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Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

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Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick Sts, Acton.

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

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OFFICE—Medical Hall, Main Street, Acton.
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Rheumatism and Catarrh Specialties.

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Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Honorary member of the Veterinary Medical Society.
OFFICE—Wm. Husband's, lot 24, con. 4, 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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DENTIST.
Graduate of Toronto University and R.C.D.S., Office over Drug Store, Acton.
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Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan.
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WM. A. McLEAN. JNO. A. McLEAN.

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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
OFFICES:—1266 Queen St., Parkdale.
Victoria Chambers, 61 Victoria St. Toronto.
Telephone 207.
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A. J. MACKINNON,
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OFFICE—Corner Mill and Main Street above Kopman's store, Acton.

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Money to loan at lowest rates.

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OFFICE—Matthews' Block,
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MISCELLANEOUS.

HENRY GRIST.
OTTAWA, CANADA.
Solicitor of Patents, for Invention, 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.

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER,
Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario.
(Over Williams' Store.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
H. P. MOORE,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued residence in the evening.
Free Press Office, ACTON.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor,

ARE well equipped with all the machinery necessary 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. Sawfiling and filing done.

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840

INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 526, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
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 $500 and upwards.

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

OUR
EXERCISE
BOOKS
AND
SCRIBBLERS
are made of better paper than any others in town.

Full supply of all
School Books
AT
DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
GUELPH.
Day Sells Cheap.

You Want
A large assortment to choose from if you are looking for Sachet Powder. We have never had such an exquisite range of orders.

SACHET POWDERS
To be satisfactory must have a lasting and at the same time a delicate odor. This is the kind we sell. Here is a partial list of odors from which to make your selection.

VIOLET, (a really true Violet.)
PHUL, NA NA,
HAS-U-NO-HA-NA,
HELIOTROPE,
OEILLET (New,)
LILAS BLANC,
PEAU D'ESPAGNE,
CAPRICE,
WHITE ROSE,
CASHMERE BOUQUET,
WILD PLUM BLOSSOM.

ALEX. STEWART,
Dispensing and Family Chemist
Guelph.

Main Street
PLANING MILLS,
ACTON, ONT.

John Cameron,
Architect and Contractor.
Manufacturer of Sash Doors Frames Moulding in all styles.
DRESSING, MATCHING, and MOULDING
to order on short notice.
Well assorted stock on hand at prices to suit the times.
JOHN CAMERON,
Proprietor

Wedding Presents.
UP
TO
DATE
Frames, Pictures, Artists' Supplies, Fancy Goods.
GOOD VALUE.
WATERS BROS.
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, GUELPH.

ACTON STEAM
-LAUNDRY-
A. COOK, Proprietor.
First-class work guaranteed in
Family Laundry Work
Shirts,
Collars,
Cuffs, Etc.
Work alled for every Monday and Thursday and delivered every Thursday and Saturday.
A. COOK.

—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 8:18 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

E. B. COLLINS,
... Butcher
Desires to thank his numerous customers for their liberal patronage since he commenced business last January and hopes that by careful and courteous attention to merit a continuance of their custom.
A complete assortment of first-class
Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Pork, Fresh and Salt, Hams, Sausages, Poultry, Lard, &c., in season.
Prices always as low as consistent with the best quality.
Prompt delivery. Fat stock wanted.
E. B. COLLINS

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

—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

Hockey Players . .
can get here just what is right in
SKATES
—AND—
HOCKEY STICKS.
If you're talking hockey write us for prices. We'll make them low enough—depend on that.

J. M. BOND & Co.
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

Stock Taking
SHOE SALE
AT
W. McLAREN & CO'S.
GUELPH.
30 Days of Shoe Bargains.
The Best Shoe is always the Cheapest.
W. McLAREN & CO.
The Leading Shoe Store, GUELPH.

Your .. Black Coat
How is it?
There are times when the fact of your having a good black coat is a very great satisfaction. The occasion demanding the wearing of it often arises suddenly. Be prepared for such an emergency by ordering at once.
We make really good clothes—none better.
Try us and prove us.
SHAW & TURNER,
Merchant Tailors, - Guelph

Fall Campaign
... Prepare for Winds.
We would call your attention to the fact that we are prepared to supply you with lumber of suitable length for your Barn Doors, viz: 10, 12, 13 or 14 feet also
SASH.....
..... DOORS .....
..... FRAMES .....
..... MOULDINGS.
etc. for building. Storm Doors put up at as low a rate as possible.
PUMPS.
Repair your pumps or put in new ones before it is too cold. WE CAN DO IT.
Shop at foot of River Street, ACTON
THOS. EBBACE
Manager.

