The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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ACTON, ONTARIO

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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THREE MONTHS.....25ct

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ADVERTISING RATES.

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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 9 a.m. on Tuesdays, otherwise they will be left over until the following week.

H. D. 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.—Will be here in the near. Horses examined as to soundness and certificates given.
All calls, night or day promptly attended to. Terms easy.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST, GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

JOHNSTON & McLEAN,
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 DATE—Tuesday and Saturday.
OFFICE:—Matthews' Block, Acton, up-stairs

SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD;
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,
TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN.
Offices:—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and 60 King street east, Toronto.
E. T. ALLAN. J. SHILTON, B.A. J. BAIRD, B.A.

BADGEROW, CARSON & CO.,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS & NOTARIES.
Court Chambers, Cor. Church and Adelaide Sts., Toronto, Canada.
Telephone No. 1276. Cable Address: Badgerow.
C. W. BADGEROW, JOHN CARSON, B.C.L.
CO. CROWN ATTORNEY.

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS
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 rates of interest, in sums of $500 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 shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good sea-foam at exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.
J. & H. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artists.

SALESMEN WANTED.
PERMANENT positions guaranteed with salary and expenses paid. Any determined man can succeed with us. Peculiar advantages to beginners. Stock complete, including many fast-selling specialties. Outfit free. Name this paper. Address at once. BROWN BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

Guelph Business College.
GUELPH, ONTARIO.
THE fifth scholastic year began September 1st. The system of education pursued is at once intellectual and eminently practical, meeting in a very marked degree the requirements of this progressive and commercial age. Few, if any, of the graduates, according to the showing of past results, need to long unemployed. To mention their training school is, as a rule, a passport to eligible and lucrative situations.
Ladies are admitted to all the advantages offered by the College. For circulars, mailed free, giving terms, etc., address
M. MacCORMICK, Principal.
6-1y

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 Hall Dwellings, 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 butchering 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.
They purchase it 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 same are and he would like the money.
MACHINERY.
A Stave Jointer nearly new, and a Shingle Halter and saw in good condition, Goldie & McCulloch 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, ft. high, 6x2, 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 us before purchasing elsewhere as we guarantee our prices are from 30 to 50 per cent. below all other dealers.

LIVERY.
JOHN WILLIAMS
HAVING assumed proprietorship of the livery business lately carried on by Worden Bros., would solicit the patronage of the public and will do my 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.
JOHN WILLIAMS.

—ACTON—
PUMP FACTORY
—AND—
PLANING MILL
THOS. EBBAGE, Man.
I have resumed the management of the pump business in Acton and would respectfully inform all parties in want of pumps that we are now prepared to supply them from
The old Style Wooden Pump to the Best Force Pump made.
Pumps for Wind Mills or Rock Wells supplied on short notice.
Deep Wells a Specialty.
PRICES RIGHT EVERY TIME.
Our Planing Mill
Lumber dressed while you wait. Mouldings &c., made to order. We have also a quantity of Lumber for sale, suitable for building purposes. Orders by mail will receive prompt and careful attention.
Shop at foot of River Street.
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, Shirting and Dress Goods, striped or plaid, twilled or 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.

—THE—
CIDER & CHOPPING MILLS
AT ROCKWOOD.
Will re-open for the season's business on
MONDAY, 3rd SEPTEMBER.
Chopping weighed in and weighed out. Land rollers made to order. Steam and water pipes and all connections supplied, cut and threaded promptly.
W. B. BRAGG
ROCKWOOD

$7.50
Will buy a set of
Dickens' Novels
15 volumes, cloth, with 150 full page Illustrations, complete edition, containing all the Notes, Appendices, Glossary, &c. Publisher's price, $22.50.
—THE—
Waverley Novels
25 volumes, bound in 12, with 104 full page Illustrations, complete edition, containing all the notes, Appendices, Glossary, &c. Publishers price $45. Day's low price $7.
DAY'S BOOKSTORE,
GUELPH.
DAY SELLS CHEAP.

—RIGHT—
TO THE FRONT
OF ALL COMPETITION WE PLACE OUR
Elegant and Substantial Goods.
Splendid in Quality!
Complete in Assortment!!
Overflowing in Generous Bargains
—IN—
MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S
Boots and Shoes
RUBBERS, OVERSHOES, &c.
At prices that always lead to speedy sales
LOWEST PRICES
—CONSISTENT WITH—
GOOD QUALITY.
Custom Work and Repairing promptly attended to.
W. WILLIAMS,
Mill Street, Acton.

