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H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

W. H. LOWRY, M. B., M.C. P. S., Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and Residence:—At the head of Frederick street. Acton.

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Farm Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of property, on the Premium Note System.
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—BANKERS.—
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and anything in these lines.
The puzzle is to find a better place than
THOMAS C. MOORE'S
to buy anything in the above lines, and to find out if you are interested to him for anything purchased from him. His books say some are and he would like the money.
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LIVERY.
J. & H. WORDEN
HAVING assumed proprietorship of the livery business lately carried on by Mr. W. E. Smith, would solicit the patronage of the public, and will do their utmost to please all customers.
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs Can Always be Secured.
First Class Outfit for Commercial Travellers at Special Rates.
A comfortable bus meets all day trains and night also if ordered. Give us a call.
J. & H. WORDEN.

HELLO!
Pause and Consider
That it will be to your own interest to patronize home trade. We would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Acton and surrounding country that we are again in full running order, as a in a better position than before the fire to fill all orders entrusted to us. To parties building,
Lumber will be Dressed
while you wait, and Mouldings, &c., made with neatness and despatch.
N.B.—We are also prepared to fill all orders for
PUMPS
on short notice, and from long experience in the business we feel confident that we can give satisfaction every time. So come on with your orders and help to roll the ball along. Money makes the mare go, whether she has legs or no.
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

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MR. T. MITCHELL
Desires to inform the people of Acton and surroundings that he is prepared to take orders for weaving all kinds of Fancy Rag Carpets, Flannel Sheeting, Shirting and Dress Goods, striped or plaid, twilled plain, also Bed Blankets and Horse Blankets, two yards wide and over.
And I will guarantee that I will give good satisfaction to all farmers and others who will favor me with their patronage.
T. MITCHELL.

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Edward O. Graham, the popular and well known Nurseryman of Rochester, N.Y., desires to make arrangements with one or two live, energetic men to take orders for his Nursery stock. He has a choice stock, including fine specialties. His inducements to beginners are particularly advantageous. He fulfills all his promises, and guarantees to furnish strictly first class stock. He can give active, square, upright men good positions, and desires to communicate with a few such men, with a view of securing their services. Write to him as soon as you have read this for terms and full particulars. Remember, only square dealing men need apply. Address, EDW. O. GRAHAM, Nurseryman, Rochester, N.Y.

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WALL PAPER
FOR THIS SEASON,
The Finest and Largest Stock Ever Shown in Guelph is now
—AT—
DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
DAY SELLS CHEAP.

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Having purchased the stock of the business of which I have been manager for nearly 3 years, I desire to thank you for your kind and liberal patronage of the past and to solicit a continuance of past favors.
In addition to the well assorted stock of
General Dry Goods
and Choice Fresh Groceries, I have added a Complete Assortment of
Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers, &c., &c.,
which were bought right and are being sold right. Call and inspect them.
JOHN C. NELSON.
Goods Sold for Cash or Trade Only.

A NEW FACE
IN AN OLD PLACE.
O. H. RYDER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Wishes to inform the public that he has removed his business to the shop where Mr. F. Fyfe has for many years so satisfactorily served his customers.
Here I will open out a larger and more varied stock of goods than ever.
First-class Goods and good fit every time.
Leave your order.
O. H. RYDER.

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.

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TO THE FRONT
OF ALL COMPETITION WE PLACE OUR
Elegant and Substantial Goods.
Splendid in Quality!
Complete in Assortment!!
Overflowing in Generous Bargains!
—IN—
MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S
Boots and Shoes
RUBBERS, OVERSHOES, &c.
At prices that always lead to speedy sales
LOWEST PRICES
—CONSISTENT WITH—
GOOD QUALITY.
Custom Work and Repairing promptly attended to.
W. WILLIAMS,
Mill Street, Acton.

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RICHLY Rewarded are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

Poetry.

A BOY'S PROMISE.

The school was out and down the street
A noisy crowd came througing;
The hue of health, and gladness sweet,
To every face belonging.
Among them strode a little lad,
Who listened to another,
And mildly said, half grave, half sad,
"I can't—I promised mother."

