The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press.

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H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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DR. SPRINGER,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—Dr. McGarvin's house, corner Mill and Frederick streets.

C. STACEY,
M.D., C.M., F.T.M.C., M.C.P. & S.O.
236 College St., Toronto.
Telephone No. 2156.

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ETC.
RESIDENCE AND DRUG STORE:—Mill Street, next door to Williams' Boot and shoe store.

DR. ERNEST HALL,
ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, EDINBURGH. POLYCLINIC (Eye Department), PHILADELPHIA.
Late assistant in Central London, Eng., Throat and Ear Hospital.
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT.
Will be at Wellington Hotel, Guelph, first and third Tuesday of each month, from 10 a.m., to 4 p.m.
OFFICE.—29 Avenue Street, College Avenue, Toronto.

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GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

C. MCKINLAY, L. D. S.,
SURGEON, DENTIST, GEORGETOWN.
Visits Acton at Annett's Hotel on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month.
Office in Georgetown, first door south of Baptist church.

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

J. A. MOWAT,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, MONEY TO LOAN.
OFFICE HOURS—Tuesdays and Saturdays.
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.
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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.

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(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. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
MILL STREET, ACTON.
Allкинds of work done in a first-class manner. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.
J. & H. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artists.

Lumber and Shingles.
THE undersigned have on hand at their mills at Lumbertown about 700,000 feet of pine lumber, and are prepared to supply farmers and others with any quantity of lumber for barns or other buildings at reasonable prices. A stock of pine and cedar shingles is also on hand.
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Wellington Marble Works,
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CLARK & CARTER,
DIRECT importers of Granite and Marble Monuments and Headstones of all shades and from the newest designs. All work and material warranted first-class. Parties wishing to purchase, will please give us a call and inspect our stock and prices, as we are confident we can compete with any establishment in Ontario.
Having sold out my interest to the above firm, I respectfully solicit the patronage to my friends and the public on their behalf.
J. H. HAMILTON

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, Dog or Bees. A grand opportunity to make money. Secure territory at once. Address
E. N. MOYER, Publisher,
120 Yonge St. Toronto

WANTED.
SALESMEN to sell Nursery Stock. All Goods warranted first-class. Permanent pleasant, profitable positions for the right men. Good salaries and expenses paid weekly. Liberal inducements to beginners. No previous experience necessary. Outfit free. Write for terms giving age.
CHARLES H. CHASE, Nurserymen.
Mention this paper. Rochester, N.Y

Lumber, Lath & Shingles.
SAYER'S Mill, Nassagaweya, has now in stock about a 1,000,000 feet of Lumber, including all kinds needed for building purposes. This mill has a well established reputation for first-class lumber and reasonable prices. Lath and Shingles on hand. We are prepared to supply every want in our line.
PETER SAYERS,
Nassagaweya, P.O.

Wellington Steam Laundry.
GUELPH.
SHIRTS 12c. COLLARS 2c. CUFFS 4c.
Family Washing without ironing 25c. per doz.
Family Washing with Ironing 35c. per doz.
Gentlemen's Washing and Repairing 50c. per dozen.
All work guaranteed best in Canada.
Office and Works, 56 Quebec street.
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.
H. HACKNEY, Proprietor.

Guelph Business College.
GUELPH, ONTARIO.
Instructions given by experts in
Book-keeping, Com'l Arithmetic,
Penmanship, Bus. Correspondence,
Bus. Practice, Political Economy,
Shorthand, Com'l Law.
Typewriting, French Language.
Rates moderate; satisfaction guaranteed. For terms, etc., address
M. MACCORMICK, Principal.

FRANK BURGESS,
House Painter, Paper Hanger, Sign Writer, Etc,
Is prepared to execute orders in any of the above lines in the best manner and at reasonable terms. Every job having my personal attention I can assure customers complete satisfaction. Graining in all woods a specialty.
Orders left at my residence, Main St., Acton, will receive prompt attention.

