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Editor and Proprietor

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The aggregate amount insured in Western Ontario is over $17,000,000.00.
Ample assets for all liabilities
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- - SEASON—1894 - -
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and will also supply any special sizes at short notice at Guelph prices.

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And woodwork repairs performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gumming and filing done.
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GOWDY'S CELEBRATED LAWN MOWER, high wheel, high speed
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they are selling
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Hardware Store,
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Prove it.
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Test it.
Go into any or all of the shoe stores commence with Oxfords at 75 cents and examine carefully up to $4.00. We claim that we can give a nicer and better fitting Oxford for the money than any other store in the city

Oh yes!
This great Family Shoe Store is the lead and intends keeping it
The Leading Shoe Store
W. McLaren & Co
GUELPH.
YOU MAY BE
Interested
GENTLEMEN
We respectfully ... attention to our assortment of Tweeds and Coatings for this Season's trade that it will compare favorably with any in the city we feel quite confident
Although we do not advertise ourselves (in print) as the only first class tailors in Guelph, we think that our record justifies us in claiming to be tailors whose goods and work are eminently satisfactory
We do not ... competition, but ... outdo us in any creditable particular
We have done and are doing as good work as any in Canada and court comparison
YOUR ... SHAW & TOBIN
Tailors and Clothing Dealers GUELPH

EXCURSION
every Saturday
ACTON to SPRAGGE'S
Popular Furniture Store
GUELPH
Every Saturday is our
BIG BARGAIN DAY
And on a purchase of $50 or more that would cost you $5 on any other store you will see your railway fare if you live from us, and I will give you a few examples
1 Extension Table ... 2 Bureau ...
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4 Parlor Suites ...
5 Parlor Suites ...
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The People's Popular Furniture Store.
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PAPER MAKERS,
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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.

Poetry.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING.

"Is life worth living?" Ask of him
Who toils both day and night
To make a little home for those
So dear unto his sight

"Is life worth living?" Ask of her
Who crowned with widow's weeds
Doth find supremest happiness
In kind and noble deeds

"Is life worth living?" Ask again
Of those whose highest aim
Is to assist their fellow man,
Without one thought of fame

Is life worth living? Ah! dear friend,
Let these good people tell.
A better question far is this,
"Is life worth living well?"

—Chicago's Dispatch.

Select Family Reading.

Cinderella.

Whenever Effie thought of her hat, which appeared at present to be to do the house-work for her step mother and her two step sisters, her mind naturally reverted to her favorite fairy tale, the tale she liked to read oftenest in those childish days not so far away, for she was not yet seventeen, before her father filled her dear dead mother's place with the overwhelming presence of the Widow Hamphertz, whose twin girls had quite thrown Effie into the shade from the time that they entered the house.

"I should have been classified Cinderella, she used to say, "only I certainly have no fairy god mother and no one will ever change the rats, that I'm sitting on so when I go down the kitchen stairs in the dark, into horses, or the of the big pump kins I am forever stewing for pies into a carriage; and certainly, certainly, certainly the young prince will never fall in love with me or one of my shoes.

And then Effie would give the stout serviceable boots, which her step mother always bought a size too large for her, a contemptuous look, which would have withered their soles, had they been anything more sensitive than leather and pumella.

Effie never said all this to any one but herself certainly not to her step mother who now that she was a widow once more for Effie's father had not lived long after his second marriage was completely mistress of the house. Everything had been left to her and she had her own ideas of propriety. She rather admired or all said Effie, but she had a soft way of convincing her that was just as bad. Melissa and Amanda Hamphertz were older than Effie, a ... girls, and ... Effie was ... and she ... and ... able ... Melissa and Amanda must have ... family ... than ...

Effie was ... that ... of ... Effie ... girl ... made ... a ... and ... other cards ... ball ... after she must ... Effie ... help ... get ready. A ... was kept ... wash and cook and ... Effie only had ... to be ... But ... Effie ... which ... nothing ... Her sisters ... to ...

It was provoking ... for her ... and her step ... with ... short and ... It ... Effie ... could ... It was only ... Effie ... could ... come ... Effie ... as plain ... that he admired her ... Effie ... silk and Melissa's last year's hat ... which was, in step mamma's estimation, quite good enough ... wear.