A shout went up, a ringing shout,
Of boisterous derision;
But not one moment left in doubt
That manly, brave decision.
"Go where you please; do what you will,"
He calmly told the other;
"But I shall keep my word, boys, still—
I can't, I promised mother!"

Ah! who would doubt the future course
Of one who thus had spoken?
Third ties illood's struggle, gain and loss,
Could faith like this be broken?
God's blessing on that steadfast will,
Unyielding to another,
That bears all jeers and laughter still,
Because he promised mother.

Select Family Reading.

A SECOND MARRIAGE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It was a glorious June morning, in the time of honey-suckle blossoms. There had been a brisk thunder shower in the night, and all the earth was sending up a thank-offering of sweet, steaming incense, and the big red turbans of the roses flung scented drops into Geoffrey Cardel's face as he plunged along the shrubberies in search of his sister Kitty.

"Hal—lo!" he exclaimed, coming unexpectedly upon her, as she lay on a rustic bench, her book open beside her, her hands full of spicy-sweet May-pinks. But she made him a warning gesture to keep silence.

"Hush—sh—sh!" she whispers. "Come here, and sit by me Geoff! I'm hearing *everything*!"

"Kitty!"

Her big hazel-brown eyes sparkled mirthfully.

"There's a convention of regular old cats in the breakfast-room with Aunt Lavinia," whispered she. "You are a vicious, ill-tempered boy, Geoff. *I* am a spoiled disagreeable child. Oh! it's as good as a play. Even Kate is catching it. Old Mrs. Pouncet says she is a great deal too frivolous for a widow; and she hints brought us up well at all. We ought to have been sent to a boarding-school. Kate shouldn't indulge us as she does."

"Oh, come, now; that won't do," said Geoffrey, shaking back his mane of red-brown hair. "They may blackguard us as much as they please, but they've got to let Kate alone. Come, Kitty; this isn't exactly the thing, listening under the window, is it?"

"Hush! They're at it again," she whispered; and Geoffrey stood still, with a half amused, half perplexed face.

"It's injustice to these dear children for Kate to marry again," said the shrill, incisive voice of Miss Pouncet; "and I shall tell her so, if this sort of thing goes on!"

"She's young yet," chattered on Aunt Lavinia, "and pretty, or, at least, I suppose those who like that insipid blonde type of beauty would *call* her pretty, though she has faded of late."

"Dear old Dragoness!" whispered Geoff, in a rage.

"But as for giving Kitty and Geoffrey a step-father, it is ridiculous," went on the old woman. "I, too, shall take occasion to let her know my opinion!"

Kitty rose silently up, caught her book from the middle of a spiræa bush, and fled down towards the beach, where the breakers were flinging showers of salt spray.

"Geoff!" she cried, "Geoff! can it be really so? Is Kate—*our* Kate—going to *marry* somebody?"

"It sounds like it," said Geoff, gloomily.

"But she's *our* mother!" wildly remonstrated Kitty.

Geoff gnawed his lower lip and stared out on a distant sail which shone and vanished against the sky-line.

"She shall *not*!" said Kitty. "I won't let her."

"Kit," said Geoffrey, "who do you suppose the fellow is?"

"Colonel Percival, of course," said Kitty, stamping her new canvas shoe on the beach, in a paroxysm of rage. "A fat, puffy, pompous—"

"Hush!" said Geoff. "Don't go on like that, Kitty. It will do no good."

"But it *shall* do good!" said Kitty. "I'll tell him to go back to his New Mexico ranch. I'll make him understand—Oh, Geoff," with a sudden catching of the breath, "here comes Alan's boat round the curve. What will *he* say?"

With one accord these two aggrieved young people rushed down the beach as far as the high tide line would permit, and met a tall, stalwart young *voyageur*, clad in a blue flannel fishing suit, with a basket of silver-scaled fish.

"Take care, children, take care—don't *quite* swamp the boat!" said he, with an air of resignation, as both of them precipitated themselves joyfully upon him.

"Alan is the very one to speak to her," cried Kitty, with a great catching of the breath. "Oh, Alan, we are so miserable!"

"Going to send you to a boarding-school, eh?" said Alan Darcy, compassionately. "Well, I thought it would come to that. Don't fret, though, Kitty, for—"

"Worse than that," said Geoffrey nodding.

