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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.

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Fruit Trees, Small Fruits And Ornamental Shrubbery. REV. E. B. COOK, Acton, has been appointed sole agent for this section for the well known Old Rochester Nursery, S. Moyer, proprietor, and is prepared to take orders for any of the fruit trees, small fruits or shrubs which are shown in the illustrated catalogues of the nursery. The products of the Old Rochester Nursery are known to be generally reliable and correctly named, and I can promise satisfactory results to all who purchase stock from me. Prices reasonable. REV. E. B. COOK, Agent

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.

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.

—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 Specialt. 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

REMOVED. WATERS BROS. Have removed from Lower Wyndham Street to their Fine New Double-front Store Hearn's Block, St. George's Square. To introduce you to our New Stand we offer Frames, Pictures, Mouldings, Cornice Poles, Mirrors, &c., &c. And our Excellent Variety of Fancy Goods and Novelties. For 30 days at Reduced Prices. —headquarters for— ARTISTS' MATERIALS WATERS BROTHERS, ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, GUELPH

FOR $10 to $13 You can buy a nice Halifax Tweed Suit made to order in the best manner. FOR $13 to $16 Will buy a First-class Canadian Tweed Suit. FOR $16 to $20 You can get the best splendid Scotch Tweed Suits —AT THE— East End Clothing Store. WM. J. LEE, Acton.

—THE ACTON— Free Press —THE LEADING— LOCAL NEWSPAPER Of Halton County. Is Published every Thursday morning at —ACTON, ONT— Subscription Price Only $1.00 in Advance. Try it for Three Months for 25 Cents.

SALESMEN WANTED. HAVING done business in Canada for the past 39 years, our reputation and responsibility is well known. We pay salary and expenses from the start, if everything is satisfactory. No previous experience required. Write us for terms, which are very liberal, before engaging with any other firm. REFERENCES.—Bradstreet's or Dun Wiman & Co's Commercial Agencies, well known to business men; or Standard Bank, Colborne, Ont. CHASE BROTHERS' COMPANY, Nurserymen, Colborne, Ontario.

WANTED. GOOD, reliable men can find permanent employment for Maple Grove Nurseries of Waterloo, N.Y. Good salary and expenses paid weekly. Liberal inducements to beginners. Outfit free. Previous experience not required. Established over 20 years. All goods first-class. Write at once for terms. Address, J. W. McKay, Gen. Manager, St. Thomas Ont. (Mention this Paper.)

Situation with steady employment and good pay all the year round, to reliable men furnishing satisfactory references. S. A. McCOMBER & Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y.

SCHOOL READERS Away down in Price —AT— DAY'S BOOKSTORE. GUELPH.

	OLD PRICE	DAY'S PRICE
First Reader	10c.	8c.
First Reader Part II	15c.	12c.
Second Reader	25c.	20c.
Third Reader	35c.	28c.
Fourth Reader	50c.	40c.

We have the Best quality in Slates. Copy and Scribbling Books, Pens, Ink Foolscap and School Supplies. Day gives the best value and has the best stock to select from. DAY SELLS CHEAP.

THE MERCHANTS' Protective and Collecting ASSOCIATION OF CANADA. Head Office,—Hamilton, Ontario. (Established 1864) 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 sued 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 $10.00 to our Managers, at Hamilton, will receive by return mail full particulars, certificate of membership, etc.—Testimonials sent. J. B. Mills & Co., Managers

A Little Talk About SHOES Figures may lie and facts distorted be, But seeing is believing, come and see. The Peek-a-Boo Boot and shoe store is just now showing a number of new lines of Shoes and Slippers specially adapted for the season. These new goods are being sold at prices as low or lower than those asked for old styles and shop-worn goods elsewhere. Everybody can be suited, for we have all sizes in Gent's Wear, Ladies' Wear, Youth's Wear, Children's Wear, Baby's Wear. Special Lines, Good Goods, Newest Style and Best value for the money at W. Williams', Acton. Custom work and repairing given careful attention. Trunks and Valises in variety.

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.

—ACTON— LIVERY —AND— BUS LINE. The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 9 a.m. and 8:15 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The waits of Commercial Travellers fully met. JOHN WILLIAMS.

Coal & Wood. JAMES BROWN Has on hand a large quantity of excellent coal which he will promptly deliver to any part of the town at reasonable prices. Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always on hand. Telephone communication.