Acton Saw Mills,
and Wood Yards.
JAMES BROWN
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Wood, Etc.
All kinds of Wood in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices.
Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always on hand.
Telephone communication.

RUSHING SALE.
P. de CARTERET
is still offering his well assorted stock of
FANCY GOODS.
at the lowest possible prices. Bargains every day.
Come at once while it lasts.
Wyndham St. - GUELPH.

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN OR women to travel for responsible established house in Ontario. Salary $780, payable $15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National, Star Building, Chicago

Poetry.

ALONE.

I miss you, my darling, my darling,
The embers burn low on the hearth,
And still is the air of the household,
And hushed is the voice of its mirth;
The rain splashes fast on the terrace,
The winds past the lattices moan,
And I am alone.

I want you, my darling, my darling,
I'm tired with care and with fret;
I would nestle in silence beside you,
And all but your presence forget.
In the hush of the happiness given,
To those who through trusting have grown
To the fullness of love in contentment;
But I am alone.

I call you, my darling, my darling,
My voice echoes back on the heart;
I stretch my arms to you in longing,
And lo! they fall empty apart;
I whisper the sweet words you taught me,
The words that we only have known,
Till the blank of the dumb air is bitter;
For I am alone.

I need you, my darling, my darling!
With its yearning my very heart aches;
The load that divides us weighs harder—
I shrink from the jar that it makes;
Old sorrows rise up and beset me,
Old doubts make my spirit their own;
O, come through the darkness and save me,
For I am alone.

(Robert J. Burdette, on the death of his wife.)

Select Family Reading.

Getting a Husband.

"What an idea! You'll never get any one to do it, Lil."

"Oh, yes, I shall! I know just the girl."

"Who? Do tell me."

"Can't you guess?"

"No."

"You."

"Me!" I fairly screamed.

"Yes, you. Now, listen, Bertha. You're just the girl for Duncan. I've always thought so, and I know you both well. Duncan is"—

"Oh, my dear girl, just as if I didn't know everything that Duncan is and isn't and was and will be! And just as though any girl would take that sort of thing on trust and not judge for herself before she went all the way out to India to marry a man!"

"Bertha, darling, don't get excited. Please do think this matter over seriously and try and see its advantages. Here, I will give you his letter to read and leave you for a little. Do try and like the idea."

I read the letter and can't say I was much impressed, but as it explains the position of affairs here it is:

DEAR OLD LIL—I am writing to ask a favor of you, but first you must promise you won't think me perfectly mad, as I solemnly assure you I am in earnest. We have always been pals, haven't we? And I think you know exactly what sort of fellow I am. Do you remember you used to say that the reason so many people are unhappily married is because the man always persists in choosing the girl he falls in love with without considering whether she has the qualities necessary to make him a good wife? I remember you once said, "Men would be far happier if they would let their sisters choose their wives for them." Well, I want to get married, and I have resolved to give your wise maxims a trial. Perhaps I may be rather a cold sort of fellow; but, anyway, I have never wanted to marry any of the girls about here. Will you choose a wife for me from among your English girl friends and place the case clearly before her? Tell her all you know of me as regards character, disposition, etc.; also that I am 29 years of age, well off, tall and, I believe, passably good looking. I should like her to be presentable in appearance. The rest I leave to you. We might exchange photos, only mine would be no good, as they are all old ones, and I know you have no decent ones at home. I need hardly add that, though it is a dangerous experiment, I will do all in my power to make it turn out a success, and whoever trusts herself to me shall never have cause to regret it, if I can help it. Let me know as soon as you can, and, believe me, your affectionate brother,

DUNCAN EASTWOOD.

After all, it is rather a good idea, I think—original, if nothing else. But somehow I wouldn't like to take the risk. On the other hand, I've no home, now that dad's gone, and only a poor little £40 a year to live on. Lil's awfully good and kind, but I can't stay here forever. Her husband must think me a nuisance as it is. I shall have to go out as a governess, and here's a chance of marrying a man who is rich, handsome, kind hearted and of whom every one speaks well. I don't care for any one else. Shall I chance it?