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 purchased the interest of the firm formerly in Acton and will respectfully inform all parties in need 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

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.
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New Planing Mill
—AND—
Sash and Door Factory.
John Cameron, Contractor,
Has fitted up the building on Main Street, lately occupied as a trunk factory, with new machinery and is prepared to furnish plans, specifications and estimates for all classes of buildings, and execute all kinds of
DRESSING,
MATCHING,
and MOULDING,
—MAKE ALL STYLES OF—
Sashes, Doors and Windows and Door Frames and Dressed Lumber,
And keeps a stock on hand. All orders promptly attended to.
JOHN CAMERON.

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.

Waters Bros.,
THE PICTURE GALLERY. GUELPH.
FRAMES & PICTURES,
PICTURE MOULDINGS,
ROOM MOULDINGS,
CORNICE POLES from 15c.
BRASS RODS,
BANNER RODS from 15c.
ARTISTS' MATERIALS.
Oil Colors, Water Colors, China Colors, Brushes, Etc., Etc. Ready Mixed Paints, Aspinwall's Enamels, Cords, Wires, Nails, Chains, Hooks, Etc.
WATERS BROS.,
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE.

WALL PAPER.
If you want your rooms to look nice with Borders and Ceiling Decorations of Fine Soft Colorings and blending and proper shading.
DAY'S BOOKSTORE
GUELPH,
is the place to buy, because Day has ten times the assortment. His papers are newer and better selected. Many of the best manufacturers sell only to him and therefore he has the exclusive sale of their Goods in Guelph. Doing a cash business and paying cash for his goods, he can buy the quantity at the lowest inside price, enabling him to undersell all competitors. Day can give you better Paper, Borders, Ceiling Decorations, and Lower Prices than any other store in the City.
See his Papers and Price before parting with your money.
DAY SELLS CHEAP.

Paris ✻ ✻ Green
Guaranteed Pure
—AT—
J. V. KANNAWIN
MILL ST., ACTON.

—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 6:15 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order.
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS.

A Little Talk About
SHOES
Figures may lie and facts distorted be,
But seeing is believing, come and see.
The Peek-a-Boo Hoot 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 shopworn 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.

SWEARING OFF
Is Slang for
MAKING
—GOOD—
RESOLUTIONS
And this end of the year is the time generally chosen as being the most suitable and appropriate for
Turning Over a New Leaf.
During 1890 we have resolved
To Make More Photographs than we did in 1889.
To Make Better Photographs than we did in 1889.
To Please Everybody Better than we did in 1889.
We have the Facilities for
Photographing your Babies
—BY THE—
Instantaneous Process.
Bring the rosy little Cherubs to us and get a Charming picture—one that will be one of your dearest treasures in after days.
Pictures are as low as good work and a living profit will allow.
RAMSHAW,
Photo Artist, Acton.

Poetry.

HOW IT TURNED OUT.

"I'm going now to run away,"
Said little Sammie Greer, one day,
Then I can do just what I chose;
I'll never have to black my shoes,
Or wash my face or comb my hair,
I'll find a place, I know, somewhere,
And never have again to fill
The old chip-basket so I will.

"Good-bye, mammie," he said, "good-bye!"
He thought his mother then would cry.
She only said, "You going, dear?"
And didn't shed one single tear.
"There, now," said Sammie Greer, "I know
She does not care if I do go.
But Bridget does, she'll have to fill
The old chip-basket so she will."

But Bridget only said, "Well, boy,
You off for sure? I wish you joy."
And Sammie's little sister Kate,
Who swung upon the garden gate,
Said anxiously as he passed through
"To-night, whatever will you do
When you can't get no 'lasses spread
At supper-time on top of bread?"

One day from home and Sammie Greer's
Weak little heart was full of tears;
He thought about "Red Riding Hood,"
The wolf that met her in the wood,
The bean-stock boy who kept so mum
When he heard the giant's "Fee fo fum,"
Of the dark night and the policeman,
And then poor Sammie homeward ran.

Quick through the alley way he sped,
And crawled in through the old wood shed.
The big chip-basket he did fill,
He blackened his shoes up with a will;
He washed his face and combed his hair;
He went up to his mother's chair;
And kissed her twice, and then he said,
"I'd like some 'lasses top of bread."

Select Family Reading.

