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H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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A. S. ELLIOTT, M. B.
Acton
Graduate of Toronto University.
OFFICE Main Street, third door south of Presbyterian Church, Acton.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
OFFICE: Corner Mill and Main Streets, above Sapham's store, Acton.

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Oak, Cherry and Other Colors

Complete for 25 Cents.

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BABY CARRIAGES,
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Best assortment.
Our Low Prices win every time.

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Wall Paper,
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Frames
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Artist's Materials
etc., at
LOWEST PRICES

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WATERS BROS.
NEAR POST OFFICE GUELPH

J. H. Hamilton,
DEALER IN
Marble and Granite,
Hamilton's Block
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Latest New Designs
Consisting of
Just Received a Large Consignment of

Granite
Norway, Swede, Russian, English, Irish, Scotch.
OF BEST QUALITY
Granite to be sold at prices lower than shown in Ontario.
Call and Inspect.
J. H. HAMILTON

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Main Street, Acton,
JOHN McQUEEN
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Frost & Wood, Smith's Falls
ALSO
Coulthard & Scott, Oshawa,
DRILLS AND CULTIVATORS
Fleury Plows,
Every Plow shares to fit all kinds of Plows
Call and inspect
JOHN McQUEEN

W. BARBER & BROS.
PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
AND
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS
The paper used in this Journal is from our above mills
WM. BARBER & BROS

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T. J. SPEIGHT, Proprietor
Manufacturers of
DYNAMOS
ELECTRIC MOTORS
WATER MOTORS
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Also a Full and General Repair Line of Machinery, all fitted with gas brazing machine, prepared to do brazing on Bicycles Frames, Wheels converted from Direct to Tangent Spokes. Handle Bars bent to any desired angle. Full line of spokes kept in stock. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Bicycles enamelled in any color.
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REV. J. E. HOWELL, B. A. Pastor
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Public services 10.30 a. m. and 6.30 p. m. Sunday school 2.30. Bible Class conducted by the pastor. All cordially invited.
Strangers and visitors always welcome. Ushers at the door.
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Meets every Tuesday evening. All Young People invited.

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MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Coal and Wood
Coal and Wood always in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices.
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No charge made for collecting Sales Notes if payable in Guelph.

A General Banking Business transacted.

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GET OUR PRICES

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HARDWARE
GUELPH.

A Full Line of Light new Things in TAN SHOES

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Farmers should see our Plough boots at $1.00 and $1.25
They Wear . . .

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See our list. All Field Fare and Tester Seed Imported direct by myself from original growers in the Old Country

Carter's Elephant	Early Purple Top Swede
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GEO. J. THORP
SEEDSMAN
Stocks Dry & Machine Clean
GUELPH ONT.

OUR NEW SPRING GOODS ARE NOW IN STOCK

Call and see them

Shaw & Turner
Merchant Tailors, Co.

Corn! Corn!

We have the following varieties of Ensilage Fodder Corn

Mammoth Southern Sweet	Early Butler
White Cap Yellow Dent	Champion's Early
Yellow Dent	Thoroughbred White Flint
Cuban Giant	Stowell's Evergreen
Extra Early Leaming	Longfellow

And all kinds of Garden Corn.

My Corn has all been tested and can rely upon getting the right article.

All the latest and best varieties of Turnip Seeds, Carrots, Mangels, Sugar Beets, Hungarian, Millet, Rape, Tares, etc.

All kinds of Seed for permanent pasture.

Come and see my goods and prices. I can sell as cheap as any one in the business.

The Mammoth Flour, Feed and Seed Store
JAMES HEWER,
45 Macdonnell Street East,
Guelph, Ont.

Poetry.

"WHEN THE GREEN GITS BACK IN THE TREES."