Since then she had called herself Cinderella ever ... and when at last the Goodwoods gave an evening party and not only Mrs. Mervin and her daughters were invited but also Miss Effie Mervin in a little note addressed to herself she fairly rebelled as her step mother expressed it to be her opinion that she might take Amanda and Melissa, but that Effie really could not go.

"Why not? I should like to know when I ever an invitation," asked Effie.

"You're not in society yet, dear," said Mrs. Mervin blandly, "and it isn't good for young girls to go out in the evening in a few years."

"In a few years! ... party will be over," said Effie, "and I want to go so much. Oh do let me."

"My dear," cried Mrs. Mervin, "it is only three days to get ready, and you have no party dress."

"I ought to have," said Effie ... shame.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Mervin, "you'd ... better about ... than you."

"She might alter my blue grenadine for ... herself," said Amanda.

And Effie gave a start. For the second daughter of the step mother in Cinderella, being more good natured than her sister, cried, "Give her one of my old dresses" when the famous ball was in question.

But though Mrs. Mervin did not say out frankly, as did the step mother of the fairy tale, "My dear, the king's son will be there," she thought much the same thing. She remembered Leslie Goodwood sigh a good match for any one who was happy to catch him, and she remembered also that Effie was much prettier than her Melissa.

"No, my dears, no," she said, with a smile that she could always command at will, and that gave her such a reputation as an amiable woman. "No, children, I know what is best for young persons. Effie will be a woman soon enough, and wish her childish days back again." With which words she left the room to dress herself for a shopping expedition, for lace and flowers, and ribbons and dainty shoes were needed for her girls, even though they had handsome dresses enough already for the Goodwood's party.

So Effie was not to go. She was to remain at home, and sit up for the others. And her little face was as long as it well could be as she took her place beside the grate fire and put her feet upon the fender.

"Cinderella! Cinderella!" she cried aloud. "If ever there was a Cinderella on earth, it is I. I wish ..."

"What do you wish, my dear?" said a voice behind her, and Effie turned her head toward the door with a little scream, and there stood a tiny little old lady, not exactly in a red cloak, but certainly in a red shawl which nearly covered her.

"What is it you wish so much, Effie?" asked the old woman.

"Why, I was wishing I might go to the Goodwood's party," said Effie, bursting into a little laugh. "Do come in, Miss Percy. I really thought you were my fairy god mother at first. Did you come down the chimney?"

"You what?" asked Miss Percy. "I didn't create you, did I? I found Dinah at the kitchen door, and ran in that way. But what a shame it was for the Goodwood not to ask you to their party. I know Mrs. Mervin and the other girls are there. I saw them go in."

"Oh they asked me," said Effie. "They sent me such a fine little note. And I wanted to go, but my stepmother said I mustn't. She always thinks me too young for any amusement. I'm only 17 enough to work."

"There's a shame," said Miss Percy. "But why didn't you say you would go? If it was your own mother, that would be different; but we've all noticed how you are kept down, and we're all provoked about it. Why shouldn't you have a little fun? You're just the right age for it."

"I think so myself," said Effie. "But I haven't any dress, and I never have any money. Papa left me nothing, you know."

"You pa! Well, you pa is dead," said Miss Percy. "But you see here, Effie, you shall go to the party if you like."

"It is my fairy god mother," said Effie.

"What are you talking about, child?" cried the old lady. "But just wait a moment. My boy is at our house with her daughter and she has a great trunk full of the prettiest things. I'll run her, and I'll bring you all you want to wear."

"But I don't dare to go," said Effie.

"I'll take you," said Miss Percy, daunt lessly.

Away she went and Effie, trembling at her own temerity, brushed her hair into the loveliest curls ever seen, and in the shortest possible space of time. Back came Miss Percy with a pretty dress of pale blue silk, white gloves and slippers, and just the prettiest bunch of blush rose buds.

Miss Percy made a deft little woman, and in a few moments Effie stood before the parlor mirror admiring herself in her new attire which fitted as though made for her.

"It's a fairy dress," said Miss Percy. "I'd that could be helped. Now I've got a carriage, little pony carriage at the door, and I'll be coachman. Wrap yourself up well, for I am ready to scream at your ankles, for I shall be at home. Now kiss me."

"I'm ... of a godmother," cried Effie.

"I'm ... but I wasn't ... kiss me," said Miss Percy. "What I ... to ..."

"I'm ... Cinderella is a actual fact," said Effie, "I've had a coach and a pumpkin, too."