A Successful Expedient.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

During the spring of 1877 the English merchant ship *Gazelle*, hailing from Liverpool, and commanded by Capt. William Babson, crossed the China Sea, on her way from the Philippines to Singapore. She was loaded with an assorted cargo of great value, besides carrying a large amount of money, which had been consigned to her care at Manilla.

Lying at Manilla, with the *Gazelle*, had been the Yankee ship *Hiawatha*, commanded by Capt. Charles P. Heustis, and it had been planned that the two would sail together, as a measure of safety; for it was known that the China Sea, at that particular time, was infested by the most desperate and dangerous piratical gangs that had ever been known in those waters. But when the time had come for the English ship to sail, the Yankee was not ready, being forced to wait for an owner whose business had called him away to another island. Babson would have waited a day or two; but he could not waste more time, so he sailed alone, bidding adieu to the Philippines on the 27th day of May.

On the evening of the 3rd of June, having run very nearly twelve hundred miles, on a south-westerly course, Capt. Babson deemed it prudent to lay his ship to until morning. During the four-and-twenty hours last past he had met a strong ocean current that had so far perplexed him as to shake his confidence in his reckoning; and, as he knew that he must be very near to the most northerly of the Great Natuna Islands, he did not care to run on in the dark. For two days he had been able to take no observation, and the night before him promised to be unusually dark. So, as the night closed in, he brought his ship to the wind and lay his main-topsail aback.

With the dawning of another day Babson found cause of thankfulness for his precaution. During the night a strong current had been setting the ship to the southward and westward, with the wind in the same direction; and now, with the breaking of day, he discovered land not more than five miles distant. The ship was heading due south, and this land was directly on the star-board beam, and it required no consulting of the chart to tell them that it was an island of the Northern group of the Natunas.

Upon going aloft, with his telescope, Capt. Babson gained a good view of the island, which he judged to be ten miles long; well wooded; its shore free of rocks, and indented, about midway, by a deep bay, the northern headland of which was a high bluff, whereon he discovered something that had the appearance of a beacon. He was upon the point of lowering his glass, for the purpose of closing it, when the fancy struck him to take one more look at the summit of the headland. He did so, and plainly discovered a human being there, standing close by the beacon. He watched him, and saw that he gesticulated with his arms, as though signalizing to some one on the shore of the bay below. Pretty soon a second man appeared at the beacon; and the two were evidently in eager conference. It had now grown to be so light that Babson could distinguish objects very clearly on the island. He could see that these two men were savages—probably Malays—their only clothing the generic breech-clout; and that they held conference with others below them. This upon the promontory. Then the captain turned his glass upon the deep bay, and was able to discover a short stretch of its shore, where, presently, he saw other savages, carrying long spears in their hands, running swiftly towards a point beneath the headland. He counted at least a hundred of these naked islanders—all Malays—making for a point beyond the reach of his vision; then he descended to the deck, where he gave his glass to one of his most reliable top-men, and sent him aloft to keep watch, and to report what he saw.

This done, the captain turned to his chief-mate—Tom Delaney—and told him what he had discovered.

The situation was not a pleasant one. With the first break of day the light breeze that had held through the night had entirely died away, so that the ship now lay in a dead calm, under the influence of a current that was setting her nearer and nearer to the shore—a shore then not more than four miles distant, where a horde of bloodthirsty pirates were making ready to come down upon them.

As soon as Babson had told his mate what he had seen, the crew were mustered upon the quarter-deck and clearly informed of the probable situation. On board the *Gazelle* were five-and-twenty able men, including the captain, the cook, the supercargo, the mates, and the men before the mast. For weapons they had four muskets, twenty-five large boarding-pistols, and about a score of common ship's cutlasses. These were brought out, and while the firearms were being loaded the look-out in the main-top reported that a large prau was in sight.

