The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
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H. PMOORE
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence Corner Mill & Frederick Streets, Acton.

A. S. ELLIOTT, M. B.
Acton
GRADUATE TORONTO UNIVERSITY
OFFICE Main Street, third door south of Presbyterian Church, Acton

J. F. HALSTED, M. D., F. L. C. C., M. C. P. and S. Ont
Office Medical Hall, Main Street Acton
Patronage Solicited
Rheumatism and Catarrh Specialties

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Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College
Honorary member of the Veterinary Medical Society
OFFICE Will Husband's lot st. con. Nassagaweya.
Calls day or night promptly attended to.

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GEORGETOWN ONTARIO

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.
DENTIST
BROOKVILLE
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY
Work made Satisfactory Prices Moderate.
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DR. J. E. WILKINSON,
DENTIST
GRADUATE AND SPECIAL PRIZEMAN ROYAL COLLEGE DENTAL SURGEONS. HONOR GRADUATE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
Office open every day Special office days Monday, Tuesday and Friday Over the Drug Store, Acton Gas and all other anaesthetics used for painless extraction.

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Barristers, Solicitors Notaries Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan.
Office.—Town Hall, Acton.
WM. A. McLEAN. JNO. A. McLEAN

DOUGLAS & MURRAY
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries &c.
OFFICES—1256 Queen St., Parkdale
Victoria Chambers, 61 Victoria St
Telephone 2?1 TORONTO
JOHN DOUGLAS A. G. MURRAY

A. J. MACKINNON,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER
OFFICE Corner Mill and Main Sts., above Kopman's store, Acton

T. G. MATHESON, & J. B. McLEOD
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS
Georgetown and Milton
Money to loan at lowest rates

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ACTON ONT

MISCELLANEOUS

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Solicitor of Patents, for Inventions, etc.
Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American, and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks Send for pamphlet Thirty two years experience

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WORDEN BROS Proprietors
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ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening.
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JOB PRINTING,
INCLUDING Books, Pamphlets, Posters, Bill Heads, Circulars, &c. &c., executed in the best style of the art, at moderate prices and on short notice. Apply or address
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FREE PRESS Office, Acton

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address Box 620, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
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Guelph

WM. HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Fees reduced to
$5.00 FOR FARM SALES
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $200 and upwards.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor.
ARE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to enable them to execute all repairs to machinery, and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam fitting, horse shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repairs performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make now running and being sold.

STRONG HAMMOCKS,
TENNIS RACQUETS,
BASE BALL BATS,
MITTS AND BALLS.
Cheap to Clear Them Out.
OFFICE DIARIES 1897.

DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
GUELPH.
Day Sells Cheap.

DON'T YOU WANT .....
Wall Paper,
Room Moulding
Pictures
Frames
Cornice Poles
Artist's Materials
etc., at
LOWEST PRICES ?
Go direct to
WATERS BROS.
NEAR POST OFFICE GUELPH

WILLIAMS'
Boot & Shoe Store
OUR POLICY.
We operate our store on a determined policy, fair, square dealing backed by resources and stability. This means that we give the customers the benefit of the lowest prices possible every time. We do not slaughter our goods, nor sacrifice any special line to bolster up another, but purchase carefully, buy closely, and are thus enabled to sell on narrow margins of profit. We have won a reputation for reasonable prices that we intend shall stay with us and this principle is in operation in every department and on every article in our stock. It pays to trade here, because you get what you like and what you need. It saves you to deal here, because there is a fixed honest system of value.
Our Stock is complete in every line of the latest and most fashionable styles in
Men's Ladies', Girls'.
Boy's and Children's
Boots & Shoes
WILLIAM WILLIAMS,
Mill St. - ACTON

Custom work and repairing promptly attended to.