"Then it is the old aunt in the country," said Alan, who appeared to possess a marvellous aptitude for guessing. "And Geoff's in it, too. Well, I wonder what you've been doing now, children. Mrs. Cardel wouldn't proceed to these extreme measures, I am sure, unless—"

Kitty's limpid hazel eyes sparkled anew; a sudden brightness came to her brow.

"Geoff!" she cried. "Alan! listen! I've an idea Lone Island belongs to the Darcy property—don't it?"

"Yes. Why?"

"We'll all go there and live," breathed Kitty. "You and I, Geoff, and Alan. And then we'll be out of this horrid business. And I'll marry you, Alan, just as soon as ever I'm old enough."

"Will you?" said the young man in the blue suit. "That's kind of you, Miss Kitty!"

"Why does Geoff burst out laughing?" said indignant Kitty. "I do like Alan, and he likes me. There! And if you laugh any more I'll slap you."

"But you haven't told your story yet," said Geoffrey, soothingly. "It may not come to the desert island point yet. Listen, Alan. Kate is going to be married again."

"Nonsense!" said Alan Darcy.

"But she *is* though. We have it from the very best of authority. Eh, Kitty?"

"And we want you to speak to her and tell her not!" hysterically cried out Kitty. "Because we never, never could be happy then again if there was a second husband prowling about. Especially Colonel Percival. If there's a man in the world that we hate and despise, it's Colonel Percival. And only think, Alan—no more nice moonlight sails in the *Lady Cecre*—no more boating parties of just us four—no more delicious days in the woods when nuts are ripe, and the golden-rod comes into bloom. Oh, Alan, you *must* dissuade her."

Alan Darcy stood pulling his long, black mustache with restless hand.

"It *would* be a pity," said he. "Well, don't fret, poor little mites. I don't suppose I have much influence with your mother, but I can at least have a try at it. Stay you here with the boat, children. I'll go up to the house and see what all this means."

Kitty, still weeping, seated herself in the stern of the boat, with her beloved "Ivanhoe" in her lap. Geoffrey flung himself on a sunny stretch of sand. Alan Darcy strode up through the shrubberies into the sweet rose garden, where Mrs. Cardel generally spent a good portion of her mornings.

But she was not here to-day. He could see her on the lawn beyond, where a monstrous walnut tree cast its moving islet of shade, and he went straight towards her.

"Kate," said he, "is this true?"

"It what true, Alan?" with a start.

"What the children tell me. That you are to be married again!" Indeed," he added, a little bitterly, "it is no wonder that you blush!"

"I did not blush!" cried indignant Mrs. Cardel, who was only Kitty grown up and blossomed from the bud into the full perfect rose. "And why should I? Have I not a right to be married twice, three times—*forty* times, if I please? Is there any one whose business it is to dictate to me?"

"You mean that as a hint for me, I suppose," said Alan Darcy, reddening. "Well, perhaps I have deserved it. At all events, I shall take care not to transgress again. Only, Kate, as we were such old friends—"

"Were!" Mrs. Cardel's sweet voice had softened indescribably. "Are still, Alan, I hope."

"Thanks," he said, bitterly. "I am not particularly interested in Colonel Percival's wife. But I cannot hear the pleadings of these children without, at least, an effort to save them this cruel pang!"

Kate Cardel was silent; apparently she was intent on the rose she was plucking to pieces. But as he looked at her, her lips quivered—a sudden tear flashed down among the rose-petals. She lifted her soft eyes pleadingly to his face.

"Alan! Alan!" she cried. "Don't be so cruel!"

"Cruel! To you, my darling!"

In a second he had her in his arms, her golden tresses streaming over his shoulder, her forehead close pressed against his head. They understood each other without a word. He loved her. She was pledged to be his wife!

"But what will the children say?" cried Kate, disheveled and charming. "They have such a horror of—of—"

"A step-father," said Alan. "But they haven't a horror of me. All I have to do, is to go down and tell them that Colonel Percival has gone to his New Mexico ranch. It will be better to be quite frank with them."

And he went valiantly to the beach, and told them the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Kitty looked a little downcast at first.

"Then," said she, "the desert island plan wouldn't do at all. And you would have suited me, Alan! However," (magnanimously) "I would rather have Kate happy than to be happy myself. Kate has had rather a stormy time of it, of late."