In the spring when the green gits back in the trees,
And the sun comes out and stays,
And your boots pull on with a good tight squeeze,
And you think of your barefoot days,
When you start to work and you want to not,
And you and yer wife agree
It's time to spade up the garden lot
When the green gits back in the trees
Well, work is the least of my jdoes
When the green, you know, gits back in the trees.
When the green gits back in the trees, and bees
Is a-bosslin' aroun' again,
In that kind of a lazy "go as you please"
Old gait they hum roun' in,
When the ground's all bald where the hay-rick stood,
And the crick's ris, and the breeze
Coaxes the bloom in the old dogwood,
And the green, you know, gits back in the trees.
When the whole tail-feathers o' winter time
Is all pulled out and gone,
And the sap it thaws and begins to climb,
And the sweat it starts out on
A feller's forred, a-gettin' down
At the old spring on his knees
I kind o like, jes' a-loaferin' roun'
When the green gits back in the trees
Jes' a pattern 'roun as I durn please
When the green, you know, gits back in the trees.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Select Family Reading.

The Biter Bitten.

My uncle sir Charles Weatherlogey, was an old gentleman who owned a large estate in Berkshire, and was very much respected by the people of his neighborhood. He was kind and indulgent to his tenants, many of whom would sacrifice their lives at any time to be of service to him. The country gentry for miles around were on the most intimate terms with him, and all spoke of him in praise.

There was one man, however, for whom my uncle had a decided antipathy. That was the Rev. B. H. Caldwell, who occupied the glebe lands adjoining my uncle's estate. They had been friends for a number of years, but quarrelled at last over some trivial matter, and it made my uncle his enemy for life. Uncle was a good man in most respects, but he had this one failing: if he once took a dislike to a man he never forgot it, and on this occasion his first impulse drove him to seek revenge upon the Reverend Mr. Caldwell.

At this time, in England, sectarianism was very much looked down upon by the Episcopal church, and as the Rev. Mr. Caldwell was a rigid Episcopalian, my uncle's plan of annoyance was a terrible trial to the venerable gentleman who had been his family minister for twenty years.

The Episcopal church was within fifty yards of my uncle's estate, and was the only place of worship the family had ever attended therefore it was a serious affair to be at enmity with the rector. But uncle was equal to the occasion. He invited several prominent Methodist ministers to come on a visit, and, very much to their surprise, offered to give them the ground on which to build a large church.

Of course this piece of magnanimity was eagerly accepted, and drew down upon his head the everlasting thanks of the whole denomination. The work was commenced at once and was soon completed, under the care of the newly made convert, who took particular pains to have the building erected in full view of the Episcopalian rectory.

Little did the Methodists know with what malignant satisfaction the projector of this scheme gloated over the success of his plot, and the terrible anguish of spirit that the Rev. Mr. Caldwell suffered then and during the remainder of his life.

A brilliant young minister was duly installed in the new church, and soon became the spiritual light of the district over which he presided. He was a bright, handsome young man, and had the good fortune to be unmarried. This made him a general favorite at my uncle's house, for reasons which will appear presently.

My uncle had a family of six children, three of whom were daughters. The youngest was by far the most beautiful, and was her father's favorite, a fact which he took special care to show, but she inherited a strong will, and, notwithstanding my uncle's love for her, he had serious misgivings that she would bring disgrace upon herself and her family.

The young Methodist minister was not slow to perceive the difference between Maud and her sisters, but although he couldn't help seeing that either Grace or Laura had the advantage of being more refined and better in disposition, yet Maud inspired a love in his breast stronger than he had ever felt for any other woman.

Little by little the acquaintance between the Rev. John Young and Maud ripened, and grew into an intense mutual love.

But the course of true love never did run smoothly, and the present case was no exception to the general rule, for Maud was already betrothed to one of the wealthiest young men in Berkshire. This arrangement was made by the parents of both, and in England among rich families, disobedience to parental authority means something serious, so dear little Maud had trouble in anticipation if she favored Mr. Young's suit.

Young was very diplomatic, however, and he contrived to make love to Maud in a way that completely baffled father and sisters, and he continued to visit the house and retain the friendship of the whole family under a cloak of religion which passed as an excuse for all his actions.

Everything seemed to favor the lovers for a time, but a scene took place one morning before Maud and her father which threatened to mar the pleasure of her future meetings with Mr. Young.