PRICES LOW
W. D. HUTSON & SONS
ROOFERS
SLATE
TILE
FELT AND GRAVEL
GALVANIZED IRON,
Estimates cheerfully furnished. Country work promptly attended to.
The trade supplied with the following building and roofing paper and pitch, galvanized iron eave troughs, down pipes and ridgings, and any work got out to detail
Office 51 Queen St. E. Residence, 36 Cecil St. TORONTO.
Messrs. Hutson & Son will do the slating and galvanized iron work on H. P. Moore's new residence in Acton

THE METHODIST CHURCH
ACTON.

REV. J. E. HOWELL, M. A. Pastor
Parsonage, Bower Avenue

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. All five ushers at the door

Epworth League of Christian Endeavor
Miss Maggie H. Matthews, President
Meets every Tuesday evening. All Young People invited

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

GUELPH
Business College
AND
Shorthand Institute,
GUELPH, ONT.
SUPERIOR FACILITIES for thorough and practical courses of Study. Bookkeeping, Shorthand and Typewriting courses a specialty. Graduates assisted to positions.
FALL SESSIONS commences Sept. 1st. Write for circulars
J. SHARP, Principal.

—ACTON—
LIVERY
AND
BUS LINE
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can all ways be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 9 a.m. and 8 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order.
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

THE
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Authorized Capital $1,000,000
Paid up Capital and Surplus $785,000
Assets over $6,300,000

Guelph Branch
3½ Sums of $1 and upwards received on deposit and 3½ per cent interest paid or compounded half yearly.
Deposit Receipts issued for large sums deposited
Advances made to responsible farmers on their own names.
No charge made for collecting Sales Notes if payable in Guelph
A General Banking Business transacted.
A. F. H. JONES, Manager

Longer Evenings
Suggest Lamps ....
New American goods just opened out.
You cant buy wrong by buying here.
Prices are like this.
Stand Lamps complete from 25c. to $9.50.
Hanging Lamps complete from $1.75 to $10.25.
No obligation to buy
Always pleased to have you call.
J. M. BOND & Co.
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

If your shoes hurt you did not buy them at
W. McLaren & Co's
GUELPH
Our rule with us is to sell shoes that FIT, WEAR AND PLEASE AT A FAIR PRICE.
We like to suit our customers better than any other firm can suit them. Try once and you will be convinced that the BEST VALUE in Footwear is at
The Leading Shoe Store
W. McLAREN & CO., GUELPH

BRAMPTON PRESSED BRICK
AND TILE WORKS.
Jas. Packham
MANUFACTURER OF
FINEST PRESSED BRICK
Dressing like of all Sizes and Shapes made to order at the Brampton Works.
155 South Wellington St. East
BRAMPTON
Again to the front with
SCREEN DOORS
We can give you better value in this line this season than ever before
We invite inspection
SASH
DOORS
FRAMES
MOULDINGS
And other building material such as Boxes, Casing, Flooring, Siding &c., at lowest prices
PUMPS.
of all kinds at right prices
Shop at foot of River Street, ACTON
THOS. EBBAGE
Manager

Coal & Wood
John McQueen
Having purchased the Coal business heretofore carried on by James Browning, am prepared to supply all orders for
Furnace Coal
Stove Coal
Chestnut Coal
OF BEST QUALITY.
Orders given to me personally or left at RAWLINS DRUG STORE will be promptly filled.
JOHN McQUEEN

Poetry.

UNDER THE DAISIES.

I have just been learning the lesson of life,
The sad, sad lesson of loving.
And all of its power for pleasure and pain
Been slowly, sadly proving;
And all that is left of the bright, bright dream,
With its thousand brilliant phrases,
Is a handful of dust in a coffin hid
A coffin under the daisies,
The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
The snowy, snowy daisies.

And thus forever throughout the world
Is love's sorrow proving;
There's many a sad, sad thing in life,
But the saddest of all is loving.
Love often divides far greater than death,
Stern fortune the high wall-chisses,
But better far than two hearts estranged,
Is a low grave starred with daisies,
The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
The snowy, snowy daisies.

And so I am glad that we lived as we did
Through the summer of love together,
And that one of us tired and lay down to rest
Ere the coming of winter weather,
For the sadness of love is love's growing cold,
And 'tis one of the surest phrases,
So I bless my God with a breaking heart,
For that grave enstarred with daisies,
The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
The snowy, snowy daisies.

—HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

Select Family Reading.

When Romance Was Over.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS

Miss Dora Dwight, on her thirtieth birthday, received the first love-letter of her life the first offer of marriage. It was handed into the dormitory of the 'Physicians' Orphans' Home' not, as may be supposed a home for the orphans doctors have made, but for the children of deceased medical men. Miss Dwight was matron there, and at the moment was changing the pillow cases before the wash.

"I suppose it's about Johnny Gilroy and his 'swelled knee,' said the servant. "Doctor Emory seems to think it was."

Miss Dwight, however, waited until the girl was gone before she opened the note. Then, not greatly to her surprise, she read the words:

"My Dear Dora: You have known me since you were a baby. Do you like me well enough to marry me? Of course, you and I have given up romance long ago. I have had two wives. You must be thirty two or three." "Just thirty," said Dora to herself, "he is sixty nine. "You will greatly improve your position by marrying me, and I always liked you. Please meet me in the garden after hours. I hope to find you under the willows. Yours, hopefully, B. Emory."

It was not a love letter calculated to flatter the heart of a woman of any age. At first she said: "I will refuse him." Then she remembered how good an I kind he was: "I will accept him," said she, "but no romance shall be in my talk with him. He shall find me like a stone. He shall have the sort of wife he wants."

It was early when the door bell clanged and a foot crossed the long passage, and ceasing to echo on the painted floor, struck the stones. Earlier than she had expected him, but she was ready for him under the willows in the garden.

"I am glad to find you here," said a deep old voice. "I thought you would be sensible enough to do what I asked, but I was not quite sure, not quite. No. You have read my note carefully? Yes? Well, imagine that I say to you again what I wrote. I await your answer with anxiety."

She looked at him, and he saw that she smiled in an odd, embarrassed way.

"Will you marry me, my dear?" he added. "I see I must make it easier for you to speak."

"It was a little hard to begin," she said. "The usual reason moves me," he said. "I'm in love with you. I think it best to marry again and I know no one like you no one. I've had two wives before, I admit. However, neither of them complained of me, I believe. I have a very nice home, and, really, it will be a very much better position for you than being matron of an institution. You do it admirably, but I hate to see you here. Your father was older than I, but we were great friends. I think he would advise you to say 'yes.'"

She put her hand upon his arm.

"I am a very practical woman," she said. "If I marry you, I forfeit a good position that may be mine for life, an independent position. It is dangerous."

"My dear, you'll have half of all that is mine, and I'm not poor."

"You don't think my young I know," she answered. "Who thinks a woman young at thirty? But you have four sons, hard business men, older than I. They'll not approve of the match."

"They are not at home, it can't matter," said Dr. Emory.

"But," said Miss Dwight, with cruel distinctness, "the trouble will come when you die. You have made a mistake, you are older than your father. If you leave me a widow your sons will make every effort to take everything from me, I shall be left with nothing, my place gone, my habits of industry, my briskness. I make no doubt you have heard of such cases, I have."

The suitor sat and who can marvel at it? stricken quite dumb by this speech. At last he gasped:

"You are candid."

"I am," she answered. "I am indeed. Now is your time. You can take back your offer, Dr. Emory. Everything can be as it was before. I'll tear up your letter, I am content that all shall remain as it is."

"But, then," he answered, "I am not. After all, all you say is only true. I can face the music, I hope. My answer is this. Marry me, and I will make a will, leaving you everything, on our wedding day."

"That would be unjust," she said. "It would be a will to be contested. Leave me a home and an income." She named the sum sufficient to keep it up.

"That is moderate—sensible. And you will say 'yes,' he said. "I promise, of course, I shall make it better than that, still leaving my sons no cause for complaint, but it is not my fault that we are not more romantic."

"Let the romance come afterward, if it can," said Miss Dwight.