Capt. Babson left the work of preparing the weapons to his mate, and sprang aloft. He was an experienced hand in those seas, and knew every sign and signal. Taking the glass from the hand of the topman, he levelled it upon the bay, and saw the prau just rounding the northern headland. It was one of the largest he had ever seen—a Malay war canoe, capable of carrying two hundred men. There were two clouted savages in her stern sheets, twenty at the broad-bladed paddles—ten on each side—and two more in the bows, making twenty-four in all. These were in plain sight, and so arranged that it should appear as though they were all; but Babson could see that others were lying flat upon the prau's bottom. Wishing, however, to make sure, he slung the glass over his shoulder and sprang up to the crosstree above, where he took another observation, being here enabled to look down into the bottom of the craft, where he saw the savages packed away like figs in a drum. He made up his mind that there could not be less than a hundred and fifty of the piratical crew. And with this information he returned to the deck.

William Babson was a brave man, but his heart sank within him in view of the prospect before him. His pistols were the old-fashioned flint-lock weapons; his cutlasses heavy enough, but little better than so many clubs; the four muskets being the only modern affair at hand. He was brave, and his men were brave; but what could they do against such a horde as was now coming upon them? The ship now lay with her starboard side next to the shore, and it was evident that the Malays would strike in that direction. They would lay their prau alongside, cast their grapplings, and then pour in over the rail like so many tigers. And what should keep them away? Aye, and when they had once gained the deck—a hundred and fifty of them—with their knotted war clubs and their gleaming knives, how long could the crew of the ship stand against them?

One man alone of the ship's crew appeared to be thinking to a definite purpose, and that was the cook—a stout-limbed Congo negro, black as the ace of spades.

Only a few days before he had accidently trodden upon a common carpet-tack, which had stood upon its head upon the deck, its sharp point upward. His howling on that occasion had frightened the whole crew, and it had required a stout pair of pincers, with a strong pair of hands, to get it out from the tough hide of the bare foot.

"Ho, ho! Massa, let 'em come," said the cook, Jo Pansy by name, exhibiting a double row of teeth that might have shamed a shark. "I say, let 'em come! Ha! we's got plenty ob dem big tacks, sich as stuck in my foot. Golly! what'll de brack rascals do when dey jump onto 'em! Git a tar-bucket an' fix de deck, an' den set up dem yar tacks for 'em!"

The darkey's plan was quickly understood, and as quickly acted upon. On board were several boxes—with a hundred packages in a box—of large headed copper tacks for, very much like the common carpet tacks, the points sharp as needles, with broad, flat heads, full half an inch in diameter. The men caught the idea, and sprang to the work with a will. One of the large boxes was broken out, and brought on deck and opened. Two men, with each a bucket of tar and a large brush, gave to the starboard side of the deck, from knight-head to taffrail, a carefully laid-on coat of the intensely viscous stuff, while the rest of the crew—captain and all—worked smartly at setting up the tacks. They were set thickly, the heads planted firmly in the adhesive tar, with the long, needle-like points standing upright.

The work had been accomplished before the prau had come within pistol-shot, and the crew were ready for the result. The question had arisen:—"Suppose the pirates should come up under the port rail? But Babson had no fear of that. They were steering for the side nearest to them, and would not pull further without cause.

As soon as the tacks had been set up—several thousand of them—the men were at leisure to take a look at the enemy, and consider what next should be done.

The prau was one of the largest Babson had eversoen—larger than he had at first thought, and capable of holding more men. When within two or three cables' lengths of the ship the savage crew arose and sat up, completely filling the space. As nearly as the Englishman could calculate, without a critical count, there were a hundred and fifty of them at least, each man armed with a knife and a club. And now a dozen more paddles were added to the prau's motive power. Tom Delaney was a strong man, with a stout heart and steady nerve, but as he raised the telescope to his eye and took a nearer view of those bloodthirsty creatures, a shudder crept through his frame which he could not repress. Never before had he seen anything so murderous—so horribly ugly and frightful. They were all Malays; tall, muscular, and deep-chested; naked, every one, saving only the the breech-clout, with here and there an adornment of feathers upon the head.

The question was asked:—"Shall we fire upon them?" It was decided in the negative. It was settled that the prau was coming up under the starboard chains, and Babson bade his men reserve their bullets and their energies until they had the enemy in their power. The crew was mustered in the port gangway, each man with a pistol and a cutlass, while handspikes, hatchets, and other weapons of like character stood within easy reach.