AGENTS WANTED In every Township, To sell "The Pictorial Cyclopedia of Live Stock and Complete Stock Doctor." The most complete and comprehensive work ever published. Its authors stand at the head of their profession and have a continental reputation. Worth its weight in gold to any one having Horses, Sheep, Cattle, Swine, Poultry, Dogs or Bees. A grand opportunity to make money. Secure territory at once. Address E. N. MOYER, Publisher, 120 Yonge St. Toronto

Poetry.

BACHELOR'S BUTTONS.

He wandered down the long green lane
That to the village led,
And as he went he mused with thoughts
That roved, and drooping head;
He thought how pleasant 'twas to hear
The murmuring woods and rills,
After the turmoil of the town,
With all its woes and ills.

And presently he heard a step
Upon the grassy sod;
He raised his eyes, and Bessie Bush
Gave him a smile and nod;
He stopped to greet her and admire
The wild flowers in her hand;
She seemed the sweetest, fairest flower
In all the fair green land.

From the bouquet, on which his glance
Of admiration fell,
She took two blossoms, which she pinned
Upon his coat's lapel—
"What flowers are these?" he asked. Her cheeks
Assumed a crimson glow.
"Bachelor's buttons," she replied,
In accents, soft and low.

"Alas," he said, "they'll soo fall off."
"I've pinned them fast," she said.
"Bachelor's buttons never stay,"
He answered, laughing.
"Give me some other flower." She smiled.
A dandelion she took
From her bouquet, and passing it,
Gave him a roguish look.

"Oh, that means coquetry," he said.
"Give me not that, I pray;
Rather this blue forget-me-not,
Which means true love, they say."
"Oh, no, I cannot give you that,"
She said, with woman's wit;
"But you can have this daisy white,
Which means 'I'll think of it.'"

She thought of it, for scarce a year
Had passed above her head
When to the altar Bessie Bush,
A blushing bride, was led.
Her husband is a happy man,
And he has ceased to wear
Bachelor's buttons that come off:
She sews them on with care.

—J. H. M.

Select Family Reading.

What the Stowaway did for Them

BY EDMUND LYONS.

The ice was heavy on the Baltic that season,—it was the latter part of 1876, and we expected to be in England by Christmas,—but the weather was clear and fine, and the old boatswain found time on Sunday morning to drop his whistle to the end of its lanyard, and step into the galley to warm his hands for a few minutes. He lit his pipe with a red coal, and turning to the ship's only passenger, said:

"You was a sayin' last night, sir, that you hadn't got no faith in stowaways. Well, no more have I, generally speakin'; but I once ran foul of one that wasn't so bad as the rest. It's nigh on to six year ago when I was quartermaster in a steamer—the *Zebra*—lyin' at her wharf in Calcutta, and loadin' up for Glasgow. The Hoogly was crowded with sailin' vessels that couldn't get no crews, and most of their own men had deserted, and shipped in steamers that was goin' through the Suez Canal, that had just been opened. They all wanted to get home quick, you see, and to go by the new-fangled route, and not to make a four months' run around the Cape.

"The steamers had all the men they wanted, and a sight more offers from good, able-bodied seamen than they could take. The *Zebra* was to touch at Londonderry on her way home, and the night that we cast loose at Calcutta, with the pilot on board, and dropped down the river with the tide, the skipper was grumblin' like a bear, because, somehow or other, he had shipped five more men than he wanted. Three of them were Irishmen, and like the rest of the crew, they had got advance notes for a month's pay, and cashed them; so, to say the truth, he was afraid they'd take French leave at Londonderry.

"The pilot had gone over the side, the watch had been set, and the steamer was driven down the Bay of Bengal, and gettin' well out toward the Indian Ocean, when there was a row for'ard, and the bosun came aft to where the skipper was standin' on the poop. He was draggin' a youngster, about sixteen years old, by the collar of the jacket along with him.

"'I hooked him out of the fore hatch, your honor,' he says. 'I heard him scratchin' around, and I raised the hatchway, and there he was.'

"'I was tryin to get out, sir,' said the lad, very bold and polite. 'I suppose I'm a stowaway, but I'm a sailor, and willin' to work. I asked for a berth aboard the *Zebra*, and couldn't get it; so when they thought I was goin' ashore in the dingy I slipped in the forehold. I'm bound to Magherafeldt, in Londonderry, where my mother lives. I don't want any pay, but if you'll let me work my passage you won't be sorry for it."

