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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.

DR. AULD, Physician, Surgeon, Accoucheur. Office and Residence—Dr. McGarvin's house, corner Mill and Frederick streets.

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SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD, Barristers, Solicitors, &c. Toronto and Georgetown. Offices:—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and 86 King street east, Toronto. F. T. Allan. J. Shilton, B.A. J. Baird, B.A.

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Village Property for Sale AT A LOW PRICE. THE undersigned has been instructed by Dr. Robt. Waller to offer for sale his property in Acton, consisting of lot 8 in block 14. On the lot is a good frame dwelling, a stable, hard and soft water and a number of fruit trees. For terms and particulars apply at once to H. P. MOORE, Free Press Office, Acton, Ont

Wellington Steam Laundry. GUELPH. SHIRTS 10c. COLLARS 2c. CUFFS 4c. Family Washing without ironing 25c. per doz. Family Washing with ironing 35c. per doz. Gentleman's Washing and Repairing 50c. per dozen. All work guaranteed best in Canada. Office and Works, 36 Quebec streets. Goods left with Kelly Bros., our agents at Acton, will be sent to the laundry and returned to their store free of charge, at above prices. R. HACKNEY, Proprietor.

Guelph Business College. GUELPH, ONTARIO. Established 1884. This institution offers special and superior advantages, obtainable at no other Canadian business college. Students enter at any time. Ladies are admitted to the same advantages as gentlemen. A strict and impartial discipline and thorough instruction by teachers who are all specialists in their line are noteworthy features of the institution. All who contemplate a course of practical business training should not fail to communicate with the undersigned. Circulars and full information mailed free on application to M. MacCORMICK, Principal.

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—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

HAMILTON'S MARBLE WORKS. J. H. Hamilton recently visited the Bay of Fundy Granite Quarries and purchased one of the largest, best and cheapest stocks of Granite Monuments, &c., ever imported to Ontario. He will continue to sell at 15% Discount on Direct Orders to himself. With 17 years experience and having done one of the largest trades in the Dominion I defy competition. All new stock and warranted the very best in the market. A call solicited. Office and Works.—Hamilton's Block (formerly Hatches,) Cor. Norfolk and Suffolk Sts. GUELPH, ONT.

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, —OF THE— COUNTY OF WELLINGTON. Established 1840. HEAD OFFICE - GUELPH. Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of insurable property, on the Cash and Premium Note System. F. W. STONE, President. CHAS. DAVIDSON, Manager. JOHN TAYLOR, AGENT.

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.

NEW **WINDOW SHADES** 1890. BIG NEW STOCK RECEIVED. 700 Volumes Alta Edition 12 mo. Books, strong cloth cover and good paper, at 25 cents each. The new Baby Carriages for 1890 are very fine and a big drop in price. DAY'S BOOKSTORE GUELPH. DAY SELLS CHEAP.

J. V. KANNAWIN, **Druggist** —AND— **Stationer,** SUCCESSOR TO N. McGARVIN, ACTON, ONT. My Stock is now complete with everything found in a first-class drug store.

Big Bargains —IN— **Fancy Goods** For the next few weeks

W. J. LEE Has to-day opened another shipment of New Spring Goods, Consisting of the Latest Novelties in Scotch & Canadian Tweeds. Also a fine variety of Worsteds, Consisting of wide and narrow wales in all the latest shades. Also a fine variety of Satin Finish and Corkscrew Worsteds. I have also a fine assortment of Spring Overcoatings, Of all shades, and my Pantings Cannot be equalled in the county. Having in my employ the best Coat, Vest and Pant makers in the Province, and being a practical tailor myself of long experience in the largest cities in Canada and the United States, I am prepared to guarantee a perfect fit for all deformities and erect men. Call and see my goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. W. J. LEE, PRACTICAL TAILOR AND DRAPER Mill Street, ACTON.

