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kinds of machinery. Work done promptly and
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Fire Insurance Company
Established 1849
INCORPORATED IN CANADA AND CAPITAL PAID-UP.
Solicitors in Canada and all other places. Any
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tended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Acton.

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me.

\$500 FOR FARM SALES.
Also money to loan on the most favorable
terms. All at the lowest rates of interest. In-
terest 5% and 6% per annum.
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SPECIALTY OF
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HEAVY GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.
The paper used in this journal is in any color.
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OUR EXERCISE BOOKS

are made of better paper than any others in town.

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Full supply of all

DAY'S BOOKSTORE.

Day Sells Cheap.

NOTICE.

We have just closed a one year's contract with the "Free Press" for this space. We do so in order that we may extend our already large business as Pharmaceutical Chemists. Advertising with us is not a lot of extravagant cash. We cannot afford to receive our patrons. We have been teaching this last five years to build up a business of permanence. This is still our aim. There is only one way to do this, and that is by straight-forward, honest, business methods. We conduct a strictly first-class pharmacy. In every detail we give the utmost care and attention. "Accuracy, Purity and Cleanliness" is our constant motto. Money making is not our sole aim. We seek the confidence and esteem of our patrons. We will only advertise articles of genuine merit. Dispensing, Prescriptions and Family Recipes is a specialty with us. All the newest remedies kept in stock.

ALEX. STEWART,

Dispensing and Family Chemist,
3 Doors West Post-Office, Guelph.

Wedding Presents.

UP TO DATE

Frames, Pictures, Artists' Supplies, Fancy Goods.

GOOD VALUE.

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ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, GUELPH.

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Here's a Fact.
Williams has the largest and most varied stock of Shoes in town.

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Williams doesn't believe he can be undersold.

Here's a Promise.
Williams will meet any honorable competition.

Here's an Admission.
Williams wants your trade very much.

Here's a Statement.
Williams will prove it pays to deal with him.

Here's an Explanation.
Williams saves for you in price and quality.

Here's a Grand Idea.
Try Williams just once when you need Shoes.

Here's a Memorandum.
Williams Boots and Shoes are found at his store on Mill Street, Acton.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS

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The farms are situated in the following Counties:
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Bruce, Durham,
Haldimand, Perth,
Simcoe.

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Manufacturers of
DYNAMOS,
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Pipe and Steam Fitting and General Repairing. Being equipped with the latest machinery, I am prepared to do any kind of work in the above lines. Estimates given on request. Satisfaction guaranteed. Bicycles repaired in any color.
T. L. SPEIGHT, Georgetown.

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Authorized Capital, \$1,000,000
Paid up Capital and Surplus, \$785,000
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Sums of \$1 and upwards received on deposit at 3 1/2 per cent. interest paid or compounded half-yearly.

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Advanced made to responsible farmers on their own names.

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can get here just what is right in

SKATES AND HOCKEY STICKS.

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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 it once.

We make really good clothes—none better. Try us and prove it.

SHAW & TURNER,

Merchant Tailors, Guelph

Main Street PLANING MILLS,

ACTON, ONT.

John Cameron, Architect and Contractor.

Manufacturer of Sash, Doors, Frames Moulding in all styles.

E. B. COLLINS, Butcher

Desires to thank his numerous customers for their liberal patronage since his commencement in business last August 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.
Prime always as fast as customers with the best quality.
Prompt delivery. Telephone wanted.
E. B. COLLINS

QUELPH Business College

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SUPERIOR FACILITIES for thorough and practical course of study. Bookkeeping, Shorthand and Typewriting courses a specialty. Graduation exercises commence Sept 1st. Write for circulars.
J. SHARP, Principal.

Poetry.

GETTING TO BE A MAN.

I'm glad my hair isn't yellow;
And all curled up and long;
I'm glad my cheeks ain't dimpled,
And that I've got a strong
I wish my voice was hoarser,
To talk like Uncle Dan,
I wish my nose was longer,
And all to be a man.