"My dear, it is now time for you to name some definite day for your wedding," her father said in a very coaxing tone.

Maud was puzzled, but was too wise to say or do anything that would give the old gentleman room for suspicion, so she feigned surprise, and answered:

"Oh, dear papa, do not press the matter so soon; you know I am too young to be married, and it would only be an act of justice to let me wait at least six months, before placing me at the head of a house, with all the cares and troubles of a wife to bear."

"Humbug! Cares and troubles! A sensible woman should never talk as that way. Your mother was married when she was eighteen, and never regretted it. I flatter myself. Now, Maud, this is all nonsense for you to desire further delay. Charles has been quite anxious of late, and he vows that he won't wait any longer."

"Well, dear papa, if you are in such a hurry to get rid of me, I must submit, but you must give me a month, for you know it will take all of that time to get my wedding dresses made."

"Ah, that's better. You are a dear, sensible girl, and you shall have a whole month, whether Charles likes it or not."

And with a parting kiss, father and daughter separated, each apparently satisfied.

As soon as Maud found herself in her own room and the door carefully locked, she indulged in a fit of crying. She felt as if the time had already come when she must separate from her heart's choice and marry a man for whom she had no love.

"What is to be done?" she asked herself over and over again, but in her grief she could see nothing but darkness and misery.

At last a faint hope broke in upon her troubled mind; she would see her lover, and tell him all that had passed between herself and her father. Hope seemed to tell her that the object of her choice would be able to suggest a remedy from the impending doom.

The meeting between the lovers that afternoon must have been satisfactory, for Maud returned to her father's house quite flushed, and evidently happy.

She did not appear at the breakfast table next morning, and her maid, being sent to look for her mistress, returned with the awful intelligence that Maud was not to be found. The room was untenanted, and the bed was made up as the maid had left it the evening previous.

My uncle was almost frantic upon hearing this intelligence, and rushed madly up stairs with a vain hope of finding some clue to the mystery. But, alas! it was too true. Maud was gone. Where, how, or when, no one in the house could tell, for she was seen going to her room on the evening before, and further than this was not known.

I presume the reader has already guessed the truth concerning Maud's disappearance from her father's home. She had eloped with her lover, and was married when they reached London.

As soon as my uncle discovered the whole facts of the case, his rage knew no bounds. He went about like a madman, threatening vengeance upon the "Scoundrel who thus thwarted his hopes and disgraced his family name. He swore that Maud should never inherit a penny of his property, or set foot in his house again.

The seeds of revenge which he had sown by building the Methodist Church had now grown into a rich harvest for his neighbor, the Reverend B. H. Caldwell. But what over this pious old gentleman thought on the subject, he had the good taste to keep it to himself, and did not in any way make use of it to return evil for evil. "The biter bitten," was all he was heard to remark when he learned the truth of what had befallen my uncle.

Years of sorrow brought the old man to his death bed, and it was only then that he made amends for the past. Before he died he seemed at peace with the world. Maud and her husband were forgiven, and handsomely provided for in his will which left them happy and comfortable for a long life of usefulness.

The moral lesson to be derived from the story of my uncle's life is a warning of how easily a man may destroy his own happiness by seeking to injure his neighbor.

LAUGHTER

There ought to be societies formed for the encouragement of laughter. A real laugh is not common for it must be remembered that a snicker is not a laugh. Foreigners travelling in this country have more than once commented upon the singular gravity of Americans as a race.

The Puritans were inclined to frown upon laughter as frivolous, and therefore wicked. Life was a very grave affair to them, an almost constant struggle for existence, and they had no time to make merry. The first two centuries of our national life were very grave. Persons were many and the Indians were almost continually on the warpath. It is no wonder our forefathers regret a hearty laugh. Then came the Revolution which was certainly no laughing matter.

