The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XVII.---NO. 29. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1892. PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, - ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year if paid in advance, or within three months from beginning of year; $1.50 per year if not so paid. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted by the date on the address label.

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Wishing to cultivate a connection with good, reliable farmers, and knowing how difficult it is for them to conform to fixed rules, will always extend to them greater privileges than any other class of business men.
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HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
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Advances made to responsible farmers.
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A specialty made of collecting farmers' sales notes and no charge made for collecting when payable in Guelph.
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Manager Guelph Branch.

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MACHINE & REPAIR SHOP
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In a most satisfactory manner. Woodwork repairs also made.
Careful attention given to all work brought in.
Any machine or implement by whomsoever manufactured will be repaired in a work manlike manner.
Plow and machinery repairs constantly on hand.
HENRY GRINDELL.

- - SEASON---1891 - -
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and will also supply any special sizes on short notice at Guelph prices.
Frames of All Kinds
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Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait.
Price—$1 50 per M.
PUMPS
Being better able than heretofore we will supply either wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

GENTLEMEN
Order now your
Fall Suit And Overcoat
New Goods Specially imported for my Trade.
Choice Patterns.
Fit, Style and Workmanship the Best.
Prices the Lowest.
My Specialty, Perfect-Fitting
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I will endeavor to give perfect satisfaction and keep abreast of the times as regards style, prices, &c. Inspection invited.
Terms Strictly Cash.
Respectfully Yours,
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Orders left at my residence, Main St., Acton will receive prompt attention.

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Acton Lodge, No. 204,
I.O.O.F.
MEETS in the Oddfellows' Hall, Hill's Block, every Wednesday evening. Visiting brethren always welcome. For copy of constitution and laws apply to the undersigned or any of the members.
W. WILLIAMS, N. G. H. H. WORDEN, Secretary

Poetry.

BILL'S TENOR AND MY BASS

Bill was short and dapper, while I was thin and tall—
I had lovin' whiskers, but Bill had none at all;
Clothes would never seem to set so nice on me as him—
Folks used to laugh and say I was too powerful slim.
But Bill's clothes fit him like the paper on the wall;
And we were the sparkliest beaus in all the place,
When Bill sung tenor and I sung bass!
Cyrus Baker's oldest girl was member of the choir—
Eyes as black as Kelsey's cat, and cheeks as red as fire!
She had the best soprammer voice I think I ever heard—
Sung "Coronation," "Burlington," and "China" like a bird;
Never done better than with Bill a-standin' nigh'er,
A-holdin' of her hymn book so she wouldn't lose the place,
When Bill sang tenor and I sung bass.
Then there was Prudence Hubbard, so easy like and fat—
She sung alto and wore a pee-wee hat;
Leaned her around one winter, and, first thing I knew,
One evening on the portico I up and called her Prue!
But, unlike sirs, she didn't mind a little thing like that—
On all the works of Providence she set a cheerful face,
When Bill was singin' tenor and I was singin' bass.
Bill, nevermore we two shall share the fun we used to then,
Nor know the comfort nor the peace we had together when
We lived in Massachusetts in the good old courtin' days
And lifted up our voices in psalms and hymns and praise—
Oh, how I wish 'that I could live them happy times again!
For life, as we boys knew it, had a sweet, peculiar grace
When you was singin' tenor and I was singin' bass.
The music folks have nowadays ain't what it used to be,
Because there ain't no singers now on earth like Bill and me;
Why, Lemuel Bangs, who used to go to Springfield twice a year,
Admitted that for singin' Bill and me had note peer;
When Bill went soarin' up to A and I dropped down to D;
The ole bull-fiddle Beza Dimmitt played wasn't in a race
Longside of Bill's high tenor and my sonorious bass!
Bill moved to California in the spring of '54,
And we folks that used to know him never knew him any more;
Then Cyrus Baker's oldest girl—she kind o' pined a spell,
And, hankerin' after sympathy, it naturally befell
That she married Deacon's Pitkin's boy who kep' the general store;
And so the years—the changeful years—have rattled on apace,
Since Bill sung tenor and I sung bass.
As I was sittin' by the stove this evenin' after tea,
I noticed wife kep' hitchin' close and closer up to me,
And as she patched the gingham frock our great child wore to-day,
I heard her sigh a sigh that seemed to come from far away—
Couldn't help inquirin' what the trouble might be;
"Was [illegible] of the time," says Prue, a-brushin' off her face,
"When Bill sung tenor and you sung bass!"