Money! Money! Money! In order to exchange part of our immense stock for SPOT CASH we offer the following extraordinary inducements:— 10 per cent. reduction on all purchases from 10 cents to $1.00. 15 per cent. from $1.00 to $3.00. 20 per cent. from $3.00 to $5.00. 25 per cent. on all purchases from $5.00 upwards, including Patent Medicines, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Silverware, Books, Stationery, Library Books, Bibles, Hymnals, &c. Also a fine assortment of Toilet Articles and other articles too numerous too mention. M. CARLISLE, Mrs. Secord's Block. Acton, Ont.

—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 8:18 p. m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travelers fully met. JOHN WILLIAMS.

Poetry.

A TRUE STORY IN RHYME.

"Where is the baby, grandma?"
The sweet young mother calls
From her work in the cozy kitchen,
With its dainty whitewashed walls.
And grandma leaves her knitting
And looks for her all around;
But not a trace of baby dear
Can anywhere be found.

No sound of its merry prattle,
No gleam of sunny hair,
No patter of its tiny footsteps,
No sign of it anywhere;
All through the house and garden,
Far out into the field,
They search every nook and corner,
But nothing is revealed.

And the mother's face grew pallid;
Grandmamma's eyes grew dim;
The father's gone to the village,
No use to look for him,
And baby's lost. "Where's Rover?"
The mother chanced to think
Of the old well in the orchard
Where the cattle used to drink.

"Where's Rover? I know he'd find her."
"Rover!" In vain they call.
They hurry away to the orchard,
And there by the moss grown wall,
Close to the well lies Rover,
Holding to baby's dress,
Who was leaning over the well's edge
In perfect fearlessness.

She stretched her tiny arms down,
But Rover held her fast,
And never seemed to mind the kicks
The tiny bare feet cast
So spitefully upon him,
But wagged his tail instead,
To greet the frightened searchers,
While naughty baby said:

"Dere's a little dirl in the water;
She's just as big as me;
Mamma, I want to help her out
And take her home to tea;
But Rover he won't let me,
And I don't love him. Go
Away, you naughty Rover,
Oh, why are you crying so?"

The mother kissed her, saying:
"My darling, understand,
Good Rover saved your life, my dear,
And see, he licks your hand!
Kiss Rover." The baby struck him,
But grandma understood:
She said: "It's hard to thank the friend
Who thwarts us for our good."

—*Selected.*

Select Family Reading.

He Conquered Himself.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

The Lord of Lanercoost stood in the drawing-room of Lanercoost Castle, the central personage among many handsome men and lovely women. He was talking of the next day's hunt, while his handsome brother Jack stood aloof watching a beautiful girl who had only arrived that day, and to whom he had not yet been introduced. He knew well enough, however, that she was little Dacie Belmar, sole heiress of the great Belmar estate, and the matrimonial prize of the North of England.

She was so lovely that he kept wishing she was poor; kept wishing she had never come; kept wishing he could avoid watching her; for he was quite conscious that his admiration would be considered an impertince, and could bring him nothing but misery. Yet he could not help watching her and by and by the earnestness of his gaze fascinated her. She turned involuntarily her great violet eyes upon him. Jack blushed, and walked away. Dacie blushed, and watched him.

"Aunt," she said, "who is that gentleman standing now by the whist table?"

"Only my lord's brother."

"He is a great deal handsomer than Lord Lanercoost."

"Nonsense! He has only ten thousand pounds in the world."

"What a shame! I think I shall make a friend of my lord's brother."

"You are a silly girl, Dacie. Just you marry Lord Francis and your opinions on such matters will right themselves."

"If that is what I was brought to Lanercoost for, aunt, you have lost your labor. I shall begin to hate my lord from this moment."

Then she rose and mingled with the company, having in view an introduction to Mr. Jack Lanercoost, which it is needless to say she readily obtained.