Geoff looked grave.

"Kitty," said he, "we must turn over a new leaf. We must not keep calling papa and mamma 'Kate' and 'Alan' any more."

He looked shyly at Darcy as he spoke.

"Thank you, my boy," said Alan, promptly. "I think it would be better—in public at least. And you shall see that I'll take better care of your than Colonel Percival would have done. My word for that."

Kitty stood on tiptoe to kiss her new father. Geoff clung lovingly to his side. And so the children were converted to the inevitable.

"But all the time, it seems," Kitty said, solemnly, "the old cats were talking about Alan—papa I mean—when we thought they meant the colonel. How do you suppose they knew Geoffrey?"

"What does it matter how they knew," retorted Geoffrey, "so long as *he* is coming home to live, and mamma is so happy, and you and I are suited, Kitty?"

Which remark embodied all the principles of true philosophy.

HOW A THIEF WAS DISCOVERED.

The following story, describing the unique plan by which a rogue was discovered among the native troops of British India, is told by a veteran English officer. Shortly after he had assumed command of the Fourteenth Native Bengal Infantry, a complaint was brought to him of a theft which had just been committed in the barracks, to the perpetrator of which there was not the slightest clue. The next morning, on parade, the colonel passed along the line, giving to each man in turn a strip of bamboo; and when all were supplied, he said, with a solemn emphasis:

"My men, there's a thief among you, and Brahma has revealed to me how I may detect him. Come forward one by one, and give me your bamboo chips; and the guilty man, let him do what he may, will have the longest."

The soldiers, not a little startled at this mysterious threat, obeyed without a word; but, before the first dozen had filed past, the colonel suddenly seized one of them by the throat and shouted:

"You are the man!"

The Hindu fell upon his knees, and whined out the confession of the theft, while his terrified companions salaamed to the ground before the dreaded "Sahib" to whom Brahma had given such a terrible power. When they had dispersed, the senior major, who had been looking on in silent amazement, came up, and said:

"I wish you would teach me that trick, colonel."

"It is a very simple one, my dear fellow," he answered, with a smile. "You see, these bits of bamboo were all the same length; but the thief, fearing to get the longest piece, bit off the end of his, just as I expected he would, and that is how I knew him."

JUSTICE TO MRS. JOB.

Job was a wonderfully afflicted man, but as a partial compensation for it he has had the sympathy of the human race for 4,000 years.—But it has not been so with Job's wife; nobody has ever spoken a kind word of her. On the contrary, she has been held up for forty centuries as a horrible example. But for all that we are confident the poor woman deserves a better place in history than she has ever occupied. If she was sour-tempered, she had enough to give her an acid tinge to her disposition. She was made to drink the dregs from a very bitter cup, and it is probable that she bore her troubles with about as much equanimity as the average woman would do.

In the first place she was suddenly reduced from luxury to penury. Any unfortunate woman who has suffered this ordeal knows just the frame of mind poor Mrs. Job was in.

In the next place she was bereft of her children. There is no grief so burdensome as that which falls upon a mother's heart when the grave hides her children from sight.

In addition to this accumulation of sorrows she was left with an invalid husband on her hands. Job was covered with boils, and experience has taught us that there is no more exasperating patient than a man with a boil on him.

There are wives, and good wives too, in this Christian land of ours, whose lives have been made most miserable for days and weeks at a time by a husband and one boil. Just think then what this poor woman had to endure with a husband with perhaps from 500 to 1,000 boils on him. Is it any wonder that the woman encouraged her husband to terminate his existence? The only wonder is that she didn't cut her own throat in despair.

But these were not all the troubles that Job's wife had to bear. Her husband's friends came on a visit to him and took possession of the house for six weeks at a time. Other women too, have had to endure the same affliction, and they can very easily account for Mrs. Job's exhibition of bad temper. Job got worried with the three visitors himself, and yet he didn't have to wait on them, to clean up their rooms, to wipe the tobacco juice from the parlor carpet every day, to sweep out the mud they carried in on their boots, and to submit to the thousand and one annoyances that a male visitor gives the housekeeper.

It is about time that somebody was raising a voice in defence of Job's wife and saying a kind word for the poor woman who, for 4,000 years has suffered the slings of unjust criticism in uncomplaining silence.