After this, they walked about the garden awhile, and the day of the wedding was set, leaving time to find a new matron for the establishment. Miss Dwight was certainly, as domestics say, "scattering herself," but she was not elated.

In fact, a little regret stole into her heart as she walked about the place where she had been so independent, so respected, and wondered whether she should be happy in the future.

"At least," she said, with a degree of bitterness, "I matched him with his romance is out of the question between two like us." Matched him, and went further.

The bell tinkled in the hall just as supper time was over that evening, and in a few moments a servant came to call Miss Dwight.

"It's a gentleman, he don't know who he wants," she said. "Some one who knows all about the place, he told me."

And Dora went into the parlor, a bare looking room, long, and with white walls, a panel carpet, a library table, a horse hair sofa, and six chairs, and the portrait of the founder of the home over the mantel piece.

There stood under this portrait, with his elbow on the marble itself, a gentleman. Dark-eyed, dark haired, with a face that was not so much handsome as delightful.

Writers often spend a good deal of time in discussing what it is that men see in the women whom they fall in love with when they say:

"This is the woman for me!"

I believe the woman who meets for the first time the only man on earth to whom she would willingly give herself, has deeper experiences still.

The moment had come to Miss Dwight. She had waited thirty years for it, and now she did not know what it meant. But an unconscious smile came to her lips, a light to her soft blue eyes, a flush to her smooth cheek. She looked prettier than she could have dreamed possible of at this moment.

The stranger told his business. He had recently come from Paris, where he had been occupied in certain affairs for ten years. Meanwhile, his brother had died, having recently lost his wife. He understood, to his astonishment, that his little nephews were in the Home.

"Of course, I wish to take charge of them," he said. "I am a bachelor, but I can arrange for their care. They need not live on charity."

"It is not charity," said Miss Dwight. "Dr. Ellwood gave largely to the Home in his lifetime. The children are considered little ladies and gentlemen. They are well educated; taught the usages of good society. They will have a collegiate course when they leave this place. Most of the girls become teachers, I think. The boys choose their profession." There would be at least no need of haste in removing them."

They talked together awhile. She gathered that he was what might be called a poor man. He lingered after the boys had come and gone. He came on the morrow, and again and again. The ostensible motive was to see his nephews, but he also desired to see Miss Dwight.

Meanwhile, Dr. Emory called every afternoon and consulted with Dora as to the new parlor carpet and the china.

"Buy good things," she said. "What is the use of getting a carpet that will fade soon, or china that chips, and never makes a table look well. Besides, the things about a house belong to the widow if I should be left."

"She is deuced practical," said poor Dr. Emory to himself.

This was after the new matron arrived and was being drilled in her duties by Miss Dwight, who calmly said before every one:

"You see I'm to be married shortly."

Once he even remonstrated, saying:

"Do you know, poor Nellie never talked like that, nor my dear Maria."

"Of course, not," said Miss Dwight. "But you remarked in your office to me that (of course) you and I had done with romance long ago."

Dr. Emory tried to laugh, but he was not happy.

That afternoon he took a long, long ride to the sea shore, and stabling his horse at the hotel walked down to the beach. "The season" was over. The caterers expected only a little chance custom. It was a day when driving clouds made it cool enough to be pleasant. There he sat down behind a big mound of sand watched the sea and thought of Maria, and how he used so often to kiss the back of her neck because the two little curls looked so cunning, and how she thought him handsome, how dear they were to each other.

How long his reverie had lasted he did not know, when merry voices sounded in his ear.

A man's tones those of two little boys and a woman's. Surely he knew the last speaker. He peeped from under his big Panama hat and saw Dora. She had brought the Ellwood boys down for a holiday, at their uncle's request, and he had come also. Dr. Emory guessed who the gentleman was, for he had had the case of these boys laid before him, and was looking for two orphans to fill their places when they should be gone, but the presence of Mr. Ellwood gave him offence. "It has quite the air of a family party," he said.