Perhaps all these wars, trouble and privations may have fixed gravity as our national heart. Then it may be that the idea was widely entertained that it was undignified to laugh. We know that the eyes of the world are upon us, as it would in order to act like children. Public orators and essayists sneer at laughter. Goldsmith (who was always laughing) tells us of the laugh that spoke the vacant mind; and the scornful Byron says: "And if I laugh at any moral thing, 'tis that I may not weep."

Many people are afraid to laugh because they think it common, as they express their merriment with a smile.

They do wrong. Nature evidently intended us to laugh, or children would not know how. Laughter is healthful, and provocations of good morals as well as of good health. Hamlet says that "one may smile, and smile, and be a villain," and so one might, but no one could laugh and and laugh, and be a villain.

To smirk, grin, guffaw, or smile, is not to laugh. A good whole souled, hearty laugh is a panacea for many ills and worth a doctor's prescription.—*Golden Days.*

CAREFUL WITH CENTS.

A gentleman stacked up to a hotel keeper, while taking a match safe from his pocket accidently dropped a cent on the floor. He picked it up carefully, and as he did so said: "I have only lately realized the value of a cent. I have a small account with a trust company, and the other day I received my book with interest computed at $13.29. I worked at the figures quite awhile, and I or that the exact amount was $13.93. Then I argued with the secretary that it could be but he would not consent to the increase. So I came to the conclusion that if a company with a capital of $1,000,000 can figure on half cents I ought to be careful with cents."

HE PREFERRED WHITE.

Miss Puschlibroom (to her brother): What do you think of the most stylish color for a bride?

Brother Jim: Well, I don't know much about style, sir, but for myself I should prefer a white one.

ZADOC WASN'T TO BLAME FOR IT.

Sitting alone on the bench by the deer park in the Zoological Gardens one sunny day was a wrinkled faced old woman hard on to 60 years of age, and she had a clay pipe in her hand and asked me for a match to light it. I was a stranger in the town, and sat down beside her and asked:

"So you have been taking in Central park to-day?"

"Yaas, been all around," she replied.

"You are not here alone?"

"Oh, no. Zadoc is here with me, but he got mad and went off down this way a while ago. I shan't foller him, however. If he wants to stay mad he can please his self."

"Have you seen the animals, ma'am?"

"Yaas, and that's what made the trouble. What do you call them critters in the tanks o' water?"

"Hippopotamuses, ma'am. Queer looking things, eh?"

"I never saw the beat. The big one has a face to him exactly like Zadoc, and when I said so he got as mad as a wet hen. If we'd been home I guess he'd hev boxed my ears, old as I am. Let Zadoc be I reckon out of a winder at ye and you couldn't tell whether it was him or a 'potamus."

"That's pretty hard on Zadoc," I said.

"Waal, I didn't mean to hurt his feelin's, but I couldn't help tell him of it. If you are goin' down that way you might tell him I want him. It's about time he went back to the tavern, I guess. Just look for an old man who looks like a 'potamus and you'll hit Zadoc."

There was a crowd of fifty people looking at the camels and buffaloes, but I picked Zadoc out at a glance and walked up to him and said:

"Your wife is waiting for you up the path."

"Who am I be," gasped as he looked me over.

"Zadoc, search-ly or other."

"How do you know me?"

"Why, why I" I stammered, as it occurred to me that I was trapped, when he rubbed his hands, pushed up his sleeves and interrupted:

"I look like a potamus, do I? say, I kin lick four men just like you all to once."

I got away from him, but he gave me a run through the lion house and might have won if a policeman hadn't caught him by the coat tails.—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHAT WISE MEN SAY.

Great memories, which retain all in their capacity, are the ancestresses of an art, and not the mistresses of a house.—Mme. Necker.

Ask the heart to give a reason for any of its beautiful anacreontic motions, and it can only look upwards and be dumb.—Lowell.

Nothing destroys authority so much as the unequaled and untimely interchange of power, pressed too far and relaxed too much.—Bacon.

Sudden resolutions, like the sudden rise of the mercury in the barometer indicate little else than the changeableness of the weather.—Hare.