The next morning was a keen, frosty one and the whole company were at Lanercoost meet by ten o'clock. Jack thought if ever any woman looked like an angel, Dacie Belmar, in her trim habit and hunting-cap, was that superhuman creature; and Dacie thought if ever any Englishman, well mounted in pink and top-boots, looked handsome, Jack Lanercoost was that person. Only three ladies followed the hounds, but Dacie, being Cumberland-born, was in her element in the wake of a yelping pack, and after a long chase she and Jack Lanercoost were so far ahead of all the rest as to be virtually alone.

"If my mare will take yonder fence, Mr. Lanercoost, I will touch the brush first," said Dacie, almost breathless with excitement.

"If the leap is in you, Miss Belmar, you may trust your mare. She will feel whether you mean to win or not."

"Good! then the leap is in me;" and Dacie and Jack took it almost side by side.

People who have ridden and won together don't often go back on such a tie, and Dacie's friendship for my lord's brother was soon too obvious to avoid remark.

"I must speak very decidly to Dacie," said Dacie's aunt: and so she did, letting her very clearly understand that her marriage with Lord Francis was a thing agreed upon even while she was a baby; "and very properly so, dear; for a large part of Belmar came from the Lanercoosts, and it was your father's wish that in this way it should be restored."

Dacie frowned, and asked, "is not one Lanercoost as good as another for such a purpose?"

"One Lanercoost has £10,000; the other has the title and at least £40,000 a year—there is no comparison in such odds."

Then Dacie pouted, and said she would have none of the Lanercoosts."

But love rules without law. Jack was soon conscious that he was deeply in love with Dacie Belmar. He knew also of her destination to his brother, and he loved his brother dearly. When they had been boys together, Jack had always fought the little lord's battle, and he had nursed him tenderly through the severe sicknesses to which all his life he had been liable. He had never grudged him the wealth and honors his twenty months' seniority gave him, and now he had no intention to supplant him in the favor of the heiress of Belmar.

Still, when he was with Dacie, he found her irresistible; and when a man cannot conquer a temptation he is best to fly from it. So Jack resolved now to follow out a long contemplated plan, and try his fortunes in the East Indies. In an hour after he had come to this decision he met Miss Belmar walking in the Chase. Wrapped in her crimson cloak and minever furs, she was so distractingly bewitching, that when said, "Will you walk with me, Mr. Lanercost?" Jack forgot all about his resolutions, forgot everything but his great love, and said the very things he had told himself half an hour before, nothing should induce him to say.

Poor Jack! He was afraid to believe what her tearful eyes and trembling hands told him and when he left her it would have been hard to say which of them was the most miserable in the parting.

"To think he should ride so boldly, and talk so fearfully," said Dacie, angrily, to herself. "Why did he not ask me in good, plain English to be his wife? a girl cannot answer a hint. I am sure that he might feel that I love him; my little mare felt my heart beat quicker. O, Jack! Jack! You might have seen that there is no use in your going to India."

Then Jack had a long conversation with his brother, and their parting was scarcely less affecting. Nothing in this interview had been mistaken for want of plain English. Jack had frankly told my lord all; and my lord had replied, with great emotion:

"Dear brother, whatever money you want for any enterprise is yours as much mine. I wish I could help being the eldest. I wish the Belmar lands could be restored to Lanercoost in any other way than by my marriage, if my marriage with Miss Belmar will pain you; but, my dear fellow, we must sacrifice something for the old name and line. If you feel this hard go into the old oak hall and look at those twenty-one soldiers and statesmen. No one can deliver a man from his ancestors, Jack."

Jack bowed his head, and grasped his brother's hand; and they both understood that they would part in two days. But fortune often works a miracle in a man's affairs, in far less time than two days. The next morning was bright and sunny—more like an afterthought of summer than a winter day—and my lord and his brother determined to take a quiet ride together on Milnthorpe Sands. When they reached them they met Miss Belmar and her servant. She was walking her mare in the surf, as it rolled in from Solway, and had come there to think in peace, as the brothers had come to talk.