Well, I did, after all. I had no one in the world to advise me but Lil and her husband, and they both thought it a desirable match. They said we were made for each other, but I believe in their innermost heart of hearts they think Duncan a bit too good for me. My photo was sent out, and my future husband deigned to say that, "If I was anything like my photo, he loved me already." I think it was rather sneaky of him not sending one of his, but he has been minutely described to me and is going to wear a white gardenia in his buttonhole when he meets me at Calcutta. He has a good post in the Indian civil service and lives in Calcutta in the cold weather and Simla in the hot; so I shall have a good time. Lil rigged me out and packed me off, and as for me—well, I think I shall like him, and I mean to try, anyway.

We have passed Port Said, and very soon we shall reach Aden. Every one on board is kind to me.

I shall never forget arriving at Aden, a horrid looking place with low white houses against a dreary background of rocks, and no trees or flowers to be seen.

An interesting man came on board at Aden. He is tall and broad, with a kind face and dark eyes, and such a lovely beard and moustache. I think I rather like beards. That horrid Duncan is clean shaven. I oughtn't to be thinking about men. Oh, dear, I wonder if I have done right!

I heard this new man ask the captain, in whose charge I am, whether he might be introduced to a girl on board.

"Which one?" asked the captain.

"I think she is in your charge," said the man; "a tall, slight girl, with lovely grey eyes."

He must have met me. I should like to be introduced, and yet in some way I would rather not. If I fell in love, how awkward it would be!

"Miss Carr—Mr. Rogers." The captain stood before me with the man who came on board at Aden.

I got red and hardly dared to raise my "lovely gray eyes" to the handsome face above me.

"Miss Carr, I know a friend of yours in Calcutta, Duncan Eastwood."

I got redder. How much did he know? How could I tell him I was going to marry a man I had never seen?

"Oh, yes," I stammered. "I am going to stay for few days with his sister, Mrs. Osborne, in Calcutta. Do you know her?"

"Yes, slightly," he answered. "Rather a long way to go for a visit for a few days, isn't it?"

There was an awkward pause. I simply couldn't tell him the truth.

"Oh," I said carelessly, "I have other plans after that."

He seemed amused at my confusion. I'm sure I looked a perfect fool, and I was thankful that just then another man came up and asked me to join in a cricket match they were getting up.

I have been so happy all these days, but to-night I am the most miserable girl in the world. We shall get to Calcutta to-morrow, and I shall be seized on by that odious man with the white gardenia. I shall never love him. I love some one else, and some one else loves me. A few hours ago Mr. Rogers asked me to marry him, and I told him all my story.

I was leaning over the side of the boat watching the glorious effects of the moon on the dark waters, when he came up behind me. I had a white dress on. I looked up at him as he stood near, and he was looking down at me with a look I had never seen before in any man's eyes. Such a world of love was there, and all for me. It was worth living all my 19 years just simply to see that look.

I don't know why I did it, but I could not keep back a great sob, and at that he took me in his arms and kissed me passionately over and over again, as though he had lost all control over himself.

I tore myself away and told him as calmly as I could all about myself.

"I ought to have told you before," I cried over and over. "But, oh, don't you understand how hard it was? I thought you would think me such a dreadful girl to marry a man I had never seen."

"I don't, dear," he said very gravely. "I think it is a good idea, and you will find all will go well."

"You are heartless," I cried despairingly. "You don't care a bit. You are not one bit unhappy."

"My Bertha, it is everything to me to know you love me. I don't think I shall ever be unhappy again."

"You are cruel, heartless, wicked," I cried. "I won't listen any more," and before he could stop me I ran away, and here I am crying my eyes out, wishing we had all been wrecked in the bay.

He called me back. "Bertha, dearest, let me explain." But I wouldn't listen.

A strange thing has happened to me. I went on deck this morning and found everything in a bustle and nearly every one had gone on shore. I waited behind purposely. The captain came up and asked me whether I could see my friends anywhere about.

"No," I answered miserably.

He said he was sorry to see me looking so pale. "The gentleman who is to meet me is tall and clean shaven and will wear a white gardenia," I began.

"Here we are then," interrupted the captain, and I felt rather than saw that some one was approaching. My knees were trembling. I thought I should fall. I couldn't raise my eyes until suddenly a deep voice that I know—oh, yes, and loved, too—spoke:

"Miss Carr, I think?"