Proverbs were anterior to books and formed the wisdom of the vulgar, and in the earliest ages were the unwritten law of morality.—Disraeli.

Not to be provoked is best, but if moved never correct till the fume is spent, for every stroke our fury strike is sure to hit ourselves at last.—William Penn.

Love, when true, faithful and well fixed, is eminently the sanctifying element of human life, without it the soul cannot reach its fullest height or holiness.—Ruskin.

Shakespeare says we are creatures that look before and after; the more surprising that we do not look round a little, and see what is passing under our very eyes.—Carlyle.

Southard learned the art of combining colors by closely studying butterflies' wings; he would often say that no one knew what he owed to those tiny insects.—*S. Smiles.*

I hate a fellow whom pride or cowardice or laziness drives into a corner and who does nothing when he is there but set up a groan. Let him come out as I do, and bark.—Johnson.

Beauty surpasses imagination, and we are breathing brightening and moving in a finer and more eye-sights desire, to our hearts than any we ever beheld in the land of sleep.—Goethe.

DISTRICT MESSENGER SYSTEMS.

In Japan if a woman is not married by a certain age, the authorities pick out a man whom they compel her to marry. In Schleswich there is a splendid insurance company established to provide for the single lady members of well to do families. The company gives them shelter, board and pin money. In Denmark young women are able to insure against being old maids. Should they remain spinsters at forty they receive a weekly allowance. The Marischiff Matrimonial Club, of Austria, the members of which are all rich men, pledge themselves to marry a poor girl, any infringement by marrying a rich one entails a fine of £400, which forms an endowment to keep those who have obeyed the rule. On the other hand, an anti matrimonial club exists at Frankfort, the members being ladies between the ages of twenty and forty, duly elected and paying an annual subscription of £10. They take a vow never to marry, doing so entails a fine of £100. Every member must dress in black and forswear novels.

ANIMAL DIET.

Fat in the instance lives on lettuce, and his laughable Hibernicisms are reported by the *Express*. Telling the need of medicine the other day, Pat applied to the doctor with whom he was acquainted. Medicus asked the symptoms, felt the pulse, examined the tongue, and did whatever else professional etiquette demanded. Then he said:

Patrick you're run down a bit, that's all. What you want is animal food.

And Pat departed quite contented.

About two days afterward the doctor happened to think of his case and called on Pat in the stable. "Well, Pat, and how are you getting on with the treatment?"

"Oh, sure, sir," said Pat, "I manage right with the grain and oats, but its mixed hard with the chopped hay."

Pure, rich blood is the true cure for nervousness, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one sure blood purifier and nerve tonic.

THE FEAR OF THUNDER.

The recent electrical storms that have been so frequent in this locality make the following quite applicable.

"Electric storms are far less dangerous than the majority of people imagine," writes Edward W. Kok in *Ladies Home Journal*. "That a severe lightning storm is terrifying admits of no question, and will sometimes bring uneasiness to the heart of the strongest man. But the real danger is slight. The chance of lightning striking a house, for example, is not one in a million. Particularly is this true in cities, strung as most of them are with electric wires. The greater danger from electric storms is in the country, and even there the danger may be lessened if the simplest and most common-sense of precautions are exercised. The surest electric conductor is a draught, and if, when a thunder storm approaches, it is seen that all windows and doors liable to occasion a draught are kept closed, the danger is at once reduced to a minimum. If a woman is "caught" out in a thunder storm the safest shelter is a house, the most dangerous is a tree, particularly an oak tree. It is a peculiar, but nevertheless a proven, fact, that the oak is the most susceptible of all trees to a current of electricity. Over fifty per cent of trees struck by lightning storms during one summer, the Government statistician tells us, were oaks, while the beech tree was the least harmed. Therefore, the worst possible place for shelter is under an oak tree, while by all odds, the safest place is in a house and out of a draught. The actual danger (from an electric storm) is, in truth, not from the lightning nor the thunder, but from the nervous condition into which women allow them selves to fall. And this is a danger which they can avoid. A little calm thought and a few grains of common sense will do it."

