THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

Volume II. No. 25 | ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1876. | $1.00 per annum in Advance.

BUSINESS CARDS.

W. H. LOWRY, M. B., M. C. P. S. Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons.—MILL STREET ACTON.

DR. R. MORROW, Physician, Surgeon, &c., of Bellevue College, New York, also Graduate of Victoria College, Canada.—Consultation days—Tuesdays and Fridays, from 9 a. m. till 4 p. m. Residence—West Bower street, ACTON.

D. HENDERSON, Conveyancer, &c., also Agent Canada Life Assurance Co. Deeds, Mortgages, &c., prepared neatly, promptly, correctly and on reasonable terms. Money to Loan on Mortgage Security. Office—Glasgow House, Acton.

J. D. MATHESON, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, &c. Office—Corner of Main and Church Streets, Georgetown.

APPLEBE & SIMPSON, Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, &c. Main Street, GEORGETOWN.

WM. LAIDLAW, Barrister, Attorney-at-Law Solicitor in Chancery, &c. Offices:—Hamilton, 10 King street; Milton, Main street. The Milton Office will be under the management of D. W. Campbell, and Mr. Laidlaw will attend at the "Milton Office" on Friday of each week.

HENRY L. DRAKE,
INSURANCE AGENT, GUELPH.
Agent for the Mercantile and Waterloo. All business entrusted to his care will be faithfully attended to. Orders by mail solicited. H. L. DRAKE.

PATENTS for INVENTIONS expeditiously and properly secured in Canada, the United States and Europe. Patent guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years. HENRY GRIST, Ottawa, Canada, Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman.

WILLIAM WATKINS,
Issuer Marriage Licenses & Certificates, By Royal Appointment.
Business private and confidential office at the Post Office, Glenwilliam, County Halton.

MRS. S. CARTER,
Teacher of Music, Drawing and French, Church street, Acton.

OLIVER LOZIER, Plasterer, Acton, Ont. Every description of Plastering and Rough-casting done on the most reasonable terms, and satisfaction guaranteed.

ACTON FLOUR MILLS,
B. & E. NICKLIN, Proprietors.
Flour and Feed always on hand, wholesale and Retail. Highest price paid for Wheat. Cash or all kinds of Grain.

ROSSIN HOUSE, Acton. Close to the G. T. Railway Station. Excellent accommodation for the travelling public. THOS. CAMPBELL, Propr.

DOMINION HOTEL, Acton, Robert Agnew, Proprietor. This new Hotel is fitted up in first-class style with new furniture. Commercial Travellers will find good accommodation and commodious Sample Rooms. Special attention paid to the wants of the travelling public. Bar supplied with the best Liquors and Cigars. Good Stabling and attentive Hostlers.

WM. HEMSTREET,
Licensed Auctioneer
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS Office, Acton, or at my residence, in Rockwood, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.

PURE MILK.
The undersigned begs to thank his customers for the liberal patronage received during the past summer, and would say that he is now prepared to supply an additional number of customers with good, pure fresh milk delivered every morning, and twice a day on Saturdays. Parties who keep cows will find it much cheaper and less trouble to get milk delivered at their doors, and they would do well to sell their cows and buy their milk. Twenty-one quart tickets for $1, if paid in advance, or twenty-one pint tickets for 50 cents. P. S. ARMSTRONG.
Acton, Nov. 10th, 1875.

MILTON
PLANING MILLS.
J. R. MITCHELL,
Manufacturer of
Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Door and Window Frames, Pickets, etc.
Planing, Scroll Work and Matching Done to Order.
☞ Blinds 30 cents per foot. ☜
All work delivered in Acton free.
Orders left at Secord Bros. will be promptly attended to.
Milton, June 5, 1876. 50-1y

F. TROLLOPE CHAPMAN,
Practical Bookbinder.
All Descriptions of Binding Neatly Executed.
Account Books of all Kinds Made to Order.
Ruling Promptly Attended to.
BINDERY—St. George's Square, Guelph.
☞ Orders left at the FREE PRESS Office will receive prompt attention.