Startled, I looked up. The captain had been called away, and I stood face to face with—Mr. Rogers.

"What does it mean?" I gasped.

"It means, my darling, that I am Duncan Eastwood. Will you forgive me for the deception?"

I couldn't speak, and he went on:

"I was impatient to see the dear little girl who had trusted her future to me, so as I had been ill and was ordered a holiday I came to Aden to meet you. Then it struck me I would like to see what sort of a little girl you were before you knew who I was. Lil was right; you were made for me, dear heart. Then I found you loved me. Last night I nearly betrayed myself, but I wanted to see your face when you met me this morning. By the bye, I haven't seen it yet. My sister is waiting for you. I have been on shore and got rid of my beard, etc. Look at me, darling, and see how you like the change.

I looked up, and he took my hands in his.

"Are you still afraid of the risk, my Bertha?"

"There will be no risk," I murmured. "My life will be all sunshine."

"And if not," he broke in gently, "our love will help us through the shadows."

The experience turned out a perfect success, and Lil is more than ever convinced that a man should let his sister choose his wife for him.—*St. Paul's.*

VOICE FROM THE UNSEEN.

Lady Henry Somerset, whose philanthropies and eloquence in the cause of humanity have won for her world-wide fame, was during her earlier life a woman of the world, given up to fashion and pleasure.

Inheriting immense wealth, she had the power to gratify every desire, but restless and unsatisfied, she began to question the meaning of life.

Turning to the Bible and studying it earnestly, she soon felt the need of religious consecration and of greater motive power; but under the influence of the spirit of criticism about her, she found her faith weakening and her mind clouded by perplexity and doubt.

One day while alone in her garden, she was pondering the mysteries of life and questioning the very existence of God, she heard a voice say distinctly:

"Act as if I were, and you shall know that I am."

Though the voice was not audible to the material ear, Lady Henry declares that she heard the words with the ear of her soul as distinctly as though they had been spoken, and the sentiment they expressed made a powerful impression upon her mind. The more she thought of the mysterious utterance the more it seemed to her that only divine wisdom could have prompted the words, and she determined to live by their counsel.

Soon her faith in God and Christ returned, and she entered into the life of active benevolence which is now universally recognized, and has been followed by such beneficent results.

To every earnest yet perplexed and doubting soul, the voice which spoke to this devoted woman speaks to-day:

"Act as if I were, and you shall know that I am."

LOCAL PATRIOTISM.

It was Cicero's opinion that the first rank in a small village was to be preferred to the second one in a big city. But since Cicero's time new ideas and new feelings have prevailed, and the general tendency of the age lies toward city life and city prominence. Very few are the men who remain in their native place and content themselves with improving things around them and doing good to their neighbor. If it had always been so, England would not be England—that is, the British Empire would have less solid foundations and no center. Local patriotism has been its corner-stone. What, then, is local patriotism?

A man is bound to love and serve his country; it is not considered a duty for him to love and serve the smaller community where he was born or educated. The former feeling is pressed upon him; the latter grows up freely. Patriotism is a moral tie; local patriotism a more material one. The one is hereditary and general, the other is exceptional and depends on circumstances. You can love your country without even knowing it; you don't love a town or a village unless you have spent within its walls or fences the greater or most important part of your life. This is sufficient to explain why local patriotism decreases in proportion as patriotism grows strong. The modern nation has eclipsed and overpowered the antique city. The Anglo-Saxon race alone has succeeded in keeping up the two feelings, and in strengthening the one through the other. Local patriotism is not uncommon in Continental Europe, but there it remains platonic or becomes selfish. It manifests itself by words, not by acts; *verba, non acta*; and if money is given or bequeathed for the purpose of erecting a public building or founding a museum or an hospital or a library, the motive will seldom prove a purely civic one. Vanity or a sense of broader philanthropy will urge the benefactor, not a simple, modest, and noble desire to beautify a spot dearer to him than any other in the world, or to improve the conditions of a community of which he still feels himself a member.

This is the way Dr. W. P. Brookes did love Wenlock and the Wenlock people. He did not care for immortality and was a practical philanthropist. He believed in every man taking care of those near to him and leaving others to do the same. If progress can be reached by a shorter road, there exists no safer one.—From "A Typical Englishman: Dr. W. P. Brookes, of Wenlock in Shropshire," by the BARON PIERRE DE COUBERTIN, in January *Review of Reviews.*

A BIT OF IRISH WIT.