Cinderella! Oh that is a fairy tale. I remember something of it. "But she had glass slippers," said Miss Percy. "Dear dear," and a step mother too. I begin to understand."

Then she hurried Effie into the little carriage, and away they drove.

"You must go and speak to Mrs. Goodwood," said Miss Percy, "and that's all. I'm incognito and I'll be taken care of after that."

"I suppose I must," said Effie, carefully. "I wonder what my step mother will say."

"Who is that lady who looks so much like Effie?" whispered Miss Mervin to Amanda.

"I should think it was Effie," said Amanda. "only there is no thing in the house anything like what she has on."

"And she's prettier than Effie," said Miss Mervin. "But how like her."

"Mr. Goodwood is going to dance with her," said Amanda.

Indeed, Leslie Goodwood was at the moment leading Effie to her place in the quadrille.

"That's another proof it can't be she," said Mrs. Mervin. "He doesn't dance."

But Effie has had lessons in those school days of which her step mother knew nothing. And she had a sense of time and grace of motion that made dancing easy to her.

She was her step mother's and sisters' and was they did not recognize her. And who enjoyed the fun in the position greatly. She was altogether happy, and to also seemed Leslie Goodwood, who paid her as much attention as a host might pay to any lady, who waited on her to supper and who was again dancing with her when the clock which hung in the hall struck twelve.

"Is it really twelve o'clock?" said Effie. "Then I must go. Some one is to meet me to drive me home just at twelve."

"I am so sorry. But you must, if you are going to the carriage," said Leslie.

And then Effie got her wraps and ... down stairs with her, and there was the pony carriage and kind independent Mrs. Percy and Leslie handed her in, but as she sprang into the carriage the oddest thing happened. Her slipper, which was, as we have said, a little too large for her, slipped from her foot and fell upon the pavement.

"Oh my shoe!" cried Effie in a whisper.

But no one heard her. Leslie had clasped her hand and said "Good bye," and Mrs. Percy had driven off.

"I've lost one kind godmother's slipper," said Effie in despair. "What shall I do?"

"Oh, she has a hundred slippers," said Mrs. Percy, "and I'll get her another pair. Don't fret."

And this makes it more like Cinderella," cried Effie. "I'm getting frightened at myself."

And, to carry the story out, she was to find, with her calico dress hanging over a chair back, and all the finery, odd slipper and all, gone home with Mrs. Percy, when her stepmother peeped into her room on her way to bed.

"There was a girl just like you, Effie, at Mrs. Goodwood's last night," said Amanda.

"But handsomer and older," said Mrs. Mervin.

"Oh, I'm sure she was handsomer and older," cried Effie. And, underneath her breath, she whispered, "Cinderella again!"

Late in the afternoon someone inquired for Miss Effie Mervin, and sent in a card with

LESLIE GOODWOOD

upon it. The others were taking naps upstairs, and Effie went into the parlor in her childish calico dress.

Leslie was there. He had a little folded parcel in his hand, and after he had spoken a few words he said

"I think you lost a slipper last night, Miss Effie. I have brought it home. I found it just as you drove away."

Effie crimsoned. She scarcely knew why. She was utterly confused, and her presence of mind quite deserted her.

"It is exactly like Cinderella," she said aloud, and then, horribly ashamed of the dreadful speech, bit her lips and felt a strong wish that the floor would open and swallow her.

But Leslie, coming closer to her, said gravely:

"I hope it is. The young prince, when he found Cinderella's shoe, vowed he would marry no one but its owner. I have made the same vow. Will you help me to keep it?"

"It doesn't matter in the least what Effie said. But afterward she always called herself Cinderella in her own mind; so that you understand of course, that she married Leslie, as Cinderella married the young prince, and was happy ever afterward."

THE TRAVELLER CONVINCED HER.

The other day an omnibus full of passengers, drove up to its suburban terminus says a contemporary. Side by side sat a commercial traveller and a lady temperance lecturer. The commercial traveller seized his bag and made a move to get out. The lady made a snatch after him and he halted.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but you have my bag."

"You are certainly mistaken, madam," the traveller said, courteously but firmly. "This bag is mine."

"No, sir," the lady replied firmly, "it is mine. I should know it among a thousand. You must not take it."

But the lady persisted and the traveller insisted and they came very near quarrelling.