The boys played about, dug with their little spades and filled with white sand those painted pails which all good mammas buy at the seaside. They took off their shoes and stockings and waded along the edge of the water. The older people seemed as happy as they, and how young! At last they sat down very near to Dr. Emory with their backs to his sand burrow, and he saw a man's brown hand drop upon a little white one and hold it tight. Without showing himself he could not see their faces.

"Do you know why I asked you to come here?" said the owner of the brown hand.

"To mind the children, as Sally says," replied the owner of the white hand.

"No, to tell you something," said Brown Hand. "Darling little woman, prettiest and sweetest of all created beings, I have loved you from the first moment I met you. Do you think you would mind marrying a man who has his fortune yet to make? Could you be poor with him, and yet be happy? You see I am poor, but I adore you and I mean to hold out to ask you to do just that for my sake. If you can try to love me."

The white hand flutter. A soft voice trembled:

"I should not have to try it," she sobbed. "It seems to come of itself, and as for poverty, I'd rather beg with you than live without you and have millions. Oh! don't look happy, don't look happy, dear, when we both must be so miserable. I am engaged, my wedding day is set. I thought I had outlived romance, and I promised to marry an old man who only wants a lady at the head of his house. Oh! why did you not come to me one day earlier?"

Silence fell. Dr. Emory heard them rise and go away. In a minute more a little boy rushed up to the sand mound and poked it with his spade.

"Here's a dead man," he said "a drowned dead man."

"No; it's a tipsy man," replied Billy. "Let's pile sand on him."

This they proceeded to do, until Billy descried "uncle beckoning," and they departed on the run.

After the last train had gone city ward, an elderly gentleman took a sandwich and some ale at the hotel before getting into his gig. He emptied a great deal of sand out of his pockets, did not fee the waiters, and seemed to be, the cashier said, "in a temper." It was Dr. Emory. He drove straight home, and sat down at his desk.

"Thank Heaven, I can appear to have the best of her," he said, spitefully. "But the next time I propose to a woman I will not tell her that romance is out of the question."

Then he wrote:

"Miss Dwight: I am an old man but I find I have made a mistake. I have too much romance left in me to marry you. Any pecuniary recompense you desire I will offer, and if you like, the matron's place is again yours.

EMORY."

Miss Dwight only noticed this note by packing her engagement ring in pink cotton and sending it back. She did not want the matron's place, and she married Mr. Ellwood very shortly.

Dr. Emory is now courting a girl of sixteen, who vows she adores him, and wishes very loudly that he were hers. He likes it.

A BOY WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

A boy, only six years old, was sailing with his father down the Danube. All day long they had been sailing past crumbling ruins, frowning castles, cloisters had away among the crags, answering cliffs, quiet villages nestled in sunny valleys, and here and there a deep gorge that opened back from the gliding river, its hollow distance blue with fathomless shadow, and its loneliness and stillness stirring the boy's heart like some dim and vast cathedral. They stopped at night at a cloister, and the father took little Wolfgang into the chapel to see the organ. It was the first large organ he had ever seen, and his face lit up with delight and every motion and attitude of his figure expressed a wondering reverence.

"Father," said the boy, "let me play!" Well pleased, the father complied. Then Wolfgang pushed aside the stool, and when his father had filled the great bellows, the elfin organist stood upon the pedals. How the deep tones woke the sombre stillness of the old church! The organ seemed some great uncouth creature, roaring for very joy at the caresses of the marvellous child.

The monks, eating their supper in the refectory, heard it and dropped knife and fork in astonishment. The organist of the brotherhood was among them, but never had he played with such power. They listened, some crossed themselves, till the prior rose up and hastened into the chapel. The others followed, but lo! there was no organist to be seen, though the deep tones still massed themselves in new harmonies, and made the stone arches thrill with their power. "It is the devil," cried one of the monks drawing closer to his companions, and giving a scared look over his shoulder at the darkness of the aisle.