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 staled and then returned by the bailiff as no good, after putting the merchant to great expense, has been collected through this association. Merchants wishing to become members, by remitting $5.00 to our Managers, at Hamilton, will receive by return mail full particulars, certificate of membership, etc. Testimonials sent.
J. B. Mills & Co., Managers

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.

SCHOOL BOOKS
—AND—
SCHOOL SUPPLIES.
A large stock of School Books and School Supplies, Stationary, Etc., just arrived.
Pure Wine for Sacramental purposes now in stock
—AT—
McGARVIN'S
DRUG STORE.

Poetry.

COMFORT ONE ANOTHER.

Comfort one another:
For the way is growing dreary,
The feet are often weary,
And the heart is very sad.
There is heavy-burden bearing,
While it seems that none care caring,
And we hardly forget that ever we were glad.

Comfort one another:
With the hand-clasp close and tender,
With the sweetness love can render,
And looks of friendly eyes.
Do not wait with grace unspoken
While life's daily bread is broken;
Gentle speech is oft like manna from the skies.

Comfort one another:
There are words of music ringing
Down the ages, sweet as singing
Of the happy choirs above.
Bearers of joy and mighty angel,
Lift the grand, deep-voiced evangel,
Where forever they are praising the eternal love.

Comfort one another:
By the hope of Him who sought us
In our peril—Him who bought us,
Paying with his precious blood:
By the faith that will not alter,
Trusting strength that will not falter,
Leaning on the One divinely good.

Comfort one another:
Let the grave-gloom lie beyond you,
While the Spirit's words remind you
Of the home beyond the tomb;
Where no more is pain or parting,
Fever's flush to tear-drops starting,
But the presence of the Lord, and for all his people room.

—*Independent.*

Select Family Reading.

A Trifling Mistake.

It was a very busy day at Storrs & Jackson's. All the country customers had come in to make their purchases for the week, which they always did on Saturdays, rain or shine. The five over-worked clerks were rushing here and there striving to be in half-a-dozen places at once, and old Storrs himself, smiling and obsequious, was bowing in the carriage customers, and giving a more familiar greeting to the plainly dressed people who were not likely to run up a long bill.

"Just look at old Storrs bowing and scraping to Mrs. Walton," Tom Jarvis whispered to one of his fellow clerks. "Wonder if he won't have a crick in his fat back to-night."

"Oh, he's bowing to the hundred dollar bill he expects to get out of her," the other answered. "She talks big about her indifference to expense, but all the same she holds on to her money with a tight grip. Those newly rich people always do. But I'll bet the Boss is more than a match for her."

Mrs. Walton, a stout, vulgar, pretentious woman, sailed into the store with her head thrown back, and what she considered a haughty carriage. She had been wealthy a very short time—not long enough to forget the value of the dimes, which were scarce enough in her days of poverty, and to keep a sharp lookout over them, but yet striving to impress others with the indifference to expense. Parsimony and ostentation waged a perpetual battle in her mind.

"I do hope you're goin' to wait on me yourself, Mr. Storrs," she said loftily. "The last time time I was here I had a stupid fellow who didn't know real valenshun lace from imitation." She did not add that she was ignorant of the difference herself, until one of the other clerks pointed out the mistake. "Yes, sir, that's just what he did. I never wear any but the real thing, and I don't care what it costs."

"Oh, of course, of course, Madam," Mr. Storrs answered, obsequiously. "A lady of your fortune wouldn't be seen with that cheap stuff on you. Most people can't afford the price of real laces, so we're obliged to keep all kinds on hand. You shall have the best clerk in the establishment to-day. I only wish it was in my power to wait on you myself, but I am compelled to give my personal supervision to a large country order. Here, you,"—to one of the cash boys,—"tell Mr. Allen to come here immediately. I don't care whether he's busy or not, I want him."

In a few moments a bright, intelligent-looking lad of about eighteen hurried up.

"Here, Mr. Allen, I want you to wait on Mrs. Walton. Show her the best qualities of our goods. Those handsome lace fichus, and the velvet mantle we opened to-day. It will suit your figure to perfection, Madam! None but a stately, queenly person ought to wear that style of mantle."