She was just so facinating to both of them that they never thought of avoiding her company, but with one impulse joined her, sending back the servant with the information that they would ride to Creffel Bay, lunch there and return in the afternoon.

To two at least, that gallop over the brown, hard sands, with the fresh Solway breeze in their faces, was a ride into Love's lands; and Lord Francis watched the two glad faces with the expressions so mixed that no words can define what was at once so fleeting and so contradictory. A flash of anger, chased by a flash of sympathy: love for Dacie and love for Jack contending every moment for the mastery.

As they returned a strange melancholy settled over all three; they became silent and rode slowly; but Jack and Dacie looked often at each other, and both thought they could be content to pace the Solway sands together for time indefinite. What Lord Francis thought it was a harder thing to say; his face was white and sad, and almost stern.

Suddenly they heard from a distance a voice calling to them in urgent passionate tones: "What fools you are loitering here, and the Solway tide running in at its swiftness?"

Lord Francis leaped in his saddle, and looked away to the right and left, and then in Jack's face.

"Can we try the Esk channel?"

"Impossible, we must try and reach Arnside roads, before it is too late, or all is lost, Dare you follow me now, Dacie!"

Their eyes met for one moment, the next all three were riding for love and life as they had never ridden before. The horses knew well what was to be done, and it was wonderful to see how eagerly they responded to entreaties and encouragements. But when they reached Arnside every trace of sands had disappeared, and Dacie's little mare Zara, gave one low, pitiful sound of of distress.

"What are we to do, Jack? Is all lost?"

Jack spoke not.

"Then if we must die, I at least am glad to die with the two beings I love best, the last Lanercoost can die happily with the last scion of Belmar."

"By Good St. George, you shall neither of you die. Let us risk the channel. Leave Zara, Dacie; she will have a better chance alone, and I can trust no one now with you but myself. You need not fear, Selim can bear us both."

What words Jack said in Selim's ear only Selim knew, but never human being answered more plainly: "You may trust me—I shall do my utmost!" Then with one loud cry of encouragement from Jack, all took the channel. It was a three minutes' mortal buffet with death, but Selim struggled bravely, and at length stood quivering, trembling and panting on the Lanercoost side in only three feet of water. Lord Francis reached safety next, but in an almost insensible condition: but poor Zara was not able to stem the fierce and rapid current.

"She lost heart when I deserted and doubted her," said Dacie, weeping. "I do believe she would have saved me if I had only trusted her." Then, full of a silent exultation, they rode as rapidly as possible home, for all of them had said words during the last five minutes which could never be forgotten or recalled.

My lord was so ill during that night that Jack's departure was impossible, and Dacie also kept closely within her own room. Jack knew now that his brother loved as well as he, and honor and affection alike told him that he must leave England as soon as possible.

One evening about a week after this event, Lord Francis sent for his brother to the library. When Jack entered it he saw there also Dacie Belmar and her aunt. My lord embraced him and said:

"Dearest, Jack, that you and Miss Belmar love each other is a matter confessed, and her aunt and I have had such conversation that nothing is more desirable than your marriage."

"But Francis! My lord! My dear brother—"

"Let me tell you, Jack. The doctor says that this heart-trouble through which you have nursed me from my boyhood is rapidly drawing to its only possible close. My life is so uncertain that I have no possible right to think of marriage. Do let me see Belmar and Lanercost one again; then the twenty second lord will have done something for his house and name."

So saying, he led Mrs. Belmar from the room, and Dacie and Jack had a very long and sweet explanation; after which, in a few weeks, there was a splendid wedding, and every tenant of Belmar and Lanercoost feasted and joined hands and forgave the family quarrel.

The good Lord Francis lingered longer than any friend had dared hope; indeed, he passed some very calm and happy years, and often in his gentle way took his namesake—Jack's eldest son—through the Lanercoost oak hall, pointing out, with proud and grave enthusiasm, the great men who had been his ancestors, and telling the child what he must do when he became the twenty-fourth lord of Landercoost.