There are a great many Job's wives in the world to-day. We meet them every day. They may not have husbands with boils on their bodies, but they have husbands who go to the clubs of the evenings. They have husbands who are selfish enough to devote all their time to business and pleasure without considering that a portion of that time of right belongs to the woman the charm of whose existence is his companionship. The Job's wives of to-day are the women who are burdened with the care and sorrows of this life and who get no sympathy. And their name is legion.

SO LIKE JOHNNY.

During the hard winter of 1877, when thirty thousand unemployed workmen haunted the streets of New York, driven to beggary, or too often theft, a man rang at the door of a house in one of our largest cities, and asked for something to eat. He told a glib story of his discharge from a factory, and said he had a wife starving not far away.

The mistress of the house made it a rule to give no alms that winter, except after a personal examination of the case of each applicant. So she went into the kitchen and ordered a substantial meal to be set before the man, who ate ravenously.

He was a young, honest-looking fellow, but there were clear marks of dissipation on his face. Suddenly he dropped his knife and fork and sat staring at the door. "Who's that?" he cried. "Johnny! Johnny!"

The lady's little girl, a child of three, had followed her from the nursery, and stood in her white gown by the doorway, her curls tumbling over her face. The tramp recovered himself with a hoarse laugh. "I beg your pardon," he said. "It's your child of course. I—I haven't seen a child for a long time."

But his food seemed to choke him. In a few moments he started up in agitation and said:—

"I am not a workman! I am Jim Floyd and I was discharged yesterday from Moyamensing prison, where I have served out a sentence for burglary. I was a decent man once. I left my wife and my old mother up in Pottsville, and—my baby."

While he spoke his eyes were fixed on the child with a terrible hunger in them. "Little one," he said holding out his hands with a pitiful entreaty, "shake hands with me, won't you? I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head."

The mother's heart gave a great throb. The man was just out of prison. But the baby—surely God sent it—ran forward smiling, with both hands out, Jim kneeled down beside it, the tears rolling down his cheeks. "It is so like Johnny!" he muttered. "It is so like Johnny!"

"You'll go back to Johnny and your wife and mother?" said the lady.

He would not promise. "It's too late to make a decent man of me," he said: and presently, putting on his old cap, he went out.

Six months later the lady received an illspelled letter from Pottsville. "I am at work here," it said. "That day I had planned to join the burglars again. But your little girl saved me. I came home instead. It wasn't too late."—*Selected.*

THE WOOER AS A PHILOSOPHER.

The young man had asked him for the hand of his daughter, and a pang wrung the fatherly heart of Mr. Rajones as he looked at the youth for some moments in silence and thought of the bitterness of parting with his well beloved child.

"I suppose, Oliver," he said at last, "it is only natural and right that when young birds have become old enough to fly they should leave their parental nest and go off with their chosen mates to build nests of their own, and yet it hurts, Oliver; it hurts when I think of one of my fledglings getting ready to fly away."

"This seems to be a good sized nest," suggested the young man, anxious to soften the blow, "perhaps you'd rather have me and Alvira stay right here."

Activity is the essence of auction; character is the record of action.

THE MAGIC BOX.

A quaint story of olden times, recently retold in Golden Days, conveys a pleasing lesson to young people as well as their elders. The story goes that somewhere many years ago there lived a housekeeper whose affairs for a long time had been in a very bad way, and she knew not what to do. So she went to a wise old hermit who lived in a neighboring cave, and told him her trouble. "Things go badly," said she. "Nothing prospers, in doors or out. Pray, sir, can you not devise some remedy for my misfortunes?"

The hermit reflected, begged her to wait, and, retiring to an inner chamber of his cave, after a short time brought out a very curious looking box, carefully sealed up.

"Take this," said he "and keep it for one year. But you must, three times a day and three times a night, carry it into the kitchen, the cellar and the stable, and set it down in each corner. I answer for it that shortly you will find things improve. At the end of the year bring back the box. Now, farewell."

The good woman received the box with many thanks, and bore it carefully home. The next day, as she was carrying it into the cellar, she met a servant who had been secretly drawing a pitcher of beer. As she went, a little later, into the kitchen, there she found a maid making herself a very large omelette. In the stable she found the groom selling some hay to a stranger.