Henry Allen checked a smile as he glanced at the portly figure of the lady. She spoke to him in a peremptory tone, as Mr. Storrs bowed himself off:

"You needn't show me no velvet mantles young man. I got mine from Toronto, and it cost me one hundred dollars. I reckon yours isn't a patch to mine. I want to see them new silks Mr. Storrs said you have got in. You're mighty young, seems to me, to know much about the quality of goods," she added, with a suspicious look.

"I have been clerking ever since I was twelve years old, Madam," he answered, respectfully.

"Be you any relation of old William Allen, who died round here three years ago?" was the next question.

A hot flush crept up into the boy's face, and his voice faltered a little as he answered, "I am his son, Madam."

Would he never get over the shame of being his father's son? Would his years of hard work and strict honesty never outweigh the chance circumstance of his birth? Because his father had been a drunkard, and only by a lucky accident had escaped conviction for forging his employer's name, was he, innocent, to bear through life, the burden of another's sin? Henry Allen's eyes were cast down, but he could *feel* the woman's contemptuous look, and her tone was more arrogant than usual when she spoke:

"I wish you'd hurry with those silks, young man, and don't you go to show me any that ain't all silk. You can't cheat me in goods. I'm up to all your trade tricks. Does old Storrs allow you a percentage on the goods you sell, or pay you a salary?"

"He gives his clerks a regular salary," was the answer.

"Well, then, it ain't so much to your profit to cheat as if your living depended on it," she said, with a coarse laugh. "When I hear of a clerk getting a percentage, I keep my eyes open, I tell you. I don't like those dingy-colored silks. Show me something brighter."

"But these browns and grays are very handsome and fashionable, madam," remonstrated Henry Allen.

"They're too grave for me. I'm not a Quaker."

Henry, looking at her brickdust-colored skin and chapeless figure, thought that the gravest colors were needed to tone down such marked imperfections, but it was his business to sell to his customers, and not to cultivate their taste.

After a deal of tossing and turning over the goods, pulling them to see if they were strong, pleating them to see if they cracked, Mrs. Walton chose a bright shade of mauve, the very shade to show off her defects of complexion and figure, but she was jubilant over it until it came to paying the bill. Then she haggled over the price, and it was useless for Henry to remind her that he was not the owner of the store, and could not deduct from the stated price.

"Here I've gone and bought laces, and embroideries, and a silk dress, run up a bill of over a hundred dollars, and you won't take a cent off! It's just a swindle, that's what it is; but when people have money, everybody takes a turn at cheating them. Well, I suppose I've got to pay."

She felt in her satchel for her pocket-book, but changed color when she found it was not there.

"I'm sure I put it in my satchel," she said, nervously. "But, no, I remember when I was lookin' at them lace fichoos yonder, I took it out and put it on the counter."

"You'll be sure to find it there, then," said Henry, going to the next counter. "No one has touched these laces since I showed them to you."

The counter was piled with laces and embroideries. Piece after piece was lifted, but no pocket book was visible. Mrs. Walton's broad face grew redder and redder as the search progressed.

"I can swear on a stack of Bibles I laid it right here, young man," she cried in a shrill, angry voice. "I was lookin' at this here valenshun ficho, and I laid my pocket-book under it. There was three hundred dollars in it, and it's got to be found."

"What is the matter, Mrs. Walton?" said Mr. Storrs, who had hurried up, hearing her raised, angry voice.

"Matter enough I reckon, I'm willing to spend my money freely, but I ain't goin' to lose three hundred dollars in bank notes. I laid my pocket-book right here, and it's gone."

"Has any one been to that counter since you left it, Mr. Allen?" asked Mr. Storrs sternly. The young man was pale with indignation at the woman's tone and looks, but he answered quietly:

"No one, sir. We only left the laces a few minutes ago, and I think it possible Mrs. Walton is mistaken as to the place she left her pocket-book."

"I tell you, Mr. Storrs, I put it right here," she cried, vehemently. "I never forget where I lay my money. It's my opinion you needn't look further than that young Allen to find it. I can't understand why you meant by takin' him as a clerk after all his father's disgrace. I'm going home now, but I want you to understand I ain't goin' to lose that money quietly."

"The whole place shall be searched, Madam," Mr. Storrs said, nervously rubbing his hands. "I'm confident if it has been left here, it will be found."

"I guess if you go the right way to work," with a contemptuous look at Henry, "You'll be pretty apt to find it." She swept away, her head higher than usual, and Mr. Storrs turned furiously upon the young man, who stood pale and silent before him.

"Come to my office, sir, and we'll investigate this matter," he said.