Select Family Reading.

Collaster's Uncle.

"You may do as you like, but unless you marry your cousin not one dollar of my money shall you touch."

"But, Uncle—"

"There's no use protesting; the money's got to be kept in the family and not squandered by outsiders."

"Then give it to my cousin."

"Yes; and have her marry somebody—nobody knows whom. No, I tell you, you and she shall marry each other, or not a dollar of my money shall either of you touch."

"But I have never seen her."

"What of it? You have never seen my money, but you don't object to it on that account, do you?"

"Maybe she will not have me."

"She shall," the old man thundered. But at this point his rage brought on a choking fit, and his nephew having gone to call his valet, left the house without returning to the library.

The interview had not been of the visitor's seeking. He was a lawyer with a growing practice, was twenty-five years old, six feet tall, and a tolerable athlete. His uncle was a crusty an old bachelor as ever suffered from gout, and he had, when laboring under an unusually severe attack sent for his nephew to secure his promise to marry an unknown and somewhat remote cousin as a condition precedent to inheriting the Collaster estate. On the nephew squarely refusing the old man informed him that he might consider himself disinherited as sure as his name was Jack Collaster, adding the words with which the story opens.

There was no particular reason why Collaster should not marry his cousin if she were willing, except that man generally likes to pick out his own wife. Neither could it be denied that his uncle's fortune was a great temptation. One might run a great deal of risk for so fine an estate, but to promise off-hand to marry a girl whom you have never seen, and whose name even you don't know, is too much to be asked to do.

"He can keep his money and give it to whom he likes," growled Collaster. "I have not seen him for two years and don't care if I never see him again," and hailing a passing fly he was driven to the station just in time to catch a train for the city.

"Well, Uncle John, the next time you offer me in marriage to the young man be kind enough to ascertain whether I am within hearing distance. I overheard the latter part of your conversation with that rude giant who has just left you."

This was the salutation which greeted Collaster's uncle after he had recovered from his choking fit. The speaker was a graceful, rounded girl of twenty-one, pretty enough to suit any taste—not what you would call handsome perhaps, but fascinating without doubt.

"You heard me, did you? Well I meant what I said."

"Then I'm sorry for the young man—I did not catch his name."

"His name? His confounded name is John Collaster. The miserable puppy, to oppose my wishes. Sorry for him, are you! You had better be sorry for yourself, for if you marry any one except Jack Collaster, or if you refuse to marry him if he asks you, not a dollar of my money will you see.

The threat evoked a merry peal of laughter.

"You need not laugh, young lady; I mean every word of it."

"I do not doubt it. I am not laughing at you, but at the idea of my marrying a man who positively refuses to have me."

"But he has never seen you."

"That's what he said, uncle."

"Slide, with him, do you? Very well, very well. Jarvis," he called to his valet, "tell Mrs. Roberts to pack my niece's boxes. She will leave Fernleigh to-morrow morning."

Every trace of a smile had disappeared from her piquant face as his niece stepped directly before him, erect and noble looking in her indignation.

"Uncle," she said, "I have never asked for a dollar. I don't deny that it would be a good thing to be rich, but I should hate to be if it made me insult people as you have insulted me. You asked me here; you offered me to a stranger as you would offer your horse or dog; you tell me I must marry a man whom I do not know and you turn me from your house because I refuse. Good-bye—I will leave Fernleigh to-night," and she walked quickly from the room.

"Pluck, but a woman after all. She'll come back again before she leaves," was the man's comment.

But she did not.

"Miss Goodwin, let me present Mr. Collaster."

Mr. Collaster bowed; so likewise did Miss Goodwin.

It was a fete day at Castleton Academy, and Collaster was there in his newly acquired capacility of solicitor to the board of governors.

"Miss Goodwin is our professor of rhetoric," added the principal.

Mr. Collaster bowed again. He was evidently much impressed—whether with the learning implied by the title of his new acquaintance or with his new acquaintance pure and simple, it would be premature to say.

"Shall we promenade while the band is playing?" he said.

"With pleasure," was the reply, and they wandered down the terrace and through the shrubbery.