It was while Delaney had the glass in hand that one of the men near the wheel uttered a cry of satisfaction; and when Capt. Babson looked for the cause he was pointed to a distant ripple on the surface of the sea. Aye, a breeze was coming!—too late to enable them to avoid the prau; but it might help them, nevertheless.

As the prau came up to the quarter, and began to round-to, with half the paddles taken in, Capt. Babson hailed. With a loud "Halloo!" he demanded to know who they were, and what they wanted. A terrific yell was the only answer; and in a moment more the prau's bow touched the ship's side under the mizzen chains, gliding quickly alongside; when grapplings were thrown, and secured, after which, with a howling and a yelling utterly frightful, the Malays mounted to the rail. They came up like so many cats, their light bodies and powerful muscles making them perfect climbers,—come up by scores, until fully a hundred of them were upon the rail, with their long knives held between their teeth.

Despite the strange dressing which had been put upon the ship's deck, her men were terror-stricken at the sight before them. It seemed as though those [illegible]

Aye, full a hundred of the savage monsters had gained the ship's rail and nettings, when one who seemed to be their chief,—a tall, gaunt savage, with a pyramid of feathers on his head,—took his knife in his hand, and sent forth a mighty yell; whereupon the others took their knives in their hands; gave each an answering yell—and leaped down upon the deck.

Instinctively the crew of the ship crouched back, and brought up their pistols; but their was no need of striking yet. Each man of that pirate crew, as his feet struck the deck, trod upon at least a dozen of those sharp-pointed tacks. Into the leather-like soles of those Malay feet the horrible tacks were driven to their heads; and, under the first stroke of terrific pain down they went—the whole lot of them—upon their hands and knees, and filled the air with howls of anguish. Worse, and more of it! Into their knees and into the broad palms of their hands went the torturing tacks, until the savage horde were literally insane with the exquisite pain.

Babson could not find it in his heart to fire a pistol, nor to use a cutlass; but he called upon his men to seize the hand-spikes and strike, and they did so.

The story of the next ten minutes can be imagined much better than we can tell it. Of course, not one of those Malays could hold a knife; for every hand was pierced with the tacks; they could not defend themselves in any way, other than by getting back into their prau as quickly as possible. And this they did. Though their torture was dreadful, and though the act of either walking or crawling made the torture more dreadful still, yet, to save life, they endured the lesser evil for the time.

It was just as the Malays had thrown their grapplings that the breeze, from the north-west had struck the ship; and, as the last of the piratical crew were unceremoniously helped back into their prau, the yards were braced, and the *Gazelle*, with a thrill of pulsating joy, moved safely away from the scene of grotesque horror.

There were times when Capt. Babson was inclined to blame himself for having suffered a hundred blood-thirsty pirates to live whose lives had been once so completely within his power, either to take, or to spare; but two sources of consolation were his:—First,—He had not the blood of a defenceless fellow-creature upon his hands; and, Second,—He had caused those hundred wretches to suffer an agony of torture to which death might have been far preferable.

Capt. C. P. Heustis, when he had told me the story, smilingly added:—

"The last time I saw Captain Babson he took from his pocket-book, where he carried it neatly folded, a certificate of non-indebtedness, in due form, from his consignees at Singapore, wherein they acknowledged the receipt of a just and satisfactory equivalent for twelve gross of copper canvas-tacks, by him expended, for the use of himself and crew, on shipboard!"

WAKING THEM TOGETHER.

Many of the first settlers of Illinois were rude in speech and rough in manner. Money was scarce with them, and service was paid for in produce. General Ewing used to illustrate these incidents of frontier life by the following anecdote:

One day when he was justice of the peace there came to his office a young man accompanied by a young woman.

"Be you the squire?" asked the manly youth.

"Yes, sir."

"Can you tie the knot for us right away?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much do you charge?"

"One dollar is the legal fee, sir."

"Will you take your fee in beeswax?"

"Yes, if you can't pay cash."

"Well go ahead and tie the knot, and I'll fetch in the wax."