"Our skipper was a terrible rough man. He swore a great oath, and turnin' to me he said:

"'Quartermaster, put the young imp in irons for to-night. I'll see what it's best to do with him in the mornin'. If he doesn't go overboard, it's Glasgow he'll land at and not Londonderry."

"I was sorry for the poor lad, but I had to obey orders, and the irons were soon on his wrists and ankles in the fo'c'stle. He was terribly upset, and when I was on watch that night I went to him, and tried to cheer him up. It was gettin' on for four bells when the mate said he'd like to see boy, and he went with me into the fo'c'stle.

"'Now, my lad,' he says, stoopin' over him with a lantern, 'tell us all about it. What did you stow away for? Why didn't you ship in a sailin' vessel if you wanted to get home to see your mother?'

"'Oh, sir,' says the youngster, with the tears in his eyes, as he sat up alongside of the post that he was tied to, 'I should have been too late, and she'd have been in the poor-house. You see, I ran away from home two years ago, and went to sea, because I was the oldest of three, and she wasn't able to feed us all. I've sent her a little money since then, and I've had letters from her, but I've never seen her. The day before yesterday I got a letter sayin' that poor Sallie, my little sister, sir, was dead. It had taken all her money to bury her, and the quarter's rent will be due in a month. If it is not paid she will be put out. I have saved £15, and I wanted to give it to her with my own hands. I wish now I had sent it to her; but, maybe, I can post it to her from Londonderry, if he takes me on to Glasgow.'

"Dashed if the mate's eyes weren't dim, and I couldn't see very clearly myself when the youngster stopped talkin'.

"'Hold up your head, my lad,' says the mate, 'and I'll say a word or two to the skipper.'

"He went out of the fo'c'stle, and I followed him close enough to hear the boy's story told again.

"The skipper thought about it for a few seconds. Then he spoke; and we both knew by the tones of his voice that one of his hardest fits was on him.

"'I don't see,' he said, 'what I have to do with all this. I don't want any more hands, and I won't have any more. But we can stand another passenger. You say the youngster has £15. Well, he can pay part of his fare, at least, and I will give him a cabin berth and set him ashore at Londonderry. Go and get the money from him.'

"But the mate's face showed plainly enough that the irons should go on him first. The skipper saw it, and calling to me, he told me to uniron the lad and bring him out of the fo'c'stle.

"When he was on the main deck the skipper says to him:

"'Youngster, the mate tells me that you have £15 about you?'

"'Yes, sir,' says the boy.

"'Hand it over,' says the skipper shortly.

"The boy turned white, but he pulled a little canvas bag from his bosom and gave it to the skipper, who counted fifteen ten-rupee notes out of it.

"'Now, this,' he says, 'won't half pay your passage to Londonderry; but I won't be hard on you. You can go aft, and the steward will give you a berth.'

"The youngster walked aft without a word, and from that minute until the vessel was off the coast of Ireland he hardly spoke at all; and some of the passengers, who didn't know his story, said he was goin' home to die, he drooped and looked so pale and weak.

"It was an awful night that saw us off the shore of Londonderry; a dead lee shore it was then, and the steamer, with a broken shaft, driftin' hard on to it. We could hear the waves breakin' near us, and we had passed the light that we should have been makin' for.

"'Mr. Reynolds,' said the skipper to the mate, as they stood together on the bridge, 'we'll be on the beach in half an hour.'

"'Seems so, sir,' says the mate, stiffly. He had not liked the skipper since the boy's money was taken from him in the Bay of Bengal.

"The water was far too deep to let go an anchor, even if one could have held, which it couldn't in that gale. Enough head sail had been set to keep the steamer from broachin'-to, but all hands saw that, as things were goin', she would soon be on the rocks.

"Suddenly the skipper started as some one touched him on the shoulder. The youngster was standin' beside him.

"'I was born on that coast sir,' he said speakin' very slow, 'and I know every rock on it. I know, besides, a channel on the port bow. We'll soon be off it. Shall I take you in?'

"'If you think you can,' says the skipper, 'do. It don't make much difference,' he says, turnin' to the mate, 'for we're bound to go ashore, anyhow. I'll give him the wheel.'

"The youngster took the wheel, and headed her, it seemed to all of us, for where the breakers sounded loudest. The big fellow that helped him was told to do just as the lad ordered him. It was a ticklish time for all hands. But, all at once, the rocks seemed to open in front, and the steamer ran through a passage not fifty yards across, and in five minutes we were at anchor in smooth water.