Presently one of the passengers pointed to a twin bag in the omnibus, and said:

"Whose is that?"

"It isn't mine," said the traveller. "It is just like mine, but this is mine."

"And it isn't mine," said the lady. "He has mine, and I want it, and I'll have it. It's a pity if a lady can't travel alone in this country without being robbed in broad daylight."

Finally the traveller said he would open the bag to prove the property.

The lady objected at first, saying she did not want her bag opened in the presence of a crowd of strangers.

But as there were no other means of settling the dispute, she at length consented.

The traveller took out a key, opened the bag, and the curious crowd bent forward to see.

On the top of everything lay a big, flat flask, half full of whisky, a pack of cards, meerschaum pipe, a quarter of a pound of tobacco, and a snuff box.

The traveller was the first to recover his self possession and speech.

"Madam," said he, "You are right. The bag is yours. I owe you a thousand apols."

But the lady had fainted and the traveller relocked his bag with a quiet smile.

Early in the afternoon a sign painter received a note in a feminine hand asking him to come to a certain house to mark a black bag in white letters a foot and a half long.

COUSINS FROM THE WORKHOUSE

Here is an amusing story of Messrs. Toole and Brough, which appeared some years ago, but is worth re telling. Having appeared conjointly in a drama, "Dearer than Life," in which they wore very ragged, war begone costumes, they visited the well known artists, Fradelle and Marshall, to be photographed in their rags. While waiting between the plates, Toole, who is very fond of a lark, suggested to his brother comedian to rally out and call upon a certain mutual acquaintance, who would be horribly shocked at receiving visitors in such a garb. Brough at once assented, and popping on their battered hats, out into the street the pair slipped, and made for the house of their friend. Of course the neat housemaid and the master buttons were horrified, and declined, even without being asked to purchase matches or the like.

"I axes your pardon," said Toole in an assumed tone, "you're making a slight mistake. We want to see your master," and he mentioned the gentleman's Christian name and that of his wife.

"We have important business with him," chimed in Brough.

The girl's face was a ... expression, and she said, "Master never sees the likes of you at his house. He most particular ain't the Charles" (appealing to the page). "You must be making a mistake."

"Oh no we ain't," responded Toole, with supreme gravity. "But I'm sorry William (the Christian name of the gentleman in out). I haven't got a card about me (pretended to fumble among his rags), but tell your master that his two cousins from the workhouse, called as they were passing through London."

A GIRL'S OPPORTUNITY

"I wish I had not discussed that matter with Donald last night," said one young girl to herself, as she walked slowly home from her class. "he is so clever and so much used to argument that instead of helping, I am afraid I only harmed him."

"But when Donald came to speak of this matter, he said, 'Our little talk finally decided me not to enter the scheme, Annie. I could talk down your arguments but I could not feel willing to be engaged to what a high minded girl like you thought below your standard of right. In those days, when a young man has to fight for every inch of his way in the world, and then struggle to maintain it, the dust and noise of the battle are so great that we cannot always see and hear the truth, that is surely one reason that God gives you different lives from ours, sheltered lives, calmer, less tempted, less beset, that you may keep the standard high and that we may judge ourselves by your standards."

JOHNNY'S DEFINITION.

It was in the definition class, the teacher was giving out the words to spell, and explaining them at the same time. "Nap, that means a little sleep, you know. John K-n-n-kin, that means of a family, belonging to a family, do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Pretty soon the class was called up again and the word napkin came up.

"Can anyone tell what napkin means? What is it?" asks the teacher.

"I know," yells Johnny; "a sleepy family."

ROBBING THE PROFESSOR.

A story is told of a college president who suspected that some of the students had planned to rob his hen roost. Near the inclosure were two large apple trees at the back of his house; so he quietly went out and waited till they came. At the two, one ascended the tree, the other waited below.

When they were ready to commence operations the doctor made a slight noise, and the one below started off with an exclamation of surprise. The one in the tree asked in a whisper:

"What's the matter?"

To which the doctor replied in a whisper:

"All's right."

"Here, catch hold," said the upper one, handing down a rooster, "here's old Prex, and handing down a hen, "here's Mrs. Prex, and," handing down a chicken, "here's Miss Prex. I guess that'll do."

The doctor quietly got over the fence with the fowls, and went to his house.

The poor robber of the hen roost descended to find his companion gone. What they said when they met will probably never be known, but in the morning the two young gentlemen received a polite invitation to dine with the president, an honor they could very well decline.