Collaster tried to be very intellectual in his conversation; he was anxious to make a good impression. She mercilessly misunderstood all his profound remarks, misconstructed all his ordinary observations, and herself propounded many absurd notions. But Collaster, who was head over heels in love already, was oblivious to her conduct. She might have done anything not absolutely indecorous, and he would have thought it all right. As they were parting he said:

"I hope to see you again soon, Miss Goodwin. The affairs of the academy will bring me here quite often during the next few months."

"We will always be glad to see you. Will you bring Mrs. Collaster with you?" and if one had been looking directly into the blue eyes he would have seen nothing but a look of absolute innocence as this question was put.

"My wife!" "I—I am not married."

"Oh, indeed. I beg pardon, I'm sure."

"Married? No, I am alone in the world. I've a crusty old uncle whom I've seen two or three times, and a second or third cousin whom I have never seen or never want to, and except these I'm all that is of us, as the Irish janitor would say."

The closing part of his observation scarcely called for the outburst of merriment with which Miss Goodwin greeted it, but her laughter was so fresh and hearty that Collaster joined in it, and when she gave him her hand at parting he felt that he had made a pretty good impression.

"My uncle and his money may go to Halifax," he ejaculated, as he closed the academy grounds behind him.

Collaster was right. Business or something else did take him to the academy very often during the next few months and he never left until he had seen Miss Goodwin for at least a few minutes.

"Miss Goodwin," he said at his twentieth visit was drawing to a close, "or may I say Ethel?"

"On that question I must refer you to the solicitor of the institution, Mr. Collaster."

This reply was not discouraging, so Collaster said "Ethel." He said it so seriously that Miss Goodwin was sobered out of her teasing mood in an instant, but she made no reply. He did not wait for one, but continued:

"Ethel, I love you. I have not much to offer you—only such a position as I can win—but I love you with all my heart. Will you be my wife?"

Of course she had been expecting such a question, but was not quite prepared to answer it. Her face was very pale, and she trembled. He stood waiting patiently for an answer, but before she could frame one a servant approached and handed her a telegram. Hastily opening it she saw that it contained only this line:

"Your uncle died this morning."

"You must excuse me from answering your question just just now, Mr. Collaster," she said, "this telegram contains intelligence of the death of my nearest relative."

"May I hope," he said, "for a favorable answer?"

He did not offer any expression of sympathy. She either did not notice or did not resent the omission.

"I can give you no answer whatever until we meet again," she said.

"When shall that be?"

"I cannot tell. Really you must excuse me now—good-bye."

She did not withdraw her hand from his until he had kissed her fingers twice.

When Collaster arrived at his chambers he found a telegram awaiting him conveying the information that his uncle was dead.

"Very strange," he muttered, "that we both have received news of the same nature at the same time. I suppose I must go down to Fernleigh to the funeral."

But Collaster did not go near her, and instead of returning to the house from the grave to hear the will read, he excused himself to the solicitor on the plea of urgent business in town and set off for London without delay. On his arrival he was handed a telegram from Fernleigh. It read as follows:—

"The will leaves Fernleigh and everything else to you provided you agree to marry your cousin; otherwise it goes to her on condition that she shall remain single. You must decide to-day."

His answer was prompt:

"Shall not do it. Let the cousin take the property."

The cousin laughed when she read the despatch and said that he was a great goose, and the solicitor, a little surprised at such a comment, said he thought so too.

When next day Collaster took a "business" trip down to the academy he did not see Miss Goodwin, nor did he like to ask after her, being restrained by a ridiculous dread lest his true errand should be discovered. After going several times more during the next fortnight without seeing or hearing of the young lady he summoned courage to ask after her, and was told that owing to a change in her circumstances she had left the academy.

Left—and without a word to him. And she had let him kiss her fingers twice.

FERNLEIGH, September 20th.

DEAR SIR—My mistress would like to see you to talk with you about your late uncle's will.

JANE ROBERTS.

To John Collaster, Esq., Middle Temple.

"Confound the late uncle and his will," was Collaster's disrespectful comment; "I've renounced all claim to the property." Then he added: "I suppose I ought to go down; there may be some paper or other to be signed."

On his arrival at Fernleigh he was shown into the drawing-room. A lady of about forty rose and greeted him very formally, introducing herself as Miss Atkinson.

"The cousin," thought Collaster. "By George, I did right to refuse."

"You have come in response to Mrs. Roberts' letter," said Miss Atkinson.

"Yes. I supposed that there was some formal renunciation to be made of my rights under the will."