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO. New York, for Pamphlet of 100 page, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

ACTON BAKERY.
Cheap Bread.
GALLOWAY BROS.
ARE STILL AHEAD,
And we intend to keep so with our Superior
Bread, Buns, and Cakes,
Delivered fresh around the village and vicinity every day. A good stock of
BREAD, BUNS AND CAKES
Always on hand at our bakery, good, fresh and cheap for cash.
No Credit Given,
Except to prompt-paying monthly customers.
All kinds of Produce taken in exchange for goods.
Weight for weight given in bread in exchange for flour.
WEDDING & FANCY CAKES
Made to order in the shortest possible notice, and satisfaction guaranteed.
N.B.—All goods are warranted pure as nothing but the best of material is used. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.
GALLOWAY BROS.
Acton, Aug. 9, 1876.

CHEAP BREAD
FOR THE MILLION
B. & E. NICKLIN
Beg to announce that they have secured the services of a
First-Class Baker,
and that their Baking business is now in full operation, in the premises owned by Mrs. Hanna.
Bread will be delivered daily at the houses in the village and vicinity.
Wedding Cakes, Tea Cakes, Pastry, Buns, &c.,
made in the very best manner, and kept always on hand, good and fresh. Also all kinds of Confectionery, Biscuits, Cheese, &c.
The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.
B. & E. NICKLIN.
Acton, Feb. 29, 1876.

DOMINION
HARNESS SHOP.
E. K. COOK
Having purchased the stock and good will of the business lately carried on by Mr. J. F. Dempsey, begs to announce to the inhabitants of Acton and vicinity that he will continue the harness business in the same premises,
Old Post Office Building, Mill Street, Acton,
where he is prepared to turn out work second to none in the Dominion, being a practical workman of considerable experience. All work done promptly and as cheap as the cheapest. On hand a large and well selected stock of
Harness, Horse Blankets, Trunks, Whips, Brushes, Combs, &c.
Repairing promptly attended to.
E. K. COOK.
Acton, Sept. 26, 1876.

UNDERTAKING.
The undersigned begs leave to inform the people of Acton and vicinity that he will furnish all
Requisites in Undertaking
on short notice and reasonable terms as can be had
Hearse Supplied when Desired.
Also that he will
Fit up Stores & Offices
in the best style.
Show Cases, Book Cases and Desks
made to order.
FURNITURE REPAIRED.
Shop on Willow street, near Main st.
P. M. McCANN.
Acton, March 20, 1876. 39-6m

STEAM
Carriage & Wagon WORKS,
Main Street, - Acton.
MICHAEL SPEIGHT,
General Blacksmith, Carriage and Wagon-maker.
Best Horse-Shoers in the County.
Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or no price charged.
First-Class Plows and Collard's Patent Iron Harrows always on hand.
A good stock of Carriages and Wagons.
Repairing promptly and properly attended to.
Acton, July 18, 1876.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

From the Aberdeen Journal.

THE LAMPLIGHTER,

OR, THE

Foundling of Christmas Morn.

CHAPTER I.

(Continued from last week.)

A carriage rolled along the street. It stopped before the mansion, and a tall gentleman emerged from it. It was the great Grindstone, who had been dining with an alderman and the *elite* of the city.

"What the deuce!" he pompously growled out. "You drunken vagabonds, what are you doing there? Jones (to the footman), where are the police?"

The lamplighter essayed to speak. "Please your honor, this 'ere lady——"

"Off with you—out of my way. Ladies! indeed. Strumpets. Why can't you keep your own dens?"

"But, sir, the lady—she, I mean, is dead. She's dead, sir," said Collie, still holding the cold form on the ground.

"Ah! dead, is she! Well, you can't keep her there—that's plain. Jones, let the horses be driven off now; the cold will kill them. Dead! Ha!—no case of murder, I hope. But that's a matter for the police. They're paid for it."

With this the great Grindstone vanished. The door closed upon him and all his luxury and comfort. The dead lay at his door; but did it touch the heart of the callous, worldly minded, selfish, greedy, grinding Grindstone. Not it. He had put down his name for £5 on the Alderman's subscription sheet for coals to the poor that very night, and the memory of it made his heart overflow with gushing charity. How very liberal he had been. But then it was Christmas, and who would not be charitable at such a season? That would stand to the credit side of his account at the great summing up, as proof that the poor were remembered. But look to the debit side, Mr. Grindstone. The dead lies at thy door, and yet it raises no pity in thy bosom, no thoughts of the great hereafter; the cry of the motherless is heard on the street, and yet thou heed'st it not. Verily, thou shalt have thy reward!