"The next mornin' the skipper says to his passenger:

"'Here's £15 that I owe you; and the company will cash this for you, sir, for savin' their ship.'

"And he gave the youngster an order for £100!

"There was nothin' proud about the lad. He took the money, paid his mother's rent, and gave her a snug sum for housekeepin'. What became of him? Well, he and I have been shipmates pretty nigh ever since, though he's heaved many a knot ahead of me. That's him callin' me now," concluded the boatswain, pressing the fire out of his pipe with his thumb, and going out on the deck, where the captain wanted him to muster the men to Sunday service.

ONLY HER SIXTH.

"My man is too busy to come himself so please give me the marriage certificate," said a chipper dame of not more than 32 years—as men guess ages—as she stepped into Marriage License Clerk Bird's office one day last week, says the Philadelphia *Record*.

"Certainly," said the polite clerk. He reached for a pile of papers and looking at the calendar, remarked: "Ninth."

"No, only the sixth," put in the female.

"Then I'm wrong," replied the clerk.

"Yes, you are; I've only had five and this is the sixth," said the woman to the clerk's surprise.

"Oh, I mean the day of the month," laughingly replied the clerk.

"This one is a darling, and I'll try and raise him," said the woman. "He's a clerk in a dry-goods store and he never sits down for fear he will crease his pantaloons and make them bag at the knees. But I'll give him a lesson. I'm in awful hard luck with men. Soon as I get them fixed I lose them. No. 1 was such a nice man. He died with consumption. When he died he had seven yards of porous-plaster wrapped around him. No. 2 was a very nice man. He worked in Dupont's powder factory. Just my luck. When he was blown up there was just enough of him to make a hair-locket. No. 3 was also a nice man. He followed the sea and they say a whale swallowed him up. No. 4 was a nice man, too. He was a book agent. Oh he could talk so sweet. I used to sit by the hour and listen to him. He bought a divorce out in Illinois and sent it to me. No. 5 was a nice man. I worshipped that fellow. He got to be a policeman and stayed out late at the caucuses. He said he was trying to get a contract to clean the streets, and dear knows they need it, don't they? Well he died of enlargement of the head. Now, hurry up with that paper. No 6. is such a nice fellow, but he might change his mind.

She took the paper and hurried up to the store, and when No. 6 came out he marched off to his doom.

Milburn's Aromatic Quinine Wine fortifies the system against attacks of ague, chills, bilious fever, dumb ague and like troubles.

CHURCHILL AND HIS ROSCIAD.

Charles Churchill, who flourished during the middle of the last century, and who became celebrated as one of the finest poets of his time, was poor and unfortunate enough in his early life. Though educated at Westminster, and endowed with great natural abilities, he was refused entrance at Oxford on the ground of incapacity! In 1756 he entered into orders, and became a curate; but preaching was not to his taste. He sat down and wrote his Rosciad—his first poem, and yet the one by which he was to be best known in all time. Churchill took his ms. to London, and submitted it to a well-known publisher. Said publisher had lost so much by publishing poetry that he would have nothing to do with anything more of the kind unless the author could make a deposit to secure him from loss. This poor Churchill could not do. But the bookseller recommended him to a young man who had just set up in business, and was looking for something to publish. "Go to him; and do you two inexperienced ones commence together," said the man of books.

Churchill found the young man, who had just embarked his all in an untried business, and a bargain was quickly struck up. The volume was published, and duly advertised. In five days just five copies had been sold!

The first publisher heard of it and blessed his stars.

As for Churchill and his publisher, they were thunderstruck! At the expiration of four days more—the end of the week—the poet called upon his publisher again and three more copies had been sold!

Poor Churchill, confident that his poem had merit, and pith, and wit, could not comprehend. He was almost frantic. He went to a dear friend, connected with the theatre, and to him told his sad story. The friend looked over the work, and found that, of all the satire therein contained, not a bit of it was aimed at Garrick, but, on the contrary, Garrick's style was greatly praised.

So away to Garrick posted the friend with a copy of the poem in his hand.

"Garrick! Do you know what a magnificent picture of your marvellous genius the young poet Churchill has given in his Rosciad? Upon my word, it is sublime!"

Garrick swallowed the sweet bait at once. He took the poem from his friend; read it, and then went forth and sounded its praise. And he even went so far as to drag the Rosciad into his dialogue on the stage. The result was wonderful. Before the close of the next day the publisher had not a copy of the poem left; and in a short time so many editions went off that both Churchill and his publisher were removed far beyond the region of want, into the blessed realm of affluence.