"For, Frank," he said on the night when the lad was eight years old, "you must do something for me as well as yourself. I have been but a poor lord; and have neither led councils nor taken cities."

But when Lord Francis was in his grave, and the lad repeated his charge to his father, Jack answered, with tears:

"He was the noblest Lanercoost of them all. They did well unto themselves, but he conquered himself, and made an offering of his life for his brother and his love."

INTULTED IN HIS OLD AGE.

An old fellow sat on a rail fence "out West." His hat lay on the ground, his long hair was tangled, an his face wore a revengeful expression. A traveller, noticing the old fellow's hardness of countenance, stopped and thus addressed him: "You seem to be worried." "Am." "What's the matter?" "Got a duty to perform." "It must be unpleasant." "No; the duty is pleasant enough, but the waiting is tiresome." "Why do you wait?" "See that house up yonder?" "Yes." "Well, there's a fellow in there that I'm going to larrup as soon as he comes out." "He has done you an injury, I suppose?" "He has." "What did he do?" "Well, I'll tell you. He came into this neighborhood about six months ago, and began to practice medicine. I have been a practising physician in this neighborhood for thirty years, yet I treated the upstart kindly. How did he repay me? With the basest, ingratitude, sir, I'll tell you how it was. About two weeks ago old Peter Nolan was taken awfully ill. He was as ill as ever I saw a man in my life. Why, he had fever, rheumatism, pleurisy and a number of other diseases! I was called in. As soon as I looked at him, I saw that he had no show, and I told him it would not be honest for me to give him medicine and take his money when I knew that I could do him no good." "That was surely commendable," said the traveller. "Of course; but mark the difference. That young snipe was called in. What did he do? Act with corresponding honesty? No, sir; he gave old Peter a lot of medicine." "And killed him, eh?" "Well the scoundrel has about cured him." "Yes, but that proves him to be a good physician." "A good physician!" the old fellow exclaimed. "Why, drat him, he knew that my professional reputation was at stake! He knew that I had said that old Peter couldn't live! Why didn't he let the old fool die? Why did he want to cure him and ruin me? It was an unprofessional act, sir; and just as soon as he comes out of that house I'm going to wale him. I am not going to be insulted in my old age, and, above all, I am not going to allow a young popinjay to ruin the profession. Wait till he comes out, and you'll hear something drop!"

A FEW MATRIMONIAL DON'TS.

Don't marry the young man who leaves his mother to find her way home the best she can on a dark night, while, without a thought or word of apology to the old lady, he looks after you. One of these days, when the novelty has worn off, he will leave you to go alone the best you can, while he seeks his selfish enjoyment at the club.

Don't marry a man who curls a scornful lip when religion and the Bible are spoken of, and who has all the mistakes of Moses and the misdeeds of Solomon at his tongue's end. A copy of infidel lectures on the parlor table, instead of the family Bible, is a very poor guarantee of a happy family life.

Don't marry a man whose friends smile at each other when his name is mentioned, and say, "Well, we hope he'll come out all right, but he's sowing a few wild oats just now." Remember that what is sown before marriage is reaped after marriage. It will be very awkward for you to be obliged to reap that crop one of these days; and, if you marry him, you'll have the most of it to gather in.

Don't marry a man whose linen is more spotless than his character, whose shirt collar is more inflexable than his integrity, and whose necktie is the only immaculate thing about him. Collars and cuffs and neckties are all very well, but they do not make up a good husband, though they do very well for a tailor's dummy. Integrity of character is as much more important than these things as a man is of more importance in the world than a dude.—*Golden Rule.*

A HAPPY WOOD-CUTTER.

