FUJI MICRO SAFE

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The Acton Free Press

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Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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Advances made to responsible farmers. Advances made to farmers on the security of Sales notes. A specialty made of collecting farmers' sales notes and no charge made for collecting when payable in Guelph. We have unsurpassed facilities for transmitting money to all parts of the country. A general banking business transacted.

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- - SEASON---1891 - - WHILE returning thanks to our many patrons for their liberal support in the past we wish to inform you that we have entered into an arrangement with R. Stewart, Guelph, to keep constantly on hand a full stock of the ordinary sizes of **Sash, Doors, Etc.** and will also supply any special sizes on short notice at Guelph prices. **Frames of All Kinds** made to order. We also keep in stock a line of Base, Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, &c. 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

Acton Lodge, No. 204, I.O.O.F. MEETS in the Oddfellows' Hall, Hill's Block, Mill street, 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.

THE BABY OVER THE WAY.

Across in my neighbor's window,
With its drapings of satin and lace,
I see, 'neath a crown of ringlets,
A baby's innocent face.
His feet in their woe, red slippers,
Are tapping the polished glass,
And the crowd in the street look upward
And nod, and smile, as they pass.

Just here, in my cottage window,
Catching flies in the sun,
With a patch on his faded apron,
Stands my own little one.
His face is as pure and handsome
As the baby's over the way,
And he keeps my heart from breaking,
At my toiling, every day.

Sometimes when the day is ended,
And I sit in the dusk to rest,
With the face of my sleeping darling
Hugged close to my lonely breast,
I pray that my neighbor's baby
May not catch Heaven's roses, all;
But that some may crown the forehead
Of my loved one, as they fall.

And when I draw the stocking
From his tired little feet,
And kiss the rosy dimples
In his limbs so round and sweet
I think of the dainty garments
Some little children wear,
And frown that my God withholds them,
From mine, so pure and fair.

May God forgive my cavy!
I knew not what I said;
My heart is crushed and humbled,
My neighbor's boy is dead!
I saw the little coffin,
As they carried it to-day;
A mother's heart is breaking
In the mansion over the way.

The light is fair in my window,
The flowers bloom at my door;
My boy is of using the sunbeams
That dance on the cottage floor.
The roses of health are blushing
On my darling's cheek to-day;
But baby is gone from the window
Of the sad house over the way!

—*Unknown.*

Select Family Reading.

A Secret Marriage.

Mary Graham was a pretty girl of sixteen and William Trueman, her lover, who was three years her senior, was a fine, manly fellow for his age. Their fathers were partners in a village hardware store, where William was employed as a clerk. Occasionally he was allowed a vacation, during which he would pass many pleasant hours with Miss Graham. She would accompany him, with a sister, on sailing excursions along the Delaware coast, in a boat owned by the young man. His residence was situated near the sea shore, not far from Cape Henlopen. The hardware store was in a village half a mile back from the coast, and there also was Mary's home.

The lovers feared that Mary's father would force her to accept the attentions of a certain retired, wealthy old merchant named Robert Bronson.

The lovers finally resolved, after talking over their prospects, that they would go off down the river in William's boat and get married without their parents' knowledge.

Therefore, as shown above, Mary had agreed "to be there" at six o'clock "on the morrow."

Timid and blushing, but none the less firm in her purpose, Mary came at the appointed time.

William helped her into the boat; then he unrolled his sail, and away he went with his intended prize.

It was a dark and cloudy afternoon.

As the two sailed on, a terrific gale suddenly burst upon them from the direction of the land, driving the boat from the coast.

The sail was torn and blown away before William could roll up his canvas and take down his mast. He could only keep the boat's head to the sea and let her rush on.

Darkness at length fell upon the stormy sea with no abating of the tempest.

In the distance William saw the light of a vessel, but he had no hope of reaching it, as it seemed to recede from him. But after a time the light of the distant vessel seemed to approach.

"We may be picked up," he said to Mary. "That craft is coming this way."

As he spoke, a wave, more violent than any which had preceded it, struck the boat, hurling it sideways, with a suddenness which caused the youth to lose his balance.

He fell overboard, trying to clutch the stern as he went, but in vain.