Possibly they were embarrassed when, seated at the table they saw three fowls roasted for the dinner, and we can imagine their sensations when the doctor said:

"Now, young gentlemen, will you have a piece of old Prex, Mrs. Prex or Miss Prex?"

How the dinner passed off, and how the young delinquents got off deponent saith not. On that theme history is dumb. But nothing more was heard of the escapade, the doctor thinking that the mortification was sufficient punishment.

JUST FOR FUN

A school of poor children, having read in the Bible the denunciation against hypocrites who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, were afterward examined by a benevolent patroness as to their recollections of the chapter. "What, in particular, was the sin of the Pharisees children?" asked the lady. "Eating camels, my lady," was the prompt reply.

Little drops of water
Poured into the mite,
Make the milkman's daughter
Dress herself in silk.

"Bang's son has a wonderful influence over him. Bangs goes to church regularly now." "How did he persuade his father?" "Well you see he's only three months old, and it was either go to church or take care of the baby."

"Well, friends," said a Scottish clergyman recently, "the kirk is urgently in need of silver, and as we have stated, to get money honestly we will have to see what a bazaar can do for us."

The lazy boy who depends upon the spur of the moment, often dies overcome that particular moment he's any spur.

Little Dick. "Papa, didn't you tell mamma we must economize?"

Papa. "I did, my son."

Little Dick. "Well, I was thinking, that if you'd get me a pony I wouldn't wear out no many shoes."

Hicks. "Look at Gradhedge. He has sat listening to Miss Pedalpounde, play that piano for over an hour. I thought you told me that he wasn't fond of music."

Wicks. "He isn't. But he's just daft on athletics."

Wife—"Why, Charles, what do you mean by burning our old love letters?"

Husband. "I have been reading them, my dear, and it occurred to me that after I die some one who wished to break my will might get hold of them and use them to prove I was insane."

PEARLS OF TRUTH

The voice of the majority is no proof of justice.

We never desire ardently what we desire rationally.

Civility costs nothing, and buys everything.

He who has not a good memory should never take upon him to be a liar of lying.

Honesty is the best policy, but he who acts upon this principle is not an honest man.

We can conquer fate and necessity, yet we can yield to them to such a manner, as to be greater than if we could.

The Sunday is the code of our civilization, dedicated to thought and reverence. It notices to the noblest solitude and to the noblest society.

Some people can notice attitude ... God without making it less they are thinking of themselves and of taking little traps for approbation.

Poverty is hard but honest, a curse. A man might as well have many ... and a scolding wife which are said to be the two worst evils of our life.

CHOOSING COMPANIONS.

Choose your companions. Do not ... whoever may choose you, but choose for yourself your own company. Choose those who respect their parents and are loved at home. Nowhere is there such an opportunity given to study a person's real character as at his home. Those who respect their parents will respect what is worthy and good in you and those whom the little ones of home love and trust you may regard as worthy your confidence. Respect for parents and care for little ones are rarely found in hearts that are very bad.

Choose true Christians. They live from principle, and believe that God's eye is upon them. Being friends of God's, they will bring you to the best company, and they will be likely in their prayers to keep you before the mind of the Almighty, so that you may share in their own blessings. Their friendship will last. They are everlasting friends, for heaven—the place you hope for—is their home. You need never say at last "Good Bye" to such friends.

MATHEMATICALLY EXACT.

The patient "Docthor, sure I feel worse afther thim powthers ye gev me."

The doctor—"Did you take it strictly as I ordered?"

The patient "Well, in a manner av spakin', yes. Ye said I was to take all I cud put on a five cint piece every hour. I hadn't a five cint piece in the house, so I tuck as much as a wan cent piece would howld ivery twelve minutes be the clock!"

The people quickly recognize merit, and this is the reason the sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla are continually increasing. Hood's is "on top."

THE SONGS OF HOME.

"The world is full of a million song,
We pause to listen and we hear
Forever sounding, far or near,
Enter sweet vibrations, soft or strong,
Yet sweeter sounds, and far in the dear
Than to the outward ears can come,
In memory's music, so it said clear
That rings upon the inward ear,
The loved, old songs of home.

We catch the music of the May,
The tender voice of bird or breeze,
That trembles tuneful through the trees
And faint and sweet from far away
The mingled murmur of the seas,
Yet sweeter, nearer far than these,
Through strong sang across the foam,
Are echoed through life's stillness,
The loved, old songs of home.