By the exertions of Jones, the footman, the police were soon on the spot. The child, a small girl of seemingly about two years, half frozen and benumbed with the cold, was taken possession of by Colin Crisp.

"What's to be done with the child, asked one of the police, who knew Collie."

"Why, what can be done? Take the darling home with me, of course, replied the lamplighter, folding the child in his coat, which he had taken off. That's what I'll do."

"You've no missus at home, Collie, have you?"

"No. But it doesn't matter for that. Mother Gray, who lives in our flat, will look after her for a bit."

So it was settled, and Collie trotted off at a rapid rate to his home in Whitefriars. The honest simple minded lamplighter took no credit for the good deed he had done that Christmas morning. Not he. He didn't know of it.

CHAPTER II.

Ten years have almost passed away since the events recorded in our last chapter. Nine Christmases have come and gone; and another Christmas is near at hand.

In his garret chamber in Whitefriars sits honest Colin Crisp, the lamplighter, enjoying the comfort of a warm fire, while he meditates upon the past, and speculates upon the future. Time has made but little alteration upon him. True, his beard is tinged here and there with the frost of age, and the wringles are beginning to settle down upon his face; but what of that—he is supple and active as ever—as blythe and good natured, as happy and contented as if the waves of time swept over only to improve him. A hale man of fifty years is Colin Crisp.

"Oh! you're home father, are you?" exclaimed a little fairy figure of a girl, as she tripped into the room, shaking the large snowflakes from her cloak, and brushing away the frozen drops which hung like pearls among her rich brown curls.

"Aye, lass; and right glad too. Home is home on such a night," replied Collie, as he good naturedly rubbed her cold cheeks with his large warm hands. And where has my little Nellie been to-night?"

"Been across to Mother Gray's, and she would have me wait till Roland came home. But what do you think, father?"

"Think. Why that you waited of course."

"O, yes. But that ain't it tho'. You and I are going to Mother Gray's on Christmas to dinner."

"Nonsense—puss!" The lamplighter seemed quite surprised. But he knew better. Regularly for the last nine years he had dined there on Christmas day, and he didn't expect but that he would do the same on the tenth also. "It must be a mistake. After this I shouldn't much wonder if the Lord Mayor sent for Crisp, Esquire, to help 'em to eat their jolly dinner on Christmas. And why not? Crisp is as good as any, only he wants the coppers. That's all. And my Nelly there, she's quite a born lady."

"How you do go on, father," said Nelly, nestling down on the stool at his feet.

"Truth, every word of it, pet. Sure as my name is Collin Crisp, you'll be a lady yet. I've allers said so; and I say so again, You'll be a lady." The lamplighter had now got on his favorite themes. Patting the head of the girl, he went on, "Ten years come Christmas morn—I remember it as well as yesterday—you came under my humble roof. A desperate cold night it was. Why, I thought you'd be dead afore I got home, and your spirit been borne off by the angels along with that of your poor unfortunate mother. Poor little innocent that you were, when your little eyes looked up into mine, and you lisped out. Ma—ma—my ma, I thought I should have cried. I don't know what I would have done hadn't Mrs. Gray, who had come up stairs by this time, not taken you in her arms. 'Bless me! whore has the dear sprang from?' said she. 'She's no poor man's child that. Just look at her clothes, Collie. She's a born lady.' Yes, Nelly, continued the lamplighter, you was born to be a lady, and a lady you'll be. Didn't I see your poor dead mother at the Coroner's inquest next day, when every one said she was a lady, and the jury said she died from exposure to cold, and no one could say who or what she was. Ah, Nelly! When I followed your mother's corpse to the grave—and but a poor funeral it was you may suppose, for the parish didn't know anything about a lady's funeral—I thought of her last words, God watch over Nelly, and said to myself, while Colin Crisp has a crust Nelly shall share it. And Nelly lass, you have been a blessing to me. There hasn't been a happier home in all London than mine since your bright face came to light it up. You'd be little more'n two years or so at that time, but you soon grow up. I wouldn't like to part with you now; but some day I will, Nelly. I'm certain sure some one will turn up yet to claim you one day or other, and I shall lose my Nelly. But you won't forget me—will you, Nelly?"