A minute later the boat shot out of sight in the darkness, and there he was, struggling in the wild sea. He was an excellent swimmer, but he must eventually have perished in the raging water had he not caught hold of the boat's mast, which had been swept from the craft by the torrent of water that had rushed over the gunwale when he fell into the ocean. For a long time he clung to the spar thinking more of Mary, however, than of himself.

Left alone in that drifting boat, she might be feared, be unable to keep its head to the sea, although her position was such that she could easily work the tiller.

William kept his gaze upon the vessel's light which had previously been approaching. This, now, was moving along in another direction. It passed him at too great a distance for him to make himself heard by shouting.

Hours went by. The gale had abated, and the moon had for some time been shining from a cleared sky.

William noticed he was now drifting towards the coast.

He saw the sail of a fishing smack coming out from the cape in the distance. Standing along, first on one tack and then on the other, it finally drew near enough for him to make himself heard by the crew.

He was picked up, and he persuaded the men to cruise in search of his boat.

It was found at last turned bottom upward and empty.

"I thought so!" groaned the youth. "Mary is lost!"

Dawn was now come.

The fishermen took the young man to land. He hurried home and frankly described to his father what had happened.

"Foolish boy!" cried the latter. "What have you done? There was not the slightest necessity for your attempt to get married without the knowledge of Mr. Graham and myself.

We both should have approved of the match. We knew, or at least inferred, that you liked each other, although we were not sure that you were lovers.

"But we have often talked about you by ourselves, and said we hoped you and Mary would conclude to marry each other.

"I will also now tell you a secret. Roger Bronson, your eccentric old relative, liked Mary so well—had so high an opinion of her—that he, too, hoped you would choose her in preference to any other young woman for a wife."

"No, no; it cannot be," said William.

"He wanted her himself."

"You are entirely mistaken. And now I will tell you what he informed Mr. Graham and me he meant to do for you if you married Mary."

"For me?"

"Yes. He intended to make you a present of ten thousand dollars on the day you became her husband."

"How I have misjudged him! Why oh, why did you not tell me all this before? Had I known it, my Mary would have been spared to me!"

"As regards Roger Bronson, he charged me to say nothing to you about his benevolent intention, for he did not want to have you influenced in any way. Of course, he did not know your character or he would never have been afraid that you could have been bribed into marrying the young lady. Nevertheless, as he wished me to keep his secret, I have felt obliged to do so up to the present time. Now, as the poor girl is lost, there is no longer, in my opinion, any reason why you should not learn the truth. Neither Mr. Graham nor myself wished to say anything that might have the slightest effect upon either your choice or Mary's. We therefore never praised or recommended one of you to the other. We wished to leave you entirely to your own inclinations."

William's feelings, on hearing these statements, may be imagined. His grief was almost beyond endurance.

The fact that his attempt at a secret marriage, which had brought about the unfortunate occurrence, had been wholly unnecessary, added to the torments he had suffered.

His father endeavored to soothe him, but for hours he paced the floor of his room like a madman, refusing all offers of consolation.

Finally Mr. Trueman said:—

"We must break the sad news to Mary's father. Will you come with me?" The young man snatched up his hat, and the two hurried to Mr. Graham's house. They found him at home, and they at once told the story. They were amazed at the calm manner in which he received the gloomy tidings. He took a pinch of snuff, sneezed, and then bade the two follow him up stairs.

They did so. He led them straight to Mary's room, and there, on the couch, lay the young girl, pale and weak still, but recovering from the effect of her excitement and suffering.

A doctor was by her side, and William almost knocked him over in his haste to embrace the fair one he had thought was lost to him forever.

She had been picked up, long before he was saved, by the vessel whose light he had seen. The craft had passed close to the boat. She contrived to make her voice heard, and as the moon was then shining, she was finally seen by the sailors. The boat being half full of water, had turned over, bottom up, soon after she left the tiller to get into the dingey which had been lowered for her. She then begged the men not to lose time by stopping to tow the heavy overturned boat to their schooner, but to get aboard as soon as possible and look for her lover.

Their search for him was in vain. They took Mary to land. She hired a conveyance, and she reached her father's house soon after midnight. Her excitement—her anguish at William's supposed loss—made her so ill that a doctor was sent for.