"You positively refuse to comply with the conditions?"

"Is she going to ask me to marry her?" was Collaster's thought, but he said, seeking to soften his refusal as gently as possible: "I regret, madame, to say that I must most respectfully, but at the same time positively, refuse to comply with the conditions."

"You are not already married?"

"No."

"Are you engaged to be married?"

"No—this is—yes—no."

"The possession of Fernleigh and ten thousand pounds a year is not to be lightly thrown away, sir."

"She woos persistently," thought Collaster. What he said was: "If the property were twenty times as great I would still refuse."

"If the lady were young and attractive?"

"That would make no difference. I assure you, madame, that it is not because of any personal antipathy to you."

"To me? Oh, yes, I understand—to me. But I am not your cousin."

Collaster began to feel a little uncomfortable but he was as firm as ever.

"Will you say to my unknown cousin for me," he said, "that it is not of any antipathy to her that I refuse to comply with the conditions of the will, but the truth is I cannot."

"You mean that you are in love already. Excuse my bluntness, but I am a good deal older than you."

"Yes."

"But the young lady whom you love may not accept you. I assure you that your cousin is young and attractive. See her before deciding; you may like her well enough to marry her, or she may refuse you, in which case the property will be yours under the will."

Collaster had not known this, but it did not alter his determination.

"It is unnecessary for me to see her. I would not insult her with an offer that I hoped she would refuse, nor would I be so disloyal to one to whom I have already given my heart."

"You decline absolutely?"

"Then I will send in the papers for your signature."

"Here are the papers—will you sign them?"

Collaster returned with a start:

"Ethel Goodwin, what are you doing here?"

"Oh, I'm the obnoxious cousin, Jack. Will you sign the papers?"

"Yes!" and taking the pen he affixed his name to the document without regarding it. Then he handed it to her. She walked quietly to the grate and placed the document on the glowing coals.

"What are you doing?" he exclaimed.

"Well, you see, Jack, if I take the property, under the will I never can marry, and—and—oh, you great awkward fellow, don't you remember what you asked me at Castleton?"

Jack's conduct for the next few moments was not that of a man who had forgotten.

"Mother Taught Her."

In the *Rural New-Yorker* of January 3rd, Mary Mann, after describing her success as a housekeeper, accounts for ability by saying: "I think it is all in the bringing up; mother taught us girls to rise early and have our work well planned and done, as far as possible, in the forenoon. Then, too, having been taught to think our home the dearest spot on earth, we had little desire for the back door morning gossips or indeed, for so called gaddings."

I believe she truly says that was the keynote to her success. Said an intimate friend of mine to me, a short time ago: "Whatever you do, teach your children to pick up and put away their things and to keep them in order. The hardest thing I have to contend with is disorderliness. My mother always picked up, hung up and put away for us instead of teaching us to do it for ourselves; and now, when I have children of my own, so much work and so many cares, I have daily to fight myself and those around me to keep things in any kind of order. I often think how much more time I might have for myself and for my children, if I had been taught to put things in their places when I was a girl."

"Mother taught us." Ah, yes, that is the keynote of our success or failure in life. If mothers could realize that what they are teaching their little ones to-day will decide not only their future but also that of their children's children; if they could realize that they are educating heads, hearts and hands for years of capability, usefulness and happiness, or for years of inability, dissatisfaction and disappointment that are to extend through all eternity, could they look lightly or depreciatingly upon their duties? Would they plead for a broader or a higher sphere?—*Geraldine Germane.*

The best medical authorities say the proper way to treat catarrh is to take a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Sentimental Definitions of the Place Loved by All.

Tid Bits offered a prize for the best definition of home. Here are some of the best of 5,000 answers sent in:

The golden setting in which the brightest jewel is "mother."

A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in.

An arbor which shades when the sunshine of prosperity becomes too dazzling; a harbor where the human bark finds shelter in the time of adversity.

Home is the blossom of which heaven is the fruit.

Home is a person's estate obtained without injustice, kept without disquietude; a place where time is spent without repentance, and which is ruled by justice, mercy and love.

A grand old mirror, through which both sides of us are seen.

The source of comfort which youth does not fully appreciate, which the young men and maidens lovingly desire, which the middle-aged generally possess, which the old rightly value.

A hive in which, like the industrious bee, youth garners the sweets and memories of life for age to meditate and feed upon.