"No, never, never," replied Nelly, burying her face on his knee. She loved the lamplighter as if he had really been her father; and no wonder, for no father could have been kinder than him.

Leaving Colin Crisp and the foundling to their happiness in Hack's Court, we pass on to another scene.

How different! The splendor and richness of the grand mansion; the gay lit up drawing-room with its dazzling chandeliers, its costly mirrors, and its magnificent furniture; the gay assemblage of beauty, rank and wealth, mingling together on the carpeted floor; the music, the mirth, the revelry of the dance, combined to form a scene which far outrivalled the grandest conception of the unsophisticated lamplighter when trying to depict the grandeur of Alladin's wonderful palace to his little *protege*.

It was the night preceding Christmas Eve, and Mr. Seaton had a party at his London residence, where he had been staying for some time. He had wound up his affairs abroad and returned to Scotland two years before, bringing his ward, a girl of sixteen, who had been left to his care by an old schoolfellow and valued friend. Ella Bell had lived with her guardian since she was quite a child, and she regarded him with a true and warm affection. With a fatherly love and care the kind merchant watched over the orphan. Many years before he had cherished hopes that she might grow up to become the wife of his son. On all his visits to Scotland to see his son, the little Ella had accompanied him, and many a romp and play she had had with the light hearted Kenneth Seaton among the heathery hills around Bellbrae. But this, the dearest wish of the merchant, had been frustrated by the mysterious disappearance of Kenneth from Edinburgh.

A heavy blow it was when the tidings reached him that instead of his son being in the counting-house of Grindstone, Turner & Co., he had run of from his tutor and gone no one knew where. A heavy grief settled down upon the merchant's heart; mail after mail arrived, but they brought no news of the lost one; year after year rolled on, and yet he yearned for him who was not. But time, though it could not eradicate the grief which clouded his existence, helped to soften it down to a sad, soft memory, like that melancholy feeling which ever lingers in the bosom for the dear departed dead. Yet Mr. Seaton was not left alone in the world. He had his ward to care for. So he battled with his affliction, and so far as to see the propriety of enjoying the blessings which had been left him, and attending to the duties of this life.

But what of the grand party?

Like all other grand parties, nothing was wanting which wealth could supply. The host was lavish in his hospitality; the guests were courteous and gay in spirits. Even the great Grindstone had thrown aside his gruffness, and was in merry humor—the mighty Grindstone who could stem the tide of the money market when he liked, condescended to keep time to the music by beating his hand on the table. Daniel Grindstone wasn't asleep though. Catch him! That little grey eye of his was watching the endeavors of the junior of the firm to open up a flirtation with the belle of the evening.

The great centre of attraction was Ella Bell; and the very picture of grace and loveliness she was. Her bright hazel eyes that flashed like diamonds; her rich pearl-colored complexion which had ripened under tropical skies; her clear open forehead, and the soft waving curls which danced around her shoulders and kissed her fair neck, drew many an admirer to her side. Not one in that room who had a heart to give who would not have laid it down on the instant before the shrine of Ella Bell. Horatius Theodore Gosling was captivated. He continually hovered round her like a big bumming top, and as if he had been brought there for nothing else and his life depended on the performance. All the flattery he was master of—all the gallantry he could display—and all the wit he could manufacture out of his unfertile brain were expended upon her, and a poor courtier he made after all. Ella Bell only laughed at the exquisite dandy. But Mr. Gosling did not see this. His vanity made him believe he had made a conquest of her heart, and that he saw before him the future Mrs. G. He felt he was the favored party; there could be no doubt about it. These smiles were messages which he alone could understand. The man but not the hour had come, else in a twinkling his knees would have kissed the floor—the oft repeated tale been told, and the ecstacy of bliss been his. Such were the visions of the self-confident Gosling. A happy man was the Co. of the great city firm.

But a mistaken one; for Ella Bell had no more thought of becoming Mrs. Gosling than she had of eating the ret of Scotch Quadrilles she held in her hand. Not that she was a flirt. She had a soul above that. Alike despising the coxcombry of the empty headed fool, she could not help being amused at his ridiculous airs and vanity. Modest and retiring, she had mixed little in society, and knew not that she was the admired of all. Her graces were so natural she did not know of them. Light hearted and happy, and only in her eighteenth year, no wonder she made merriment of the silly Gosling, or failed to appreciate so high an honor bestowed upon her.