"Now, hand over that money without a word," he said when they reached there.

"Why do you believe I stole it, Mr. Storrs?" he cried. "I swear to you I never saw the pocket-book. I don't believe she ever brought it to the store. Surely, surely, knowing me as well as you do, you cannot really think I would commit such a crime!"

"How do I know when bad blood is going to drop out?" his employer answered, brutally. "I ran a risk in taking you on, and now I'm going to suffer for it. You've got to be searched, sir, and to avoid scandal in my established, I'll do it myself, instead of sending for a policeman. You needn't resist!"

"Resist!" the unhappy boy drew himself up proudly. "I would have insisted upon a search even if you had not proposed it."

He said no more. In the agony of his humiliation he uttered no protest, made no assertions of innocence, but when the unavailing search was over, he said to his employer:

"I hope, sir, you are satisfied!"

"Satisfied! no, I'm not. You haven't got the money on your person, but perhaps you dropped it somewhere in the store when you were suspected. You'll stay in here while I have the place searched."

For hours Henry Allan sat there, his face buried in his hands. He knew that the mere suspicion of the theft was quite sufficient to ruin him in the community where he lived, and his father had sinned. He thought of his mother and little sister, and how he would be forced to leave them to make a living among strangers, and another home for them, for they could not live without him. But could he do it? Would not this base suspicion cling to him like a leprosy? The terrible burden of an inheritance of shame seemed to crush out all hope and strength from his sore young heart, and yet he had tried so hard to do right!

The entrance of Mr. Storrs roused him, and he looked up enquiringly:

"No, the money has not been found," his employer said harshly, "and I don't say you took it. Dare say the woman dropped it in the street! But all the same, Allan, I can't keep you here. It would ruin my business, and she's got an awful tongue, and would go about saying all kinds of things about my establishment, where I keep thieves as clerks.

It was a cruel ordeal for Henry Allen to carry the bad news to his mother. She met it as good mothers do all over the world, thank God for them! She felt it acutely, but she spoke cheerfully and hopefully, dwelling on his innocence, and trying to make him feel, that only a sense of guilt should crush a man, and humiliate him before his fellow-men. She succeeded, and it was with a brave heart Henry turned his back on his old home, and went to seek employment in a city in another province.

About a month after the occurrence I have related, Mrs. Walton drove up to the establishment of Storrs & Jackson, and seeing Mr. Storrs in the door-way, beckoned him too her. He went with a sinking heart, believing that she was going to annoy him about her missing money. Perhaps to avoid a scandal, he would be forced to pay it. But to his surprise, she turned a gracious and smiling countenance to him.

Even old Storrs felt a movement of righteous indignation.

"Not such a trifling mistake, Madam. It has cost me my very best clerk, and driven him out of the place. It was hard on him and his mother, you see."

"Oh, well!" with another laugh, "you're rich enough to hire as many clerks as you want, and I guess it's best old Allen's son should leave here, anyway. He didn't take my pocket-book that time, but I reckon he wasn't too good for it. Come, show me your finest cashmeres."

I am happy to say that old Storrs called on Mrs. Allen that evening, and related the conversation!

"Not that I ever believed he had taken the woman's money," he said, "but I dare say he will be glad to hear it is found. You can write to him that I'm willing to take him back."

"He will not return," Mrs. Allen said, quietly. "He has a good situation, and I don't think he will be willing to run the risk of another such 'trifling mistake.'"

FITFILLY PUT.

Kind treatment is an equivalent of food. The greatest enemy of agriculture is ignorance.

The mule is hardy and handy, if not handsome.

If you would have your boys profit by your mistakes, don't repeat them.

Some farming is like an old jacket—frayed at the edges and very thin elsewhere.

Growing a boy on the farm is a mighty good foundation preparation of him for any honorable business.

There is this difference between the poor and the good farmer: One complains of the bad seasons, the other rejoices in the good seasons.

Two horses of one kind will do as much work as four horses of another kind, and it ought not to be hard to determine which is the more profitable.

When a man comes half a mile to borrow a hoe or a fork, you can depend upon his coming some day to borrow money, but never coming to pay it back.

Perhaps it can't be remedied, but it is nevertheless a pity that the creature flattered by the nod of a politician casts a vote that counts as much as the ballot cast by a true man.

A SLEEPY NATURALIST.