"It is a miracle," said another. But when the boldest of them, mounted the stairs to the organ loft he stood as if petrified with amazement. There was the tiny figure, treading from pedal to pedal, and at the same time clutching at the keys above with his little hands, gathering handfuls of those wonderful chords as if they were violets, and flinging them out into the solemn gloom behind him. He heard nothing, saw nothing besides, his eyes beamed, and his whole face lighted up with impassioned joy. Louder and fuller rose the harmonies, streaming forth in swelling billows till at last they seemed to reach a sunny shore, on which they broke, and then a whispering ripple of faintest melody lingered a moment in the air, like the last murmur of a wind harp, and all was still. The boy was John Wolfgang Mozart.

SHORT SERMON FOR STUDENTS

Twenty five years ago the following sermonette to students was printed on the last page of a popular copy book published by T. J. Day, bookseller, etc., Guelph. It has influenced the lives of many of the pupils of the public schools for good, and has created in their minds a healthy hatred for the senseless and sometimes superstitious use of the word "luck." "You are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your motto Self reliance, faith honesty and industry, and inscribe on your banner, luck is a fool, pluck is a hero. Don't take too much advice, keep at the helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Don't practice too much humility, you can't get above your level. Put potatoes in a cart over a rough road and the small potatoes go the bottom. Think well of yourself strike out assume your position—fire above the mark you intend to hit. Civility costs nothing and buys everything. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Don't deceive. Don't tattle. Be in earnest. Be self reliant. Be generous. Read the papers. Advertise your business. Love your God and fellow man. Love truth and virtue. Love your country and obey the laws.

Gray Hair Made Dark

I saw in your paper a statement that Zulu Vulter would restore any head of hair to natural color in three weeks. As I am very glad I sent for a sample package, and in less than three weeks my hair was perfectly restored to natural color. My wife's hair was a light red, and by using Zulu Vulter, her hair is now a beautiful auburn. Anyone can get a package of Zulu Vulter by sending 21 two cent stamps to Wilson & Co., New Concord, Ohio, and if it does not restore the hair to natural color in three weeks they will return your stamp, it not only restores the hair to natural color, but will stop the hair falling out immediately and is one of the best hair tonics made and you take no risk, and if it does not satisfy you perfectly they will return your stamps.

A READER.

A New York business man received the other day a check drawn on the 13th day of the month for $13.13, but as he is the 13th child in his family he cashed it without a moment's hesitation.

THE GREAT GERMAN KIRMES.

Oct. 1st to 7th in Berlin, Ont.—Single Railway Fare to Berlin—Go and see the Great National Celebration.

A unique and captivating popular German entertainment on a gigantic scale is about to be given in Berlin, Ont., called the Kirmes which will be a faithful and realistic representation of German village life on a fair day. A whole village is being built for the purpose, the sight of which alone is worth a visit to the Kirmes. Hundreds of village maidens and matrons, boys and men all dressed in the quaint and picturesque village costumes of the various parts of Germany enliven the scene and the most brilliant processions of the villagers fascinate the visitor. In some of the many booths and buildings refreshments are served in German style, while in others Kirmes Souvenirs imported from the Fatherland are offered for sale or scenes from German domestic life enacted. At every step the visitor will find new sights to interest and attract him. The Kirmes is simply magnificent, and the Administration under whose auspices it is given have earned the reputation of being the best entertainers in the Dominion of Canada.

The Kirmes is held every two years. The last one in 1894 was originally planned as a three day's fair but it extended over six days, solely because its attractions were so numerous and so genuine a character that its fame spread far and near. Every day brought new thousands of visitors, the leading newspapers sent special correspondents to it, many of the most prominent and public of the province aided it by their contributions, and all who saw it were overwhelmed by the magnificence and originality of the entertainment.

This year's Kirmes will be on a grander scale than ever, it will begin on October 1st and continue for six whole days closing on October 7th. It will rank with the most prominent and social events of the season in the Dominion, and if you wish to enjoy yourself or combine business with pleasure, go to Berlin on any day between October 1st and 7th and spend an evening with the German Kirmes people. For full information send for one of the celebrated Kirmes catalogues which may be had free of charge. Address Kirmes Administration, Berlin, Ont.