The news not long after, of her lover's safety probably benefited her more than did the medicine prescribed for her.

The affair ended to the satisfaction of all concerned when, a few weeks later, the lovers were united at the house of the bride's father.

Good Roger Bronson was there, and his present to the bridegroom was a check for the promised ten thousand dollars.

The couple are happy, but they will not soon forget their perilous experience in their needless attempt at secret wedlock.

Young persons who would marry without the knowledge of their parents should remember that such a course is apt to be attended with more sorrow than pleasure, and, as in the case of Mary Graham and William Trueman, it is often unnecessary.

Won the Case.

"If you were a—a jury, Clara," said the embarrassed young lawyer, hesitatingly, "I could plead my cause with more self-possession. In the courts of—er—of love I don't think I stack up as a first-class advocate."

"Perhaps you have not had an extensive practice in such courts, William," suggested the maiden softly.

"That's it exactly, Clara!" eagerly rejoined the young man, moving his chair a little nearer. "I'm a green hand at this business. But if I could feel sure the jury—"

"Meaning me?"

"Yes—wasn't prejudiced against the advocate—"

"Meaning you?"

"Yes—why, then I might—"

"What kind of a jury are you considering me, William?" she asked, with eyes downcast.

"A—h'm—petit jury, of course. You couldn't be a grand jury you know, darl—"

"Why not?"

"Because we don't try cases before grand juries."

"I think, William," said the young girl, blushing, "I would rather for this occasion he considered a grand jury."

"Why?"

"Because"—and she hid her face somewhere in the vicinity of his coat collar—"I have found a true Bill!"

Heating by Electricity.

It is asserted that the electric heater is so nearly developed on a thoroughly practical basis that it can be available at a slight increase in cost over present methods, an increase which the electricians say should be more than made up for in the superiority in cleanliness and convenience.

In the broiling and wilting July days of the near future the housewife in her cool kitchen may press a button and have the strongest, hottest fire she needs, at a moment's notice. The cooking done, a touch on another button will get the same power that has cooked the dinner to work on the electric fans. On cold winter mornings the fire may be started by a touch on a button beside the pillow and the domestic infelicities caused by discussions as to whose duty it is to get up and start the fire will be avoided.—*Boston Journal.*

Minard's Liniment relieves neuralgia

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the cares and crosses
Crowded round our neighbor's way;
If we knew the little losses
Sorely grevious day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For the lack of thrift and gain—
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on our heart a stain?

If we knew that clouds above us,
Held by gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows
Lying on the dewy grass,
While 'tis only birds of Eden
Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our womanhood dare doom them
Back to haunts of vice and shame?
Life has many a tangled crossing,
Joy has many a break of woe,
And the cheeks tear-washed are wettest;
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach within our bosoms
For the key of other lives,
And with love to erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say, dear Father, judge us
As we judge our fellow men.

Some Farmer's Wives.

It is the farmer's boys and girls who have the largest share of public sympathy. Mrs. Farmer is often considered a fixture, with no hope or aim other than the worthy one of accomplishing her dull routine of work. Yet discontented farmer's wives do exist, some who, in moments of discouragement, sigh for brick walls and city confusion, anything to break the monotonous stillness in their country lives. To such as these the unfeeling remedy to "think of our blessings" may sound too much preaching, and we mix in a little worldly wisdom, by proposing that Mrs. Farmer shall indulge herself, so far as convenient, in any amusement or recreation her nature craves.

Perhaps before her marriage there was some innocent hobby that was a special father. If so, bring out the paints and brushes, bright crewels or any fancy work. It will not be a waste of time if they help to please you. Do not let your voice or fingers get out of practice; if you are the least bit musical, cherish and add to whatever you have in that direction.

When a little girl you may have stood on a chair and bravely recited your pieces at a Sunday school concert. Are not your voice and accent pleasing now to your family circle as you gather round the evening lamp? Delightful little poems, gems of literature and amusing sketches find their way into homes through the papers. It is nice to have a scrapbook of them. Some evening when "he" will be sure to say from his easy chair or lounge, "Can't you read me short pieces?" you can readily turn to the scrapbook. The children will be delighted if mother has a "piece" to say. Should it be at some social party or grange meeting, she will be a heroine in their estimation.