"No," said the squire, thinking there was a good chance for a little fun; "bring in the beeswax first, and then I'll marry you."

Reluctantly the youth went out to where was hitched the horse upon which, Darby and Joan fashion, the pair had ridden, and brought the wax in a sack. On being weighed its value was found to be only half-a-dollar.

"Wall," said the anxious groom, "tie the knot, and I'll fetch more wax next week."

"No, sir! I don't trust; that's against the rules of this office."

Slowly the disappointed youth turned to go out, saying:

"Come, Sal; let's go."

"I say, mister," answered Sal, with a woman's wit, "can't you marry us far as the wax will go?"

"Yes, I can, and will," replied the squire, laughing, and he did.

WHY HE HELD ON.

Workmen were hoisting stone next door to Frankie's house, where a new building was going up, the motive power being a donkey engine. The signal for hoisting was given by the sound of a whistle, and the man to whom fell the duty of blowing this stood out of sight of the engineer.

On day Frankie and a small friend were standing as close to the rope as they were allowed to come when the whistler was called away for a moment. The man who made the stone fast went for a drink, and the two boys crept up to the tackle.

Unluckily the other boy spied the whistle lying on a timber, and just as Frankie had seized the rope, his friend gave a shrill blast.

The engine inside its shed began to puff, and with a squeal, up went Frank into the air. The workmen came running, shouting to the engineer to reverse the machine and to the boy not to let go. The lad was up to the second story before he could be stopped, but here a carpenter happened to sieze him, and draw him unhurt into a window.

"You did well to hold on, little fellow," he said, as he got the boy into safety.

"Oh, I had to," Frankie answered; "mother told me not to fall into the mud with my new clothes."—*Youth's Companion.*

THE POULTRY BUSINESS.

"The business of raising chickens and its accessory—egg production—is just beginning to be understood in this country at its true value," said a well known Detroit poultry breeder, as reported in the *Free Press*. "Until quite recently very few people had any idea that the egg and poultry business in the country exceeds in its aggregate income the total of money paid for wheat, but it is true. More than that, it is just beginning to be appreciated that as a people we can eat much [illegible] beef, pork and mutton than did our [illegible] That is a fact, as also is the [illegible] most,

SOME PRIMITIVE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Most boys have some idea of rythm in their heads if they are not altogether what we call musical. And what boy has not constructed some musical instrument or other at some time in his life?

Away back in the early days of our race so far as history takes us, we find the reed and pipe. Some people used human bones to construct these of, while others [illegible] god Pan have been contented with the reeds which grew by the river.

Many a boy in our country who possibly never heard of the ancients, much less of the god Pan, understands very well how to construct these reed pipes. To be sure we are apt to call them squakers, and the sounds produced from them are not altogether of dulcet smoothness, but it is musical nevertheless; and these musical instruments of home manufacture are very primitive indeed, quite as much so as those of the ancients. If we can get access to a tolerably good collection of old musical instruments we can make the comparisons better and be able to trace their growth from simple to complex forms. Down by the river in that marshy ground grow rushes, the larger and thriftier ones having stems filled with a pith that can be pushed out. The pith the children sieze upon to make a variety of toys of, while the rush makes a famous squaker cut in short lengths with a slit carefully made near one end to blow through. Later in the season the stalk from the pumpkin leaf and vine will be used for the same purpose, and give a heavy sound. The young stalks of the elder bushes have also an enclosed pith, and after the pith is pushed out these hollow tubes make famous whistles.

Two smooth beef bones can be rubbed and polished and oiled and blackened if desire, and many a jingling rythm is played on the bones by a boy who studies how to use them.

A capital dinner horn is made by taking a large conch shell (these can be purchased), and sawing off the small end. To use one of these and get the full blast effect one must understand how to blow well and manage the breath properly. The reed and horn can be improved upon by practice. They are but the precursors of the flute and fife and the trumpet. Sometime two or more flutes are made in the rush, and by a skilful manipulation of the fingers two or three notes are obtained. Some boys will get rythm and musical sound by drumming on an old tin pan. This rythm is better gotten on a fine base drum with smooth drum sticks.