The best place for a married man after business hours.

Home is the coolest, kindliest, sweetest place in all the world, the tomb of our purest earthly joys and deepest sorrows.

The only spot on earth where the faults and failings of fallen humanity are hidden under the mantle of charity.

An abode in which the inmate, the superior being called man, can pay back at right with 60 per cent. interest every annoyance that has met him in business during the day.

The place where the great are sometimes small and the small sometimes small and the small sometimes great.

The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world.

The jewel casket containing the most precious of all jewels—domestic happiness.

Where you are treated best and you grumble most.

Home is a central telegraph office of human love, into which run innumerable wires of affection, many of which, though extending thousands of miles, are never disconnected from the one great terminus.

The centre of our affections, around which our hearts' best wishes twine.

A little hollow scooped out of the windy hill of the world, where we can be shaded from its cares and annoyances.

A popular but paradoxical institution, in which woman works in the absence of man and man rests in the absence of woman.

A working model of heaven, with real angels in the form of mothers and wives.

The place where all husbands should be at night.

OYSTERS ON TREES.

The other day I heard somebody speak of "oysters hanging upon the branches of trees on the borders of the Chesapeake Bay."

"That sounds like a fairy tale," thought I to myself.

I determined to investigate. So I said: "I always supposed oysters grew under the water. I never knew they hung in clusters on the tree branches like apples. Curious sort of oysters those must be which grow on trees along the banks of the Chesapeake!"

"Chesapeake Bay has the finest kind of oysters," said the talking man. The reason they are sometimes found growing on tree branches is this. The spawn of the oyster floats about in the water, tossed by wind and waves. It has the quality of attaching itself firmly to any solid substance it touches. Sometimes it might be the bottom of a ship, a rock, or a tree branch. You know the bottom of a ship often needs scraping on account of the shell-fish adhering to it.

Now the branches of trees often droop into the water. They do it along the borders of the Chesapeake the same as on the banks of another river or bay. At high tide such branches will be covered with water, and when the tide goes back, the branches come to the surface again.

"The spawn sticks on those boughs when they are beneath the water. In a few days the tiny oysters are growing all over it.

"Sometimes a branch which is often under water will be nearly covered with small oysters. It looks very odd of course, but it's common enough right down there.

"Grow? They don't grow very large, to be sure. To certain perfection an oyster must be always under water and those hang half the time out of it. When they are exposed too long in the hot sun, they die. Their weight often causes them to fall off.

"Little oysters are sometimes transplanted. Not off tree branches, but from the beds at the bottom of the bay. They are planted in oyster-beds in other places, where, in a couple of years, they grow to maturity."

"It sounds funny to talk of picking oysters off trees," said I, "or even of seeing them grow there."

"Funny enough. But they do grow there. I've seen it lots of times," said the talking man. "That's the way queer stories get about. Somebody hears of a thing and doesn't understand the sense of it. And most people never stop to ask what it means. They either repeat the story of a marvel, or say they don't believe it."

Figs and Thistles.

People who succeed generally aim to do it, and plan to do it.

The greatest loss it is possible to undergo, is to lose faith in God.

The devil does his best fighting when he has on his Sunday clothes.

The worst enemies any man can ever have are himself and the devil.

The greatest workers for God are not often well known among men.

Angels and all men admire the man who is not afraid of a hard place.

The Lord has never given any one church a patent right on salvation.

A man who is not honest in his religion is not to be trusted anywhere.

One of the hardest things to do is to alarm the man who thinks he is safe.

Every man's life is a prayer, no matter what he may say with his lips.

Every prayer that goes to the throne in Christ's name will be answered.

The devil don't care what becomes of the old man, if he can have the boys.

The world is full of people who tire themselves to death in looking for rest.—*Rum's Horn.*

A DINNER AND A KISS.

"I have brought your dinner, father."
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she took from her arm a kettle,
And lifted its shinging lid.
"There's not any pie or pudding,
So I will give you this—"
And upon his toil-worn forehead
She left a childish kiss.

The blacksmith tore off his apron,
And dined in happy mood,
Wondering much at the savor
Hid in his humble food;
While all about him were visions
Full of prophetic bliss,
But he never thought of the magic
In his little daughter's kiss.

While she with her kettle swinging,
Merrily trudged away,
Stopped at the sight of a squirrel
Catching some wild bird's lay;
And I thought how many a shadow
Of life and fate we would miss
If always our frugal dinners
Were seasoned with a kiss.