I'm glad the women never
Come up to me and say;
"Oh, what a pretty little boy"
In that sort of way.

I wear big shoes, and always
Make all the boys look
I wish my nose was longer,
And all to be a man.

Get it! I wish I were taller,
Just couldn't do it quite,
I wish my nose was longer,
And all to be a man.

They said I was a sign,
But when I was a sign,
I wish my nose was longer,
And all to be a man.

I wish my nose was longer,
And all to be a man.

I wish my nose was longer,
And all to be a man.

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I wish my nose was longer,
And all to be a man.

face, and a pair of honest gray eyes smiled into his.

"You are better, my man?" the deep, kind voice asked.

"You know that, sir, better I can tell you. You know it's not long I'll be wanting now. Not long."

"But it will be better for you, my poor fellow."

"Yes, sir—there's a room there, you know—for even me—and I was only waiting."

The doctor's eyes grew dim, and many an eye glistened with unshed tears.

"Was there a letter in the coat?" the tramp asked. Someone answered:

"Yes, in the coat; she warmed me and fed me, and her eyes were tender and shining. Please send the coat back to her, and thank her for me."

The doctor promised, and bending over him whispered a few words, then with a smile that lit up the man's face, he took the coat and went to the door.

Miss Drucie was arranging a bowl of chrysanthemums on her pretty sitting-room table when he knocked. Something in her soft brown hair and shining out of her door and the doctor and his big bundle came in.

Miss Drucie's cheeks flushed prettily as she offered him a chair, and seated herself by the table on which stood the bowl of chrysanthemums.

"I'm surprised that you knew me, Drucie."

Miss Drucie smiled. How could he know that she had been a day since she saw him first, twenty long years ago, in which she had not thought of him. Forget him, forget Jack? Worth! But then, didn't she know, so she only said quietly, "I know you, of course."

"That speaks well for me, doesn't it? Then I haven't changed, past recognition, have I?"

Miss Drucie laid down a queer little light in her brown eyes. She was wondering if those who love or change; if they are not always the same in our partial, love-blinded eyes, but she only said: "You are more manly, that is all, in the old days. I used to think you cared for me?"

Miss Drucie was pulling the white chrysanthemum that leaned toward her in a friendly way. Her soft blue eyes looked at her, and she would not have been so sure of her own heart, but for all her laudatory remarks, her lip quivered though she answered bravely enough, "No, I never knew that."

"And you don't know that I wanted you to care for me?"

His gray eyes were fixed earnestly on her face. "Had the man come especially to torture her?"

"I must plead ignorance again," she said, smiling.

"This I should have to enlighten you, little woman." He looked very determined, and she went on tearing up the flower, until her lap was thickly strewn with its white petals.

"Come in and I will get you something to eat," she said cheerily. He followed her to the little kitchen. While he ate, she noticed that his clothes were very thin and the thought of the cold days that were coming.

"Will you wait here for a moment?" she said, and went out.

"Up in the attic she opened a trunk and took out a thick, dark overcoat. Bowing her head over it, she murmured, "How father, this is so like you. Somehow I always see you in this. How can I let it go?"

Then smiling, while the tears glistened in her eyes, she whispered: "Giving to the poor is laudable. I know you, I can trust God with my father's overcoat."

Then she carried it down, and helped the old man put it on. He thanked her in a few simple words, and went away, and Miss Drucie returned to her reading with a heart strangely filled with peace and hope.

Along the dusty, leaf-strewn road the old tramp went slowly. People passed him as he went, some of them wondering why all men have not homes and honest work. Others thought how well the forlorn old fellow fitted into the dreary, faded landscape.

Only a few saw an unfortunate brother in the weary old man.

On he trudged, passed comfortable farm houses, through brown meadows and woods, where weary whistlers of death, and decay, on to the town, that lay miles beyond the pretty village in which Miss Drucie lived.