Let Mrs. Discontent plan with some of her neighbors how to pass the winter evenings pleasantly and profitably.

There is always latent talent in a farming neighborhood, and some boy or girl may catch the first inspiration from you. As man is a social being, you will feel much happier than if repining at your loneliness.

If none of these suggestions suit your special case, may you grasp the bits of happiness that come to all who will not scornfully refuse them.

Working for the interest of husband and home will surely bring its reward, while love lighten the task. A dear old song sweetly says:

"There is beauty all around,
When there's love at home."

Too Hasty.

Jumping at conclusions often results in embarrassment to all concerned. Perhaps nobody knows this better than a certain clerk in a Court street law office. He was sitting at his desk, writing busily, the other afternoon, when the door opened and an old negro putin his head.

"Say, cap'n, don't yoh want yoh windows washed? Dey looks kinder like dey needs it."

"No, not to-day; they were washed only last week."

"Bettah lemme touch 'em up a leetle, cap'n."

"No, no," replied the clerk; go on with his work' "come round in a couple of weeks."

With another intimation that the windows were susceptible of considerable improvement, the ancient cleaner withdrew.

But window-washers were evidently out in full force that day; for five minutes had not elapsed when the door opened again, and another sable head popped in.

"Good afternoon, boss."

"Good afternoon."

"Want yoh windows cleaned?"

"No, not to-day."

"Do it cheap, boss; bettah lemme clean 'em.

"No just engaged a man."

Three minutes later the door opened again, and a dark face surmounted by a rather rusty hat peeped in.

"Well?" asked the clerk looking hastily up "I suppose you want to wash windows, too, don't you?"

It was difficult to tell whose surprise was the greater, the new-comer's or the clerk's, when the senior member of the firm hastened forward from his room, and grasping the stranger affectionately by the hand, exclaimed, "Why, my dear old father, this is the most delightful surprise of my life."

—*Youth's Companion.*

Be Polite at The Table.

Boys and girls should learn to be polite at table. If they dislike any kind of food, they should not say they dislike it. It is impolite to speak against food at the table. Children often do not know what kind of food is good for them. Older people know what is best for them. They make changes of food, as it is not good to have one kind all the time. The seasons have their appropriate kinds of food. In winter weather certain kinds are best, and in summer other kinds are best, and so with the rest of the seasons of the year. Doctors, parents and other wise people read and study books and know about our bodies and what food is best. Children should obey them, and willingly eat what food they get for them, because children are not wise like parents. Plain food, such as bread, milk, potatoes, carrots and other vegetables are better than rich food. Nice rich food makes children grow up weak and sickly. Plain food makes children grow up healthy, strong and happy. Do not complain about your food.

Read this, Ye Topers!

The Rev. Madison C. Peters, of the Bloomingdale church, at the Boulevard and Sixty-eight street, gave an interesting lecture on "Samples from Sample Rooms" last night, says the New York *Herald* of January 12.

Mr. Peters began by saying that in December he visited a dozen of the best kept liquor stores in the neighborhood and bought pint samples of their best gin, whiskey, brandy, port wine, sherry, etc. These he had taken to expert chemists for careful analysis.

"In the sample of pure Holland gin," said he, "we found neutral spirits, rotten corn, juniper berries, turpentine and vitriol. We dropped the white of an egg and an oyster, both easily digestible articles, into this compound and saw them shrivel up into hard, stringy masses. This shows how nicely a drop of gin aids digestion.

"In the sample of fine old hand made Kentucky whiskey," he continued "we found neutral spirits, glycerine, sulphate of zinc, chronic acid, creosote, unslacked lime and fuseloil. Now, fifteen drachms of fusel oil evaporated in a box will make the toughest cat you can get put in that box insensible in less than an hour.

"But the port wine," said Mr. Peters, "that rich, fruity drink which solid respectability is proud to take after dinner—that was the worst of all. What do you think we found in the best sample that I could buy? Well, there were neutral acid, glycerine, licorice, zinc, mercury, antimony, salts of tartar and ether, muriatic said and alum.