It is a great delight to read, in these days, the artless testimonies of Christian converts in all parts of the world. Now it is from Japan, again from the South Sea Islands; often it is from India, and then from China, that a story comes. The following is from Adana, in Central Turkey, where lately a deep religious interest has prevailed:

"I am a poor man. I earn four or five piastres a day by cutting up bushes by the roots, and bringing them into the city on my back, for sale for firewood. I am also an ignorant man—I cannot read. I went out to the plain to-day to bring in bushes; it was raining; the mud was ankle deep; the wind blew cold from the mountains; I was muddy to the knees; my thin clothes were wet theough; and yet I went along with my heart so full of joy that I had to sing praises to God all the way.

"What is it that gave me such joy to day, and fills me with joy to-night?

"What gives me joy is this—that Christ is with me. He is with me in the rain and the mud and the cold wind; he is with me in my labor and proverty; he is here in my heart; He comforts me, He cheers me; He loves me and I love Him. That is the reason I went along the road to-day singing praises to God; and that is the reason I, a poor, ignorant man, can dare to stand up in this assembly and urge you all to accept of Christ."

A LAWYER'S STRATAGEM.

"You sha'n't have my daughter!" said old Felix Foster, bringing his fist down on the table with a crash. "There's no use talking, young man. You sha'n't have her!"

"At least you'll tell me why," insisted Babbit Bloom, the young lawyer's clerk, who had just made application for the hand of the old gentleman's only daughter. "What do you know against me, sir?"

"For the matter of that, nothing in particular," replied old Felix Foster. "But I'm a solid man myself. I have made money, and I want to lay that money in a warm nest. Now, if I give my poor girl to fellow like you, when she comes in for what I'll leave her you'll spend it, instead of doubling it. And there's my old friend, Frisbee, fifty-and-five, owns his block of houses and a hundred-acre farm, factory and forty workmen's cottages. You ought to have sense enough to see that he is the man for Agatha, not you."

"But if Agatha likes me best?" pleaded young Bloom.

"Stuff and nonsense! She'll like who I tell her to," replied Mr. Foster, whose grammar was not his strong point. "And as I've an appointment at two; I'll say good-bye to you, young man."

At this hint Mr. Bloom bowed himself out of the great contractor's office. He intended to have Agatha Foster. He did not care for her fortune and he knew she hated the suitor whom her father favored.

"Elope with me, Agatha," he pleaded—not on his knees, because that style of wooing is quite out of fashion, but under the side window of her father's house before that gentleman came into tea. "Elope with me. We are both of an age. Let us defy everybody."

"I suppose pa would come round in time," said Agatha; "but I can't go without my things. I have a very nice wardrobe, and lots of jewelry and things; and I want to be married decently, and have an expressman take take away my clothes; but how can I do it, when all day long, from the time pa goes out, old James Davids, his watchman, sits on the front stoop, pledged to lock me up in my own room if I set a foot outside the door, and to let no one in? There all day, and in the hall at night, immovably on guard."

"Is he?" said the lawyer's clerk, sarcastically, as at a signal from his lady-love he kissed her hand and ran away.

"Mind you, Davids," said Felix Foster, as he buttoned his overcoat in the hall—"mind you; don't desert your post. No going out, and no coming in. That girl of mine has no mother, and I've got to be both parents to her. Don't let so much as a letter be carried in at the door."

"No, your honor; not whilst I'm alive," said Davids.

But, alas! who can calculate upon circumstances! The late Widow Bedott was right about that.

Solemn James Davids, sitting all day in the hall-chair with a club in hand, the object of the detestation of all the female servants, opened the door on a crack to all applications, slipping letters into his own pockets, and keeping the house free from intruders, thought himself invulnerable; but his weak spot had been discovered by his enemy. It was a bad boy. At five o'clock a ring came at the door, which answering, he found no one there. Another and another followed.

"It's a boy as runs and hides himself," said Davids, peering up and down the street. "The next ring I'll catch him, and he waited with his back against the door—and his club grasped in both hands. The ring came; out bolted Davids; down the street; peered into areas; peeped around the corner; found no boy, and was about to return to the house when a hand caught his coat collar. "Help," roared a voice. "Help! Thieves! Police!"

"Let me be," shouted Davids. "What do you catch hold of me for?"

