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UP THE ANSEY.

Well, when has been made these sober
days?—I have seen all my beauty
and grace standing here in the lobby
Why does the grand piano play?

They've started at last, what a battle
they're having! But they're not far enough
with it.

One minute more, now do keep step,

Pat!

There, drop my train, Jane! I'm
straight!

I hope I look timid, and shrinking;

The church must be perfectly full—
everybody's here now; don't walk so

fast, Pat! He didn't seem to think that train's

The clinked at last, and the step,

Pat!

I don't feel embarrassed at all;

But my! what's the minister saying?

Che! I know that part about Saint

Paul—

How sweetly he says it! I will,

What's Pat's where, I knew he'd

get it.

With the time came to give fine

I, Emma, take thee, love—cherish—

And well, I can't help it—every

Here Mand, take my bouquet—don't

drop it!

Elroy Charley's not lost the ring;
Just like him, not goodness, how

It's really an elegant thing.

It's a shame to kneel in white satin
And the blouse red lace—but I

must!

I hope that they've got a clean cushion,

They're usually covered with dust.

All over—well! I think it's now, don't you?

Pat!

Just throw back my veil, Charley—

there—

Oh, brother! why couldn't he kiss me

Without mussing up my hair?

Your arm, Charley, there goes the

vegan—

Who'd think there would be such a

thing!

Oh, I mustn't look round, I'd forget-

See, Charley, who was it that blow-

ell?

Why—it's Nelly Allaire with her hus-

band—

She's awfully jealous, I know;

Most all of my things were imported,

And she had a home-made dressress.

I didn't expect her at all,

If she's not in that same old blue

rain—

We're at the charity ball;

Is that Fanny Wadsworth, Emily Peir-

son—

And Emma, and Joe—oh, the girls,

I know that they'll not miss my

wedding.

I hope they'll all notice my pearls,

In the carriage please give me my

coat, Jane—

No, I take you take another seat, Charley,

I need all this for my trial.

How to Harden Butter.

A method of practice among the

best butter makers in England for

rendering butter firm and solid dur-

ing hot weather is as follows:—

Carbofate of soda and alum are

used for the purpose, made into

powder. For twenty pounds of

butter one teaspoonful of powdered

alum are mingled together at the

time of churning, and put into the

cream. The effect of this powder

is to make the butter come firm and

solid, &c., to give it a clean, sweet

flavor. It does not enter into the

butter, but its action is upon the

cream, and it passes off with the

butter milk. The ingredients of the

powder should not be mingled to-

gether until required to be used, or

at the time the cream is in the

churn ready for churning.

A Son's Love.

There is no tie in the world

more beautiful than that which

binds a mother and a son grown

old enough to be her protector. A

dearer loves her mother, indeed;

but she sees all her defects, as one

woman always does see of another.

No doubt, with the unconscious

arrogance of youth, she exaggerates

them. But the son loves his

mother with an ideal love—he sees

her as a man sees a woman; that

is to say, through a halo of mystery.

Moroseness is in his feeling for her,

and at the same time a sense of her

need of his care—he is at once her

right and her son. He is proud

of her and fond of her at the same

time. Her image is sacred in his

mind. She may not be better than

other women; but she seems so to

him.

Song by a lawyer: "Oh, whi-

per what thou fee-lit."

A Brooklyn lady recently assured

her friends that Harry Thorne

was not dead; because he told her

"A lazy fellow lying down on the

grass," said "Oh, how I do wish

his was called work and well paid

for."

"Don't hurry yourself on my

account," said the open draw-bridge

to the rapidly approaching locomotive.

A person who has attended a

spinal lecture being asked if

everything went off well, re-

sponded: "Yes; especially the audi-

ence."

Of a barber's shop that was formerly a law-officed, a paper says that people get shaved there than in any other place.

Not long ago a playful Yankee hit his wife's nose off, and the patient woman testified in court that she hit it off herself.

Precious boy (munching the fruit of the date tree).—Mamma, if I eat dates enough will I grow up to be an animal?

"This suspense will be the death of me," was what a Colorado horse-thief said just as they ran him up to the limb of a tree.

"What is the matter with your eye, Tommy?" "Oh, it's only been through an operation at the hands of a knock-out."

A young man who could not get a pair of shoes large enough, was advised to wear thinner socks or put his feet in a casket.

"Love is an internal transport!" exclaimed an enthusiastic poet.

"So is a canal boat," said a practical forwarding merchant.

A Chicago paper has the following:

"Brief Chronicle.—Saturday, two little boys and a pistol. Now, only one little boy and a pistol."

SPRINGFIELD has a poetess named Hatchett, and she writes whenever she'saxed to.

Agents wanted everywhere.

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