Buffon, the great French naturalist, had one constitutional infirmity which seriously interfered with his studies—he would sleep late in the morning. After trying several plans to conquer this, and finding that, though they seemed effective, they did not overcome his habit, he adopted the following: The valet who attended him was strictly enjoined to arouse him in the morning, and not to desist until he had thoroughly awakened and induced him to rise. All the efforts of the valet failed, however. To his mortification and chagrin the naturalist found himself day after day waking to self-reproach, and the sense of time lost and opportunities for study gone by. He bitterly accused his servant of neglecting his orders by allowing him to sleep.

"But monsieur," replied the man, "you are so angry with me when I call you."

"What about that?"

"You abuse me and drive me away; you command, threaten. It pains me. I am ashamed to persevere, and dare to torment you no longer."

"Have I not told you many times," exclaimed Buffon, "not to mind my anger—not to listen to my threats?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Have I not ordered you to rouse me, shake me, pull me out of bed?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Stay!" added the philosopher, as a new idea occurred to him. "Every morning that you have me up at the desired hour, I shall reward you with a *douceur*. Ten minutes after that, and not a sou do you touch!"

From that day forth the valet gained money, the master time, and posterity instruction.

MISTAKEN TACTICS.

He stopped a pedestrian dead in front of the City Hall and leading him aside began:

"Your name is Gilliceddy, and I have a matter of business with you. Do you remember the——"

"But my name is not Gilliceddy, sir," interrupted the other.

"It must be."

"But it isn't."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure! Don't I know my own name?"

"But are you not sometimes troubled with loss of memory? Cicero, Napoleon the first, Washington and other great men were."

"No, sir!"

"And you are not Gilliceddy?"

"No sir!"

"Well, it's queer. Reflect for a moment. This is a matter in which there must be no mistake."

"You go to Texas, sir! I guess I know who I am!"

"Well! maybe you do. If you say you are not Gilliceddy I won't insist, but don't deceive me. I am on my way to Chicago to see my wife die, and being $2 short of fare I wanted—"

The other was gone and the stranger looked after him a long time, and then wearily said:

"It won't do. I've got to change my tactics. I'm going to ask the next man right plump out for a quarter to get drunk on."

THOUGHTS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

When one receives a letter which is dull he should file it.

A man with a cork leg ought to have a springy step.

"Most people neglect the eyes," says a medical paper; but very few neglect the I.

Driving a street car is not a very high calling, but it can scarcely be classed as among the lower walks of life.

A man is said to be personally involved when he is wrapped up in himself.

A hungry sailor should wish for a wind that blows fowl and chops about.

A little five-year-old, who had been to Sunday-school for the first time, came home puffed up with importance over what he had heard. "Mamma," said he, "do you know about Lot's wife?" "A little" she said; "but tell me what you know." So the little fellow told his story very earnestly, becoming positively dramatic when he reached the climax, and said: "And the angel of the Lord said unto Lot's wife, 'Skate for your life, and don't look back;' but she did look back, and turned a somersault."

UNDESIGNED HUMOR IN THE PULPIT.

We hear of striking originality from the pulpit sometimes. A young minister was on probation to a Little Bethel. His subject was the "Prodigal Son." His auditory, select and severe, were unmoved by his eloquence for half an hour. He would not touch them with his finer fancies; he would appeal to their tenderest feelings. "My dear friends! (with a sigh) the fatted calf! Notice! not one of Pharaoh's lean and ill-favored kine! not one of five yoke of oxen—great ugly beasts! but a sweetly pretty, gentle, amiable fatted calf. No doubt (added the speaker with deepening pathos) it had been the children's dear little pet for years." My first incumbent, Mr. Hughes, was very absent-minded. A well-known member of the congregation had enlivened dull December by bringing home his bride, and the ladies were on tiptoe of expection on the following Sunday to see what she was like. An involuntary smile was caused by the text—"Behold the bridegroom cometh." By no means different was the young lady, who extracted a promise from her vicar that he would preach an appropriate sermon when she appeared at church on the Sunday following her marriage. The text was somewhat a surprise: "Yea, and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth." Speaking of marriages, how amusing is the following incident: The incumbent of a popular parish in the midlands, who never failed to have publication of numerous banns, looked for the banns book as usual after the second lesson. Feeling assured of finding it he commenced, "I publish the bonns of marriage —" An awkward pause, during which he looked beneath the service books, "but could not see my little friend, because he was not there." "I publish the banns," repeated he, still fumbling, "between—between——" Between the cushion and the seat, sir," shouted the clerk, looking up and pointing to the place where the book had been mislaid:—*English Paper.*

THE TWO TEXTS.