The old, old tunes, the sweet old words
That lips grown silent, hard to sing
How cling around the heart they cling,
Smiting its truest, tenderest chords,
Let all the world with music ring
Where'er we go, where'er we roam
Not one can touch so sweet a string
Or to the heart such rapture bring
As those loved songs of home.

HOW TO SMILE.

Business men meet your cust mers with a smile on your face, and if it looks self evidently manufactured one it will bring you good returns before night, remarks a contemporary. Meet certainly, if it is one simply gotten up for business purposes and does not come from an inherent or cultivated kindness of heart, your customer will detect the fraud and think less of you for covering your face with the symbol of kindness, which is after all only the formation of the dollar mark upon your lips. No, we don't mean that kind of a smile, but one that comes out and is the product of a thankful heart and manifests itself in the beaming eye and sympathetic tone. This kind of a smile—the true and not the counterfeit—will bring you friends, and friends mean customers, customers mean a good profitable return for your labors, and all the blessings which honestly earned, money can bring with it.

VERY ANCIENT JOKES

When Themistocles was trying to get money out of the Adrians for the Greece defense fund and told them that the Athenians would come with two great gods, persuasion and necessity, the Andrians replied that the Athenians were well off with two such serviceable gods, but they had two gods who always dwell in their country, poverty and impossibility.

Cyrus' bitter jest about the fishes to the wretched Ionians, who had declined his overtures, and then after the taking of Sardis, wanted to come to terms, has too much cruelty to be humorous.

"Say," said the insulting victor, "that a piper, playing fishes in the sea, were to pipe to them, thinking they will come out to the land, and when he was disappointed of his hope took a net and inclosed a great multitude of the fishes and drew them to land, and seeing them flopping about said to the fishes, 'Cease dancing to me since you would not come out and dance when I played.'" Westminster Review.

PUMICE STONE

Pumice stone is a porous lava produced from volcanoes. The pores are so fine and so fine as often to be barely visible except by means of a magnifying glass. Its specific gravity is 2.2 to 1.4, water being the unit, but by reason of its spongy texture pieces are often found buoyant enough to float on water. It consists chiefly of silica with ... and ... It is used of various ... for ... and ... The best ... come ... Bruno, one of the ... with ... a pill ... the arts ... in a powder ... material for ivory, wood, glass, marble, etc. It is also used in lump for ... and smoothing metallic surfaces, leather, etc., and in the preparation of ... Quantities of the pulverized pumice are used in making fancy soaps.

A TELL TALE HYMN BOOK

A short time ago a tired looking ... entering in from a distance who was not sufficiently well rigged out to attend church with the family on the following Sunday. The remedy was easy. A visit was paid to a leading drapery establishment in the town from which a sealskin jacket was sent home on approbation. It was returned on the Monday following with the usual message that the article only would explain that she for her tell tale finger. Inside a hymn book was found in the jacket pocket showing that it had been worn at church on the previous day. The explanation promised was never made.

NOT THE SAME

A minister had gone to the ... to preach and ... the villagers were full of curiosity to hear him. At the close of the service one of the deacons engaged the young preacher a wife in conversation. "It was a strange coincidence, said he, "that your husband's text was the one from which his father preached his last sermon in this pulpit." "Indeed!" said the lady, "well that was strange. I hope she continued it wasn't the same sermon." "Oh, no," said the deacon in a depressing manner, "the father was a dreadful smart man."

KEEP STILL

A writer in the Union Signal says: When trouble is brewing, keep still. When slander is getting on its legs, keep still. When your feelings are hurt keep still, till you recover from your excitement at any rate. Things look differently through an unagitated eye. In a commotion once I wrote a letter and sent it, and wished I had not. In my later years I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter; but it had rubbed a little sense into me, and I kept that letter in my pocket against a day when I could look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable some times.

"Ten cents it costs," sweet Mary cries
"My dress is just a treasure,
I dyed it with the Diamond Dyes"
One day when had leisure."

If you mail this verse and notice and 25 cents in stamps or money to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, you will receive *Our Home*, Canada's new monthly family paper, for one year; also illustrated book on "How to Make Mats and Rugs," and one package of Ink Powder, for making 16 ounces of best black ink. Mention this paper.