SOME NATURAL HISTORY.

DOG AND BOY.—It is always permissible, I take it, in this column at least, to tell a dog story, and I heard the other day of a new use for animals of this kind. A friend of mine who lives in the suburbs has a small boy, not more than five years old, I believe, who has an inveterate habit of ruining away. He is a sturdy, stout-legged little chap, of great courage and enterprise, but his father and mother have been put to a great deal of anxiety on his account. Sometimes he is found in the next town, sometimes by the railroad, and again in a certain pasture, where he enjoys the congenial society of several young colts, but it is always a matter of doubt where he will be discovered. Recently, however, the family have acquired a little mongrel terrier, recommended for the purpose, who hunts up Sammy with unerring accuracy. Whenever Sammy is missing, his mother shows his jacket to the dog, and tells him to find the boy; whereupon the animal sets off with his nose to the ground; the hired man, or somebody else, follows, and in due time the young vagabond is brought to bay. Surely there is a hint here for many anxious mothers.—Boston *Post*.

BIG THIRSTY FELLOWS.—There was a circus at Chestertown, Md., not long since, and with it were seven elephants. Their car was run alongside a locomotive. One of the elephants put his trunk out through a crevice in the, car, reached over to the tender of the locomotive, lifted the lid of the water tank, and helped himself. The other six elephants did the same, and in a short time the tank was dry. The trainhands did not see the performance, and only when the engineer tried to start his engine did he find that the water was gone.

WILD DOGS OF ASIA.—They say that when a pack goes out to hunt, an old dog goes in front and searches for fresh scent of a deer. Having found this, he starts off alone, and when he has ascertained the whereabouts of the quarry, returns to the pack, which he then disposes in a circle of a mile in diameter round it, each member of the pack has a part assigned to him. These precautions having been taken, the old general starts alone once more in search of the victim, and on finding, gives chase. The startled deer, of course, flies from his enemy, who follows, giving tongue as a signal to the rest of the pack. The deer, far outstripping the dog, rushes on, but is suddenly met in front by one of the outlying dogs, who gives chase. The deer, of course, turning to the right or left, again rushes off, only to be met and turned by another dog. Thus, turned at every point, the poor animal becomes more and more exhausted, while the pack gradually close in upon it, leaving no avenue of escape, and dozens of sharp fangs soon feast on the victim, which has in this way been run to death.

LEGACIES—INTERESTING FACTS.

People generally read with interest every thing about large legacies, and the interest is enhanced in those cases where the gift to the recipient was unexpected.

Some extraordinary stories concerning such legacies have lately come to our attention.

A Staten Island oysterman, for example, is said to have become entitled to eighty thousand dollars under a will in Ireland, and he has gone to Dublin to get the money. A New York physician, retired from practice, recently left twenty thousand dollars to a young man and his wife, who had been his patients, but with whom his acquaintance was comparatively slight.

A blind veteran, in a military hospital in the West, lately received fifty thousand dollars under the will of a rich brother who had lived in a distant part of the Union, and who left that amount to him, though he had not heard of him for years and feared that he was dead.

It is gratifying to read of such instances of good fortune happening to poor men who need the money, and we are sure every reader will share this sentiment with us.

A QUEER THIEF.

In 1865, when the telegraph was a comparatively new thing in Southern California the operators of the Los Angelos circuit found their communication suddenly cut off. Linemen were sent out to discover the break and effect repairs, but they returned with the surprising intelligence that the break was a serious one and called for a lot of supplies.

About a mile of wire and poles had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed them up. Further search showed no trace of the missing materials and at considerable expense new ones were furnished and the line reconstructed.

Then a detective was employed to investigate the mystery. The country was nothing but a desert, and the detective worked for three weeks without success. At the end of that time, however, he stumbled upon a small ranch, at which he put up for the night.

He found the ground inclosed by a neat wire fence, and in the morning taxed the ranchman with having stolen the telegraph. The man admitted the fact at once.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I've been livin' here nigh onto three year, and have watched that old telegraph wire all that time. I never see nothing go over it, and reckoned it wasn't used."

There seemed no reason to question the man's sincerity, and the detective contented himself with giving him a lecture on the invisibility of the electric current. The case was reported to headquarters, of course, but no prosecution followed.—*Examiner*.