Some time ago while I was trading in a village store one of the clerks came to the junior patner, who was waiting on me, and said:

"Please step to the desk. Pat Flynn wants to settle his account and wants a receipt."

The merchant was evidently annoyed.

"Why, what does he want of a receipt?" he said; we never give one. Simply cross his account out of the book; that is receipt enough."

"So I told him," answered the clerk, "but he is not satisfied. You had better see him."

So the propietor stepped to the desk, and after greeting Pat with a Good-morning, said:

"You want to settle your bill, do you?"

Pat replied in the affirmative.

"Well," said the merchant, "there is no need of my giving you a receipt. See! I will cross your account off the book;" and suiting the action to the word he drew his pencil diagonally across the account. "That is a good receipt."

"And do you mean that that settles it?" exclaimed Pat.

"That settles it, said the merchant.

"And ye're sure ye'll never be askin' me for it again?"

"We'll never ask you for it again," said the merchant decidedly.

"Faith, thin," said Pat, "I'll be after kapin' me money in me pocket, for I haven't paid it."

"Oh, well, I can rub that out!"

"Faith now, and I thought the same," said Pat.

It is needless to add that Pat got his receipt.

ECCLESIASTICAL WIT.

A Bishop is credited with having rescued a whole drawing room from the profoundest abyss of social confusion. A lady had been asked to sing, and in accordance with invariable custom, declined. But to no purpose. "She must sing." She began. Not one note had even a faint relation to the tune; an eminent traveler was heard to mutter something about red Indian war-whoops; near and distant cats thought it a challenge from some formidable rival, and joined in the chorus with superfeline energy. At last it ended, and dead silence reigned. So appalling had been the performance that even the most conventional of complements refused to be uttered. But the Bishop was equal to the occasion. Going up to the astonished songstress, he thanked her for complying with their request, adding with a courtly smile and tactful intonation, "We shall know what to think another time, my dear Miss So-and-so, when you tell us you can't sing."

UNCERTAINTY AND FEAR OF OLD AGE.

It is the practice of certain members of Oxford college, who all "went up" in the same year, which is now getting on for half a century ago, to dine together yearly. During the year the majority of them never meet at all, their homes being scattered over all parts of the country, and in some cases abroad. Accordingly when they do meet, they scrutinize each other pretty carefully, marking the changes which have taken place in their respective appearances during the year. At the last of these gatherings a white haired old gentleman, bent almost double with rheumatism, turned with difficulty to his neighbor, and painting to a gray beard on the other side of the table, whispered anxiously, "Tell me—I don't really look as old as that, do I?" Funny and terribly pathetic, wasn't it?—*Pick Me Up.*

Others have found health, vigor and vitality in Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it surely has power to help you also. Why not try it?

DO YOUR BEST.

"Say, Ben, let's pitch in and tidy up the shop before one o'clock and give the boss a surprise when he comes back."

"Did he say so?"

"No, but the shop needs cleaning up, and I'll bet he would like to have it done."

"Well, if you are green enough to go to putting in your noon hour working for old Markham without extra pay, go ahead, but not any of it for me. You'll never get any thanks for it, Tom, and if you begin working over time that way, you'll have to keep it up"; and the speaker, a lad of some eighteen years, stretched himself out on the work-bench for a noon-time nap.

"All right," good-naturedly replied his companion, a boy some two years younger, "I'll do it myself then, for I don't like to work in a place littered up like this, and there won't be time after the men get back, with all those frames to get out this afternoon."

So saying he went briskly to work and by the time the one o'clock whistle sounded, the carpenter shop was neatly cleaned.

That was fifteen years ago. Those two apprentice boys are men now. The older one who refused to help clean up the shop for fear of doing something for which he was not specially paid, is still a journeyman carpenter in his native village, barely able to keep his family supplied with the necessaries of life.

The other boy lost nothing by his willingness and the interest he took in his employer's business. Mr. Markham noted his disposition and gave him an extra opportunity to master the trade. Soon he was given the superintendency of small contracts, and his absolute reliability caused him in a few years to be made foreman of the little shop. Then came those larger opportunities and increased advantages that so often fall in the way of men who can be trusted. To-day, Tom Archer is one of the wealthiest and most reliable contractors and builders of a large Western city.