At the end of the year, faithful to her promise, she carried the box back to the hermit and besought him to allow her to keep it, as it had a most wonderful effect.

"Only let me keep it one year longer," she pleaded, "and I am sure all will be remedied."

The hermit smiled and replied:

"I cannot allow you to keep the box, but the secret that is hidden within you shall have."

He opened the box, and lo! it contained nothing but a slip of paper, on which was written this couplet:

Would you thrive most prosperously,
Yourself must every corner see.

THE GAME OF THE DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

The Chicago *Mail* has discovered a little dodge by which three dutiful daughters contrive to augment their pocket money. "Do you want to see a neat game? Then watch the three girls sitting with their father in the fifth pew of the middle aisle," said the tenor of a fashionable church Sunday to a reporter, who was paying him a visit in the choir during morning service. The reporter fixed his eyes on the mentioned pew. The father seemed to be a prosperous banker or merchant, a portly, gray-whiskered, red-faced man, evidently somewhat of a martinet. As the deacon approached with the contribution box the parent drew a fat wallet from his inside pocket, opened it, and pompously handed each of his daughters a bank note. "He gives them a tenner apiece," whispered the chorister. Each girl, as she received her bill, crumpled it carelessly in her right hand, and became absorbed in the hymnal again, which was held in both hands. When the silver salver was handed into their pew the father dropped his contribution in with a placid air, and then passed the plate along to the daughters. Each took her left hand from her book, dropped a crumpled bill into the repository, and the plate was handed back to the waiting deacon. "A clever idea," said the tenor. "Each girl drops a $1 bill in with her left hand and holds on to a $10 with her right hand. It seems that young misses have to resort to sharp devices at times to raise money for matinee tickets and bonbons, eh?"

EXERCISE FOR GIRLS.

However just much of the criticism upon the management of children at the present time may be it is certainly true that in one respect at least modern mothers are wiser than were their mothers and grandmothers before them. It is only in a few homes that girls are now required to "sit still and be little ladies." Why should a healthy, growing girl be expected to sit still any more than her romping brother, about whom no concern is manifested, provided he remains in the house only long enough to eat and sleep? What matter is it if outdoor sports are hard upon dresses and boots? It takes less time and anxiety to mend torn clothes than to watch by beds of sickness, and it costs less to pay the shoemaker than the doctor. The daughters of the present generation are to be the mothers of the next, and they need outdoor exercise and indoor sports to make them healthy in body, gentle in disposition and free from all those nervous affections that are the bane of every woman whose days of girlhood were passed in making patch work and doing the thousands and one other foolish things commonly denominated "girl's work."

A CASE OF CANNIBALISM!

Some time ago an English gentleman found a large turnip in his field of the shape of a man's head, and with the resemblance of the features of a man. Struck with curiosity he had a cast made of it, and sent the cast to a phrenologist, stating that it was taken from the head of a celebrated professor, and requested an opinion thereon. After sitting in judgment it was reported that it denoted a man of acute mind and deep research, that he had the organ of quick perception, and also of perseverance, with another that indicated credulity. The opinion was transmitted to the owner of the cast, with a letter requesting, as a particular favor, that he would send them the head. To this he politely replied that he would willingly do so, but he was prevented, as he and his family had eaten it the day before with their mutton at dinner.

HOW IT IS DONE.

"Not one in a hundred of the people who travel on railroad trains understand how the pressure of air is used to apply the brakes to a train," said a railroad man the other day. "Formerly the air was turned into the cylinder under each car when the train was to be stopped, and the pressure used to force the brakes up against the wheels. To-day the brakes are held against the wheels by springs, and the air is used to keep the brake away from the wheels while the train is in motion. To stop the train the air is let out and then the springs apply the brakes. In an accident the pipes are ruptured and that stops the train. A small child could stop the train by pulling a rope projecting from the toilet room of every car. That connects with the pipe under the train."

"But this restriction on your pleasures, is cautious that they injure or bring which has life."

STEEVE AN' TRUE.