John Quincy Adams and John Hancock, "the Signer," married two sisters, the daughter of a noted Methodist divine in Connecticut. John Quincy was a favorite with the old people, and Mary's choice was approved by them. So, when the banns were published, the parent said: "Mary, if you will furnish me the text, I will preach you a wedding sermon." She was equal to the task, and gave the text "Mary hath chosen the good part, which shall not be taken from her." Needless to say that justice was done to the occasion and the text. Not so with Margaret, who in the meanwhile was receiving the attention of her John in a very inexpensive way, as far as her parents were concerned, for it is said that "he never crossed his legs under their festive board." So when the banns were published, she said to her father: "Father, you preached a wedding sermon for Mary; cannot you preach one for me?" He at first demurred, but at last consented, and called for the text, when Margaret, who was equal to the occasion, said: And John came, neither eating nor drinking, and yet ye say he hath a devil."

JUST FOR FUN.

"Did you ever realize any thing in the German lotteries?" "Yes, sir; I tried five times, and realized that I was an idiot."

"Norah, has Johnny come home from school yet?" "Yes, sorr." "Have you seen him?" "No, sorr." "Then how do you know he's home?" "'Cause the cat's hidin' under the stove sorr."

A colored woman called her twins Truth and Falsehood. When asked why she did so, she answered: "Well, sar, Truf never needs no quietin'. He jes lays down whar yo' put him, and goes right to sleep. But dat dar Falsehood's allers a-startin' up jes when yo' thought yo' had got him to sleep."—*Epoch.*

A sermon thief received the following from a parishioner who had detected him:

"I like the part you stole the best;
Go to! go to! and steal the rest."

An Irish magistrate asked a prisoner if he was married. "No," replied the man. "Then," said his worship, amidst peals of laughter, "it is a good thing for your wife."

A certain university was once said to be a learned place from the fact that most persons took some learning there, while but few brought any away with them. So it accumulated.

A gentleman who was a poor penman sent a letter to a friend; "Out of respect, sir, I write to you with my own hand, but, to facilitate the reading, I send you a copy which I have caused my amanuensis to make."

A gentleman remarked that it was very kind in Sunday-school teachers to instruct children without pay. "But, sir, we do pay something," said one of the boys. "Do you, my boy? What is it, then?" "Please, sir, we pay attention."

A man declared that he could invent a question to which fifty people would all give the same answer. The question was: "Have you heard that Smith has committed suicide?" The answer in each case was, "What Smith?"

CHILD WIT.

A school-boy asked to define the word "sob" whimpered out: "It means when a fellow don't mean to cry and it bursts out itself."

A little girl who wanted to describe the absent-mindedness of her uncle, said: "His remember is so tired that he has to see his forget all the time."

Little Eddie had to spend his first day at school. "What did you learn?" asked auntie. "Didn't learn any thing." "Well, what did you do?" "Didn't do any thing. There was a woman wanting to know how to spell 'cat,' and I told her."

A little four-year-old girl had her first dream, and was expatiating upon the new-found experience and telling it out, when her mother said: "Jennie, tell mamma your dream." "O pshaw! mamma, you were lying right by me, and you ought to know."

When you see the name of a minister of the Gospel signed to a commendation of some nostrum, it is safer to conclude that the parson is more good-natured than the medicine is safe.

It does not take a congregation long to find out that there is a live man in the pulpit. Life means warmth and motion. The absence of these indicates the presence of a pulpit mummy.

While you are "making up your mind," the battle is being fought, and lost or won. Matters move fast in our day. Your opportunity is now.

A RHYME FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Oh, I'll tell you a story that nobody knows,
Of ten little fingers and ten little toes,
Of two pretty eyes and one little nose.
And where they all went one day.

Oh, the little round nose sniffed something sweet,
So sweet it must surely be nice to eat,
And pitter away went two little feet,
Out of the room one day.

Ten little toes climbed up on a chair,
Two eyes peeped over a big shelf where
Lay a lovely cake, all frosted and fair,
Made by Mamma that day.

The mouth grew wide and the eyes grew big
At taste of the sugar, the spice, the fig;
And ten little fingers went dig, dig, dig,
Into the cake that day.

And when Mamma blows in early bed,
Coddling it costly up in bed:
"I wonder, was there a mouse," she said,
"Out on the shelf to-day?"