"I have statistics to show that one hundreds times more imported wine is sold that can be made from all the grapes in Oporto. It is the same with all other wines. Maderia produces 30,000 barrels of wine per year and America alone sells 50,000 barrels of Maderia wine in that time."

In the best lager beer he could get Mr. Peters said there were discovered pepper, ginger, vinegar, capsicum, cream of tartar; acetic, nitric, citric, tartaric, sulphuric and prussic acids: nitric, sulphuric and acetic ether; spirits of nitro, the oils of vitrol, turpentine and cassia, caraway seed, cloves jesuno extract, bitter almonds, orris root, grains of paradise, Spanish juice, black ants, dried cherries, orange peel, coriander seed, white oak bark, tannic acid, fennel seed, cardamon seed, wormwood, copperas, alum, sulphates of iron and copper, liquor for, opium, gentian root, quassia, cocculus indicus, tobacco, saltpetre, logwood, marble dust, eggshells, hartshorn, asafœtis, potash and soda.

Too Punctual.

The Hindu places a clock in his show rooms, not because he ever desires to know what the hour is, but because the clock is a foreign curiosity. Instead, therefore, of contenting himself with one good clock, he will perhaps have a dozen in one room. They are signs of his wealth but they do not add to his comfort, for he is so indifferent to time that he measures it by the number of bamboo-lengths the sun has travelled above the horizon.

In the country police stations, where the European division of the hours is observed, time is measured by placing in a tub of water a copper pot in which a small hole has been bored. It is supposed that it will take one hour for the water to leak into the pot so as to fill and sink it. When the policeman sees that the pot has disappeared he strikes the hour on a bell-like gong. If he is smoking or dozing, the copper pot may have disappeared several minutes before he discovers the fact—but the hour is when he strikes the gong.

A writer in *Temple Bar*, from whose article we have gleaned, tells an amusing story to illustrate the Hindu's indifference in this regard.

When the railway was first opened in a new part of India, it took a long time and many bitter experiences to convince the natives that a train always started on time. Shortly after the opening of the new line, a deputy commissioner sent his native servant with his letter bag to put on board the mail car. Presently the man returned with the bag, having missed the car.

"You had not half a mile to go, and you knew the train left the station at three o'clock," said the angry commissioner.

"Yes, truly," answered the native, in an aggrieved tone; "but, sahib, when it strikes three here, the train goes from there.

Such sharp practice the native had never known before, and he did not think it creditable to the company.

Plow-handle Plodding.

A fool is like a sheep; his fleece is worth more than his carcass.

Keeping cows to make axle-grease butter is living next door to the poorhouse.

The cats don't kill as many men as die of being too smart in money matters.

Using one's vote to pay a spite is burning out a bumble-bees' nest with green backs.

Mud roads, as a luxury, are not to be compared with mushrooms on toast for expensiveness.

Next to a bunkoed farmer, the largest fool is the fly that tickles you and waits to be slapped.

The farmer who raises army peas where he ought to raise amber wheat, eats down his own wages.

A rascal is like a locomotive; always trying to run away from his own smoke, but always making more of it.

One can't help admiring the sense of a balky horse. He knows the whip won't wear him out as soon as overloading.

A loose mule among the horses at a political meeting is as strong an argument while it lasts as the other side wants.

A yellow-jacket's nest in the meeting-house yard can break up worship just as as speedily as though the devil attended to it in person.

The Sabbath in Chicago.

A few Sundays ago, in a Chicago saloon, which was open contrary to law, there were present an alderman, a policeman in uniform, a democratic ward committeeman and a job lot of other politicians and criminals. They had been to a prize fight, also unlawful, and were all drinking at the bar. Before they adjourned the alderman was slugged in the neck, the policeman beaten to a jelly by the politicians and "toughs," the alderman standing by and urging on the fight. No one has been arrested. That is the kind of cattle that govern American cities and respectable, decent, law-abiding citizens will do nothing practical to throw off the tyranny of saloon-keepers, toughs, crooks and ward politicians.—*Detroit Journal.*

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia

HOW SHE KEPT LENT.