"You've got my pocketbook, cried the young man. "If you haven't you've thrown it away. I missed it as you ran past me. Officer,"—this to a policeman who had speedily arrived—"I want this man arrested. I've lost my pocketbook."

And so amid his protestations, prayers and cries, that respectable old person James Davids, was pushed, pulled and dragged to the nearest station house; followed by a crowd of ragamuffins and there locked up for the night.

And that young man who had lost his pocket-book, and who was to appear against him the next morning, looked suspiciously like the young lawyer's clerk, Rabbit Bloom, who of course knew that one against whom a charge was made must be arrested, even if he was able to prove himself entirely innocent next day.

And who came to the door in a coupe half an hour after, but this same young Bloom; and who got into it but Agatha Foster; and where did they drive but to the minister's, where they were married.

And Betsy Jane, and Sarah, and Ellen Maria and helped to carry down the trunks, bags, and parcels with which the express-wagon, that came soon after the coupe, was heavily loaded, so that when, at seven o'clock, old Mr. Foster rung at his own bell, Betsy Jane opened the door, meekfaced and tidy, while all the other servants listened at the foot of the kitchen stairs.

"Where's Davids?" asked Mr. Foster.

"Please, sir, a p'liceman arrested him a while ago for picking a gentleman's pocket," said Betsy.

"Davids pick a pocket! Nonsense! He never did it!" roared Mr. Foster.

"No, sir. I suppose not, please, sir," said Betsy.

"And where's Miss Agatha?" asked Mr. Foster.

"Gone to fetch a ride, sir."

"What?"

"Gone a riding, sir."

"Where? Who with?"

"Please, sir, I don't know where. With a real nice young gentleman, with black mustaches, sir," replied Betsy, demurely.

For an hour or two the neighbors all wondered what had happened in at Foster's and cook said she wondered the roof did not fall in, for she never heard such language. And the return of Davids, with his account of false arrest and imprisonment, did not mend matters.

But Agatha was right after all. In a few months the old gentleman felt that he could not do without his girl, and finally wrote her a letter which re-established the happiness of the family. To-day the young lawyer's strategem and his method of getting old Davids out of the way is considered an excellent joke by his worthy father-in-law.

As a pick-me-up after excessive exertion or exposure, Milburn's Beef, Iron and Wine is grateful and comforting.

THE ONE PET NAME.

Never had a boy so many names,
They called him Jimmy and Jim and James
Jeems and Jamie, and well he knew
Who it was that wanted him, too.

The boys in the street ran after him,
Shouting quite loudly, "Jim! Hey, J-i-m-m!"
Until the echoes, little and big,
Seemed to be dancing a Jim Crow jig.

Grandpapa, who was dignified
And held his head with an air of pride,
Didn't believe in abridging names
And made the most that he could of "J-a-m-e-s."

Biddy O'Flynn could never, it seems,
Call him anything else but "Jeems."
And when the nurse, old Mrs. McVyse,
Called him "Jamie," it sounded nice.

But sweeter and dearer than all the rest
Was the one pet name that he liked the best;
"Darling!"—he heard it whate'er he was at,
For none but his mother called him that.

WHAT BECOMES OF OLD SHOES.

"Old Shoe merchants never pass an ash box without inspecting for old shoes. If they are found they soon find a hiding place in the capacious bag carried for the purpose. Each day's labor is taken to the home of the "old shoe man," where it is sorted over. Shoes that are not past a few days of usefulness go under the resuscitating care of an Italian cobbler. He gives the old shoe a new lease of life by endowing it with a new sole and other repairs. These go to some second-hand shoe store, of which there are a goodly number in this city.

The shoes that are past repair are taken to the old junk dealers, who in turn ship them to the shoddy factories. There they are pulled to pieces in order to remove the steel shank piece, if there be any, and then ground to pieces to a fine dust. This leather dust is then mixed with about forty per cent. of rubber, which has been gathered in the same way. The mixture of rubber and leather dust is spread in sheets about two feet square, and subjected to a pressure of 6,000 to 10,000 lbs. per square foot. The substance is then colored, and sold at prices some fifty per cent. below that of leather.