Stringed instruments are anticipated in the jews-harp, which is twanged by the fingers, while the harp is firmly held by the teeth and the breath going through makes the sound.

With a jack-knife and no other material than a bit of very smooth hard wood, and a bit of wire or smooth gut string, a boy can construct a very creditable lyre or guitar in embryo. And possibly nothing could teach a boy the construction and the theory of making musical instruments more effectually than setting him to make some of the very simplest contrivances for obtaining musical sound. If he loves music at all he will not long be satisfied with his rude attempts, but will long for something better from which to produce his musical fancies.—*Christian at Work.*

TOO NEAR THE HOUSE.

"We made one mistake in setting out our grounds," said a friend who owned a beautiful house with wide piazzas on three sides of it and an extensive lawn all about. "We set the trees too near the house. When they were small it seemed incredible that they could ever shut us in and darken our rooms as they do. Yet, now each tree is like an old friend, and we cannot bear the thought of cutting one down. And yet we must, for the good of the household. Besides, it is not pleasant to have sundown come, in effect, to us an hour before it does our neighbors. That beautiful willow must be the first to go. It strikes its roots down, under, or around the whole house, and hunts out the well back of the kitchen. This spring I took out a barrel-ful of white sprouts it had sent into it to get a drink. It will spoil the well if I leave it."

This is a mistake very often made by house builders, and the mischief is perceived too late to remedy and save a fine growing tree. No house is healthy so shut out from air and sunshine, however beautiful it may look in the hot days of summer.

The roots of growing trees, too are very injurious to foundation walls. Some one has said that if New York was depopulated for ten years it would become a thicket in the midst of ruins because of the encroachments of the ailanthus and silver poplar trees. They would increase so fast if left to themselves that they would undermine walls and upturn flag-stones and make themselves at home in all the lower stories of the streets where they now so abound.

Most people in travelling over rocky regions have met with instances where a growing tree, which had obtained a foothold in some crevice of a rock, has plainly kept on with its sapping and mining until it has cleft off a large fragment of many tons simply by the force of the growing roots. So do not plant your young trees too near your dellar walls, though the shade might seem so pleasant for the windows above. Be sure it will send out an encroaching finger or toe, which in time may crumble your well laid stone and mortar. But by all means plant the trees, and tend them wisely and well, and if you own your home your children and children's children may rejoice in the shadow of them.

AMUSEMENTS.

Amusement is not an end, but a means—a means of refreshing the mind and replenishing the strength of the body. When it begins to be the principal thing for which one lives, or when, in pursuing it, the mental powers are enfeebled, and the bodily health impaired, it falls under just condemnation.

Amusements that consume the hours which ought to be sacred for sleep are, therefore, censurable.

Amusements that call us away from work which we are bound to do are pernicious, just to the extent to which they cause us to be neglectful or unfaithful.

Amusements that rouse or stimulate morbid appetites, or that cause us to be restless or discontented, are always to be avoided.

Any indulgence in amusement which has a tendency to weaken our respect for the great interests of character, or to blunt [illegible]

"IF WE HAD ONLY KNOWN."

There passed a day, remembered mournfully,
The day when last a long loved one I met;
Sun-rays seemed all aglow, streaked dutifully
With rose and violet.

And southward, on the billows, tall and wide,
White sails were clancing, as weird shadows fall;
Silence around, save as the rising tide
Low whispered—that was all.

Wonderstitched white clouds drift eastward o'er the sky,
Edged with a fringe of gold in the sun's flush;
From those my gaze met his: love in his eye
I read, twixt frown and blush.

"Sweet, name the day," he said; "I love thee well."
"I cannot!" was my answer, strange to say.
I loved him—yet perverseness made me tell
My patient lover, "Nay!"

"Darling, my ship sails soon. Oh, be mine own;
Go with me on this voyage, to be my last."
"I will not!" Then a breath of hay, new-mown,
From landward, floated past.

Since then the scoff of new hay comes to me
Laden with thoughts of all that might have been.
Had I but known and answered differently
To what I answered then.

Alone he sailed. I went to meet the ship
When she came in,—while questions multiplied;
One only answer left each seaman's lip:
"Far out at sea he died."