'How deuced attractive the creature is," said Mr. Gosling to himself. "Quite crushing, upon my word. Though H. T. Gosling were to aspire to a coronet, she'd grace it. Oh! let me see, how would M. P. look after my name—or the Honorable? I really must come out strong some day." And the enraptured Gosling wound up his ruminations with the appropriate quotation from Longfellow, of

Lives of great men all remind us.

"She's an enchanting young lady, that ward of yours, Mr. Seaton," remarked the great Grindstone to the host, who sat by his side.

"Rather," drawled out Mr. Seaton, without exactly knowing what he was saying, for his mind was pre-occupied at the time with thoughts of a far different nature.

The Christmas season always brought with it the remembrance of him who was not. Among all the merry laughter, the memory of the past hung over him like a cloud, and dimmed the natural buoyancy of his spirit. The heart that is saddened feels all the more lonely in the midst of gaiety and pleasure.

"And a good one, too?" continued the entertaining and entertained Grindstone.

"Rather."

"And a rich one?" would have followed next in a business-like way, but the merchant's politeness (we had almost said slyness) restrained him, so he substituted, "No relation of yours, I believe?"

"None. She is the orphan child of a dear friend."

"Ah! I see. Bequeathed in legacy. Good. Couldn't have done better. She's fortunate in her guardian, sir."

"Rather. Dear me! How stupid I am. Beg pardon, sir, I didn't quite follow you up."

"Very complimentary," thought Grindstone. He nudged Mr. Seaton in the side. "They might do worse. The match would be a suitable one. Don't you think so?"

"Ra——. That is I don't quite understand you. If you will be so kind as to explain?"

Mr. Grindstone whispered, a marriage between Mr. Gosling and Miss Bell wouldn't surprise him. He had come to the point at last; he leaned back in his chair, rubbed his hands and chuckled. "Joint-Stock Company. Value at par. D'ye take?"

Mr. Seaton having recovered his presence of mind, understood his drift. But he didn't encourage the idea. The thought that Ella Bell would one day part from him was quite new to him. He had always considered her in the light of a child, and some way the old hope that she was destined to be the wife of his son had not yet altogether left him. It had dwelt so long there in olden times as to become almost like a reality, and it was hard to drive it from its stronghold now, even although he knew that, like a dream, it had passed away.

"Ella Bell, my ward! Why, Mr. Grindstone, she is only eighteen. Besides I have no idea of parting with her yet," Mr. Seaton answered, casting his benign face with a kind look towards his ward.

To waive off the disagreeable subject, Mr. Seaton proposed an adjournment to the billiard-room, with which the great Grindstone acquiesced. By and by the party broke up, as all parties must do; and Horatius Theodore Gosling went home with a fluttering, and, as he thought, stricken heart to dream of laughing eyes and pretty curls—of coronets and emblazoned shields, the whole night long.

The drawing-room was deserted; silence reigned throughout the mansion. Without, the snow came down heavily and fast, lodging itself into every crevice and corner of the old mansion house, piling itself in heaps upon the window sills and ledges, and drifting in fleecy clouds against the panes.

Ella Bell sat alone in her sleeping chamber, musing over the events of her young life. Mr. Gosling is quite forgotten. She thinks of the sunny skies and luxuriant beauty of the West India isle where her childish days had been spent—of the blue hills, the wild glens, and romantic scenery around Bellbrae, where her home had been for the last two years. She had been brought up in the midst of Nature's richest scenes; she loved not a city life, and longed to get back to her home in the north.

All at once her reveries were disturbed by the sweet gush of music near at hand. It was the Christmas Waits upon the streets—one of those parties of amateur minstrels who go about in the nighttime for some time preceding Christmas, singing Christmas carols, accompanied by such instrumental music as the can command for the occasion.

Simple and rude as their music is, there is something so sweet, so strange, so soothing in the strains as they come upon the listener in the dead of night, that they touch upon the chords of the heart like heavenly music, awakening all the better feelings of one's nature, and stirring the soul into a holy stream of happiness and love.

Ella Bell felt the influence of this strange music. With her head resting on her hand, she drank in the soothing melody, while her thoughts wandered back to those happy days of childhood when the gentle warble of Kenneth Seaton's flute threw over her young life its magic spell. Ah! those happy, happy days at Bellbrae. They were all gone, never to return. Kenneth, where was he?