This manufactured leather is used by the manufacturers of cheap shoes, mostly for inner soles. As it is wholly wanting in fibre, it is manifestly a very poor substitute. Shoes with these shoddy inner soles are to be found in large quantities strung on poles and bearing the legend "All leather, $1."

The industry of making shoddy shoes has greatly improved. At first straw board was used for inner sole counters, and sometimes for out soles by pasting over with thin veneer of sole leather. Next leather scraps and old shoes were ground up and mixed with the straw paper. This gave a little better substance. Now shoddy contains leather dust and rubber.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE BAILIFF'S PRAYER.

A correspondent of the Hastings *Star* says: "While in Warworth the other day I was told a story of a Scotch bailiff who being very unsuccessful in obtaining employment at his calling, at the close of three days' tramp approached a large building where he observed a number of women, on the certainty of obtaining a job, but being ordered off the premises by a son of St. Crispin's, returned disconsolately, to his lodgings where he gave vent to his feelings in the following prayer, which although not new was singularly appropriate:—

"'Aye, Lord, I approach Ye this nicht in the attitude o' prayer an' likewise o' complaint. When I cam tae Cannada I expecket tae fin' a lan' reekin' wi milk an' honey, but aye Lord, insteed o' thot I fin' a place fou o' ungodly Irish, deceitfu' an' treacherous, an' wha' dinna regaird their sacred word. Scoor them oot, oh Lord: hand them oor tha bottomless pit, but dinna let them drap in for a wee. Aye Lord ne'er mak' them Magistreetes, License Inspectors, Members o' Pairliament or ony kin' o' rulers o'er thae people, but mak them insteed, aye Lord, dressers o' corn an' splitters o' wood, an' aye Lord, gin ye hae ony guid lan' tae gie awa, gie it tae thine ain peculiar peeple, thae Scootch tae raise porn on an' a' the praise, an' a the glory will be thine ain for aye, an' we will ever bless Thee wie a' oor pith. —Ahmen."

NATURAL HISTORY.

SKUNK AND HEN.—A correspondent of a Phillips (Me.) paper tells of a recent encounter, which took place between a skunk and a sitting hen. The contest was brief, but the hen came out into the yard at its close in an expeditious manner that was very noticeable. Both her eyes were closed; she tried to scream "fire and murder, but she could not get a gasp of breath with which to scream. She stood on one foot, and scratched her head with the other, while her countenance showed the most surprise ever seen on a hen's face. Next she bolted for the road, and lay down to rest in the dust, and lastly ran into some alders, where she remained over night. This hen has never uttered a single "cluck," or been to her nest since the event came off; but any one can readily tell when she is around. Her desire to raise a family has passed away.

A PET ILLUSION DISPELLED.—One often reads pathetic stories of pet birds that die simultaneously with, or shortly after, their child owners. It sounds pretty, but the simple prose of the matter often is that the owners infected the birds. Canaries and other songsters will catch scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria, or almost any other human disease, and if left in the sick-room they are almost sure to be infected. Pet cats and small dogs, too, are often sacrificed in the same way, and in their case there is also the risk that they will go out and become the unwitting instruments of disseminating disease.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

I will gladly curtail my own liberty in any thing if thereby I can restrain another's license.—*Archbishop Whatley.*

It is stated that ninety-three per cent. of all children taking the temperance pledge remain faithful to their early vows.

Senator Frye predicts that "within a few years a national election will be fought on the question of the abolition of the liquor traffic."

Of all our industrial classes one man in twenty is unfitted by the liquor traffic for steady and continuous work; unfitted, indeed, for any work at all.

It is a sad comment on the morals of Boston that there are so many drunken women there that a "Home" for intemperate women has to be provided to take care of them.