ABOUT THE BABY.

A London paper has awarded a two guineas prize for the best definition of a baby. The lady who won the prize sent in this answer. A tiny feather from the wing of birds, dropped into the sacred lap of motherhood.

The following are some of the best definitions given:

The bachelor's horror, the mother's treasure, and the despotic tyrant of the most republican household.

The morning caller, noonday crawler, midnight brawler.

The only precious possession that never excites envy.

The latest edition of humanity, of which every couple think they possess the finest copy.

A native of all countries, who speaks the language of none.

About twenty two inches of ease and wiggle, wrythe and scream, fitted with suction and testing apparatus for milk, and automatic alarm to regulate supply.

A quaint little craft, called Innocence, laden with simplicity and love.

A thing we are expected to kiss and look as if we enjoyed it.

A little stranger with a free pass to the heart's best affections.

That which makes home happier, love stronger, patience greater, hands busier, nights longer, days shorter, purses lighter, clothes shabbier, the past forgotten, the future brighter.

A STORY OF A LOST DIAMOND RING.

It is rare how lost valuables are sometimes recovered, and the story we tell you was related to me by George T. Dawson, who breathed much easier after he had again secured possession of his diamond ring," said Tom Larrimore yesterday. "Dawson was courting a pretty country girl, and on Sundays would drive out to her father's farm in a buggy and take her out riding. He was the proud possessor of a $400 diamond ring, which he transferred to Angel's finger one Sunday morning as they started to a country church to attend meeting.

The ring was too large for her finger, and somewhere on the road it slipped off and was lost. Fatherinlaw with other members of the family followed with a 2 horse wagon, and all gave up on trip to church and poured in the search for the diamond, but the gem was not to be found. It was springtime, and the roads were very soft, which allowed the wagon wheels to become covered with the loamy soil. After dinner the boys were strolling around the yard and one of them stopped at the wagon. Taking out his pocketknife he began cutting the mud on the wagon, when off dropped a lump of dirt displaying the diamond ring sticking in its center. The ring had fallen in the wagon track and had been carried at least three miles imbedded in the lump of mud which had adhered to the wheel.—*St. Louis Republic.*

THE MEMORY OF HOME.

In a recent sermon Rev. Wm. C. Bitting said: "No boy or girl can ever come to be utterly bad who remembers only love and tenderness and unselfishness and sweetness as associated with father and mother in the old time home. Give them manly and womanly example, give them training, give them the inspiration of devoted lives, give them these higher deeper things. Do not care so much as to whether you are accumulating money so that you can leave them a fortune. I really believe that the chances are against that being a blessing for a boy. But leave them an accumulated fortune of memories and inspirations and examples and hopes, so that they are rich in brain and heart and soul and service. Then if you happen to leave them a fortune besides, if they have all these the fortune will be shorn of its possibilities of evil, and will become an instrument of higher and nobler good."

A METEORITE THAT PAID A MORTGAGE.

Another illustration of uses to which meteorites may be put before their real character is known is afforded by those of Knox County, Kansas. They fell on a prairie where rocks were scarce and valuable, and the farmers of the vicinity found meteorites for building down lay stacks, stable roofs or covers to rain barrels. For such purposes they might have been used for a long time had not the wife of one of the farmers become convinced that there was some thing unusual about them, and called in an expert to examine them. He at once recognized their nature, and the enterprising woman finally sold here for enough to pay off a heavy mortgage upon the farm.—*St. Nicholas.*

LEAP YEAR.

Dear miss, you ask me to be yours
You say you love me true.
How can I know that I dare trust
My happiness to you?
They tell that poor cynic as heart
Is cold and callous too,
And, if unfaithful you should be,
Ah me, what should I do?

Nay, do not squeeze my hand, nor kiss I
Entreatingly to me.
My heart you've won, I must confess,
And yet it cannot be.
For I've been told you say and are,
And love not faithfully.
So I must bid you go, fair maid
If the best, you will agree.

