his reputation or his integrity, nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.—*Tillotson.*

Character is very much like cloth in one respect. If white, it can be died black; but one blackened it cannot be dyed white.

The way of the transgressor is hard, but the way of those he leaves behind him is often harder.

Wise men make their enemies their instructors; fools become enemies to their teachings.

You needn't pack up any worries. You can get them anywhere as you go along.

The freer you feel yourself in the presence of another the freer is he.—*Lavater.*

Two things a man does not forget—his first love and his first smoke.

SAY NO.

Dare to say "No" when your tempted to drink.

Pause for a moment, my brave boy, and think;

Think of the wrecks upon life's ocean tossed,

For answering "Yes" without counting the cost.

Think of the mother who bore you in pain,

Think of the tears that will fall like rain;

Think of the heart and how cruel the blow,

Think of her love, and at once answer "No."

Think of the hopes that are drowned in the bowl

Think of the danger to body and soul.

Think of sad lives once as pure as the snow;

Look at them now, and at once answer "No."

Think of a manhood with rum-tainted breath,

Think of the homes that now shadowed with woe

Might have been heaven, had the answer been "No."

Think of lone graves both unwept and unknown,

Hiding fond hopes that were fair as your own.

Think of proud forms now forever laid low,

That might still be here, had they learned to say "No."

Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl,

Driving to ruin both body and soul.

Think of all this as life's journey you go,

And when you're assailed by the tempter, say "No."

SHE "PASSED."

A worthy lady advertised for a plain cook, and several persons applied for the situation. Owing to her fastidiousness, however, none of them seemed to suit her requirements, but at the eleventh hour a maiden from the Emerald Isle made application. In reply to a question whether she was able to do plain cooking, she gave an affirmative answer, adding, "The plainer the better for me." And being further tested in an oral manner, the good lady said—"My husband likes his meat boiled, and I like mine roasted. Now, if you get a fowl to cook, how would you do it?" "Please, ma'am," said the girl, "I would roast it first, an' you could ate your share; then I would boil what you left for the mather." The girl obtained the situation.

THE RAIN.

He opened the windows of heaven to-day,
And poured us a blessing down;
On the thirsty field and the stony way,
And the hot and dusty town.

The light on the mountain is faint and sweet,
And bright is the flowery plain;
In the silent woods where the lovers meet
The mosses are golden again.

I lifted my plant in my feeble hands,
And held it out to the shower;
For the rain that waters the wide grey land
Will freshen a widow's flower.

And there came a thought of the friendless heart,
Shut up in a lonely place;
Oh, carry it forth, ere its life depart,
And give it the streams of grace!

Oh, carry it forth to a purer air,
From its dark abode of pain,
Till the dust of self, and the stains of care
Are washed away by the rain.

SOME SENSIBLE FUN.

Hon. S. S. Cox, the well-known statesman, takes off the arguments of the politicians in fine style. He rivals them in their ability to form conclusions. He argues:

England has free trade; England has low wages. Ergo, free trade produces low wages.

Again, the United States has protection; the United States has high wages. Therefore protection produces high wages.

England has a House of Lords; England has low wages. Conclusion, the lords make low wages.

The United States is infested with tramps; the United states has high wages. Therefore tramps make wages high.

Ireland has no snakes; Ireland has low wages. Argal, snakes make high wages.

Russia has high protection; Russia has low wages. Therefore, protection makes wages low.

Turkey—will gentlemen excuse me for my reference? Well, Turkey has a low tariff—3 per cent. Turkey has the Koran. Therefore, the Koran makes wages low.

HINTS FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

Avoid beginning a conversation by an allusion to the weather.

Avoid all intemperate expressions.

Avoid talking of any one person in the presence of others in a language not understood save by the two persons using it, unless addressing a foreigner in his own tongue and then the others should be made aware of the topics of conversation.

Avoid speaking to any one as "that party."

Avoid using the words "she" or "he" accompanied by a nod of the head or a jerk of the thumb in the direction of the person spoken of, but speak the name of the lady or gentleman.

Avoid all remarks intended to have a double meaning.

Do not betray egotism.

Be careful not to indulge in furious gesticulations. Conversation is not oratory.

Do not be satirical, save in defence of yourself against impertinence.

THE CLAM'S DEFENCE.

"Don't be a clam," is a warning that meets one very frequently nowadays. Well, why not? What's the matter with a clam? He's all right. He fulfils his mission and makes the most of himself, what more could be expected and what more does any person do? The clam is as well born, as well bred, and as respectable as the oyster, yet nobody thinks of speaking disrespectfully of the oyster. What has the clam done that it should be made a term of derision? Nobody ever heard of a clam getting drunk, lying, cheating at cards, abusing dumb animals, putting a little dog's eyes out, or doing any of the thousand things by which men distinguish themselves from brutes. The clam is set to be heard from. Perhaps he would say, "Don't be a mule."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

WISDOM.

I know of no blessing so small which can reasonably be expected without prayer, nor any so great but may be obtained by it.—*South*

You think you want faithless God's willingness to help you when you only want his willingness to be helped by him.

By their patience and perseverance God's children are truly known from hypocrites and dissembers.—*Augustine.*

Do the duty that comes first; you know not what beautiful experiences it may blossom into.

He who acts his strength is strong, and will be stronger.—*Guild Court.*

FISHING FOR MOTHER-OF-PEARL.

Twice a year the fishery set off for the coral reefs in the Red Sea. A fleet consists of about three hundred open boats of from eight to twenty tons burden and with a single lateen sail in each. The crews consist almost entirely of black slaves, who receive two-thirds of the "catch," while the other third goes to the owners of the boats. When the sea is calm, the fishers anchor the boats near the coral reefs, and going out in canoes to the fishing-grounds, dive for the shells. These slaves are of all ages from ten to forty years, and are remarkably strong and healthy. The mother-of-pearl shells are sold at auction in the markets of Jeddah, and from there sent to London and Havre.—*American Agriculturist for July.*

It is worse than madness to neglect a cough or cold which is easily subdued if taken in time becomes, when left to itself, the fore-runner of consumption and premature death. Inflammation, when it attacks the delicate tissue of the lungs, and bronchial tubes, travels with perilous rapidity; then do not delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that grasps this formidable foe of the human body, and drives it from the system. This medicine promotes a free and easy expectoration, subdues the cough, heals the diseased parts, and exerts a most wonderful influence in curing consumption, and other diseases of the throat and lungs. If parents wish to save the lives of their children, and themselves from much anxiety, trouble and expense, let them procure a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and whenever a child has taken cold, has a cough or hoarseness, give the Syrup according to directions.

One of the greatest surprises to the English public at the Colonial Exhibition in London was the extensive and artistic display of Memorial Windows and household Stained Glass from the celebrated McCausland & Son, Toronto. The Prince of Wales and thousands of others openly expressed their surprise and delight in the specimens of glass works.