SAVED BY A FISH.

A thoughtless little fellow, having been praying in his fright, as he passed through a dark strip of woods, exclaimed, "You needn't take care of me any longer, dear Lord; I can see grandmother's house now!" He forgot that God watched over grandmother and boy; and that we need his care about us night and day.

Sometimes he sends strange messengers to our aid. Here is an incident that shows how He watches over His people at sea:

That the ocean abounds in wonders is daily being proved, and seldom more forcibly so than in the experience of Captain Ward, of the bark *Providence* Hartlepool, who states that during his outward voyage to Dantzic in November last, the ship sprang a severe leak during a gale in the Baltic, and the crew were all but exhausted in their efforts at the pumps to reduce it. One day she suddenly stopped making more water, and in time the vessel reached Dantzic safely. After the discharge of the cargo a search was made for the leak, and a hole was found in the centre of one of the after planks from the yielding of a knot in the wood; in this hole there was wedged a fish, whose collision with the vessel had stopped the leak and saved the ship and crew.—*Monitor*.

SUBSTANCE OF HAPPY WEDLOCK.

Children are the keenest of observers and the most pratical of deduces; indeed, their deductions are often more astonishing than agreeable to their elders. Though we laugh we do not always enjoy having our weakness revealed to us by the babblings of babes.

Six little children were at play, and whether it was that they grew tired of familiar games, or that innate principle, "It is not good for man to be alone," craved expression, they determined to have a wedding. John, aged eight, should marry Hatty, aged five, and brother Harry would speak "the words that bind."

Now, Harry had never heard a marriage ceremony, and was entirely ignorant of the prevalent pledges; but was he at a loss?—not he. He knew what papa and mamma considered of paramount virtue, and surely what they each so eagerly desired must constitute the requisites of a happy married life.

The candidates for wedlock were requested to stand side by side and gravely obeyed.

"Hatty, will you get up in the morning and see that John has his breakfast in time, and that he has good things to eat, and never has to wait for his meals?"

"John, will you give her all the money she wants?"

This was all, but does it not contain the quintessence of married felicity?

CURSING AND SWEARING.

The great Baptist preacher, Elder Knapp, remembered by many of to-day, years ago portrayed vividly, in his characteristic oratory, some of the great sins. One sermon was remarkable, in which he pictured a scene at the vestibule of hell, the archfiend in attendance questioning some arrivals as to the particular crime or crimes that had brought them to his awful kingdom. One answered: 'I killed a man when I was drunk.'

'Go in through there,' said Satan, 'it's crowded, yet room enough.'

Another answering, said, 'I robbed a bank and then set it on fire to avoid detection.'

'Well, you may have needed money for your family; but go right ahead, there is a place for you here.'

Said another, 'I killed my mother-in-law when angered by her intermeddling.'

'Turn to the left; you might have been sorely tried."

'The next responded meekly, 'I only used to swear.'

The Devil at once showed his anger, commanding his imps to heat the torrid section hotter. Turning to the swearer, he said:—'You seem to regard swearing as only a small matter. You forget your mouth was made like unto the God who made your body and soul; you have befouled it, without the slightest occasion, temptation, or any provocation. He who made you and all the world withstood all my allurements and temptations, but chose to suffer agony and ignominy, dying upon the cross to save you. He left a command so easily obeyed, and you would not. Hell is not hot enough for such.'

It is a noticeable fact that violation of the third commandment prevails unblushingly on the part of many where cultivation apparently is greatest, in cities where galleries of art, schools, colleges and public libraries abound, while in places of less cultivated surroundings cursing and swearing is not heard. Among the Negros of the Southern States, in their days of slavery, they rarely, if ever, imitated the sinful habit, nor yet as freed men have they adopted it. Superstitious they may be—though this has been greatly exaggerated—but they are not violators of God's third commandment.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

"I will stand by you,
Never you fear."
What a true ring
In these words that you hear.
"I will befriend you,
"E'en to the end."
Oh! what a blessing
To have such a friend.

One who comes forward,
Sunshine or rain,
Ever the same
'In life's pleasure or pain.
Lifting you up when
You hapless fall,
Dropping the honey
Down into the gall.

On the dark highway
Taking your hand;
Finding the mile-stones
In a strange land;
When the glad morning
Banishes night,
Lifting the curtain
To let in the light.

Others may wander,
Friendless and cold,
You have a fortress,
You have a fold.
While your friend liveth,
Constant and true,
You will be dear to him.
He dear to you.