He had gone slowly, asking a meal here and a night's lodging there, meeting kindnesses sometimes, but often turning away, slowly, from unkind faces and harsh words.

He was very weary when he reached the large town, but he walked along his busy street with no object except that he had nowhere to sit down and wait for the end, sure, where so many men were congregated, there must be more brotherly love. Perhaps some one would be kind to him here.

So he walked slowly along, while people hurried past him. Suddenly he heard a cry—"Look over there; old man! there!" Then something rushed against him, there was a sharp pain, all was dark.

After awhile he heard a voice that seemed very far away, saying: "Who is he? And another voice said: "Look in the coat pocket."

All the time, he had felt a strong, tender hand bathing his face and rubbing his hands. Somehow he knew that skillful hand wherever it touched him, and now he felt it touch one of the valves said: "Here is a letter addressed to Miss Drucie Darrow, Edgewood. Does anybody know her?"

"The letter is old and unopened."

The hand on the old man's head trembled while he sat, and the fragrant chrysanthemums and the tender peaceful love that had come to them after the summer of the lives had passed, for, of course, he didn't know the whole story as we do.

Select Family Reading.

Miss Drucie's Charity.

He was an old man, a poor old tramp, homeless, and forlorn, and he stood at Miss Drucie's little white gate, looking wistfully at the cozy cottage, where late roses tapped at the windows, and feathery chrysanthemums clustered about the low piazza.

The October winds tugged pleasantly at the sturdy oak that grew near the gate and for all the old tree's gnarling, and complaining, many a crisp, brown leaf hurried down and scattered along the walk like a frightened, homeless bird.

"Pretty, crimson maple leaves fluttered about the yard, and over by the latter chimney a holy stool refulgent in scarlet and green."

Miss Drucie sat at her window reading from that old but never a book from which she had found joy in sorrow, strength in weakness, and light in the darkest day. She had seen the tramp, but had he hoped he might pass on. As she read on 'he came to these words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Tears sprang to Miss Drucie's brown eyes. Laying the book aside, she went out quietly, down the chrysanthemum-bordered walk to the little gate over which the old man leaned.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" she asked softly, for she was doing this for the Master, and the old man was no longer a tramp, but a poor, weary creature, who, from weakness or misfortune, had come to need her help. "How doing things?"

"I'm hungry, ma'am, and the other houses looked so big 'n' shut up like."

Miss Drucie's heart ached.

"Then it was her very lowliness that had been his fitness for serving the Lord this time, and she felt just as if she were she could do something for Him."

"Come in and I will get you something to eat," she said cheerily. He followed her to the little kitchen. While he ate, she noticed that his clothes were very thin and the thought of the cold days that were coming.

"Will you wait here for a moment?" she said, and went out.

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A GOOD INVESTMENT.

Thirty years ago the pastor of a young Brooklyn Church made an earnest appeal to his people for subscriptions to build a new house of worship.

One of the hearers of that appeal was a gentleman from New York, who spoke of it that Sunday evening at his boarding-house table.

Among the boarders was a young school-teacher who had known the Brooklyn pastor, and had come received from him some slight service.

She went to Brooklyn and gave the pastor a twenty-dollar gold-piece. At first he refused to keep it, because he knew the amount was more than she could well afford to give; but she insisted and held him that it was the first time she had ever given anything to a religious object. "It was a new experience to her, and she felt the reward for the act in the happiness of doing it."

The piece of money was kept, and its story told, and so well told that the congregation took heart from it, and renewed their efforts, and soon raised enough funds to complete the building.

To the young lady that contribution was the beginning of a moral earnestness that she carried with her over her life, and helped and blessed many other lives.

To-day the two sons of herself and her Christian husband are Christian young men soon to graduate, with high college honors, and both active members of a western city church.

The poor school-teacher's twenty-dollar gold-piece has lived its usefulness over and over again in the eloquent words of the man who received it, and its story has imparted new enthusiasm and faith to many struggling