When will our boys all learn that it pays to be faithful in little things, and to take a personal interest in their employer's business.

It is the boys who do this that climb to the top in every line of business, while the sulkers and growlers, who are always afraid of doing too much, are pretty certain to remain well down toward the bottom of the ladder.

A SIGNIFICANT JUXTAPOSITION.

We do not suppose, says the *Temperance Record*, Eng., the licensed victuallers of Kingston on-Thames are responsible for the arrangement by which the column in the Surrey *Comet* devoted to the report of the proceedings at their annual dinner last week is placed alongside the column devoted to the proceedings before the magistrates at both the borough and county police courts. But the juxtaposition is certainly significant, and may be made instructive. In one column we read of Mr. T. Skewes-Cox, M.P., saying that those who drank pure beer in reasonable quantities never seemed any the worse for it, but all the better." And lower down in the column we read of Mr. Flint, of Messrs. Dunville & Co., testifying that "licensed victuallers were the most practical temperance party in the country, for they had often to say to a weak-minded man, "Hold, that is enough." They were the greatest promoters of temperance and the greatest stop-gaps against drunkenness." And in the other column we read of a widow, 62 years of age, being hopelessly drunk; of a man of 35 being drunk and disorderly; of a youth of 20 being drunk and disorderly and using obscene language; of a man of 38 and another of 40 being drunk and disorderly. Then the monotony of the record is varied, and we read of a man who in his drink had turned his wife and family out of the house, being afterwards found in the street so disorderly that he had to be taken to the lockup. We have no doubt all these poor creatures had been drinking the pure beer which Mr. Skewes Cox praises so much; and they had all received that pure beer from Mr. Flint's "greatest promoters of temperance and greatest stop-gaps against drunkenness."

BITS OF FUN.

Willie (reading)—Pa, what is a prevaricated minion of Beelzebub? Pa—A man who disagrees with you politically, my son.

Defined.—"What is an accommodation train, papa? An accomodation train, my son, is one that stops at every station that you don't want to get off at."

From the "Plunkville Bugle:" "Yesterday we thoughtlessly called the Hon. Mayor Wetwissle 'an empty rhetorician.' We hasten to withdraw the statement. The mayor has not been empty for twenty-eight years past."

"I hope," she said, thoughtfully, "that you won't have anything more to say about the manner in which women hunt bargains and get cheated." "Why not? Don't you think your sex deserves it?" "I'm not going to discuss that point. Even if we do deserve the criticism, it does not come gracefully from a man who buys hair-restorer from a bald-headed barber."

The helpful man, who was always on the watch to do what good he could as he passed along this vale of tears, noticed that a man he knew by sight, and who usually got off at a certain crossing, was making no motion towards leaving as the car approached that corner on this particular afternoon. He seemed absorbed in his newspaper, and the helpful man became anxious lest he should be carried past his destination. The car was right at the street, and still the man read on; when the helpful man pulled at his coat sleeve and said, "I beg pardon, but isn't this your street?" The reader looked up a moment, and replied, "Oh, no. It belongs to the traction company."

It was easier for God to make man than to re-make him. Besides the re-made article always shows it and is apt to get out of repair.

A VETERAN'S STORY.

At Eighty Years of Age One Box of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Cures a Case of Fifty Years Standing—It Relieves Colds and Catarrh in Thirty Minutes.

George Lewis, of Shamokin, Pa., writes: "I am eighty years of age. I have been troubled with catarrh for fifty years, and in my time have used a great many catarrh cures, but never had any relief until I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. One box cured me completely, and gives me great pleasure to recommend it to all suffering from this malady." Sold by, A. T. Brown.

A TALE OF A BONNET.

A TRAGEDY IN THREE PARTS.

PART 1. THE BONNET.

A bit of foundation as big as your hand;
Bows of ribbon and lace;
Wire sufficient to make them stand;
A handful of roses, a velvet band—
It lacks but one crowning grace.

PART 2. THE BIRD.

A chirp, a twitter, a flash of wings,
Four wide-open mouths in a nest;
From morning till night she brings and brings
For growing birds, they are hungry things—
Ay! hungry things at the best.

The crack of a rifle a shot well sped;
A crimson stain on the grass;
Four hungry birds in a nest untied—
Ah! well, we will leave the rest unsaid;
Some things it were better to pass.

PART 3. THE WEARER.