Friends of the summer,
Mourn not their loss;
Gone like the mountain mist,
Gone like the dross!
Better than such
One unchangeable friend,
Honest in principle;
True to the end.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE AT PRYVILLE.

So Benjamin is to be "a minister," and is called to Pryville, and you are going to marry him, Selina.

No doubt, he is interesting; most young clergymen are. The parsonage, and the dignity of the position, and all that, tempts you: but you ought to love Benjamin very much, and be very sure you could not be happy without him, before you make up your mind to go to Pryville.

There will be a feeling against you, in the first place, because you are a stranger. Mammas with five unmarried daughters, apiece will be ready to criticise you harshly, and you must make up your mind at once to being called worldly.

Apart from that, your life will not be free from trials. The parsonage is one of them. It has been built in a nice, damp situation, and the dining-room windows command a view of the graveyard. There are toadstools in the cellar, and frogs sit on the porch to croak of nights. If there are any ghosts, they will have every opportunity of flattening their noses against the window panes at midnight, and you will find it very hard to "keep help" in consequence.

The house is outwardly decorative, but inwardly all corners, and very inconvenient. Deacon Dobbs, who did most of the building, forgot that closets were essential to good housekeeping, and the stairs are all corner ones. There is a deep porch on the shady side of the house, and none on the sunny one. In the "study," facing the church wall, with a foot or two of alley way between, no one can see to read, except at high noon on a clear day. But you must not complain. A minister's wife cannot choose her house like other folks.

Your best bedroom is cheerful, but don't expect to occupy it yourself. It will always be full to overflowing with colporteurs, travelling deacons, old ministers out of place, and unheard of elders. Your consolation must be that you may be "entertaining angels unawares," though you cannot feel quite confident of it.

Do not think that you can indulge your taste in dress in Pryville. If you buy becoming things, you will be called vain and accused of being coquettish. Pryville folk like to see their minister's wife in mourning. It looks so proper; but if none of your friends are amiable enough to die, there is a dull and unbecoming sort of gray—not French gray, not steel-gray—in which they like to see you attired, choked in a large, hard and unbecoming linen collar.

As for amusement, you may go and hear your husband preach three times a Sunday; but you must not waste your time at concerts like other folk; and you must never be seen reading Jack the Giant Killer, Puss in Boots, Cinderella or Bluebeard to your children.

Above all things, you must never kiss your husband good-bye at the door. Mrs. Deacon Jenkins thinks that too undignified. Mrs. Chalker lost Mr. Chalker, the last minister at Pryville, his pulpit in that way.

In fact, if you are naturally lively, and not disposed to be hypocritical, you will find being a minister's wife at Pryville very hard work. Pryville changes its preacher every two or three years, and they are all very glad to be changed. Still, if you love Benjamin enough, marry him, Selina.

THE AMERICAN DRUMMER ABROAD.

"I'll you what I saw in Manchester, England," said a Michigander who lately returned from a trip abroad. "On the hotel register I found the name of 'C. Sidney Smith, U. S. A., ambassador to England and France, and S. P. D. to the Czar of Russia.' It was a puzzle to me and I sinelt a mouse, but I waited to see him before giving anything away. After a few hours he called at my room. Then I found him to be an ex-drummer for a Chicago crockery house. He had saved up a few hundred and was making the tour.

"'What induced you to register as you did?' I asked after a bit.

"'Simply to receive the respect and consideration due me,' he replied.

"'Does it cheapen your bills?'

"'No, not to any extent, but it gives me the best for my money, and I have free carriage rides and many invitations out to dine. Man who registers over here as plain Smith or Brown gets only common. I'm off for France next week, and I shall register there as "Special envoy of the representative of 70,000,000 Americans." I'll get quail on toast when you fellows have only bacon. Well, so long. I'm off to dinner with a big manufacturer, and to-morrow I'm to ride out with an M. P. and a duke. Take my advice and hitch on a title.'"—Detroit *Free Press*.

"HIS NATURE WAS SUNNY."

"His nature was sunny." We came upon these words, a few days ago, in an obituary notice of a well-known citizen.

How full they are of suggestions of kindliness and affection, and of all those qualities which make a man beloved everywhere! A sunny nature opens the door to men's hearts.

"Blessed is the bride that the sun shines on." So runs the pleasant old proverb. But still more blessed is she of whose life companion it may truly be said—

"His nature was sunny."