"Oh, Mamma, yes," and a laugh of glee
Like fairy bells rang merrily—
"But the little thief is a mouse was me,
Out on the shelf to-day!"

—*Lucy M. Coates, in St. Nicholas for October.*

BAD TOM.

Tom Morton was a bad boy, I am sorry to say. He disobeyed his father and mother, was troublesome to his teacher at school and annoyed and teased everybody that it was in his power to tease.

He was very fond of playing off tricks on his father's coachman, John, whom he particularly disliked because he would not allow him to do as he pleased about the barn and stables.

One day he placed a pail of water at the entrance of a dark passage leading from one of the stables to the oat bin, where John would be sure to go that night to get oats to feed the horses, hoping he would fall over it. It so happened that Tom's father had that afternoon purchased a beautiful horse, and Tom, being very fond of horses, went directly to the barn to see it, on coming home from school.

"Oh, isn't he a beauty! He'll do for me to drive I guess," said Tom to himself, as he gazed admiringly at the animal. "I'll feed him some oats." And hastily picking up the four quart measure he ran towards the cat bin forgetting in his excitement the trap he had fixed for John. In a moment there was a tumble accompanied by a splashing sound of water and a loud cry from Tom, who was sprawling on the stable floor with a broken arm, a badly bruised nose from which the blood was freely flowing, while his new clothes were soaked through and through with the water, and badly soiled by contact with the dirty barn floor.

The doctor came and set the broken arm, which gave Tom great pain, and which had to be bandaged and carried in a sling for about three weeks.

"I hope this will teach you a lesson that you will never forget," said Tom's father to him on learning the cause of the accident.

"Remember hereafter to always treat others as you would like to be treated yourself. If you had observed that beautiful Golden Rule that the bible has given us, you would never have tried to fix a trap for John that you would not have enjoyed falling into yourself."

We are glad to say that this experience cured Tom of his tricks, and he finally became a good and obedient boy.—*Christian at Work.*

A BIG MISTAKE.

It is a big mistake to think that the Christian life has no place or time for merriment and recreation. Yet tens of thousands live and die in that error, never stopping to consider that there are joys apart from selfish joys, that there is an innocent fun which is more enjoyable than their exciting follies. One of the first suggestions of the devil to a young person who is longing for the higher life is: Think what you will have to give up! Sad, indeed, is it to see how many there are thus deceived by the arch deceiver; how many are tricked into giving up lasting happiness and heaven, rather than to give up the idle and exhausting pleasures of a day. But every one who turns his back on Satan and renounces sin, finds entrance into an incomparably happier course of life; since the inward peace and joy of the believer fit him the better to enjoy the good things God may strew along his path way.—*Interior*

THE TABLE.

After meat half hour take rest,
Thus the better it will digest;
Spend the time in lively chat,
Welcome business after that.

There is excellent wisdom in this homely rhyme. Why? Because when food has been taken, the stomach is immediately set to work to get it changed into that state in which it may be received through the blood into the system of the body. To do this well the stomach needs and draws upon the brain for a supply of nervous force. The brain itself needs it for its own uses. Now, when the brain or the limbs are actively engaged in using the precious nervous force for themselves, there may be too little left for the stomach, which therefore cannot do its work as it ought. This is the reason why, after a full meal, a period of rest is wholesome. It assists digestion, and without digestion there is little chance for health and happiness.

CRUELTY TO FATHER.

One of Jones' peculiarities is never to admit that he is feeling well. No matter what species of suffering you are undergoing, the form his sympathy invariably takes is this: "I've felt just so."

The other day he came home sick—too sick to go down to his supper. So it was sent up to his room by Mrs. Jones, who had prepared it herself. Among other delicacies were six new laid eggs, boiled to suit him. One of the children stayed with him and watched the egg eating with interest. As Jones took up the sixth and last egg, the little fellow reached out his hand.

"Let me have it, papa."

Jones glared at the child, then he said huskily:

"Take it, eat it, unnatural child, and let your poor sick father starve!"

Tommy ate the egg.

The Third page of the Toronto *Daily Mail* is noted for "Want" advertisements. If you want to buy or sell anything, if you want a situation, a mechanic, a business, machinery, lodgings, if you have lost or found anything, or if you want to find out where anyone is, advertise in the Toronto *Daily Mail* and read the advertisements on the Third page of that paper. The charge is Two Cents a word each insertion. Address The Mail, Toronto, Canada.