He died. I was not by him! Died at sea!
No woman's hand to soothe! He died alone!
Beneath the waves they hid my love! Ah me!
Had I that day but known!

Now, when alone I walk upon the shore,
Or smell the pine-woods and the new-mown hay,
For him I sigh—sigh vainly! Then once more
In tears I turn away!

As on I hasten, white waves mutter low:
"Had st thou but known (there was no cause to part)
More kind than wouldst have been, then this great woe
Had broken not thine heart!"

Ah! could we tell what one short day will bring,
Could we but know when parting with a friend
We would not meet again, kindness would cling
To each word, without end!

We would not fitful be when with our own;
Fondness in parting we would not forget—
We so would live, the words "Had st thou but known,"
Would bring us no regret.

PLEASURE IN TOIL.

"There is no true craftsman," as Ruskin has more than once said, "who does not find his work a pleasure." That is, he finds it a pleasure if the conditions are fairly favorable; and all the schemes of the social reformers, from Fourier to Bellamy, are brought to bear on just this point not to save men the necessity of labor, but to give them labor so congenial and so reasonable that it shall be a delight. A young American carpenter once told me that he should be content to work on house building for the rest of his life if he could only be on terms on which he was then working—having good materials to work on, so that he felt some pride in his labor, and paid by the day, so that he was not tempted to "scamp" his work, for the sake of his family. Does not Edison enjoy his toil, did not Ericsson enjoy his, apart from all reference to the money or fame it might yield? The artist Haydon in his journal has a noble description of the joy with which he paced his silent studio after midnight, with a great picture lifted on a gigantic easel, and seen by the trembling light of a solitary candle. The moment I touch a great canvas, he says, 'I think I see my Creator smiling on all my efforts. The moment I do mean things for subsistence I feel as if He had turned His back, and, what's more, I believe it.' Even so felt Gibbon, though with less pious ejaculation, when the great canvas of his 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' had unrolled itself in his studio and he was at work; and so many a humbler man has felt. Exchange the canvases; set Gibbon to do Haydon's work or Haydon to doing Gibbon's, and doubtless each would be miserable. There are many such unfortunate combinations in the world, but the evil does not lie in the work, only in the misfit.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE MASTER OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

University College, the oldest in Oxford, said by tradition to have been founded by Alfred the Great, is now presided over by Dr. Frank Bright, the author of a widely used *History of England*, who succeeded Dr. Bradley in the mastership on the appointment of the latter to the deanery of Westminster. He is a genial, socially disposed man, full of a certain dry humor, and immensely popular in the college. They tell a story of him which sufficiently illustrates the quality of his humor. The college had done well one year in the annual spring boat races, and the crew, elated by their success, indulged themselves by giving an unusually uproarious bump-supper at the conclusion of their exertions. The next morning one of their number had occasion to present himself in the Master's study to give him an essay. The Master was sitting at his writing-table, evidently absorbed in business. Presently he looked up, to see the young man standing at his elbow, essay in hand.

"So-and-so," said the Master (he stutters a little) "you were all d-d-drunk last night."

"No, sir! upon my word, sir!" remonstrated the young man, full of righteous indignation.

"Th-th-then there's no excuse for you," said the Master, and went on with his writing.—*Harper's Magazine.*

TO THIER OWN INJURY.

Our people are beginning to learn that their true interests lie in conserving their forest, and are not so desirous of sacrificing their remaining stock of timber as to force it on unwilling purchasers. Nine out of ten Canadian manufacturers would be better off if they had not cut a stick of pine for the American market in the past five years, as the enchanced value of the timber, if standing to-day, would more than compensate for any profits realized during that time; and now that the United States forests, of which pine and spruce, east of the Mississippi, are so near their end—a fact which the census will clearly establish unless the lumbermen prevent the investigation—we may soon expect the entire removal of duties from lumber across the lines. Consequently Canadians need not be in the least nervous over the outlook, and if the American people wish to impose upon themselves the excessive rates of duty proposed, it will be their own loss and not that of the Canadian lumberman.

A small [illegible]