Tickets for the Kirmes at Berlin will be sold at single first class fare from the following R. R. stations: Guelph to St. Marys, inclusive; Galt to Elmira, inclusive; Stratford to Wingham via Listowel, inclusive; Paisley and Chesley to Guelph, via Palmerston, inclusive. All tickets good going Oct. 1st to 6th inclusive, valid to return till Oct. 9th. For further information inquire at G. T. R.

WHAT FOLLOWED

The old minister closed the book and looked around the church. "You are told," he said, "when you make a feast to call to it not your rich neighbors, but the poor, the maimed and the blind. I want each of you when you go home to consider what God has given to you beside food with which to make a feast, and who are the poor folks whom you should bid to it."

People glanced smiling at each other, for the good man was full of queer suggestions. But the idea remained in the minds of his hearers.

It bothered Phil Dorrance as he sat alone in his room. Phil was the blacksmith's son, whom his father by dint of hard work and saving, had sent to college. He was grateful to his father, but he felt that his education had made a great gulf between him and the old man. His companions were his classmates. He had meant to spend this afternoon with some of them, discussing a paper he had written on the history of his native state. Instead he took it down stairs to the kitchen, where his father and mother in their Sunday clothes sat nodding over the fire.

"I want to read you something I have written," he said, cheerfully.

They drew up their chairs, their eyes sparkling with pride and delight, and listened with a keen, shrewd intelligence that surprised him. They were able, too, to correct some mistakes that he had made, and to give him some facts new to him.

"I haven't had such a pleasant a day for years, Phil," said the old man when the paper was finished. His old mother said nothing, but kissed him, her eyes full of tears.

So the minister's question was answered.

BE NOT RIGHTEOUS OVERMUCH

We know a man who had the habit of putting "God willing" on the postals he sent out to the trade announcing that he would call on them on or about a certain date. Occasionally a Scripture text graced these and other little missives. It may have been merely a coincidence, but this individual was one of the narrowest, meanest men it was our lot to have met, and our estimate of him was pretty generally shared by those who had business dealings with him. A prominent man in this city showed the writer an application for a situation received the other day from a young man who headed each page with a text. That young man is still without a job. There is no plethora of genuine righteousness, but there is an awful surplus of the kind that looks for trade and preferment through donning its grab. These men, with one hand on the Bible and the other clutching his neighbor's throat or in his pocket, are more menace to Christianity than all the atheists on earth and the devils in hell. What the world does respect is goodness and a man does not need to quote Scripture texts to convince people he has the right kind. I would rather know what a man's wife or employees think of him, or hear what the travellers say of him who sells him goods, than get my ideas from his certificate of church membership. It is in the home, store, warehouse or factory that the test of goodness is found. Charles Dickens, when asked to address a large boys' school in Boston some years ago, when visiting the Hub, arose and said, amidst impressive silence, "Boys, be good," and sat down. Oh! for that goodness which like the precious ointment, fills the surrounding atmosphere with its fragrance, and turns the arid desert into a garden of roses.

They say gold is being hoarded, yet there are thousands of people in the country who are continually exchanging gold for silver. They are dentists.

You need Hood's Sarsaparilla to enrich and purify your blood, create an appetite and give sweet, refreshing sleep.

THE STACK BEHIND THE BARN.

September is here with the ripened seeds,
And the homely smell of the autumn,
My heart goes back to a vanished day,
And I am again a boy at play
In the stack behind the barn.

Dear, dear, dear, the old garden smell,
Sweet William and phlox that I loved so well,
And the seeding mint, and the sage turned gray,
But dearer the smell of the tumbled hay
In the stack behind the barn.

In the side of the stack a miracle grew,
And there was the playhouse we loved the best,
A thicket of golden rod bending and bright
Filled us with glory and hid us from sight
In the stack behind the barn.

Then, when the stack with the year ran low,
And our frosty, morning clocks were aglow,
When time had forgotten the dropping of leaves
What joy to jump from the barn's wide eaves
To the stack behind the barn.