The lady has surely a beautiful face,
She has surely a queenly air;
The bonnet had flowers and ribbon and lace
But the bird has added the crowning grace—
It is really a charming affair.

Is the love of a bonnet supreme over all,
In a lady so faultlessly fair?
The Father takes heed when the sparrows fall,
He hears when the starving nestlings call—
Can a tender woman "not care?"

SUSAN E. GAMMONS.

HOW BABY WENT HOME.

The door of Henning's saloon was pushed open by a little hand, and a child ran in, looked eagerly about. "Papa! papa! Where is my papa?" she cried.

A man standing at the counter with a glass raised half way to his lips started at the sound of the plaintive voice, and sat down the untasted beer.

"What do you want, Bessie?" he asked. "Oh, papa, come home!" she exclaimed; "Baby's dying!"

"Baby's dying!" he repeated mechanically, snatched his hat, and taking the hand of the trembling child, they left the saloon together.

Down the street they went, the father and the child, he with bared head and lip trembling with emotion, she clinging to his hand, and sobbing out her grief in a helpless, hopeless manner.

They stopped at a tenement house and ascended the stairs, till they reached the fourth story, where they paused at room No. 8. On a wretched bed, covered by a ragged quilt, lay the tiny form of "baby," so still, so pure, in the midst of the surrounding dirt and distress.

One glance, and a loud, agonizing groan burst from the father's lips. "My God; is our little darling to leave us?"

"Oh, George!" sobbed his wife, creeping to his side, and laying her hand timidly on his shoulder. "She called for 'papa" up to a few minutes ago. Our little baby will soon be with the angels."

Reverently the husband and wife knelt beside the little form. The father took one tiny white hand in his large one. The mother took the other little hand, and covered it with tears and kisses.

"George," sobbed the mother, "God is going to take our darling. Don't you think that—to be—the parents—of a baby angel—that we ought—to be good?"

"Yes, Mary, I do, and from this time on, God helping me, I intend to be a different man."

"Amen!" exclaimed Mary.

The baby stirred just then and smiled into the faces of her parents.

"All right, papa," she murmured, then closing her eyes forever. Baby had fulfilled her mission.—HELEN SOMERVILLE.

CRUSADE AGAINST SMOKERS.

The women of Philadelphia, who started a crusade against having smoking cars on the street railway have won. The complaints of the women were that the reservation of cars for men was a discrimination against them, which often caused them vexatious delays, and that when they unwittingly entered one of the smoking cars their clothing was ruined by the filth, their comfort was impaired by the vitiated air, and their womanly sense was offended by the unrestrained smoking in their presence. Some men whose sense of smell revolted at the kind of tobacco used on the cars, joined in the crusade, but the final blow was struck when the board of health informed the railroad managers that it was in earnest in the matter of the enforcement of the regulations against expectorating in the street cars. Hereafter, Philadelphians who must smoke while in transit must ride on the front platform with the motorman.

WHAT WILL YOU DO.

WILL YOU RISK FAILURE OR ASSURE YOURSELF OF SUCCESS?

If you were dangerously ill, would you call to your assistance some faith cure imposter or a third or fourth rate doctor? If you were obliged to defend yourself in court, would you employ a lawyer without ability or reputation?

If, from motives of true economy, you find it necessary to do home dyeing is it wise and prudent to allow a dealer to hand you some make of poor and weak dyes with which to do your work? Common sense and the saving of time and money demand the use of Diamond Dyes, the only make that can bring good results and perfect satisfaction.

Common imitation package dyes ruin your goods, ruffle your temper, and waste your money. They would never have a sale or a place in any home were it not for the love of profit so desired by short-sighted and greedy dealers. Diamond Dyes are as necessary for effective work as is the able physician when life is in danger.

There are 600 college professors in Italy.

Little Switzerland can boast of 12,750 teachers.

The continent of Australia contains 13,000 teachers.

HEART PAINS LEAVE IN A DAY.

Unable to Attend to Her Daily Duties—And a Great Sufferer from Heart Trouble—Induced to try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and It Proved a Wonder Worker.

These are the words of Mrs. W. T. Rundle, of Dundalk, Ont.: "I was a great sufferer with severe pains in the region of my heart. For a time I was quite unable to attend to my household duties. I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's cure for the Heart, and I must say the result was wonderful. The pain immediately left me, and after the first day I have had no pain or trouble since." Sold by, A. T. Brown.