Christmas Mince Pie.

A lady writing to the *Episcopal Recorder* vouches for the truth of the following story:—

One cold winter's night a reformed man, with his wife and daughter, who lived in country, visited some friends at a distance. After spending a pleasant evening, they arose to leave, when they were urged to take some freshly baked mince pie. After some hesitation they consented. When were seated in the sleigh the man turned to his wife and said, "Wife, I am lost; that piece of pie has aroused the demon of drink in me." He stopped his horses at the first tavern and insisted on getting out for a drink. Of course, the wife and daughter were helpless; the second and third taverns were reached, and again the temptation was yielded to. Remonstrance was in vain. They reached home, and instead of putting away the horses he drove to the nearest tavern and spent the rest of the night in a drunken debauch. The next morning he was found dead on the roadside. His poor suffering wife died of a broken heart and his daughter ended her days in an insane asylum. One piece of brandied mince pie and this result, for these are facts.

Another case was that of a young girl who had contracted the habit of drinking but had reformed. She was to be married after a certain length of time if she would keep her pledge. Her mistress insisted upon her putting brandy in the mince meat. She did so. In a short time she disappeared, and some time afterward it was ascertained that she had become drunk and in utter despair of ever being able to stand, had drowned herself.

In preparing summer fruits always remember the winter mince meat, and you will never need to use either brandy or cider; better use sweetened water with a little vinegar or a little lemon juice, than either of the above, which work so much harm to men and women. Wherever you find a recipe which calls for wine and brandy, substitute milk, a little rose water or any of the delicious flavorings which abound. If you follow this advice you will do much to help along that great cause which is so dear to the hearts of the women of this land. Another hint, patronize a temperance grocer.

What Canada is Thankful For.

The *Canada Presbyterian* says: Canada is not a great nation, though it may become one some day. We have only five millions of people, and very little accumulated wealth. We have no army, but our citizen soldiers, and no navy but the old gunboats that got on the mud somewhere down on the New Brunswick coast, and could not be taken off. We have some very useful public buildings, but no historic moss-covered castles. The critics say we never raised a great poet or a great philosopher. We have often been told we have no literature. We will not argue these questions; but we will mention one fact that is important. On our Thanksgiving Day there was probably not a hungry man from Halifax to Vancouver. If there was one the fault was most likely his own. How many countries in the world can say that? With a reasonable amount of thrift, economy, and foresight, there need not stand a hungry super man on Canadian soil. When England shouts about Britannia ruling the waves and Scotchmen moralize on the thistle, and the Irishmen grow eloquent about Erin, and the Yankees bring out the eagle and make her scream, we may run up the flag of Canada and shout "Hurrah for the land that gives her children bread and homes!" We may not make much poetry, we may not have a national literature—though we perhaps have some of a kind that we would be better without—but every citizen if he chooses can sit contentedly under his own roof tree.

He who leaves a trail of nauseating smoke as he threads a crowd would commit no other parallel rudeness; he who enters a car redolent of tobacco would not willingly enter it smelling of his stables; he who stands in the vestibule of a limited train and enriches the indraught with cigarette fumes, would stand for hours to give an invalid his seat, but he never realizes that his smoke will cause a lasting headache. And so it goes, courtesy, high-breeding, and self-forgetful generosity in all the lighter and graver relations of life, smoking too often excepted.—*Boston Transcript.*

There's a patent medicine which is not a patent medicine—paradoxical as that may sound. It's a discovery the golden discovery of medical science! It's the medicine for you—tired, run-down, exhausted, nerve-wasted men and women; for you sufferers from diseases of skin or scalp, liver or lungs—its chance is with every one, its season always, because it aims to purify the foundation of life—the blood—upon which all such diseases depend. The medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The makers of it have enough confidence in it to sell it on trial. That is—you can get it from your druggist, and if it doesn't do what it's claimed to do you can get your money back, every cent of it. That's what the makers call taking the risk of their words.

Tiny, little, sugar-coated granules are what Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are. The best Liver Pills ever invented; active, yet mild in operation; cure sick and bilious headaches. One a dose.

We may give a man credit for his good intentions, but he can't get cash for them unless they are backed by deeds.

It is safe to use Freeman's Worm Powders, as they act only on the worms and not injure the child.