O, childish years! Your heedless feet
Have slipped away with how much that's sweet!
But dreams and memory master you,
Till the make believe of life is through
I still may play as the children do
In the stack behind the barn.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE MEANING OF THE SILVER AGITATION.

The essence of the silver movement is a rebellion against the power of accumulated wealth, which, acquired by special and unfair means, has for years exercised an undue control and over weening influence. It has controlled Presidents and Congresses. It dictates the utterances of the press. The pulpit cringes before it. Representing not more than four or five per cent of the population of the United States, it has more real influence in shaping the policy of the nation than eighty per cent of the toiling masses. Under a system of popular government this cannot go on forever. The people will yet rule and this silver question looks as if they had taken the bit in their mouth, and were resolved to have a great deal to say as to how the nation should be governed.

It does not disturb the average silver man to tell him that the free coinage of silver dollars at the ratio to gold of 16 to 1 will injure the national credit and lead to a panic in Wall Street. That is just what he wants. He believes and this, of course, is very immoral—that a large portion of the money owed to the creditor class has been unjustly acquired, and he is not worried at the thought that the debt should be paid in silver, even though it is really but fifty cents on the dollar. The movement for silver is not essentially different from a movement to strike down special privileges, high duties, and land monopolies, but it is more superficially specious and more easily and quickly appeals to the imagination and sympathy of the mass of the people.

It looks now as if the forces arranged against the new movement were too strong to give it any reasonable chance of success. Wall street is thoroughly aroused and will spend its millions freely to crush out such a dangerous theory. But the fight is an open and undisguised one. The silver men will point out that they are fighting against these very forces and appeal to the victims of the gold power to protect themselves from their ancient and implacable enemies. Mr Bryan will have the support of those who are feeling the pinch of poverty, who are conscious of inequality of opportunity in the industrial conditions of the nation, and who would like to see existing conditions uprooted though revolution and a little anarchy were involved in the transaction. Hon. J. W. Longley, in September *Canadian Magazine*.

IDEAS ORIGINAL AND EXTENDED

Original ideas may be so enlarged upon and viewed through such different channels of thought that the result arrived at is often robbed of nearly all semblance of the original idea, and thus it is that we are too apt to look upon men who are mere extenders of ideas as though they were original thinkers, the very fountains from which spring the germs of original thought; when, in truth, they are original only in secondary views which they take of established ideas.

When a branch from a pear tree is grafted on the limb of an apple tree, this branch will yield pears. Is it to be argued from this that the same sap which produces apples on the other branches of the tree does not produce pears on this branch? Just as the sap of the apple tree nourishes the pears through the medium of the branch of the pear tree, so the original idea feeds the minds of the inventor of secondary ideas, and the mental fruit takes on the characteristics of his mind.

GREENS FOR AUTUMN.

DIAMOND DYES GIVE THE BEST COLORS

The manufacturers of the Diamond Dyes confidently avail themselves of every improvement in the manufacture of dye stuffs, thus giving to home dyers all over the world each and every advantage possessed by the largest manufacturers on earth.

Have you tried the Diamond Dye Fast Dark Green, Diamond Dye Fast Olive Green, and Diamond Dye Fast Bottle Green? For the dyeing of Wool and Silk Goods, these Greens are certainly triumphs of science.

For the coming Autumn the above Greens with their varied shades, Hunter's Green, Myrtle Green, Bronze Green, Russian Green and Old Green will be all the rage for ladies suits and dresses. Use only the "Diamond," and you will surely get the best results and colors.

Business is not as fickle as love, but it will not brook inattention.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

I have berries, grapes and peaches, a year old, fresh as when picked. I use the California Cold Process, do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold, keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothing can put up a bushel in ten minutes. Last week I sold directions to over 120 families, anyone will pay a dollar for direction when they see the beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my experience to such, and feel confident any one can make one or two hundred dollars round home in a few days. I will mail sample of fruit and complete directions to any of your readers for eighteen two cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage etc., to me. Frank Cross, St. Louis, Mo.