The carol which the Waits sung proclaimed the glad tidings which Bethelem's shepherds heard, and it awakened in her bosom the hope that her beloved guardian might yet experience great joy on the return of his long-lost son.

The hymn ceased. Ella Bell drew up the window-blind, and looked out on the snow clad street. It was a wintry scene indeed. Through the still heavily falling snow she could see the poor Waits standing in the streets like white ghosts, the females blowing upon the tips of their fingers and the males slapping their arms across their breasts. With some difficulty she pulled up the lower sash from its impediment of hard snow, and, wrapping it in paper, flung out a half sovereign upon the pavement. The cold drift caught her right in the face, and swept into the warm room, making her shiver all over, and she was glad to close the window again, and shut out the biting blast.

As Ella Bell must be left to her repose, the reader will follow us into the street, cold as it is. But we promise not to keep him long there.

"Ain't you got it, Crisp?" asked the leader of the Waits, a tall, bony, sharp-featured, Roman-nosed individual, with a clarionet under his arm. "What's come of your spectacles, old fellow, eh?"

Colin Crisp, for it was he—grouped about among the deep snow for the coin which had been thrown from the window. "All right! I have it now. Sixpence, depend upon it." Collie held up the coin to his eyes. "I knew it. Why bless me! It's a half sovereign after all. Hurrah!"

"You don't mean to say so, Crisp?" cried out the leader, as he involuntarily put his clarionet in position before his mouth, although he had no intention of playing.

"Yes it is. A real genuine piece, I'll swear," replied the lamplighter, testing it with his teeth. "A jolly Christmas to the giver, and a long round of Happy New Years."

"Why we're in luck to-night, Crisp; aint we?" was the clarionet's response. "Three cheers for the generous lady—many Christmases may she see, and always have a half sovereign for the poor Waits." They joined in three lusty cheers, which rung along the silent street.

"Now then, off with you, else the police will be getting up a disturbance of the peace against us. Home!" said the leader, buttoning up his clarionet beneath his coat. "I think we have done remarkably well for the last night of the season, Crisp?"

"I should think so. Twenty-six and nine ain't a bad take. Our Annual won't fail this year for want of funds, I'll be bound. Why we could treat all Hack's Court, for the matter of that."

"Get along with you, you prodigal. You would ruin the Bank of England, Crisp, if you had the chance," observed the leader, who was no other than Nicholas Carroll, the cobbler, and intimate friend of the lamplighter. "Now then, off with you—sharp!"

With this the Waits trudged off to Hack's Court where they all resided.

Colin Crisp trotted along by the side of the shivering little Nelly, who had been induced to join the party. A sweet singer she was, and formed a valuable addition to the company.

"Wouldn't I like to see my Nelly in a grand house like that where the lady tipped us the yellow one!" observed Collie to his young companion. "Ah! wouldn't I. I hope to see it too—I do."

"And you'd light lamps no more, father; but it will never be."

The lamplighter hailed a policeman, and asked him who lived at No. 23, where they had got the half sovereign.

"Mr. Seaton," was the reply.

"Seaton!" remarked Crisp, as they kept on their way. "Why, bless me! Nelly, if that isn't the name of our friend Kenneth. What if it turned out to be his father?"

"But Kenneth's father is abroad," suggested Nelly.

"So he is, lass—so he is. Bless me! how I do forget things. Poor Kenneth, I wonder where he is now? A rare good 'un he is, and a smart one too. It will be mor'n three years now since we saw him last."

Still the snow fell faster and faster, and the streets are almost knee deep at some places, with the drift. We will therefore bid the Waits good night.

(To be continued.)

NEW MODE OF WASHING.—The ill effects of soda on linen has given rise to a new method of washing, which has been extensively adopted in Germany, and introduced in Belgium. The operation consists in dissolving two pounds of soap in about three gallons of water as hot as the hand can bear, and adding to this one tablespoonful of turpentine and three of liquid ammonia; the mixture must then be well stirred, and then the linen steeped in it for two or three hours, taking care to cover the vessel containing them as hermetically as possible. The clothes are afterwards washed out and rinsed in the usual way. The soap and water may be repeated and used a second time, but in that case half a tablespoonful of ammonia must be added. The process is said to cause a great economy of time, labor and fuel. The linen scarcely suffers at all, and its cleanness and color are perfect. The ammonia and turpentine, although their detersive action is great, have no injurious effect on the linen; and while the former evaporates immediately, the smell of the latter is said to disappear entirely during the drying of the clothes.