Oor purse has grown shoo thin, guid wife,
The warl' is sicear, an' snell,
I'm wae when ye face the win', guid wife—
I'd rather face it mysel'.
You needna be fleyed o' me, guid man,
I wed ye for gude or ill,
I carena what I maun dree, guid man,
Sin' ye are beside me still.

Oor meal pock is no' sae stoot, guid wife,
As the one ye kenned langsyne;
Yer silk goon is maist worn oot, guid wife—
Yer shawl has tint a' its shine.
Juist never ye fash yer head, guid man,
Love's specks mak' a' things look weel.
Yer love is a' that I need, guid man,
An' sibbins a kiss tae seal.

Our cottage is cramped an' sma', guid wife
Without a carpet or spread.
It's no' like the big wide ha', guid wife,
Whaur ye werb bairn born an' bred.
Dinna sae things consther, guid man,
There's no' muckle room, I see,
But then we're close thegither, guid man,
An' that's hoo love likes tae be.

Gie me a jweep yer mou', guid wife,
I spak juist tae try yer pride.
Poortith maks true luve maist true, guid wife,
I'm rich wi' you at my side.
That's whaur I'll be till the last, guid man,
The love is worth nocht ses,
That if na true in the blast, guid man,
As weel as in simmer's thaw.

EMPHATIC GUARANTEES.

Which are Justified by an Extraordinary Public Experience.

TO THE PUBLIC:

Having branch houses and laboratories in seven different quarters and therefore having a world-wide experience, we, H. H. Warner & Co. justify ourselves in making the following statements:

OUR THEORY PROVED.

First.—For the past decade we have held that 93 per cent. of diseases originate in the kidneys which introduce uric acid into the system, a poison that is injurious to every organ, attacking and destroying first the organs which are weakest. We have also held that *if the kidneys are kept in perfect health most of the ordinary ailments will be prevented*, or, if contracted, cured. Other practitioners have held that extreme kidney disease was incurable. We have *proof to the contrary*, however, in hundreds of thousands of cases in every section of the globe. Warner's Safe Cure is the greatest specific known. Its reputation is established everywhere, and its influence surpasses all other medicines.

HOW DISEASE CREEPS ON.

Second.—The kidneys being the sewers of the human system, it is impossible to keep the entire system in good working order *unless these organs are doing their full duty.* Most people do not believe their kidneys are out of order because they never give them any pain. *It is a peculiarity of kidney disease that it may long exist without the knowledge of the patient or of the practitioner.* It may be suspected if there is any gradual departure from ordinary health, which departure increases as age comes on, the kidney poison in the blood gradually undermining and destroying every organ.

SCIENTIFIC SPECIFICS.

Third.—We do not cure every known disease from one bottle. This is an impossibility. Warner's Safe Remedies include seven scientific specifics, purpose which the others cannot fully perform.

RECOGNIZED STANDARD.

Fourth.—Warner's Safe Remedies have been recognized by the doctors and the people all over the globe, even in countries most conservative and most opposed to the manufacture of proprietary medicines, as *standards of the highest excellence* and worthy of the patronage of all people.

STRONG GUARANTEES.

Fifth.—We make the following unqualified guarantees:

GUARANTEE 1.—That Warner's Safe Remedies are *pure and free from all poisons.*

GUARANTEE 2.—That the testimonials used by us are genuine, and so far as we know, absolutely true. We will forfeit $5,000 for proof to the contrary.

GUARANTEE 3.—Warner's Safe Remedies have permanently cured many millions of people whom the doctors have pronounced incurable. People who were cured ten years ago report the cure permanent and completely satisfactory. Warner's Safe Remedies will sustain every claim, if used sufficiently and as directed.

Sixth.—Ask your friends and neighbors what they think of Warner's Safe Cure. We do not ask you to believe us alone.

YOUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS.

MRS. JAMES BURNS of 18 Division St., Toronto, writes that her daughter was given up to die, by the best medical men in the city, from Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, but that Warner's Safe Cure not only saved her life but restored her to health.

L. A. BAKER, of Toronto, Supt. Fire Patrol Co. of Canada, suffered from lame back for three years. Physicians treated him for Bright's Disease, but he obtained no relief. Four bottles of Warner's Safe Cure made a well man of him.

W. J. HAMILTON, of Amherst, Nova Scotia, was cured of hemorrhage of the kidneys