They lingered at her father's door,
The moon was shining bright,
And to the maiden o'er and o'er
The youth had said "Good night."

But still, reluctant to depart,
Her tiny hand he pressed,
While all the love that filled his heart
His ardent looks confessed.

At length she closer to him crept,
Her eyes upon him bent,
And softly asked, "How have you kept
Thus far, the fast of Lent?"

He smiled, and, as a manly man
Around her waist he threw,
He said, "I've done no neighbor harm—
Pray, tell me, how have you?"

"Oh better far, I'm sure," she said,
The charming little elf,
"I've loved (she blushed and bent her head)
My neighbor as myself."

"Who is your neighbor?" questioned he
As to his breast he drew
The gentle maid and blushing she
With one word answered—"You."

A TRUE FISH STORY.

A bite! a bite!
The line grows tight;
I feel a sudden thrill of bliss;
A mighty swish
Proclaims a fish
At least as long as this, or longer:

Alas! alas!
It comes to pass
As oft it has with you, I wis:
I pull him out;
He's a trout
As long, perhaps, as this, or shorter:

TEACHER'S WORDS.

Like dew drops falling on a flower
A teacher's words should be,
But never like the hailstone shower
That blights the blooming tree.

If nature has not made the thread
Of intellect refined,
In vain we hammer at the head
To cultivate the mind.

Sweet-minded Women.

So great is the influence of a sweet-minded woman on those around her that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sickness and sorrow for help and comfort. One soothing touch of her kindly hand works wonders in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowful sister do much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home worn out with the pressure of business and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cosy sitting-room and sees the blaze of the fire and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences, which act as the balm of Gilead to his wounded spirit. We are all wearied with combating the realities of life. The rough school-boy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in the mother's smile; the little one, full of grief with its own large trouble, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast and so one may go on with instances of the influence a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power compared with hers.—*Pittsburg Christian Advocate.*

Emergency Notes.

If choked, get upon all four and cough.

For apoplexy raise the head and body; for fainting lay the person flat.

If an artery is cut, compress above the wound; if a vein is cut, compress below.

For slight burns dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed cover with varnish.

Remove matter from the ear with tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear.

For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing dish-water in them; remove cinders, etc., with the round point of a lead pencil.

Suck poisoned wounds, unless your mouth is sore; enlarge the wound or, better, cut out the part without delay; bold the wounded part as long as can be borne to a hot coal or end of a cigar.

Smother fire with carpets, etc., water will often spread burning oil and increase danger. Before passing through smoke take a full breath and then stoop low, but if carbonic acid gas is suspected, walk erect.

It's sometimes said patent medicines are for the ignorant. The doctors foster this idea. "The people," we're told, "are mostly ignorant when it comes to medical science." Suppose they are! What a sick man needs is not knowledge, but a cure, and the medicine that cures is the medicine for the sick. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures the "do believes" and the "don't believes." There's no hesitance about it, no "if" nor "possibly." It says—"I can cure you, only do as I direct." Perhaps it fails occasionally. The makers hear if it does, because they never keep the money when the medicine fails to do good. Suppose the doctors went on that principle. (We beg the doctors' pardon. It wouldn't do.)

Choking, sneezing and every other form of catarrh in the head, is radically cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Fifty cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

A New Advertising Wrinkle.

London tradesmen have discovered a little scheme, which it might be worth while for our merchants to follow. The enterprising Englishmen have hired well-dressed young woman to stand in front of their windows, and, with "Ohs" and "Ahs" of admiration gaze upon the goods within. It works beautifully, for others naturally stop and swell the refrain until quite an imposing group is admiring the goods of these progressive advertisers.

There are now twenty-one law firms in the United States composed of husbands and wives, and there are about 200 American women who practice law or control legal publications.

The prostration after the Grip is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It really does make the weak strong.

The cheapest tax-dodging scheme on record is that of a churchman in Lincoln county, Me., who has organized a bogus religious and charitable society, has made himself treasurer, and has turned all his personal property over to the treasury of this non-taxable corporation. He defies the assessors and they don't see how they can get at him.

—If you want Boots & Shoes cheaper than ever you bought them call at Kinney Bros., Acton.