You gamble, have died drink and smoke,
I've even heard you swear.
I am too timid, I'm afraid,
Too fragile and too fair
To be the mate of such a one
My life would be all care.
Your faithlessness and cold neglect
I would not, would not bear.

So let us speak no more of love
It pains me, as you see,
For, though you swear you're constant, yet
I fear you'd tire of me.
But we may still be honest friends
You shake your head, mais oui!
Come, take my hand, I promise that
I will a brother be.

Fan.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

When you arrive in the morning don't prepare yourself for work before your employers do.

Quit promptly at 5:30 p. m. Be prompt in getting home, even if you are not punctual in the morning.

Should you accidentally arrive in the morning before the managers do, put in your time reading the daily papers or watching the latest popular songs.

When you leave each evening, be sure your employers are still working. If they need your services when you are gone they will appreciate them all the more.

Should your employers leave the office for any length of time, write to your sweetheart, read the latest novel, talk to the pretty typewriter, or call up your girl on the telephone. Her employers will be pleased, of course, and in this way you will kill two birds with one telephone.

If you don't feel well stay at home and take a rest. Your employers do so, why not you? Should you "go down to the office," you'd have to work.

Remember, your main object should be to obtain the greatest amount of salary for the least amount of work.

Should you wish to transact any of your private business during the day slip out and attend to it. You won't be missed, if you're a good hustler.

Don't hesitate to lie when you're selling goods. Your employers know you would not utter an untruth, except where their interests and money are concerned, and that you would not, under any circumstances, lie for your own personal interest.

When one in the establishment is promoted, you can rest assured that there's something back of it; and if brains and talent were considered you would have been chosen to fill the coveted position.

Strike for a raise every three or four months, even if you don't get it the demand will serve to remind your employers of your sterling worth.

Change your employers about once every two years, provided you are not changed in the meantime. Perhaps you won't be able to save much money if you do so, but you will avoid being "fired," and incidentally you will in the course of fifteen or twenty years have quite a batch of recommendations testifying to your faithful and trustworthy services, etc.

SIGNS OF RAIN.

Smut is a good barometer. When [illegible] dampness is probable.

A rainbow in the morning foretells rainy weather during the day.

A red sunrise indicates foul weather at some time during the day.

A rainbow in the afternoon is generally an indication of clear weather.

When dogs are sleepy and appear dull and lifeless, when around a storm is near at hand.

Every indication tends that the fish bite baits, just before a shower than any other time.

The falling of [illegible] is a certainty or a tolerable sure indication of approaching bad weather.

Parrots are good barometers. Just before a rain the most talkative of the noisy parrot becomes silent.

Spiders always [illegible] before a rain, being advised by their instinct that more [illegible] and are thus easily taken.

Caged monkeys are likewise certain to give an indication of coming bad weather by being then more ill natured and quarrelsome than any other time.

Ducks are more than usually noisy on the approach of a storm, and when [illegible] quackin, is considered by farmers to be an almost infallible sign of rainy weather.

A MISTAKE AT THE OUTSET.

A sum in division:

6)15(66bit
7.31009

How many people sip like this sum. They make a mistake at the very outset in their lives, and they never get right to the very end. Every figure in this answer is wrong. Because six times seven are not forty, but forty two.

BRIGHT AND ECONOMICAL WOMEN

MAKE USE OF DIAMOND DYES

Bright and economical women find Diamond Dyes the greatest helps to house keeping.

The thrifty housewife, with the aid of Diamond Dyes can re color old and faded dresses, capes, jackets, pants, vests and coats, and make them look like new garments. In thousands of homes this work of renewing and recreating by the aid of Diamond Dyes, saves scores of dollars every year. The wonderful Diamond Dyes make such lovely and lasting colors that goods dyed with them cannot be told from new.

Success with Diamond Dyes is always certain and sure. The use of common adulterated dyes means destruction to your materials, and loss of temper and money.

Guard against substitutes; see that each package bears the name "Diamond."

If your dyes would keep from peddlers things keep quickly but "Myself and "I and "Mine" and, Mrs. and "How I do" or "did."