The Stratford *Beacon* says: One night last week a Stratford gentleman awoke shortly before midnight, having had a very vivid dream, in which he saw a man who was in his employ departing for the States with a quantity of stolen property in his possession. So strong was the impression left on his mind that he obtained a warrant and going to the Grand Trunk Station, actually found the man in question about to leave for Buffalo, taking with him a watch and other property not legally acquired. The man was brought before the Police Magistrate next morning and sent to reside temporarily at the castle across the water.

"Large I."

We never met a pretentious man who really amounted to anything. Pretentiousness is ever a sign of vulgarity and emptiness, as modesty is of refinement and culture. The would-be big man in some little mushroom village or city, to escape being utterly ignored by his contemporaries, must make up by bluster and pretence what he lacks in genuine worth and nobility. As is the measure of the lack will be that of the bluster, and nobody is deceived. All great men are modest. Our poets, our artists, our writers, our writers, in proportion as they reach higher and higher intellectual stature, grow simpler in manner, think less and less of self and more of their art and their possible attainments in it. All great agencies are silent—sleep, death, light, thought, than which nothing is more potent. They who are in living, vital sympathy with what is real and genuine, who drink from the source of power, show more by deeds than by words of what stuff they are made. The man who strives to become great by words only, is a sham.

An exchange says: "Nursery agents are again on the war-path. They should be arrested for trees on." It would be just as well if they would branch off and leave, before they are rooted out.

"Pray, Mr. Professor, what is a periphrasis?" "Madame, it is simply a circumlocutory and pleonastic cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in a verbal profundity." "Thank you, sir."

Tell us, angelic host, ye messengers of love, shall swindled printers here below have no redress above? The shining angel's band replied: "To us is knowledge given; delinquents on the printer's books can never enter Heaven."

A professor was expostulating with a student for his idleness, when the latter said, "it is of no use; I was cut out for a loafer." "Well," declared the professor, surveying the student critically, "whoever cut you out understood his business."

Scene in a debating society: President—"We will take the ayes and noes on the previous question." Member—"A word or two, Mr. President. Friends, Romans, countrymen! lend me your ears." President—"Order, Sir! We will take the eyes and nose first."

"It's all for the best," remarked Blinks, with a sigh, as he paid for the hat he had lost. "Nay," interposed the lucky man, "'tis all for the better."

Foot-ball is becoming a fashion again. Foot-ball can never reach popularity in this country until the Canadian shin bone is set farther back.

Benedict assures us—and we have no reason to doubt his word—that since his marriage, whenever he misses the last train he is sure to catch it.

An arithmetical peace-maker figuratively suggests to the politicians: "This is 0 a time 4 vi 2-per-8-ing. Let us be 1 country and 1 people at 10y-rate."

Ralph Waldo Emerson having remarked that men should trust each other more, the Milton *Champion* observes a general feeling thereabouts that he is the man to open a small grocery store in that section.

A lady residing up town has shown her benevolence by presenting the benevolent society with three pairs of old white-kid gloves, a damaged back shell comb, and a fractured bustle, for distribution among the poor.

The man who keeps his word—The man who never speaks.

In what place are two heads better than one? In a barrel.

All men are not homeless, but some men are home less than others.

Why is a chicken like a farmer? Because both delight in a full crop.

One of the reasons that a side-saddle resembles a four-quart jug is because it holds a gall-on.

The girl of the period—Election Bet. We thought her name was Louisa Anna. Isn't it Flora Day?

A wag suggests that a suitable opening for many choirs would be: "O Lord, have mercy on us miserable singers."

"I told you so," is a common expression. The world is full of men who know all about a thing after it has happened.

A London joker remarks that it is quite natural for newly-married couples to turn pale, for the ceremony itself makes them wan.

Mr. James Kirkpatrick, County Treasurer of Wentworth, has resigned, after 25 years service. The Council voted $3,000 to him as a retiring present. J. T. Stock, of Watertown, has been appointed in his stead.